# Underground Hero

**by** ZeeKitty

## Summary

Fem!Aizawa

How did Aizawa get into the hero course? Why become an underground hero?

A slice of life story about the journey from UA Student to Pro Hero two friends take.

Aizawa just wants to sleep.

Yamada just wants to be her friend.

They're opposites, but maybe that's why they're so attracted to each other.

## Notes
So this happened. Not even sure where it came from. I don't usually like to take liberties with something that has little explained. But you know what... I like it.

So Fem!Eraserhead.

Yeah...

*bows* please enjoy if gender changes are your thing. If not I'm sorry? Not sorry.
Origins

Chapter Summary

Origin of the Female Aizawa Shouta

Chapter Notes

See the end of the chapter for notes

When Aizawa Shouta was born, her parents thought it would be adorable to give her a boy's name. Something she got teased about in elementary school. Not that she cared, her parents were eccentric and she accepted that.

Aizawa Takeshi was a man who used his quirk of Visual Photograph to paint. He could remember picture perfect details of anything he laid his eyes on. He was an artist in every way that a man could be an artist. If Shouta were being real, her father's art was the stick by which she measured the world's beauty.

Out of both of her parents, she took after him the most. They both had thick wild black hair. They both had eye quirks. And they both slept way too much. Her father was a bit harried, she was just surly. She knew her personality was dry, deadpan at times. That out of many things did not change with time.

By contrast Shouta never knew how her father had managed to land her mother. Aizawa Shizoka, was a bright and sunny woman. Blond and blue eyed, her personality was open and friendly. She was an exceedingly capable woman. Her quirk was called Suppression. She only had to touch a person and they were immobilized until she touched them again.

Shizoka had been a police officer. Her days at home short and her nights at work long. But their urban neighborhood appreciated her diligence. Shouta looked up to her mother. Her ideals were, as with her father's paintings, a measuring stick for the concepts of right and wrong.

Shizoka often praised heroes for helping with the capture of villains and criminals. But she didn't like how many of them pandered to the crowd more than they helped. She expressed disappointment in the heroes she met who seemed promising, who made a turn when popular opinion determined their ranking. Underground Heroes and Vigilantes however, they held her regard.

Shouta learned within her first five years of life, that heroes were not perfect. And according to her father they shouldn't be. They helped everywhere big and small. That kind of help is what kept everyone safe, villains deterred, and the police busy. Everything worked with a natural flow.

When Shouta's quirk manifested she accidentally activated it by looking hard at her father. He'd been painting a rainy street, and her quirk stopped him from seeing down to the smallest detail of the image he had mentally photographed. He'd been so startled he swept a red swash right across the corner he had been detailing.

Her parents had been so surprised they stopped everything that morning. Surprise and awe directed at her even while they were in the quirk registration office. Shouta possessed the quirk Erasure,
just by looking at someone she could erase their quirk. Mutation quirks lost their benefits under her
gaze, unless it was a mutation that was entirely physical. She could erase light emitted from a set of
horns, but she couldn't erase the horns themselves. It lasted only as long as she could keep her eyes
open and activated.

It was an interesting mesh of her parent's quirks. Like her father it caused mental and physical
fatigue. As well as a wicked case of dry eye. Her diet stated to include juice and jelly packs to help
with her physical hydration. Special eye drops were prescribed to her to deal with the chronic dry
eye. They worked better and for longer than the store bought ones did.

With the emergence of Shouta's quirk came a dilemma. What she wanted of her future. She would
be lying if she said she didn't like heroes. She certainly did, as their entire culture did. But as
elementary school moved along she wondered just how she could become one. She didn't have a
flashy quirk, or even a powerful type of quirk. How could she physically fight criminals and
villains? How could she contend with heroes physically stronger, with more powerful quirks? Her
answer came from her mother, or really one of her mother's friends.

Shizoka had a friend within the underground community. Underground heroes stayed out of the
lime light. They were never tied to just one hero agency. Many of them worked with Shouta's mom.
There weren't always villains wreaking havoc. Gangs were still around, maybe not like they used to
be. But there were still criminal acts, still horrible things happening. Underground Heroes and
Vigilantes dealt with crime in the shadows.

The Vigilante Shade, or Watanaki Shino, became Shouta's newest idol. Shade was a tall man who
wore clothing that clung to his form. He was able to use air currents to move his body. Shade was a
vigilante, but he was also the owner of a community gym. He was committed to protecting his
neighborhood and giving the residents a safe haven. As a man who came from nothing, and hadn't
had the opportunity to graduate from a hero school, he took matters into his own hands.

Joining her mother at the community gym, Shouta discovered she was crazily flexible. She became
hyper focused on utilizing her body's ability to help her fight. She joined the gym's various
programs. Yoga, tumbling, and eventually gymnastics.

Shino got her signed up with the various martial arts dojo's around their neighborhood. She fought
hard to learn everything she could. She soaked it all up like a sponge. By the end of elementary
school she had black belts in three different forms, and had graduated to higher gymnastic
equipment.

When middle school rolled around Shouta was sure. She was going to be an underground hero. She
was going to apply at UA, and she was going to prove heroes didn't need to waste time being
overly popular. They only needed to work to save citizens.

It was in her first year in middle school that everything changed. She'd been sprawled out on her
couch, comfortably resting her exhausted muscles while her father sketched preliminary lines for
his latest painting. It was a domestic evening, her mother had gone to work and everything was
comfortable. That peace came to an end when another officer knocked on the door. They delivered
the news that their mother had responded to a call about a shoot out. The vigilante on sight
captured the shooters but two officers were shot in the crossfire. Her mother took three bullets to
save a pedestrian caught in the ordeal. Two bullets hit her in the chest, and one had cut through her
skull and lodged in her brain. Shouta collapsed
next to the bed while her father gathered a limp hand in his.
The doctors had done everything they could. The bullet was in such a place that extraction was impossible. Days passed and after numerous scans and countless tests, the doctors said that Shouta's mother would never be able to wake from the coma they put her in. Her brain was too damaged to sustain life, if she lived she would be a vegetable. Shouta and her father called in various healers but there was nothing they could do that would repair the brain dead state Shizoka was in. So one horrible February day, they made the decision to pull the plug and put their loved one out of her misery.

Shouta found herself the unwitting caretaker to her father and his depression after that day. He tried very hard to break from it. But he was lost, he was an emotional wreck. Their house suddenly lost the brightest part of it. Shouta was just as lost. So she became quiet, she became sullen. But she also became determined.

She threw herself into her training. Fighting and clawing to be ready for the entrance exam she would take after middle school. She was going to go pro and live up to her mothers ideals. She would be an underground hero. The kind of hero who stopped crimes like the one that stole her mother away.

Chapter End Notes

If you guys have any prompts you would like to see let me know. If I see any that fit with where the story is going I'll tag you in the summery and write it in.
Chapter Summary

Shouta gets a disappointing acceptance and vows to get into the hero course.

Also a prompt from Fire_Inu_Princess

Where Aizawa or Yamada bump into one another and Yamada just wants to be friends.

Chapter Notes

So yeah... This is kind of taking on a life of its own.

Not sure what to do omg O.O

Shouta glared down at her UA acceptance letter. Her fingers clenched over the hologram projector where the principal congratulated her for getting in. The test had been rigged against someone like her. She couldn't use her quirk on giant robots! Her points were gained by improvising and causing the damn robots to break, or saving some idiot from getting hurt. Woefully short now that she saw the final accumulation rankings.

She'd been accepted into the general studies program. Shouta slammed her fist down on her desk. Her eyes smarted as she had unconsciously activated her quirk. "Dammit!"

She grabbed her gym bag and after checking to see if her father needed anything. She left to go to the gym. Shino was waiting, his husband cleaning equipment near the entrance.

"Sho-chan!" Akio grinned. "Did you get your results back?"

"Don't ask." Shouta stomped through towards the locker room get changed.

"Uh-oh!" Shino called from the open office door, "Did you fail?"

"No." Shouta growled. She dumped her bag on the bench and changed into her sports bra and tank top. Leggings and running shoes finished the ensemble. She dragged her ragged hair into a messy bun and dropped some solution into her eyes before she re-emerged.

"So you passed, what's so bad about that?" Shino asked as he lowered the balancing rings and a set of silk curtains.

"The test was designed for offensive quirk use," Shouta snarled as she warmed up. "How the hell are the rest of us average bodied students supposed to deal with robots three times our size?"

"Well, UA is set up for big time heroes." Shino mused, "There's still time to take the exams for the other schools, if you feel you could do better."
"That's not the point." Shouta glared as she took a running leap and snatched one of the rings. She swung and rolled her body up to grab the other. "The other schools would require me to commute and I can't... I can't leave dad at home like that."

"He's been doing better Sho," Shino watched her critically, "You're putting to much strain on your left arm."

Shouta adjusted and began a series of exercises while holding herself up with just her arms and shoulders. "It's not enough. Have you seen the paintings he's made? They're just...not him."

"We all deal with grief differently." Shino said softly, "So it's UA or nothing huh? You could always go the vigilante path but I don't recommend it. I want you to have the resources the mainstream, sanctioned, heroes have."

"I do too." Shouta admitted. "I saw some online rumors that said during the sports festival they re-evaluate the students. If I can make a good impression there. I could get bumped up to the hero course."

"Well that would depend on the events they have." Akio threw in. The other gym members were watching her move. She knew she was fun to watch, Shino helped her with the acrobatics.

"Doesn't matter, the events all boil down to a tournament. I can win there. I know I can." Shouta swung back and flipped in the air for a dismount. She crouched and took a breath. The tension was bleeding away.

"You'll have to step it up then." Shino smirked, "This is the best school for aspiring heroes we're talking about."

"I'm going to push myself hard." Shouta sighed as she made her decision. "Ugh I'm already tired."

Shouta looked down at her hands. It was finally time for the Sports Festival. Her class was all around her, silently preparing. They all wanted to move up to the hero course too. Shouta was more determined though, she would get into the hero course. She wanted to apologize to them, she was going to mow them over if she had to. She hadn't wasted the whole month they had been in the same class. She just had a goal she was going to achieve at all costs.

They were called into the new arena. Shouta looked over the other students and heard the roaring crowd above. She ran a hand through her hair and ignored the opening statement to put some drops in her eyes. As first years the first event popped up on a hologram and was announced as an obstacle course. Shouta narrowed her gaze at it.

She had to do well. She couldn't continue to languish. This was her time to show that she deserved to be at UA. When the event began she saw everyone scramble into a mob trying to get through the tunnel that led outside. She frowned and decided she was going to go over that mess. She ran forward and jumped into a front handspring. She vaulted onto someone's shoulders. Not giving herself a moment to lose her precarious balance. She jumped from one shoulder to another. She kept moving. The tunnel was opening up and she fell into a roll to get to the ground. Shouta got up and sprinted alongside another group that made it through.

A male teen bumped into her as she ran. His bond hair was gelled up in a fashionable style,
"Sorry!" He yelled.

She turned her gaze from him and kept running. The first obstacle appeared and she glared as she noticed the same robots from the entrance exam. She didn't have to destroy them, she just had to get past them. She spied a few openings, if she could just avoid getting attacked as she ran she could do it.

Shouta wasn't the only one with that idea. That same blond boy ended up neck and neck with her getting past a reaching arm. She ducked and he bent backwards. They cleared it at the same time but a massive zero point bot loomed in the way of the rest of the obstacle course.

"Shit!" Shouta would need to feint to get around it. It swung a huge arm down, right in her way. She frowned, she couldn't stop. She climbed onto that arm and ran a careful path up it. She'd just gotten to the top and saw the other limb damn near on top of her.

"Cover your ears!" A shout rang out and Shouta frowned in confusion. Then a piercing wail shook the very air around her. The robot vibrated and she jerked her hands up to cover her ears.

The robot jerked once and the screaming stopped. Smoke poured from inside the robot and she looked down at the bond boy who pumped a fist and kept going down the track.

His voice had been so loud he broke something in the mechanics. Shouta gaped at the robot before she turned and made a series of jumps back to the ground. She kept running.

'Be impressed later, compete now.' Her brain supplied.

The next obstacle was a series tight ropes over a deep fall. Damn. One needed to be fleet footed to get across.

She saw some flight quirks taking off and resisted using her quirk on them. She could save that for the tournament. She didn't wait so she climbed into one of the ropes and started her walk across. She glared death behind her when she noticed someone intent on climbing up as she was half way through. Some students were wobbling, or pulling themselves across by hanging from the tightrope.

She made it across and fought the urge to flip that jerk off. She didn't have time for that though. Shit there were so many other heroes ahead of her. The next obstacle was a series of tires all over the place. She looked around sharply at the students who had stilled in the maze of precarious footing.

Why they had stopped was suddenly apparent at someone moved a foot into a new holllow. An explosion of green dust blew up. When it cleared Shouta flinched. The student was encased in capture glue. He wasn't moving until someone came to cut him out.

Shouta spied the voice kid again. He was carefully moving his way through. Another kid blew past the entire course through some kind of propulsion through his arms. Shouta mapped a course and shot forward. She was small enough, light enough, that she only planted her feet in the edges of the tires. Other students started to set off more of the capture glue traps.

She hit the ground off the obstacle running. She saw the arena ahead and started to sprint. She cleared the tunnel and stopped to pant and curse. Too much effort. Far far too much effort.

But that was fine. She ranked 6th in the rankings. Top forty.
Shouta ended up on a team with the student with the arm quirk. And the voice quirk kid. The next event was a four on four match of tug of war. The other team mates swarmed her immediately. "Hey sorry about earlier?" The blond kid looked at her.

"Ah, sure." Shouta said she just needed to get past this event.

"My quirk is Voice, but I think you saw that. I'm Yamada Hizashi." He grinned widely and waved a hand at the other kid. "This is Tensei, his quirk is Engine."

"Iida Tensei," The smiling boy huffed. "Ayes, my quirk is engine. So I think we should do this. I'll be at the bank to pull. Yamada you should be at the front. Make them do the rope."

"Sure thing!" Yamada tossed his arms behind his head. Shouta saw the other two were from another hero course. One had a mutation quirk that made him look like a fox, the other had blue hair and said her quirk was in water manipulation.

They got together and Shota stood behind the blond kid. "Hey, let me use my quirk first." Shouta spoke up.

Green eyes flicked down to her.

"How does it work?" he asked.

"I can see a lot of them don't have mutation quirks." Shouta explained. "I'm going to use it to erase their quirks before they can use them. As soon as I do, use your voice.

"That's pretty damn cool." He grinned. They all got ready and Shouta looked past the tall body of Yamada. They waited for the signal to begin. Shouta activated her quirk and the strength some of them were using vanished instantly. The flag was just at the edge of the line.

"Yeah!" Yamada yelled and the full force of that screeching wail drove the team to let go and grab at their ears. That was then Shouta's side jerked back and the rope signalled their win.

They participated with the same strategy one more time. After the points were calculated again Shouta moved up to the tournament match. 15 other students made it as well. She joined her class in the stands and spent an unnecessary amount of time hydrating her eyes and sucking down jelly packets.

Tiredness started to seep into her body. She wasn't going to give in though, so she turned her back on the proceedings and went to a waiting room to get warmed up again.

She got a text suddenly and looked at where she'd pulled her phone and sat it on the table. Her eyes watered and it wasn't from her quirk.

A text from her father was there. Had he surfaced from his painting? She had told him it was sports festival day.

**DAD:** good job Sho. Knock em dead. Show em what u can do!

She bent her head between her folded elbows. He was watching the event. He was watching her. She smiled then, so utterly happy. "Aizawa Shouta, it's your turn." An event coordinator called as he knocked on the door and opened it.
"Sure" She texted back and told her father she would. Because she would knock em dead. No one was expecting what she could do. She left her phone in her locker and walked to the arena. She rolled her shoulders and walked out into the roar of the crowd.

Shouta's first fight was against a student who had the ability to turn immaterial. She needed to be quick, gain a decisive victory. She was trying to sell herself to not only teacher but also the pro agencies. She crouched and closed her eyes. "Begin!"

Shouta shot forward towards the immaterial girl. She got close and twisted to kick, but right as her leg got close to the girl's side she turned her quirk on. The kick landed hard. Clearly not used to talking a blow the girl hit the ground in shock. Not giving herself a moment to blink, Shouta rolled onto the girl. She captured her opponent's arm in an arm bar and locked it in.

Shouta kept her eyes on the girl, her quirk burned the longer she kept it activated. A shriek tumbled from the girl as Shouta applied more pressure. This resulted in a frantic tapout. Shouta released the girl and blinked. Her hair fell back around her face. "The winner is Aizawa Shouta!"

The audience stuttered into applause. Aizawa looked to the teacher's box and they looked just as shocked as the crowd. Fast take downs were her specialty. She knew her limitations. Her whole fighting style was based on around four different martial arts styles. Long drawn out flashy battles weren't going to be the centerpiece of her hero identity.

She sat at the waiting area again. Watching the other fights. There was one girl who was toppling her opponent just as fast as Shouta did. Only she used a quirk on her skin. It seemed to put people to sleep. That would be a problem if Shouta had to fight against her.

The first round was concluded and Shouta found herself waiting to be called again. This time she found herself against Iida Tensei. Her quirk wouldn't work on him. But, he couldn't do anything if she got behind him. He had a huge blind spot there.

"Begin!"

Shouta anticipated he would rush her. And he did just that, she ducked his punch and wound around the arm he threw up. She dragged it down under her knees and put extreme pressure on his shoulder. Her arms meanwhile wrapped around his neck. She plastered herself against him in such a way he couldn't get her off.

She gripped tight and hung on as he activated his quirk to try and peel her off with speed. The air rushed over her, but she wasn't going down. No way in hell!

It took a whole two minutes before he started to flag. Then he fell to his knees and slid to the ground. She unraveled herself and checked his pulse. Steady, but slow with unconsciousness. He was counted out and she was pronounced the winner.

She shook her hands and breathed deeply once out of the arena again. She listened to the TV and the hero commentator was still in a state of shock. Why was it so hard to believe that a general
studies student could succeed? Her skills were up to par the damn entrance exam was rigged against non power quirks.

Her next match was against a student from the hero course. He looked arrogant with his long red hair and some kind of bone density quirk. She wondered if she could effect that. It was worth trying.

They began the match and Shouta realized this wouldn't be a quick fight. Her quirk did stop him from increasing the density of his bones. Thus his punches didn't fracture as much as they just bruised. But she couldn't get an opening. She ended up on the defensive almost immediately.

"What now little girl?!" He goaded. "Can't get me with that creepy eye quirk now can you? I still hit hard!"

He leveled a punch to her face and she ducked it. Her quirk activated and she delivered her own uppercut to his chin and danced back. She was slowing down, her eyes were already smarting. Not enough to stop her though. She blinked.

He lunged for her and she danced aside. Before she could drop back into a ready position he swung his arm across her chest and slammed her against the ground. She cried her teeth and glared up at him that was too much force, the ground beneath her seemed to have cracked.

He straddled her and reared back to punch her again. She activated her quirk to stop most of the force. But the punch to her face still hurt. If he thought she couldn't take a beating he was wrong. Wicked laughter filled her ears. And this asshole was a hero? Arrogant and violent. How was he supposed to reassure citizens.

The referee tried to cut in. Forcing him away from her. She rolled to her side and spit blood on the ground. Her cheek was on fire, her jaw aching, and her nose was pouring more blood down her face. Her eyes hurt too, he landed a blow to one of them. She needed to act fast before it swelled up.

The referee asked her again if she could continue and she nodded. Her opponent started forward again and she shot her foot out. She jerked her leg back and kicked him right in the knee. She took the stumble and jerked his other four out from underneath him. She activated her quirk and rolled over his back taking his right arm behind him. She planted one foot in his neck and jerked hard enough to dislocate the joint.

He yelled and scrambled to try and knock her off but her eyes were open, and he was stuck in a position that put strain on his now dislocated joint. He tapped and cried that he gave up. She released him and he howled like she'd torn the whole thing off.

As they carted him off to the infirmary she rubbed her eyes as they started to itch. She could do this, she had to. She got there as well and Recovery Girl commended her performance. "Try not to get so hurt dearie. Your eyes seem to be the most unitary part of your attack."

"Sorry," Shouta breathed and accepted the gummies she was given. Shouta headed back to the waiting area and was called out once more. This time it was against the girl with the skin quirk.

Shouta hummed and wondered just what she could do against this girl. She didn't think she could erase this quirk. But she was going to try. It wasn't a physical mutation that couldn't physically be reversed. If she could avoid breathing it in, she could get close and hopefully erase it.

They began and Shouta immediately erased the quirk. The girl lifted her long sleeve but nothing
emitted from her skin. Nice. Shouta lunged in and they exchanged a flurry of blows. This girl at least had some fight training. How had she gotten until the hero course?

Shouta ended up on the defensive when she deactivated her quirk. She inhaled deeply to hold her breath, just in case her opponent realized it. They kept exchanging blows until Shouta backed up to the edge of the fighting ring.

Shouta ducked a strike coming for her and turned judo throwing her opponent right out of the ring. She teetered on the edge for a second and hurled herself back to avoid going out too. She sat down panting while the other girl stared up at her.

Suddenly her blue eyes stared to shine. "Wow!"

Shouta winced was this girl pain or what, she looked like she'd hit the ground hard? "Oh my God, let's be friends!"

"Huh?" Shouta blinked rapidly to re-moisten her eyes.

"I'm Kayama Nemuri, let's be best girl friends!" She smiled brightly.

"Yeah no, I'm good." Shouta got up to leave the ring. There was only one more fight and then she was in the final match. She fumbled for her eye drops when she bumped into someone.

"hey it's you!" she blind blearily up at someone with yellow hair. She stiffened a minute before her vision Swam back and she was looking into a pair of aviator sunglasses.

The voice hero... Yanda... No, Yoma...

"I've got one more match, maybe we'll fight it out for number one!" He grinned brightly.

"I'll win." Shouta grumbled. "I will get obi the hero course."

"Your trying to get into the hero course?" He tilted his head, "Why aren't you already? You beat Tensei, Nemuri, and Takashi."

"The entrance exam isn't made for quirks like mine." Shouta snorted as he irritation returned. "Good luck."

She ignored anything else he said. She needed to get drops into her eyes they felt like rocks. She stayed in the tunnel this time. Relishing in the shade that doesn't make her eyes react much. She was standing there a while when Yamada Hizashi, that's his name, was pronounced the winner.

It seemed they would be facing off against each other in the final. Shouta steadied her breathing. The bruises accumulated again were nothing. What she needed to do was erase his quirk quickly. She hasn't watched his other matches, but she couldn't let that voice rattle her equilibrium.

The break ended and Shouta had a plan. She walked to the ring, and he grinned widely at her. She huffed and blinked a few times to inspire some moisture. The call for them to begin prompted Shouta to activate her quirk.

He looked startled a second. But she took advantage of that. She rushed forward and aimed a roundhouse kick at him. She made the mistake of looking away. He screamed at her and she held back hands over her ears.

She twisted as a fist swung at her. Her vision and hearing was compromised. But she opened her
eyes and he drew in a breath. She activated her quirk again and lunged. He must have expected her to take time to recover. Instead she launched into a flurry of punches and kicks. She kept her eyes on him this time. He defended and wide green eyes tracked her carefully.

He hadn't figured it out yet, but if she wasn't careful he would. She twisted on her heel and folded her body down. She blinked right as her heel came up and cracked him across the jaw.

She jumped into a roll to get some distance and came up reactivating her quirk again. He spat out blood and grinned dangerously at her. She waited and this time he ran at her. She dodged a punch, blocked a kick with her knee, and blinked rapidly before activating her quirk before it could fade completely.

She saw the edge of the ring in her periphery and renewed her effort to distract him and deal staggering blows. Her hands stung, exhaustion creeping up on her. She'd over done it, she assumed and closed her eyes.

The sonic scream came but she didn't cover her ears. She re-opened her eyes and smirked. The voice stuttered a second, green eyes furrowing in confusion. Her ears rang from the noise. She smiled sweetly, disarmingly, just as Shade had taught her. Her ability to fight was an asset, her intimidating aura was a bonus. But her femininity was a secret weapon.

The smile worked and Yamada gaped at her in shock. She pointed down and he looked at the ground. He was right on the edge of the ring. He tensed and she twisted, roundhouse kicking him square in the chest. He flew back and landed on his ass in the grass. Out of bounds.

She'd won... She won!

Shouta threw her hands up and yelled in victory. All the bullshit of that stood test...she's proven herself! She was strong, she was tough, she could be a hero! She was going to be a hero!

Shouta cocked her hip and stared out at the crowd as she got her first place medal paced around her neck. She grinned widely, smugly, and full of pride. She'd earned this. They had to acknowledge that a person like her, with a quirk like hers, she could put a ton of the hero students to shame.

She wasn't going to languish in this victory after this day. After this she was going to put all her work into being an underground hero. But no one could say that noon physical works weren't suited to hero work ever again. She stomped all of them down.

Once freed from the photo train, and ignoring the second place, Yamada, and third place, Kayama; she got changed and hustled it home.

Her father was waiting, the house brightly lit with a welcoming air. She stumbled on to see her father fresh and awake. No paint on him, he even looked rested. At his side was Akio and Shino. "Congratulations So-chan!"

She stared for a serving before backing out and closing the door. Laughter chased her before her dad opened the door back up. "I'm so proud of you Shouta. Youre so amazing your mother would be proud."

Her eyes teared up and this time it wasn't because of her quirk.
Transfer

Chapter Summary

Shouta gets transferred into the Hero Course and gains "Friends"

The day after the sports festival, Shouta and her father were called in to speak with the UA principal. She dressed in her regular uniform with black tights under her skirt. Her father looked scruffy as usual but he hadn't fallen back into a depressive state yet.

Maybe it was a good day.

The drive over was quiet but Shouta was optimistic. She had shown up the hero classes. Both divisions. It looked good on general education, but it looked even better on her.

"Wthey move you up with how well you did?" Her father asked. "Shino-san explained you only failed the practical exam because it was against robots."

"Physical and power quirks are easy to judge. How can you tell if I'd make a good hero unless you fairly judge all types of quirks. Having it listed can only do so much" Shouta said.

"Your mother used to say stuff like that too. If I'd gone into hero work my skills would have been geared towards strategy or scouting. Your mother was great at subduing even without her quirk. You really did get the best of both our quirks." Her father smiled softly at her as he drove.

Shouta didn't respond. She was far more focused on what was going to happen. Could her gentle father hold up here? They arrived and parked on the guest lot. A teacher was waiting to scan her ID and accompany her father to the office. It was the day off and the school was empty.

Principal Nedzu was waiting in the office for them. "Oh hello, it's a pleasure to meet you. I'm Nedzu. Am I a dog, a mouse, or a bear? Who knows, but I am the principal!"

He was a short animal with white fur, boxy ears, and a scar running down his right beady black eye. His clothing was dapper all the way to a pair of bright yellow sneakers. Why were all the members of the UA faculty weird?

"The pressure is mine Nedzu San." Shouta's father smiled and bowed. "I am Aizawa Takeshi, and this is my daughter Shouta. Please forgive our intrusion."

"Oh no, no intrusion. Would you both enjoy some tea?" Nedzu asked. After more please tries were exchanged. Shouta felt her patience waning. So many manners, she already felt tired.

Finally they were settled in chairs and the principal turned a pleasant grin to Shouta. "I reviewed the footage of your entrance exam, and compared it with your sports Festival results. Your quirk is visual is it not?"

"Yes," Shouta said, but she got the feeling she didn't actually have to tell him that.

"I was very impressed with your fighting skills. You combined at least four martial arts styles to enhance how you applied your quirk." Nedzu hummed. "Often I leave it to the teachers to decide
who and who isn't going to be in their class. But I decided it would be a shame not to acknowledge immense skill. If it is amenable to you Aizawa-san, I would like to move you to the hero class. Currently at only have two classes, and there is only one opening in 1-A."

"Did someone get moved?" Shouta asked.

"No no, we've had a vacancy from the beginning of the year. One of the students transferred to another school to be closer to family." Nedzu explained. "You would take this place."

"That's what you wanted Sho," Her father smiled at her proudly. "How does this change her studies?"

"The studies will be the same. She will gain a larger budget for her hero costume. Typically the hero class gets theirs at the start of the year and the other classes get theirs by the time the internship week happens." Nedzu explained and sipped his tea. "If you agree to the transfer and there are changes you wish to make to your design, it will be expedited. Also, the world may be watching your class, you will become as much a face of this school as the rest of the 1-A students are."

"I...All I've ever wanted was to be in the hero course." Shouta finally had it in her grasp. She shook a little, part of her still believed she wasn't good enough.

"Tell me Aizawa-san, what kind of hero did you want to be?" This beady black eyes seemed to look through her.

"I want to be an underground hero. Not for fame or fortune. I want to show others that quirks like mine are perfect for protecting the little people." Shouta said seriously. "My father said once that there are flashy heroes who draw in villains to defeat them, and arrogant heroes who inspire confidence, and then there are underground heroes who clean up the dark corners. Everything is a cog in a big machine. It's only logical that someone fills that role."

"And that's the path you've chosen" Nedzu asked.

"It is." Shouta nodded.

"A commendable dream my dear, I am very impressed." Nedzu chuckled. "As her father, are you alright with this?"

"I am," Shouta's father bowed at the waist in his chair. "I leave my daughter in your care."

"You will not regret it sir." Nedzu smiled.

Shouta stood in the hallway. She'd said a goodbye to get former class and they just congratulated her. She was their success story. Everyone would remember that a gen-ed student had climbed the ladder. That they could defeat the hero class with human skill.

She just hoped hey new class wasn't insulted. It's not like she cared anyways. She brushed down the skirt that covered her tight clad legs. Her fingers tightened over her bag. The door to 1-A slid
open and the teacher stood there. She had long brown hair and the eyes of an eagle. She had a pair of long brown wings that trailed behind her. As a rescue hero, she was known as Valkyrie. She was a legend in landslide rescues.

"Are you ready Aizawa?" She asked.

Shouta nodded and walked into the room. The class fell silent as she stood before them. "As you all know, we received a transfer from the general education class 1-D. After winning the Sports Festival, the principal recommended her for our empty slot. Welcome her properly. Go ahead and introduce yourself."

"My name is Aizawa Shouta, nice to meet you." She said her introduction and looked across the class. She saw Iida watching her, and there was Kayama and Yamada sitting near the one empty seat. Damn, all three of the people she knew from the festival were in here. Her other opponents from the festival weren't here. So they must be in the other hero class.

"Have a seat back there, it's time to start class."

Shouta shuffled back to the seat. Yamada green eyes bore into her from behind his orange shades. She glared but he gave her a wide smile. It was matched in intensity by Kayama. Damn they were going to want to be friends...

She was too tired for this.

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Her first day in class was no different in course study. Her work was the same and her notes acceptable. The teachers welcomed her with interest and by the time lunch came around everyone clamored around her. Ugh it was too damn noisy.

"Hey how did you take those works away like that?" Someone asked.

"That was so cool!"

"How did you learn to fight like that?"

"No one knew what you were going to do next!"

She glared up at the multitude of faces and sighed. "Enough everyone!" Iida cut through. "It's just her first day in this class. Give her some room to breathe."

Everyone grumbled that their fun was ruined and Shouta just exhaled in relief. She needed a nap.

"Hello Aizawa-san. It is good to see you again."

She honestly thought he'd be more bitter about her choking him out in the match. "Yeah."

"On behalf of class 1-A, I would like to congratulate you on your win and welcome you to our ranks." He gave her a kind smile. Maybe he wasn't so bad.

"Yeah, I think it'll be fun to have you here." Kayama twisted in her seat to give Shouta a wicked smirk. "So, where do you train!?"

"A gym." Shouta huffed.
"What do you do for fun?" Yamada from next to her had his elbows on his desk watching her with sparkling eyes and a smile.

"Sleep." She said and stood up. "I'm going to go eat."

Her journey to the cafeteria was suddenly accompanied by the three other students. She tied to ignore them but ended up far too fixated on them. She gathered a lunch of bread and jelly packs before she chose a corner table.

She heaved another sigh as her table was crowded by her three stalkers. Maybe she'd made a mistake. Gen Ed was totally for her. Everyone left her alone to sleep.

Hizashi was beyond elated to see Aizawa had joined their class. She'd been pretty blunt in that desire, seeing as she eliminated every hero course student in her path. She seemed dry and bored as Nemuri and Tensei tried to engage her conversation.

To some questions she wouldn't even answer. She just gave a non committal grunt. She had shaggy black hair that hung down to her collarbone. Pat of it even hung in her face where bags were bruised under her eyes. She looked like she didn't sleep ever. Which didn't fit because she napped everywhere.

She looked to be barely tolerating them. But Hizashi remembered how fierce she'd been when fighting. She was gonna be a cool hero. He absolutely needed to be her friend! He wasn't going to give up. No way!

The next week was punctuated by all of Hizashi's attempts at friendship being smacked down with a vengeance. Somehow Kayama had manged to get in. Tensei just said to let Aizawa warm up to them in her own time. But he saw Kayama leaving school with Aizawa only two days after officially meeting her. He felt left out, he wanted to hang out too!

"So what do you two like... do?" He asked Nemuri. Sky blue eyes flicked to him as they waited for homeroom to start. Aizawa was also at her desk, soft snores filling the air. He knew the rest of the class was over her novelty. All the graceful fighting was like a ruse. She was sleepy and bleary eyed. Half the time she was sleeping, or walking into things while trying to master bring awake and asleep at the same time. The other half she was squinting at them as if they were offending her very nature. Grouchy like a wet cat.

How did Nemuri do it?

"And why would you want to know?" Nemuri chuckled.

"It's no fair, I want to play too!" He pouted. "Tensei is no fun anymore. Since his little brother was born all he does is hang out there. I'm bored!"

"Well, I think you're a little bit high energy for Sho-chan." Nemuri teased. "Besides, Tensei has hung out with us too."

"High energy?!" He gasped feeling totally offended. "Sho-chan?"

"That's what the guys at her gym call her." Nemuri chucked. "I actually joined. I think they could
help me with some of the stuff I want to do."

"What kind of gym is it?" Hizashi asked.

"It's like a community center. It's big but it's got all these different areas. I saw a weight lifting room, a play center for kids outside, a gymnastics room, and even a yoga space." Nemuri grinned.

"So what did you join?"

"Everything," She grinned, "Apparently she trains most of the night, but they won't tell me in what."

Hizashi looked at their new friend. He sighed. He wanted to go too!

Shouta wasn't sure what she did to deserve all this illogical stalking; but she was going to punch whoever dealt her this hand in life. Her lunch wasn't free, her mornings were busy, getting home was an exercise in ditching her new followers. Tensei wasn't so bad, he gave her space. Kayama was convinced they were going to be best girl friends. Perhaps she had never had one before. Shouta hadn't either. Then there was Yamada.

Shouta was certain this was the personification of a male version of her mother. Or at least he reminded her of Shizoka. Bright and sunny in personality, blond hair, boisterous and loud. It didn't help she found his totally attractive. She had never been attracted to anyone before. Seeing the devastation on her fathers face over the past two years had been enough to turn her off of ever having a relationship herself. So she thought he was cute, and that he was capable and powerful. That didn't mean she would ever act on it.

Ignoring the group was nigh impossible, and thus he was always in her sight. Asking about her interests, wanting to hang out. Shouta was at a loss on how to deal with such persistence. In elementary and middle school many students thought she was a quirk thief. They never wanted her to look at them and certainly not to talk to them. She hadn't wanted to anyways, but the point was that she would have liked to have had the option. Now with three loud new attention grabbers, she wasn't sure how to handle it.

On her second day as she walked home from the school, taking the bus to her neighborhood she found she had acquired am after school stalker. Kayama thought she was being stealthy, but whenever she ducked down, her long black hair was sticking out one way, her breasts another. Or even once her ass was bent over from the mailbox she hid behind. Shouta sighed heavily and walked over to grab the girl before some weird perv decided to try for an up skirt shot.

"What are you doing here?" Shouta asked with mild annoyance.

"Aww, I just wanted to see what you do after school!" She huffed and looked down. "I was doing so well too!"

"No you weren't." Shouta rolled her eyes and turned. "Come on then."

She led the way to Shino's gym and once inside she pointed to the bench near the mirrors. "Wait there."
Shouta stomped back to the locker room where her gym clothes were stored now. She changed and left her hair down this time. She walked out to find Shino had exited his office. "Sho-chan! You brought a friend!"

"Shes not-..."

"Friend?!!" Akio threw his head up from where he was doing sit ups.

"Hi!" Kayama called from her perch. "I'm Kayama Nemuri!"

"Any friend of Sho-chans is a friend of mine!" Akio boomed and shook her hand. His curly hair bouncing as he sat down. "I'm Watanaki Akio, that's my husband over there, Watanaki Shino. This is our gym."

"Oh, what kind of programs do you have?" Kayama asked.

"Gymnastics, weight training, yoga, we even have a pilates class for the moms." Akio grinned proudly. "Shino even contracts with the dojos in the area to have self defense training classes. Sho-chan helps out during those."

"Really?" Kayama slid a sly look at her and Shouta glared.

"Let's get started Shota," Shino called. "I got in the new silks, I know you're getting your hero costume soon. It'll be good to practice while you can."

"Alright." Shouta nodded and Shino pointed up to where he'd created an intricate net of crisscrossing silk suspension ropes. Her hero costume was going to require her to be able to use her acrobatics at a difficult level.

"Wait, are you doing that without a net?" Kayama jumped up.

"Sho-chan is the best gymnastics student out of everyone." Akio grinned. "She beat even Shino last year. She won't need a net."

"There won't be nets on the streets. If I fall, I fall." Shouta growled. She look a running jump to the springboard and vaulted high into the air. She grabbed a hanging tendril of silk and twirled up with her going momentum. She swept her legs into the silks and hung without limbs. Kayama looked up at her in stunned shock.

Shouta knew she was cursed, she had to be. The next day, she found not only had Kayama followed her to her afternoon gym excursion, but Iida had been dragged to join her. "Why are you following me?"

"Nemuri-san mentioned to me that today you will be demonstrating a self defense class. I would like to see if this is where you learned that submission maneuver you used on me." Iida informed. "It was rather effective."

"My mother taught me that maneuver." Shouta said, she turned and walked off. She paused after a few feet looking back to see them watching her curiously. "Come on."

During that class the teacher demonstrated to Iida exactly how she had done her maneuver. It
wasn't one he could do with his arm engines, but he became proficient in a number of leg locks, and arm bars. He was lucky he'd come on the day when the Jujutsu dojo came in. While the majority of the attendees were pre-teens, and students attending college, it was still informative. She assisted, she'd long since mastered the art, and while she enjoyed refreshing herself. Having her classmates here to see her do so was disconcerting.

Far far too much attention was on her.

"Sho-chan," Akio grinned at her as she dried her neck. "You have some good friends."

She spared a look to where Kayama had gained a strange sadistic look on her face as she bent over Iida's back and stretched the legs she had tucked against her sides. She licked her lips and giggled. "I tap! Nemuri, I give up!"

"This isn't even all of them," Shouta sighed.

"Oh you have more?" Akio asked. Shouta felt a flush rise on her cheeks and she glared.

"No," She stomped off and ignored the cat calls shot at her. She wasn't attracted to Yamada, not really. It was just a stupid outpouring of teenage hormones. That was the logical explanation. She lived by logical actions. Having a crush was not logical. Not in any way shape or form.

A few days passed with Kayama following her to the gym and Iida joining every other day. Yamada either wasn't interested or had no idea of what his friends were doing but she relaxed. At least the loudest of them all wasn't hounding her every step with curious questions. She was curious however when she woke up before homeroom after a cat nap to find him eyeing her seriously. "Aizawa, why can't I come to the gym too?"

"Too? I didn't invite either of them." Shouta glared at Kayama. The girl smiled pleasantly, as if she hadn't just tried to put her on the spot. "Doesn't matter, no one is going today."

"Why not?" Yamada whined, "I wanna go!"

"No," Shouta glared and class started. She leaned back in relief, the matter was dropped. Until lunch came and he begged anew. Shouta felt her eye twitch and it wasn't even because of her quirk. She felt herself glaring at him through their practical classes as well. Once school was over she booked it off campus as fast as she could.

She managed to make it to the gym and cursed when she realized Kayama, and Tensei had beaten her there. With Yamada exclaiming about how cool the place was. She couldn't shoo them away either, because Akio ushered them in. "Not going in?"

Shouta whipped around and saw Shino in his vigilante gear, his eyes covered in a domino mask. He grinned at her and dropped from the window sill he was crpuched on like a damn ninja. Fuck he was cool. "It's yoga day."

"No it's couples yoga day." Shino chuckled.

"What do you mean couples yoga day? Akio teaches that on Sunday!" Shouta snarled.
"Well, we may have gotten a call this morning from your friend Nemuri, apparently she was bringing a friend. So Akio called all of his students today to tell them it was going to be a shake up day and to be ready to partner up. Your friend brought another partner as well. Seeing as Yukina-chan had to work today the extra addition was necessary to be even." Shino grinned.

"You set me up." Shouta glared.

"No, no, Sho-chan, you need friends." Shino steered her to the back entrance. "Your father is quite worried about you not fitting in with the hero class students. You don't actually have any friends. its kind of sad."

He lifted a gloved hand to chuckled into his fingers like the diva he was. She kicked him in the leg and stumped off to the locker room. Kayama squealed when she saw her and Shouta glared death at her. "This is your fault."

"Aww come on, Hizashi hasn't been yet. He honestly thought we were going home after school." Kayama chuckled.

"I wish you had, stalking is a crime." Shouta growled.

She walked out of the locker room to see all the other yoga students watching her curiously. Shouta glared at them, they knew damn well she was going to have to team up with someone, and they had paired up annoyingly to leave her with her three "friends". Traitors.

"Tensei let's team up!" Nemuri called and Shouta stiffened. Tensei stood in shorts and a tank top near the other locker room. Yamada exited and he wore leggings that ran down to his ankles and a tank top as well that showed off his toned arms. Shit.

"Okay, Hizashi you and Aizawa team up!" Nemuri grinned.

"Okay, but what are we doing first work outs?" Yamada asked. He wasn't wearing his glasses, so green eyes speared her and he grinned.

"Oh honey, were doing yoga today. Pair Yoga!" Nemuri grinned. "This way we can all be friends."

Yamada turned glittering eyes to her and she felt it like a blow. She cursed and looked away "Come on Aizawa let's be friends!"

She hissed and hustled to the bin with a bunch rolled up mats. Yamada followed behind her and she stood next to him as Akio gathered everyone together. "Okay everyone. Seeing as my husband is working tonight, I'll need a volunteer pair to demonstrate."

"Oh here!" Kayama called. She dragged Iida up and Shouta fought hard not to face palm. Instead she shot her hair up into a bun and unrolled her mat.

"Oh here!" Kayama called. She dragged Iida up and Shouta fought hard not to face palm. Instead she shot her hair up into a bun and unrolled her mat.

"Okay first, we are going to begin by sitting cross legged back to back to get in sync with our partners breathing." Akio explained with a serene look.

"So I just...?" Yamada looked at her. She sat and motioned him down behind her.

"It's just breathing." She explained. He unfurled his mat and pressed his back to hers. He was tall, nearly a full foot of difference. But like this their ribs were almost even. "Just breathe with me and then we'll alternate. I breathe in, you breathe out."
It was interesting. Usually she partnered with her dad if she could drag him out to do this. Otherwise she partnered with a college student who inevitably came alone to pick up girls or even guys. She delighted in ruining their expectations.

"Now, what is your favorite color." Akio asked.

"Uh, blue." Yamada murmured. The vibration of his voice traveled from his back to hers.

"Yellow." Shouta said.

"Really?" Yamada chuckled.

"Now that we know something about our partners and have broken the ice some." Akio smiled sly at his students. "Now I want you to inhale and raise your arms above your head. On your exhale twist your torso to the right and place your left hand on your right knee. With your right arm reach back and grab your partners knee."

Shouta breathed in and centered herself. She brought her arms down and leaned into the new yoga pose. Yamada flinched when she touched his knee. But she controlled her own reaction to him. "Now, what is everyone's favorite animal?" Akio asked.

She wasn't even paying attention to the comical way Katana and Iida were trying to maintain the pose. "I like birds. Like cockatrices."

"Hmm," Shouta snorted, "I like cats."

They kept breathing until Akio called them to attention again. "Very good everyone. Let's try something a little more face to face."

With directions to stand up Shouta found herself looking into very green eyes. They had to press palms together and bend at the waist with their arms touching from elbows to fingers. She fought her blush down but eager green eyes sparkled at her. "This is fun do you do this all the time?"

"No." Shouta said.

"Okay everyone. Now tell a secret." Akio grinned.

"Hmm...I don't really have any secrets." Yamada chewed on that while he thought. "I have a quirk called voice, and I can't sing."

"Really?" Shouta asked with a small chuckle of her own.

"No, which is why that's embarrassing. I love music." He laughed. "You?"

"Like music?" Shouta blinked. "I'm not that big on it."

"Noo, a secret." He rolled his eyes at her.

'I think your kind of cute.' would not work for her. So instead she tilted her head to the side. "It's embarrassing but I don't actually have any friends outside of the adults in my life."
The class ended an hour later and Shouta almost made it out of the gym without being caught. "Hey Aizawa!" Shit.

Yamada was waiting by the door outside when she exited. She paused and looked up at him through her hair. "I just wanted to say that you have a friend. I'm your friend."

He looked so flustered.

"Whatever." She hurried of and he stared at her back. "See you tomorrow."

She hoped he didn't see her blush. She did however hear his loud whoop if excitement.
Workplace Internship

Chapter Summary

Shouta gets her hero costume. And picks a liston for her workplace internship.

Meanwhile, Hizashi figures out what he wants to do while being a hero.

Chapter Notes

So, in thinking after final exams I'm going to put the class through summer training like in the actual series.

However im thinking it'll be a beach. I think beach shenanigans would be pretty funny.

After a week of being pestered. And after a week of finding one or all three of her stalkers right at her heels every second of her school day. Shouta finally just had to give in. She suddenly had friends.

The next week was punctuated by her hero costume being finished. She'd gotten called up before class to examine it and report if it was all there. She opened her case emblazoned with her class role number and grinned.

The jumpsuit was black. Made of a fabric that felt soft on the skin but was knife, weather, and temperature resistant. The boots were light, and designed to emit little to no sound when she moved.

Gray pouches lay attached to a black utility belt. Inside each one were various tools she had requested. Caltrops, trip wire, smoke bombs, a knife, gloves, and a small blue pouch to hold her eye drops.

She ran her fingers over the goggles. Black with yellow frames, bars went across to act like a grill over the dark lenses. This way she could keep her eyes open without the risk of something getting in them. This way no one could see her eyes and know she activated her quirk. Black eyes suddenly burning red was a dead giveaway.

Shouta finally touched her custom capture weapon. One of the reasons she chose UA was because of a teacher in the support department. He was an engineer who went by the name Fabricator. His quirk allowed him to create living metal from his body.

Her capture weapon would be worn as a scarf. But it was made of that special metal alloy embedded with carbon nano fibers that would react to her quirk. Before she'd applied Shouta had extensively had her quirk tested. Her body emitted a low level of psionic energy. It moved like whipping vines. When she activated her quirk, her hair would float, and the psionic energy would concentrate on her head. As long as her eyes were open she could erase a quirk.
This capture weapon would over lay the psionic energy and allow her to use it freely. And she would need to use it. Out of the criminal population, she could only erase the quirks of half of them. The other half had mutations that she couldn't remove from play. With a capture weapon as thick as bandages and versatile like capture tape, she could use her gymnastics skills to maneuver her enemies. In battle it was all about who could control the fight.

With this Shouta would control her skirmishes.

She sent off an affirmative message to the support department and closed her case back up. It was locked away and she made her way to her seat as other students started to filter into the class.

"Alright everyone. Today we're going to go over the results of the sports Festival." Valkyrie-sensei waved to the board. Shouta's name was at the top. And every student after her was listed with various numbers. "This is the number of agencies who have called to offer you recruitment slots. You will visit one agency next week. During your week long visit you will learn what daily life is like for heroes. Regardless of who recruited you, you are encouraged to choose one. Even one that didn't offer. There is a list for you to choose from. They are categorized by specialty."

Shouta looked at the list, and when her new sensei walked back she received a list with her name on it. It was the list of agencies that requested her personally. She was flattered but she didn't think she would pick any of them.

Some agencies were just too mainstream for her. She wanted an underground set up. The downside to that was that a majority of underground heroes worked on contracts from agencies or the police. More often than not they were solo. She rested her chin on her palm while she looked.

"So who are you going with Hizashi?" Kayama asked. Shouta looked up curiously. Were they having a hard time picking as well?

"The broadcasting station has a hero agency attached to it. They sent an offer and I think I'll take it." Yamada said. "I want to be a hero obviously, but I want to be super popular and flashy. Madam Glitz is the most popular public face around. Seeing how the entertainment side works on top of learning the hero side would be pretty awesome."

"Oh, I'm going to the Dominance agency, they are leaders in villain take owns and even transport." Kayama grinned. She would find a weird agency to go to.

"And you Tensei?" Kayama looked over at where Tensei was looking at his list.

"Hmm, I think I'll choose the Highway Agency, they primarily deal with high speed chases and car accidents." Iida looked up. "I think my quirk could help out there. Not only with the chases, but in removing debris and extracting victims."

"What about you Aizawa?" Yamada leaned over to look at her list. She huffed and looked down again. She wished vigilantes were more organized she could learn from them. Instead she pondered her choice.

"The Shadow Ring agency." She finally decided.

"They specialize in deep covers, investigation, and stealth missions." Iida supplied. "A good
"Are you sure?" Yamada asked her. "You worked so hard at the festival. The heroes there aren't well known."

"I don't want to be famous." Shouta said. "That's not the role I want to fill. It's not logical for me to be in the spotlight. You do that, the brighter you three shine, the longer your shadows cast. This way I can work better."

She filled out her choice form. After everyone made their decisions a set of placards were passed out. "Now, if you're going to be going on work studies you will be going as your future hero personas. You'll need to have a name to be known by. But take heed, the name you choose might not remain your moniker over time."

Shouta frowned immensely as she looked at her marker. Damn, she had all these plans and she hadn't thought of a name. What was wrong with her? Some time passed and Yamada tilted his head to look at her. "Did you pick one?"

"No." Shouta was irritated and glared at the offending assignment.

"What, you haven't thought of a name yet?" Yamada grinned at her as he set his face down.

"I don't want to be in the news. It doesn't really matter what name I pick." Shouta admitted. And that was very true. She just wouldn't pick one.

"Alright!" Yamada jumped up and pointed a finger at her with a flourish. "You'll be Eraserhead!"

She blinked at him in shock. It was really on the nose. But if she didn't actually care what it was, and she wasn't planning on being in the news, then it was fine. Yeah, her awkward new crush didn't have anything to do with it... Not at all.

"Then I'll go with that." Shouta said and gave it a bit of extra on the board. She looked up as Kayama flounced up to the podium. She couched a hip and slapped her board to a standing position on the podium.

"I will be the 18+ Hero: Midnight!" She grinned sadistically. Was that even appropriate? She did have to expose skin to activate her quirk though.

"Considering your quirk, that is acceptable." Valkyrie-sensei nodded. "Well done, very fitting."

A few other students went before Iida walked up and presented his board with a bright grin. "Turbo Hero: Ingenium."

"I imagine this is you following in your family's footsteps. Remember if you inherit your families lineage, you have that much more to live up to." Their teacher warned.

"I understand. It's a role I will take on gladly" Iida smiled proudly.

"Very well. Aizawa what do you have?" Shouta moved up and showed her board.

"I don't want to be in the news. So I'll be The Erasure Hero: Eraserhead."

"Simple, to the point, very cool." Valkyrie smiled.

Shouta shuffled back and Yamada rushed up next. "And what have you chosen Yamada?"
He flicked his orange shades up and grinned at them all smugly. "The Voice Hero: Present Mic!"

"It's loud, flashy even." Valkyrie smirked. "Are you ready to take on the responsibility of being in the spotlight?"

"I was meant to be in the spotlight." Yamada posed proudly.

"Very well anyone else?"

Shouta looked down as her phone chimed. It seemed Kayama had started a chat. Judging by the names chosen it was with Yamada and Iida.

KnockOutGal: I can't believe all of our internships are wide spread not even close together.

MusicGuru: aww I'll be so lonely!!! D:

TurboBoost: that's just how it is.

She watched them text for a while and wondered what the hell had happened to her. She tucked her phone back into her bag and continued home. The house was lit up again as she entered. She was baffled to see her father bustling about in the kitchen.

This only increased her confusion. He was just as bad as she was in the kitchen. There was literally only one thing he could make. And that was store bought curry. She fared only a little better, but her tastes fell to jelly packs and packaged bread.

"What are you making?" She asked as she set her bag on the couch and padded on stocking clad feet to her father. He looked harried and confused as he stared at a recipe on his phone.

"Dinner." He grunted and looked at her. "Shino-san and Akio-San are coming by for dinner."

"Why?" She blinked in confusion.

"They've been checking up on me. Since your school is so important. You don't need to look after me. Focus on you." He gave her a small smile.

She glared at him before going to the fridge and fishing out a can of coffee. "How is the painting?" She asked.

"Oh it's done." He smiled happily. "Aokigi came to pick it up."

"Are the others still selling?" She watched her father stir whatever the pot was. It looked like a home made attempt at curry. They were going to die.

"Yes, quite well actually. I've had a few commissions come through as well." He looked at her and adjusted his glasses. "How about you Sho, how was your first week?"

"Are you in league with Shino?" She demanded. Her father snorted and tried to cover his mouth. "You are!"

"It's nice you're making friends." He smiled and she glared. "When can I expect them to visit? I'm
make sure to have snacks."

"Ugh never!" She stomped off.

"Sho, it's important to socialize!" He called after her.

"Take your own damn advice you hermit!" she yelled back.

"But I am!" He counted. She but her lip, he was right. She shook her head and retreated to her bedroom in embarrassment. She tuned back into her phone then.

**TurboBoost:** I'm excited to learn from the pros.

**MusicGuru:** I'm not saying we shouldn't be. I'm saying I'm going to be a pro, I don't want them to look down on me because I'm a novice.

**KnockOutGal:** I think the hazing will be exciting.

**CatEyes:** It won't be hazing more like get my coffee newbie.

**MusicGuru:** O.o Aizawa is that you?!

**CatEyes:** who else would it be

**TurboBoost:** welcome to our chat!

**KnockOutGal:** I'm so proud of you!

**CatEyes:** whatever

**MusicGuru:** where is the office you're going to?

**CatEyes:** Osaka

They launched into a discussion about train times, how they were getting to their respective locations. Demands from Kayama and Yamada for souvenirs. Shouta watched them bicker for a while and decided it might not be so bad to have loud people around her.

It wasn't boring this way.

The Shadow Ring agency was sequestered in the dead end of a back alleyway. It was bordered by two buildings that faced outwards. A homeless shelter, and a soup kitchen. She knew this agency worked directly with the police and other hero agencies.

They specialized in stealth missions, and that was something she hadn't learned yet. Shino, as Shade, had been adamant about only training her to fight, to utilize her strengths, and to advance her skills. Now she needed to learn how to put them into practice.

She entered the agency and a woman with tattoos looked up at her. "Oh, you're the sports festival kid!"
"Yeah." Shouta shrugged and her bag clunked against the case she carried with her hero gear in it.

"OK, wait here, I'll get the boys!" She got up and bustled to the back. The front part of the agency had a few couches and a couple of tables. Water bottles and packaged rice balls sat in a clear fridge.

Were they for the visitors? Or for the homeless people outside?

"Aizawa!" A boisterous voice boomed and she turned looking at a pair of twins. They were dressed in black with gray accents. "I'm the hero Black Pall. I can create shadows."

"And I'm Overshadow. I can become shadow."

Oh, they were posing.

"Alright that's enough of that." Black Pall laughed. "She doesn't know we're joking."

"Oh," Overshadow looked scandalized.

"Okay Aizawa, let's talk. Your quirk can erase other quirks?" Black Pall ushered her over and she saw his black hair was shot through with gray. Pure black eyes bore into her.

"Yes," She followed as they led her to a training room.

"Today the sidekicks are doing our work while we get a taste of what you can do." Overshadow informed.

"Valkyrie said you just got your hero gear, so we'll test it out as well." Black Pall added. "It's best to know what your gear can do before you do patrols."

"You can change in there." Overshadow indicated a locker room. "The women's bunks are connected through the back, feel free to leave your things there as well."

Shouta nodded and bowed properly before she entered the locker room and found the bunk room. The beds were empty save for three interspaced with different blankets. She chose one in a corner and settled her bag in the metal chest at the foot of the bed.

Changing into her hero gear felt freeing. She stayed in a sports bra and a tank top. Her boy shorts kept her cool while she put on the jumpsuit. Her feet slipped into the boots and she tested them. No sound at all. Her belt fit perfectly. She made sure to put drops in her eyes before she settled the goggles on her head. The lenses were polarized and treated for all light sources.

At last she poured her scarf into her hands. She wound it slowly around her neck and shoulders until it pooled heavily and securely on her collar bone. She could duck her head into it, and it would hide her. She activated her quirk and the bands rustled and whipped around her. She grabbed one tendril on the left side and twisted, she shot her right arm out. The bands snapped out and cracked like a whip.

Perfect.

Shouta walked out into the training room and the twin heroes had split up. She was unsure which one this was. Either he could create shadows, or become one. It didn't matter, she needed to erase his quirk and take him down. Fast, and hard.

"Ready?"
"As I'll ever be." Shouta growled. She activated her quirk and grabbed for her capture weapon. It lashed out as she ducked and turned to the side. The twin caught it on his wrist and looked at her curiously.

"Capture tape?"

"No." Shouta tugged and twisted her hand on the band. It jerked his arm out and she stomped one foot forward and turned in the motion of a judo throw. The added element of her scarf whipped the pro towards her and into the air. As he soared over her she blinked and reactivated her quirk quickly. She twisted her fingers in her scarf and he was securely cocooned in the scarf.

She smiled to herself and stood up. But right as she did a strong arm wrapped around her neck and slammed her onto the mat. "Lesson one rookie, never focus on one opponent for more than a second. Otherwise his partner will kill you."

She blinked up at the other twin. Why hadn't she realized he was going to try that? "Letting you think this was a one on one match was just a ruse. Always remember nothing is what it seems."

"Y-yes!" Her blood started to pump hotly in her veins. This is what she needed to learn.

"Good!" The cocooned twin laughed. "Now let's get to work!"

Hizashi stared in wonder at all the inner workings of entertainment he was learning. Madam Glitz was a pro who had taken a step back from active hero work. Her side kicks would be taking him for patrol. But she was a major figure in entertainment. She gave citizens a sense of calm in the sea of catastrophes all over the world.

Her program highlighted charities run by heroes. She taught children to use their quirks safely. She was a sunny and bright TV personality.

But she was also a brutal trainer. Her quirk allowed her to mesmerize with her voice. The first thing she'd done once he'd arrived was order him into his hero clothes. Once his Directional Speaker was on he felt it suction to his throat. This was the first design. He wasn't too sure it was working as he wanted it to. He was still learning to control his voice.

If he figured out where it was going wrong he could collaborate with the support department. The directional speaker would put the right pressure on the muscles around his vocal chords. This way he could send his voice in certain directions. Otherwise it just echoed all around him. He needed to get proficient in using it. It wouldn't do too deafen his future hero partners.

Madam Glitz was waiting for him when he stepped out of the locker room into the underground training room. "Your teacher told me that you can achieve decibel levels of 125-130."

"Yeah, apparently when I was born I cried at 170 decibels. My parents and the doctor all gained hearing loss from it. I'm apparently a record breaker, earliest development of a quirk ever." Hizashi explained sheepishly. He still felt bad that his parents were deaf because of him. "I haven't managed to reach that level again."

"Hmm, I can mesmerize with my voice. A song that mixes low decibels with different frequencies." Madam Glitz smirked. She lifted a set of support headphones. "I want you to play around with your
volume level. Try to vibrate things with it. Mix your decibels with other frequencies. The stronger you get with that combination you could shake the earth. You could even use sonar with your voice. The possibilities are endless."

He had never thought of it like that. But he was excited by the options! Once her headphones we're on he took the speaker off. He wasn't trying to attack her. Just to test what she was saying. He inhaled and opened his mouth. "Yeah!"

He pushed the sound louder, higher in frequency and the tone changed. He could almost see a yellow shimmer in the air. As if he had vibrated the air molecules. He ran out of breath and stopped. Madam Glitz nodded for him to try again.

She drilled him for hours. The only substantial thing he learned to do despite trying, was to make his yell higher in frequency. After her grueling session she dismissed him for the night. He got dinner with the commiserating side kicks. They got him tea to soothe his throat and congratulated him for managing at least two hours with the pro in charge without running away.

He then sequestered himself in the hotel looking barracks. No one was in the set he was so he changed for bed and fished out his phone.

**TurboBoost:** my legs have never hurt worse than they do at this moment.

**CatEyes:** you think that's bad. My eyes feel like they're going to fall out.

**MusicGuru:** don't laugh, I certainly can't right now.

**TurboBoost:** that bad Hizashi?

**MusicGuru:** I literally have no voice right now. Me!

**CatEyes:** I can't see right now, just putting that out there.

Hizashi felt a smile pull at his cheeks. Aizawa was pretty funny now that she'd warmed up to them.

**MusicGuru:** my world is over, how can I ever be a hero my voice is gone, and our eraser didn't even take her training.

**CatEyes:** take a damn lozenge you diva

**MusicGuru:** I'll have you know, I'm a fabulous diva!

**CatEyes:** grow your hair out so you can hair flip. I'm imagining you hair flipping right now.

**MusicGuru:** that's a great idea!

**TurboBoost:** don't encourage him Aizawa-san

**MusicGuru:** you hush!

**CatEyes:** look it's been real. But I'm going to sleep now.

**MusicGuru:** night!
TurboBoost: good night Aizawa-san, I imagine Nemuri will be disappointed to see we talked without her. But I bet she sends her love.

catEyes: her clingy stalkerish love?

MusicGuru: suffer with us! Lol

Hizashi texted a bit longer with Tensei and finally nodded off on his own.

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Shouta was sure she'd never been so tired in her life. Every day of her week was spent training for stealth takedowns, pushing her quirk, and mastering her capture weapon. Then her evenings were spent going over casework, memorizing the agencies district, and people watching.

Under the watchful eyes of her twin mentors she learned how to pick out subtle cues. From a rooftop she could identify gangs, thieves, and even potential threats. This was a necessary set of skills to have.

The sidekicks were busy most of the time but she worked with them directly in the agency. But in patrolling she was with the twins. She watched them take down a number of villains doing petty crime. They often left them on the local precincts doorstep.

But it was one night five days into her internship that she heard a woman's heels rapidly clicking below her. She saw a woman with pale green skin running away from a large man. He had a stream of something sticky trailing behind him.

She glared and lifted her hand to signal her teachers. They observed as the man tackled the woman. The sticky fluid seemed to work like glue. She was stuck from the head to her hips.

Shouta leaped, her fingers curled in her scarf. She latched into the fire escape and spun flinging out her arm. Her capture weapon wrapped around the attacker. She jerked him off his feet as Overshadow lunged in and delivered a staggering punch.

Shouta touched down on the ground and approached the woman as she sobbed on the ground. "Hey it's ok, he's not going to hurt you." Shouta unsheathed her knife and peeled the goop off the woman. She sat up and Black Pall helped her to her feet. "I'll go call the police."

"Wait, don't go!" The woman grabbed for her. "Please?"

"Eraserhead, you take the victim to the street. Call an ambulance for her, and the police." Black Pall ordered.

"Yes sir." She nodded. She took the woman's hands gently and walked to the street. She released the attacker from her scarf but he was almost instantly wrapped up in shadows similarly.

"Thank you," The woman cried. "Thank you so much."
"Do you see how terrible some of the districts are?" Madam Glitz asked. They were riding in her private suv. Driving through the districts and stopping at areas still recovering from villain disasters, or just downtrodden. They would get out in crowded areas so Madam Glitz could soak with children and hand out water and packaged supplies.

"This is the result of lack of funding. Powerful heroes, with quirks like yours, can only do so much. Capture the villains, but the damage of large scale fights remains." Her long red hair sparkled like her dress. Dark black sunglasses covered the milky green eyes she had. "Most citizens can't afford the insurance for help fights. Most apartments don't have it at all. So when these disaster like fights happen, residents are displaced."

Hizashi was soaking up everything she was teaching him. The quirk use, the explanations of patrolling, methods to help beyond fighting. Some nights the sidekicks got permission to take him out. More often than not it was a measure used to assure the citizens there were heroes around to help.

"How has none of this gotten fixed yet? At that point shouldn't the government step in?" Hizashi asked.

"Hmm, well in most cities these areas get attention quicker. But there's been a rise in villain activity. More destructive villains do more damage and cause much more devastation." Madam Glitz pursed get glittery lips. "When I was more active, I could sing villains to sleep, or sing them into stopping what they were doing. But it wasn't stopping the problem."

"Thays why you do the show?" Hizashi asked.

"Hero work is incredibly important. But fostering the growth of children will help curb the villain population. The more children see that their quirks can be used for good, that they can be productive, the better their chances are. The show is only one part of it." She waved at the street. "The other part is using my fame, my prestige, to raise funds for rebuilding, for hospital care, for school finding. If I can use my name to help communities grow and prosper I will. They just don't have the time to wait for the government to get to them. So my charity foundations try to."

He got it. She entertained to help in her own way, getting attention to these devastated areas, and the children who lived there. The same way some heroes did community service on top of their hero work. He could do that, he could absolutely do that too. It was a rocking idea.

"I understand." He told her and she smiled sweetly at him.

"Good boy, now let's get to the station and wow some viewers!" She grinned. "After though, I want you to complete the fight training. And then I had better see you break something bigger than electrical circuits with your voice."

Madam Glitz was a slave driver! Hizashi was sure he was gonna die before the rest of the week was out.

Shouta trudged to the agency doors. Her body felt tired as hell. Her eyes ached despite having just put drops in them. Her phone buzzed with her friends excited texts about getting together at a cafe before they headed home.
"Aizawa!" Overshadow jumped in front of her in the lobby. His brother posed with him.

"Good work!"

"Feel free to come back-"

"-Anytime."

"Seriously...stop doing that." She glared. "I can't focus on it."

"Haha!"

"Yes you can!"

"Don't forget everything-"

"-We taught you!"

"I'm really regretting ever having come here." She snorted. "So embarrassing, you're worse than my dad."

Black Pall gasped in offense, "How rude!"

"I like it. I want to be a dad you know!" Overshadow waved politely.

"Blasphemy. Kids are fine unless they're your own!" Black Pall shivered.

"Well it's been real," Shouta edged around them. "But-

"Wait, wait, wait!" Black Pall grabbed her shoulders. "Feel free to come back when full internships roll around. But if you're looking for something even more obscure than us, there's a solo hero I think you might benefit from. His name is Vanishing Point. I'll put in a recommendation for you. He'll reach out through the school."

"Thank you." Shouta bowed and smiled. "I appreciate all the things you've taught me."

"Well, I just hope we hear rumors of you." Overshadow laughed. And that was the joke. Rumors on the street, but no news appearances. The successful work of an underground hero. She nodded and stepped past them out of the agency.

She started on the long walk to the station. She wanted to nap on the way back home.

Hizashi stretched as he waved to the crew of the Glitz Hour. Madam Glitz gave him a warm smile.

"I hope to make an appearance when you go pro on whatever production you pick."

"I'll dedicate my first night to you!" Hizashi promised with a thumbs up.

"If you feel like coming back during the internships. Well take you." She chuckled. "But I think you need to take some more combat oriented teachings."

He rubbed his neck awkwardly and bowed. Then he bid them goodbye. He headed out onto the street and checked his phone before he raced off to buy souvenirs. He found phone charms and
chose one of a wheel for Tensei. A pretty jewel tassel for Nemuri. And then he found a small sleeping cat for Aizawa. He grinned and bought them with a nice box of chocolates for his parents.

He had a good idea of what he waved to do now. He was going to be a pro hero, and then he was going to create a radio show for everyone to listen to. Something to count on in times of great need. Crime was rising and there needed to be a voice to listen to. A light in the dark. He could do that.
The cafe was nearly empty when Hizashi got there. He stumbled into the doorway and nearly tripped over the girl standing there. "Hey!"

He knew that surly voice. Aizawa glared up at him from under her hood. She wore a black hoodie over a green v-neck shirt. She had on a dark gray skirt and black leggings. He'd never seen her in casual clothes. "You wanna get off of me, Yamada?"

"Sorry, sorry!" He waved his hands frantically and backed up. Tripping over his fallen duffle. Aizawa's hand shot out and grabbed his wrist.

"Stand still." She ordered with her eyes hardening at him.

He flinched as she dragged him back to his feet and huffed at him. "Wow Hizashi, trample the girl why don't you!"

"Tensei!" Yamada exclaimed. He had an escape. He took a step to the side and looked at Aizawa as he realized she still had his wrist in her grip.

"Oh," She jerked her hand back and stomped to the counter. Hizashi watched her go as Tensei walked over to him.

"Could you be more of a clutz?" Tensei hustled him over to the table by the window. Nemuri was giving him a sly look.

"How was your internship Nemuri? I barely heard from you." Hizashi asked.

"Informative." She grinned enigmatically. "I've learned quite a few things to apply to my fighting style."

"That's great Nemuri." Tensei smiled at her. He was always so immune to the threat in those blue eyes. It was then Aizawa approached holding a mug of coffee. She shuffled in next to Nemuri. Her bag ended up next to a bright pink one. But the case with her hero gear was settled between the two girls. Hizashi settled in when Tensei pushed an iced coffee at him. He'd ordered first.

"What about you Hizashi?" Tensei asked.

"I'm going to be a hero, but I'm going to start a radio show." Hizashi confessed. All three of his friends blinked at him in shock. "Don't look at me like that. There's plenty of heroes who do other things. I'm going to use the radio as a platform to work with charities, get the word out about places that need help."

"You know that's not a bad idea." Tensei remarked. "My family hosts a city clean up once a year."

"Yeah! I could help raise money, turn the profits toward the local charity's. Get extra funding for
"the restoration projects." Hizashi grinned. "If I can get popular enough I could do tons of stuff to benefit the public."

"If you want to get really good you'll need to broadcast in English as well as Japanese." Nemuri said. Aizawa sipped her coffee and looked at the other girl curiously. "Well you can't expect to only do hero work here in Japan. There could be specific crimes where someone with your quirk could be needed. If you want to do charity too it would be good if your radio show was easily accessed around the world."

"And English is the spoken language of most of the world." Hizashi thought about that. "I'm pretty good at English already. Mom taught English in college. And dad taught me to sign. I could do an English show that broadcasts overseas."

"What about you Aizawa, how was your work study?" Tensei asked. They looked at her and she flushed.

"I discovered I hate posing." She dead panned and they all glared at the same time at her. "Whatever. I got better at stealth takedowns. And crowd assessment."

"That would be good." Tensei nodded. "Especially if you're trying to pick out suspects in crowded areas."

"Yup." She smirked and reached for her bag. She unearthed a set of brown bags. "Here's your souvenirs."

From within the bag Hizashi was handed, he discovered a phone case. It was bright blue with music notes on it. Nemuri's was a deep purple with black blocky x's taking up the space on it. And Tensei's was a neon green with swirl patterns all over like geometric patterns.

"Love it!" Hizashi exclaimed.

He pulled his phone out and immediately slid it into the case. He loved the color and the music notes. He reached into his own bag and pulled his souvenirs out. They received equally excited responses. But Aizawa's reaction drew his eyes on excitement.

A bright red bush was coloring her cheeks. Her eyes were wide and animated for once. Almost like they'd been when she'd fought him. Instead they were bright with excitement instead of exhilaration.

Her red phone case had a spot for a charm attachment and she settled it on with careful fingers. Then she batted the tiny sleeping cat with a finger.

He looked at Nemuri who was watching Aizawa in wonder. Even Tensei looked shocked. She had always come off as sleepy, annoyed, and disinterested. But right now she looked cute. And that just wasn't right, she couldn't be cute.

But there it was, glowing black eyes and an innocent expression on her face. She came back to herself a moment later and switched from adorable to panicked irritation. Which she smothered by downing a huge mouthful of her black coffee. Hizashi looked away to curb his own embarrassment.

Why was his heart racing like this?

"Hey, Sho-chan," Nemuri changed the subject. "I want you to start calling me Nemuri."

Aizawa jerked to look at the girl next to her and coughed once. "What?"
"Yeah, I'll stop calling you Sho-chan to annoy you. I want to call you Shouta like the people who know you do." Nemuri admitted. She slid a serious look at Hizashi and Tensei, and they both tensed up. "What about you guys, you want her to call you by your names don't you?!"

"I-If she wants to." Tensei stuttered as he scrabbled for his drink.

"I want to, call me Hizashi!" Hizashi grinned to get Aizawa comfortable. If she wasn't comfortable nothing would make her do anything.

"Okay," Aizawa shook her head and huffed. "It's logical to address each other normally."

"Yes, so say it... Nemuri."

"N-Nemuri." Despite her agreement she lookedcornered and irritated.

"Thank you dear." Nemuri grinned and patted Aizawa's back.

"Then you guys can call me Shouta." Hizashi felt his hair raise as he tasted the name.

"Shouta." Tensei nodded. "Very well."

"Y-yeah!" Hizashi pumped a fist awkwardly.

They were bonding as friends, and now that the awkward stage was past he could call her Shouta.

Shouta sighed in exhaustion as she neared her house. The lights weren't on but she was a few hours early. She hadn't known just when she would get home, only that the train would take two hours to arrive.

It didn't matter, she was going to dump her stuff at the door, and climb up to her bedroom. She had a full day before she went back to school and she was not going to waste it on anything other than catching up on sleep.

She unlocked the door and stepped in. After kicking off her shoes, she dropped her bags and stepped up into the house. But the sight in the living room halted her. Every calm bone in her body suddenly screamed with horror and revulsion.

"Oh my god!" She shrieked and whipped around.

"Sho?!" That was her father. She bent over double, she needed eye bleach!

"Sho-chan? She wasn't supposed to be back until later." That was Akio.

"She must have left earlier than we thought." Shino?!?

"What the hell is wrong with you?!" She yelled. "What-what even-?!"

"Ah, Shouta -" Her father spoke again and she threw up her hand.

"We are not having this conversation. I just caught you having- having sex, which is bad enough... but sex with family friends... my trainers?!" Shouta yanked her shoes back on and sprinted out of
the house. Her brain was screaming at her, her eyes seared with the horrible image of her father having sex!

She ran until she found herself at the park behind the gym. She gritted her teeth and stomped a foot. Why did she come here?!

"Shouta." She whipped around to find Shino standing there. Thankfully dressed and looking entirely too put together for someone who had just been one third of a middle aged man sandwich. "Sorry you saw that."

"Saw what? You fucking my dad?" She hissed and glared death at him. He visibly flinched and she stomped away to plant herself on the swings. "Like what the hell?!"

Shino rubbed his neck and walked closer to lean on the swing poles. "It didn't start out that way. I can swear that. I really was your mother's friend. She really did love your father and he loved her."

"No fucking duh, he'd been a depressed wreck for the past few years." She looked at her feet and glared at the ground.

"Well, there was a ritual your mother and I had. I would pick up a case, share info, or even just pop by and hang out when she was on patrol. I always asked her to look after Akio if that was the night I didn't come back." Shino looked up at the sky. "She asked me to look after you and your father. I never thought she would be the one that wouldn't be able to come back. Having to pull the plug crushed your father. He wouldn't let me check on him. He barely let you do anything."

She remembered all that. How he would either sequestered himself in his bedroom and not get up for days. Or when he locked himself in the workshop and painted until he was covered in it and six new disturbing paintings were all over the room.

She remembered relying heavily on jelly packs to get him to just eat something. She remembered dragging him into the shower to sober up from too much paint thinner fumes after he left the jug open, or drank himself stupid. She hated how far he'd fallen.

"That all changed when you started at UA. When you went to school Akio and I would go to your place and clean up. We'd get him to eat something, or get him out of the workshop. We were making some progress but not enough, he still had a lot of bad days." Shino shook his head and sighed. "Then you competed in the sports festival. We showed up to get him to watch, told him you were fighting to be the hero your mother wanted you to be. The hero you always wanted to be. He came alive Shouta."

She looked up at her mentor and his cheeks were fushed with light and he smiled. "He woke up and looked around the house. He frantically started to clean up. He ordered food and planned you that party. And you won first place. It was like he'd been mired in your mother's death for so long and just realized he'd neglected you."

"I didn't care about that," Shouta said shortly. "It's not like I expected him to just not move on, or always stay widowed and depressed. But I did not expect him to fall in with a married couple. How did that even fucking happen?!"

"The next day. He came to thank us, and Akio told me he thought your dad was super attractive once he'd shaved and cleaned up. We started to get to know your dad as Takashi," Shino smirked. "He looked back at the park entrance. "He was all nervous and awkward. Like how your mother said he was when he thanked her for saving his life when he was a teenager. I want to say I held off, but Akio can be pretty determined when he sees something he wants. And I wanted him too."
She wanted to vomit, the idea of her dad being any kind of desireable wasn't anything she needed or wanted to know. "Do you even know what you're getting into?"

"Shouta, I've known what I was doing the moment Akio and I spoke and came to an agreement. This wasn't going to be some fling. This was going to be real. We're still in the process of hashing out the details. This was the first time we had a chance to really talk about it, the three of us."

Shino stepped in front of her and looked at her seriously. "This was about so much more than sex. This was about finding a person who fit into the dynamic Akio and I had been searching for. This was about gaining the daughter I've wanted since I met you."

She blinked in shock. He... he wanted her for his daughter?

"Akio and I are not looking to replace your mother, not in your heart or your father's. We just want your father to be happy. So far he's made us pretty happy too. Your dad is a really great person."

Shino teased and patted her shoulders. "I don't expect you to ever be okay with this, and who knows if it'll work out. You come first in this regard."

Shouta stood up and walked away. Her mind couldn't handle all the shit that was just dumped onto it. The logical thing to do would be to sleep on it. And answer when she was less mentally crazed.

So she started the walk home and Shino walked slowly next to her. She got back to her house and planted her hand in the middle of Akio's panicked face and ignored her frantic father. Thankfully everyone was dressed. She snatched her bags, flung her shoes wherever, and stomped off to her bedroom.

She shut the door and threw her bags down so she could change into softer clothes. Once done she curled up with her phone.

CatEyes: SOS walked in on my dad having sex.

MusicGuru: OMG

KnockOutGal: That's hilarious

Cat Eyes: No it's not

TurboBoost: It kind of is

MusicGuru: That's awkward. I've walked in on my parents before. Worst part was, they're deaf and had no idea I was there so they didn't stop

KnockOutGal: I'm dying

TurboBoost: That is incredibly unfortunate Hizashi.

MusicGuru: what's unfortunate is that I just backed out of my house like a coward.

CatEyes: None of this helps me, the people involved are not my parents

KnockOutGal: People? Do tell (☉﹏☉)

CatEyes: I really would rather not.

TurboBoost: so people like as in more than one person outside of your father?
CatEyes: It's only been two and a half years since my mother died. And now my dad is screwing my trainers

KnockOutGal: OMG Shino-san and Akio-san?!!!

CatEyes:

MusicGuru: That is awkward as hell, like I said it was but it's even more so now.

Shouta frowned and looked down at the new message she received. It was a private chat just opened by Hizashi. She clicked into it and he was already messaging.

MusicGuru: Sorry, it'll just get crazy in there with no real solution to be found.

CatEyes: Thanks, so why the private chat?

MusicGuru: I wasn't aware your mom died. I'm really sorry about that.

CatEyes: It's fine, it's been a few years now.

MusicGuru: Still. I can bet it was a shock to walk in on your dad moving on. Not with just one person but two. And men at that.

CatEyes: It's not the gender that bothered me. He can be with whoever the hell he wants. But my trainers?

MusicGuru: I don't think they started anything without considering you.

CatEyes: My eyes can attest to that being bullshit.

MusicGuru: So other than obvious disgust in having caught you parent doing the do, how do you feel about it?

CatEyes: I want to be okay with it, how do I be okay with it?

MusicGuru: start by trying not to cringe when you see your dad and remember he was naked and stuff

CatEyes: you are so helpful

MusicGuru: I aim to impress, also I can feel that sarcasm

CatEyes: thanks I think I just needed to freak out a little

MusicGuru: anytime, consider me your freak out friend

Shouta fell asleep after they switched back to the main chat. It wasn't restful and she woke up a number of times more than she usually did. But by the time morning rolled around she was feeling better.

She could deal with her dad having a relationship. It didn't matter if it was with one person or two. With a woman or a man. As long as he was happy and healthy, that's all that mattered.
She trudged down to the kitchen and found all three of the adults in her life there. Shino wordlessly poured her a cup of coffee and settled both Akio's frantic twitching and her father's worried tenseness.

"Okay," She said and turned to walk away. Shino sputtered a laugh.

"What does that mean?" Akio gasped.

"Means she doesn't care now." Shino chuckled.

"Sho?" Her father asked. She looked at him. "You sure?"

"Just don't let me see it again. I don't care if you're happy or not. If I can live the rest of my life without seeing you naked and doing stuff with two equally naked middle aged guys... It'll be too soon."

"Middle aged?!" Akio gasped in outrage.

"Middle aged." She shot him a pointed look. He was past his thirties. Shino settled a commiserating hand on his shoulder.

"Okay," Akio sighed.

"I'll keep it contained." Shino promised.

"Good," She saw her father let out a breath of relief. Now that he was happy she now had to do her damnedest to make his boyfriend's uncomfortable. "So, who wants to be, father, and papa?"

She sauntered from the kitchen with a swing in her hips. Akio was having a mental breakdown, and Shino was choking on coffee. It was their own fault, they'd chosen to start something with a dad.
Study Sessions

Chapter Summary

Shouta gets into the swing of studying with her friends. This involves meeting their families.

Chapter Notes

Thanks for the comments guys. Really appreciate them.

Also, super pumped about Shinsou using Aizawas capture scarf and training with UA. I've got some ideas for this fic, and leading into the canon storyline.

I've read some really good Aizawa and Shinsou fics. I just LOVE dadzawa and Shinsou its the cutest parental story ever told and some fics on here really capture that.

Shouta decided that school was the normal part of her life now. In the days that followed her acceptance of two new fixtures in her parental life, she relished not seeing them be lovey dove with each other.

Hizashi assured her, this was normal, no teenager wanted to see family members being affectionate.

The return to class was punctuated by the announcement that they had finals to begin studying for. With only three weeks to do so Shouta knew she had to get cracking on that. They still had coursework to go over, and hero training to complete.

"Hey, let's do weekly reviews." Nemuri suggested at lunch. Shouta frowned at her friends as they made her choose more than her usual jelly packets to eat. She liked those, Shouta glared indignantly.

"Do you think that's enough time? Maybe we should do it twice a week." Tensei asked as he left the lunch line.

"Well need somewhere to go." Hizashi prodded Shouta and she stepped forward to pay.

"We can study at my place this week." Nemuri offered. "Today and how about Friday?"

"I'm free," Tensei nodded.

"Yeah, yeah, I'm down." Hizashi bounced over to Shouta and they waited for Nemuri to finish paying as well.

"What about you Shouta?" Nemuri asked.

"That's fine. Just don't complain when I fall asleep." Shouta rolled her eyes. They shuffled to a table
and she ate obediently.

"Cool, my mom is gonna get us fried chicken." Nemuri grinned happily at her phone.

They ate amicably and Shouta realized she was going over to a friend's house for the first time. Why was her life so damn awkward?

That night Shouta found herself on Numuri's apartment doorstep. She adjusted her sweater and rang the doorbell. The door was yanked open and Nemuri stood there in tiny shorts over tights and a tank top over a long sleeve shirt. Shouta hadn't really regretted her chest size until this minute.

"You're here! Finally!" Nemuri dragged her in and Shouta barely managed to kick off her shoes before she was yanked down the hall into the main part of the apartment. It was very modern and decorated with leather furniture and posh shelving. "Shouta this is my mom Naota, and my sister Nana."

Shouta saw the two Kayama women who looked just like Nemuri. "Ah sorry for intruding," Shouta handed over a bag her father practically threw into her hands after she changed to head out. "My father thanks you for looking after me?"

"You've never done this before have you?" Nana asked, her blue eyes were gentle and get shirt hair fluffed as she took the bag.

"Ah no..." Shouta rubbed her neck and Nemuri giggled.

"That's alright dear, you just have fun studying," Naota opened the bag and swatted her other daughter. Inside the bag was one of her fathers smallest paintings. A snapshot he painted of the Saitama Prefecture, where she was. "Don't analyze Nemuri's guests."

"Mom's an anesthesiologist, her quirk let's her put patients to sleep with just her hands. It's safer than the actual gas. And Nana is almost done with her degree in psychiatry. She emits a calming gas when she wants to." Nemuri explained. "Now come on the boys are already here and complaining because I made them wait."

Shouta waves awkwardly as she was dragged to a very purple room. Their male friends were seated at a kotatsu table where books were strewn and a tray of drinks sat. Shouta picked her way over various bags and more books before she settled with her back against Nemuri's bed.

Hizashi handed her a can of coffee and pointedly watched her until she took it and popped the tab. "Now stay awake Shouta. We all need to pass."

"Tch," Shouta scoffed. She was first in Gen Ed's class before the transfer. Either way they delved into homework and revision of the lessons they had so far. Regardless of the coursework the lessons had remained the same from either class.

After two hours of work they broke for dinner. Nemuri crowed over delivering fried chicken to them. Shouta rolled her eyes but still relished the delicious treat.

Their next round of studying was peppered with Hizashi humming something. It lulled Shouta into a bit of fa doze. He had a nice tone to his voice, even if he was sure he couldn't sing.
The hour pressed on and Shouta sat up. "I gotta head to the station."

"It is that time?" Tensei nodded.

"Aww really?" Nemuri pouted.

"Hey, hey, it's ok well come by Friday too!" Hizashi grinned.

"It's no fair, why can't I live in Tokyo too!" Nemuri huffed before she rose to get started separating her books from theirs. Shouta stuffed hers in her bag and got up.

They left at the same time and shuffled to the station as a group. Shouta watched the city as they walked. It was only thirty minutes from her own train stop. But it was a little less metro than Shouta's neighborhood. And her neighborhood was for families with kids.

Once in the train Shouta sat next to Hizashi and listened as her two male friends talked about the pro heros currently working. There was a huge upset in the pro rankings. A younger hero with only five years on his belt was rumored to take the number one spot soon.

"Yeah, my father said he's been in America doing his hero work there. He just came back. Apparently he's a UA graduate." Iida grinned. "Pretty cool I'd say."

"That's pretty flashy." Hizashi admitted. "All Might, that's a name people can remember."

Shouta agreed. Hopefully this hero taking the number one spot would be capable. She would never land on that ranking list, not if she had anything to say about it. But her friends might.

Tensei got off on one stop and the next would be Shouta's. "Hey...you were really good at math today." Hizashi piped up suddenly and Shouta blinked at him. "You understood more than even Tensei and he has to be good at it to use his quirk. Those speeds he can reach and everything."

"Yeah." Shouta nodded and tipped her head to the side.

"Would you...I mean I know we're meeting twice a week until finals to practice for the exams. But I'm not that great at math. And I need some help with complicated formulas."

"But you have high marks on the math assignments." Shouta was confused.

"Yeah but this isn't for that. At my internship Madam Glitz told me I could play around with my sound level and different frequencies. I can feel it but I can't figure out how to combine or fluctuate them. I know you're decent in math and physics. Do you think you could help me put that into practice so I can get better?" Hizashi was asking for her help. "My idea for a directional speaker isn't working as well either. I'll need to submit a new design to the support department. But how can I do that if they don't have the math on what my voice can do?"

"I see," Shouta nodded. "Yeah, I can help with that."

"Great!" Hizashi lifted his hands in thanks. "We can go to a Cafe, I'll buy as payment."

"Sure, tomorrow?" She asked. "We can do homework and this. My training got bumped to later in the day so I could study."

"Thanks so much Shouta!" He beamed a smile at her and her heart thudded painfully. Shit he was cute.
It turned out Shouta was really good at physics and math. She showed up to meet Hizashi after school holding a number of books. It was comical watching such a small girl wobble under the weight. Hizashi took pity and relieved her of more than a few of the heavy books.

They walked to the station and rode back to Tokyo. Mustutafu was nice and busy, but they needed to be closer to both their homes if they wanted to get back at decent times.

Hizashi led the way to a cafe he frequented on his way home. It played a lot of interestingly calm music. Not a lot of people visited the place. So he was pleased when he held the door open and Shouta instantly relaxed.

There were people inside, but most were university students. They were more focused on getting caffeinated for their next class. That reminded him, he should probably attend college as well as doing pro work. Broadcasting knowledge would be important to have.

"Let's sit here." Shouta chose a larger table with a rounded booth. It had plenty of space for the books.

"Sure, what would you like?" He grinned at her.

"Coffee, black." She was organizing the books and he left to place their orders. He returned and passed her the black abyss that was her choice of a drink.

Once settled she unearthed a notebook and looked at him seriously. "So, I did notice in the sports festival your voice goes everywhere."

"Yeah, it also vibrates things. That's how I broke the robots. I can vibrate electronics into fragging out." Hizashi frowned. "I was only focused on how high my decibel level could get. I never noticed that the frequency could be played with."

"Madam Glitz taught you that?" Shouta started to take notes. "To change the frequency?"

"Yup, it vibrates the air now. Turns it yellow for whatever reason." Hizashi recounted what Madam Glitz had taught him.

"I couldn't tell you why it's turning yellow. Maybe the structure of the oxygen molecules?" Shouta frowned. "So you were born able to do 170 decibels and can now only reach 130?"

"Yes, but now I can lower my volume to inaudible by anyone else's hearing." Hizashi crossed his arms proudly.

"Hmm," Shouta grabbed a book and started to flip pages. "Madam Glitz uses her voice at a regular volume, but her tone bounces with different frequencies to be hypnotic. You could feasibly do this as well. Maybe not singing though."

He flushed at that, his secret! She just smirked and looked at everything. "She thought you could level buildings with your voice?"

"The way she explained it was that if I could vibrate small things with my voice, and can break glass just by humming; I could vibrate concrete, metal beams, even short circuit large electrical grids."
"That's without the support gear." Shouta asked her eyes wide.

"Yeah, it's supposed to focus my voice in the direction I choose instead of all around me." Hizashi pulled his private designs out. As well as the blueprints the support department sent him.

"It uses pressure to sense your voice box." Shouta started to take notes on his directional speaker.

"Yeah, it shorts out after maybe three full power yells. And while I trained it couldn't handle the higher or low frequency tones I used either." Hizashi frowned. Support gear was complicated.

"It's going to need to be more versatile." Shouta planted her cheek in her hand as she leaned on her elbow. She went off on a tangent of thought regarding tactics for his voice. How the support gear would work best with his voice. Then she shifted through the books hunting down formulas to test with his range of decibels, the different frequencies he could manage. Potential for growth as well.

She was really smart. And when she was done she started to explain to him in good detail what each formula would represent. Giving him base lines to test in class. He needed to make sure the teachers recorded his loudness and vocal readings. At this point his directional speaker would need a total overhaul to make it immune to his voice. But to do that, they needed accurate math formed from results. Math that the Support Department could work with.

Shouta started a few formulas with what they already knew and he got to work with her following page after page of work.

"Alright," Shouta stopped them after an hour and a half of working and he watched her look it over.

"I think you, at this level, could crush metal with your voice. I also think you could rattle a room full of a hundred people. Deafen at least twenty if you yell long enough."

"That's..." Hizashi marvelled.

"You should form a hypothesis on what you want to test." Shouta looked up at him. "It's your quirk, what do you want to try?"

"I want to increase the decible level. But I think we should work on getting the frequencies to change first. I need to be able to use my current tone in different ways." Hizashi nodded.

"Alright," Shouta nodded. "If you go high frequency you could shatter every window in a city block. And I'm talking skyscrapers. Low frequency could be your more dangerous ability. In prolonged studies low frequency sounds can cause physical harm to the human body."

She slid another book to him. "But in a faster fashion, you could immobilize people quicker and much more stealthily than you could with high frequency."

His eyes widened as ideas flew over his mind. He could stun with a high frequency yell, and even better he could be stealthy with a low frequency yell. He grinned suddenly, he knew coming to UA would be a great idea. Being a hero would be the best thing ever.

He looked up at Shouta as she finished the last of her coffee and she looked back a moment before she flicked him on the forehead. "Don't get ahead of yourself. You can't train to do this without a teacher. Your parents might be deaf, but you could still hurt them if you did this at home."

"I'll totally do this at school. But you have to be there." He insisted and at her confused look he elaborated. "You're helping me, you're better at the math too, and..."

"You want me to erase your quirk if you stumble into a dangerous tone." Shouta finished. She
looked contemplative and tapped her lip with her finger as she thought.

"I won't know if it happens until I'm literally screaming. If I slip out of the range I'm going for it could get dangerous. I don't want to collapse a room on me, or rupture ear drums. There's no sound proofing good enough to keep my voice contained." Hizashi said and sighed, that was the worst part of growing up. He was always too loud for everyone.

"Alright." Shouta agreed. "I'll help."

"Thank you!" He exclaimed and his voice echoed. The entire cafe looked at them and Shouta glared. "Sorry!"

"What happened to you two?" Tensei asked at the stoop of his house. Or really, it was a large mansion. Shouta was marvelling at the high privacy wall and expansive grass yard that stretched over the modern house. It was very up to date and clashed with the traditional designs neighboring on either side and across the lane. HIzashi stood next to her with his hair wet and his clothes sopping. Shouta was equally wet and chilly despite the warm air.

"We stayed after to try something with Valkyrie Sensei. I ruptured a water pipe." Hizashi sighed. "Do you have clothes to change into? I don't want to drip onto my homework."

It had been about three days since their last review session. Nemuri's family were very interested in her, even her father who she met. Kayama Negi. He had a quirk that let his skin shed a pharmacutical powder. He was using it in medical trials to cure diseases. Nemuri had an accomplished medical family. Now they were visiting Tensei's house, but Shouta wasn't exorcist to see the Iida's, they were pro heroes.

"Come in, I'll find you something." Tensei grinned and let them in. Shouta shed her shoes and was relieved to get them off, and glared again at Hizashi.

"Pfft, what happened?" Nemuri was standing there in leggings and a hoodie. Dry and not even a little bit disgruntled. Shouta glared at her just for standing there and not being soaked.

"Do you have clothes Nemuri?" Shouta asked.

"Yeah, I always have extras." Nemuri waved her up.

"I'm sorry Shouta." Hizashi looked miserable and she wanted to still be mad at him. She should have just had them change into gym uniforms. But no... she had been the one who didn't want to wait. On the upside, he could now rupture thick pipes by vibrating the liquid within.

She didn't answer and instead followed Nemuri into what appeared to be a lavish bathroom. "You should shower and warm up, the whole house is air conditioned. It would be best if you didn't get a summer cold." Nemuri chuckled.

"Don't make fun of me." Shouta glared. Nemuri waved her into the bathroom and Shouta stripped while Nemuri left to find clothing for her.

She was in the middle of untangling her shirt from her skirt when the door swung open behind her. Shirt unbuttoned, and hanging from her skirt, her tank top already off and her dark blue bra out for
everyone to see. And that everyone just happened to be Hizashi. They stared at one another for a moment, and her brain short circuited.

Hizashi was in the bathroom.

Hizashi was looking at her in shock.

She was half undressed.

Hizashi was looking at her blue bra.

She had small breasts.

She wasn't sure how it happened exactly. Shouta was pretty certain she blacked out a moment. But the next thing she knew she was sitting on Hizashi's back, his head in a loop of her soggy shirt while she tried to strangle the life from him. "I'm sorry Shouta! I thought Nemuri took you further in! She wasn't here, the door wasn't even locked!"

"Wow," Nemuri's voice cut through the haze of rage Shouta was in. She glared at her female friend who was in the door way with her hip cocked. "Who knew you were so kinky Shouta. Strangling. Hmm."

"I have to kill him. He saw." Shouta said simply. It was the logical thing to do, her mind was rebelling at the idea that Hizashi had seen her damn near naked.

"Even better, how romantic. You're a *femme fatale!*" Nemuri squealed. And the weird flush on her cheeks drained the last of the anger out of her.

"She made it worse Shouta." Hizashi sighed. He was right, trust Nemuri to make it easy to let it go. "Sorry, I walked into the wrong room."

"It's fine, don't look." Shouta got up and walked to the partition so she could finish getting undressed.

"He's gone now Shouta." Nemuri seemed to be over the weird episode she was in. "So-?"

"No," Shouta growled and wrapped a towel around herself. She stomped past to the modern shower that took up the corner. She started the water and Nemuri set the clothes down on the bench next to Shouta's wet clothes.

"But-?"

"I'm not talking about it." Shouta was *not* going to talk about her crush. She was *not* going to talk about how mortified she was that he had seen her bra. A blue bra she'd bought because she'd thought of his favorite color. Ugh what was *wrong* with her?!

"It's not a bad thing." Nemuri said. "Crushes are normal. Getting walked in on is very mortifying. Your reaction was very normal too."

"Irrational actions are not alright." Shouta sighed and stepped under the warm water. "This never happened. If anyone brings it up... they'll never find the bodies."
They were back at Tensei’s and he was still thinking about it. Hizashi was ruined. He knew it. He was late getting to Tensei’s, having to attend a late meeting with Valkyrie Sensei because his mind had been occupied all week. It was like he was bumbling around and forgetting how to use his quirk, how to speak, how to walk like a normal person.

The cause of his affliction was currently sitting in Tensei’s den with a slew of books around her. He still couldn't process and so he curled up in the corner of a massive leather couch and buried himself into his English text book. It was the only thing he could do because English was so easy he didn't have to focus on it.

His mind wandered to where Shouta was sitting with Nemuri. They were taking turns holding the baby. Little Tenya was adorable. He was a small little thing, but he could get to be Tensei’s size. He was swaddled in a little green onesie and had kicked his blanket off. Shouta was holding him and Nemuri was making faces. It was cute to see them cooing over the tiny infant. It also did horrible things to Hizashi’s heart.

He turned away as his mind went back to four days ago. Waltzing in on Shouta in that bathroom. Her tights had been taken off, small bare feet on the tile. Her toe nails were painted yellow. He always came back to that, he remembered it being her favorite color. But he had never seen her legs like that before. Sure she wore black tights and leggings, and her hero costume was a baggy jumpsuit. Other girls wore knee socks with their uniform. Shouta was not those girls.

So the sight of those bare legs stalled him in the door way as soon as he opened it. Her arms were tangled in her sleeves as she struggled to yank her uniform shirt out of the skirt itself. It was then she turned and the source of his new torment was revealed. Shouta was a slim, lithe girl. It was hard to tell that she was with hour she was always so hunched over and half asleep. Or she was wearing a baggy layer over just about everything.

She was pale, and though he had never really thought about it, she was flawless. Unlike Nemuri who's hero costume was revealing, and left little to the imagination with how big her bust was, Shouta was smaller. The blue bra had hugged her and pressed a bit of cleavage up. He had been entranced immediately. He was stunned stupid. Stupid enough that he didn't know what happened to his reflexes. But she pulled that shirt out of her skirt instantly and leapt at him.

He didn't get mad at the strangling. Honestly he kind of deserved it for perving out at her. They couldn't talk now. He was a stuttering mess of fluctuating tones. He couldn't get his shit together either. His quirk was all over the place. Shouta had to erase if after he loudly answered a question in class leading to everyone covering their ears. Tensei thought it was hilarious that he was this distraught over the whole thing.

Hizashi felt like a pervert. He couldn't stop thinking about it. She was in his dreams, his thoughts, she was there in person in reality. He was suddenly faced with the very real truth that he was so very into her. He had a major crush. And he had no idea what to do about it.

"Hizashi." Her voice caught his attention and he jerked up out of his book. She was holding up a wobbly baby. "Do you want to hold Tenya?"

He shook his head frantically. He was too afraid he'd use his quirk and destroy the baby's hearing. He was very exciteable on a normal day, but it was worse now. No baby should be subjected to his voice.

Tensei instead swept the baby up and startled a tiny giggle from the infant. Hizashi looked back at her and their eyes met. "I would have erased your quirk if you were that worried."
"You have to blink." Hizashi admitted at a whisper, which was still almost at talking volume. She shook her head and rolled her tired eyes.

Shouta slowed as she walked up with Nemuri to Hizashi’s house. It was much more modest than Tensei's but it was still a lot nicer than her own. Hizashi lived in a university neighborhood. But the house itself was a squat brick thing that was ringed with a small wall. The yard it looked like was small on one side of the house but it felt about as welcoming as Shouta's small house did. Considering his parents both taught at the college a few streets over and did online teaching for the deaf they had a very nice house.

Shouta knew none of them outside of Hizashi knew how to sign. But he would interpret. She held the third bag her father shoved at her as a gift. She didn't really understand the custom. But apparently parents understood. According to Tensei and Nemuri their small paintings now found homes on her friend's walls.

She steeled her nerves and followed Nemuri to the door. Hizashi answered and Tensei was standing behind him with a grin. "Hey guys... Hey guys... Hey guys!"

Shouta erased his quirk before he could blow their ears out. What was wrong with his quirk? Was the training getting too hard? "Maybe you should take a break from quirk training Hizashi. You're losing control a lot."

Nemuri snickered and Tensei snorted into his hand. Hizashi flushed and glared at Nemuri before rounding in Tensei. Said teen walked away looking innocent. What was that all about? "Don't worry about me Shouta. I'm just trying to get a handle on the changes."

"Well, stop trying to deafen me." Shouta slipped her shoes off and stepped up to give Nemuri room. They walked as a group to a large living room. It was there Shouta saw his parents.

Hizashi introduced his mother, who was a beautiful blond woman with pale blue eyes. She was so striking that Shouta was reminded of her mother instantly. Though this woman was model beautiful, Shouta’s mother had been a classic beautiful. This woman's name was Yamada Rina.

They shared rapid fire hand motions before Hizashi grinned. "Mom says it's nice to see you two again. And that she's very pleased to meet you Shouta."

Her hand flew up to swat Hizashi on the back of the head. He whirled to look at his mother and spoke at the same time as he signed "Why mom?! I'm allowed to call her Shouta!"

"S-Sorry for the intrusion." Shouta held out the bag. This one was tall where the others had been long. This painting was of a walkway edged with cherry blossoms. It was one of her father's dynamic snapshots.

Hizashi's mother key out a curious squeal in delight. She signed rapidly and Hizashi laughed. "Her dad is a painter I guess." He answered. "Shouta does he have a seudonym?"
"Oh, dad paints under the name Taka-Ai." Shouta supplied. Hizashi's mother grabbed for her hand and pulled her into the dining room. Shouta blinked in shock at the painting there. It was larger than she remembered. But it had been one of her mother's favorites.

This snapshot was of a library, one of the only paintings that had her mother in it. Shouta felt tears fall down get cheeks. "Hey Shouta are you alright?" Hizashi appeared. "Don't take off like that mom, jeeze."

"That's my mom." Shouta smiled and stepped around the table. She pointed to the corner, nearly hidden by the shelf sat a woman. One of the four people on the canvas.

Right there. This was the first time he saw her. In that college library. There were other, more romantic paintings in her father's workshop. But this one was simple enough she remembered her mother laughing as her father boxed it up to ship. "Thank you." Shouta smiled at the Yamada mother. "For showing me."

Hizashi interpreted for her and Shouta received the sweetest smile in return. Damn, that Yamada blood was something else.

"Are you sure I don't have to do anything?" Her father asked as Shouta finished cleaning up the living room. For once her trainers were at their jobs instead of hovering around the house. At least the embarrassment of having her friends there for that could be put off for another day.

"Nope, you will do nothing." Shouta pointed her finger at her paint speckled father. He looked caught like a cat with its fur raised in surprise. "You meet them, and get lost."

"Sho..." Her father whined pitifully.

"Look, it's gonna be bad enough with just you. Nemuri is going to be super weird, Tensei will be overly formal, and Hizashi is loud. So freaking loud."

She didn't want her father's ears to suffer, but she also didn't want Hizashi to feel like he couldn't speak at all for fear of damaging her dad. Around their small circle, he was used to Shouta erasing his quirk when it slipped. He really needed to get a handle on that.

What was wrong with him?

The doorbell rang and Shouta glared at her father before vaulting over the large wrap around couch. She opened the door and there they were. Could she just sleep? That would be better.

"Come in," She ushered them into the house and once shoes were abandoned she led them into the living room. "Alright guys this is my dad Aizawa Takeshi. Dad this is Iida Tensei, Kayama Nemuri, and Yamada Hizashi."

Pleasentries were exchanged and her farther found himself saddled with three bags of who knew what. Shouta was just glad she didn't have to ferry any more to her friends parents. Her father looked startled before he smiled and headed off to the kitchen.

With that they settled into their studying. "So did anyone find out what the practical exam is gonna be?" Shouta asked
"I spoke with some upperclassmen. Someone said it was going to be robots." Nemuri said as she nibbled on the edge of her pen.

"I heard the same thing." Tensei looked up from his English. Hizashi circled something on that paper and Tensei cursed.

"I bet that's a lie." Shouta snorted. "That's something I would lie about."

"You think the upperclassmen are in on it?" Tensei frowned down at his paper.

"Why not?" Nemuri snorted. "We are first years."

"So we should be ready for anything." Hizashi nodded. They shared a look. This was UA, and finals were going to be brutal.
Final Exams

Chapter Summary

Shouta teams up with Nemuri for the final exam and they have some girl time.

Chapter Notes

I apologize to all readers, this came late. Had to deal with son having to go to the er after a very hard day last night. Had to have an ear irrigation dive on both ears and discovered one ear from is definitely infected. So this is going to be uploaded as well as Full Moon Hero. Sorry for the delay, but parenting happens first. :3

So I decided to keep the final exam. It was simple, seemed like something the teachers did more than once. So we're gonna do that here.

"Shouta..." She scrunched get nose up and tucked her eyes back ivy her elbow. "Shouta... You gotta get up. The exam is over."

Shouta cracked open a bleary eye and saw yellow hair gelled up and orange sunglass lenses. "-Zashi?"

"Come on, let's go eat and wake you up. There's still practical today." Hizashi helped her up and she yawned. She shuffled behind him until Nemuri and Tensei were around them.

"Ugh, that man kicked my ass!" Nemuri groaned.

"That was history for me." Hizashi sighed.

"I'm glad you checked my homework during review Hizashi I'm pretty sure that saved me on English." Tensei laughed

"Shouta helped me with math so I'm pretty sure I didn't fail it." Hizashi added. Shouta yawned again and started to shake herself awake fully.

The lunch room closed in around them and Shouta ate mechanically. Slowly she got herself in working order. Cramming for those finals were brutal. And finally they had reached the third day. All that was left was the afternoon's practical exam.

Once evince was in class and seated the been rang and Valkyrie-sensei walked in. "Get suited up and meet at training ground Beta."
Shouta joined her friends as she collected her numbered case. She followed Nemuri into the locker room. Going through the motions of putting on her costume washed away the lingering exhaustion she felt. All that was left was a buzzing anticipation.

Most of their exercises had consisted of their use of their hero gear, so she was very used to her friends looks. Nemuri wore what looked like a cat suit with a while slew of zippers in strange places. She settled a wide open domino on her face and grinned lecherously at Shouta.

Snapping her capture weapon at her friend they trekked out to the hall where Tensei and Hizashi waited. Tensei was always so crazy looking. A full suit if armor. From the look of his parents agency this was a theme for their family. The armor would protect their extremities in the result of a high speed collision.

Hizashi strangely looked more like a bigger than anything else. His jacket was black, the leather pants tucked into heavy boots. Blue headphones sat on his head where his hair spiked up from the front. His orange sunglasses had been swapped out for a blue pair.

"I'm so nervous guys!" Hizashi exclaimed. Shouta tucked her chin into her capture weapon and nodded. It was nerve wracking not knowing what the exam was going to be.

"There's no use in panicking. Let's go get to the testing ground and join the class." Tensei smiled.

"This is so much worse than Robots." Hizashi whispered to Shouta as they stood among the ranks of their class.

"Yeah." Shouta agreed.

Instead of robots, as they had been expecting, the entire class of 1-A found themselves against the teaching staff. "You know what... I'm going back to Gen Ed. It's been real."

Shouta's joke fell flat but she was really apprehensive about this. Pros were so far above their level. Fighting them was the least logical thing they could do as first years.

"Alright class. It was determined that for your final hero exam. You will be taking part in a fight against us teachers." Valkyrie-sensei grinned sadistically at them.

"Your objective is to work in pairs to capture the flag that we each have on us. How you do that is up to you. You also then have to escape the training ground with the flag within the 30 minute time limit. Only one member of your team must make it out with the flag to secure your win."

Principal Nedzu lifted a set of arm and leg weights. Then he held out a ream of capture tape. "We'll even handicap ourselves to give you a fair chance. Extra credit for anyone who can capture their teacher as well."

Shouta felt a smirk steal over her lips. She changed her mind, getting to test herself against her teachers. That was interesting. The teams were announced and Shouta ended up teamed with Nemuri against Principal Nedzu. She saw Hizashi got paired with Tensei against Valkyrie-sensei.

"Let's strategize." Shouta reached out and tugged Nemuri after her.
"What do you think we need to do?" Nemuri asked.

"His quirk is dangerous." Shouta frowned. "He's going to have plans for everything. And then contingencies for those plans."

"Ah, we're gonna lose." Nemuri whined.

"The only thing we need to do is find him. Planning anything else is going to be hard. He'll likely have plans for it. But you need to grab the flag however you can. I'll erase his quirk." Shouta said. "If I can get him in my scarf you need to put us both to sleep. Capture him and get us out of there. But expect this whole idea to fall apart."

"Shouta!" Nemuri hissed.

"He'll figure anything else out easily." Shouta huffed in a resigned tone. "We'll have to improvise."

"Should we split up?" Nemuri asked miserably.

"Maybe once we locate him." Shouta narrowed her eyes. Half the class was pulled to go first and Shouta noticed Hizashi was going up.

"Hey!" Shouta called out to her male friends. Hizashi and Tensei turned to her. Nemuri grinned and waved. "Do your best!"

Tensei leveled a thumbs up at her and Hizashi's glasses were catching a glare in such a way that she couldn't read his expression. But she had trained with him, despite the awkwardness of the past few weeks. He was strong. Tensei would be a good partner for him.

"I will!" Hizashi yelled and his voice boomed over everyone. The others winced, thinking he'd lost it again. But Shouta knew this time was on purpose. Good, she's been worried he'd messed up his voice box.

"They'll be fine. Let's go get ready." Nemuri tugged on Shouta's sleeve.

"Alright." Shouta let herself be led.

Hizashi was overly pumped. He was vibrating in his boots. "Dude, calm down. Tensei laughed as they walked through the cityscape. "She just wished you good luck."

"You shut up Tensei!" Hizashi hissed. "I've never had a girl wish me luck like that."

"You are so dense." Tensei laughed.

Hizashi was still reeling from it. His voice was still fluctuating though. So he needed to get his head in the game. But he was still seeing Shouta, with those yellow and black goggles looking up at him through the bands of her capture weapon. "Tensei, I need you to hit me."

"What, you've lost it!" Tensei laughed awkwardly.

"No, look, I need to focus here. I've been all over the place." Hizashi swallowed as his face heated. No, he was not going to remember Shouta in that dark blue bra. "Hit me so I can focus. If you've
ever been my friend you'll do this for me."

Tensei sighed heavily before he nodded. "Don't complain to me later!"

Suddenly Tensei's gloved fist smashed into his face. The shock of the hit made him teeter on his feet. He stumbled back a step and nodded. His face hurt, but nothing else was fogging his brain up. He could do this now. They just had to get the flag from Valkyrie-sensei. And capture her with tape.

"So, you with me now?" Tensei asked through the helmet he wore.

"Yes, Valkyrie Sensei's wings are a result of her quirk. Her quirk is actually Lightning Rod." Hizashi recited what he knew of their teacher. "She can use her wings to draw Lightning from storms. But she can also generate charged electricity into her wings."

"If her quirk is lightning rod all we have to do is cut off the grid around her. Then keep her from hitting us both." Tensei thought it over and nodded. "Can you distract her any?"

"Yeah, I can disorient her too, do you want me loud or not?" Hizashi smirked. "If I try I could even disable the transformers on the power lines."

"You can not be loud?" Tensei gaped.

"Yeah, Shouta helped me figure out some stuff that Madam Glitz taught me." Hizashi smirked. "So do you want stealth or do you want me center stage?"

"Stealth while we take out the grid. Then loud and distract her while I snatch the flag." Tensei nodded. "The problem is going to be keeping her from discharging her accumulated power at us."

"We need a grounding rod." Hizashi huffed. "We'll have to keep our eyes peeled for something to use to draw the electricity so we don't get fried."

"Alright, let's do this." Tensei looked ahead.

The siren to begin had them shooting forward. Tensei was much faster, and slipped into the shadows easily. Hizashi trailed after him and was pleased he had chosen black for his costume. They found the area she was in. She was flying, those great wings of hers flapping to keep her aloft. For once her clothing wasn't strictly business casual. Valkyrie Sensei wore clothing that made her look like a viking. The light armor bared her arms and legs to where she wore boots. She looked ready for war.

He looked at Tensei who had found a pipe from the garbage. That was done. Now to keep her from using too much electricity.

Hizashi inhaled and began a low hum. The air vibrated around him, but he wasn't aiming at her. He was aiming for every transformer in a six block diameter. Within moments he pressed his voice a little lower. Every transformer on every power line blew at once. The ground quaked with it. "Do you think you can stop me by getting rid of all the electricity?!" Valkyrie yelled. 'I'm impressed, but how will you bring me down?"

"Easy!" Hizashi stepped into her view and inhaled deeply. He tipped his head back before opening his mouth. "Yeah!"

The yell reverberated deeply and shattered the glass of every building in every direction. It was concussive and Valkyrie twisted in the air trying to cover her ears. She whirled suddenly and an
electrical discharge happened when she hit the ground. It shocked Hizashi, and his yell choked off.

He rolled as he hit the ground and struggled to get back up. Tensei ran in then as Valkyrie's wings shot up and started to crackle with more electricity. He had that long pipe in his hands. He jammed it down into the gold armor trapping Valkyrie to the ground. She discharged and it was caught in the pipe without travelling anywhere else. "N-Nice job...T-T-Tensei!"

His friend taped their teacher and snatched the flag from her. He then raced over and picked Hizashi up. "We need to get out of here. You took a huge hit with that."

"Y-Y-Yeah" Hizashi jittered where he hug from his friend's shoulder.

"Hold on!" Tensei bent down and his arm engines charged. Suddenly they were moving so fast he couldn't see anything. They were out of the gate and Hizashi relaxed a bit. They had passed. With fifteen minutes still on the clock. Not bad at all.

Shouta scaled an electric pole easily and watched Nemuri slink through the shadows of a residential house. She moved swiftly over the plastic coated power lines and they cut the distance of their search down. So far they had wasted five minutes trying to find Principal Nedzu. Shouta paused and inhaled, she smelled tea. Which was weird, why would there be tea in this deserted simulation town.

Shouta looked across the street to the block across the way. And there sitting on an open balcony on a second floor terrace was Principal Nedzu. He had a small table with a pot of tea and three mugs. Oh no, he wasn't going to capture them and make them enjoy tea while their final finished around them. Shouta could see him though, so she looked down to Nemuri and indicated what she was seeing.

As one they crept towards the house and Shouta spied traps through the windows of the house. The wall around the property was rigged with electrical wire. They might be able to get to him. But how the hell would they be able to get out? Shouta glared as she slunk around and huffed. The best bet was to go up and over. But Nemuri wasn't as good as her at acrobatics.

Shouta moved to where Nemuri was and they sank down behind a stand of trashcans. "He's just sitting there." Shouta huffed.

"It's a trap." Nemuri rolled her eyes. "Does he think were stupid?"

"No, but he's clearly smarter than us." Shouta rubbed her neck. "Were going to have to rush him."

"Are you insasne?!" Nemuri hissed. "There's booby traps everywhere."

"I know, and he's not going to run. He's set up with three mugs to watch us." Shouta groaned. "I think he's going to try and capture us to lecture."

"No... I've heard horror stories from the upperclassmen that he's really sadistic." Nemuri whined and nodded. "Alright, are we going in through the house?"
"I don't think that would be wise. We need to go in from the opposite side, and flank the balcony." Shouta pointed "I'll go up, you go from below, and then gas him."

"What if he attacks us?" Nemuri asked.

"I'm hoping using my quirk will slow him down some. Easier to fight hand to hand." Shouta nodded. "We won't know until we try."

"Okay," Nemuri nodded and they split. Shouta used her capture weapon to brace herself and climb. She was on the roof when she encountered her first trap. Caltrops dotted the entire roof. Shouta ignored them and kept to the very edge. Her feet were practiced at small spaces. She edged to where she could see the balcony. She would have to extend herself.

Shouta flung her scarf out and the edge wrapped around the chimney. She ducked her head down and looked at the principal. His back was to her but she activated her quirk just as a plume of pink smoke started to fill the balcony from below.

"Well done ladies," Principal Nedzu cheered. "You managed to keep me from using my quirk to counter. Good thing I set up my back up plan already."

Principal Nedzu looked at her and he had the flag wrapped around his muzzle. Shouta glared and blinked before reactivating her quirk. Nemuri climbed up and lunged. Shouta released her anchor and dropped to the railing of the balcony. They were going to have to rush him. She had hoped to avoid it. Nedzu jumped up and kicked Nemuri between the shoulder blades. Shouta's scarf swept out and snatched his tail. She turned and whipped him into the yard.

"Trying to fight me head on, eh?" Nedzu laughed. "Impressive."

Shouta blinked again and reactivated. Her eyes were gaining a bit of a sting. "Now?" Nemuri asked.

"Give me a moment." Shouta looked at her principal and sighed. If she released her quirk to look around find another way he would beat them by countering every more with precision. Like this they at least had part of a chance. "Get him."

They ran at the same time, Nemuri attacking with kicks and staggering punches. Nedzu immobilized her limbs with ease despite his small size. Shouta twisted on her feet and her scarf flitted between Nemuri's attacks. Nedzu refrained from touching the bands and simply dodged them. Shouta snarled and lunged in. Her scarf lashed out and snatched Nedzu's arm. It was enough. She stepped closer and the whole scarf wrapped the principal up. "Now, Nemuri!"

Shouta used her sleeve to cover her mouth while her other hand was tangled in the capture weapon. Her grip was tight, and she refused to close her burning eyes. One second would be all he needed to find a way out of her scarf, and how to defeat them. It needed to be faster. Nemuri snatched the flag and looked expectantly at Shouta as she opened up the zipper near her chest. Principal Nedzu slumped. Shouta frowned when she still felt movement.

"Don't tape him." Shouta hissed. Her eyes started to haze. Nemuri grabbed her arm and slung her over her shoulders. The flag got tucked into her cleavage. "He'll wake up."

"We've only go so much time without me continuously releasing my quirk. We need to go, let him loose." Nemuri ordered. Shouta did and Nemuri took that moment to run. They got to the wall and Shouta shot here scarf up to the power lines. She grabbed Nemuri and they landed over the wall just as Nedzu woke up.
"Well done, I hope you can get away!" The sadistic sound to his voice worried Shouta.

"Only one of us has to make it." Shouta grabbed Nemui's hand and started to run. "Split up and go!"

They streaked in different directions. She saw something sticking out of a trashcan and it was the same orange as the flag. She grabbed it and tucked it revealingly into her back pocket. She could feel eyes on her and knew the principal had chosen to follow her. Maybe it was the erasing of his quirk he took offense to. But either way, she had to keep his attention on her and let Nemuri escape.

She was passing through a built up park when she came up short. The Principal was waiting there in the middle of the playground. "I'm very impressed my dear, but you've been caught. Hand over the flag and we can discuss your tactics over tea. I have some pointers I think you could benefit from."

"Is that so?" Shouta rolled back to her feet and reached one hand out to guide her whirling capture weapon.

"Not going to give up?" Nedzu asked.

"Why would I?" Shouta shot her scarf out and it wrapped tightly around Nedzu's legs. It started to creep up on him and she activated her quirk again. She lifted the orange plastic from her pocket. "I don't even have the flag."

A siren went off announcing their team as the winners. "You tricked me my dear!" Nedzu sounded flasely surprised.

"It was a last second kind of thing." Shouta rolled her eyes and glared at him. Why did he look so smug? They had won.

"No it's not." Principal Nedzu laughed. "We teachers have to ensure you have at least three ways to defeat us. One way was the decoy flag that you picked up. There was no way for me to tell which of you had it. Even despite my quirk."

"You set it up for me to find this?" Shouta hissed holding up the plastic.

"Nothing is ever as it seems Aizawa-chan." Nedzu grinned at her. "A logical ruse. You used one as well."

Shouta blinked and released her principal. Her mind was a bit blown.

"But congratulations." Nedzu held out his paw to her. "Come now child, let us go have tea and watch the other matches."

He had so soundly defeated her intellectually that she just followed him. She was still having a hard time processing that it wasn't even her idea that had saved them. Instead it was Nown trick set in as a cipher key to a difficult problem. His quirk was really scary.

Shouta exited the training ground and saw Nemui there happy and pleased. She hugged Shouta and bounced. "We passed, we passed!"

"Yeah, good job." Shouta shook herself. Nedzu moved off to the other teachers and Shouta grabbed Nemuri. "We need to get out of here while we can. He wants to critique my performance."
"Oh that's not so bad." Nemuri waved a hand.

"No, he said over tea. I'll never get past that." Shouta growled. They made it to the locker room and got changed.

"Hey, do you want to hang out?" Nemuri asked. "After school I mean."

"Sure." Shouta agreed. "We can go to my place if you want."

"I do! I want to unwind after all this stress." Nemuri whined.

"Sure, shout we invite Hizashi and Tensei?" Shouta asked and Nemuri shook her head and speared Shouta with a look.

"No way, it's girl's night." Nemuri grinned. "Our first bonding night."

"There isn't school tomorrow, you might as well stay over." Shouta huffed. "My dad won't mind."

"Great!" Nemuri laughed. "Let's go see if the guys passed too."

"No dad, seriously get lost!" Shouta growled at the doorway to her bedroom. Akio and her dad were hovering. Shino lucked out by taking off to help out an underground hero with the police on a case. Nemuri was stretched out next to Shouta's kotatsu eating the snacks previously delivered. "We don't need anything else. I am perfectly capable of getting anything we need."

"But Sho-", Her father grinned as Akio patted his shoulder. "It's your first sleepover."

"I'm only going to say this one time." Shouta pointed threateningly, "If you don't want your lube to mysteriously vanish, or your paint brushes to come up missing. You will quit eavesdropping and get lost!"

He father and his boyfriend scrambled down the stairs. Shouta snorted and nodded.

"You're hard on them." Nemuri chuckled with a creepy delight in her eyes.

"Someone has to be the parent here when Shino is working." Shouta walked over to where Nemuri was and started to rifle for leggings and a hoodie. "I hope these aren't too small."

"They should be fine." Nemuri grinned. "Thanks for having me over. I really wanted to relax"

"Me too, I've been cramming and studying so hard. Not to mention all the math Hizashi and I have been doing." Shouta slumped against her bed tiredly.

"Wait... you're both good at math what are you talking about?" Nemuri started to change and Shouta turned to activate her quirk on her friend. "Thanks."

"No problem." Shouta smiled. "Hizashi was trying to put ideas into practice with a training regimen for his quirk. He was trying to figure out his different voice ranges, and how to apply them. We ended up doing a ton of math pretty much every day after school except on the days we all studied."
"Even after you tried to strangle him?" Nemuri flopped onto the bed next to her. "That's why you both ended up drenched. I thought he was just goofing off with his quirk."

"I thought we weren't going to talk about it." Shouta swatted at the other girl and then reached for her eye drops above the bed. The shelf was covered in jelly packets and books. Her eye drops fell into her hand so she re-hydrated her eyes.

"Well this is a sleep over. You always talk about boys at sleep overs." Nemuri giggled. "So come on, confirm it for me. You like Hizashi, don't you?"

gflushed and Nemuri giggled as she wrapped herself over Shouta's slack body. "Shut up."

"No, I can see why." Nemuri looked at her with the strangest expression. "You're so alike, but so different. It works."

"No it doesn't. He's so outgoing and popular." Shouta huffed and her heart twisted annoyingly. "I'm a wreck, all I do is sleep."

"No way, I'm going to help you." Nemuri smiled happily. "You should totally confess."

"Why the hell would I do that?" Shouta rolled off the bed frantically. She shuffled to the kotatsu and looked down at her phone there. She flicked the cat charm fondly and tried to ignore the whole emotion thing.

"Because you actually like him!" Nemuri exclaimed. "Why not confess?!"

"If you haven't noticed," Shouta leveled a glare at her friend, "We're training to be heroes. That doesn't leave a lot of time for dating, or romance. And after my mom...passed away... I watched my dad get so depressed he could barely function."

"Shouta..."

"No, it was really scary Nemuri. How easily he was devastated by the loss of the love of his life." Shouta ran her finger over the cat. She may have a huge crush on Hizashi, but she couldn't take that step. "What if I die, or he dies, depression is all that's left of it. And that's even if I ever think of confessing. Which isn't going to happen. Not to mention it would never work out. We're too different anyways."

"Wait wait!" Nemuri jumped up and padded over. "Your telling me you're just going to commit your life to heroing. And never fall in love."

"That's the plan. Love is the least logical emotion of all." Shouta nodded to herself. That was the safe option.

"That's bullshit!" Nemuri growled. "I won't have it."

"Excuse me?" Shouta glared.

"You like him, and I'm your friend." Nemuri glared and knocked Shouta over to sit on her stomach. "I will not let you live a boring life like that. Maybe you never confess, maybe you never do anything about it. But I will not let you deny yourself. You like Hizashi. And that's a good thing."

"Why?" Shouta was confused. Why would anyone want to open themselves up for potential heartbreak?
"Because the best things in life are worth living through. You get to be in love, whether you do anything about it or not. Or if you do and it works out or it doesn't." Nemuri pointed at her. "That's how life works, and I'll be damned if you aren't going to experience it!"

Somehow, it felt like Shouta didn't have a choice in acknowledging her crush anymore.
Summer Plans

Chapter Summary

Summer Shopping that doesn't get crashed by a villain

Chapter Notes

Thanks for the comments everyone. I'm much more relaxed now that we have antibiotics for my son's ear infection and he's getting some actual sleep.

Poor baby.

The Monday after their final exam marked the last week before their summer break. They would get their exam results and rankings as soon as homeroom began.

Shouta was having an exceedingly hard time falling asleep for her customary nap. She was tired but her mind just wouldn't rest. Summer was about to start, and there was about a month off that she could fill with training. She knew her friends were going to want her to hang out. That was what they were currently taking about while she was trying and failing to sleep. "The fire works festival is in a few days, we should go." Nemuri suggested.

"Oh yeah! We totally should!" Hizashi exclaimed.

"Mother will be home thst weekend. So I won't have to watch Tenya." Tensei laughed.

"I'll get Shouta to wear a yukata with me!" Nemuri giggled.

"Not on your life." Shouta grumbled.

"You woke up!" Nemuri laughed.

Shouta surfaced and glared. She was all for the summer festival. But no way in hell was she wearing a yukata. Her mother couldn't even get her into one. "Yeah, and I'll go, but I won't dress up."

"But it's the best part!" Nemuri pouted.

"It's going to be hot." Shouta glared.

Before they could argue again Valkyrie-Sensei walked in and they settled into their seats. "Good Morning class, I have news."

They all quieted down, and a great number of students looked worried. "I waited until I saw the results of the exams before I decided to tell you all. For a week in August the Hero Classes will be holding a joint training class. We will be holding it on a training island that was requisitioned by the school for hurricane disaster training."
"That is not the kind of training you will be doing though. This is to keep your abilities from getting weak during the break." Valkyrie-Sensei settled a stack of papers on the podium. "On to serious matters. Only the students who've passed will be going to the training session. Those of you who failed will be attending a remedial class here. And if you fail those exams, you will end up down in Gen-Ed."

That was something that was said to Shouta when she'd arrived at UA. That there was always a chance for those who wanted to fight for it. Shouta fought harder than anyone else for her chance at becoming a hero, maybe some other students would get their chance as well.

She asked around the room depositing their tests and Shouta was pleased to see all of her scores in the 90's. Hizashi flashed his at her, he only had one in the 80's. Tensei waved and all of his exams were at 100. Nemuri lifted hers and they were similar to Shouta's. They all passed.

"As for your practical exam scores. Only five teams passed." Valkyrie-Sensei frowned. "Yamada and Iida, you were the only ones to get extra credit. Your strategy to remove my electricity was well thought out and perfectly executed. Had I been a villain, I could have utilized the transformers and harmed a great many citizens. Well done."

Hizashi pumped his fist and Shouta smirked at his enthusiasm.

"Kayama and Aizawa. I was impressed. Aizawa for coming up to the hero course you worked well with Kayama. Your combined effort and ability to fool even the principal left a lasting impression on the faculty. Excellent work."

Valkyrie-Sensei went down the list of accomplishments of each winning team before she started in on the failures. Then she brought back a large packet to each student with passing grades. "I expect parental consent by the end of week otherwise you're stuck here during remedial. Make sure you bring what's on the list."

Shouta flipped through the packet and on the inside page was a list of things they would need for their island boot camp. Nemuri whipped around with glittering eyes. "Shouta we need to go shopping."

She sighed and agreed. She would need quite a few things. There was even a basic itinerary. There were even hour slots after lunch for them to have free time. And it looked like outside of the bed time curfew there was around four hours after training to do whatever they wanted.

"Alright." Shouta agreed.

The mall was always a busy place. Shouta groaned as soon as she saw the crowds of people. If she were treating this like hero classes, she would use the crowd to disguise herself. Disappear among the masses. But this wasn't hero class, and she was going to be miserable.

Shouta looked back down at her phone with the list on it. She was going to need a different bag. And toiletries. Nemuri suddenly grabbed for her. "Shouta let's get new bathing suits!"

"I was just going to use the school issued one." Shouta said with a frown.

"That's fine for the boot camp but there's free time. I talked with some of the other girls and they're
taking both." Nemuri grinned. "Everyone is, when will we go to the beach again?"

"Judging by how determined you are probably more than this one time." Shouta rolled her eyes.

Hizashi swatted her shoulder. "Don't be so cranky!" He laughed. "It'll be fun!"

Shouta sighed, she was out voted anyways. So she nodded and her friends all grinned at her.
Nemuri grabbed her wrist and dragged her along until they found a store selling bathing suits.

The boys moved off to the section with swim trunks. Nemuri squealed again at full rack. Shouta
shifted through a few racks as she walked. "What about this Shouta?" Nemuri asked holding up
something far too skimpy.

"No." Shouta glared at her friend.

She heard an exclamation from Hizashi across the store and looked over sharply. Was she going to
have to erase him before he set off his quirk? When a few moments passed and nothing happened,
Shouta stared to shop again.

She shifted through a few suits before Nemuri popped up with a conspiratorial look on her face.
"Hey, I know you're being your usual grumpy self," Nemuri smirked, "But just think of what the
right suit will do. Imagine Hizashi seeing you in it."

"A repeat of the bathroom incident? Great." Shouta grimaced with embarrassment.

"No, this time it's a suit you like. One that makes you feel good. And when you feel good, other
people notice." Nemuri patted Shouta's head. "There's a pretty girl under all this sarcasm and
attitude."

"Ugh!" Shouta scowled. But she had a point. Would Hizashi like what he saw if she was in a
swimsuit? This time she wouldn't be unintentionally showing off underwear in his favorite color.
This time it would be a bathing suit.

A flush bloomed on her cheeks. If he saw her...she would see him...in swim shorts...with no shirt.

Nemuri laughed suddenly and led her forward. "Come on I pulled a bunch already."

Shouta was thrust into a dressing room and found an array of suits that told her everything Nemuri
had showed her outside was to tease her.

She immediately ignored the blue ones. She was not having a repeat of the bathroom incident. She
didn't want to be obvious. She didn't even know why she was entertaining this plan. She wasn't
going to do anything about her attraction to Hizashi.

Simmering caught her attention and she smiled. It was a little juvenile, but she immediately liked
it. She stripped to try on the suit and was impressed it fit perfectly.

"Nemuri how did you know my size?" Shouta demanded.

"I may have gone through your things when I stayed over. I wanted to know so I could shop with
you over the break." That was incredibly creepy. "I didn't think we'd be getting to go shopping for
a beach trip."

"It's supposed to be training." Shouta reminded her friend. She examined the way the suit laid on
her and was pleased by the level of modesty it preserved. It would do.
Shouta changed back and rehung the suit. She tossed the others at Nemuri once out and stealthily looked around. She took off to the cashier and bought her suit before anyone knew what she picked.

Nemuri appeared with something in her hands and Shouta waited for her to finish as well. They exited the shop to find their friends were lounging on a bench. Shouta looked at their exuberance and huffed. "I need coffee."

The day before the fireworks festival Hizashi found himself attending yoga with Shouta. He wasn't actually doing the current set. There was no way he could bend that way.

Akio-San called it the 'killer praying mantis'. He even named it in English. But Shouta's head was on her mat her shoulder was the only other thing touching it. One arm bent back to slip over the leg she extended up and bent back to place her foot flat behind her head. Her other leg stretched out in a perfect split formation. Then both hands came together in a loose lock.

She was so crazy flexible.

Hizashi liked going to yoga. It let him see a calm side of Shouta. Almost like when she was sleeping. "Very good everyone. This is a very difficult pose. Do not feel discouraged if you can't make the full attempt." Akio-San was a great instructor.

Yoga needed to end. It needed to end right now.

Shouta unwound from the pose she was in and the languid stretch she gave as she rolled to her side was almost too much for him. The breathy little sigh didn't help at all!

"With that let's take ten minutes to breathe and settle ourselves." The short meditation helped Hizashi to calm down before he traumatized the women here with a spontaneous erection.

"Hizashi," Shouta murmured as they rolled their mats up. "How is your quirk? You were doing pretty bad last week."

He winced, he hadn't lost control of his quirk in a few years. And as soon as he got nervous around her his quirk started to act up and fire off randomly. It was like puberty had started all over again. Cracking voice, wild tenor to his tone, he hated that.

"I've got it under control." He promised. At least he did when he didn't think about her and blue bras. Or yellow painted toes. Or the really cute face she made when she thought no one was watching, and she was playing with her car charm.

"You sure?" Shouta looked at him and her eye twitched.

Hizashi padded over to the bench where her gym bag sat. Her little blue case was resting on the top. He fished for her eye drops and handed them over. She nodded and meticulously hydrated her eyes.

"I'm working on it. I haven't slipped up in a few days so there's that." Hizashi grinned.

"That's good. I'm glad it's not bothering you." Shouta looked at him and wiped the excess saline
from under her eyes. "How did the low frequency work out?"

"I shorted out a ton of transformers. It is so much easier to target, even without a directional speaker." Hizashi flashed her a grin. "Also I got an update. My new one should be done by the time we go back to school."

"If you want I can help you test it." Shouta smiled. It was a small thing, and in comparison to any others she gave him it was sweeter.

"Awesome!" This time he pitched his voice on purpose. She glared then and rolled her eyes. She walked off to go get changed and he scrubbed his hands through his hair.

He was so screwed.

Shouta glared at the assembled parental units gathered in her bedroom. "I already told Nemuri. I'll tell you too. I'm not wearing a yukata." Shouta crossed her arms defiantly. "I'll fight you."

"And I'll win," Shino glared right back at her.

"Come on Sho-chan. You have to wear one." Akio held up the yellow article.

"This year you have friends to go with you. Usually it's just us. Don't you remember how pretty your mom looked when she wore one?" Her father dealt a staggering blow. Mom guilt. Ugh.

"It's too hot. I can barely move in that thing. And I don't want blisters on my feet before I go on the training trip." Shouta countered. She backed up and a gust of wind blew into the room.

Akio lunged for her, his arms loosening to the strange boneless quirk he could activate. Shouta used her own quirk and both of her father's boyfriends stilled. She made it out the door before her quirk deactivated.

She was tackled the moment she got to the bottom of the stairs. Shino rolled to absorb the impact. Mistake, he should have taken her out then. She kicked him in the stomach and slammed her knee into his chin. She was back up when Akio bounced between her and the living room. Her father thundered down the stairs.

"You need to do things like a girl sometimes Sho. I know you secretly like it and are just embarrassed." Her father said sternly, why did he have to be right?! "Dressing up is good for your confidence. You won't be alone, Kaya-chan said she was wearing one."

"I resent that you have nicknames for my friends." Shouta growled before she rolled Akio into a guillotine lock. Shino wrapped an arm around her waist and hoisted her off the yoga instructor.

"I resent that you gave up on being a girl when you were five." Her father growled, "I want to paint a portrait of my beautiful daughter. But she always looks like she just rolled out of bed!"

"That's because I did!" She yelled. She elbowed Shino and the vigilante growled at her before he locked his arms around hers and stopped her attack.

"You just don't want to wear one because Yamada will be there. And you like him." Shino growled.
"Oh, it's on Shino!" Shouta curled her body upwards. Her legs bent and almost touched the ceiling before she rolled herself right over his shoulders. Her arms came free in his surprise. And when she landed she kicked him in the spine and stood at the bar of the stairs.

She squared her fists up and looked at the three men trying to parent her. "I won't wear it. You'll have to kill me first."

Shino cracked his knuckles and shared a look with his husband and Shouta's father. "Guess we're doing it the hard way then."

Nemuri let herself into the house a few minutes later to the sight of Shouta holding Shino in an head lock with her father nursing a broken nose. Akio was knocked out entirely. "She still won't wear the yukata?" Nemuri asked.

"No," Shino grunted

"Okay then. Shouta, if you don't settle down and let me get you dressed I'll put you to sleep." Nemuri threatened, "If I put you to sleep, you'll wake up wearing it. Your choice."

Shouta grimaced and looked away. She released Shino and stomped off to the stairs. She grabbed the folded yukata and glared at her family. "Just remember, I won this." Shouta growled.

Nemuri smiled at the men and gave them a thumbs up. Nemuri bustled them into her room and immediately set about getting Shouta's hair brushed and her makeup set out. She swatted Nemuri out of the way and fished her make up bag from the drawers next to her bed.

"Wait if you have makeup why don't you wear it?" Nemuri asked curiously.

"Who am I dressing up for?" Shouta glared, "I'm trying to be an underground hero, not a celebrity. Besides it takes way too much effort and irritates my eyes. Plus the liner runs when I put my eye drops in."

"I have a new set of eye liner and mascara. You'll use that, its waterproof." Nemuri unearthed the plastic covered instruments. "Your yukata is yellow."

"My dad bought it. Yellow is my favorite color," Shouta admitted. She dragged the mirror down from her dresser and set into her make up. Nemuri brushed her hair gently before gathering the heavy locks up into a loose clip that spilled the curls onto her collar. Nemuri pinned a fake flower there.

Shouta finished her eye makeup and signed at the end result in the mirror. She looked pretty. But that's all Shouta would ever be. She was rather average in looks, Nemuri was beautiful though.

"This is why I hate doing this." Shouta glared at her friend. Nemuri waved her ire away and started in on her own make up.

"Hush, you look gorgeous. Hizashi is going to lose his shit." Nemuri grinned, "You are very cute."

"Ugh don't lie." Shouta got up to strip and slide into the yukata. Nemuri tightened her obi and tied the whole thing. "I can't breathe. Why can't I wear regular clothes and a scarf?"

"You were the one bitching about the heat." Nemuri giggled, "You're like a feral cat."

A flush wove across her face. A cat? Shouta could only be so lucky to be like a cat. Her eyes stayed to her phone and the charm hanging from it.
Would Hizashi find her pretty?

She shook her head. It didn't matter if he did or didn't. She wasn't going to act on it. Their career paths would diverge greatly. And they could die one day. Why open herself up to even more hurt. It would suck if one of them did die as friends. But she didn't think she could come back from Hizashi dying. Not if she gave in to the crush blossoming into something else the more she got to know him.

Shouta opened her window and covered her nose while Nemuri slipped out of her own clothes and into her yukata. A set of sleeves adorned her arms however. Once the pink pheromone dust blew out the window Shouta helped her friend finish getting dressed.

"We should have gotten you ready first. Then I could have used my quirk." Shouta complained.

"It's alright." Nemuri waved a hand dismissively. "I'm used to it."

"Sho!" Her father called from downstairs. "Your friends are here."

"Great, now go knock him dead." Nemuri grinned. The door opened and Shouta found Shino there.

"Hey, so you don't get blisters or twist an ankle." He held out a box to her. Shouta glared. "It's not a trap, a peace offering."

"I can accept a peace offering." Shouta smiled imperially. She opened the box and found a pair of white tabi boots. "You use these-"

"I do, but these are normal." Shino grinned. Shouta sighed and gave up the internal fight to be against the day entirely. She stepped forward and hugged her mentor. He froze a second before returning the affection.

Hizashi felt super awkward sitting with Tensei. Despite Tensei's mother pushing traditional clothes at him he chose to go casual. Hizashi didn't feel like dressing up so he also kept it simple.

But knowing it was not just Shouta's dad here, he was sure he was going to mess up. He'd done a good job of keeping Shouta in the dark about his crush. He was sure Akio-San didn't know. But Shouta's dad watched him closely. And when Shino-San humbled down the stairs he looked at Hizashi with a dangerous smirk.

Damn. They knew.

Hizashi had never had to deal with this before. He was used to girls liking him for his looks; until they learned he liked music a little too much, sang despite how crappy he was at it, and was all around way too loud. Shouta didn't mind his noise though. If she really had a problem it was when his quirk activated. And then she just erased it.

Nemuri walked down and Hizashi admired the pink yukata she wore. It was embellished with white, purple, and yellow flowers along the hem and sleeves. Her long hair was up in a loose bun that had a flower and jewels hanging from the hair near her ear. She grinned evilly at him and Hizashi swallowed. She already knew he was crushing hard, in the way Nemuri knew everything.
Shouta walked down and Hizashi damn near swallowed his tongue. Nemuri had managed to get her into a yukata. And it wasn't a dark color like Hizashi had half been expecting. The yukata was yellow. She was already short and he knew she had a slim figure. But like this she was demure looking. Her usually shaggy and thick hair was gathered and curled off to one side. A yellow and white flower was pinned in her hair. What was even more striking was that she was wearing makeup. The bags under her eyes that were the result of her quirk were smoothed away and those eyes were lined expertly. Some kind of clear gloss coated her lips and made them look pink.

Honesty, he was both wowed, and a little disapointed. He kind of missed the usual Shouta.

"You alright Hizashi?" Tensei asked him and Hizashi opened his mouth to reply. Only his throat seized as his quirk activated with his nervousness. A high pitched whine shrieked out of his throat and his hands flew up to cover his mouth. Everyone was looking at him in shock. Even the three adults hovering protectively around their daughter.

"Hizashi?" Shouta frowned at him. "Do you need me to use my quirk?"

Nemuri stepped over worriedly and Hizashi shook his head frantically. He jumped up and hustled to the front door. Once outside his voice wheezed out sharply and birds scattered from the power lines. "I'm good!" He called when he calmed himself down, and this time it was normal. "Sorry!"

"Jeeze, just spell it out why don't you." Tensei grumbled as he patted Hizashi's shoulder. Nemuri giggled as she exited next to him. Her sandals clopped loudly on the ground. Shouta shuffled out and Hizashi was impressed to see she was wearing tabi boots instead of geta. She was so freaking cute.

"Alright, let's get to this thing before it gets too busy to function." Shouta grumbled. She led the charge and Hizashi found himself with both Nemuri and Tensei watching him knowingly. He glared. "Hizashi!"

He looked at Shouta as she snapped his name. He realized he was still standing near her door, and ran after his friends. "Coming!"

The festival grounds were booming with people, as Shouta had expected, but they were still able to move around freely. It would get busier when the sun went down. Nemuri and Hizashi were getting loud about the games. Shouta followed behind them. She didn't really like to play in the summer, it was much better in the winter. She got to wear warm clothes and eat decent food. It was too hot currently for any of that.

They found themselves at a ring toss game. Nemuri handed over some money and lifted the rings she had. She hurled them and missed all but one. But the prize she got for it was a wallet chain with a tire on it. She grinned and handed it to Tensei. That spurred their male friend into throwing rings until he got what looked like a pair of red gar glasses. He handed the pair to Nemuri and she squealed in delight before putting them on.

Shouta snorted before she laughed. They weirdly fit her face perfectly. Shouta stepped up to play herself. She saw a pair of blue aviators that reminded her of Hizashi's hero gear. She was good at the game and won on her first throw. She flicked the glasses out to Hizashi and he grinned widely
She tilted her head and saw Hizashi had taken his new shades off. He was watching with a bright expression on his face. A smile spread his cheeks and she felt an answering one on her own face. He was stupidly cute. She might just be ruined. Nemuri laced their fingers together and when Shouta looked at her, she knew her helpless face was telegraphed. Nemuri nodded knowingly and Shouta sighed. She nodded back and Nemuri grinned.

She had a crush and was totally unable to fight it.
Shouta stood sleepily among her class as they piled into the busses. They were going to take a two hour drive to a ferry. That would then take them an hour out to the UA Disaster Training Island.

Shouta climbed up into the bus for 1-A and saw Nemuri smirking at her while sitting next to Tensei. Hizashi sat in the aisle behind them with a spot open. With a glare at her female friend she shuffled into the open spot next to the window.

She drew her legs up to her chest and leaned her head back. "Hey Shouta," Hizashi tipped his blue aviators up and grinned at her. "Wanna listen to some music?"

"Is it going to be loud?" She frowned.

"Doesn't have to be. I have tons of playlists and a double jack port." He held up a set of ear buds and plugged them into his music player next to his own set.

She didn't answer but instead took the ear buds. Within moments Hizashi settled his shades back down and pulled his headphones up from around his neck to settle on his ears.

Music started out low and soft before picking up into melodies that swam around her ears. Shouta closed her eyes and listened comfortably. Song after song played and she felt Hizashi tapping his foot on his knee. She was lulled into a doze and before her mind could argue she found herself sliding in her seat.

Sleep closed around her tired mind. She didn't fight it though. She would need the sleep if she wanted to train properly.

Hizashi stiffened a few minutes into the ride. Music flowed from his headphones trying to make him relax. But Shouta had fallen asleep, her head resting on his shoulder. A hot blush bloomed on his cheeks as he looked at her.
As pretty as she had been wearing a traditional yukata, he much preferred her in her natural state. Asleep like this she was breathtaking. Small puffs of breath fanned out on his collar but he couldn't move her. He wouldn't dream of it.

Nemuri leaned over her seat and took a picture of them on her phone. She grinned at him and he rolled his eyes. What was he supposed to do? His crush was sleeping on him. Tensei sat up and took a picture as well.

Maybe Hizashi would tell Shouta about them. She could murder them in their sleep. She was a ninja after all. He hasn't gotten to train with her during class, but he'd seen the footage. With that capture weapon she was deadly, but without it she could be just as dangerous.

He remembered how she'd defeated him in the Sports Festival. That firey Shouta was the part he liked most. He was pretty sure that's what made Nemuri and Tensei want to befriend her too.

He relaxed into his seat. His friends could smirk all they wanted. His crush was sleeping on him and damn he was going to enjoy it. Before she woke up and awkwardly ignored that it ever happened.

It was rather nice to wake up to soft music and the sun beaming warmth on her. Her legs were still ticked under her arms but she was leaning to the side now. Hizashi was tapping away at a game on his phone.

Oh! She fell asleep on him.

Shouta sat up and mentally willed herself to be cool. He looked over and slipped his headphones down to hang around his neck. "Hey, sorry, did that wake you? I switched to a different playlist."

"No, it's fine." She waves a hand and pulled the headphones from her ears. "It was nice."

"Hey, hey, I'm glad. I've gotta start getting good now. I'm gonna be in radio." He shot her finger guns and she sputtered a laugh.

"Alright everyone. We're here. Let's all stretch our legs before we take the ferry." Valkyrie-Sensei waved from the front of the bus.

Shouta moved to get up but Hizashi grabbed for her. "Wait wait," He held up his phone. "Let's take a selfie."

She raised a brow but obediently leaned her head next to his for the picture. It wasn't much of a smile but she couldn't stop herself from making one. The picture was taken and then it was texted to her. She might make it her background.

"Thanks," Hizashi grinned.

They exited the bus and Valkyrie-Sensei stood next to the 1-B hero. The ferry waited and as they walked towards it, Shouta noticed something was off. A number of life jackets were lined up.

"Hey," She reached out to grab at her friend's. "Something's up."

Nemuri and Tensei watched what she was and as one they piled their electronics into a bag and
tossed it back into the bus. "Good eye Shouta." Tensei nodded at her.

"If I hadn't seen every trap Nedzu had set up for us, I might have ignored it all together." Shouta looked around. What were they going to do, simulate a boat wreck? A storm?

"This might be a weird time to say this but I'm not that great of a swimmer." Shouta said. They all looked at her in shock.

"Are you serious?" Nemuri hissed.

"Look I can swim, I just get tired a lot faster than if I was doing anything else." Shouta groaned. "I'm not going to like down or anything."

"Were going to practice on this trip Sho!" Nemuri pointed.

"Everyone, into the ferry it's time to head out." Valkryie Sensei called. Shouta took a life vest once on the metal rig. Once everyone was on they got suited up and hovered around suspiciously, while the rest of the class chatted animatedly.

They rode for a while, until the mainland vanished and the island they were headed to began to form ahead of them.

It was then the ferry stopped. Valkryie-Sensei stepped forward and her wings spread. "I can tell some of you think this is a vacation." She looked them over and scoffed. "Sorry this is training. Though we won't be training in simulations we will be training in making you each stronger. That begins with the body. How can you possibly be heroes if all you rely on is your quirk?"

Shouta knew that was true. She worked every day to make her body capable of hero status. "It may not look like it but it's ten kilometers to shore now. I want you all to make it to shore. Good luck."

The 1-B teacher lifted his hands and some unseen force lifted them all high into the air. Shouta scrabbled to grab for Nemuri. Hizashi wrapped an arm around her waist and Tensei grabbed onto Hizashi. Suddenly they were airborne and falling towards the water. Hizashi tucked her closer and Tensei pulled them both to him. His engines kicked in and slowed their descent.

They hit the water and Shouta saw Nemuri dive perfectly into the water. It was cold but refreshing. Even if she felt entirely disgruntled that they had ended up in the water. Couldn't this have waited until they were on the island?

Once surfaced Shouta saw Tensei and Hizashi unbuckling their life jackets. Nemuri wasn't wearing her's either. They surrounded her and she scowled but removed the buoyant device.

As a unit they started to swim for shore. She barely had time to keep track of her friends much less her class. And that didn't sit right with her. But she kept swimming. The drag on her muscles was pleasant at first, a decent work out. But before long the fatigue started to get to her. That was when Hizashi stopped swimming and reached out to her.

"You look like a wet cat!" He laughed and reached out. "Let's take a break."

Tensei and Nemuri stopped next to them and they stayed close together to avoid getting swept off by the current. She was manhandled by Hizashi until she was floating framed by his arms and his chest was keeping her from sinking.

"Thanks." She panted and tried to catch her breath.
"No problem!" Hizashi chirped loudly. "Sensei didn't say it needed to be a race. We'll take turns resting."

Tensei was similarly floating with Nemuri's help. "You alright Tensei?" Shouta asked.

"I'll be alright when we're out of the water. It gets in my pipes and weighs me down." He lifted an arm and sure enough water poured from the long pipe extending from his elbow.

After a few minutes, and Shouta's limbs stopped feeling like they were going to burn off, they started again. It took a while, and they weren't the first to shore. But they also weren't the last.

Shouta collapsed in the sand next to Nemuri. Hizashi curled up into the busty girl's other side and whined. "No fair, swimming is supposed to be fun!"

"Sometimes I wonder why I decided UA was the school for me." Nemuri admitted darkly.

"Can I still go back to Gen-Ed?" Shouta asked.

"Hush all of you, so dramatic." Tensei stood with his arms up as he drained his pipes of water. "Hizashi you had fun treading with Shouta. She doesn't usually need anyone's help. Nemuri you love UA because you can creep us all out with your tendency to over share. And Shouta... Your grades are too good to go back down to Gen-Ed. You're third in the class."

"No fun Tensei, I wanted to complain!" Nemuri hissed.

"I just didn't want her to down!" Hizashi sat up. "What kind of friend would I be if I didn't help her tread water. I helped Nemuri and you too!"

"I'm going to sleep." Shouta rolled onto her side.

Valkyrie-Sensei swooped over them and flared her wings. She deposited the last two class members to the sand. "Come along everyone. Your belongings were left at student housing. Time to get changed. You made some pretty abysmal time getting here today. I'll be making you regret it tomorrow."

They stumbled along and Shouta sighed before following. Their walk ended a few moments later and they were looking at an onsen.

"There are three different facilities here. A hotel, this onsen, and cabins. All to simulate the different living environments. This location fits with our needs. Get changed and warmed up. We'll go over your training regimens while dinner is prepared."

Shouta followed Nemuri into a large banquet room. Futons were folded up and stacked against the wall. They moved in silence as did the other girls who filtered in.

After a quick change in the changing room Shouta was settling into the warm natural looking onsen. Rocks and shrubs were planted around the man made pool. Warm herb scented water closed over her. Nemuri dipped her feet in before submerging. The robe she wore was immediately soaked.

"Are you comfortable like that?" Shouta asked.

"It's alright I can't help it." Nemuri giggled and smiled happily. "I don't want to cause anyone to down."
"Hey!" A bright voice greeted. Shouta typed her head back to see three girls had joined their little corner. A girl with long brown hair smiled from where she was washing through the water. "I'm Sosaki Shino. From class 1-B."

"I'm Tsuchikawa Ryuko." The blond next to them waved. She pointed at their other turquoise friend. "And this is Shiretoko Tomoko."

"We can sit here to yeah?! You're the one who came from Gen-Ed?!" The turquoise haired girl exclaimed. "That's so cool!"

Shouta looked at Nemuri and shrugged. "I am."

"Well it's still great to meet ya!" Tsuchikawa flipped her blond hair. "There's one more member of our group but he's next door."

Nemuri looked over and squinted. "Hey, is there anyone in your class that can float?"

"Hmm, there's Nichi he's got a quirk that let's him take away his weight." Sosaki mused.

"Is that him?" Nemuri pointed and Shouta snatched for her towel as the three girls shrieked and dropped back into the water. The commotion got the other girls freaked out across the bath.

"Hey Tensei! Hizashi! I know you're over there!" Nemuri shouted. "I'm sending a perv your way."

"Nemuri are you going to put him to sleep that's highly dangerous?!" Tensei yelled from what sounded near the building.

"I'll handle him." Shouta groaned and steadied her towel before she looked up. Her gaze alighted on an orange haired weirdo with a creepy blushing face. "Hey pervert!"

Her shout rang out and she glared. He twisted to look at her as she climbed up onto a rock with her towel held securely to her front. "Hope you can catch yourself!" Her quirk activated and he yelped as he fell out of sight. "Asshole."

"We've got it ladies!" Hizashi quirk echoed over the wall. "Sorry to disturb you!"

"Dude who is that girl in your class? My quirk is gone!" The ornate haired 1-B student exclaimed. Hizashi and Tensei had been informed his name was Nichi Omimaya

"That's none of your business!" Tensei planted his hands on his hips sternly. "Peeping is not allowed."

"Come on, everyone wants to." The idiot had the gall to wave a hand dismissively. Some of the other guys already in the water of their osen sighed in exhasperation. "The only one I got to see was the girl on the rock that took my quirk. What kind of power is that?!"

Hizashi felt his temper flaring and reached out to grab this asshole's shoulder. Tensei stiffened up next to him. "Black hair? Kinda short? Tired looking?"

"Yeah." Nichi blinked up at him.
"You saw Shouta?" Hizashi wanted to clarify, even as his brain was screaming at him.

"I just said that."

Hizashi looked up, begging the universe for some kind of restraint. "You saw Shouta pretty much naked, yeah?"

"Hizashi." Tensei warned

"I mean it wasn't much to look at. She's thin looked kinda flat under the towel." Nichi complained. "What a waste."

Hizashi saw all the other guys book it to the other end of the hot pool. A waste?! Shouta want attractive enough for this dick weasel?!

"It's okay Hizashi, he doesn't know." Tensei tried to teach for him but Hizashi shot his friend a dangerous look. This was their friend they were talking about here! Hizashi's crush not withstanding!

"He saw, Tensei. On purpose." Hizashi growled. He remembered the blue bra. He remembered feeling like shit for accidentally walking in on her. But it was still the best thing he'd ever seen. This idiot did it on purpose, saw more, and didn't think she was gorgeous?!

Sure he hadn't gotten up the nerve to make a move. But if anyone had gotten to see her like that, outside of the girls, he wanted it to be him!

"Listen here you perverted stain. I'm going to blow out your ears." Hizashi threatened. "Got to see her... I'm gonna seriously make you deaf!"

"Nemuri!" Tensei yelled. "I need some help!"

"What?" Nemuri called back. "Why?!"

"Hizashi's lost it!"

Tensei tackled him and a pink mist gazed through the wooden wall seperating the baths. "Seriously Tensei just let me blow out his ear drums. He deserves it!"

"Can't let you do that!" Tensei rolled them and Hizashi smelled Nemuri's quirk. Right as his vision closed and everything went black.

Hizashi woke up in the dining hall. His head pounded as everyone was eating and talking around him. A small hand that was heavily calloused swept over his forehead. "Nemuri he's awake." Shouta leaned over his bleary vision. "Hey."

"Hey." He greeted. She slipped a few pills into his hand, followed by a water bottle.

"Take some asprin. Nemuri used the gas from her chest, a lot of it. She was afraid you'd be knocked out all night." Shouta explained.
He sat up to take the pain medication and saw Nemuri and Tensei sitting next to them. Everyone had small little trays holding their food. One sat next to them untouched.

"Thanks Hizashi." Shouta smirked at him and he looked at her in shock. "We were all pretty mad that Nichi tried to peep. Even if he only really saw me, you still tried to defend my honor."

"Well he..." Hizashi flushed in irritation. "He shouldn't have done it in the first place."

"Still," Shouta swatted his arm gently, "Thanks."

The smile she turned his way caused his heart to race. She pulled his tray over and pointed at it. He decided to eat before he lost control of his quirk again.

But if Shouta kept sending him smiles like that for the rest of the meal... He wasn't going to complain.

Chapter End Notes

I just have to say it's pretty cool that Shinsous hero gear has a face mask that allows him to copy voices. All to promo someone to answer him. I love it.

As much as I think he should join 1-A I think he might be a better fit for 1-B. You know despite the obvious Dadzawa going on. Can't wait to watch this segment unfold.
Shouta finished her morning jog with Hizashi at her side for it. She was still rather flattered he’d threatened to deafen someone over her modesty. But she was also glad he didn't. He didn't need that kind of mark on his school record.

Nichi had been reprimanded and had to clean the onsen as punishment. He got to go on keeping his hearing, and Shouta got butterflies in her stomach when she looked at Hizashi glaring at the other teen.

After a rough night of weak sleep Shouta was suddenly glad she'd gotten her nap when she did. But she woke up sore from the long swim and needed to run the aches out. Finding Hizashi about to head out as well spurred their shared jog into life.

And it was nice, he hooked his music player up to a strap on his arm and it played loud enough to hear while they ran. He gave her a commentary of what they were listening to, who was singing or playing, and when the songs were made.

She really hoped he got to do his radio show.

After their run they joined the rest of their class for breakfast. That was when Valkyrie-Sensei and
Psyon-Sensei detailed the plans for the week.

"This trip will be a test of where your quirks are. I want to see you exceeding your limits, strengthening your quirks. I also want to see you pushing your physical abilities. Your quirks aren't everything." Valkyrie-Sensei instructed.

After that the teachers went around and gave each student the run down of what they were going to be doing. Shouta was supposed to increase her physical and quirk endurance while erasing the abilities of another student.

This was completed by sparring with Chatora Yawara. He was the missing fourth member of Sosaki's group of friends. He was transgendered. Apparently he was in the process of making the full transition and the school had agreed to comply with his identified gender.

Chatora had an imposing look about him. Shouta would never have known he was born female. Didn't matter anyways, he wanted to work on his endurance and fighting abilities. Their goals were similar in their training.

They ended up in a large space set up for sparring. "What is your quirk Aizawa-San?" Chatora asked.

"Erasure, I can erase quirks as long as I'm looking at the user. Your's?" Shouta asked looking up at the tall and buff teen.

"Pliabody. I can stretch and flatten my body." He patted his arm. "I've been strengthening my muscles to bulk up."

"I centered all of my training around my acrobatics. I could stand to get much better at close hand to hand combat." Shouta offered.

"Me too, I would love to learn to use my power that way, my quirk is suited for close combat!" Chatora laughed and Shouta grinned.

"Alright." Shouta went over what she knew and what he knew. They exchanged pointers and she showed him a few different holds and submissions. He showed her how to increase the strength in her punches and kicks.

Apparently he learned a bit of Muay Thai during his visit to Thailand. As they went through forms Chatora confessed that when he graduated he was going to take time off and finish his transition there before taking to being a pro hero.

Shouta respected his drive. So she told him about how she was going to be an underground hero. He ended up being an excellent sparring partner.

Their day progressed into actual fighting. And she wished that she had her capture weapon. But thankfully when she made a mistake in her offense, Chatora would point it out for correction. She also helped him stop stumbling when his body snapped back into shape after she erased his quirk.

They were flagging visibly when lunch came around. Her eyes burned and she collapsed when Valkyrie-Sensei called a halt to their training. She bent towards her knees and groaned. She was unable to open her eye drops, and despite her budding friendship she didn't trust Chatora to help her yet.

"Hey Shouta!" It was Hizashi! "Let's go get lunch!"
She had heard him all morning off using his quirk to shake the ground and scare the wild life. "Yamada-San, Aizawa seems to be in pain!" Chatora called worriedly.

"Hey, you alright?" Hizashi's rapid footsteps echoed to her. "Your eyes?"

"Help please," She thrust her hand out and he took her eye dropper.

"I gotcha Shouta." Hizashi stepped to kneel behind her he tipped her head back gently and smoothed his fingers over her forehead. She cracked her eyes open enough to see him smile at her. He pried each eye open all the way and dropped the soothing medication on her throbbing dry eyes. Instant relief.

She slumped against her crush and sighed. "Better?"

"Yeah," She huffed and got to her feet.

Hizashi smiled and turned to her training partner. "Thanks Chatora, make sure you call for one of us if something like this happens again."

"Certainly." Chatora nodded sternly. They walked to the student hall together. Tensei was just dropping down from the tree canopy and Nemuri was wrapped up in a blanket despite the heat.

They thumped down to rest before starting in on making their own lunch. As Valkyrie-Sensei said she was only going to do their first night of meals. Hizashi took the lead there and made a large pot of some strange stir fry noodle dish.

Once seated Chatora led his passal of female friends to join them with what looked like a rice porridge. "Wow you're gonna do radio and be a hero?" Sosaki gasped at Hizashi.

"Totally!" He grinned widely.

"I want to be in a group." Tsuchikawa waved her arms wide.

"Like in anime?" Nemuri asked.

"Exactly. Cute costumes with a group theme. Assembled poses so we're recognizable." She smiled excitedly. "People will love us!"

"I want to rescue." Sosaki smiled. "My cousin is graduating next year and will be in a duo. But my quirk isn't a fighting ability. It's one way Telepathy. I think it would be better to be able to project directions to victims and bystanders."

"It would be good to be reassuring in times of crisis!" Chatora boomed and his female friends chittered in agreement. They were all bubbly and seemed to mesh well together. Like Shouta and her friends did.

There was no time to do much other than soak and sleep after the first day. But there was a four hour block after lunch the second day to do what they wanted. Sisterhood they were doing some kind of night workouts.
That day saw Hizashi fiddling with his portable speaker while they waited for Shouta and Nemuri to join them. With the added number of friends he wanted to make sure he had a variety of music to play. He liked Chatora and his friends.

Chatora had been up front with the gathered makes about his identified gender. No one had a problem with it. Honestly if Hizashi had to say; Chatora's manly and intimidating aura left no question he was meant to be anything other than a man.

Nemuri walked out of the building wearing a hoodie and leggings. Shouta by contrast only wore a long sleeveless hoodie. Both girls wore flip flops. Shouta even pulled her hair up into a lazy bun.

They laughed as they walked to the beach where the rest of the students had decided to spend their free time before they had to do the night training.

Chatora and his friends were set up already. They wore a bunch of matching striped bathing suits in various colors. Chatora however wore a vintage male bathing suit that covered torso to knees. They were building what looked like a sand castle and waves excitedly at them. "Shouta are you going to swim?" Tensei asked their quiet friend.

"Oh, maybe later. I want to nap for a while first." Shouta rubbed her neck.

"Make sure you put on sunscreen!" Tensei pointed at her. "Otherwise you'll burn in your sleep."

"Yes dad." Shouta teased and Hizashi laughed.

"If Tensei is dad am I mom?" Nemuri asked, she pulled off her leggings and hoodie. She wore a strange set of hose type leggings and a one piece with long hose sleeves made of straps and crisscrossing fabric. He knew her quirk was awkward but man, she had some strange taste.

"Pushy, and overbearing, far too meddlesome." Shouta listed off and helped the other girl set up a large blanket. "Sure, why not."

Hizashi stifled a snort and tugged his shirt off to starr in on his own sunscreen. Halfway through a hand appeared on his back. Shouta blinked up at him. Equally as surprised as he was. "You're missing some."

Her tiny hand slid down the spots he couldn't reach on his back like a brand. He looked at Tensei in shock and his friend pointed at the bottle and then at Shouta imploringly. Put some on her? Was he insane?!

Nemuri wasn't looking at him but Tensei moved his hands in a shooing gesture. Like he wanted Hizashi to hurry up. Fuck!

Her hand was gone and he wanted to curse out loud at the loss. But when he turned around he was rewarded. Shouta was unzipping her hoodie to toss on the blanket.

She wasn't facing him but when she was done she turned. The bathing suit was a bright yellow. Dotted with tiny black cats. The top was a halter that dangled its ties from her neck and back. And the bottoms were a pair of tiny boy shorts. Her black painted toes even matched.

He was sure he'd just spontaneously combusted.

"Sho, make Hizashi put sunscreen on your back. I'm gonna go kick down this sand castle." Nemuri called and predatorially ran for their new friends.
"I'll go keep her from being a beach bully. Seriously Nemuri, how weird can you be!" Tensei trudged after her. Squeals of laughter and indignation rang up from their new friends.

Shouta looked at him with a blush on her face. She held out her hand and made a gimme motion for the bottle of sunscreen in his hand. Hizashi handed it over wordlessly. Still over taken by how different she looked.

"Hizashi, do you have any more pairs of sunglasses?" She asked. "It's too damn bright with my hair up."

He reached into his own bag and passed over his usual orange pair of aviators. He always had spares. "Does it look that weird?" She huffed as she put his shades on.

"What?" He asked and blinked out of the state of shock he was in.

"This swimsuit. Is it that weird looking? You didn't say anything. Tensei laughed and said cats were a daring choice. Nemuri just giggled because she technically chose it." Shouta looked down at her feet. "It's weird, I knew it."

"It's not weird!" He felt his quirk slip and Shouta looked at him sharply with worry on her face. There was nothing weird about her choice of swimwear. Yellow was her favorite color. And he knew she was super into cats. It fut her, it was flattering on her frame. Not overly girly, not even revealing, it was really the best choice for her. "You look really...really great!"

It was the single most sexy thing he'd ever seen. It beat out the bra by a milestone. Her shoulders hunched and her hip cocked. With his shades on and a bun cresting her head... He was done for. Perfect 10/10

She sat down to start applying sunscreen and he scrambled to sit down before she discovered the erection he was sporting. With his bag in his lap he was safe for the moment.

Shouta didn't known what was possessing her. But watching Hizashi pull his shirt over his head and seeing his torso for the first time...she bit her lip. He wasn't as ripped as Chatora was. But he had firm lines of muscle defining his body. His abs were sharp enough to cut glass on.

Not to mention the v cut of his hips.

Unfair. So damn unfair.

Before she knew what she was doing she'd slid her hand over his freshly sunscreen slathered shoulders and spread the balm to where he couldn't reach. He was warm and rigid with muscle.

He'd stared at her, the blue shades she'd won for him were sliding down his nose. Hastily trying to hide her own flush she'd looked at Nemuri who gave a sky wink. Unhelpful. It was hot, too hot. And getting worse the more she loved at Hizashi's muscles.

She took her hoodie off and received complements from her two other friends. But Hizashi was just standing there. Being strange. She asked for his opinion and frowned when he got contemplative.

She had to look away, so she slipped the borrowed sunglasses on and tried to hide just a bit. "You
look really...really great."

He looked at her and she jerked her gaze away in awkwardness. He thought she looked great?! She sat down to put on her sunscreen. She applied a liberal amount and frowned when her hands couldn't reach her back. She decided to wait a moment to calm her heart.

Then she held out the tube of sunscreen to Hizashi. "D-Do you mind?" She rolled to her stomach as he grabbed for the Bottle. "T-Thanks."

"No problem." He whined. Was he okay?

"Hizashi?" She asked.

"Just give me a second. I'm trying not to lose control of my quirk." He whispered. After a moment he decisively poured some sunscreen on his hands and rubbed them together. She kept her eyes on his incase he needed her to erase his quirk.

He hesitated a second before he ran his fingers across her back. Smoothing in the moisturizing protection. Shouta struggled not to combust in excitement. It was so embarrassing how badly she wanted to cry. His hands are warm, calloused, and safe feeling.

She couldn't be more aware of another human being if she tried. Hizashi sat back after one last sweep of her lower back. They locked eyes for a moment and she looked away blushing.

She shifted her arms under her head to relax and Hizashi dug in his bag. Before long music started to play and the awkward arousal ebbed away. For now at least. Every time she saw Hizashi move it was with a sensual pull of his muscles and damn did it hit her hard.

Hizashi let out a breath and started to give her commentary about the music again. And a smile stole over her face. When he asked if she liked the music, she nodded. And it wasn't so much that the music was good, she didn't much care what he played...it was that he talked to her about it.

Every day was an exercise in Shouta's stamina. She was starting to be able to keep her quirk activated for longer. If she blinked rapidly and used her quirk on and off the dryness wouldn't set in until after the fight was over. The time between using it to much and needing a break was small.

Chatora was an amazing sparring partner. His quirk made him a tricky opponent to face. His timing was about as narrow as hers. He didn't go down easy either. He pushed her combat skills to the test and to be honest. He won two more matches than her with just brute strength.

She really wanted to go against him with her capture weapon. They would have to spar at school.

It was their fourth day into training when the class got the bright idea of doing a test of courage. The woods were sparse but it was dark enough that the game could be fun. She was then chosen as one of the students to scare the others.

It was dissapointing. She liked to be scared. Maybe she could convince her friends to do the amusement park and horror house with her when they all got home.

Once the others had decided on a plan of action Shouta took her place. An overhanging tree that
was heavily blooming with leaves and flowers was a great hiding spot. Perched as she was she could scare people as they walked by.

The first few groups were hilarious. And further screams told her Chatora was scaring everyone adequately. He was so intimidating, but with such a stern but cute personality.

"Seriously why haven't you done anything yet?" That was Tensei's voice.

"I just...it's not the right time." Hizashi was with him.

"Dude, are you not going to do something about this?" Tensei sounded irritated. "You're just going to say nothing, when you obviously l-?"

"I'm fucking scared dude. Have you ever dealt with something like this?" Hizashi hissed. "I can't talk without my quirk going ballistic. Not to mention I'm totally afraid I'll say the wrong thing. What if I ruin everything?!"

"Mr. I'm-great-with-words is speechless." Tensei scoffed. "You're not running anything."

"What if I am?!" Hizashi snarked. "I can't think straight, I sweat all the time now, and I'm popping awkward boners like a loser!"

"You know how you deal with that right?" Tensei laughed

"Don't you dare!" Hizashi launched himself at Tensei. "Not after what you and Nemuri pulled! How could I even-?!"

Shouta had no idea what they were talking about. But she reached down as Hizashi tried to pummel Tensei by climbing onto his back. She skittered her fingers along Hizashi's bare neck and he froze. Which caused Tensei to freeze.

"Dude!" Tensei yelped, "Too hard!"

"S-S-Spider!" Hizashi screamed and flung himself into the ground and rolled around. Then he was up and gone down the trail that fast.

"Shouta, that you?" Tensei asked. She locked her ankles around the branch and dropped through the leaves to look at her friend upside down.

"That was quick. Does he hate bugs?" Shouta asked.

"He does indeed." Tensei laughed. "You heard all that?"

"Well I'm not sure what's bothering him. Is he okay?" Shouta asked. Tensei blinked at her a moment then he scratched his neck

"He's just stressing out. But he'll be fine. Try and be patient with him." Tensei smiled at her. Shouta frowned but nodded. If Hizashi was stressing out she was he's to help him. She just wasn't sure of what she could do.
Shouta sat outside the onsen on the last night they were to be there. She was lounging against the wooden walkway and looking out at the beach. Unable to sleep despite her tiredness. This was quickly becoming a problem. Worse than usual.

Her only excuse was that her quirk and body were overtaxed. Nemuri had tried to massage her back earlier, hoping it would help. But while helpful, it only served to limber her up and wake her up more.

She was irritated so she got up and slipped into her tennis shoes. The grass was low and the ground flat. Maybe she could work on some of her gymnastics workouts. She measured the distance and then sprang into a series of running flips. Transitioning as if she was holding her capture weapon. She had an advantage when standing, but she was lacking if she were on the ground.

"You should try dancing." She whipped around to see Hizashi leaning on the beam that held the roof above the outside walkway.

"Dancing?" She lifted a brow and took a running jump into a fast flipping routine, one that she used currently with her capture weapon.

"You're going to be an underground hero, that means a number of your fights are going to be solo." Hizashi crossed his arms. He looked different with his hair across his brow, and no tinted glasses. "I've seen the footage in the hero class. You do great one on one, or ambushes. You can take on about three enemies without really faltering. But I think if you pushed it more, you might not be able to last long in a match up like that."

"You're right." She said as she rolled to her feet again and looked up at him. "So dancing?"

"When you dance, it's about moving through a crowd seemlessly." Hizashi smirked. "My mom made me go to some classes when I was in elementary. Cultural education she says."

He signed something as he spoke and looked a little lost in memories. "Anyways, in ballroom dancing you have to sweep through various other people, often while leading your partner. Or if you get into break dancing, you can move almost like your flips, just on the ground."

She saw the way he smirked and nodded to the grass. "Show me."

"Wha- right now?" He blinked down at her.

"Well, if you're right, I might sign up for some classes before summer is over." Shouta tilted her head back. "So show me, if they work I'll use them. Anything to make me a better fighter is worth checking out."

"Alright." He sighed and vanished back into the building. He returned a moment later with his own shoes. He spent a few moments putting them on then drew the drawstring on his shorts tighter.

He opened his music app and scrolled for a few moments before he handed her the phone. She held it and remembered every morning of this trip. Their private morning runs that were punctuated with him slowly introducing her to his music.

Every day got less awkward when she went to the beach to play in the sand and water with their friends. She didn't get so tongue tied when he took his shirt off now. Though she still felt the intense need to just bite him. Right on those perfect hips.

Over the course of the trip he had trained hard. She could hear him in the far off parts of the island using his quirk. But he always came looking for her at lunch, or dinner. Taking over for Chatora in
looking after her when she couldn't see through her dry eyes.

Unintentionally he had one of her eye dropper bottles. But she hadn't said anything, neither had he. He woke her from her naps, and guided her back to Nemuri. She knew from Nemuri, who heard from Tensei, he now sat by the walls in the onsen. A guard for their privacy.

She had steadily grown comfortable around him. Her attraction deepening from a crush to very strong feelings. They only intensified when he paced away from her and listened to the music for moment. Then he started to move. Feet twisting and turning as he lifted his arms. He moved his whole body and turned, spinning and dancing as if the music were the guide. He was graceful and cool.

Then he dropped to the ground and bounced off his flexed arm. He rolled in the air and tucked his arms before he used the momentum in his legs to turn and twist. Only his shoulders touched the ground. And when the momentum slowed he unwound and planted his hands on the ground. He planked his body before he turned just his hips and both legs bent in different ways.

It was fast, chaotic, but she saw what he meant. On the ground she only had her feet, if she could move like that, she could pair it with her capture weapon and never be overwhelmed when knocked down.

The song ended and he popped back to his feet out of breath. Grass stained his shirt and she was left speechless as he tugged the end up to wipe his brow. Goddammit, and she was doing so good about not falling into being a blushing mess. He was attractive, she got it. She cursed her heart and body for being so weak.

"You're right." She said.

"Yeah? Think you'll give it a shot?" He smiled widely at her. "I know a place, it's where I went. They do all kinds of dance there."

"What about the other one?" She asked while her heart raced.

"Well that would depend on the type of ballroom dancing you want to do. We'll start with something simple. The waltz has only a few steps. You can learn it now." He held out his hand for the phone and she passed it over. Once he decided on a song he pulled it up and slipped the device into his arm band. Then he held out his hands. "I'll lead until you get it. Then you can lead."

He directed one of her hands to his shoulder, and he cupped the back of her shoulder blade. They gripped their hands together and he showed her the simple steps. She fumbled a few times until she understood the pattern. "Alright, were going to move a bit first. And if we don't totally step all over each others feet, I'll pick a faster song."

She nodded and they moved, the pressure he exerted on her back helped to guide her. Trying to keep her feet in line but not on top of his was an exercise in effort and concentration. She realized quickly that the less she looked down the less she would step all over his feet. But looking up was a mistake. Hizashi was watching her with amusement.

They managed a few moments without injury so he changed the song and suddenly he was leading her faster. Moving with precision around the grassy grounds around the students hall. He was right again. If she could master the movements she would be able to move around enemies like they were standing still.

But that was only a minor thought in her mind. The bulk of it was buried under how fucking
gorgeous he was. How perfect his eyes reflected the moonlight. How the smell of his sweat made her knees weak. The feel of his hand on her back and in her palms was perfect. His chest bumped hers as they moved, and he was so damn good at this too. Her heart raced and when the song ended she mourned the loss of the sound.

"T-there are much faster dances. I'm not that great of a teacher, but you can always take some of the classes I did." He stammered and with great regret she let him pull away from her.

Hizashi stepped abck from Shouta, fearful she would feel how fast his heart was hammering. See the way his breathing was wild. He was afraid he would grow hard just watching her.

Her frustration had ebbed right as they really started to dance. She was a natural, the moment she stopped paying attention and let her feet lead her. He needed to get her into the studio next to his house. He would talk to his old instructor. She wouldnt mind taking in future pro heroes.

Shouta stepped back and reached into her pocket. She dropped some saline medication in her eyes and blinked away the excess. "Hizashi, you dance really well." She said softly.

"I was only taught, there's a lot of dancers way better than me. They compete and dedicate their lives to it." He waved his hand modestly. But she shook her head and smiled at him.

"Nah, I've never danced like that before." She smiled at him. He never wanted her to stop smiling at him. "When we get back I want to go to this studio. I'll take some classes."

"Alright!" Hizashi gave her a thumbs up and turned off his phone. "Did that help tire you out. I saw you weren't sleeping."

"I think I'm too tired to sleep," Shouta huffed. "If that makes sense."

It didn't for normal people. But he knew her, he'd seen her fall asleep on homework, or on her desk, but never get tired when she was fighting in class.

She seemed to lose all the fight against sleep the moment she sat down and was expected to entertain herself. If there wasn't class going on, or someone speaking to her she was pretty much asleep.

He sat in the grass and she settled next to him. Her bare legs crossed and she leaned back on her elbows. "Hey Shouta," He looked at her and she lifted an eyebrow. "What did you think of this kind of summer camp?"

"Exhausting." She snorted, "But there were good parts of it. Meeting Chatora and his friends, getting to train against someone stronger than me in hand to hand..."

She trailed off and it fell in line with the things he enjoyed too. Only he replaced most of his awkward memories of her with the sight of her in that cat bathing suit burying Tensei when he fell asleep in the sand. Poor guy had run the island and it's canopy a hundred times that day. She had looked up at him with a sly smile and it meant mischief, something he would recall forever.

He realized something sitting there as she talked about something the girls had done in the bath earlier. Something about sneaking in bubbles. He saw her sly look and knew with startling clarity,
he was falling in love with her.

This was the first time he'd ever felt such intense feelings of love. He'd had crushes before, even a girlfriend or two in middle school. But never anything serious. He was going to become a hero, his career would always come first.

Now he felt this for a girl who was going to live through the same things as him. Who no doubt felt the same way about her career being first in her life. She understood him.

Often she let him ramble on about music, or his future with a smile or even a suggestion here or there. She allowed him into her life with a glare and a scoff before she looked at him expectantly.

Shouta was wonderful in every way a girl could be. He'd never met anyone like her, and honestly, he didn't want to meet anyone else.

Chapter End Notes

So I'm seeing the slow burn is working. I've got about six ideas about how the confessions are gonna happen.

I want to see how you all like it.

First Year?
Second Year?
Graduation?
Or how about during the first year as pros?

I've got ideas to fill each of these times. Question is if I want to make you all wait.

Is not all going to be fluff.

:3
Finishing Moves

Chapter Summary

The last leg of summer is poured into finishing move training. Shouta attends sample classes of dancing with her friends.

Returning home was punctuated by her three male dads freaking out over how exhausted she was. She had dinner with them, and settled in with Shino.

She ended up laying against his side while they watched a movie. "Shino." Shouta said suddenly and he looked down at where she lay on his chest. "I think I'm falling in love."

"With Yamada?" He asked. She nodded and he chuckled. "We know."

"I don't know what to do." She admitted. Her mind was an stuck in the feelings she had while he held her and showed her how to dance. Showed her that she could turn something as simple as that into a combat skill. "I'm scared."

Akio suffled over the long couch to prop his head on her hip to join the conversation. Her father was lounging in his chair with a large sketchbook in his hands. "Why are you scared Sho?"

"What if I die as a hero? Or he does?" She tucked her chin down. "How am I supposed to get over that?"

"So you think you'll be with him a long time?" Shino asked. "That's promising, I was worried you were just into him as a high school fling."

"I don't think I can do anything half way." Shouta said and sighed when she thought of how badly she wanted to give voice to her feelings. "He's got these amazing plans to help everyone. He's so cool and sweet. How can I be apart of that? Should I even try? What if it doesn't work out?"

"When I met your mother." Her father spoke up as he drew. "I was an art student making my first year revenue out of commissions and planning to start a gallery. She was finishing up at the academy and was planning to join a precinct. It was hard to make dates, or see each other. I would get lost in my art, and she would work long demanding hours."

Shouta and Shino looked at him. He paused in his pencil strokes and looked up. The flashing red of his quirk activated as he took a snapshot of them all on the couch.

"But every moment was worth it. The way she would smile when she saw me. The way it felt when we would talk and even she held my hand. The sound of her voice when she said my name." Her father smiled and lifted a smudged finger to stem the flow of tears.

"I know it was hard on me to lose her. Even worse for you. I lost myself there for a while Sho, and I deeply apologize." Her father looked at her solidly. "I don't ever want you to miss out on being with someone you love because you're afraid to lose them."

"I hesitated a lot when I met Akio." Shino turned to look back at her. And Akio laughed.
"Hesitated, more like you ran at the sight of me most of the time." Akio got up and handed a package of wet wipes to Shouta's father.

"Yes well," Shino cleared his throat. "I wrestled with myself. Your mother laughed at me, said I should take a chance. I told her a chance was weak, I needed an assurance. You see, I also don't do things half way."

Shouta laughed. Her mother would have kicked her into action. Not allowing her to over think or hesitate. She really missed her.

"I wanted to be sure. So I waited, I became Akio's friend. And we shared a lot of interests. One day I knew, I couldn't live without him as part of my life." Shino smiled sweetly at his husband. "The same happened when we met your father."

"You're working on your hero course training." Akio crouched down and smiled at her. "Making friends and getting stronger. If you get to the point where you take want to be with Yamada, you'll have our support"

"Hmm," Her father rolled his eyes. "After I get to be a dad and threaten the boy."

"You have to find any happiness you can when you get into this business. Something to come home to, to not lose in the darkness you're going to experience." Shino reached out to tangle his fingers with Akio's.

"Don't hide from how you feel Sho." Her father smiled at her. Shouta thought on it. The fear of losing someone she gave her heart to was very great. Maybe she could overcome it. She just didn't know.

Hizashi paced in his room as he frantically went over the encouraging texts from Nemuri and Tensei. They wanted him to confess. To take that terrifying step forward with Shouta.

He had no idea of she liked him like that. He was petrified of ruining things with her. She was comfortable with him. She let him put eye drops in when her eyes swelled shut with dryness! She cared what he thought of her bathing suit! She listened to him ramble on and on about music...

That counted for something didn't it?

A knock sounded in his door and his mom stood there a little concerned. She lifted her hands and started to sign. "Are you alright Hizashi?"

"I'm fine sorry." He signed as well as spoke so she could read his lips. Both of his parents were very good at reading lips.

"Was the training camp hard?" she asked and entered to sit primly on his bed. He smiled at her weakly.

"It was, but it was a good hard." He flashed his hands and then froze. "Do you remember my friend Aizawa?"

She nodded with a small smile. "Shouta this, Shouta that, I think I know her better than even..."
"Mom I think I'm falling in love with her." He finished getting it out and his hands shook. It was the first time he'd put that out there. Nemuri and Tensei thought he was still just crushing hard.

"Have you told her yet?" He blinked at his mother's hands in shock.

"What?! I can't say anything. What if I ruin our friendship?!" He slumped into his computer chair and fisted his fingers in his hair. He hadn't done anything to it once he got home and showered. He remembered the way Shouta had teased him about hair flipping. He was going to grow it out.

"Do you know if she has feelings for you?" His mother signed to him after touching his shoulder to get his attention. Her soft eyes fell on him sweetly.

"No, she's really great to all of us." Hizashi answered. He puzzled over her awkward reactions to things and wondered just what she thought of him. "I just...I really like spending time with her. I admire her goals. What she wants to be...She understands me."

"Then how can you be sure you've ruined a friendship of honesty if you yourself are just being honest." His mother could be real pointed when she wanted to be

He wanted to tell Shouta. He really did. But thinking of a rejection, or even a rift in their friendship was too much to bear. It would be safer if he just felt things out. Progressed slowly until they were such good friends that if he did confess...she couldn't get rid of him.

"Hizashi, I don't like that look in your eyes." His mother frowned at him sternly. "You need to be honest with this girl!"

"I will...after I know for sure!" He nodded. A plan was all he needed. His phone beeped with an email. He frowned and opened it, surprised to see his teacher had sent a notice to him. It was a follow up telling them that for the next two weeks of summer break they were too come to UA for special training.

He wondered what it was for.

Shouta sighed as she walked up the stairs to the school. "Shouta!" Nemuri's voice greeted her and she looked up to see her friend at the gates with Hizashi already. "Come on!"

She took the steps slower just to frustrate her. Hizashi laughed and shook his head. She got to the top and saw Tensei tearing up the stairs behind her. "Oi, you're late." Shouta dead panned.

"Sorry, had to leave Tenya with the babysitter. I thought I had time to play with him until last night." Tensei blew out a breath. "Special training...I didn't hear anything from the class rep."

"Who knows?"Nemuri adjusted her uniform.

They headed in and noticed the school was still fairly busy. The support department was booming. The management department was bustling with students frantically running around. Gen Ed and the hero class all had a few students there for remedial studies as well.
Once seated in their own classroom they see their teacher enter with a folder. "Hello everyone. I hope you enjoyed your night off. But training is not done."

There was a groan around the room and Shouta frowned. It wasn't like they weren't here to be heroes. Who cared if they had to sacrifice their summer?

Shouta shared an irritated look with her friends. Only fourteen of them had gone to the summer training camp. Those six students who had failed and went to remedial, they were gone. Down to Gen Ed. That included their class reps.

Tensei had been right. This was a cutthroat school.

"For the next two weeks you will be participating in intensive training every day. This is to get you all ready to participate in the Provisional Licensing Exam." Valkyrie-Sensei announced. "Should you earn your license you will be able to work independently for an agency as an intern. The valuable experience you gain from the internships will follow you into your pro careers. The good relations you can foster with future peers will be imperative."

Shouta remembered the twins form her work experience. They had recommended an underground hero for her to intern with. She would have to look into it, but to do that she needed to get her provisional license.

"Now the subject of the training was something Psyon and I decided on last night. You all made a lot of progress on your physical and quirk abilities. I think it's time we put in work to develop your finishing moves." Valkyrie-Sensei announced. A finishing move... what was Shouta supposed to do for that? "On that note, you will all be allowed to use hero gear for your exam. Yamada, your new gear is done. Support left you a note. Get suited up everyone, were going to start testing at Gym Alpha."

Shouta followed her friends until they split off and grabbed her case. She saw Hizashi reading his note and he laughed. "What's up?"

"They took our math and expanded on it." Hizashi looked at her. "You were right about them just running with it."

"Do you have any ideas for a finishing move?" Shouta asked she was so stumped. She wasn't trying to be flashy.

"Hmm, I guess that would depend on the situation." He frowned and scrubbed a hand over the back of his neck. "Tensei does, I wonder about Kayama?"

"I saw she was filling out a new form. Do you think she changed her costume design?" Shouta asked.

"Maybe." Hizashi grinned and moved off to the locker room. Shouta entered the locker room and saw Nemuri was actually baring her legs for the first time since they met.

"Nemuri!" Shouta exclaimed in excitement. Nemuri grinned at her happily.

"I know right, I figured out how to move my quirk from my entire body to just my torso and arms!" Nemuri threw her arms up. "I knew I would figure it out eventually. Mom said it would come to me."

"I'm happy for you." Shouta allowed her half dressed friend to hug her. "I saw you were changing your costume."
"Yes! Now that I can isolate my quirk, I want to wear my costume how I want!" She practically vibrated in elation.

Shouta laughed with her as she gushed over some of her ideas for her new outfit. It seemed Nemuri's already confident personality was taking a sharp upturn in strength. It was good to see her so excited.

Shouta stood separate from everyone while she contemplated what she could do for a finishing move. She was working to be able to handle multiple opponents. But she knew her specialty was in ambushing her enemies. She wanted to have a finisher that could work for single and multiple opponents.

There was no limit to how many quirks she could erase so long as they were within her sight. The time between uses was as short as a second. If she over used it she would have to take a break to rehydrate her eyes. Provided she could put drops in she could return to it immediately. Without she could push herself, but she would have to close them for longer.

Shouta touched her capture weapon as it lay heavily on her collar and shoulders. It was long enough to loop a few people together. And wrap a single person entirely. She had caltrops and trip wire, but those were to be used in a controlled environment. When she had control of the area of battle.

She bit her lip and thought. Maybe she could try a rush attack, keeping the element of surprise. And if she was fast enough she could eliminate ten enemies at once. But it would only work in an ambush.

"Have you thought of something Aizawa?" Valkyrie-Sensei walked over and looked her over. "You've shown me good things since you've gotten here. You clawed your way up the ranks and cemented yourself here. I have no doubt you were meant to be a hero."

"Thank you sensei." Shouta ducked her head down shyly.

"I saw some of the fighting styles you combined when training with Chatora of 1-B. I look forward to what finishing move you come up with." She paced away and Shouta fisted her hands. She wanted to test some things first.

She moved across the gym to where the wall was. She shot her scarf up into the rafters and pulled herself up as if it were silk curtains. Once up and feet secured on the metal rafters, her scarf whipped back up around her neck. She crouched comfortably and closed her eyes. Slowly and steadily she flung her scarf out, directing it with only her fingers. Her callouses burned as the material wrapped and tangled in intricate patterns.

She lunged forward and her scarf wrapped around her arms and legs. Her head was bared and she was suspended perfectly and stealthily. With her fingers tangled in the rough bands she was held securely.

"Excellent Aizawa!" Valkyrie-Sensei called from below. Shouta looked down and her teacher was grinning broadly. "If I hadn't seen you move up there I would never know you were there. That would work well for a stake out or ambush set up."
"It's something I wanted to try out. It won't be my finisher though." Shouta said. She twitched her fingers and as one the bands snapped back to her, wrapping tightly around her hand as she lowered herself back to the ground. She twitched her fingers again and repeated the move. She wanted to get a better feel of what her capture weapon was capable of if she pushed it to full capacity.

Hizashi liked his new directional speaker. It fit much better to his neck and was much more responsive to the feel of his quirk activating. It felt heavier, but it was a better support item all together.

The speaker would direct his voice in pointed locations. Giving him direct control of his volume and all the things that volume could do. There were switches on the front for him to determine exactly which direction he wanted to yell in. The frequency changes would need to be tested. But a finishing move, what could he do for that?

He looked over to where Shouta was lowering herself from the rafters. How had she gotten up there? Freaking ninja.

Hizashi decided to test his new speaker outside. He stood next to a stack of cinderblocks. He inhaled deeply and remembered all the extra training Shouta had helped him with. All to be ready for this. He tipped his head back and braced his feet.

"YEAH!" Hizashi's shout blasted so far and so narrowly he saw the yellow of the air change. He gaped and cut off before he realized what his speaker could do.

A hysterical laugh tore from him and he threw his arms up. The Support Department was amazing! "Hell Yeah!"

The next shout blew further, with a wide range that he knew could go miles. He danced in place with excitement burning in his veins. This was so freaking cool!

"I heard you." He turned to see Shouta at the door with wide eyes. "It really worked this time!"

"I know!" He didn't activate his quirk this time. It gave him automatic control. His smile was so wide he couldn't contain his elation. He turned and just screamed. His speaker directing his voice exactly where he wanted it. He flipped one of the switches and then he could use his voice in a wide arc all around him. He turned to see Shouta had her hands over her ears, but a smirk was on her lips.

Nemuri and Tensei popped up from the doorway behind her and they each had wide smiles on their faces for him. He could totally figure out a finishing move like this!

Hizashi was wrong, he was stumped.

The rest of the week found them all at a cafe near the school before training, and after training. Each of them brainstorming and shooting ideas off of each other.
Shouta was drawing things with graph paper and a lost expression on her face. He saw bruises appearing on her fingers from over using her capture weapon. Her eyes were bruised as well from pushing her quirk too hard.

Hizashi was currently sucking on lozenges for his throat, Nemuri was wearing a warm sweater despite the heat and Tensei was icing his biceps.

They were pushing hard. Any plans they had to experiment with other summer fun was put on the side until they could finish training.

"I'm so tired!" Shouta suddenly shouted and raked her fingers through her hair and groaned. "Agh!"

"Sho," Nemuri reached out to rub her shoulder. "It's alright."

"Do you realize how much concentration it takes to do what I'm trying?" Shouta growled. "I need to get it just right, or someone is going to get free."

"Shouta, how many people are you trying to capture at once?" Tensei asked.

"What was the average number of gang members that can gather in a general location?" Shouta rubbed her eyes and rotated her bruised hand.

"Ah, I think sensei said there was anywhere from six to ten based on how much force any one organization wants to show. Any more and it's war, any less and it's looking weak." Nemuri supplied tiredly.

"Right. I've got a loop scheme that I can control if I sent out one end of my weapon. It needs to be fast, no room to retaliate." Shouta pulled out another graph. "The problem is, I can't see if the number gets too high."

Hizashi looked at her diagram. She assumed the enemy would be scattered but not too far from one another. She could approach one of two ways. Lash them all together, or get each one in a loop that could immobilize them. Hizashi frowned.

He suddenly had an idea for a joint attack. But he bit his lip to keep himself from saying anything. She was going to be a solo hero. While she would work with other people, she wasn't going to be in a duo, trio, or even a group.

That did give Hizashi an idea for his own finisher. He looked down at his math and compared it to what he and Shouta had accumulated. If he could maintain the right tone, he could mess up the equilibrium of a large group of villains.

"What if you come in from above?" Tensei suggested.

"Yeah you're getting really good at the overhead stealth thing." Nemuri agreed. "That way you have view of all of them and you could drop in on them in one go. Your diagram seems fine."

Shouta blinked at the paper a moment. Then she got up and immediately walked to the counter. Hizashi frowned, "Did you break her?"

Nemuri shook her head and Tensei just looked as lost as they did. Shouta came back over and slapped a huge cup of coffee and a double shot of espresso onto the table. "It's genius, I need to go practice."
She downed her espresso and gathered her papers up. She saluted them and bustled off. Hizashi sighed and got up. He gathered his own stuff together and wanted to his friends. He made it outside by the time she walked back towards him. "The station is that way."

"Uh huh." Hizashi smirked and reached out to steer her by her messenger bag. He helped her get to the station and they rode towards her exit. Once there he helped her get home. Akio-San answered the door when Hizashi rang the doorbell.

"I'm fine." Shouta grumbled.

Hizashi pushed her at her father's boyfriend. "She pushed it too hard tiday and it's now in a caffinated delirium."


"No problem!" Hizashi grinned. Public service was part of what he was trying to do as a hero. That and making sure the girl he was falling in love with got home was a personal imperative.

He waved to Shouta and headed off to walk to the station again. Having his school pass was great, free rides. Maybe he could find reasons to walk Shouta home every day.

Shouta shifted on her feet as ten students all gathered together in the gym. They milled around and Shouta watched them from the rafters. Her elbows pressed into her thighs. She breathed in deeply. She reached up to pull her goggles down.

"Okay, Aizawa, you may begin!" Shouta waited for a minute then two. As the students started to relax, a din of amusement filled the air, that's when she leapt.

Her knees pulled up and her arms spread wide. Her quirk activated just as her scarf whipped out and both ends swept around all ten students. She tucked into a roll and brought the bands of her scarf together in an over head yank. With it looped over her shoulder she planted her foot in one band and drew the other tight. All ten students were reeled together into a wriggling tied up bundle.

"Mass Capture." Shouta said simply.

"Very effective." Valkyrie-Sensei cocked her hip. "Can they break free?"

"Not with how tightly I have them wrapped." Shouta explained. "Each loop has immobilized their arms at the elbows. It's tight enough no one can wriggle free."

"This could work for even a lone combatant. Versatile. Modifiable even." Valkyrie-Sensei nodded. "Accepted."

Shouta pulled her foot back, "Everyone, hold still." Shouta called. Her scarf snaked back to her shoulders. Everyone stared at her in bewildered shock. "Thanks."

With that she turned in her boot heel and walked away. The large group of students milled around until Nemuri was called. She had a whip on her hip and it was intimidating to see it. But it was when she unzipped her arm that they needed to be worried.
Her quirk emitted a burst of pink smoke that blanketed the group in a large burst. All ten students collapsed instantly. "Chlorophorm Cloud." Nemuri purred.

It would be totally cool, if she didn't look creepy pleased by the end result. Shouta shook her head. Adult only hero indeed.

"Excellent Kayama." Valkyrie-Sensei smiled at her student. "Being able to put an entire area to sleep so quickly will not only remove villainous threat, but it will assist in calming or removing innocent civilians from a crisis area. Good work."

Tensei offered to go next and lined up an array of test dummies. He took up a running position and a revving sound came from the engines in his arms. He suddenly vanished from sight and reappeared in the air. He delivered a zigzagging pattern of strikes that immobilized each dummy.

"Recipro Rush!" Tensei finished his attack as he skidded to a stop.

"I see you adopted a move mimicked from your family. As your engine quirks are all in didn't places the appliances cation of the Recipro move varies in effectiveness and versatility." Valkyrie-Sensei nodded. "I do believe you will do your family proud Iida. Try using that move coming in from above. I think it might work."

A few more students went and their moves were accepted, others were sent back to try again. But Shouta found her friends sitting around her waiting. Finally Hizashi walked in from outside and flashed everyone a charismatic smile.

"Hey Hey Hey!" He pointed finger guns at everyone as he sauntered over to the teacher. Valkyrie-Sensei stifled an amused smile at his antics.

"What do you have for me Yamada?" Their teacher asked.

"Sorry in advance everyone!" Hizashi waves his hand wildly "I call it, Crowd Control."

"Hmm, demonstrate." Valkyrie-Sensei ordered.

Hizashi inhaled deeply before he clicked a button on his directional speaker. Then he let loose a sharp whistle. It smashed out like a shock wave of yellow energy. The glass above them shattered. As did every light in the gym.

But that wasn't all it did. Shouta's vision swam and she thumped back on the bleachers dizzily. He'd knocked their equilibrium out, with just one whistle. Their teacher flared her wings to maintain her footing.

"Y-Yamada...?" Valkyrie-Sensei stuttered.

"That, is a sonic whistle. The disorientation should wear off in about three minutes. In that time I can deliver another attack to knock all enemies out." Hizashi smirked. "But this is good to stop enemies in their tracks."

"You pass!" Valkyrie blurted and collapsed.
Chapter Summary

Shouta and her friends find they have to work together to gain their licenses.

Shouta leaped down the stairs and took off towards the kitchen. Her father sleepily hugged a coffee mug at the table. Akio was making toast, and Shino was sprawled out asleep on the living room couch.

"I know you guys are like dating my dad and everything, but don't you have a house?" Shouta huffed as she helped herself to coffee and snatched toast from Akio.

"Apartment, and I was there last night. I came to make sure we were here when you left for your licensing exam." Akio slid a plate of toast to Shouta's dad. "Your father also stayed up all night painting and talking to Shino."

"You talk to him while he's on patrol?" Shouta looked at her dad. He blinked blearily at her.

"Nuh," He mumbled and sipped his coffee. "Used to...with your mom..."

"Wow," Shouta snorted at her dad. "Did you just take all of my exhaustion?"

He gave her a weak thumbs up and she snorted. She leaned over and kissed her father's cheek. "I'm going to head out. I'm meeting everyone at the station."

"Kick ass, Shouta." Shino waved a hand from the couch.

"Just do your best." Akio wiped his hands and smiled encouragingly.

"You'll do great." Her father said and sipped his coffee again. Shouta smiled at her awkwardly full family. She leaned over and hugged Akio, then darted to the couch to drop another cheek kiss on Shino.

And while her dad's boyfriends were stunned at her affection she moved to the door. Today she didn't wear her tights. It was hot and miserable. Her uniform was light and easily worn, so she put her tennis shoes on and skipped out the door.

She spent three days after her finisher was approved alternating between sleeping and doing light work outs. So now, for the exam, she felt totally rested.

After a train ride she joined her friends at the Takoba National Stadium. "Shouta!" Hizashi yelled as she walked up. "You look awake!"

"I binge slept." She smirked.

"Nemuri did you get your new costume?" Tensei asked.

"I did." Nemuri slipped them a decidedly dirty smile. This girl.

"Are the rest of our classmates here?" Shouta asked Tensei.
"We aren't really organized. The class reps went down to Gen Ed." Tensei sighed. "We're going to have to choose new reps when school starts back up."

"When we're all supposed to be interning?" Shouta scoffed rolling her eyes.

"That's going to be a lot of work for whoever gets it." Nemuri shook her head. "Oh, look!"

Shouta turned and saw Chatora waving from where he was walking among his gaggle of friends. "Hey!" Tsuchikawa yelled.

"I knew you were over here!" Shiretoko giggled.

"I hope we can all do our best!" Sosaki grinned at them.

"This is highly competitive. Let's make sure both classes get our licenses!" Chatora looked pumped up. Shouta laughed and nudged Hizashi. He launched into an excited ramble with the other girls about music and silly posing.

Tensei shook his head and led their mess into the building to join their classes. Their teachers stood apart from the other schools. Valkyrie-Sensei waves then all together.

"Now I want you all to remember, you are representing UA today. Pros and government officials will be watching and determining if you are deserving of licenses. It's very rare for first years to even get licenses. Do not slack off!" She looked at them sternly.

They were directed to the locker rooms and Shouta split off to hit the restroom before she got geared up. As soon as she split from the group she bumped into something totally invisible and fell to the ground. "What the hell?!"

Hizashi was suddenly there and helped her back up. The invisible thing rippled before it wiped away from a long blue lump of fabric. It was a sleeping bag.

"What the hell is that?!" Shouta hissed. Hizashi backed up a few steps with his hand on her shoulders.

"Hey! You shouldn't sleep here!" Hizashi called. The sleeping bag shifted and sat bolt upright. Long fingers appeared from within and unzipped the whole thing.

A man stood up, he had wild white hair held by a black bandana. An eye patch crossed over his left eye, and a long set of crisscrossing scars edged under it. The other eye was a deep red color. He had a smattering of facial hair and bags under his eyes worse than hers. He wore a flack jacket and cargo pants tucked into combat boots.

His one eye flicked to them and he huffed. "My bad."

"Shouta, you good?" Hizashi asked. What a weird pro, and he had to be who else wore clothing like that in a weird navy blue color? Their military wore traditional camo.

"Yeah, let's go." Shouta shook her head. She followed Hizashi to the locker rooms and shook it off. Weirdo.
A woman in a prim suit stood up on a podium before a crowd of teens from other schools. Hizashi knew hero courses were very popular in specialized high schools. But he wasn't expecting so many people.

"Greetings novice trainees." The woman addressed them all. "I am Otonashi Akira. Of the Public Hero Safety Commission. For your Provisional Licensing exam I am going to be your head proctor. Your performances will be judged by key government officials."

He looked at the number of people around them and a bit of nervousness edged into him. Logically he knew heroes were technically civil servants. They didn't have authority to arrest anyone, but they were going to be the force that fought dangerous people with dangerous quirks. They put their lives on the line so that others wouldn't have to.

Hizashi would be lying if he said the glamor of being a hero hadn't gotten to him a bit. But he remained steadfast. Quirks shouldn't be used to hurt people, and those people who did it knowingly and without remorse were agents of discord. Those people were the ones that usually became villains.

Hizashi was going to fight villains, he was going to provide safety to the innocent, and a brightness to those displaced or left on the wayside because of heroes and villains fighting. He kind of wanted to be like a knight from his parents English stories.

"For the first part of your exam I want to be frank." Otonashi looked over their group sternly. He long brown hair shook when she sighed. "There are too many of you. Over two thousand contestants. I want that number down to one hundred."

Hizashi jerked in shock. Only one hundred. He looked at Tensei next to him. They needed to be in that 100.

"The first leg of this exam will be a demonstrating of your combat abilities. You will be given a colored band, and a set of capture tape. You must wear one colored band on your arm. The objective is to collect five different colored bands. Then you must make your way to the safe zone to be determined done."

Officials walked through and Hizashi was handed a red band, tensei got green, Nemuri yellow, and Shouta blue. The odd color out was orange.

"The only concrete rule is that you not use your quirks to permanently maim your opponents. Or obviously kill them. Once you are captured you are out of the game. A capture is determined as a tie of hands together, or an immobilizing tie."

So they really wanted to whittle down the numbers. Captured and you're done. But then, who knew what kind of bands anyone had accumulated? He saw some groups forming up, friends splitting as well.

"It would be best if we remained a team." Tensei remarked.

Hizashi hummed, "With Nemuri and Shouta we're well rounded."

He leaned over and locked eyes with their female friends. They both nodded. They needed to strategize. They huddled together and Shouta leaned in, "We need to find a defensible location. Something easy to move in, but not enclosed. I need a spot to get up high, and Tensei needs to be able to maneuver, we all need to be able to avoid Nemuri's gas, and Hizashi's voice."

"Hmm," Nemuri looked around and noted eyes on the various UA students. It was then Hizashi
saw her new costume. It was much more revealing than her other one had been. She had bare legs down to boots. What looked like a red harness covered up the more illicit parts of her body. But a black tube top covered the part of her torso where she emitted her quirk from. Her arms were similarly covered. As he looked he noticed the harness was covered in pouches and rigs for her weapons. Her whip and a flogger hung from each hip. She was so weird. "We're going to be targets."

"UA is the best school around, always has been." Hizashi turned and decided to beam a winning grin at the students around them. "I'm sure they're going to book it for us. Shouta, you're definately going to be at a disadvantage if they're bum rushing us."

"I'll manage." Shouta looked at him determined. "Were passing this pre-test."

A rattling groan went around the room and they tensed. The room they were in wasn't actually a part of the hall they had traveled to get there. It rumbled before it unfolded from its cube shape. The walls fell to the ground. It was like an elevator had pushed them up into the main grounds of the stadium. A city scape was built up off to the side, a forest area next to it, and an open water and bridge were also built up. "Your preliminary exam begins now."

Hizashi didn't waste any time he grabbed for Shouta and Nemuri, and took off down the city streets. A slew of people were after them, he saw Shouta pull her goggles down and Hizashi flicked his directional speaker's buttons. He turned on his heel and screamed. "YEAH!"

His scream was like a physical shockwave that struck all of their attackers. Hizashi and his friends rounded a street and booked it for the heavier areas. They needed space and an area of defense. Somewhere to take down a lot of people, and escape quickly from. That was easy and difficult all at the same time.

Shouta threw out her arm and vaulted up onto an electric pole. She ran along the electric lines like she was weightless. Nemuri was parkouring over cars and mailboxes like she was born to it. Tensei kept pace with him until they found what they were looking for. It was near the bridge area, with room to see behind them. Shouta vanished from sight, and Nemuri slipped behind a bus stop.

Hizashi stood back to back with Tensei and huffed. They were going to be the bait. "Be careful, Tensei."

"You got it." His friend said. The first rush of examinees came at them. And as they rushed at them they suddenly faltered. Hizashi saw Shouta in the alcove of a window five stories up behind their attackers. Her hair floated around her head like a wreath of shadows. Though it looked like she was frowning she saluted him and Hizashi laughed.

"Nice TRY!" Hizashi's directed yell immobilized the six attackers. Tensei rushed in at the same time Nemuri did. The students couldn't put up much of a fight with their quirks removed.

Captured and colored bands claimed they had at least one color each. Shouta dropped down and swapped her band for the same color as Hizashi's. He frowned at her but she just shrugged.

"Let's make it hard for them to figure out what we actually have." She stuffed the two she held instead of the new one she wore into her pocket.

"There they are!" A new voice rang out and Shouta whipped around her scarf bands swirling around them securely. They were swamped a second later by a large group. More than an easy take down could handle. Hizashi scoffed when he lost his friends in the mesh of bodies.
"Crowd Control!" He yelled to draw attention to himself, and to warn his allies. Then he switched his speaker over again and let loose the shrill whistle he developed.

As soon as the whistle finished echoing, bands of Shouta's weapon lashed out and started to wrap various enemies up. Pink smoke filtered off to the side of his visor and he heard the crack of a whip. Off to his other side he saw Tensei sweeping through more enemies.

Hizashi stiffened as out of no where Shouta swung though the air and delivered a staggering kick to someone just behind him. Her hair was flying, bands in each hand and still wrapped around her neck.

Hizashi balled his fists and turned seeing more coming at them. He twisted and delivered a fist to the other enemies coming in behind them. Shouta moved behind him and he let loose another scream this one was the final part of crowd control. And it was a mixture of frequencies, it dropped everyone around them instantly.

"Let's move fast." Shouta muttered. She unearthed her capture tape and Hizashi joined her. He saw Nemuri running over from the other side of the street. Tensei dropped next to him and Shouta finished tucking hers away. Hizashi found the three other colored bands he needed and suck them in the inside pocket of his leather jacket.

"Where was the safe zone?" Nemuri asked looking around warily.

"The map said it was on the other side of the forest." Tensei replied. And that fucking sucked. They had to make it back through the city. Hizashi nodded at his companions and they set off at a fast clip. Shouta returned to the electric lines. They made it out of the city but just as Shouta was jumping down she was tackle out of the air.

"Hey!" Hizashi yelled. Hot anger burned as he saw it wasn't one of their students. Her scarf wrapped around and around the arm that looked to be made of crystal. That was when he saw she had her scarf winding again and again around his arms with her feet planted in the jerk's jugular. "Shouta!"

"I got this!" She yelled. Nemuri cracked her whip once and started for the skirmish. Tensei's engines started to hum and Hizashi felt his brows draw together in irritation. He changed the settings on his speaker ready to scream to give her a chance to retaliate.

Shouta gave a great heave and they watched as those crystal covered arms dislocated. The other teen rolled off of her and howled with pain. Shouta huffed for breath and Hizashi couldn't wait anymore. He rushed over to her, helping her back to her feet. She spit blood onto the ground and sneered. "Asshole."

She then twitched her fingers and those disloacted shoulders were popped back into place. Hizashi really wanted to blow this jerk's ears out for making her bleed. But he remembered this was about them becoming heroes. No doubt Shouta would accumulate injuries. It was natural, and he needed to get used to that.

Shouta's scarf wrapped back around her and she laid one hand on his arm. "I'm good."

"Alright," He conceded. They took off again and dodged the various fights going on. They made it into the woods and Nemuri pulled the black top under her red harness down a fraction to leave a blanket of sleep around their escape. Tensei flitted between all of them to make sure they were still managing. Shouta whipped to the side and dragged his jacket to plant him in front of them. He saw why, some of the students had decided to camp out at the safe zone.
"Congratulations you made it to the safe zone. Have you met the finishing requirements?" A proctor with a clipboard asked. Hizashi dragged his bands out and held out the four different colors. "Yamada Hizashi you pass onto the Exam."

Nemuri held hers up as well. She flipped her hair and licked her lips. "Kayama Nemuri, you pass onto the exam."

Shouta pulled each band from her pockets and strung them on her hand. "Aizawa Shouta you pass onto the exam."

Then Tensei showed all of the ones wrapped around his forearm. "And you Iida Tensei, you pass as well onto the exam."

They grinned at one another and bid the proctor goodbye. Once through the doorway they settled into a relaxed huddle on the waiting room benches. Hizashi relaxed and smiled privately to himself when Shouta put drops in her eyes and laid her head on his shoulder. "Good job guys." She said.

"Yeah," Nemuri giggled. "We kicked ass."

"Nemuri, language." Tensei chided even as he chuckled.

Hizashi just smiled and relaxed, they made an effective team. He thought back on Shouta flying in though the crowd of disoriented enemies. Her kick that skimmed right by his face. She'd kept sharp attention on all of them. "Thanks for helping out there Shouta. I honestly thought we had all of them."

"I just looked up and saw more were coming. To be fair, Tensei swept right behind you first and they moved in after. You were ready to let loose the rest of Crowd Control." Shouta shrugged, "I just needed to give you an opportunity."

"You alright?" He asked and nodded to the blood flaked around her lips. She wiped at it.

"I bit my lip when that jerk tackled me." She scoffed and yawned. "He came out of nowhere. And I couldn't erase that quirk."

"You handled yourself quite well." Tensei remarked as he pulled his helmet off.

"I didn't like it, you should have let me put him to sleep." Nemuri growled. "Attacking you like that, I can't accept that kind of enthusiasm. Manhandling in a fight without consent, disgusting."

"I had that well in hand thank you." Shouta kicked Nemuri lightly. "We made a good team."

Hizashi thought so too. He hoped to be able to work with her again. But his heart was still roiling. He really needed to get to being okay about her getting hurt. Getting attacked. He thought he was, objectively he knew he was. But man, seeing it happen right in front of him...

How was he supposed to be a good friend when he wanted to fight for her? He berated himself mentally as soon as the thought went through his head. Shouta was capable, she fought better than he did. There was no reason he needed to fight her battles for her. Maybe at her side however, he
could do that.

Shouta sat cross legged as the preliminary exam concluded. All one hundred participants were gathered. Any others that might have popped up were encouraged to try again in six months.

Nemuri leaned her head back in Shouta’s lap and sighed. Shouta flicked her forehead fondly. They were going to have to hang out again. She needed to tell Nemuri she was going to get up the confidence to try and confess.

"Congratulations everyone, you passed the first round. Now for the actual exam." Otonashi stood on a hologram screen projected into their room.

The entire landscape they had just been apart of suddenly became disaster zones. The forest caught fire, The bridge collapsed, the Ricky range was struck by a landslide, and the city itself blew up into the epicenter of a bomb.

"You all proved you can fight to achieve your objectives. But now we want to see if you can back up that violence with your ability to rescue citizens." She looked over them all.

Shouta see Hizashi’s hands clench. "You okay?"

"Madam Glitz mentioned that in big hero fights, citizens get displaced from their homes, get caught in the crossfire and some even lose their lives. I was preparing for this." He looked at her through his blue hero aviators. He looked excited, she liked that look on him.

"For this exam we have a newly formed citizen agency. They all passed their licensing exam to be able to provide rescues and assistance during disaster events. They will be your citizen victims."

She gestured to the main doors of the stadium and a slew of regular citizens.

"Wow, there's kids in there." Nemuri gaped. "They got rescue licenses?"

"That seems to be the case." Tensei looked just as awed. "Amazing."

"You must rescue as many citizens as you can." Otonashi explained. "You have one hour."

"There's a trick," Shouta narrowed her eyes. There was one in the careful wording of the last one. She tested it by changing her colored band from blue to red. The intake proctor hadn't noticed at all. In rescue zones it wasn't about shining as an individual, the whole point was teamwork.

She looked over to where Chatora and Sosaki stood with their friends. They all made it too, and that was a relief. Their abilities were great for rescue. They didn't state teamwork was against the rules the first time, and they weren't now. Shouta caught Sosaki’s eye and they nodded. Time to put their training to the test and collaborate.

"Hey," Shouta looked at her friends. "Let's work together again."

"Sure,” Nemuri agreed and Hizashi nodded enthusiastically.

"What do you have in mind?" Tensei asked.

"Let's team up with Sosaki. With their search and communication quirks, they can pair up with
Hizashi and I in finding victims. Nemuri can put them to sleep if they're injured. You, Chatora, and Tsuchikawa can dig them out." Shouta brainstormed.

"Well thought out, I'll go see if they're amenable to joining up." Tensei got up to walk over. Shouta stuck her lip out in a pout.

"What's wrong?" Hizashi nudged her and Nemuri looked up.

"I don't think my quirk is going to be useful here. But I can use this to help bind limbs." Shouta touched her scarf and looked to the side. "So, don't mind if I fall behind."

"You won't fall behind." Hizashi grinned at her and flicked his sunglasses up. His green gaze bore into her seriously. "We're a team right now. No one gets left behind."

She blinked at his sincerity and tucked her chin back into her scarf to hide her blush. She looked away and Nemuri was smiling privately up at her. Yeah, she was really gone on him.

Once they returned to the disaster zone. Shouta saw a slew of candidates run off screaming about being able to help anyone who needed it. She surveyed the area and looked to Sosaki who was taking the lead for her group. "Did you see anyone with any kind of first aid experience?"

"A few, they're setting up over there." Sosaki indicated an area being cleared for injured. That was good, Shouta looked at Tensei.

"Can you see if they would be alright with us bringing victims here?" Shouta asked and he nodded. He did have the more approachable personality of them.

They waited before he returned. He gave them an affirmative and Shouta looked at their teal haired girl. "Can you search and give us an idea of where those civilians stationed themselves?"

"No problem!" Shiretoko stuck her tongue out cutely and used her quirk. "There's six right in this area. More further out. I'll use it again out there. But there's a woman stuck under rubble there."

Tensei nodded.

They moved towards a pile of rubble. Shouta looked it over and then at their two blondes. Hizashi nodded and tithe his speaker off.

"Hello, if you can hear me, just stay still, we're going to get you out of there!" Hizashi voice was loud enough to carry without damaging anything.

Shiretoko directed Tsuchikawa and suddenly the ground morphed into an earthen creature. It lifted the rubble and underneath an elderly woman sat.

Tensei moved in and spoke to the woman. She smiled and allowed him to asses her for injuries before moving her out from under the earth creature.

They ended up repeating this process a number of times. Chatora and Hizashi were equally as calming for each of the rescues. Hizashi kept the children from getting hysterical, the adults were quick to comply, and the elderly had a strange stubbornness to them.
It was around their eighth rescue that Shouta realized what was happening. These trained citizens; who were stationing and acting the part of the victims of a disaster, were their examiners. She saw a child slip off of the rescue sight to one of the proctors with a clip board. That was when she knew.

She saw some people getting frustrated as their rescues became fiercely difficult. It was an array of personalities clashing, something they would an experience in very real scenarios. People dealt with fear and panic differently. They were getting a real taste of things that could go wrong.

That was when everything hit the fan. One victim activated his quirk. And some kind of ethereal ghost of an animal formed around his body. As many of the other teens tried to get close enough to calm him down, they were slapped away by massive green energy and that resembled a gorilla's arms.

"Nemuri," Shouta called and her friend got over to her. Chatora followed and Shouta looked back to where the rest of their team was extracting a grouping of children. They were miming a school. Hizashi looked at her and nodded. They would be fine with Hizashi protecting them.

"Shall we immobilize him?" Chatora asked.

"I'm going to erase his quirk and you need to get in to keep him from fighting." Shouta slipped her goggles down.

"I'll put him out as soon as he's safely down on the ground." Nemuri informed. Then as I one they we're off in different directions. Chatora caught those massive green misty fists. Shouta erased the quirk and it vanished. Chatora flattened his body enough to get under the falling man. Once he was wrapping the man with loose limbs, Nemuri darted in and flashed her wrist under his nose.

As a group they hauled him to the makeshift infirmary. As they thought they were good, making great time, only half the hour was past. That was when some pros entered the fray. They posed as terrorist villains.

With them rushing the infirmary Shouta activated her quirk. Some of them stopped in confusion. That was when Hizashi appeared at her side. "YEAH!"

Other examinees rushed in and began to fight. Shouta blinked and slipped behind Hizashi to get off towards the infirmary. They really were throwing some serious curveballs.

"Aizawa!" Sosaki called. Shouta looked to where she knelt next to a female citizen.

"What's up?" Shouta asked.

"With all our heavy hitters protecting the infirmary, no one is reaching out there." Sosaki said. "Tomoko is picking up three more where we stopped last."

Shouta frowned. She looked at where Hizashi and Chatora were forming a last line of defense. Nemuri knelt in the middle of the infirmary ready to use her quirk to save the citizens. Shouta nodded and looked at the telepath. "Let's go!"

She led Shouta right to where Shiretoko was waiting and the three of them reached Tsuchikawa. "There's someone in there." Shiretoko pointed to a twisted mess of steel rebar. "A woman, young."

"I can't get in there with my earth dolls." Tsuchikawa said.

"Alright." Shouta eased into the destroyed building. It a one that was mid construction. She was
careful, testing steps and touching nothing. "Hello? Are you okay?"

"Is someone there?" A woman's voice echoed from further in.

"Hello, I'm Aizawa. I'm going to get you out of here." Shouta eased further in and there the woman was. She'd staged herself as if the rebar had fallen on her. "Are you injured?"

"I can't feel my legs." The woman supplied. She studied Shouta intently. "Can you get me out?"

Shouta looked at the fallen rebar. This woman knew to pick a good location. She could pull her out. But with injured legs, Shouta would risk making it worse. Tsuchikawa might have been able to lift the entire thing without dropping all the precariously balanced rubble. But this was a concrete mess.

Shouta unearthed a flashlight from her pack and looked around. There was a way, she did the math and huffed. "Alright I'm going to get you out of there. I'm going to have one of my friends come in to pull you out. Are you going to be alright with that?"

"What are you going to do?" The woman projected fear into her voice but watched her intently. Trying to determine how Shouta was going to handle this situation.

"I'm going to lift the rebar off of you. But to do so I'll need both hands." Shouta turned and looked towards the lit up entrance as she put away her flashlight. "Hey! I need one of you in here with me!"

Tsuchikawa walked in carefully. She was flexible just like Shouta was. Maybe she had training for that as well. But the blonde came forward with a reassuring smile.

"On my mark I need you to pull her out of here." Shouta said and Tsuchikawa nodded. She crawled forward to speak in comforting tones to the woman.

Shouta kept half her focus on them. The other half went to where she was steadily snaking her scarf out. Bands wreaked around massive metal beams. She followed a geometric alternating pattern until all she had left of her scarf was a single band in her hands.

"That's all I can do." Shouta informed and activated her quirk to better manipulate the weapon. "Go now!"

Shouta twisted on her heel and pulled hard with both hands. The scarf pulled and each loop and place it was attached worked like an advanced pulley system. She gave Tsuchikawa at least three inches of room to work.

She pulled the woman free and picked her up. Shouta grunted as her muscles pulled with the effort of holding such carefully supported weight. "We're free!"

Shouta glanced sharply at her escaped friend and victim. She exhaled slowly and lowered everything back to where it started. Once that was done she turned her wrist and the entire mass of her capture weapon returned to her.

She picked her way out and Tsuchikawa started to take the woman to the infirmary. Shouta took a moment to climb up onto a standing light pole to watch their progress. There was a haze of pink smoke ringing the infirmary. Then a staggering shout echoed across the destroyed city.

At least Hizashi and Nemuri were holding their own.
Sosaki and Shiretoko led her to the next location. There were a few students from another school there. Shouta lended a hand with digging and they freed a dirty pair of kids.

"The third one is taken care of." Shiretoko announced. As one they moved back to the infirmary site. Shouta covered her face and ran through the smoke. She saw Hizashi there at the edge of the battlefield, he'd resorted to physically fighting.

Shouta moved up behind him and blew it a whistle. "Haha!" Hizashi laughed. "All yours!"

Shouta erased the quirk of the pro hero acting as a villain and ducked under Hizashi arm. He swung his fist into the startled hero's face. "Thanks Shouta!"

She smirked and her scarf wrapped around her face as she took off. She found Tensei as he was dispatching a group of what looked like grunt heroes. A sly one crept up on his back and Shouta flung her scarf out of the smoke. She twisted into the air after it and landed on the attacker's shoulders. He went down like a deck of bricks. Tensei looked down at her and flashed a thumbs up.

Shouta found Chatora and Nemuri a little ways away. They stood in front of two adults and an elderly woman. It was the man with the white hair and the sleeping bag they were against. He moved effortlessly, slapping away Chatora's fists and yanking Nemuri's whip away from her.

Shouta saw her friends notice her and they communicated with no words. She turned on her heel and with one arm wrapped in her scarf, she snatched the weirdo hero by the neck with the bands. Chatora picked up the elderly woman and Nemuri covered their escape.

"You know, the twins were right about you." The man turned to look at her, that one eye narrowed. Shouta activated her quirk and he smirked. "I think you'll do."

"Tch," Shouta started to lean forward she was ready to rush in and take this guy out when a siren went off overhead.

"Ah well, that would be the end of this." The man smirked again at her. "I'm Vanisher. We'll talk soon."

Hizashi collapsed to his knees at the end of the exam. Tensei settled nectar to him with a clank of his armor. "Think we did it?" Hizashi asked. "Man I hope so."

"We won't know until they talley it all up." Tensei groaned and rubbed at his arm through the armor "Man I need a bath. All my muscles hurt."

Shouta appeared from the stadium and threw herself into one of the couch he was sitting at. She threw her feet up into Hizashi's lap and promptly fell asleep. "I think that's the fastest I've seen her go to sleep before."

"Ha, me too!" Hizashi chuckled even as he settled a hand on her ankles. Her costume was covered in a fine layer of dust. She had a few scrapes on her face, and bruises were already blossoming in her fingers.

She was still the most beautiful thing he'd ever seen. Powerful and deadly. Tensei nudged him and
Hizashi looked at his friend. "I want to, but how do I know it won't ruin anything?"

"That's part of life Hizashi taking chances." Tensei said. "You don't want to take this chance?"

"I do, but I want to know how she feels first." Hizashi said it to his friend, only his mother knew of his feelings in the matter. Tensei nodded and crossed his arms.

Any more conversation was halted by Nemuri bustling in. "They're coming!"

"Where were you?" Tensei asked.

"In the hall with some of the others. That Otonashi woman is coming." Nemuri looked at them then smirked and lifted her eyebrows at Hizashi. He glowered at her.

Hizashi gently shook Shouta and she snorted awake bleary-eyed. "-Zashi?"

He was starting to like that half way she said his name when she was barely awake. "Yeah, they're going to tell us how we did."

Shouta rolled to get to her feet. She adjusted the bands of her scarf and turned when the door to the waiting room opened. "Will the following examinees follow me. You will be finishing the registration for your provisional licenses."

She started to rattle off names and Hizashi swatted at Shouta as she was the first to be called from their school. Not long after Nemuri and Iida were called. Hizashi took note of a few more of their class students, only Chatora and his friends made it from 1-B. Then he was called and he pumped a fist in elation.

They had all gotten their licenses! It was a huge step to each of them realizing their dreams. Hizashi couldn't wait.
Confession Squad Assemble

Chapter Summary

Shouta ends up with more girl friends than she knows what to do with.

Chapter Notes

Thanks to everyone who has been commenting. I love reading them.

There were only three days left until school started up again. And Shouta was determined to spend it like a normal teenager.

Nemuri had posed the suggestion of a sleep over and Shouta agreed. Thus a girls night was planned for the night after their provisional license exam.

Shouta had plans before then though. She was going to attend an introductory class with Hizashi at the studio near his place. Then he was going to join her for kick boxing. She had agreed to teach Hizashi some more fighting moves. He was pretty good already, but Shouta saw room for improvement the same way Hizashi had.

She met him at the station and he was dressed in a pair of ripped jeans and a colorful shirt. His hair was styled up and he wore green aviators. He was carrying his gym bag and gets her with a wide smile. He slipped his head phones to his neck and damn was he cute. Shouta shuffled over to him and he loudly greeted her. "Shouta! You look tired!"

"Tch, and you look disgustingly awake." She snarked back. His laugh was infectious, and she ended up laughing lightly with him. "Let's go then."

He steered her towards the busy metro area of the university district. Her mind flew back to that night on the beach and how he'd moved. If she looked beyond the way her romance addled brain drooled, he did have an amazing point.

She wanted to try everything this intro day had to offer. And if she got to do it with Hizashi, all the better.

The dance studio was large, almost as big as Shino's gym. The entire place was one big wall of glass. Hizashi held the door open and she entered into a lush waiting room.

"They teach everything here, and the owner knows my mom." Hizashi explained. "They kept me busy, taught me etiquette and proper form. Until I ruined it in middle school by getting out of the dance music phase and fell into grunge, punk, and metal. My mom was so mad."

He laughed happily and Shouta snorted. That sounded like him. "Yamada!" A bright female voice boomed from ahead. "Did you finally come to your senses and decide to come back?!"

The owner of the voice was a tall slim woman with red curly hair. It was piled into an artful
waterfall. She wore an off the shoulder pink top and a pair of long leggings down to tall black heels. She was stunning too, her make up complementary to the entire look.

"Nope, I'm still into rock." Hizashi shot finger guns at her. "But I am here to dance. I brought my friend Aizawa Shouta to try out the intro class."

Bright purple eyes feel to Shouta and a wide smile split those pink lips. "Really?! Hizashi brought his girlfriend?!"

Shouta's face exploded into heat at the implication. Her heart wasn't ready!  

"Ah, no, no!" Hizashi's voice cracked and his quirk activated. "She's not my girlfriend!"

Shouta whipped around to erase his quirk. She fought to ignore the way that one statement stabbed her in the heart. But he was right, they weren't dating. Just friends!

"Sorry Shouta." Hizashi winced at her.

"'S-fine." She nodded at him and then looked a back at the woman who was watching them. Did she see Shouta's blush? Shit.

"Well the sample class today will show you quite a few of the things we do here. Ballroom dancing, hip hop, ballet, Interpretative, and some other fun styles. A number of people come here for the athletic edge they can gain. Yamada has used his dancing ability to pair with his self defense classes and has become a prospective hero. Are you also going to be a hero?"

"I am," Shouta answered. "During summer training he showed me that the maneuverability required in dancing could assist me in some of my weak spots."

"Broadening your horizons is a good thing!" The instructor smiled sweetly. "I'm Haku Ron, it's a pleasure to have you on. Come along now, let's get to the class."

Shouta followed Hizashi and they joined a class that was trying out something called a fox trot. Shouta was curious about the steps. When it came time to try Hizashi explained on the directions in better detail.

Before he tried to pair up with anyone else she dragged him with her to try it out. Her heart raced when they put their arms into position. Having him wrapped around her was unnecessarily nice.

She fought not to look into his eyes. She wasn't ready for him to know how she felt. It was the first time she was selfishly trying out how it felt to have this crush without denial. And it felt very nice.

This dance was harder. There was more to it, so she let Hizashi lead. He was very sure in his movements. He was confident and they swept across the floor and around other pairings.

She looked up at his eyes through his sunglasses and then he looked back. Damn he was perfect. The dance ended too soon. Shouta didn't want to let go but she did. She had to, now wasn't the time.

Hizashi kept a sharp eye on Shouta as they sampled all the dancing styles the studio had to offer. She was a fast learner, and her dark eyes sparkled with elation.
He never wanted to see anything but that pleased look on her face. She took to everything as she did her usual workouts, with enthusiasm and a weird dash of skill. She only stepped in his foot once, and that was during the fox trot.

She fell into the ballet and hip hop dancing easily. Her insane flexibility was a strength. That was when the instructors teasingly introduced the last dancing class. Hizashi waved his hands at Shouta. "Hey, we don't have to do this one. Let's go get lunch before kickboxing."

"Wait there's one more?" Shouta looked around him at the new room. She gasped and bent back to look at him. "Hizashi? Did you already learn how to pole dance?"

"Look it's a lot like yoga and break dancing in one." He rubbed his neck as he blushed.

"Oh my God! We have to do it." She grabbed his wrist and dragged him in. "It's like the curtains in gymnastics."

Shouta kicked off her shoes and excitedly walked over to the instructor. He watched as she took a bit of instruction and grabbed the pole. The thing he knew the most about Shouta, was that she had an incredible amount of body strength.

He was at least eighty percent sure she could bench him.

But Shouta took to that pole like it was her scarf. She twirled around it with just her hands before she flipped herself up and used her legs to wrap around it. Her hair dangled from her perch and she grinned widely.

'Look at how happy she is.' His libido could suffer. Hizashi laughed and flicked his sunglasses off to toss onto his gym bag. "Buckle up everyone! A pro is here to show you how it's done!"

He walked over to the pole next to Shouta's and took his shoes off. He pressed his shoulders to the one and grabbed it at two points. He made sure he had his upper body firmed before he flashed a grin at Shouta. She was sitting in the air with legs tucked around the pole.

He walked up the air, and she smiled at him. As soon as he reached the height of his air walk he rolled and crossed his legs around the pole. He spun around it upside down using his ankles as holds.

Shouta's laughter was the best kind of music.

Hizashi looked around at the new gym he was in. "Shino doesn't have the room to add a ring to his gym. So he and Takaoka share this space." Shouta explained. "I trained here before I got to all the local dojos."

"I mean I did some karate when I was a kid. And I did self defense classes with the ladies from mom's college. That kind of gave me an edge," Hizashi admitted. "Though some of the others had some combat training. I know a lot of UA students wait to get their combat training until after they're accepted."

"Well, let's add to your arsenal then." Shouta smirked and unzipped her hoodie. She dragged her t-shirt off and was just in leggings and her tank top. She led him to the equipment rack.
Eyes of all the other patrons were on them. "Little Sho, you training today?" Someone called.

"Maybe, you want in?!" She glared out and all the eyes shifted away instantly. But an echoing laugh followed a man with a shaved head over. He was covered in tattoos. "Takaoka, hope you don't mind the intrusion."

"Nah, our Little Sho is always welcome here. Her and her friends." The bald man turned contemplative eyes on Hizashi so he straightened. "Welcome to my gym. I'm Takaoka Ryuji."

"Yamada Hizashi. I'm in the same hero class as Shouta." Hizashi greeted with his most winning smile. "Thank you for having me."

"Well, we can't have future heroes going out without fight training." Takaoka chuckled. "I'm overseeing and if you like it feel free to come back. You only gotta pay half price, as a friend of Shouta's."

"Hoo, don't tell Tensei." Shouta laughed. "He'll be mad, I haven't told him kickboxing is one of the ways I've beaten him yet."

Hizashi felt a spike of pleasure that Shouta was sharing this with just him. He lied that though. He wished he could cash this a date. But they were just out as friends. Even just this was great.

Hizashi changed into shirts and his own tank top. Once barefoot and in the ring Shouta fit assume padded gloves on his hands. Then she put a padded helmet on his head. With just gloves on her hands she backed up. "Hey wait, shouldn't you be wearing head gear too?"

"You won't hit her." Takaoka remarked from the edge of the mat they were on. "She's too fast."

What followed was a series of explanations on different strikes. His decent self defence knowledge was formidable when paired with his quirk. But now it was going to be deadly.

They began a light spar and Hizashi ended up on his ass more times than he could count. His pride was actually a little wounded. Until Shouta reached down each time to help him up.

"Hey, you got a serious face hidden in there kid?" Takaoka asked. "You telegraph all your moves with your eyes."

"I wear sunglasses to avoid that." Hizashi said.

"Hmm, you need to hide that in a fight." Takaoka smirked then he changed his expression to a blank sneer. "See this, this is what I look like in a match. That way my opponent can't read what I'm going to do."

Hizashi blinked then looked at Shouta. No one ever knew what she was going to do. She was always impassive.

"My fight face isn't actuality blank. I just keep it blank because it's easier." Shouta scratched her cheek and looked away.

"Pfft, she looks damn scary Yamada. You see how they all booked it when she got in here?" Takaoka pointed around the room. "And you can blame her mama for that. Scary women those Aizawa's are."

"What is your face like?" Hizashi asked curiously.
"Well I mean, you've seen the toned down version." Shouta looked away and flapped a hand. "You work on yours first."

"It's not very lady like." Takaoka drew Hizashi over and he joined the trainer. "You want a kind of resting bitch face something you can default to. So if your enemies piss you off, or they're winning, they can't tell from looking at you. It'll give you an edge to attack where they can't see, or can't expect it."

Takaoka drew his brows down and sneered. But his eyes didn't wander. They were just as fierce as before. "Like this you can't tell what I'm thinking or how I'll react."

Hizashi figured that was right. He lifted his thumb to his chin and tried it out. He tried a few different looks before one felt comfortable.

"You look like a gangster!" Shouta laughed. "Like you want to tell me to watch where I'm going!"

"Seriously?" Hizashi asked. That sounded kind of intimidating. Most of their class associated him with goofiness. He liked the idea of being intimidating without his quirk.

"Yeah, but it works." Shouta laughed again and shook her head.

"Now show me yours!" He flourished his hands. Her mouth twisted a moment before she sighed.

"Just...don't laugh..." She looked real bothered by that possibility. She looked down and shook her hair out. When she lifted her head up her eyes were intense. Like her quirk could activate at any minute. And she was smiling, wide and with too much teeth.

Hizashi snorted. "You look like a serial killer!"

"I know!" She wailed and turned away to cover her face. "Mom thought it was hilarious."

Hizashi smirked with amusement. He walked across the ring to her and flung his arm over her shoulders. "That's fine though. You can be the serial killer, and I'll be the gangster. We'll intimidate villains before they commit crime."

"Hizashi." She snorted. She looked up at him and he made his face at her again. She swatted him with a laugh. "Quit it."

He laughed loudly and with a bit of his quirk in it. He bounced back and raised his fists. "Let's go again!" He goaded.

"Sure," Shouta lifted her own fists up languidly.

Shouta was in a very good mood when she returned home to get ready for the invasion that was going to be her house. Akio and her father were there to help. Shino was closing up the gym before he got ready to patrol.

Within a few hours of the start of the night her friends started to filter in. Nemuri led the group of their 1-B friends into the house.

Her father and Akio met them and Nemuri took care of introductions. "Shouta! I missed you today!"
We could have gone shopping." Nemuri whined as she latched onto Shouta.

"I hate shopping." Shouta dead panned at her. She dragged the girl into the living room and the other girls followed. "Chatora didn't want to come?"

"He said as fun as a sleep over would be. It was a girl's night and he's flexing his boy muscles tonight by gaming with some of his childhood friends." Sosaki laughed and waved a hand. "Anyways we're hanging out now, I want you to call me Shino."

Shouta smirked, she would have to needle her father's boyfriend and give him a nick name so she didn't get everyone confused. "Oh, call me Ryuko now too!" The blond exclaimed.

"Ooh, ooh, me too, me too!" Their teal haired friend exclaimed, "Call me Tomoko!"

"Alright alright" Shouta rolled her eyes and waved to the living room. "Make yourselves at home. I'll get some snacks."

The four girls settled in and were talking animatedly before Shouta got back in. She had the unfortunate luck to walk back in to see her father and Akio sitting at the kotatsu with Nemuri and the three other girls leaning over a notebook. "Ongoing plan?" Akio asked.

"I've been at it for months." Nemuri sighed. "But that's why we're here! Shouta, I saw you during the exam. Are you ready to admit it?"

Shouta gritted her teeth but flushed. "Yeah." The room gasped and she glared at the two male adults. "Get lost, this is a girl's only zone right now."

"But Sho-chan!" Akio pouted. Her father smirked and whispered something to him. Akio wiped around and grinned widely. "Enjoy your night girls!"

They hustled off and Shouta cringed. "Gross."

She settled the tray of drinks and sweets down. "I've...come to terms with it."

"Are you going to do anything about it?" Nemuri asked. "I mean we could all see it."

"All of you?!" Shouta looked sharply at the girls.

"Well, you hang around him a bit more than anyone else." Shino says as she ran her fingers through her hair.

"It's all over your face." Tomoko reached up to poke Shouta on the cheek.

"I thought I was being more discreet." Shouta looked away as she flushed.

"Well, to all of us it's obvious. He has no idea." Ryuko giggled and dove into the pastries.

"I can vouch for that. Hizashi is clueless that you like him." Nemuri leaned her head on her hand.

"You told him?!" Shouta demanded.

"Of course not!" Nemuri gasped. "I just watch."

Shouta slumped onto the couch. She really panicked there. Was she not ready to do anything about her feelings?
"Hey," Shino leaned over and grabbed Shouta's hand. "It'll be okay, you don't have to rush."

"But-, " Shouta frowned.

"You have an the time in the world." Ryuko smiled at her. "You just came to terms with liking him."

"Are you still worried about losing him?" Nemuri asked.

"That is an occupational hazard." Tomoko humned.

"The parental units gave some good advice. And I tried it out today. I... I really like him." Shouta said and looked at her hands.

"What do you like about him?" Shino asked gently.

"Ah," Shouta wished she was wearing her capture weapon. Nothing covered her embarrassment better.

"It's okay Sho." Nemuri smiled gently to encourage her.

"He's funny, and smart. He doesn't take my sarcasm seriously." Shouta smiled at how he bantered back. "He just gets me. It's fun talking to him. I like his music taste, even though I don't really care about music. I like that he tries to wake me up, and that he let's me sleep. I like how stupidly smart he is in English. I passed finals because he was able to find my errors."

"I think we all passed English because of him." Nemuri laughed.

"I liked helping him with his quirk. He's so powerful." Shouta flushed as she remembered him threatening the pervert at the summer camp. "If he wouldn't deafen me I'd actually like to listen to his quirk. His regular voice sounds great too, he's going to kill it in radio."

Each of the girls were watching her with rapt attention and Shouta didn't know having female friends could feel so comfortable.

"What about his looks?" Tomoko asked." You listed a bunch of other qualities, but what about that?"

"He's...," Shouta went back to the sight of him without his shirt on. The way his styled hair looked, and the way it looked unstyled. His green eyes that she could down in. The way he moved when he danced, even the pole dance he was so embarrassed to do. Then she remembered the sneer he adopted to be stoic and conceal his intentions. Shouta laughed. "He's perfect."

They sighed at once with smiles. "Okay, so you're totally into him." Ryuko grinned. "What are you going to do about it."

"Nothing." Shouta said and smiled sadly. "Internships are going to start as soon as school opens back up. And I've got a lot of extra training to do. I'm not going to have any time to try and start something I'm not even sure will happen."

"It'll happen!" Nemuri shouted awkwardly. "I know it will."

Shouta shook her head. "How is it fair for me to dump my feelings on him when we're both trying to build up our hero careers. Everything depends on us being good heroes after we graduate."

"You're going to give up before you even try?" Tomoko frowned.
"I-..." Shouta looked down at her hands. "I don't want to give up. But... What am I supposed to do?"

"You leave it to us!" Shino smiled at her, she pumped a fist and jumped up. "We're gonna find out if Hizashi likes you. Then we're gonna help you confess!"

"Yeah!" Tomoko jumped up. And all four of them posed in some weird formation. "The Shouta Confession Squad, Assemble!"

"Getting two oblivious friends to admit their feelings!" Ryuko joined in.

"Can't wait for them to fall in love!" Nemuri cried out in a lewd fashion. Shouta laughed, they were so weird! "Plus Ultra!"
HOmrones

Chapter Summary
Hizashi gets a pep talk, school starts, and unfortunate accident has laying repercussions.

Chapter Notes
Thanks for commenting everyone. I'm having a lot of fun writing about these dorks.
Spoilers for new bnha at end notes
Also, incoming physical attraction and all that entails as a teenager. ;3
It's been a bit of a slow burn, but it's heating up, just a bit.

See the end of the chapter for more notes

Hizashi wound up at Tensei's house after his day of training with Shouta. His friend was at home
that night with the nanny and baby Tenya.

"So, how'd the date go?" Tensei smiled evilly at him.

"It wasn't a date. We're not together." Hizashi glared. He did not want to be teased about this. And

"twice in one day. They passed through the house to the kitchen where Tensei gathered up some
snack items. Then they retreated to his room.

"So, have you decided if you're going to make a move or not?" Tensei asked as he dug into his
food. Hizashi tried not to let the fear ruin his appetite.

"I-... Dude, I'm so far gone here." Hizashi leveled a look at his friend who just raised one arrow
pointed eyebrow. "We hung out and it was the best thing ever."

"Then what's the problem?" Tensei frowned.

"I'm totally going to ruin it with my awkwariness." Hizashi rubbed at his nose. "What is wrong with
me? Any time I start thinking about it being more, I lose control of my quirk."

"Hmm, are you just determined to blow the ears out of everyone you care about?" Tensei teased
"Let me know for real. I'll go buy ear plugs."

Hizashi pointed his finger at his smirking friend. "I did that when I was born. Right out of the
womb. What control did I have over that?!"

"Well...on the upside; you could teach her ASL. All romantic like." Tensei smirked. "And just
think, teaching her to talk to you without words. Just hands..."
"I'll seriously make you deaf," Hizashi threatened as he stuffed a piece of bread into his mouth. "Fucking try me."

Tensei's phone went off and he grinned at it. Hizashi watched the other text for a moment before he set it down. "Alright. I've got news."

"News?" Hizashi blinked. "What's up?"

"Nemuri and I have officially begun the Confession Squad. Along with Sosaki and her friends." Tensei smirked at him.

"Wait, wait! You're telling me they know?!" Hizashi jumped up and started to panic. "Does Shouta know?!"

"According to Nemuri she has no idea you want to wrap yourself around her like a coat." Tensei joked.

"Don't you joke about this asshole!" Hizashi pointed dramatically even while his face flushed. "My feelings aren't just physical."

"Oh no, I'm aware. " Tensei answered another text. "You pretty much love her now yeah?"

Hizashi didn't answer, couldn't answer. The only person who knew was his mom. How was he ever going to do something about this? "Look, we all knew just by looking at you. You threatened that Nichi guy from 1-B because he saw her in the girls bath."

Hizashi felt his fists clench in memory of that. He wanted to see her like that, he was a guy! But not as a peeping pervert. He'd read his fair share of romance novels. The ones his father hid from his mother. Hizashi wanted everything with Shouta to be because she was comfortable. The awkward as hell talk with his dad only cemented that Hizashi needed consent and feelings to ever feel comfortable himself with intimacy.

Hizashi was freaked out about how much he felt because it was no longer just a casual teenage like. It was getting stronger, more real. He did not want to make her uncomfortable by telling her how he felt. He could handle rejection, he couldn't handle it if she wanted nothing to do with him ever again.

"You even respect her ability to be a hero without your help. I've heard a lot of stories from the family agency about heroes leaving significant others because they don't understand that they're always going to be putting themselves in danger." Tensei waved a hand. "You get that, and I think that alone is going to be your best chance."

"I have a chance?" Hizashi frowned. He knew Shouta was capable. She'd kicked his ass at the sports festival. And then again earlier at kickboxing. She's saved him during the licensing exam. And all the hero classes showed how bad ass she was.

But feeling what he did for her was one thing. Actually having a chance with her was another thing entirely.

"Dude no one but you has a chance." Tensei said like he was missing something.

"But what about you. You understand her too," Hizashi shook his head in denial. Shouta could be with anyone she wanted.
"Maybe, but Shouta isn't really my type." Tensei said with a weak smile. "Don't get me wrong, she's pretty cute and all. But not my type. I honestly didn't think she was your type either, but here we are."

"I didn't have a type." Hizashi admitted. He had cool posters of female heroes. He watched porn like any other teen. He'd even dated a bit in middle school.

Yet nothing compared to seeing Shouta in intricate yoga positions. Training in a hand designed silk suspension course. Using her capture weapon to fight. Smiling at cat things. Putting gentle hands on him to dance, to get his attention, to fight...

Hizashi knew he needed to stop before he got an awkward boner in his friends bedroom. But his mind traitorously reminded him of the feel of her skin while he applied sunscreen. The way her muscles were firmly sculpted under soft skin.

Hizashi laid down on the ground to cool off. What would it be like to hold her hand, to hug her, to kiss her? What would she taste like? Would she sink her fingers into his hair? Grab his arms?

Was Shouta sly in intimacy like she was with everything else? He hoped so.

"Ok, so...confession squad?" Hizashi choked out the question.

"We're going to create opportunities for you to see if she likes you. Get you two to spend more time together. At least, as much as we can with internships starting soon." Tensei grinned excitedly. "We're going to make it easier for you to get the confidence to confess. You think you can let us help?"

"Yeah," Hizashi closed his eyes to calm down. He needed serious help here.

"Confession Squad Assembled." Tensei said and Hizashi frowned before he heard excited squealing coming from his phone. He guessed Tensei had told Nemuri.

"Wait aren't Nemuri, and the girls from 1-B, at Shouta's tonight?" Hizadhi frowned.

"Nemuri is in the bathroom." Tensei informed. "You just shut up and let us work Hizashi"


The first day back to school saw Hizashi entering class to find Nemuri and Tensei chatting at his desk. The others gathered in small groups talking and welcoming him back. Shouta was asleep at her desk. Her phone was clutched in her hand, tiny cat charm still affixed and dangling through her fingers.

Damn that was cute.

He made it to his desk and checked the time. He reached over to shake Shouta awake. She scowled and rubbed her eyes. They looked bruised with lack of sleep. "You awake?"

"No," She stuck her lip out petulantly.

He laughed and she rolled her neck to wake up. "How was your sleep over?" He asked.
"Noisy." Shouta huffed. "Why are girls so noisy?"

"I don't know, you tell me." Hizashi laughed.

"Wait, you're loud. Let's trade, you be the gurl and I'll be a guy." Shouta clapped her hands with a smirk.

"Don't just decide that on your own!" He sputtered. "But let me tell you, I'll look great in make up."

"Yeah I can see it now, sequins, glitter, contour. You'd make a passable girl." She reached out to poke his cheek.

"I'll look like a drag queen Shouta!" He laughed. "Maybe a fabulous one. But I still have my pride as a man."

She chuckled and leaned back in her seat and crossed her legs. "Hmm, I suppose." She dragged her fingers through her hair and he snorted. They started laughing together. "Fla.shy, and glamorous, loud and dramatic. You can be all that in my place."

"Sure!" He pumped a fist. "Leave that to me!"

Their teacher walked in and they greeted her. Hizashi shuffled his feet as she scanned their diminished numbers. "First off, congratulations on securing your licenses. Within a week you will be in charge of securing your internships. These will be ongoing for the rest of the year."

Hizashi wondered if Madam Glitz would take him again. The taste he'd had with her agency had been great. Her sidekicks were rather active at the station in Minato. Plus she had helped him with his quirk.

He wanted to pick her brain about the entrainment industry. Maybe form some plans of his own. And get some combat tips from them all. He'd make the call.

"In the midst of the rush from summer camp to now the class representatives were dropped to the general education course. A few were dropped from 1-B as well. It's a bit late in the year, but you're going to need new reps." Valkyrie-Sensei looked across the room as she stood at the podium. "You have a month to get situated with classes and internships. At the start of October we will be starting the planning for the cultural festival. So I suggest you use homeroom to choose new reps."

Hizashi frowned and looked around. Everyone was suddenly curious but no one was moving. Damn.

"Hey, Hey!" Hizashi stood up with his most winning grin. "Let's just take a vote like last time guys!"

"We're going to need someone who can eventually negotiate funds." Someone said from behind him and he pointed without looking.

"Yeah we do!" He pumped his fist. "So let's all get voting."

They spent a couple minutes writing down votes and then Valkyrie-Sensei takes them up.

"What?!" Shouta stood up.

"Well would you look at that. Aizawa you're now president. Kayama, Vice President. I expect you to do well in these leadership positions." Valkyrie-Sensei smiled at them all and walked out the
Hizashi learned over to where Shouta was glaring at the desk beneath her. "Take care of us prez!"

It was after school when Hizashi finally got to hang out with his friends as they walked to the station.

"Shit!" Nemuri cursed once they were on the main road. "Guys I have to go back, I forgot I was meeting Shino to look at internship locations with her."

"Oh?" Tensei looked at her before he waved his hand. "Well be careful."

"Hizashi make sure Shouta doesn't fall asleep. She has a lot more work now." Nemuri pointed at him.

He nodded to Nemuri who had a sly look on her face. Confession Squad huh? "More work?"

"Yeah, but when it comes time to negotiate or be part of the council, Nemuri gets to turn up her creepiness." Shouta smirked at him. He laughed.

"That's a good idea. She knows how to get her way." Hizashi smirked. "Who are you doing your internship with?"

"The twins from my internship well actually suggested an underground hero to work with. You remember the sleeping bag weirdo?" Shouta asked as she walked.

"Yeah, I saw him with the heroes posing as villains in the exam." Hizashi had been occupied, but Nemuri and Chatora had engaged him.

"Well I spoke to him during the exam. Says he's the one the twins recommended me to." Shouta looked at him. "Said he'd reach out."

"Well look at that, you get to intern with a hero weirdo." He laughed. She shoved him and they neared the station.

"Don't joke!" Shouta huffed.

"Iida!" A deep vice called. Hizashi turned to see Chatora walking towards them through the crowds. "Iida, could I ask you about your family's agency?"

"Oh," Tensei turned to look at them. Then he locked eyes with Hizashi. He winked. That fucker just winked at Hizashi. Fucking Confession Squad. He wasn't ready to confess yet if that's what they were angling for. Shouta scoffed next to him.

"Well I'll see you both tomorrow." Tensei smiled. "Chatora, let's talk about it over a smoothie. I have training when I get home."

Hizashi watched his friends leave and stiffened nervously. While he was ecstatic he was getting to hang out with Shouta again, it was a bit poisoned by the blatantly shitty attempts to throw them together.
No, no, he'd agreed to this. He needed to get confidante enough to confess.

"Come on," Shouta reached up and pulled him by the strap of his back pack. They headed towards the turnstiles. They made it safely through the massive crowd. But the rush of the train opening ignited chaos. Shouta twisted and Hizashi grabbed for her as the crowd of people surged from the terminal.

They were jostled and shoved until he found the wall of the train car. Hizashi was pressed awkwardly against Shouta, her back against the wall.

He arm was around his back and they had no room to move. "Shit," He cursed.

"It's fine." What was that tone in her voice? Hizashi looked down and realized there was literally only an inch of space between them. When she breathed her breasts pushed against his ribs.

He flushed as she shifted and her hips pressed to his as she adjusted her legs to try and give them more space. All it did was ignite a hot flare of physical want in him.

'No, not here. Don't you fucking dare. Get your shit together!'Hizashi snarled at himself.

He looked down and then back up hastily. Her short sleeve uniform top was unbuttoned after class, and he just got a glimpse of a blue bra peeking out of a white tank top.

Fuck. His. Life.

"H-Hizashi?" Shouta looked up at him and yup, fucking hard on. Obviously pressed to her hip. God he was a horrible excuse for a human being.

"Look just...don't move. I'm- I'm sorry!" Hizashi was going die. He wanted to die, the mortification would do him in.

"I uh, Hizashi?" She squeaked and they looked at each other. A red blush was staining her cheeks and neck.

The next few stops helped thin the heavy crush of passengers. And once it was empty enough he was able to detach from her. It was both a disappointment and a relief.

They didn't talk and Hizashi warred between crushing despair and a wildfire of lust. Shouta's blush didn't abate the entire ride. Hizashi sighed and scrubbed a hand through his hair. "Sorry."

"It's fine. It's a, uh, natural response to being plastered together." Shouta stood up as they made it to her stop. "I uh, didn't mind. I mean-! I mean...we're good."

She practically ran out of the train as it stopped. Hizashi held onto her words tightly. They were still good. Still good. He chanted that through the ride to his station. He walked hollowly home and ignored his parents as he padded into the house.

He got into his room and stripped his uniform off. He hermes his tank top up to grip with his teeth. His hand was pushing his boxers down. Fingers wrapping around his cock before he really decided to do anything about the fire in his blood. He leaned against his door and let out a long breath through his nose.

Was he really doing this? Could he touch himself while thinking about her?

He stretched his fingers down to rub his balls while he gripped the base of his dick. "Fuck."
Hizashi mumbled through his shirt. She smelled like warm cinnamon. Her body was soft against his as he caged her in from the crowded train. "Shit."

He dropped his head back and moved his hand. Precum leaked down his length and slicked his palm. Rolling his thumb under the edge of the head of his cock sent sparks under his eyes. He moaned.

She was so fucking gorgeous. She had dark eyes he always got lost in. When they flared with her quirk it was like lightning had struck him. Hizashi was in love, sweet God he was in love!

The emotions that welled in him burned hotter than his desire. He thrust into his hand rapidly. He dreamed of her returning his feelings. She said she hadn't minded his awkward erection.

He choked on a moan and knew, he knew he had to bury this reaction. He couldn't let her know how badly he wanted her to be his.

He felt lightning toil down his spine and up his balls. Too soon! He came with a ragged shout, and stars burst behind his eyelids. He sagged to the floor and his boxers got caught around his knees.

Damn. He was really in love.

Chapter End Notes

Guys the purple baby made a friend. And honestly, kaminari needs a better influence than mineta. Really.

Did anyone else see how Dadzawa was watching intently. Like that's his little clone!

I just... I can't my heart wasn't ready and I can't wait to get more from Shinsou.
A Strange Mentor

Chapter Summary

Shouta meets her mentor... He's really weird.

Chapter Notes

Was going to skip it. But as requested by DeanieBoBeanie Shouta's take on the train scene.

See the end of the chapter for more notes

Shouta was unbearably turned on. She'd never been this close to Hizashi before. And pressed up against him, it was both torture and bliss all in one.

Her head swam this close to him. All she wanted to do was push up onto tip toes and kiss his delectable mouth. The train jostled and her hips pressed right into his. Her eyes widened and she looked up in shock.

He was...He had a-?!

He was mumbling at her, his face beet red under his aviators. But the panicked look in his eyes made her freeze. She looked away. It was awkward.

Desires to both push forward again and get some space fought in her brain. Was he really turned on or was it a physical reaction to just being pushed up against her? Why was he apologizing? Was he embarrassed because of his body's reaction? Or because it was her?

She couldn't let this get in the way, even if a hot line of want trailed all over get body like goose bumps. The train began to empty and they stepped apart. The distance only made it worse.

She wanted to wrap her arms back around him. She didn't have a problem if he was turned on. She wanted to believe it was because of her.

Shouta would have to thank Nemuri for bailing oh so conveniently. And Chatora swinging in to remove Tensei. This let her see maybe she wasn't the only one feeling more than a friend should.

"It's fine. It's a- uh- natural response to being plastered together." She had to say something. Anything to try and wipe that look of mortification and shame off of his face. Her stop came up so she stood up. "I uh, didn't mind. I mean-! I mean...we're good."

Oh. My. God.

She turned and took off. What was wrong with her?! Was she insane?! She got off into the station and practically ran to the street. From there she booked it to Shino's Gym. She got inside and into the locker room without anyone seeing her.
She was nearly hyperventilating. What on earth had she just said to Hizashi? It was only natural?! She didn't mind?! Was she stupid?!

"Sho, I saw you run in. Are you changed yet?" Shino's voice carried from the door. She huffed and raced herself into her gym clothes. "What's eating you?"

"I may have said something incredibly stupid." Shouta cringed and her mind screamed from the embarassment. "To Hizashi. To try and make something less awkward."

"Hmm, did you tell him you're interested him yet?" Shino cocked his hip and smirked at her. She glared.

"No, I don't think it... I'm pretty sure he didn't take it that way." Shouta huffed that was not how she wanted him to find out she was in love with him.

"I need to work out! Now!" She stomped off. She had a fire under her skin she had to do something with.

That night Shouta stared at her phone weakly, wishing for the right words to say to break the tension she was feeling. She wanted to text Hizashi, confess right there. But doing it over the phone would be foolish. Not at all how she wanted to do it. She wasn't even sure how she wanted to do it in the first place.

With an irritated grumble she dialed Nemuri. "Hey!" Her bubbly friend greeted before the phone really started to ring. "Shouta, how did it go? Chatora and Tensei told me they left you guys alone on the crowded train. Did you get all close?"

"Yes," Shouta sighed.

"Oh, tell me all the details." Nemuri giggled.

"I'd rather not. It's...really embarassing." Shouta rubbed her eyes and reached for her bottle of drops. After wetting her eyes she blinked and stared at her dark ceiling.

"Really?" Nemuri asked with a husk in her voice. "Was it sexy?"

"No, I really made a mess of it." Shouta sighed and recounted what happened. Nemuri went through a series of extremely unnnesesary noises. Then she just sighed.

"I can see where you're coming from. But trust me, Hizashi didn't take that as a confession." Nemuri laughed, "I'm betting he took that as him nearly sexually harrassing you."

"But he didn't." Shouta sat up. Was he afraid he'd traumatized her?

"Yes, you know that, and I know that. But this boy respects the hell out of you." Nemuri explained, and at least she wasn't being ridiculous now. "So, let's talk about what your next move is. You got a taste of what sexual attraction to Hizashi feels like. Clearly he was attracted to you."

"Are you sure, it could have just been that we were all up against each other in the train." Shouta shook her head. "I'm not...theres no way he's attracted to me. I'm so plain."
"Shouta, you are not plain!" Nemuri gasped. "Did you see yourself during the fireworks festival?! Sure you don't wear makeup, you don't need it."

"Yes I do, have you seen my eyes?" Shouta argued. Perpetually bruised and baggy looking.

"Because of your quirk!" Nemuri threw back. "Honey, I can't wear lowcut tops. Before this past month, I couldn't even show leg. All I have is my hair and makeup. Everyone thinks I'm super conservative."

"Yeah, you'd wear a leather harness and nothing else if you had the chance." Shouta acknowledged. "I've seen your bdsm novel collection."

"Hmm, I really need to find someone immune to my pheromones." Nemuri sighed. "I want a date too."

They spared a second of silence and Shouta mourned her awkwardness.

"Anyways, you are actually very pretty. Looks aren't everything either. You have the most fit body ever. Best ass too." Nemuri snorted. "Anyone who hasn't noticed is an idiot."

Shouta didn't agree but the compliment still made her feel better about herself. "Thanks I guess."

"Okay, now, how to do damage control here? I don't think confessing on the back of this is a good idea." Nemuri hummed. "You should just forget it happened. Act like it didn't go down at all. Just an awkward moment between friends on the subway. Happens to everyone."

"And I can just do that?" Shouta raked her fingers through her hair. "Like it never happened and it won't be weird?"

"Well, I'm texting Tensei and Hizashi is texting him having the exact same crisis as you. How does he act around you now that he's scarred you for life with his wayward penis?" Nemuri chuckled. "Tensei told him not to make a big deal about it. It's not like he flashed you."

Shouta's face flamed. If she ever did manage to progress in a relationship with Hizashi, sex could be a thing. She would actually see the penis that had pressed into her hip. Hot flashes of fire burned down her body to her center.

"You still there?" Nemuri chuckled. "Thinking about it?"

"Yeah, it's...not something I'm opposed to." Shouta groaned and dragged her knees up to press her forehead to. "Man I'm messed up."

"Nope, you just have a healthy libido. If you weren't physically attracted to him I'd be worried it wasn't real." Nemuri chirped to her. "But since you're attracted in that way, we can acknowledge it and do something about it."

"Like what?" Shouta asked.

"Well you my dear need to do something before you have a damn nose bleed when you see him again. Because I know all you're going to think about is what it felt like on you. Imagining what it might be like to see it, touch it..." Nemuri sighed dreamily.

"Nemuri!" Shouta felt her face flame.

"Just masturbate!" Nemuri blurted and Shouta hung up on the spot. Her phone rang and Shouta
glared at it for a moment. Then she answered. "It's a totally healthy way to relieve the sexual tension in your body. Boys aren't the only ones who do it!"

"I can't just- why would you even-?" Shouta spluttered. "Nemuri!"

"Look, this is what seperates a real set of sexual desires from shitty kid feelings." Nemuri explained. "I do it all the time. I even have toys."

"T-Toys?" Shouta choked.

"Yes, and I suggest you order something and take care of yourself. Nothing like some self love to build confidence in you as a person." Nemuri said. "You are very self consious, and maybe this would help you get to know yourself better. I'll send you the website I buy from."

"I can't just-," Shouta protested.

"You will, I'm serious Shouta, you have to do something with these feelings. And you are going to be a healthy woman in a busy career. Who knows if you get with Hizashi, or if you do if you stay together? Are you just going to ignore that you're a woman with wants and desires." Nemrui asked. "Don't be repressed like most of our society is."

She had a point there. Her phone lit up with a text and she bit her lip. Was she really going to look at sex toys? To deal with her sexual frustration?

"Now, you don't say anything about the incident on the train." Nemuri instructed. "Hizashi is afraid he seriously crossed a line. If he asks, stick with what you said. You two are fine. Don't make any moves on the confessing until you make peace with the fact that you wouldn't mind rolling around in the hay with him."

And wasn't that an image?

"Okay, okay and then what?" Shouta asked.

"Then you reevaluate and we form a plan of attack." Nemuri laughed. "I'll consult with the squad and we'll figure out a new idea."

"Alright," Shouta agreed weakly. She spent a moment thanking Nemuri for her help and hanging up. With a breath held tightly in her chest she clicked open the link. She was immediately blinded by the websites red exterior. They were advertising a creepy sex doll.

She found the menu and chose the link for women. She found an array of things and her tension eased as she red the descriptions for some of the things she was looking at. She read a few reviews and got an idea of what she should look for. She spent a little over an hour looking over things and comparing prices and features. That was when she found it.

It was a sleek and elegant looking vibrator. It didn't look like a fake penis at all. With an array of colors with a silicone body. It was american in origin, but it was a worldwide sell. There were other, cheaper options she could have chosen but this was the one she wanted. It could be synced up with a phone app. Allowing it to pulse to the music installed in the phone. What else would help her work out her sexual frustration over Hizashi but a toy that worked to music?

She bought it in a glaring yellow color and chose the express delivery, and discrete packaging. No regrets.
The next day saw Shouta waiting for her moment. The morning was uneventful, Hizashi was trying to avoid her gaze while she performed her new class president duties. She ended up busy during lunch, and their hero exercises were spent on different teams diffusing riot situations. It was after class when she managed to snag his arm before he took off with the rest of the students.
"Hizashi."

"H-Hi Shouta." He lifted his hand to cover his mouth as if his quirk was going to go haywire.

"You've avoided me all day." Shouta glared. She ignored her blush and the hot feeling that shot across her breasts and down to her core. Later. "I want us to be fine."

"Were fine!" He screeched and she activated her quirk to save her ears. He looked sheepish, "Thanks."

"I'm not bothered, if that's what you're worried about. It happens," She shook her head. "I had a favor to ask."

"A favor?" He leapt onto the subject change. Good, she wanted to keep things short and simple until she had her own feelings back under control. She didn't want to give herself away until she knew he actually liked her and it wasn't a biological response of a teenage body pressed up against another one.

Here it was...she was going to ask.

"I need a playlist for my workout. I noticed you do solo stuff with your headphones in. And I'm not that into music. Maybe you could make me one? " It wasn't even a lie. She would use it to work out. She was just going to use it for other purposes as well.

"A playlist?" He blinked at her then a wide smile stole across his face. That was better she preferred him happy and enthused about his hobby. "I can totally do that!"

"Good, thanks." She grinned.

"I'll make it tonight and email you the file." He nodded.

"Awesome." She waved and headed to the locker room to get out of her gym uniform.

As she was exiting she found her teacher waiting. Valkyrie-Sensei waved to her. "Aizawa, you're wanted in the principal's office. You're excused from last homeroom."

"Oh, are you sure you don't need me?" Shouta asked. Her teacher smiled kindly in a rare break from her stern demeanor.

"No, I want you to know I'm very impressed with your growth." Valkyrie-Sensei smirked. "Continue to grow. You deserve to be in the Hero Class."

"Thank you sensei." Shouta bowed properly in thanks before she moved off to the rest of the building.

She made it to the principal's office and the secretary announced her to the animal within. Shouta entered and the principal waved. "Hello Aizawa! A pleasure to see you!"
"Ah, yes." Shouta awkwardly rubbed her neck.

"I am very pleased with your progress in the hero department. You have proved quite the success story." He waved to his tea set as he hopped from his desk and moved to the lounge area. "Would you like some tea?"

"Ah no thank you, I have training after school." Shouta waved her hand and moved over. That was when she saw the sleeping bag on the floor. She stilled.

"Oh, you've noticed our guest." Principal Nedzu laughed. "He drank quite a bit of tea while I assessed if he was ready for a student or not. But you will be relieved to know I find him suitable to continue your underground education. Should you be willing to intern with him that is."

Shouta looked from the principal to the blue lump. "He came?"

"Indeed. Souma-San, your student has come to meet you officially!" Principal Nedzu called.

The lump shifted and she was treated to the sight of the tired looking man climbing from it's depths like he was just asleep. He scratched his beard and then his white hair. His red eye settled on you. "Souma-San, this is Aizawa Shouta other wise known by her code name Eraserhead. Aizawa this is Souma Yuu otherwise known as Vanisher."

"I've heard some things." He grumbled and slumped into the chair next to his sleeping bag. His posture was shit, and his legs splayed wide. "Saw you in the exam. Not bad."

"Thank you." Shouta nodded.

"You need work though, too active in the fight." He looked her up and down. "But you got potential."

"Um," She shuffled where she stood.

"You'll be mine from Thursday to Saturday after school. Hours will be from five pm to three am. Think you can handle that?" He glared at her from his one eye and she rolled her shoulders.

"It is." Shouta nodded. It was pretty much a full time job. But that was what she was working towards.

"Good, now, why are you trying to be an underground hero?" He thumbed his lip with his gloved finger. "Don't want to take on a green newbie who's gonna get us both killed."

"I grew up around a few underground heroes and vigilantes. My mother was a police officer. I went to her job a few times." Shouta explained. "Underground heroes do more than public heroes can. The press doesn't get in the way of their work. They don't care about recognition. It's about saving the citizens protecting the peace. I want to be that hero."

"Hmm," His eye brightened. "You'll do."

With that he got up and held out his phone to her, she took it and input her information. He swept his sleeping bag up and sauntered off to the door. "See you Thursday."

"How will I meet you?" She asked.

"Guess you'll have to figure it out by the time our shift starts eh?" He smirked at her and walked out the door.
She found herself frowning at him. She had six days to be ready to actually work. She looked at the principal who was still smiling politely at her. "Thank you sir."

"My pleasure!"

She turned and left the office. She needed to train more, she wanted to be as prepared as possible for actually working underground.

Shouta spent her weekend doing fight training with Hizashi, and Tensei. Nemuri stayed over one night and they talked about Nemuri getting in at an all female agency called Amazonia. She was hyped to learn from the hero Amazon. Shouta knew she was a devastating female hero. Her super strength made her a formidable fighter.

Shouta became worried about her own mentor. She didn't want to get them killed, he was right about that. She was very inexperienced. She needed to be ready for anything he would throw at her. He had valuable information she needed to succeed.

Monday night after a busy day getting the other students set up with proper studying times and coordinating their internship paperwork. She returned home to a package sitting on the entryway table. She snatched it up and raced upstairs.

She ignored her father's questions and locked her bedroom door. She had received Hizashi's playlist Friday night. And she had truly expected an hours worth of music. Hizashi sent her thirty six hours worth of music. He said it ebbed and flowed song to song in a crescendo he thought would work for relaxing, working out, and sleeping.

She had listened to it over the weekend at home and his choices were honestly very good. She didn't know anything about the songs but she was having fun picking track after track at random to ask him about it. He knew which one it was immediately and shared the composer, the history of the song, and even his opinions on them. It drew a smile to her face, at least their awkwardness was going away.

Her bottled up desire was deepening by the day however.

That was all going to change now. After being ribbed by Nemuri and encouraged by the closet pervert that she was, Shouta managed to inspire a bit of excitement for her new toy. Unboxing it was an exercise in restraint. But finally she had it in her hands.

She looked at the bright yellow vibrator. It was a bit longer than she was expecting, shaped in a curving 'U' with the top being significantly shorter than the full length. There was a dial at the bottom that unscrewed. It held a button to turn on and off as well.

She read the instructions and went into her bathroom to clean it thoroughly. She stood next to her bed looking at the freshly cleaned and battery powered toy. She was going to do this. Shouta huffed and synced her phone up and put her headphones in. She turned her music player on and took off her uniform top. Her skirt ended up on the floor and she slipped her boyshorts off.

It felt strange climbing half naked onto her bed, but she wasn't going to think about that. No she was going to think about her attraction to Hizashi and get the sexual aspect out so she could focus on her internship and formulate a way to tell if he actually liked her or not.
Hizashi's music flowed in a comforting crescendo and she scrolled to the upswing in pop music. She picked up the toy and her complementary bottle of lubricant. She turned it on and felt it pulse in her hand. She slicked the thing up and exhaled as she trailed wet fingers first to the center of her body. She'd been damn near on fire the moment she saw the box.

She was no stranger to exploring herself, but she had never intentionally set out to pleasure herself before. She ran her fingers over the soft folds of her core. Slipping one up to roll her clit. Pleasure spiked under her fingers. She took hold of her toy and arched her back to reach properly. Her legs fell apart and she bent one enough to give herself room to move.

The vibrations rolled over her and it dragged a gasp from her. It was insane how it really did follow the music. That almost made it all the more erotic. Hizashi had picked out this music for her. Her mind reminded her that he had been turned on pressed up against her in the train. He was so much bigger than her, framing her with his tall body.

She teased her opening with the toy and eased it in slowly. It was designed to slip in with little discomfort. She didn't feel even a hint of pain that a ton of stupid romance stories said she would. She must have broken her hymen as a child with her intense training.

But all clinical thoughts fled the moment her inner walls were vibrating with the toy as music seemed to guide it. She kept it in and rotated it just a bit. The protruding part pressed right up against her clit and she groaned. Her hips bucked and she gasped. It was nice, so nice!

Shouta's eyes closed and she saw Hizashi by the beach, sun reflecting off his aviators. Muscles glistening with sunscreen. Stretching as he pulled his shirt off. The moonlight a backdrop as he taught her to dance int he grass. His bright laugh as he showedoff his pole dancing skills to hide his embarassment. Then the furious blush on his face as his erection bumped into her on the train.

She rolled her hips down and grind herself into the toy. She lifted her hand up to sink her teeth into her palm. She wanted to scream her pleasure out. The vibrations slowed into long pulses as the song changed into something low and sultry. She moaned into the skin of her hand.

She turned her head as she imagined him returning her feelings. Seeing those green eyes lit up with the love she wanted to see there. Feeling his hand tangled with hers and his voice in her ear. She wanted to hear him say he loved her.

Shouta's back arched suddenly and her whole body tensed even while her thighs quivered and her hips bucked uncontrollably. Her orgasm was like a dam of ribbons had burst inside her. Each one a caress of ecstacy. She opened her eyes as the music slowed into something soft, a ballad of some kind.

Shouta removed the toy and turned it off. She lay a sweating mess for a moment and gathered her bearings. She just did that, and it was awesome. An outlet for the suffocating emotions she had for Hizashi.

Nemuri was right. As Shouta's brain fed off of the endorphins flowing through her, she knew. She was going to confess. She just needed to know he felt the same. Then she was going to tell him.

What he did with her feelings was up to him.
Shouta looked down at the text she received Thursday at lunch. She frowned at the unknown number before she realized it was Vanisher. He had sent her an address and that was it. Was this where they were going to meet? She nodded and left the lunch table to fill out the paperwork to have her costume freed up for her work.

She made it through the day and waved to her friends as they headed home. She wasn't headed to her own neighborhood. No this address was leading her to Yokohama. She made her way there a half hour before the appointed shift would start. She found herself at an empty looking warehouse. The businesses around it were just letting out. Shouta rapped on the door and it swung open.

She narrowed her eyes in suspicion. A trap if she'd ever seen one. She entered and noticed the whole place was set up like a massive apartment. The open second floor plan was clearly a living space. The main floor was kitted out like a massive training area. With the appropriate equipment dotted the walls.

Shouta started forward and felt a prickle on the back of her neck. She dropped everything and lunged forward into a roll as her instincts screamed she was under attack. As she rolled to look at where she came from she activated her quirk. Vanisher popped into view exactly where she had been standing.

"Good job, you knew I was there." He smirked. "But how long can you keep your quirk going?"

Shouta pushed it as he advanced on her, he swung a punch and she dodged the first. She slapped away the second. But he rotated and embowed her in the face. She blinked in pain and hissed. That was when he vanished again.

Her eyes watered but she leapt back into a series of flips to get distance. She activated her quirk again but he wasn't within her field of vision. She twisted but it was too late, her head was grabbed in a headlock and she was lowered to the ground. He sat on her back, that when his legs came back into view. "You have good instincts, and your deduction skills are decent enough. The only thing you lack is an appropriate amount of paranoia."

"Paranoia?" Shouta gritted out and he let her go. The hero paced away a few feet and turned to look at her.

"I was black ops before I became a hero. I survived because I'm paranoid. I'm a master at covert operations and stealth missions. You will need to be amazing at this." He cocked his hip and smirked. "Your ability to remain unseen is the difference between two drug runners going to jail, and the entire gang. Capturing a gang member, or taking down his entire organization. It's the difference between running in and causing a massive flashy uproar over one villain, or silently taking out every criminal in a two mile radius."

She gaped in shock but got to her feet and he nodded. He pointed at her case. "Get suited up, were going to test your physical capabilities. See what bad habits the twins gave you and the ones you already have."

"Yes sir," She grabbed the case and he pointed to the stairs. She raced up to get changed. He felt different than Shino did. Shino had taught her how to apply her skills. But this hero was going to teach her to refine them, show her new ones and how to handle the future she had chosen for herself.

Once changed she returned to where he was. He looked her up and down before he scrubbed his head and huffed. "Now, I saw you use that scarf in the exam. I want you to mess me up as best you can. I want to know exactly what that thing can do before I decide to kick your ass."
She shivered. He was really weird. But he was the real deal.

She slipped her goggles down and lunged towards him. Her bands whipped around disguising the use of her quirk. The irritated look he adopted told her she was working effectively to conceal her quirk's tell.

Her scarf lashed out and he was cocooned instantly. He struggled and she twitched her fingers. The bulk of the scarf returned to her but he was tied now at elbow, wrist, ankle, and knees.

"I'm impressed. Do you have stealth maneuvers?" He adjusted and she released him.

She nodded and he grunted in acknowledgement. "What about your flexibility?"

"I've done gymnastics since I was four." She answered.

"Good good, and combat skills?" He raised a brow.

"I know four fighting styles and combine them all to my own personal style." She explained and he nodded.

"Alright, I'm going to come at you full force. Defend if you can." He announced and rushed her. She jerked back from the punch he swung her way. It was harder than before.

He launched into a flurry of punches and swipes that she defended but could barely keep up with. And he didn't stop there. He kept getting past her guard just by being persistent and strong.

She ducked a swing of his arm and that was her mistake. He grabbed her head at the temples and kneeled her in the jaw. She whirled back and all of a sudden she was blinded by a bright light. Even through the shade of her goggles.

She was punched from the side and fell to the ground in a roll. "Still not bad, I've had rookies less green than you fall faster. Who trained you to defend like that?"

"Shade." Shouta glared as she blinked the spots from her vision.

"Hmm, I've heard of him. Never worked with him though." Vanisher nodded. "Here's a tip. Your using your scarf for offensive moves, too give you awareness of what's around you life a spider. You need to use it closer, you could have caught my fists with it. Could have even yanked yourself to the ceiling where I couldn't reach you easily."

Her eyes widened, all she had thought of was defending. But he was right. She could have captured him or escaped. Dammit!

"Want to try again?" He smirked. Shouta nodded resolutely. "Alright. Just try to keep up. I'm going to mold you into a fighting machine."

"Yes sir."

Chapter End Notes

I just want everyone to know. I may be working a slow burn. And this is planned to go on for quite a while. I don't ave an ending planned yet. This is going to follow fifteen
years of me playing with it until we get to canon events. And then I'm still going to
work with that.

That said. I am a purveyor of being real with yourself and your sexual desires. Shouta
will not be a shy stereotype who is as afraid of sex as she is hungry for it. She and
Hizashi are going to be real teens with real desires. Let's be honest, a friend like
Nemuri wouldn't let her best friend repress her sexual desires. So yeah...
A Taste Of Hero Work

Chapter Summary

Shouta and Hizashi experience the real side of being a hero. And actually get to fight bad guys.

Chapter Notes

So. We're picking up some speed here. Buckle up.

The first part of Hizashi's week back at Madam Glitz's agency was marked by his assignment to one of the independent heroes. A hero who maintained the agencies active hero work. The side kicks worked with the hero he was assigned to.

Her name was Kageyama Himawari, code name: Banshee. She was a regular who took the work Madam Glitz handed off and had her teaching license. Hizashi found himself working with her on the weekend and twice during the week.

She was a tall buxom woman. Long black hair and glittering green eyes marked a wispy costume that made her look a bit like a ghost. Unlike his training with Madam Glitz, he worked harder with his physical fighting ability.

Banshee had a voice quirk like his. Only hers was called Wail. Her scream could physically attack people. She paired it with a fighting prowess that startled him. And if Madam Glitz was a slave driver, this woman was trying to kill him by pushing his abilities harder.

Hizashi began to pair his vocal attacks with fast physical follow ups. Not giving his opponents time to recover. It was empowering, it made him feel stronger than ever. Getting to show off what he knew, what he was leaning was an experience. But it was still a week later before she took him on his first patrol.

Before he was barely allowed to help out during the test internship. Now he had his temporary license. He could intervene if he had to.

His first night out had all the hectic mess of his life ebbing away. Nothing mattered but his awareness and ability to follow Banshee and get his real world experience.

Banshee led him down the busy streets of Minato. The station was in the distance but everyone seemed to know her. Their patrolling kept the morale up and the attempted crime down. But that didn't stop everything.

By his last day on shift he came to the agency after school to find banshee and Madam Glitz discussing a case that came in. "Hizashi." Madam Glitz ordered. "There's a case I'm putting you on with Banshee. The rest of the sidekicks will take over your patrol route."
Banshee smiled at him encouragingly before she walked over with the file. "This is going to be your first case for the police. I'll keep my name on it so that no one questions why a student is on it. But you're the leader. There's been a string of rapes happening over the past few weeks. The detectives sent us the profile because we know these streets."

He took the offered case and looked it over. He was curious why it was coming to a hero agency. All the legwork was here, they had tracked a pattern. There were around ten victims so far. His fingers clenched on the papers when he saw the victim choice. Slim, black hair, black eyes, all women in their early twenties.

The victims all ended up the same, picked up in the dark without anyone being the wiser. Dropped in public places terrified of the dark and their own shadows. Even worse they all reported a quirk that rendered them blind to their surroundings. Unable to see as they were attacked and raped.

"I'll blow out his fucking hearing." Hizashi snarled. The victim choice looked a lot like Shouta, and he was thankful she was at least an hour away by car. Not that she would be caught out by a rapist. But still. These poor women were getting attacked and weren't able to defend themselves. It was up to them to do it.

Shouta ached, her muscles were on fire. Her eyes hurt and she really disliked her mentor. But, it was a logical step for her to take by following him. He drilled her the entire time she was there every day until she was actually getting a bit paranoid.

Vanisher's quirk was Light Refraction. He could change the way the light particles worked around his body. He could make himself invisible, and he could blind her by drawing in all the light to do so. It helped him get the edge in a physical fight. He was pushing her hard until she knew her blind spots were narrowing.

It was the last day of the first week however that he halted their warm up training and brought her over to the upstairs office area. She sat down and pulled her goggles up and took stock of her aches and pains. She rehydrated her eyes and he hopped up onto the desk.

"So, you're good enough to come with me on the next job." He said.

"I get to go out?" She blinked interested.

"Got a tip from the police that there's a group of guys tied to a larger organization breaking into hospital records rooms, and even the social services offices." He handed her a file. "Normally this wouldn't be work for us to deal with. But according to the compiled lists of what was stolen there's records of a slew of kids born this year that came from parents with powerful quirks."

She frowned and opened the file. There was a list with around two hundred kids on there. "Quirks merge and make new ones during gestation, that's basic biology." Shouta frowned. "Why are they stealing this information? Are they looking for a specific quirk? And why?"

"Keep looking, maybe you can tell me." He lifted a knee to prop his elbow on and watched as she went through the file page by page.

"Todoroki, that's Endeavor. His son was born early in January. That's a potentially powerful child. Iida is on here too, I know baby Tenya. There's influential names and their parents are all
powerful." She rattled off a few names and frowned when she noticed a name with two parents and quirks detailed. "Wow, this kid has parents who's quirks are Truth Serum, and Suggestion. Imagine what that could turn into."

"I have reason to believe this gang is looking to steal a few of these kids for the black market." Vanisher said and pointed to the symbol spray painted in each of the crime scene photos. "This is a symbol used to make us think it's regular gang activity. Though the yakuza and triads aren't nearly as active in villainy as regular villains are. There are a great many groups that still deal in illicit things. One of those is human trafficking."

"So they're going to kidnap some of these kids and sell them on the black market." Shouta glared. Her mother would have been pissed at this kind of bullshit. She certainly was. "That's messed up."

"I divided the list with some of the local heroes in the area were going to. But I want to focus on this family." He pointed at the one with the two parents with mental quirks. "The Shinsou family."

"What makes you think they're the targets?" Shouta wanted to give a name to this feeling she had about it.

"Two parents with metal quirks that can compell a person to confess things, or to take a suggestion and act. That's some big shit. This kid could very well have a fusion of the two." He scratched his head. "Stuff like that is why kids with villain quirks go bad. They get snatched."

She didn't like that.

She stood up. "Alright, where are we going?"

"Saitama Prefecture." He informed. "This is our ongoing case now. So be ready to act if something goes wrong."

"I will."

It was in his second week of internship work that Hizashi got a break in the case. He and Banshee had been patrolling the hunting grounds of the rapist every night. That was where he saw the villain in action.

One well aimed yell and the rapist dropped the woman he was trying to take off with. He looked like a hulking bat creature. Hizashi had managed to catch the woman but Banshee was unable to capture the bastard.

The next night they had a better idea of where to look for him. The police had leaped onto the new information like the godsend it was. They found him again. With his profile telling them he was a stalker, and a missed opportunity would throw his system out of wack. This was the result.

Hizashi was waiting on a rooftop for him this time. And it wasn't going to be a short yell. Those ears were there to help him, if his anatomy said something about however his blinding quirk worked.

The woman below was snatched away by Banshee and the villain pulled up short his wings flapping before he tried to make an escape. "Yeah!"
Hizashi kept his scream going and it vibrated the air. An inhuman screech boiled up through the air but he wasn't going to stop. Banshee joined his scream with her own and it knocked the rapist to the ground. Hizashi sucked in a breath and scrambled to get to the bottom of the fire escape.

Banshee was fighting him now. And he was larger than Hizashi had thought. He used those wings with a deadly efficiency. Taking swiped at them and trying to get his bearings. "You're not going anywhere, I rattled your eardrums" Hizashi growled. "Surrender now!"

"Get away!" The criminal screeched. He swept at them again but Hizashi got his nod from Banshee and they split off to flank him on either side. Hizashi got his boot over one wing and drew back his arm. He punched the giant bat man with an the form and force kick boxing had taught him. Banshee uppercutted him just after and he was down.

"Goot work Present Mic," Banshee grinned at him. "That's one scumbag that isn't going to hurt another woman."

He helped haul the criminal to the street where the cops were waiting now. He handed over the criminal and signed the paperwork with his mentor. "You did good work tonight kid. You put in a lot of effort to get him picked up."

"Yeah well," Hizashi wasn't being totally selfless in the effort. "The girl I like looks like his victim of choice. I was being a little selfish about it."

She chuckled and patted his head.

As they went to report to the agency and Madam Glitz, Hizashi wondered about how Shouta was doing. Outside of school they hadn't had a chance to talk hang out. They had ended up in a closet together after their hero classes. And left to put books away alone. But that was just a moment to talk a bit about their respective internships.

He knew he should be taking advantage of the opportunities Nemuri and Tensei were giving him. He'd just been really involved in making his first case go well. Nothing else had really mattered.

Shouta understood, she'd said she'd gotten her own case. And it was worrying her as well. Maybe he could get her to go for coffee after school soon. He was pretty sure they both had an off day coming up.

He nodded to himself, he was going to ask her for coffee and see how she was.

Shouta sat perched outside the apartment building where she was assigned. Currently Vanisher was checking in with some of the other heroes on their stake outs. He had managed to stop the attempted kidnapping of the Todoroki kid before the villains had ever gotten to the house.

There were attempts on a few other kids but so far no one had lost a child. Shouta was flattered that she was getting to watch the Shinsou apartment herself. But at the same time she was nervous. If anyone tried to hit this place while she was alone... she worried she wouldn't be able to stop it.

Shouta watched the Shinsou mother cradle her baby. She had a deep indigo shade to her hair and her son had a shock of purple that matched his fathers. They were a cute family.
The father had the truth serum quirk, all he had to do was ask a question and you would be compelled to answer truthfully. He was a lawyer. The mother had a quirk that let her suggest things. The file said it was a physical quirk, she could suggest someone do something and they would do it.

What kind of quirk would the kid have one day?

That was why these human traffickers were after him. She shook her head. Bastards. The night wound down when something happened inside the apartment, Shouta jumped up. She tapped on the comm link in her ear. "Vanisher, this is Eraserhead, I have activity in the Shinsou apartment."

"Fuck, I'm like three miles away by foot. Get in there and stop it I'll be there soon!" He replied. Shouta growled and dragged her goggles down. She snapped out her scarf and swung over towards the apartment. She was going in hot.

She smashed through the glass and saw two hulking assholes with mutation quirks in the apartment. The Shinsou man was struggling in the grip of the first man. He looked like he was made of some kind of rock. The other was trying to kick in the door to the baby nursery.

She assessed what she was seeing as they noticed her. She activated her quirk and sent her scarf out at both of them. She snatched them up and turned. She kicked her leg up and with the momentum of her drop she dragged them into each other. The purple haired man sprinted for the nursery door.

"You made a mistake coming after kids." Shouta growled. "As if heroes wouldn't be ready to take your organization on."

She got yanked forward but used the new change in momentum to her advantage. She leaped in and kicked the first man in the rocky face. Then she rebounded into a mid air flip to tangle her bands around the other. They were both down when she heard a scream come from the nursery. She saw the husband kick the door in and start shouting.

Shouta gritted her teeth and recalled her bands back. She raced in leaving the knocked out idiots in the living room. A gun shot blew out and she flinched.

The Shinsou man fell to the ground and the woman shrieked. Shouta looked up to see the woman holding a knife that was protruding from her chest. Across from her was a man with bright red skin and gold hair. He held the screaming baby in his arms.

"Hey, put the baby down, now." Shouta urged. She stepped forward and he edged closer to the window that was open. "You don't even know what kind of quirk he'll have."

"Worth the steal." He rasped at her. She activated her quirk and slung her scarf out.

"Save my son." The woman gurgled with blood foaming at her mouth.

"Eraser! I'm outside!" Vanisher reported.

"Two down in the living room, our civies are injured. Baby with the third." Shouta reported and the kidnapper swung out onto the fire escape. "I'm in pursuit!"

"Go! Paramedics are on the way!" Vanisher ordered. She shot out after the kidnapper and found him going up. She slung her scarf up to the roof and ran up the length of the building at an angle. She got to the roof the moment the kidnapper did. The baby was still screaming.

"Get out of the way girl, or I'll kill you too." The man warned.
"I'm not letting you go anywhere with that baby." Shouta glared. She lunged in her scarf stretching out and when he tried to fend off a band it lashed around his arm. She lunged in and reached for the baby as he backpedaled. He dropped the kid and she wrapped her arms and her bands around him securely.

"Fuck!" The man whirled as she let him go. He drove his arm forward and she gasped as pain lanced down her abdomen. She looked down to see his arm had morphed into some kind of red shining material. Plastic? It was buried an inch or two under her belly button. "Fuck you girl. How dare you get in the way! Give me the kid!"

"That's not logical." She glared through her goggles. She'd taken her eyes off him to protect the kid. A mistake, but the baby was in her arms now. She wasn't handing him over. She stumbled and he snarled at her. He shoved suddenly and she gritted her teeth against the pain.

Her body wrapped around the baby as she was shoved off the roof. The man realized what happened with an enraged yell. But she was falling and all she had to do was make sure the baby made it through the fall. She wrapped her whole scarf around him, it was designed for high impact and damage.

She landed in a dumpster with a loud clang that rattled her bones. Thank god there was garbage within, it cushioned her fall even if it still hurt like hell. She was leaking blood from her abdomen. "Vanisher...I have the kid."

"Yeah, I have the bastard who just threw you off a roof." He snarled into his end of the headset. "I'm coming."

She didn't move, too afraid to make her injury worse. Instead she unwound the baby to assess him for damage. He was hysterically sobbing. "Hey, hey, you're okay now." She breathed. "Don't cry."

It took a while but by the time he wasn't sobbing, Vanisher and three paramedics were there. She handed the baby up and the paramedic wrapped him up in a blanket. Her scarf snapped back around her as they lifted her out. "You're bleeding a lot Eraser." Vanisher shook his head. "I didn't say to get yourself killed."

"I was just trying to save the kid." She grunted as pressure was applied to the wound. She was strapped to a stretcher and the pain increased tenfold. "It's not supposed to hurt like this is it?"

"I don't think so kid, I'll call your dad." Vanisher shook his head.

"The Shinsou's?" Shouta asked.

"Dead." Vanisher looked down. "You did what you could, I wasn't expecting a third bastard to slip in while the first two got in. I'll find out what happened. They must have changed plans after the last one was stopped."

Shouta gritted her teeth in anger. She had failed to save her charges. And now she was bleeding out. Great. Her first case and she failed it. "See you at the hospital kid."

Hizashi got the call from the barracks in the agency. He was just getting to sleep when his phone went off with a cute meow. He frowned when he noticed it was Shouta's number. "Hello?"
"Yamada, it's Shino." Oh, why did he have Shouta's phone? She was at her internship.

"Hey, sorry I just woke up, it's been a busy night." Hizashi rubbed his face and woke himself up.

"Yeah I heard about the bat rapist you helped take down. Good job, look, I know you have feelings for Shouta." Shino said over the phone and Hizashi tensed up, was he that obvious?

"I-uh...I-," Hisashi stammered.

"This isn't about that, I'm calling her best friends because she was hurt in the line of duty tonight. We're at the Saitama National Hospital." Shino cut him off.

"What, she was hurt?!" Hizashi jumped to his feet searching for his pants. "What happened?!"

"Apparently she was on the kidnapping case with her mentor. She was trying to stop the kidnapper and he stabbed her with his quirk. She lost a lot of blood and is in surgery now. I called because I know how you feel. If you want to come she could use the support." Shino sighed. "I'm gonna head back in, could you call Nemuri and Iida?"

"I will, we'll be there soon." Hizashi vowed and hung up. He stood a moment and sat his phone down gently. Then he grabbed his pillow and hurled it across the room and slapped his hands to his mouth to stop himself from screaming. He might bring the whole building down if he wasn't careful.

He got dressed and stormed out of the room. He explained a friend of his was attacked and left the agency at a run. He called his friends and relayed what he knew. Tensei couldn't get away yet, he was still on duty, but Nemuri said she would meet him there.

It took him nearly an hour on the last train. But he was there and he ran through the streets. His heart raced and he tried to tell himself this was something they would have to go through eventually. Anyone could get hurt on the job, not a single hero had ever worked without being hospitalized at least once.

She'd just gotten her time over early, that was all.

He got to the hospital and raced through the ER doors. Akio was there waiting with Nemuri with him. He led them through the halls to where Aizawa stood with Shino. The father of the girl he loved was openly sobbing. Shino and Akio folded around him and Hizashi walked over. Through the glass window Shouta was in recovery. There were a number of doctors flitting around her prone body. She looked pale and wan on that bed.

Nemuri grabbed for him and he realized his legs had slipped out from under him. "What happened?"

"There was a third kidnapper." A gruff voice said from behind them. Hizashi turned to see her mentor there. He was covered in blood. "I was pulled off the apartment because some fucking rookie graduate couldn't handle the kidnappers he'd been tasked with taking down. She's capable, much more capable than I was at her age. So she stayed there to watch. The intel wasn't predicting an attack until at least tomorrow."

He shook his head and fist his fingers. Hizashi stared at the underground hero. "They hit the place while I was gone. Surveillance said they were already in the building before we got there. They were just waiting. They came in the front door and I gave her the go ahead to intervene. She caught the two criminals inside, mutation quirks. But there was a third with a plastic quirk. He shot the father in the head, but dropped the gun when the wife fought him for the baby. He stabbed her..."
in the chest, and she bled out. With no weapons left he tried to escape."

He straightened his back and lifted his chin. "She chased him up onto the roof and rescued the baby. That was when he was out of her sight. His quirk activated and he ended up burying his transformed hand into her abdomen. She was pushed off the roof, down five stories, and into a dumpster. She wrapped the baby in the capture weapon and saved his life. No injuries."

Hizashi looked to Aizawa and he had collapsed to the ground as well. Shino looked up and nodded. "You got her medical attention, that's what matters. What about the kidnappers?" Shino asked.

"All captured, the police will interrogate for more information on the organization behind them." Vanisher, that was his hero name. Shouta had told him. Vanisher then bowed at the waist. "She saved a life tonight, and for that she is a hero. But the fact that she was injured was my fault. If I had been there she would not have had to go it alone. I beg your forgiveness."

"I-It's a hazard of the job." Aizawa wiped his eyes with his sweater. "I know the deal. My wife was a cop. My lover is a vigilante. I'm not stupid, I know this job will kill her one day. It's not your fault she was hurt, thats just how it works."

"Takashi," Shino wrapped him up and Akio framed him. Hizashi hasn't known Shino was a vigilante. But now that he looked Shino carried himself similarly to how Shouta and Vanisher did.

"The baby, you said he was alright?" Akio asked.

"Yes, the police are looking for family to take him in." Vanisher reported.

"She'll want to know when she wakes up." Aizawa said. "Thank you, for making sure my daughter came home."

"I will endeavor to do better." Vanisher stood back up and turned. "I'm going to assist with the interrogation. I'll come by again when she's awake."

"Thank you Vanisher." Shino called, the hero only gave a salute.

"Aizawa-San." A doctor exited the room and the passal of nurses and doctors left as one unit. "We're finished and are ready to transfer her to a room upstairs. I would like to explain what happened to you first."

Hizashi clutched Nemuri and she rubbed his back as the three adults entered the room. He watched as the doctor spoke and Aizawa cupped his mouth. He shook his head rapidly. "What could he be telling them?" Nemuri asked.

"I don't know." Hizashi stared at Shouta in the window. She was asleep, her hair pinned back from her face. He'd almost lost her, and he'd never said how he felt. tears spilled down his cheeks. He sobbed and Nemuri pressed her wet cheek to his neck.

When she woke up her head hurt, and when she cracked her eyes open they burned. Her groan of pain got the attention of someone next to her and she stiffened. "It's just me Sho," Her father breathed. "It's just me."
"Dad?" Shouta frowned. He brushed his fingers over her forehead and dropped some saline in her eyes. She blinked a few times and he wiped away the excess.

"Hey," She blinked and he came into focus. He looked worn out, his eyes were beet red and puffy. "Welcome back sweetheart."

"The baby?" She rasped. He held up a cup and she drank from the straw.

"He was fine. They're locating the rest of his family." Her father said and she closed her eyes as she remembered she'd failed. "You're alright Sho, he's alive because of you."

"His parents are dead because of me." She snapped.

"Deaths happen in the line of duty," Shino sat up from the couch next to the window. Akio was asleep in the corner. He leaned forward and looked at her. "You can't be everywhere at once. You can only do what you can do. And you saved that little boy."

She shook her head and looked up at the ceiling. She wasn't going to accept that. She'd almost died and she hadn't done anything. "I cost that boy his family."

"You saved him from a life of torture." The gruff voice of Vanisher entered from the doorway and she looked up to see him there. He shut the door firmly and glared at her. "The fault of their deaths is not on you. It's on me for leaving to help that rookie. So don't beat yourself up over something out of your control. You saved a life. Be glad you didn't lose yours in the process."

His glare said he wasn't going to listen to her argue over it. She knew to take a hint. "How close was I to dead?" She asked.

"You flatlined on the table due to blood loss." Her father said and smoothed her hair back. "But they barely needed to give you CPR before you bounced right back."

She'd died on the table, even if for only a moment. That burned her bad. She hadn't even gotten to tell Hizashi how she felt. She'd tried the few times Nemuri and her Confession Squad had struck over the past two weeks. But every time she had just gotten into casual discussions with him. It was eye opening. Knowing she'd died.

"You ready for the bad news kid?" Vanisher asked.

"Bad news?" She frowned and moved to sit up but her father put his hand on her chest to stop her. "I can't feel anything, why can't I feel anything?!"

"You have an epidural drip going right now to manage the pain." Her father said and she focused on him. "You won't be off of until tomorrow when they switch you to just IV. But there was a lot of damage."

"What happened? Did he damage my spine? Am I paralyzed?!!" She demanded.

"No, nothing like that." Her father picked up her hand and tears streaked down his cheeks. She looked up and he nodded as if to firm his resolve. "When he attacked you he was in the middle of using his quirk, so it was jagged and messy. He sliced your uterus in half. It was so shredded they couldn't fix it. So they removed it, your ovaries were still intact so they determined leaving them would be in the best interest of your health."

"My u-uterus?" She gaped. They performed a hysterectomy.
"Yes," Her father choked. "Yes, they performed an abdominal hysterectomy. You will never be able to become pregnant. But if in the future you do want to, you can see a specialist to harvest your eggs for a surrogate."

She looked up at the ceiling for a long moment as that hit her. It was ironic, she'd saved a baby but failed to save his family. Now she would never be able to have one of her own. It wasn't like she'd thought about it, not seriously. She was going to be a hero, that didn't leave her a lot of time to be a mom.

"Sho?" Shino asked and her father looked at him frantically. "Sho talk to us."

"Come on baby," Her father urged.

"I- I never thought about it before." She admitted and tears fell down her cheeks. "I never gave it a thought and now... now I never will."

She lifted an arm up to paw at her tears. "Honey," Her father breathed and she turned her head from him. "Shouta."

"I-I want to be alone."
Nothing Matters But Us

Chapter Summary

Hizashi helps Shouta make peace in the aftermath.

For Mjm27jl and Kitsun939 who voted

Chapter Notes

I see everyone has had very surprised reactions to the last chapter.

Rest assured everything is going according to plan. Everything. >;3

So here's my apology for hurting the purple baby and precious Sho. Hope you all like it.

It's early. I couldn't bear not to post it until Saturday.

See the end of the chapter for more notes

Hizashi paced outside the hospital room for two days as Shouta slept and turned away any chance of a visitor. He'd gone home and taken the time off school. Nemuri went and she returned with Shouta's work. Tensei visited with reports of a systematic take down of an entire human trafficking ring.

Vanisher apparently took the attack on Shouta very personally.

Aizawa sat out in the hall with him while Shino and Akio made trips to their apartment and Shouta's house. They brought a number of things for the father but he hadn't picked up the sketch book even once. Hizashi was worried because the man just looked defeated.

The doctors came and went and no one was permitted in. He paced and paced before he finally just had enough. "Sir, I'm going to speak with her."

"Maybe you can get her to come around Yamada." Aizawa sighed. "Just...good luck."

Hizashi rapped on the door and entered. "I said I don't want to see anyone." Her voice was biting, angry even. "I mean it."

"Shouta." Hizashi breathed before he walked from behind the curtain into the room. She was propped up at an angle and her eyes widened when she saw him.

"Hizashi, what are you doing here?" She looked down and away.

"I've been here since the night you were admitted. I only left once to change clothes and call off
school." He explained and walked to the bed. "Your dad is out there freaking out. He won't even
draw."

"That's-..." She shook her head and he moved to the chair by the bed. He scooted it over and
looked at her. "I can't see him again yet. It's still too fresh."

"What's so bad?" he asked. "You got stabbed."

"It's more than that Hizashi." She shook her head again and clenched her fists. "I failed my
mission."

"From what I hear it was really that rookie hero's fault. He couldn't capture the two villains he had
and took a valuable hero off of a liston that hasn't been attacked yet. You however caught all three
of your villains." Hizashi snorted. "I understand that the two parents died. I'd be just as upset. I am
just as upset. While I was hunting for the rapist in my own case, three other women were attacked.
But I caught him, and you saved that baby."

She shook her head and looked up at him with tears glistening in her eyes. "He's going to grow up
without his parents, and all he'll think is that I should have saved them too. If I was just faster, If I
had gotten in there quicker!"

He got up and gripped her shoulders. He hugged her tight and his own eyes pricked with tears.
Thinking what she was, how could she get past this at all? How could he help her through it?
"Shouta, were students. We can only do what we can do right now."

"How do I deserve to be a hero when I've orphaned a baby. He's not even six months old
Hizashi?!" She grabbed his arm and shirt.

"No one but you deserves to be a hero in this situation Shouta." He said resolutely. "I've watched
you since you got to 1-A, and out of all of us you are already hero material. That you're broken up
about this and not your injury tells me you are going to make the best kind of hero."

"I'm broken up about my injury." She sighed. "I just think it's selfish to be upset about it when I've
ruined that kid's life."

He leaned back and she started to sob again. He sat on the bed and let her press her face into his
shoulder. "You can get past this case Shouta. I know you can, it won't be the last." He sighed.
"Unfortunately that's the lot we've signed up for."

"I know." She sobbed and he let her cry for a long while. He rubbed his fingers through her hair and
hummed a tune from the playlist he made her.

"So why aren't you letting your dads in?" He asked and she snorted when he worded it that way.
"They look like like a train ran over them."

"The trauma was so bad that they couldn't repair it. So they took it out."
"So you can never-?" He swallowed thickly.

"Nope," She shook her head and fresh tears spilled down her eyes to her temples. "I can't ever carry a child."

"Shouta that's-" He came up short, the horror of what she was going through stole his words. To be told she would never get to have a child... it was cruel. It was so unbearably cruel.

"Ironic is what it is." She laughed bitterly. "I never thought about it Hizashi. I'm going to be a hero, when would I have time to be pregnant and have a kid?"

"It's not about what the plan was Shouta." Hizashi felt his eyes tear up as well. "It's that the choice got taken away from you!"

She startled and looked at him. "Hizashi." She bit her lip and inhaled a deep breath. "It did get taken away from me. What am I supposed to do?"

"You heal up and move on. It sucks, it's not right, but it's not the end of your life. I know you can get past it." He nodded even as his voice changed tenor. "You're Aizawa Shouta, the girl who stomped her way into 1-A from General Education and made us all look bad."

"I didn't make all of you look bad." She shook her head even as she cried.

"You made us look better. Because of you I can use my quirk better. Because you've trained with Nemuri she can now isolate the parts of her body that she wants to emit her quirk. Because of you, Tensei has opened up so much more." He looked down at his hands as his heart acted for her. "You made our lives so much better just by being in it."

She was crying louder and he took her hand. "What if one day I'm with someone? What if he wants kids and I can't give them to him?"

His heart thumped painfully at the question. He knew he needed to answer honestly. Even if it was never him, she needed this for her. "Then I would hope he understood and talked about alternatives with you. This should not be any kind of a deal breaker, Shouta. You may be a woman but that doesn't make you some breeding baby maker."

"And if I wanted kids?" She asked gently.

"There's adoption." He nodded. If it was him any chance to build a family with her would be worth it. Even if she couldn't have her own. That didn't matter. "This door isn't closed for you Shouta and anyone who says it is is going to be bleeding."

"Bleeding?!" She choked as she looked up at him.

"Yeah from the face. I'll punch the shit out of them and make them deaf." He was half joking. If anyone said something shitty to her, they'd have to deal with him.

"Hizashi." She laughed and wiped at her eyes. "You really do always know what to say to me."

"I didn't say anything your dad's aren't thinking." Hizashi waved a hand. "I'm sure they were just waiting to say all of that."

"No, I think it needed to be you." Shouta sighed. "Thank you Hizashi."

"No problem!" He grinned widely at her. "Can I let them in now?"
"Yeah, just...come back later before hours are up." She looked at him.

"I'll be back I promise." He smiled at her and got up to go to the door.

"I needed this Hizashi." Shouta called. "I don't know what I'd do without you."

"Me either." He said with his hand on the door knob. Now wasn't the time for a full confession. "I don't know what I'd do without you either."

Shouta tried to be nicer after her talk with Hizashi. Her father and his partners came in like kicked puppies. She had been rather hard on them. She might as well start calling them her dad's seriously too. Akio looked like he was going to keel over. She spoke with them about why she was upset, her fears for the future of her life. The unease of knowing she'd orphaned a child.

She spoke to them at length and then to the doctors. They recommended a therapist who specialized in survivors guilt. Then she learned what not having a uterus meant.

She would never have another period. Though her ovaries were still there she would need surgical and medical treatment to produce viable eggs in the future if she wanted to have a baby.

On the heels of that they explained that nothing would change for any future sexual endeavors. There were exercises she could do to increase her pelvic for muscle strength that would make sure she still had sensation.

Good to know.

She put up with the fussing and coddling until she got irritated and kicked them all out again in favor of Nemuri. Her friend was rather subdued for a while and they talked about her situation.

"Does this change anything about your feelings for Hizashi?" Nemuri asked after she finished relaying the conversation she'd had with Hizashi.

"Not really. Say we didn't get together, or if high school was only the start of something. I don't think he's the kind of guy that would be insulted that I can't have a kid." Shouta shook her head. "Even if I could, he's still not the kind of guy who'd push me to have one either."

"He's really not." Nemuri laughed. "I'm sorry this happened to you. That guy's an asshole."

"Yeah, I've been watching the news. Vanisher has taken down the entire organization." Shouta shook her head fondly. "I wish I could have helped."

"Next time." Nemuri said and Shouta nodded resolutely.

"I'm going to tell him." Shouta said suddenly. And Nemuri looked at her in surprise. "All my fears and it was me who ended up in here. After I woke up and realized what all happened I was so pissed that I never told him how I felt. I died on the table for a few seconds."

"Are you sure?" Nemuri smiled brightly.
"Before this morning I wasn't going to. Not being able to have kids in the future... That's really messed up." Shouta was not going to cry again. "If I try to be with Hizashi, it's not going to be half way. It won't be some high school fling. It feels like it's so much more."

"It does and I'm on the outside of it." Nemuri tilted her head.

"So how could I push to try for something when in the future I can't give him a kid if he wants one?" She shook her head in irritation. "He told me without missing a beat that there's adoption. And if anyone I'm with doesn't get that, he'd teach them a lesson for me."

"That boy," Nemuri groaned with a smile.

"I'm so fucking in love Nemuri. I can't wait anymore. I'm telling him tonight when I kick dad out to eat." She said. And her friend jumped up to hug her.

"I'm very happy you're doing it. You need to text me so that I can tell everyone. You guys really shit on our last few attempts." Nemuri pointed a finger at her.

"Sorry," Shouta smiled apologetically at her friend. "I just can't ignore it anymore. Nothing matters but us, whether we're together or just friends. I'll fight for either one."

Nemuri flushed and grinned. "Your conviction really does it for me."

"You made it weird!" Shouta growled and Nemuri giggled. "Thanks for everything."

"No problem." Nemuri winked. Shouta was glad she'd met her friends. Just as Hizashi said; she didn't know where she'd be without them.

Shouta's evening was interspersed with the nurses getting her to eat and moving her from IV drugs to pain pills. They wanted to get her onto her feet because the stabbing may have cost her her uterus but it wasn't all that different from a c-section incision.

If she walked they would bring someone in to heal her after. Then she could go home the next day. That worked with her, she needed to get back to her life. How else was she going to get past this?

She kicked her dad's out as she planned. They weren't taking it all that well so she told them to go home and pick her up in the morning. She hoped they could find comfort in each other. They needed it.

That was when the nurse came to help her out of the bed. As she stepped down into the cold floor the aching pain she'd ignored flared for a moment as she straightened.

The door was knocked upon and opened. She looked over her shoulder and saw Hizashi there. He shuffled over and took her other hand. She managed to walk a couple steps and was glad the gown she wore had a back to it. That could be awkward.

"Very good Aizawa-San." The nurse smiled. "I'll put in the call to the doctor and we'll get you healed up to leave tomorrow."
"Thanks." She nodded.

"Keep walking a while. If you want there's a large window at the end of the hall. The more you move the better you'll feel." The nurse stepped back and Shouta used her free arm to grab onto Hizashi's.

"Let's try that Shouta." He grinned at her. He wasn't wearing his sunglasses. It was strange seeing him without them. But his green eyes were bright with excitement. Like seeing her up and moving was helping his morale.

"Nemuri took your costume to the support department and they're finishing up a new jumpsuit for you." Hizashi reported. "Must be nice to be the class president."

"Ugh everyone's going to look at me like I'm broken." Shouta shuddered. "I'll have to beat everyone again to save face."

"I ain't going down so easily this time." Hizashi winked at her as they shuffled along the hospital floor. She was glad for the socks but they didn't really ward off the chill of the floors air conditioner.

The large window was set up in a small sitting area. Vending machines lined the side wall. "We sat here earlier and waited to hear from the doctors. Your dad looks a little better. I think he was taking snapshots for later."

"I'm glad, I don't like scaring him like this." Shouta huffed. "That's how my mom died. She was caught in a shoot out and the bullet in her brain rendered her brain dead. We pulled the plug after meeting with damn near every specialist."

"That's terrible. I'm sorry." He wrapped his arm around her and helped guide her walking. It was a relief to have him with her, she was pretty sure she wouldn't have made it to the window otherwise.

"Seeing my dad after was a huge wall I had to overcome. Seeing how devestated he was by losing her." Shouta shook her head. He was better now. "Hizashi, I didn't want to be him."

"You're not him Shouta." Hizashi grinned down at her and she blushed before looking away.

"No, no I'm not." She shook her head and inhaled deeply. "A few months ago I could have ignored this. A few days ago I was trying hard to talk myself into it. But I died Hizashi, before they revived me on the table I died."

His hands tensed on her and she exhaled shakily as a few tears slipped down her cheeks. "I died and I'd never managed to get over my fear."

"Shouta!" He gripped her shoulders and looked at her seriously. "You're alive. You didn't die, not for real."

"No," She touched his hand and looked into his frantic green eyes. Like he'd rejected the very notion of her not making it. "I'll never let myself die in a fight again."

He nodded and she tightened her grip on his hand. "Hizashi, I love you."

His eyes snapped open and the green burned into her intensely. "You-?" He blinked and his hands lifted to cup her face. "You love me?"

"Yeah, I regretted not telling you before." She felt him drying her tear tracks and smiled. "I love
"You have no idea how happy that makes me to hear." He choked out and she looked up to see tears shimmering in his eyes. "I thought I lost you. And I've been trying to get up the nerve to tell you that I love you."

Her heart dropped and she looked at him in shock. "You love me?"

"Yeah, for a while now." He grinned. "Can I kiss you now?"

"Please." She let him tip her head up and their lips met with a rush of emotion. She clutched her fingers in his shirt and he kissed her tenderly. It was fire and ice all in one. She parted her lips and his tongue surged against hers. Why had she waited so long to say something?

They broke apart and he looked just as dazed as she did. "Say it again Hizashi."

"I love you." He breathed and purred kisses against her lips. "I love you too." She sighed as he laid his forehead against her's. "I don't know how we're going to make this work. We're both so busy."

"I don't care. I'm going to try." He wrapped his arms around her and she smiled into his neck. "Alright." She mumbled, "Alright, let's try."

Chapter End Notes

So, guys... We made it lol.

Let's have some fun with the cute couple.
Getting Back To Me

Chapter Summary

Shouta develops some weird habits. Hizashi thinks it's both cute and exasperating.

Chapter Notes

So... Now that the confession has happened. I shall pull no more punches. Hope we're all ready for fluff, smut, and angst. We've got fifteen years to play with until we hit Canon.

<3

After being discharged from the hospital her family celebrated by coddling her intensely. She tried to explain that the healing had taken away all of the pain. That she could move now. They didn't listen.

She took one day out of school once home. And she spent it doing yoga with Akio and Shino. There was still a large amount of scar tissue in her abdomen. Scar tissue she massaged twice a day to break up how stiff it was. Yoga was helping.

By Thursday morning she was ready to go to school. She found Hizashi waiting at the school gates for her and she ducked her head as she approached him. He swung his arm around her and they walked into the building as a couple.

Valkyrie-Sensei commended her for her work and cautioned her about pushing herself too far in training that day. When it came time for the hero class she changed into her new jumpsuit and faced off against part of the class in a three on three battle.

She won but discovered she was paranoid about anyone kicking or striking her. After class Hizashi approached her as she stared at her hands. "You alright?"

"Yeah," She looked up at him and he frowned. "I think it's something mental."

"You were closed off on your midsection. You left wide openings everywhere else." He informed her. "Think your mentor can help?"

"I'll go see him after school." She grabbed his jacket before he turned to head to the locker room. Her boyfriend tilted his head at her curiously. Her scarf shot around him and dragged him down so she could kiss him.

"You didn't have to wrap me up Shouta." He laughed with a wide grin. "I would have kissed you anyways."

"I know, I'm just not sure when I'll get to do it again." She admitted and he snorted before he kissed her again. Then they seperated and the moment was over. They went back to their daily prep
for the evening and joined with Nemuri and Tensei who were acting quite smug over the new relationship.

Shouta rolled her eyes in annoyance but dozed off against Hizashi as they rode the train to their connecting line. She had one more to take after dropping him off in Minato. Then she was trekking to her mentor's place.

He was in the blue sleeping bag in the middle of the floor when she walked in. "You know you have a perfectly good bed up on the second floor."

"Can't sleep there sometimes." He grumbled and rolled over to pop his head through the blue fabric. "I'm used to sleeping in this thing. Makes it easy to stake out longer, or hide. My hours are all over the place anyways."

She rolled her eyes. "Well, I'm hard blocking my abdomen and I'm leaving the rest of me open."

"Got scared eh?" He lifted a brow at her.

"Yeah, they said I can't tear it back open now. I've been aiming on softening the scar tissue." She sighed. "I guess I'm just scared of it hurting?"

"That's fine, I want to take the next two weeks to drill you on what we've learned. You had a bad match up in that apartment." Vanisher nodded at her and climbed from his sleeping bag. "You and me are going to fill in the holes of your fighting style. Never again are you going to be out numbered. No one is going to get close to you like that again."

She felt a rush then. A bit like he believed in her. It kind of made her believe in herself. She dropped her case to the ground and nodded. "Yes, sir."

Hizashi was a bit confused in the weeks following Shouta's recovery. She was bouncing back extremely fast. From Thursday to Sunday she spent time with her mentor. Monday through Wednesday she jumped into spending time with him. It was nice. Nothing that would constitute a date but they went through her gym workouts and went for coffee.

Strangely enough, Shouta was developing some weird habits. She carried jelly packs everywhere, not just for lunch, everywhere. She started to take naps in weird places. She began to nap between classes and often Hizashi found himself searching for her.

Hizashi once found her on top of the shoe lockers. Or inside the class broom closet, and under Valkyrie-Sensei's desk. And if she happened to be outside, he had to use his quirk to wake her up. It was the only way to find where she'd squirreled herself away.

It was cute but a little worrying. She always looked a little sheepish when she found him. So he let it go. He also started to find little caches of eyedrops and snacks in his locker. She had hidden them in Nemuri and Tensei's shoe lockers too. If he paid close enough attention these little caches were everywhere across the school grounds.

He worried it might get in the way of her performance at first. He was very, very, wrong. Shouta became even more deadly in combaf. He had the misfortune of being part of the two man team against her and Tensei.
Before the engines in Tensei's arms could even power up; She had not only dissappeared, she took Hizashi down without him even noticing. One second he was protecting the payload. The next, he was eating the dirt on the ground as she tied him up. His partner ended up lashed to a pillar.

Shouta had taken her perceived failure and thrown herself into training. It was an attractive quality she was showing. And honestly, he liked seeing her doing better.

He knew she was attending counseling sessions once a week. It seemed to be helping because she wasn't looking as upset as she had in the hospital. He never wanted to see that upset look in her eyes again.

No, he wanted to see the surprise and joy that she's shown the moment she confessed. To hear her tell him she loved him had wrenched his heart. She loved him!

It almost didn't feel real.

Until she slipped under his arm, or grabbed his hand, or used her scarf to wrap him up to kiss him. It was so much to take and his heart was bursting with emotion.

The uplift in his emotional state translated into his hero internship with Banshee. And while they didn't have another case, he helped stop three muggings and a store robbery all by himself.

Shouta yawned and shifted in the seat she'd taken after her spar with Vanisher. Her mentor had headed through to take a call and she was starting to doze off waiting for him.

What was taking him so long?

An arm snaked around her neck and she was sized into a head lock. She reacted before the panic could set in. She planted one foot on the table in front of her and vaulted into the air. She got free and rolled to her feet, her scarf floated around her as she gripped a cluster of bands.

She launched into a series of deflections as Vanisher attacked. He leaped back out of her range and she activated her quirk. He grinned at her and they started to fight again.

It ended with Shouta on her stomach with her arm twisted behind her. "Getting quicker kid, you should have been able to tell I was there though. You'd still be dead by the time I get my arms locked."

"Yeah." Shouta glared, she needed to get better. "There's still so much to learn."

"Ah, a little bit at a time." He patted her twisted wrist and let her go. She rolled and the moment he went to walk away she lashed his feet together with her scarf and he went sprawling.

He gaped at her with his one eye. "You didn't say the match was over yet." She smiled in the way Hizashi said made her look like a serial killer. "It's not logical to expose your back like that."

He stared to laugh and rolled from her scarf. He pointed a finger at her and snorted. "Keep it up kid. I'm starting to like you."
The train ride home got Shouta thinking as it always did. Her latest therapy session had dealt with her lingering thoughts of not being a woman in a traditional sense. Her therapist had dragged out of her her darkest thoughts about her uterus removal.

Knowing she couldn't do what nature said she was biologically designed to do bothered her. The doctor said that it was because the option was now gone, that her mind was fixated on it.

Then she explained in a simple way that Shouta was experiencing things that men did as well. Some men, after a vasectomy, struggled sometimes with not feeling like a man anymore. That was where her mind was going. Fixating on the notion that because she couldn't breed she didn't deserve to be called a woman.

Dr. Satsuki was a stern but straight forward woman. She told Shouta it was very logical to feel the way she was. It was logical to not know what to expect of her body at first. Her recommendation was for Shouta to call her doctor and get every bit of knowledge she didn't have.

So Shouta had done that, she'd learned just what her life might hold while not having a uterus or a cervix anymore. She had begun the pelvic floor exercises with Akio, had discussed everything with her father, and reclaimed her gymnastics sessions with Shino. Now it was time to reclaim herself.

Returning home Shouta waved to her father who was painting. She noted that Shino was out and Akio was in the shower. Good enough. She locked her bedroom door and plugged her phone into the speaker to play Hizashi's Playlist.

She was tempted, so very tempted to call him. To share the moment with him. But it was about her, and gaining some confidence back. Confidence she would inevitably need if she was ever going to be comfortable with actual sex.

She went into her bathroom and turned on the light. She stripped slowly and made herself look. She had never wanted the body Nemuri had. But she had her days of envious wants for tallness, bigger breasts, a tan, or a prettier face.

Now she was jealous of the inner parts of a woman's body. Their freedom to choose to get pregnant. Shouta now had a four inch wide scar that ran across her lower right between her pelvic bones. Pregnancy would never be in her future.

She seen the pictures of the post op uterus. The kidnapper had sliced her uterus in half. Ragged tears that couldn't be reattached. She was lucky her ovaries had survived. That her vagina had for that matter.

Shouta thumbed the dark pink scar. It didn't hurt now. She'd been told she was fully healed the day she left the hospital. Any pain she felt was from the scars settling. She still treated the scar to keep it from firming up. But it didn't hurt, none of her exercises hurt.

Shouta ran herself a bath and cleaned her yellow vibrator as Hizashi's music calmed her nerves. She brought the speaker into the bathroom and set it next to the tub.
She went through the motions of showering off and set the wand hose back in its home. She stepped into the tub and soaked a few minutes. She listened to the music and tried to calm herself.

It was a frightening thought, trying to test her healed body. But she needed to, that much she felt. If she didn't she might give herself a complex. She might never be able to be intimate with anyone. She'd already decided that this was not going to ruin her life.

Shouta grabbed her yellow toy from its towel and froze above the water. She'd bought one that was waterproof and the lube she'd gotten was as well. She stood up to get ready when she froze again.

Shouta swallowed and tried to walk herself through it. She didn't have to, no one would know. No one thought less of her because she was missing an organ. But she did. She thought less of herself. She thought any appeal she might have had had gone out the window.

Hizashi had said he loved her though. He kissed her like he wanted to devour her. Her fingers hovered over the music player. But her mind stopped her. How could she call him like this? They had only started dating two weeks ago. Only shared a handful of kisses.

This was inappropriate. She couldn't call him because she was freaking out.

She closed her eyes to control her breathing. Everything was an exercise in control now. She could control this fear as well. She could get past it and move forward. It was a momentary panic she would experience and realize it wasn't so bad at all.

It wasn't logical to be this freaked out over something she hadn't even done yet.

She ran her fingers over her eyes and fought not to cry when her mind took a downward spiral. That was when her phone rang. She twisted to see it as the music cut off Hizashi's picture from the beach was there. She grabbed it and answered. "-Zashi?"

"Shouta, hey are you okay?" His voice banished the dark feelings back to something normal. "You don't sound okay."

"Sorry, I was just... I'm doing a therapy exercise and it was a little more than I thought I could handle." She wiped her eyes and leaned on her hand, she looked down at the yellow vibrator still in her hand and bit her lip. "What's up?"

"Oh, I was going to see if you wanted to go out on a date on wednesday." He spoke. "Seriously, what's going on, you sound really upset?"

He was worried about her, like he'd been when he talked to her in her hospital room. "Ah, I don't think I should tell you."

"Oh, why not?" He huffed and sounded a bit offended. She chuckled as her heart started to level back out.

"It's not really appropriate. Certainly not at this stage of our relationship." She explained and he sucked in a breath.

"Wait, you're testing it out already?!" He asked and she frowned at the phone.

"What the hell are you talking about Hizashi?" She hissed.

"I looked up everything about hysterectomy recovery." He rushed to say. "Sorry, I just wanted to know what to say if you needed me. That's kind of my job isn't it, as your boyfriend?"
She was speechless. He'd looked up recovery information for her. "You're unbelievable Hizashi."

"I'm sorry!" He cried out and she pulled the phone from her ear.

"Hizashi, I can't erase your quirk through the phone." She growled. "And that's not what I meant. I'm flattered."

"Sorry, I'll keep it together." He huffed. "I didn't want to be some asshole who couldn't understand his girlfriend's unique situation. I wanted to be understanding and knowledgeable."

"Hizashi, that's unbelievably cute." She snorted, he had no idea how adorable he was.

"Good," He laughed, "But I think I should have gone for sexy considering you're trying it out."

"Hizashi." She warned.

"Come on, what had you freaked out when I called?" Hizashi asked. "We've talked about plenty of serious stuff."

"It's embarrassing Hizashi." She sighed. "I wasn't ready to have this conversation with you until way later."

"So you were thinking about it huh?" He chuckled. "I'm honored."

"Don't inflate your ego." She sighed and slipped back into the tub as her skin started to get chilly.

"Oh my god!" He exclaimed. "Are you taking a bath?!"

"Ugh, Hizashi!" She snapped.

"No, you don't understand." He laughed. "I threatened Nichi from 1-B because he saw you mostly naked. It wasn't fair because that was a pervy way to do it. Fucking jerk got to see more of you than I ever have. Now I'm on the phone with you and you're naked!"

"People bathe Hizashi, it's a natural thing to do." She rolled her eyes even as her heart fluttered with the fact that he wanted to see her naked.

"No, no, I get it now. You're trying to see how it healed. How it feels because it's scary you might have lost sensation, or it won't be the same." He paused and blew out a breath. "You were freaking out about it."

"Yeah," She sighed, he always knew what to say. She shouldn't be surprised, he talked a lot and his quirk was in his voice.

"Can I ask how you were going to test it out?" He asked. "I can hang up if you want me to."

She didn't want him to. Now that she had him on the phone she couldn't imagine not speaking to him. "To tell you that I'll have to reveal a secret about myself."

"Ooh, a Shouta Secret?" Hizashi gasped. "Tell me everything."

"You're ridiculous." She snorted with a fond grin. "I own a vibrator."

"Seriously?" Hizashi asked wryly. "That's amazing."

"Yeah, Nemuri talked me into it. I like it though." She blushed furiously. "It uh...operstes to
music."

"You're shitting me." He blurted. "That's why you wanted the playlist, my music playlist-...!"

He choked over the line and coughed a couple of times. She pinched the bridge of her nose. "Hizashi?"

"I'm just imagining it. It's amazing." He breathed out over the phone and a tiny laugh escaped him. "You masturbate, it's very exciting for me to learn this about you."

"I'm sure you do it too, so don't make it weird." She snorted.

"I do, I'm a healthy teenager." He proclaimed. "What color is it?"

"Yellow." She answered. She looked at it in her hand and wasn't afraid now.

"You said it plays to music?" He asked.

"Yeah, it syncs to my phone." She said. "But it has other functions that's just the one I like."

"How did it do with my playlist? I designed it for your actual workouts."

"It was good, really good." She said and got out of the cooling water. "It ebbed and flowed well."

"I'll make you another one." He said and she popped her phone onto speaker to wrap up in a towel. "So, are you calmed down now?"

"Yeah, thank you." She said, her nerves had settled well.

"Are you going to try again?" He asked.

"I think so." She grabbed her bottle of lube and padded out to her bedroom.

"Do you want me to hang up?" His voice deepened. The sound of it sent warmth along her body. And she was so relieved to feel desire again that she took a moment to revel in the feeling. "I can hang up and leave you to it."

"Do you want to hang up?" She asked, and she knew her own voice had taken on a different tone. No longer scared, or strained with negative emotion as she calmed down.

"I don't, I want to help you though it. I can't be there, but that might not be the best so soon. But like this I want to. If you don't mind." He said softly, "I never want to do anything that makes you uncomfortable."

She sat on her bed and exhaled shakily. She hadn't realized how deeply she trusted him until this moment. Sharing her fears and having him listen. "Do you...do you think I'm less of a woman?"

"No, there's no one more womanly than you are to me." He answered seriously, without hesitation. It stole her breath away. "And there never will be."

Her fingers trailed over her scar and wondered what he would think of it one day. "What if it hurts now?"

"If it does we'll figure it out." He laughed quietly. "This is only the first time trying. I read that if you can't handle the actual penetration, you can just stimulate outside."
"You're getting clinical." She smirked. "That's adorable."

"I'm just relaying what I know." He huffed. "Would it help if I told you what I'm doing at the moment?"

"Y-Yes." She stammered, what was he doing on his side of the phone?

"I was at my computer planning out a first date. And wanted to see if you were free. Now I'm sitting in my chair and wondering if you would mind if I did the same as you." He hummed. "I really want to do this at the same time."

Fire burned under the wake of his statement and she laid back on her bed. She opened her lube and wet her fingers with it. "You're with me Hizashi?"

"Always, what are you doing?" He asked.

"I'm going to touch with my hand first." She said and having a plan step by step kept the panic at bay.

"Alright, gentle, don't go too fast or you'll rush it." He said and she heard shuffling from his end. "I'm with you."

She tentively ran her fingers down the surface of her core. No pain just an electric burning that dragged a soft moan from her. Hizashi groaned, "Tell me about it."

"It doesn't hurt, it feels like it usually does. Hot and jittery, like I want to rush. It's not enough." She explained. Her head tipped back and she sat the speaker phone on the pillow next to her head.

"Do you know what I want to do right now?" He asked.

"I do." She hummed.

"I want to see it Shouta, I want to see what you look like. In my mind your hair is on the pillow like a black cloud. Your legs are spread just enough to show me what it's like there where your hand is. I want to trace my fingers over you and see how wet you are." He spoke and she blew out a long breath as she did as he narrated. "I would roll my thumb over your clit, I want to watch you come apart under me."

She sighed as she rolled her thumb over her clit as he directed. And hearing him detail it was better than any fantasy she'd concocted. "Hizashi."

"I love the way you say my name Shouta." He huffed into the phone. "I'm trying really hard right now not to finish first. It's hard Shouta, you sound perfect."

"You're-?" She panted.

"I am, I'm so hard right now." He grunted. "I did this after that day on the train. It took everything I had not to kiss you right there."

"Me too." She panted and took a chance. She slipped a finger inside and hissed. It felt like she hadn't done this ever.

"Okay?" Hizashi asked, his voice much more serious.

"Yeah, it's just...tighter than I was expecting." She probed experimentally and nothing hurt, it just stretched. "No pain."
"That's good." He said and exchanged as if in relief. "You should never hurt like that."

She smiled and tested a second finger, while it burned it wasn't anywhere close to the pain she experienced when she massaged her scar tissue. She untensed and grabbed for her phone. She split the screen and turned off the music audio and synced the phone up. "I'm turning the playlist on."

"What track?" He asked.

"Twenty one," She answered. He clicked his mouse in the background and knew he was turning his own music on. The song started to play over the phone and she smiled. She activated the app and switched on the vibrator. It hummed in her hand and she lowered it to press against her folds.

The jolt dragged a gasp from her. "Talk to me Shouta," Hizashi begged.

"I turned it on, but I'm not doing anything other than running it over me." She narrated on a breath. And he answered her with a groan.

"That's... Shouta that's really..." He groaned. "When you're ready...please."

Shouta nodded and remembered he couldn't see her. She closed her eyes and angled her hand. The smooth glide of the vibrator stretched her to the point of pain. But the moment it happened it was done. It was there. And while she could feel the vibrations, it was a little muted. But the spike of pleasure she felt was still very much there.

"-Zashi," She panted on a sob.

"Shouta?" He asked frantically.

"I can feel it." She breathed happily. "I can feel it and it doesn't hurt!"

Hizasi cradled the phone against his ear. His eyes were wide, and a shuddering smile stole over his face. This evening had not gone at all how he expected. But he was so glad it was going this way now.

He listened to Shouta pant over the phone and knew it was going to chase him into the next few nights. It was better this was over the phone. He didn't think he could control himself in person. And they didn't need that level of complication yet. This was safer for them both.

"I'm glad Shouta." He said and loosened his grip on the base of his cock. Still hard and weeping with the response he was having to his girlfriend. "You feel good?"

"Yeah," She sighed and he bit his lip. He needed to turn up his talking skills here.

"Does it just vibrate?" He asked.

"It's shaped like a U. It curves up to vibrate on my...my-," She breathed and stammered. His hand rotated on the tip of his cock and he damn near choked on his tongue.

"Your clit." He finished and tipped his head back. "That's... I'm going to want to see this toy if yours someday Shouta."
"I'll show you a picture." She panted. "-Zashi..."

"I hear you, you sound perfect. It's taking everything I have to hold back." He breathed and moaned as he rolled his hips into his fist. His chair creaked. "No pain?"

"None," She sighed. "You're here, how could anything hurt...with you here."

"Fuck," He cursed and inhaled deeply, "I wish I was with you. I want to see the way you look right now. I want to be that toy, I want to touch you while you cum."

She moaned in his ear and the music seemed to cradle the moment around them. There was no one but them here. "Right now it's you." She panted. "It's only you."

"Shouta," He panted and his hand pumped faster on his cock. "Shouta."

"-Zashi, I'm..." She gasped and he felt his eyes screw shut as he listened to her orgasm. Her voice went high into an almost shriek. Perfect, so damn perfect. His cock pulsed in his hand and he was coming with her. He groaned through his teeth as he coaxed his cock through the tremors of his release.

There was silence for a few moments, just the music playing from his computer. He reached for the tissues at the edge of his desk and cleaned up. "It didn't hurt." She said sounding tired but very warm. "Thank you Hizashi."

"Oh no, thank you." He chuckled. "This is the first experience I've ever had with a girl. I'm really glad you enjoyed yourself. You did enjoy yourself?"

"So much," She breathed. "I love you."

"I love you too." The dapiest grin crossed his face. He pulled his sweats back up and leaned back in his chair. "So Wednesday?"

"Wednesday." She agreed. "Better be good Yamada, you already put out."

He laughed then, so suddenly that she started to laugh as well. She was so great, and he was privileged to have her.
**Festival Prep & First Date**

Chapter Summary

Shouta and Nemuri see the Big Three and get their cultural festival planned. Shouta and Hizashi go on their first date.

Chapter Notes

To Kio_Kio who asked me what I plan to do with Tensei and Nemuri and any potential romances for them.

I thought about your question a lot more than just who I was going to put Nemuri with. There's two male characters and three potential female ones.

I had a hard time deciding considering how I write Nemuri, how she's portrayed, and how she comes across in the manga. Then I choose someone out of the blue and went with who would be able to sleep with Nemuri without totally being passed out.

It was literally as simple as that and then I gave it so much more thought on what Nemuri's sexuality might be, what this character might be into. What kind of dynamic they could have.

He'll get introduced this chapter. See if you guys can guess. If you guess right I'll post the future smut I wrote to try it out. :3

They were finally in October and the class was going to go into shorter internship weeks. Only on duty Friday night and the weekend. Mostly because they had the Cultural Festival to plan for.

Shouta was yawning as she led Nemuri to the front of the class. Hizashi wondered if she had slept alright after they got off the phone. "Alright, so it's time to think of what we're gonna do for the Cultural Festival. We've got about a month to plan for it on top of regular school work and weekend internships."

Nemuri grinned widely at them all while Shouta just looked like she wanted to sleep. A slew of ideas went around and the two girls did their best to write them all down.

"Okay, these are like, duplicates." Shouta waved at the three different Cafe ideas. "Let's vote to see what Cafe will get to stay."

Hizashi smirked when Shouta awkwardly voted for the cat cafe. There was no way they were going to get cats in here for that. But he figured she wouldn't mind if that was their first date.

They voted again and again before the Cafe choice was decided. The theme ended up being American Halloween. They ended up arguing over doing a haunted house or a Cafe.
"Let's split it down the middle and do both." Shouta waved her hand and glared across the class. Hizashi furrowed his brow and his girlfriend rolled her eyes. "Everyone is going to do a haunted house or a Cafe, let's do both."

"It could be fun. Costumes and tables in good spots to be scared." Nemuri giggled. "I like it."

"Think we can argue the budget?" Shouta asked. "The meeting with the council is tomorrow after school."

"I can try my best." Nemuri pumped a fist.

"Alright it's decided. We're going to do a Halloween themed cafe. Start thinking of ideas for food. I want three dishes and three drink choices. Something simple we can turn into other stuff." Shouta rubbed her eyes and that was another thing she'd begun doing. She kept forgetting where she left her drops. It was a good thing Hizashi airways kept a bottle on hand.

"Also, start hunting for costume deals. If not find fabric to turn into costumes." Shouta glared across the class. "Run ideas by me or Kayama."

With that homeroom ended and Shouta took the break to come over and plop in her seat and dig around for her drops. Hizashi leaned over and handed her the bottle he kept. She smiled at him and took it. "Thanks Hizashi."

"No problem." He smiled and patted her hand. "Good job getting us all in line Prez."

"Shut up." She glared at him but there was no heat in it. He just chuckled and decided she was definitely going to love the cat cafe.

Shouta stood next to Nemuri as they gathered with the other hero course classes. Shino bustled up with a wide grin. "Hello, how goes the dating life?"

Shouta flushed as her mind went back two days to the steamy phone call she and Hizashi had shared. She looked away to hide her bush. "It's...fine."

"Well anyways, this is our class president. Sekijiro Kan." She smiled brightly and waved to the dour looking teen behind her.

He was very muscular, but not as large as Chatora was. He had a gray hue to his hair and dark red eyes. His bottom jaw protruded to make room for the large fangs that pointed up through his lips.

"1-A it's good to meet you." He grumbled at them and Shouta inclined her head in greeting. She reached into her bag and seized a jelly packet. She looked to Nemuri who was sizing up the new addition.

"So what is your class doing for the Cultural Festival?" She asked.

And "Were doing a soba stand." Shino smiled excitedly. "Sekijiro is a very good cook, and everyone is really excited.

"And you?" Sekijiro asked.
"Haunted House Cafe." Shouta said simply. Before anyone could begin to comment further there was a commotion in the hall near them. Shouta frowned and tilted her head to look. "What's going on?"

"It's the Big Three." A second year that was standing next to them mentioned. "They're third years."

Shouta lifted a brow. Third years were almost full time side kicks. If there was a huge turn out for the first years at the sports festival, there was at least twice that to see the third years.

The crowd of onlookers parted and there was a burly guy leading the charge. He had wild gray hair that was styled away from his head. He had large gun styled mutations weighing down his arms. Next to him was a burly blond who swung his head around as he walked and looked at everyone energetically. And the last was a teen with black dread locks and a dusting of black facial hair.

"Who are they?" Nemuri asked. They had been too wrapped up in their own training to have watched the third years.

"The guy in front goes by Gunhead now, he won't tell anyone his actual name now. Since kind of dedication to his style of martial arts." That same student said. "The blond guy is Inui Ryo, his code name is Hound Dog. And the guy with the dreadlocks is Bokudou Shinshi his code name is Snipe. They're the top of the third year hero class."

They walked by the gathering and Bokudou split off with a wave at his friends. He joined a green haired girl who glowered at him. "You're late."

"My apologies Miss Class President." He smiled sheepishly. "I got caught up trainin'."

She huffed but led the way into the council room. The gathered management reps joined and Shouta led her group in as well. What followed was an exceedingly boring experience in negotiation.

Shouta sat back and let Nemuri flex a seriously sadistic side of herself. Everyone looked a bit taken aback when she not only talked their class into a prime location. But also got a bit more money for food costs and costume budget.

It was undoubtedly going to be an event where the support and management classes got to show their prowess. But Shouta wanted to do right by her class, and with Nemuri as her vice president they were going to get to.

The meeting concluded and Shouta walked with Nemuri towards the class to gather their things. "You're a little scary sometimes Nemuri."

"Really?" Nemuri blushed. "I was going for stern and authoritative."

"Yeah that came across. Better be careful or the public will change your name from Midnight to Mistress." Shouta teased and Nemuri gasped so loudly that Shouta jumped.

"Oh, that would be so flattering." Nemuri wrapped one arm around her waist and cupped a blushing cheek. "Mistress."

"You're ridiculous." Shouta shook her head and swatted at the other girl.

"Hey!" Shouta turned even she heard the bright voice calling to them. Tensei stood at the class door waving.
"Shouldn't you have left already?" Shouta pointed at him.

"But we wanted to hang out. We've all been so busy lately." Tensei grinned. "Let's go to a cafe. Hizashi and I have the finished lists to give you two to go I've."

Her boyfriend leaned out of the doorway with a jaunty grin. He was so silly. "Sure why not. The festival money won't be given out until tomorrow. Might as well get as much figured out as we can."

"Hey Sho, what costume will you wear?" Nemuri asked.

"The class voted on that already." Tensei laughed. Hizashi was trying to bury a grin. He even lifted his hand to cup his mouth.

"What, I didn't get to pick?!" Shouta darted forward and grabbed for the list of roles that, apparently, she didn't get to vote on.

"Tensei you got Frankenstein, Hizashi's Dracula." She looked at her boyfriend who just grinned widely.

"I have red sunglasses." He said with a shrug.

"Nemuri you're a succubus." Shouta frowned. "What's a succubus?"

"Female sex demon. It's an English thing." Hizashi flapped a hand. "It fits her, and she's already got some of the costume stuff at her place."

"For shame Hizashi, going through my belongings. How perverted." Nemuri gasped sounding offended.

"You seriously showed him didn't you?" Shouta asked with an eye to. Hizashi pointed at her with a smug grin.

"Maybe." Nemuri signed. "He and Tensei acted all traumatized. I like to wear what I want at home. And try on summer fun stuff where my quirk won't bother anyone. My sister is always out and my parents are pretty much immune."

Shouta looked down and glared at the paper. "Who the hell voted that I was going to be a mummy?!"

They looked at her curiously.

"When we decided on the American Halloween theme, I wanted to be a cat." She glared. And Hizashi snorted and hugged her. "I wanted to be a cat Hizashi."

"I know, I'm sorry." He commiserated. "Everyone thought that because of your capture weapon, a mummy would fit. I should have assumed you would want to be a black cat."

She hugged him back and pouted. "I be the damn mummy." She huffed. "I'll scare everyone goddammit."

"Thank you Shouta." Hizashi chuckled and kissed the top of her head.
"Are you sure you have everything?" Hizashi's mother signed at him frantically.

"Yes," He smiled at her and straightened his shirt. He wore a black shirt under a dark blue button down. "I'm not buttoning this. How do I look?"

"You look fine son." Hizashi's father smiled at him from the table. "When can we expect you to bring her by for a dinner that isn't linked to a study group."

"I don't know, let me get to that after I survive the gauntlet of men who father her first." Hizashi said and his hands shook. Damn, it was his first time meeting a girlfriend's parents. He had girls like him in middle school, and he'd liked them back. But he'd never met any parents before.

And he knew Shouta's dads, he just had to present himself as the boyfriend now. No pressure.

"Don't forget your gift. I want him to like you so that I can get discounts on his paintings." His mother pointed at the painting he was to take as a gift from his mother. At least she had priorities. "I spent a lot of time picking it out while we were waiting for you to confess."

"I promise I won't forget, I need to go now so I'm not late." He accepted the bag his mother gave him and the pat on the shoulder from his father. He hefted the painting and left the house feeling a bit more frantic than before.

He made the train and got to Shouta's house with time to spare. Which he spent freaking out over every thing he may have forgotten to do. This was a real date, a real official date with her.

He rang the doorbell and waited, within moments Akio answered the door. "Ooh, Yamada, come to take our Shouta out eh?"

His sly look only made Hizashi more nervous. Akio opened the door wide and Hizashi entered. He toed his shoes off and stepped up into the house. Akio walked through to the living room where Shino and Aizawa were relaxing.

"Oh, come to pick her up?" Aizawa stood to walk over. His scruffy black hair was nearly a mirror of how Shouta wore hers. His dark eyes were also baggy from quirk use.

"My parents wanted me to bring you this." Hizashi handed over the large bag he was carrying. "They wanted you to know they're thrilled. And that they would like to host dinner sometime."

Aizawa took the bag and unearthed the painting within. "Hmm, your parents have good taste. I happen to know this artist. She's very talented. We would be happy to attend."

Hizashi relaxed now that that message was recieved. He bowed at the waist. "Sorry to take so long, but I want to ask for your permission to date Shouta."

"Hah, why would you ask for that? If I gave my permission she'd lost interest." Aizawa chuckled and poked Hizashi on the back of his head. "It's good you came and asked though, means you're serious. Take care of her, she spends all her time worrying about others. She gets it from her mother and Shino."

"Don't blame me. That's all on her mother." Shino looked over the back of the couch. "Look Yamada, take care of our girl or I'll find you. And I'll make you pay."

"Shino." Akio swatted at the man on the couch. "You two are ridiculous. We've been in on the plan
to get them together the whole time."

"You were?" Hizashi blinked.

"Hmm," Aizawa walked off suddenly and Shino ducked back down into the couch.

"Yes, they were your biggest supporters too." Akio glared at them both. "We're rooting for you both."

"The hell is going on in here?" Shouta's voice drew Hizashi's gaze to the stairs. "My boyfriend shows up and you idiots don't tell me. I'm dating him, not you."

"But Shouta he's so cute!" Akio pouted. Shino's arm snapped up to drag the other to the couch. Aizawa walked back in and kissed his daughter on the head.

"I'll keep them in line. Go have fun." The dark haired man said and picked up his sketch book.

Shouta walked over and Hizashi grinned. Why was he nervous again? She wore a pair of ripped purple jeans and a half sleeve gray top. A set of necklaces hung low on her body. She looked as great as always.

Shouta glared at her dads threateningly looked up at him. "They didn't give you any trouble did they Hizashi?"

She leaned up on tiptoes to kiss his cheek and he smiled stupidly. Her hand pressed to his chest and he never wanted it anywhere else. "Not at all." He looked into her dark tired eyes. "Ready to go?"

"Yeah," She glared across the living room and all three men looked away sharply. "I'll be back later, don't let me catch you doing shit in the living room again!"

"That was one time!" Akio gasped.

"One time too many." Shouta huffed. She slung a black messenger bag over her shoulder and stretched her hand out to Hizashi.

They slipped shoes on and left hand in hand. They made their way to the station and Shouta shifted until she was under his arm. His heart surged with excitement. He had a girlfriend and it was just hitting him.

"So, where are you taking me?" Shouta asked.

"It's a surprise." He grinned down at her and she rolled her eyes. They swiped their transit cards and boarded the train he'd led them to.

She didn't ask any other questions though she did lift a brow when they arrived at the Musutafu station. He led her through the streets and to their destination.

The look on Shouta's face made it all worth while. There was a softness to Shouta that only came out when she saw cats. There was a number of times as a group they had witnessed her look at the pet shops, or at strays, and even cat themed items. As a good boyfriend who would be be if he didn't take her to see a slew of cats? "Hizashi."

"Well you voted for cat cafe, though it was very unlikely we'd be able to pull that off at school."

He smiled at her and tugged her forward. "So we're here to try out this cafe, which houses twenty cats."
It was called Paws in Time. The windows were tinted but as they walked inside it was warmly lit with plenty of different styles of lounge areas. The hostess next to the front smiled at them. "Welcome to Paws in Time, just two of you?"

"Yeah, two hours." Hizashi handed over the notes to pay for the visit. Shouta had already taken off her shoes and walked onto the tatami floors.

She looked around wide eyed and smiling. Hizashi preferred to just watch her. She chose a small kotatsu in the corner with large cushions. She sat her bag down and Hizashi moved to the counter to order drinks.

He returned with a small bag of treats and Shouta's eyes sparkled at the six cats already congregating around her. "So you like this place then?"

"Hizashi it's amazing." She grinned and distributed treats among her small pride of felines. He discretely took a few pictures and sent a couple to Nemuri and their friends.

But there was one picture he chose to zoom in on and keep. It wasn't even the best one. But there was this deep look in her eyes, she'd looked up at him in the shot and he'd caught it before she half heartedly tried to swat his phone.

It made his heart race when he looked at it. So it ended up being the background to his main phone wallpaper. Then he found a lump of surly white fur flopping into his lap so he set to giving a treat to the cat.

"You're something else Yamada." Shouta laughed and he looked up to see she'd begun taking pictures of him as well. He smiled candidly and posed dramatically for a few shots.

"So I did good?" He asked when she sat her phone down. He picked up his latte and she sipped her black as sin coffee.

"This was a perfect idea Hizashi. But I have to ask why you chose something I wanted to do? I would've been happy with a movie." She reached out to link their fingers on the table. Her other hand went to scratching a bright orange tabby under the chin.

"Oh, well the place we're going to eat plays music every night. So it's not like I didn't plan for us both to enjoy things." Hizashi kept petting the cat but his attention was on the fingers twisting through his. "This was great though. I like it when you get excited over cats."

She flushed but smiled at the same time. They spent the rest of their second hour playing with cat toys and he launched into taking a bunch of pictures together. His lock screen ended up featuring a picture of them side by side lying with a dozen cats around them.

He tilted his head from where he was laying and Shouta looked at him. She shifted closer and their lips met in a rush of sweet euphoria. He snapped a selfie of that as well.

When their time ran up they went to the door where the hostess offered a lint brush they both used to get the cat hair off of them. When the calm breeze of evening washed over them Hizashi reached out and Shouta grabbed his hand without hesitation. "Hungry?"

"I am." She smiled at him and he nodded before leading her to the restaurant he'd chosen.
If Shouta was honest, she had to say Hizashi had put a lot of thought into this date. More than she had been expecting. And she shouldn't have been so surprised. He was an attentive boyfriend.

The cat cafe had rejuvenated a part of her still scarred by the harshness of her work failure. As always Hizashi knew just what to do. She would endeavor to do the same for him.

Their dinner was a noisy affair, a bustling restaurant with lots of music. It was just the kind of thing Hizashi enjoyed. He looked over at her a few times when the music got loud, expecting her to not be enjoying herself.

Shouta had no problem with the music or the location. It reminded her very much of him, and she relaxed into it knowing it made him happy. That over everything else made her smile.

They left after starting and listening to a few sets. On the street Hizashi twisted to her, "I wasn't expecting it to be so busy, I'm sorry if it was too noisy."

"You're too noisy." She smirked and reached out. Her fingers snatched his shirt and she dragged him off the street. They stumbled onto a darkened cross street.

"Shouta?" He glanced at her worriedly. Instead of trying to explain to him that she had zero complaints about their very first date, she decided to show him. She backed up into an even darker alcove between a building and an awning. "Oh."

"Just oh?" She smirked and yanked him up against her. She remembered their phone call. But this was different, she wasn't going to push for more. She just wanted his mouth on hers. "You keep over thinking Hizashi and I'm going to get bored."

"Don't get bored!" He blurted and his hands came up over her hips and sides. "I was just surprised."

"Well, do you want to do this at my house where Shino will jump down out of no where to ruin it?" She lifted an eyebrow.

"Good point." He shifted closer until they were pressed together, not a bit of space between them. "I can kiss you?"

"Please." She tilted her head up and their noses brushed. He exhaled shakily and then they were kissing.

Shouta groaned into his mouth when their tongues tangled. He pulled her closer while she wrapped her arms around his neck. He was very good at this. The hot slide of his tongue as he plundered her mouth was punctuated by small breaks to breathe before he was right back at it.

Her back arched under his hand and she bit his lip playfully. His groan was like music, the only kind she truly preferred. He leaned back and she opened her eyes to see he'd braced one hand on the wall behind her. "Gonna have to stop that now." He huffed even as he pressed another kiss to get lips. "Otherwise we'll never leave."

"You're right." She agreed, but she couldn't stop herself from taking another for herself. And that devolved into another hot press of lips and tongue. Hizashi pulled back to mouth along her jaw and neck. Everywhere he touched fire was in his wake. "-Zashi, love you."

"Love you too." He panted against her ear. With a great heave he backed up entirely. The moment burned between them and it drew a smile from her. He matched it and held out his hand for her to
take. "Let's get you home so I don't get killed."

"Hmm, I won't let Shino kill you. He's barely evading arrest himself." Shouta laughed.

"Yeah about that, your father mentioned in the hospital that he was a vigilante. Is that true?" Hizashi tugged her against him as they started their trek to the station.

"Yeah, he worked with my mom." Shouta said and scratched her neck. "Mom was a cop."

"Oh, well that explains a lot about you." Hizashi grinned at her. She bumped him companionably. "Was this an adequate first date."

"Considering I have nothing to compare it to, I would say it's the best." He grimaced and sighed at her joke.

"Shouta! Don't pick on me!" Hizashi whined and she chuckled.

"It was perfect." She said and smirked at his struck expression. "Ten points for being an excellent boyfriend."

"What do I get for ten points?" He asked. And she smirked darkly.

"A kiss whenever you want." She smirked. "But cash in thirty and I'll send you something nice over a text message."

"What kind of nice?" He asked but she was already flouncing away from him. "Shouta, what kind of nice?!"

Shouta was pouting, she knew she was pouting. But she couldn't seem to stop. Nemuri had hunted down a costume shop. While the class had taken to the idea of Halloween cosplay excessively quick, there were things they still needed to pick up.

So here they were on a Saturday morning, all the way across Tokyo looking for the exclusive shop Nemuri had found. Tensei was leading their charge, bless his directional skills. Nemuri was going on about the class' progress. Hizashi was carrying her piggyback. "You can pout all you want Shouta, but Takao is going to be the cat."

"I'd make a batter cat," Shouta grumbled against Hizashi's neck.

"You'd better quit that too, we're in public." Hizashi chuckled. She pulled his ear in retribution. She was enjoying having the ability to touch him freely.

"Here we are!" Tensei pointed to the store ahead of him. It was an import goods store. Dressed up for the western Halloween holiday.

"We only need a few things from here." Nemuri held the list and looked at Hizashi. "Most everything we can make but there's a few things fur decoration we should get."

Shouta shifted to get down but Hizashi held on. "Let's go look for vampire fangs Shouta."

"Hmm," Shouta frowned. "I wonder if they'll have some."
They entered and the store closed around them like a cluttered mess. Shouta stayed on her perch as they walked around and Nemuri selected the things they needed. Fog machines, display items, fake blood, and bags of what looked like spun cotton.

Shouta ended up looking at a rack of hats they were French by the look of the display tags. The one that caught her attention was a dark tan and it had cat ears on it. Hizashi swiped it before she could reach out. "Hizashi?"

"We both know you want it," He laughed and walked them to the clerk. He handed the clerk the required payment and held it up to her. Shouta took the tag off and slipped it on. They returned to their friends and Shouta spied something on the shelf above her.

She grabbed it and passed it down to Hizashi. His vampire fangs were now acquired. "Nice find Shouta."

They looked up and immediately had to relieve Nemuri of a costume whip. "Why not, I'm playing a succubus, I'll even get permission first?!"

"That I even need to tell you no, says enough." Shouta glared.

"Fine." Nemuri pouted and Tensei smiled encouragingly.

"We done?" Hizashi asked. "Because I really need to find the right fabric for this cloak."

"Yeah, my dad gave me the dye color I'm gonna need for my bandages too." Shouta nodded. They packed up and paid for the costume and prop items. Then they headed for the fabric store. And this was all before they had to get food ingredients and assign cooking jobs for the cafe.

Ugh, why was she class president again?

Chapter End Notes

A massive thank you to everyone for the comments. They really lit up my day. Every time I looked down while playing Destiny Forsaken I was pleasantly surprised to see them.

I'm very flattered you all like this. I know genderbending isn't for everyone. But if I'm being totally honest... It's kind of taken on a life of its own. :3
Cultural Festival

Chapter Summary

It's time for the Cultural Festival.

Chapter Notes

Thanks for the comments everyone. :3

"You know, if we don't get going I'm not going to finish getting dressed." Hizashi murmured adjusting Shouta's lips. He may have talked a big game but he wasn't making any move to stop her from climbing onto his lap and making out.

The supply closet wasn't really the place to be doing this, nor was it the time. But after helping Hizashi with his hair and makeup he was a bit too irresistible. Judging by the way he was grabbing her ass, he thought the same of her.

Reluctantly Shouta extricated herself from him and he sighed. "I seriously want to continue later."

"Hmm, maybe if I don't pass out when we're done today." Shouta mused and looked him over again.

His hair was in its usual style, but he'd teased it a bit too make it a little more wild. His sunglasses were placed back on his face, the crimson covering his eyes and making them look as red as the lenses. He wore black pants that clung to his legs, and a white shirt that was buttoned under a black vest. He left the top buttons undone to the to of the vest.

That was part of the reason she'd dragged him off. Far far too sexy for his own good. By contrast the tank top and leggings she wore were hardly as attractive. They walked back to their cafe site. It was inside a classroom on the first floor. Bridged by nearly everything imaginable in a booth around it. But there were no other haunted houses near them. A concession made to Nemuri's persuasion.

The cafe itself was filled with tables. Two empty desks made up a single table. There exactly ten tables in all. Each one was covered in a black table cloth and hosting different strange centerpieces. From fake crows, to pumpkins, skulls, and large skeleton hands.

The lighting for the room was going to be turned off to hide the curtained tunnel the second door would admit their class to. Fog was going to cover the floor and strobe lights on the corners would make everything look eerie while the electric candles would illuminate the tables.

As it stood the procedure was this. The classmates dressed as less scary monsters would escort their customers in, and take their orders. After they had finished their treats a signal would come through and the more frightening monsters would make their entrance to scare their customers.
The food was interesting. A few of the girls in their class had looked up recipes online and though their choices were simple, they had figured out how to make them themed. There was iced tea, colored red and called: Vampire's Thirst. A coffee called The Witch's Brew, and a dessert drink called Trick or Treat. It had popping candy in it as a surprise.

The food was a bit more gruesome looking. This was something Hizashi had helped out with. They had three dishes and each was styled insanely. There was a strawberry cake, only it was styled to look like a brain. It was insane the level of accuracy each of the various of cakes had. There was a mochi dessert shaped like eyeballs. And then there were dango sticks that looked like skewered intestines.

Shouta was honestly proud of how committed her class was to the whole idea. They had taken the theme and idea and ran with it. Hizashi had even made a Playlist of scary sounds to be switched around as they progressed through the day.

Nemuri was working to get everyone dressed, and she wore something Shouta was fairly certain wasn't appropriate for the event. She wore a corset that covered her chest and collar. She wore sleeves that covered her arms and tall stockings. But her boots were dangerously platformed. She had painted her skin red and wore a pair of tiny black bat wings and matching horns. She held a flogger in one hand and a pitchfork toy in the other.

Tensei in contrast was looking very formidable. His tall height playing in his favor. His hair was shaggy and wild, his skin painted a dusky green. Bolts had been adhered to his neck and ragged clothing covered each limb. His wide grin was keeping everyone excited.

The rest of the class was made up of various Halloween creatures. Mostly American and very iconic. Takaoka was still confused as to why she was glaring at him. Shouta entered the makeshift tunnel and found the bag containing her supplies. She picked up the mirror and checked her own makeup and hair.

Her hair was still in its bun, and the thick liner she put on to ring her eyes was still in place. She started to wrap long gauzy bandages around her limbs. Hizashi helped her tighten them and covered her face perfectly. She examined herself and decided it was good. It wasn't a cat, but she'd deal with it.

She held the mirror for Hizashi as he went through the process of sticking his fangs on. He was done and slinging a cape on in seconds. "How do I look?"

"Like you've been practicing with the fangs." Shouta smirked through the bandages she was wearing. The first few times he'd worn them during their set up days he'd had a lisp. Which was hilarious. "Have fun getting people in here."

"Hmm, hope we can rake in some good money. Everyone worked super hard." Hizashi grinned and it looked distinctly feral now. He pressed a kiss to Shouta's lips then hustled out. The lights were turned off and the cafe lighting was set up.

They were open for business.

Shouta watched as a slew of customers filled the room on the first run. Orders were set, food was served and money was gathered. After the room had their plates cleared Tensei lumbered from the corner near the white board.

His groaning voice startled the girls in the class first. This was followed by the other students in the hidden space lunging out with roars and screams. Shouta shuffled out and dropped her head to be
level with a male student still in his chair. He looked at her in surprise so she smiled her scariest
smile.

Needless to say their first full room was a success.

The rest of the day went similar. And Shouta eventually slipped out for a break. She inhaled the
clear air in the busy halls. She saw Nemuri loudly drawing in customers. Her bouncing chest and
poses were doing them a lot of favors. No matter how lewd it looked.

Hizashi's voice rang out and she smiled when she saw him acting very badly while handing out
their cafe flyers. Shouta walked through the crowd and bought herself some shaved ice and traded
places at their money box.

"Well hello there pharaoh," Hizashi grinned down at her, "Come here often?"

"Hmm, only once every few hundred years." She smirked at him. "It's a long journey from my
pyramid."

"Well, maybe we need to make your visit more memorable." He leaves over and it was a blatant
request for a kiss. She tipped her head up and pressed her lips to his lightly in return.

"You're a dork." Shouta laughed.

"This was your idea!" He pointed at her.

"It was not! I wanted to do the cat cafe!" She shook her head.

"Aizawa! We're out of the dango and coffee." One of their classmates reported.

"Alright, let everyone know and let's get this stuff sold." Shouta nodded and looked at Hizashi.
"Let Nemuri know so she's not advertising it.

"You got it boss!" Hizashi whirled and swept his cape dramatically.

Hizashi was enjoying himself. He got to loudly play a role that got student's attention. The other
visitors were excited to look at his cosplay. The screams of fright in their cafe were getting
attention as well. And when he looked at Nemuri her grin off satisfaction said it all.

Their class was a success.

They finished their next few hours and ran out of all their food. In that way they pretty much
switched to just scaring everyone. They put through another two hours at half price for just going
in. Then they closed up. Shouta snatched the cat ears from Takao immediately.

After they shed costumes and cleaned up their class Shouta joined him and their friends in perusing
the booths on their way to the council. They deposited the gathered money to the council's
treasurer.

With cat ears perched on Shouta's head she took on an unexpectedly cute air. No one knew how to
handle it when they saw her walk past. Hizashi felt that maybe it was their secret as the the people
who knew her best from this school.
Hizashi wound his arm over her shoulders. They finished the day eating food from other booths and seeing all the effort put into the festival. It wasn't bad at all. Though it was petty clear, the management and support classes were going to acquire the most money.

"Man, now we have to get ready for Christmas." Tensei sighed as they walked. "This has been the busiest year of my life"

"Hmm and there's two more to go." Shouta snorted.

"Don't remind me." Tensei groaned. "And work will be picking up at my internship too after this."

"An increase in muggings and robberies." Nemuri recited, must have been something her mentor had told her.

"Madam Glitz has a charity telethon I have to be a part of." Hizashi mentioned as they entered their class to gather their belongings and finish out the day. "A camera crew is going to follow her as she patrols. I'm her side kick for it."

"We'll have to record it." Shouta smirked. "Your TV debut."

"That is pretty cool Hizashi," Tensei grinned, "You'll have to make an impression if you want to get your own radio show one day."

"I wasn't expecting it to be so important!" Hizashi exclaimed and now he was nervous. "Man! Now I need to rehearse and not screw up in the field at the same time!"

Shouta patted him and he slumped. He'd chosen a hard path. That was for sure. No pressure.

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Shouta was sleeping when a hand touched her shoulder. She wasn't awake when her body moved on full reflex. But she came awake as soon as her assailant was on the ground.

She blinked down at Shino, his back on the kitchen floor. "Damn Sho, that was fast."

Shouta blinked blankly around the room while her mind tried to come back to herself. Shino wasn't an enemy. While Vanisher also wasn't an enemy; she wouldn't have felt bad for throwing him over her shoulder to the floor.

"Shit." Shouta rubbed her eyes and groaned. It was just after the festival, she'd come home and sat in the kitchen to slurp a jelly packet. She must have fallen asleep.

"Well, good reflexes." Shino remarked as he got to his feet. "I came to tell you that your phone was going off."

She took the offered device and swiped the screen. Was Hizashi calling? Or Nemuri? Tensei would text first. She frowned however when she saw it was a text from Vanisher. The festival was over, and she could return to her usual internship hours. He said he had news and wanted to see her.

Shouta got up and headed for the door. "I got called in."

"Don't pass out on the train." Shino warned.
"I won't." Shouta pulled a jacket on and took off to catch one of the evening trains. 

Vanisher was for once sitting at his desk when she entered his domain. "Aizawa, get over here."

She walked over curiously and he waved at the file across his table. "It's our next job, a drug ring."

Shouta felt excitement bubble in her, another case. "The officer who worked with us last wanted you to have this."

Shouta took the envelope offered to her. She opened it and was looking down at a letter. The police officer who worked with them was Officer Shiaki. She had worked personally to find Shinsou Hitoshi's family. A grandmother was all that was left of his extended family and took in the baby. Tension Shouta didn't know she'd still held, fled out of her.

There was a contract number for the baby's case worker. The officer said she wanted to keep tabs on the baby because she felt responsible. She also thought maybe Shouta would as well.

Shouta clenched the paper tight and fought back relieved tears. "It's not uncommon to take an interest in a citizen you've saved. But it's important to be objective. You have to be careful not to leave yourself vulnerable."

"My mom used to say that." Shouta tucked the letter into her bag.

"It's good advice. The world you're going to be walking into after graduation is going to be filled with enemies looking for a way to bring you down. You'll need to protect your civilian identity by keeping your professional one separate." Vanisher looked at her seriously. "Think on how you'll do that."

"Yes sir." Shouta nodded. Then she leaned over the table. "So what's the case?"

"It's out in Minato. We're going to be hunting down this drug ring while the agencies there prepare for their charity thing." Vanisher waved a hand. "They can't be everywhere at once."

That was the charity telethon Hizashi was going to be apart of. Shouta would have to tell him she'd be in the area that week.

"You're going to need to exercise caution." She looked at Vanisher when he spoke.

"There will be a lot of press there to get footage of the heroes. We're underground, so we don't want to be filmed at all." Vanisher looked at her with a smirk. "Think you're up for it?"

She nodded. She was ready to put the whole incident that resulted in her injury behind her. Getting to work again would help. Vanisher held out the file and she started to go through the known information.

Hizashi stretched as he walked from the locker room and joined the class for their next hero class. Valkyrie-Sensei looked them over before she waved to the bus that would take them to their training location. Shouta hustled them into the bus and flopped next to him for the ride over.

"Alright listen up." They looked to their teacher and Hizashi saw the imposing woman stare them all down. "We're going to work on rescue maneuvers. The class will be split into two. I'll be
handing out roles to the victims. You as heroes must find a way to rescue your victims. After you'll shuffle and switch."

Shouta received her hero card and looked to see Hizashi was a victim. He wouldn't show her his scenario. So she swatted him. They arrived at training ground beta. The cityscape stretched out and Shouta wondered what kind of scenario she had to do when it was her turn.

Lots were drawn and she ended up with Nemuri as her victim. Her friend smiled at her, "Take care of me hero!"

Shouta rolled her eyes and joined the heroes. They waited for the signal before they sprinted down the streets towards the indicated rescue zones. Shouta split off and vaulted up onto the electrical lines.

Nemuri was in a transit area, her quirk was billowing up from her skin. The spread was wide and Shouta would be stuck getting through it to erase it. Nemuri was faking an injury to the head, so it would be clear that quirk control was lost.

Shouta wrapped her face with her capture weapon. And dove into the area, she erased Nemuri's quirk and caught her aimless walking. Nemuri smirked up at her while Shouta assessed her friend for damage.

"I think I'm faint, give me CPR." Nemuri giggled.

"You don't give CPR for head wounds." Shouta looked at her friend with a deadpan stare. "Civilian neutralized, requesting medical assistance and be warned of lingering sleep gas in the area. Civilian has a possible head injury, not safe to move her."

After Valkyrie-Sensei called it the two girls headed back to the observation area. That was when she got her own rescue scenario. Shot through the thigh, not enough to bleed out, but still a danger. Shouta nodded, injuries happened the time but knowing what to do was an important skill to have.

Shouta headed to the point on her card and flopped herself on the ground. She waited until another siren went off and mimed grabbing for her leg and screaming.

"Don't worry! I'll help you!" Shouta looked up to see Tensei racing towards her.

"I've been shot!" Shouta screeched.

Tensei leaned over and tied a tourniquet above her fake wound. Then he picked her up and she laughed. "Your pretty good at this Ingenium."

"I hope so!" Tensei laughed. "This might come up at my internship."

Shouta was carried to the class and sat next to the other 'victims'. Nemuri spotted her as she led one of the others in with an exaggerated limp. "Hey Shouta, did you need CPR?!"

"Stop it, I was shot and you had a head wound!" Shouta threw up her arms in frustration. Hizashi bounced up behind her with a grin.

"You sure? I actuality have my CPR license." Hizashi grinned lecherously down at her. Shouta turned and punched her boyfriend in the leg and he went down with a locked knee. She pointed at her female friend threateningly and Nemuri ran off.

"Help! A villain is after me!" Nemuri cried out and the class laughed.
"I'll show you who's a villain!" Shouta tore off after her while Hizashi whined behind her.

"That's what you get." Tensei could be heard chucking as Shouta chased Nemuri.
Explosive Telethon

Chapter Summary

The Charity Telethon has an explosive reaction

Chapter Notes

So I want to gear up for our very first fight. :3

Preparing to be filmed interning was a bit nerve wracking. Hizashi was suddenly glad he wanted to do radio. But he fell in with the rest of the agency and did what Banshee and Madam Glitz said.

He let the telethon crew fuss over his hero costume. Despite how he was told there was too much black and blue. Too much leather. Not enough hair product. He was getting primped and pampered every night before Banshee took him out to patrol. Everywhere she was he was. And everywhere Madam Glitz made an appearance, he was right behind her.

They stopped bank robberies, muggings, and three different villains causing chaos. They kept property damage to a minimum. He knew a lot more illicit crimes were happening. Banshee explained that they were keeping that out of the spotlight to not draw attention to drugs, or prostitution.

He knew it was to keep public morale up. So he did his part. He smiled extra wide, and turned every fight into a performance. The public gathered at each location stated to chant his code name.

His parents recorded each broadcast and he watched them at home with Shouta over the phone. She was in the city with him but they weren't working together, he hadn't even crossed her path.

After only three days of the week long event, they raised nearly ten trillion yen in that time. That was a lot of money to go towards the charities Madam Glitz was advocating for.

Of course on his fourth night, everything went to shit. He was working with Madam Glitz when Banshee screamed at them and shoved them off the street. Explosions blasted down the road. Stores on either side went up in flames and started to crumble.

Hizashi dragged his mentor to her feet and sprinted back the way they came. They had managed to avoid the blasts but Banshee was rocketed into the side of a car. She was stumbling back to her feet when they got back to the ruined street.

Hizashi looked out across the metro center and gasped. The crowd was in shambles, people knocked aside, panic making them swarm. He jumped up onto a car and turned his speaker into a vocal projection mode instead of the fighting mode. "Everyone! Remain calm and evacuate to a safe and stable location!"

Some of the panic ebbed but a great number were still freaking out. Madam Glitz lifted a
microphone from her belt and lifted it to her lips. A calming tune poured from her voice into it and it shot over the crowd. The panic eased and she pointed. "Evacuate to a safe place!"

Banshee touched the celebrity's arm as she glared. "Contact the police and the agencies in the area. We need to find out what happened and how many people just became casualties. Present Mic, look for survivors but don't displace any rubble. Just find them and the rescue workers can help get them out."

"Yes, ma'am." Hizashi moved off to where a few of the sidekicks were already working. He paired up with a woman who had a bald head, round sunglasses, and strange nubs where he ears should be.

Hizashi pulled his phone out to call his girlfriend. If she was here he needed to know. If she wasn't she needed to know. "Hello?"

"Hizashi, thank God I got through!"

"Are you okay?!" He demanded.

"Yeah, we saw everything from the broadcast building." She exhaled in relief. "I called three times before the signal got through. Are you okay?!"

"Yeah, Banshee got hit in the blast but she's already back up. How many explosions were there?"

He looked to the sidekick who was nodding to him.

"The whole street went up, two blocks long. Every building on each side was rigged to go off at the same time." Shouta reported. "We're going to get there soon, Vanisher thinks he saw the culprit. I'll call you when we know more."

"Be careful... Eraserhead." He didn't want to reveal her to anyone. Not while she was following her mentor.

"You to Mic." She breathed before they hung up.

"Hey Mic, send a low frequency whistle into this store." She pointed. He complied and she frowned. "None alive, but there are five bodies inside. Damn."

"Alright, let's find some more people." He pumped a fist in determination. The sidekick next to him smiled and pointed to the next building.

Shouta was busy going over the latest of their evening of work. Since they had come onto duty they'd caught three drug dealers. Vanisher was on the phone talking to the officer who was on the scene picking up the dealers. They were perched on the rooftop of the broadcast building.

He hung up and looked at her. "Good job, that last guy might have actually stabbed me if you didn't intervene."

It had been a long few days. Drug dealers, gang gatherings, men harassing women, women
harassing men, kids and teens out later than they were supposed to be. Shouta had fought enough to feel back in the game. She wasn't letting herself fall into complacency, but she had gained a few wounds. A knife wound on her arm, bruised ribs, and even a small scratch on her jaw.

Shouta put some drops in her eyes. She was just putting them back when she looked down to the metro center where shops and restaurants lined the streets. On a two block stretch every store blew up at once. The explosions rocked the street and she cursed.

"What the fuck just happened?!" Shouta demanded.

"Looks like someone wanted the telethon to stop." Vanisher growled and looked shalt across the high rise rooftops. "I think I see something, let's go."

Shouta yanked her phone from her pocket and dialed Hizashi. It cut off three times before it finally connected. What was up with the signal?!

He was alright, relief poured through her. She ran to follow Vanisher and relayed her info to Hizashi. He would get it spread around that they were on the move.

Shouta kept pace with her hero and the saw police and rescue services zoom past. Once they were on another rooftop. Vanisher walked around them. He frowned as he looked at the ground and pointed at a scuff mark in the debris. "There!"

He vaulted over the lip of the building. Shouta followed him. In the alleyway a man was fighting to get a large duffle bag into an overflowing trunk. The vehicle was old, rusting on the bottom.

At first she was sure they'd followed the wrong person. Then a stick of dynamite fell out of the bag he had. Vanisher turned invisible and Shouta flung her scarf out. It wrapped around his leg and yanked him back. He cracked his forehead on the trunk before she started to reel him in.

"What the -?" The man struggled and she found herself looking into the face of an honest to god pig. His quirk must be a mutation. "Hey, let me go!"

"You caused those explosions?!" Shouta demanded. "You've caused a lot of panic, and no doubt deaths. You aren't going anywhere."

Vanisher slugged the man once and he started to laugh. "Oh, you made a huge mistake."

"Says the asshole who's going to jail for a terrorist attack." Vanisher growled. Sobering big and dark floated up until the air above the car. Shouta activated her quirk and the ball of pulsating darkness evaporated. She released her scarf and Vanisher yanked the pig man to his stomach.

Shouta ran up the length of the car and swept her foot out at the woman who had created the pulsating ball of black. Surprised pink eyes looked at her and she snarled. Shouta gritted her teeth but kept her eyes open. "Accomplice."

"Just you wait and see." The woman smirked. Shouta lunged at the woman and was disgusted to see there was no combat prowess in this terrorist.

Once both were tied up, Shouta looked to her mentor. This didn't feel right. Not at all. "Eraserhead?"

"Why did he still have dynamite, if they set up those explosions?" Shouta growled and he nodded. "This isn't right."
"Your instincts are getting sharper." Vanisher said after he texted their location to the police. "We're calling you out of school tomorrow, this case is ongoing. Let's hand these shots of and join Madam Glitz, she's got more at stake here. There must be a ring leader. And considering that dynamite-...?"

"More locations are yet to be blown up." Shouta glared.

"You're saying there's more locations?!" Madam Glitz shrieked. The glass around Shouta in the police's meeting room rattled. Hizashi cringed and looked at her. He was covered in dust but he wasn't hurt. That was good.

"Almost certainly." Vanisher rubbed his stubbed chin. "The two we collected were too stupid to pull something off of this magnitude. This much press."

Banshee, who was Hizashi's other mentor lifted ice off of her temple. "There had been a number of strange prone hanging around the alleyways these past few nights. Not enough to make me want to text to them. But I made note. They weren't dressed like they belonged in the metro area."

Shouta looked to Hizashi and he pulled a notebook from his pocket. "The places with the dead bodies were in line with the locations you saw those people."

"Hmm, good work Mic." Banshee huffed. "Give those locations to the fire department, they'll most likely determine these places as the epicenters of the blasts."

"Yes ma'am." Hizashi left the room and Shouta looked to her mentor, she knew there was more work to do.

"Eraser, go see how our detective client is coming with interrogation." Vanisher ordered and she nodded. She exited the meeting room to let the heroes speculate. She knew Vanisher would want to drill her later to see if she could put the pieces together herself.

The detective that was their contact waved. He had bright blue skin and amber eyes. "Eraserhead, you and Vanisher did well catching those flunkies."

"Thanks," Shouta ducked her head. "Have you managed to get anything from them, Vanisher wanted an update."

"Hmm, well I don't want to have to bring him in to interrogate." The officer scrubbed the back of his neck. "It's your case, it'll be good for you to see the interrogation methods we use. Come on."

She ended up in a hall lined with windows looking into interrogation rooms. Both of the villains were in different rooms. She looked in to see the woman. Pink eyes and bright green hair. "This is Chiaki Yuzu. Her quirk let's her use her fingers as soldering irons. She is very tight lipped against revealing who she works for. But recently she quit her job and abandoned her apartment."

Shouta saw the way the woman looked a little afraid, like she hadn't expected to be questioned. They walked further down and inside this room was the thin man with the pig head.

"This is Kenpachi Rin, his quirk is called Pig. He's known on the street as Raging Boar." The officer said. "He's got a record of assault and breaking and entering. It is assumed he used his skills..."
to break into the locations all blown up. And Chiaki used her quirk to fashion the devices that were planted."

"Each location was a gas line." Hizashi's voice cut in and Shouta turned to see him joining them. "The fire department has narrowed it down."

"Someone wanted to target the telethon. How much money was raised?" Shouta asked of her boyfriend, and he grimaced.

"When I came onto my shift tonight the numbers went from close to ten trillion yen to around twenty." Hizashi informed. "It's all going to the Urban Restoration Project and the Citizen Insurance Fund."

"Present Mic, Eraserhead!" Shouta and Hizashi turned to see Vanisher at the door. "Get back to the meeting room."

Shouta ran after her mentor and they got back into the meeting room when the tv flickered to life. A man with a dark smirk appeared. His blond hair was frosted at the tips and he had black eyes with no white. "Greetings Madam Glitz, I see I made a mess of your charity telethon. Heroes shouldn't play at being talk show hosts."

"I'm not amused." Madam Glitz glared. "How many more locations do you have bombs planted at?"

"Now, now, you want to know where I've placed my explosives, I want something from you." He laughed and exposed a set of sharp teeth in his mouth. "Word on the street is you've managed to raise twenty tree trillion yen."

"That money isn't for a villain like you. It's to help the civilians who get hurt when you criminals decide you want to get your jollies and cause mass destruction. Like you did today. You'll be charged with fifty three counts of murder." Madam Glitz glared. "I don't negotiate with terrorists."

"A shame, but we both know you won't want me to blow the mall up next. Or the toy store, or maybe I'll target the apartment complex next to the station." He chuckled. "There's no way for you to know. You have two hours to make a decision."

Madam Glitz fisted her hands and turned when the screen turned black. "Vanisher, take Mic with you and put him in the ground."

"Yes Ma'am." Vanisher turned and Shouta nodded to her mentor. Hizashi jumped and followed when they left the room. "Keep with me kids, we're gonna be going in first."

Hizashi was at a loss. Before the cash even hit patched through they'd started tracking it. The police had tracked the transmission by a consultant who had a radio quirk. He had pointed them towards the broadcasting signal and Vanisher took an unmarked car to drive them to the site. The police were scrambling to follow, but there was still a disaster going on. Shouta was tense next to him when they pulled up to the warehouse their villain was at. "Eraser, go scout."

"Yes sir." His girlfriend nodded at him and slipped from the car. She was gone instantly, and Hizashi gaped after her.
"Alright kid, you're gonna be the battering ram. She's gonna be covering the exit once she finds it. I saw you got an ability that let's you floor everyone in your vicinity. Take them all out." Vanisher said and Hizashi nodded.

They got out of the car and the ear buds they wore crackled to life. "Vanisher, Present Mic, I've got thirty guys inside, and the boss is in the center. Explosives to your right of the doorway."

"Fucking green idiots." Vanisher snarled. "Blowing up shit before he even thought to take a hostage, rookie mistake."

"Do you want me to move in?" Shouta asked. Hizashi tensed as he imagined her storming the building.

"Yes, take him while Mic distracts them. I'll take out any attempt on the explosives." Vanisher said. They got out of the car and Hizashi rolled his shoulders. Fifty three deaths, these guys were gonna pay. He and Vanisher neared the main doors.

"The rafters are open to the rest of the warehouse. They're all gathered, no one is in the rest of the building. Are they really this stupid?" Shouta asked.

"They're cocky, they still think they've got another hour." Vanisher suddenly became invisible and huffed. "Gloating over their pending victory. New and dangerous."

"I see him, I'm in position." Shouta informed.

"Let's do this Mic." Vanisher said and they kicked in the door at the end of the count down.

"Freeze!" Hizashi's yell got all the attention before he adjusted his speaker and let loose a long whistle that rattled the crowd. He saw Shouta drop from the ceiling and vanish into the dizzy crowd. He switched the settings again and screamed. The villains fell around them and Shouta was in the center fighting the main villain.

Hizashi crossed into the fallen bodies and Vanisher cursed off to the far side of the room. What was he looking for? "Mic!" Shouta shouted and he saw the man had broken free of her and was sprinting erratically at him. "Don't let him escape!"

Shouta ran for him but one of the other villains grabbed her ankle. Hizashi lifted his fists and ducked the first swing that came at him. He shot a whistle out and the man staggered. Hizashi drove his fist into the villain's solar plexus and the vision rocked back. Shouta whipped through the distance and swept the criminal at the legs. She wrapped fingers over his chin and dropped to the ground with her knees planted in his spine.

He rolled away from her and Hizashi dodged into the path he was trying to scramble to. "That's enough, you can't run now. Just surrender."

"Never!" The villain hissed and whipped out a device from his pocket. Hizashi kicked his hand and sent it spinning away. "You bastard!"

"You killed fifty three people." Hizashi snapped. "You don't get to decide how this fight turns out."

"But I do." The man smirked and held up another device, he clicked the button before Hizashi could react. "I'll take you out before I go to jail."

Shouta tackled him to the ground as the explosions blew the building inward. They rolled as fire
and debris blasted through the air and over the fallen villains. Hizashi had the consiousness to whistle one more time, it counter acted the lost balance and would hopefully let them get back up.

He ended up underneath a falling section of the roof and Shouta was drapped over him, her scarf steadily wrapped around his body. Vanisher appeared as the doorway to their left was filled with police and rescue officers racing in to extract the villains. The pro hero grabbed them and dragged them outside.

Hizashi coughed as smoke had apaprently gotten inside his lungs. It poured from the destroyed building. Shouta collapsed the moment she got out and heaved for breath, she had a burn mark on her shoulder. She'd saved him from the blast. "He had a... bomb on him."

"I saw, fucking suicide. Fanatic criminals." Vanisher shook his head in frustration. Why had he just up and blown the building live that? He had a while following of minions too. "You both did good."

Hizashi stared at the burn on Shouta's shoulder, mottled red flesh peeked from underneath her scarf and jumpsuit. Suddenly her hands were on his face, "Hizashi you alright?"

"Me?!" He snapped out of his shock and looked at her. Hot fury erupted from his stomach. It hurt like it did when he found out she'd been stabbled. "You jumped in front of an explosion!"

"You were too close!" She snapped back and he jumped to his feet. He shook his head and glared at her. He could have lost her! "Mic!"

"Don't!" He snarled. She was hurt because of him! He stomped away from her to help drag the assholes out of the wreckage. He needed some space to calm down.
Publicity Effects

Chapter Summary

Hizashi gains popularity thanks to the telethon.

"Seriously, it's been three days, what are you guys even fighting about?" Nemuri glared at Shouta. "It can't be because Hizashi and his un-named hero mentor got the credit for the busy."

"It was my mentor, but no." Shouta glared at the jelly packet that was her lunch.

After the building blew up Shouta had been treated for the burn on her shoulder. Hizashi had helped Vanisher pull the rest of the villains from the explosion. The henchmen had managed to get through Hizashi's *Crowd Control* to get out of the way of the falling debris.

They all made it, the only casualty being the ring leader. And when each of them were presented with his suicide, they were shocked. He'd had the charisma to make them give up their lives. He'd gotten them to fund his insane ideas to bomb the telethon while it was going on, and even fight heroes.

None of them expected him to take a cowardly way out rather than taking responsibility for his actions. All of which was a pattern in his criminal profile.

His name was Ryosaki Akira, and he had a penchant for arson. He wasn't a mastermind who could plan a massive attack that would halt the whole city with terror. He had set in motion the murder of fifty three people that the two bombers were being charged with. The rest of his lackies were getting hit with conspiracy to commit villainy charges.

Vanisher had cautioned her that this was only the beginning. The human traffickers she dealt with were much more organized but they were a human construct. Fueled by greed. Villains were fueled by a hunger for chaos. If Ryosaki Akira had taken the time to plan more, or had a few more years under his belt, he might have become something much more sinister.

After the case was closed she still hadn't spoken to Hizashi after he blew up at her. She still didn't know why he was mad, injuries in the field happened. Her burn was healed without a scar. And where did he get off yelling at her in the first place? Then blowing off every attempt she made to talk?

"Level with me here." Nemuri urged. "We've been sitting separate during lunch for three days. Why is he mad? Why are you mad?"

"I don't know why he's mad." Shouta looked at her friend and gritted her teeth. "He won't talk to me. That's why I'm mad."

"Well someone is going to have to grow a pair and fix it!" Nemuri groaned. Shouta shook her head.

"Disagreements happen, when he's ready to talk to me I'll listen. Until then he can shove it." Shouta stood up and stalked to the doors leading outside. She needed a nap.
"Dude," Tensei squinted at him and Hizashi glared. "Dude!"

"What?" Hizashi sighed.

"Why are you ignoring your girlfriend?" Tensei asked. "Were all friends here, and I'd rather not end up with her mad at me too. Seriously what did you do?"

"Why does it have to be me?" Hizashi asked petulantly. "I didn't do anything wrong."

"Are you sure?" Tensei lifted a brow as of he didn't believe him.

"Dude, I'm not talking about this." Hizashi stood up and walked to deposit his trash and his tray. Across the lunch room he saw Shouta go outside. He wanted to follow her, apologize for yelling. But he wasn't going to apologize for being mad that she'd sacrificed herself to save him.

He never wanted to be the cause of her getting hurt. That raw bubbled burn haunted his dreams. She could have gotten shrapnel blown into her. Or the falling ceiling that shielded them from the fire could have fallen on her.

He wasn't okay with that. Not because of him.

"Hizashi." He tensed when Nemuri's voice rose from behind him. He looked around for an escape but Tensei was there instead. Damn.

"I ah, uh, I forgot something in the classroom." He said lamely. He needed to get away before she made his life hell.

"Great, let's all go together." Nemuri grabbed his arm and hauled him from the lunch room. He whined the whole way there. "Alright Yamada spill. Why are you ignoring Shouta?"

"In not- ugh," He was pushed into his desk seat and scrubbed his hand over his neck. "She jumped between me and an explosion. She got hurt."

"That's hero stuff." Nemuri raised a brow at him.

"Yeah I know," He groaned in irritation. "I didn't handle that so great in the moment. She got hurt because of me."

"Dude, injuries happen in the line of duty." Tensei frowned. "It's already happened to her."

"Yeah, I know." Hizashi jumped up to pace. "I almost...lost her then. And this time I might have lost her and it would be my fault!"

"Hizashi," Nemuri reached out to touch his arm.

"Yeah I know it's not logical to expect her to stay safe. I know it's not possible to fight for get, or to keep her from being a hero." Hizashi growled as all the poison he'd been holding spilled out of him. "I don't even want that stuff. She's far more capable than I am. But...but I don't want to see her get hurt. I don't want ever to be the cause of it."

"It happens Hizashi," Tensei grabbed his shoulder. "I hate watching my family go out and wonder if they're coming back. My dad gets really worked up when mom comes home injured. She does the same thing. They fight over it sometimes too. Tenya was actually concieved in the middle of a
fight they were having about safety in numbers."

Tensei shook his head fondly. Hizashi wondered how they made that work. A family of superheroes. "Shouta's mother was a police officer, so I imagine her father had ways to reconcile that she was going to get injured. Think about it like this, what if she wasn't in the hero class? What if she wanted you to be more careful, or to not be in danger at all what would you say?"

Hizashi bit his lip. For as long as he could remember he wanted to be a hero. His dream was to save people, fight bad guys, and look cool doing it. It wasn't until Shouta that he learned he might want more at the same time. A future where someone understood his dream, who could talk shop with him, and work alongside him.

He had experienced all of that with Shouta during the telethon. But he'd realized all of a sudden that she could get hurt because of him. She could get hurt because she was recklessly jumping between him and danger. He didn't like that.

But asking her to stay out of danger, to stay on the sidelines was out of the question. She was the most vibrant when she was fighting. He knew that; he felt that viscerally.

The problem was with him. If he was going to be with Shouta he needed to accept that she was going to be a hero. She was going to get injured. And if they were going to work together as they had this time she was going to save him as much as he tried to save her.

Hizashi nodded to his friends. "If Shouta wasn't going to be a hero she wouldn't be Shouta. And trying to treat her like a civilian to protect isn't doing me any favors mentally or romantically. This is her and I need to accept all of it."

"So, what are you doing to do?" Tensei asked.

"Talk to her about it." Hizashi sighed. "If she'll let me."

"Good boy Hizashi," Nemuri reached up to pat his head.

A knock sounded on the door and they turned to see another student there. She had long blond hair and a curling set of ram horns sprouting from the crown of her head. She smiled sweetly as they all looked at her. "Um, excuse me, is Yamada here?"

Shouta was rubbing one burning eye as she stumbled down the school halls. The bell still hadn't rang, so her cat nap hadn't been a waste. She dug through her blazer pocket for her bottle of eye drops where had she left them?

"I know this is sudden, and you don't know me. But I saw you in the sports festival. You did really well, and I thought you should have won." A girl's voice echoed from the hall Shouta was walking past.

She looked up and blinked, there was a girl with curling ram horns. She had the emblem for the management department on her blazer. "Ah, no, I lost fair and square at the sports festival."
Was that Hizashi?! Shouta scrambled out of sight and pressed her back to the wall.

"I saw the footage of the telethon too! You have a great presence for television. I was really pumped up watching you take out villains!" The girl gushed and Shouta looked around the corner to see the girl blushing and shifting nervously. Hizashi had his side turned to where Shouta stood, he looked sheepish.

"That was all Madam Glitz and Banshee, they coordinated so the citizens watching were protected from backlash. A lot of heroes were working during the telethon to make it safe for spectators." Hizashi sounded like he was answering interview questions. Was he doing an interview? She didn't think the school had time for traditional club activities. "I'm going to have to get to class soon, and there's something I have to do first. Was there anything I could help you with? I'm not the class president, but I know her, I could relay a request?"

"I like you!" The girl exclaimed and Shouta tripped over her foot as she stood up from her lean too fast. Her heel scuffed the floor loudly and she froze like a deer in the headlights.

"Shouta?!" She stared into bright green orbs and felt her face flush in embarrassment. He was getting confessed to?! They had just had a fight, he couldn't possibly be considering...

Shouta turned stiffly and matched away. "Wait, Shouta!"

Oh hell no, she was not dealing with this right now! Aizawa Shouta was not a coward. But at that moment her brain had noped out of addressing this cluster fuck. She used every bit of the ninja skills that got her caught a moment ago and escaped her boyfriend before he reached her.

"Dude, what did you do?!" Tensei exclaimed from the train seat as they rode home. "How did you come to the realization that you needed to talk to Shouta, spoke to the management class girl, and how Shouta won't even look at you."

Hizashi was in shock. That had to be it, why else would he feel like he was floating just outside of his body? Shock and utter hate for his entire life permeating to his soul. "Her name is Okina Asuna."

"What?!" Tensei jerked to look at him.

"The management course first year, her name is Okina Asuna." It was useless information. But his mind wouldn't let go, the name of the girl who single handedly might have made him single. If there was an emotion burning through his shock it might have been anger.

But how could he be angry at a girl who had no idea he was in a relationship. If he still had said relationship at all. "Oh, fuck! It's all messed up!" Hizashi buried his face in his hands. "She confessed to me."

"I assumed, why else would a girl call you out. Unless she's the weirdo type who takes her management future extremely seriously." Tensei ran a hand down his face. "She was either going to confess, or get you to sign her up as your PR representative."

"Nope! It was a confession." Hizashi laughed bitterly. "And Shouta heard the whole thing. Walked right into the hallway as Okina confessed. The look on her face... It was lije she thought I'd broken
"You need to call her, you need to call right now!" Tensei manhandled him until he had Hizashi's phone in his hand. He unlocked it rudely and started the call. Hizashi rolled his eyes but still waited frantically for the phone to turn over. When all they got was her automated voice mail, Hizashi felt like he was going to cry. "It's fine, I'll text Nemuri, we'll fix this dude! I don't have my internship tonight and I know you're free. I'm staying over!"

He was glad he had a good friend in Tensei. But his heart was worn out and pained because all he could see was that raw wounded look in Shouta's eyes. He cursed and closed his eyes on it, but she was still there.

"Okay I've got the news." Ryuko raced into the gym holding out her phone. The rest of the girls were gathered near the mirrors. Nemuri was leading the group.

Shouta could hear them, but her mind was so far gone she wasn't sure she could find it at the moment. Instead, her body moved through the motions of wailing on the punching bag Akio had set up for her.

Akio and Shino hovered outside the door worriedly. Chatora stood behind the bag to hold it and keep his eyes on her. She continued her assault and listened to her female friends.

"So after the telethon broadcast some kind of fan club formed." Tomoko informed she read Ryuko phone. "Like really fast."

"And now it's got a pretty serious following." Ryuko finished looking pained.

"How many?" Shino asked from where she sat.

"About fifteen girls, three boys. Mostly in the management and Gen Ed departments." Tomoko shook her head. "The squad was not expecting this."

"Well, having fans is a natural part of being a public hero, and out of everyone in the hero department he was filmed actually fighting villains and criminals." Nemuri cupped her chin. "I saw the girl, but she seriously only gave of the vibe of a reporter. Tensei agreed with me when we talked about it."

"She just confessed, and she had no idea who he was." Shino whistled and tipped her head back. "That's bold, like really bold."

"Aizawa, I'm sure he wasn't going to accept. He's dating you." Chatora inclined his head and everyone fell silent around her. Even the two adults hovering outside the room they'd taken over.

"Hizashi is too nice to not acknowledge that it happened. I'm not stupid, I knew fans would crop up, I knew confessions might happen too." Shouta punched particularly hard and wrenched herself away from the punching bag.

"It's alright too be upset about it." Ryuko said.

"I'm not..." Shouta closed her eyes and started to pace. She was upset about it. "Vanisher told me..."
that I was going to need to protect my hero identity from personal feelings. And protect my civilian life from the chaos that I'll live with when working."

"Well yes, all of our mentors have been saying the same thing." Chatora crossed his arms.

"I've been thinking about it a lot." Shouta sighed, "And after the telethon incident, and this fight... I was going to tell him that our relationship should be civilian only. If Present Mic has to have a girlfriend publicly it should be Aizawa Shouta, not Eraserhead."

"That way no one would think to come after him if you've taken out a villain organization, or a gang." Nemuri hummed.

"Yeah, and if one of his enemies comes after me, they'll get a nasty surprise." Shouta said and sighed. "Then we got into that fight, and I'm pretty sure he's mad that I jumped into the line of fire for him. He took it so hard when I got stabbed."

She ran her hand over her lower abdomen and closed her eyes. How had this gotten so messed up so fast? They were both going to be heroes, she needed to trust he could handle himself. He needed to believe she could do the same.

"I wasn't going to say anything, it's your fight." Nemuri walked over and Shouta found herself hugged. "He told me he was upset mostly because he doesn't want to be the cause of your injuries."

They were going to have to talk. But Shouta didn't think she was ready to yet. She'd walked in on a confession! The embarrassment alone was too much to bear. It wasn't logical to be so worked up but she was.

Shouta sighed and looked at Chatora. "Spar with me?"

"Of course," He grinned and walked over to stand across from her. They launched into high paced sparring. She just hoped it would take her mind off of things. She was way too worked up about the whole convoluted situation.

This was a complete and utter nightmare. Every time Hizashi tried to approach Shouta after class, during lunch, or even after school; a slew of students were vying for his attention. Getting into his way, and distracting him just enough for his girlfriend to totally vanish.

This had been going on for an entire week.

What was even worse was that Shouta wasn't ignoring him. Not anymore at least, she looked like she wanted him to come over and talk to her. It didn't help that every night she was at her internship, he knew calling wasn't an option. This was definitely not something he wanted to do over text either.

He didn't want to upset the people that kept getting in the way. They were his fans, his very first fans. But he was seriously considering using Crowd Control just to get past them.

He missed his girlfriend. He wanted to apologize, and try to make it better. He needed to know what she was feeling, so he could explain to her why he overreacted. He wanted to talk through it like he knew couples did.
But he couldn't do any of that if this gaggle of frantic girls wouldn't let him move an inch from where he was trying to escape from. He had one last ditch effort to make though.

Hizashi looked at Tensei as they were getting ready to leave the classroom. Shouta and Nemuri had already left to turn in more repair forms to the support department. And this was his only chance. "Dude, I need to enlist the services of your confession Squad."

"We're not the confession Squad anymore. Now we're the Unified AB Action Squad. And we would be delighted to help." Tensei grunted and started to text. Hizashi saw their classmates heading for the door and hurriedly ducked to the ground.

He could hear the laughter and chatter of the girls outside. Tensei merely walked to the door and pointed down the hall. "Sorry ladies, Yamada already left to get in some training before his internship. You know how vocal quirks are."

Hizashi crawled to the second door and watched as his fan club wasn't deterred. The door was shoved open and Chatora was standing there holding a long teal wig. It was dropped unceremoniously on his head. "Come now Yamada, you've got somewhere to be."

Chatora picked him up bodily and he noticed the girls from 1-B were there. He was tossed into an empty hall where the actual teal haired whirlwind Tomoko stole his pants literally off his legs. He was given a skirt for his trouble.

He watched as she tucked her own hair up into a short blind wig. She branded at him wildly and shot finger guns at him. "Throw your voice for me and I'll lead them off!"

She took his sunglasses while he was shocked stupid. She ducked into the main hallway and waved a hand. Hizashi sucked in a breath and spoke loud enough to cover her own vocals. "Hey Tensei! Come be my spotter!"

With that Tensei joined her and they took off down the hall. Within moments the crowd followed. Then Chatora and the girls were leading him down the newly vacated hallway. Hizashi was ashamed to admit he was hiding behind the wig and skirt desperately. He would need to thank the squad later.

He was deposited into the shoe locker area. Shouta was standing in the middle of the room putting her she's on. "Hizashi, what are you doing?"

"This is a disguise to avoid the mob!" He arched his back proudly and flipped the wig of his shoulder. She snorted with a smile before reaching into her bag and held out a pair of his sweats.

"Here, I guess this is why Nemuri handed me your work out clothes." He took them gratefully and slipped them on before he grabbed his own shoes and sighed happily.

"I'm gonna keep the wig until I'm off school grounds." He passed the skirt to Chatora and flashed a thumbs up. "Thanks dude!"

The big teen nodded before he pointed and the rest of the 1-B squad took off back down the hall to rescue Tomoko. "Hizashi?"

He turned to Shouta and reached out. He took her hand and started to lead her outside. Then they were walking swiftly towards the station and only once off of the school did he tug the wig off.

"I'm sorry I yelled at you." He said and she looked at him sharply. "I watched you get hurt for me and I did not react well to it at all."
"I won't apologize for saving you." She said sternly.

"I don't want you to." He shook his head. "I just... I don't want to watch you get hurt. If we cross paths while interning, could you try to be more careful with your own wellbeing? I don't- I don't want to lose you."

"I don't think Present Mic and Eraserhead should advertise they're a couple." Shouta blurted. "I don't think we should work together unless strictly necessary. I can't think straight when you're in a fight. Obviously that's a two way street."

"I think that might be best for now." He stopped as a swallowed thickly. They had made it to the station. "About that confession-

"Hizashi, I understand that fans are going to happen. And confessions are going to happen-," She tightened her grip and he bit his lip before he tugged her past the turnstiles of the station and out of the walking traffic.

"I didn't know you were there, but it didn't matter whether you were or weren't." He pulled her into his arms and she tensed up before she settled into his embrace. "My answer was going to be the same no matter what. I've already got an amazing girlfriend."

"Hizashi," She looked up and he kissed her before anything else was said. It still felt electric kissing her. She grabbed his shirt and when they broke apart she pressed her forehead to his. "I'm sorry I scared you during the telethon. I'll do better about not getting injured. And if we're working together Present Mic and Eraserhead won't be a couple."

"But Hizashi and Shouta?" He asked, his heart yearned for an answer, he could survive anything as long as he still had her.

"They're good." She laced their fingers together and flushed. "Still together, if you want them to be."

"I don't want anything else." Hizashi told her. She smiled and then they were walking to the train schedule. "I'm off tonight are you?"

"Yes," Shouta nodded. He tugged their hands towards a train not headed towards their respective neighborhoods.

"Let's go to the cat cafe again." He looked at her, "Do you want to?"

She nodded and he pulled her close again. And when her arm wrapped around his waist as his settled over her shoulders he knew they were going to be alright. "Love you Shouta."

"I love you too," Shouta said and ducked her head to hide her burning cheeks. But he saw, and a soft smile spread across his lips in response.

"So, I think I'm gonna grow my hair out." He announced.
Christmas Joy

Chapter Summary

Is time for the Holidays

Chapter Notes

I just want to say thank you to everyone who has been commenting. I got quite a few comments yesterday that just warmed my heart.

I'm am so very flattered that you guys like this story. It's kind of taken on a life of its own pretty much from the planning stage. So as a treat to show how much your continued readership means to me...

I'm putting Shinsou in this chapter.

With December came a rush of cold and flurries of snow. And the holidays loomed on the horizon. While Shouta lived the holidays, they hadn't been the best over the past two almost three years.

There were now things to look forward to. Even if she had to face something she hated, like malls. It seemed the universe was conspiring to make her end up there one way or another. Any free moment she had that wasn't taken up by school or her internship was going to go to training with Hizashi, until Nemuri said otherwise.

It felt like every day she was troping along behind her friend seeking out gifts for her family members. So far she'd managed to find a few. But she was still looking for the best gift to give Hizashi.

"So, have you thought about what to get him?" Nemuri asked as they walked along an upper concourse. The lights and decorations were already out up and, despite the crowd, Shouta was feeling rather festive.

"I don't know what to get him, he's like the hardest person to shop for!" Shouta glared at every store they walked past. "It was actually easier when we were just friends. Everything stood out then!"

"It'll be alright." Nemuri giggled. They kept walking and Shouta stopped when she saw a store that advertised custom made stuffed animals. There was a couple walking out, catching her attention. They looked so much like the Shinsou's, she was frozen. They held a little two year old girl in their arms and she was shot back to that night. Cradling that baby in her arms to keep him from being stolen.

If she hadn't been there, would someone have searched for him? Would anyone have cared? Shouta
rushed into the store suddenly and marveled at all the kids rushing around. She saw a store employee walk over with a smile. "HI, can I help you build a toy today?"

"Um, I'm not sure..." Shouta felt it might be overstepping her bounds if she bought him something.

"You should do it." Nemuri smiled. "You've not stopped thinking about him since that night."

"No, I can't just... His social worker said he's with his grandmother. So he's happy." She was trying to convince herself she didn't need to reach out. But Shouta just couldn't forget little Shinsou Hitoshi.

"It's the holidays, you should make him something to remember you by." Nemuri smiled encouragingly.

Shouta sighed and nodded. She'd fought against it long enough. "He's not even one yet."

"Oh, we have a variety of newborn toys, so feel free to pick from there" The attendant pointed and Shouta awkwardly walked to the line of plush bodies.

There were a lot of shapes and sizes. Some were animals, and others were objects. Shouta stopped next to a display of a cat. She lifted the black one thoughtfully. It was a knitted Fabric, soft and durable. "Oh, Shouta they have accessories!"

Shouta looked at where Nemuri held up a small bowie. Shouta looked at the sales clerk. Was that safe for babies?

"Part of the package for newborns to two years old, is that we sew the accessories on. In older children the accessories can be swapped out." She smiled politely.

Shouta nodded, toys were so advanced now. She looked back at the cat in her hands. Was it pretentious if she wanted him to remember her? He would grow up never really knowing what happened in that apartment. And she didn't really care if he knew she'd saved his life. She just wanted him to know that when he got older, he could seek her out. She'd tell him the whole story.

Shouta thrust the little black cat out and the woman smiled at her choice. Shouta moved over to the accessory wall and looked around until she found a little bandana that was also a burp rag. It was the same shade as her capture weapon.

She looked around but couldn't find anything that would work like her goggles. But that was alright. She added the scarf and watched as the woman filled the toy with soft fluffy cotton. And when they went to the counter the woman settled in and sewed the open hole shut. Then the scarf was stitched to the cat's neck. It was packaged in a neat green box and Shouta paid for the toy.

"Are you going to give it to him?" Nemuri asked once they were back in the mall.

"This is already highly inappropriate." Shouta glared. "I'll call his social worker and have her take it to the family."

Nemuri pouted but Shouta wasn't having it. She'd screwed the kid up enough, this was just an attempt to assuage her guilt. Shame filled her and she decided she was done shopping for the day.
"You know its not a bad thing to worry about this kid." Hizashi spoke over his phone to his girlfriend while he went through his emails. He was currently planning a Christmas Eve date. "You can give donations to his social worker, that's kind of in line with things. It's just a specific donation."

"I knew it, it's weird." Shouta growled and sighed. "I should just leave the kid alone."

"I think you just need closure. To know he's happy." Hizashi felt for his girlfriend and decided he would help her in any way he could. "Look, I'll go with you when you take the present to the social worker."

"Thank you Hizashi." She sighed. "I don't know what I'd do without you."

"Plenty of stuff, namely sleep forever." Hizashi chuckled. He blinked when a new email popped up. It was an add for the cat cafe they went to. Apparently they were going to incorporate membership cards to narrow down the clientele. Hizashi figured it was too ensure the safety of the felines in residence.

He hummed, a membership card would be a good idea, as would a trip through the lights. He just needed somewhere to eat. He'd keep thinking on it over the next day, he'd need to reserve early.

"I don't sleep that much do I?" Shouta asked.

"You do." He chuckled.

"Hizashi, what are you doing right now?" Shouta asked. The dip in her tone sent fire down his spine. He jerked up swiftly.

"Just hanging out, what are you doing right now?" He asked. He slipped his chair back to decisively lock the door.

"Well, I've been going through my phone and saw you emailed me a new playlist." Shouta giggled over the line. "Were you trying to tell me something?"

"Ah, uh, shit." Hizashi had finished the new playlist. "Yes I did. For you."

"Who would have thought, I start flirting and you get tongue tied. The best English student and talker in our class." Shouta teased.

"Yeah, uh, you just surprised me." He grinned. "Were you going to use the playlist?"

"I was, how about a video call?" She suggested.

"Fuck, can we use the computer, I want to be hands free." He countered and she hummed an agreement.

He pulled up his web cam program and within seconds there was a call on it. "I'm hanging up Hizashi."

"Okay," He swallowed and set his phone aside. He opened the video call and there she was. She was on her laptop, and it was resting on her bed.

Shouta leaned on her pillows and fiddled with her phone and something off screen he couldn't see. He opened up his music player to listen to the playlist. It started to play a sensual melody, he'd meant it as a welcome. A mood setter. This song had a slow beat with soft crooning vocals.
"This is much more sensual, Hizashi." She slid a sly look to him and he propped his chin in his hand to smile at her.

"I meant it to be. Took me a while to compile a playlist over an hour long with the right ebbs and flows." He grinned at her. "Once I knew what you were using it for, I had a clear objective to work with."

She snorted and rolled to her side to look at him. Her sweats were baggy but her shirt was tight, showing every curve she usually kept hidden. He'd not seen the way her body was shaped since the summer. "So, do you want me to lose any layers?"

"Only as much as you want to." He'd strip down as much as she wanted him to, to make her confidante. He'd be lying if he said he didn't want to be there. To take her layers off himself. But if this was more comfortable for her. He'd do it this way as long as she wanted.

Shouta shimmied out of her sweats and then her shirt before she settled back into the pillows on her bed. The bright yellow did not match her personality at all, and that was kind of the best part. Hizashi leaned back in his chair and marveled at the lingerie she was wearing.

"I can look this time?" He asked.

"Yes, I won't try to kill you out of embarrassment." She shook her head and groaned. "That wasn't my finest moment."

"This lingerie set has haunted me ever since I first saw it." He admitted. The blue with black lace that hugged her tantalizingly.

"I bought it in blue because I was crushing on you so hard." She admitted as well and he flushed. That far back?

"Shouta, I'm really, really glad we're dating." He smiled and she shook her head at him.

"Alright, you too, lose the clothes!" She lifted a brow.

He grinned at her and slipped his shirt and jeans off. He was down to the red boxer briefs he was wearing. They clung like bicycle shorts. This time she was staring, at the tent his cock was making. He liked that she wanted to look at him. It made him feel better about looking at her.

"Hey Shouta, how are you wanting to do this?" He asked as he sat back down. "Do you want me to see?"

She flushed and sat up before looking at him seriously. "Do you want to see?"

Hizashi swallowed thickly. He nodded and she shifted her laptop around so that instead of her profile he was facing her. She sat cross-legged and then she turned to pick something up. And he finally saw the toy she'd used on herself. It was bright yellow and elegant looking.

Hizashi felt an instant camaraderie with it paired with a roaring lust. This toy was pleasing his girlfriend, at least while he couldn't be there. But soon, soon he would get to. He looked at that toy contemplatively. One day they would work together in person.

"Shouta, can I just say something before we start?" She leaned forward and looked at him curiously. "I just want you to know that you're the most beautiful thing I've ever seen. I already thought so before. But it's even more true now that you trust me like this."
"Even though I'm scarred?" She trailed her fingers over the ragged pink scar that lined her lower abdomen. Beneath the neat abs on her stomach.

"If I were with you right now, I'd kiss your scar." He said and reached down to palm his cock to adjust.

She gasped and he saw the flush coat her cheeks. So pretty, and everything his dreams were made of. He knew he was very much a virgin. Though he'd seen enough internet porn to seem a bit more experienced, this was the first time he was seeing a vagina in a real sense.

Shouta slipped her panties down and with a deft movement she unhooked her bra. Hizashi was speechless. Small apple sized breasts were framed in the fun lighting of her bedside table. Rosy dark nipples pointed from exposure. Hot arousal burned in his veins.

Hizashi reached out and pushed his keyboard aside to pull his web cam down to show exactly where he was, all of him filling the screen on her end. That was when he looked up and saw her spreading her legs just so.

She was bare to his eyes and he damn near swallowed his tongue. Tiny, and pink, perfect and wet. Hizashi groaned and she gasped. "Hizashi?"

"You're so, I wish I was there" Hizashi breathed out. He hooked his fingers in his boxes and yanked them off with prejudice. Her next gasp drew a strained smile from him. He ran his hand down the rigid length of his cock and tipped his head back. "I really wish I was with you now."

"Hizashi, you're that turned on?" She asked in surprise.

"When you look like that, how can I not be?" He asked. He looked back down to see she'd settled into her pillows. He bit his lip as she ran her fingers down her collar and thumbed one nipple.

He wanted to bite it, and roll it with his tongue. What did she taste like? Hizashi hissed out a breath and instead of actually starting, he just circled the base of his erection to keep from losing it too soon.

"I wish you were here too." Shouta looked at him with a devilish smirk. "You're making a lot of interesting faces."

"Well it's only natural, my beautiful girlfriend is naked!" He defended and she cupped both breasts before his eyes and he choked on air. "That's not fair Shouta."

"When have I ever been fair?" She asked and trailed one hand down to where she was wet. His gaze followed like a magnet. She ran her fingers over herself and he wondered what it felt like. Wet? Soft? Warm?

Shouta rolled her thumb over her clit once and let out a small puff of a sound. He watched as she teased just the top of her finger inside before she smoothed at him and withdrew altogether.

Hizashi was not ashamed of the sound he made in protest.

He wasn't.

That was when the toy came back and Hizashi bit his lip. She turned it on and listened for a moment. "What track are we on?"

"Six." He breathed, he urged her on mentally. She fiddled with her phone and when the song turned
over it was a heavy beat that thumped long and deep through the music, no vocals this time. He saw the toy come to life in her hands, it vibrated and he urged her encouragingly. "Go slow."

"Slow?" She asked. She angled the toy to rub all along those pink folds and he was rapt with attention. His cock ached in his grasp, begging for him to start. "Like this Hizashi?"

"Oh God," Hizashi cursed and ran his hand up his length to relieve the burn of his desire, but it did nothing but fan the flames hotter.

All at once the toy was pulled away and he saw her hand slide up its length. A wet look glossing its surface. Oh, lube. Then she brought it back down and rubbed along her entrance again.

"Shit," He blurted. "How does it feel Shouta?"

"Powerful." She gasped and arched her hips just a touch and the vibrator pushed inside her. The way her pink folds stretched to emit the tip of the vibrator was obscene. She let out a groan as it filled her.

"Nuhh, Shouta." Hizashi groaned he started to move his hand in earnest. She threw her head back as the song changed. It seemed the faster pace had hit her just right.

The edge that nudged up on her clit made Hizashi's mouth water. "You look amazing."

She hummed and looked at where his cock was peeking through his fingers as he pumped his cock into his hand. She swirled the vibrator and arched her back with a soft cry. She started to thrust with her hand, hips rising to meet the movements with a cry.

"Fuck, Shouta that's-," He panted.

"I want you Hizashi," She panted and he gaped at her. "I want to feel you inside."

"Oh baby," He sighed and moved his hand faster. "I want to feel you too. I want to feel your hands on me while I take that toys place. I want to kiss you while we move together. You're flexible, I bet we could do all kinds of things without ever coming apart."

"Hizashi," Shouta moaned, and want that just the best thing ever? "-Zashi!"

Fuck if that didn't take the fire that had been coursing through him and put it right in his balls. "I'm close Shouta, baby...please!"

"Me too," She panted and she shoved the toy into herself harder. A red blush bloomed across her neck, down over her breasts and over her bowed stomach. She cried out then, low and gutters. It was beautiful.

"Shouta," Hizashi had to close his eyes as lightning speared him and he came into his hand. He cracked his eyes and she was panting, the toy wasn't inside her anymore. The look of her, debauched and pleased, would be burned into his mind forever. Nothing was a better sight than that, "I love you."

"I love you too." Shouta breathed and her tired eyes fell on him softly.

"Go to sleep." He murmured and reached for the tissues next to his bed. "You look real tired."

"'Kay," She slurred and reached out to close her laptop. Hizashi just grinned, what did he do to deserve her?
"This is a mistake." Shouta walked and shook her head while she looked around them. "We're not in an area where the welfare services are located."

"No, I think she tricked you." Hizashi spoke next to her. "You said she was really delighted you called."

"Too delighted now that I think about it." Shouta scowled and turned around. "Let's go back."

"No, come on." He linked his wool clad arm with hers and took the address sheet from her fingers. He looked around and then he tugged her over towards it. This one was rather small only two stories. He buzzed and Shouta panicked again.

"Hello?" The voice on the intercom was clearly elderly. Why had she decided to do this?!

"Hello, my name is Present Mic, and I brought with me Eraserhead, Jinji-San said this is where we are to meet." Hizashi spoke and she was suddenly very grateful he'd agreed to come.

"Oh, of course, come in, come in." The door buzzed and they were walking through the gate into an open hall. Hizashi tugged to drag her along and they walked along the ground floor to the apartment that was opening as they approached.

The woman had long gray hair braided over one shoulder. She smiled at them and ushered them into the apartment. "Jinji-San said the young girl who rescued my Hitoshi would be coming by."

"Oh, uh, yeah that's me." Shouta fumbled as she took off her boots. The old woman led them up from the genkan.

"Well hello, I'm Shinsou Mikumi. You tried to save my son and his wife, I thank you for your effort." She walked into the apartment and in the center of the open living room was a bassinet. A little purple tuft of hair was sticking up over the edge. "Oh, it looks like he's awake."

She scooped the baby up into her arms gently and Shouta was looking at the face of the baby she'd tried to save. He appeared almost double in size now. He looked at them and seemed to perk up. "Hitoshi, say hello, this is Eraser-San. She's come to see you."

The baby burbled and reared his head up from where he had rested it. He valiantly tried to keep it up but ended up resting it back down on his grandmother's shoulder. Hizashi put his hand on her waist and steered her closer.

"I wanted to apologize, because I wasn't fast enough both of his parents died in the struggle." Shouta bowed at the waist and fought back the agony she still felt over the whole event. "Your son fought hard to get to his wife and the baby. And she fought even harder against the man who took the baby from her."

"The officer who brought me Hitoshi said you managed to capture all three attackers. And you're just a student." She shook her head. "You hero students are quite impressive. She also said your were injured getting Hitoshi back."

"I'm- yes, I was stabbed in the struggle." Shouta moved to the indicated seat and sat her coat and the present box down. Hizashi gathered her hand up. "The kidnapper severed my uterus with his
quirk. I ended up having it removed.

"Oh my, I'm terribly sorry." The woman bowed while holding the baby. It was a raw subject but she wasn't upset about it. Certainly not at this woman and her grandson.

"No, No, don't apologize. It's... I've made peace with that." Shouta shook her head. "I'm trying to make peace with this."

The woman smiled kindly and stepped forward. She held out the baby and he reached out with grabby hands. "Let me get us some tea."

Shouta was suddenly sitting with an armful of baby. His purple hair seemed wild and untamed. Purple eyes gazed up at her with interest. Then he shifted to look at Hizashi who just grinned wide.

"What's up little man?" He leaned down and made a face that got a small smirk of a grin from the baby.

"I know you're still upset dear, but I think you were meant to be there." Shinsou-San said as she returned with a tray of tea. "Hitoshi is still alive, and that is a miracle. I think you were supposed to be there to save him. You, my dear, are definitely a hero."

Hizashi grinned at her proudly and Shouta flushed. She reached to the present and Hizashi opened it. "I don't know if we'll ever meet again. But I want you to know that if you ever need to know what happened, I'll tell you the whole story."

Hizashi hummed when he saw the toy cat. "I'm jealous, I want an Eraserhead toy now."

"This will be the only one Mic" Shouta shook her head fondly. Hizashi offered the little cat to the baby and he reached for it with tiny fingers. Wide glittering purple eyes gazed at it like it was the best thing ever.

Her heart acted for this boy. But he had his grandmother, who was stealthily taking pictures with her cell phone. Looking at the gummy smile the baby gave as he nommed on a knitted ear made the trip worth it.

She didn't realize she was crying and when Hizashi leaned forward in concern she smiled. They were happy tears. She slipped her finger into the baby's hand and he clenched it with surprising strength.

Maybe he would be alright.

Shouta was racing along the lit up streets of Roppongi Hills. She glared at the mugger she was after. He'd hit three people in one night and she'd been tracking him for hours. His bright blue jacket the only market to go by. Vanisher was further in tracking a jewel thief. Luckily for her they were working with help this night.

"Ingenium!" She radioed. "He's turning into the lights, I'm going to lose him at the street!"

"I'm on it Eraser!" Tensei replied. Shouta vaulted through the air and landed on top of a moving bus. It was closing the distance but she was right, he turned and she was going to lose him. Before
he could go anywhere Tensei came in from out of no where and tackled the thief.

Shouta landed and helped her friend capture the squirming asshole. "The last woman you mugged had a little girl you scumbag!"

"That was her Christmas shopping money." Tensei growled through his helmet. "Eraser, the police have been alerted."

"Good." Shouta stood up and stretched. Her head hurt, she'd been using her quirk almost non stop to keep up with these thieves and villains. Nemuri hadn't been kidding about how busy they all were going to be. She looked over and saw a poster for something interesting.

A concert for after the new year, and it was a band she knew Hizashi listened to when he worked out. She took out her phone to check availability of tickets and hummed in surprise. She could get four tickets pretty cheap too. She placed her order online for pick up and happily crossed Hizashi off her list.

She finished as the police pulled up and helped load the thief up into the van. "Is it just me or are they all starting to look alike this month?"

"I was starting to think the same thing." Tensei laughed. They split after the finished and Shouta met back up with Vanisher to end the night. They caught the train back to his place and she finished writing up her portion of the student paperwork.

"Hey Eraser," Vanisher spoke from where he was slowly fitting his feet into his sleeping bag. "You've been falling asleep a lot."

She stiffened, he wasn't going to try to jump her again was he? Because she spent the whole night running and chasing slippery thieves. Shouta didn't think she could handle a surprise training session. "Uh, yeah, I sleep kind of all over the place."

"That's my fault, I think you've picked up some of my habits." He sat down against the wall and waved a hand to the spare room in the loft. "Got you a gift."

She got up and glared while she walked to the spare room she usually slept in on the weekends. A poorly wrapped package lay on the futon. She frowned at it. "Go open the damn thing, it's not a trap."

"That's just the kind of thing you'd say, right before you take me out." Shouta glared out of the room. He snorted and shuffled down into his sleeping bag. She crossed to the package and opened it cautiously. She gaped at the bright yellow sleeping bag inside. It was weird, but she felt a smile bloom across her face.

"It's so you don't catch a cold falling asleep like you do. I'm pretty sure you got a weird form of narcolepsy." Vanisher chuckled. Shouta sighed and unearthed the large painting bag she'd brought earlier.

She exited the spare room and sat the bag down in front of her cocooned mentor. "I was just going to get you jelly packs but my father insisted. So thanks for looking after me. Merry Christmas."

She pulled the painting out and her mentor's red eye widened. It was a snapshot of Vanisher outside the hospital where she'd been admitted. It was nighttime but his gray hair was stark against the dark blue and purples. He was perched on the edge of the building across the street watching over the hospital diligently.
"Aizawa, this is a Taka-Ai painting." He gaped.

"Yeah, that's my dad." Shouta chuckled. "This is a private painting. He wanted you to know he appreciated that you got me medical attention. And that you're teaching me. I want you to know I'm grateful for you putting in the effort."

Vanisher chucked. "Alright kid, Merry Christmas."

It was Christmas Eve and Shouta walked hand in hand with Hizashi under the Christmas lights. Her gloves were warm but she was almost bothered having them on. She was so used to manipulating her capture weapon now that she disliked anything being on her hands.

Hizashi grinned at her and took pictures of just about everything. The lights were bright and stung her eyes if she looked too long, but it was fun. Families were all around, couples too, and then there was them.

He pulled her under an awning made of lights and took pictures of them together. He slipped his phone into his pocket and held out a thin package to her. "Merry Christmas Shouta."

She took it and smiled as she opened the paper carefully. Inside was a small punch card and a credit card. She frowned until she looked at it. It was a membership card for the cat cafe and a punch card for a free drink and dessert after six visits. She looked at Hizashi and he grinned at her. "The card is for a year of visits to the cafe, with unlimited time. You have to renew the punch card though, they're free for members."

"I love it Hizashi, thank you." She hugged him and pressed a kiss to his mouth that smudged the gloss on her lips. When they broke apart she fished his gift from her coat pocket. "Merry Christmas."

He took in the shoddy wrapping and she looked away before he could say anything. He was just as careful with her gift as she was with his. He unearthed the little cardboard book and opened it. "Whoa! You got tickets to Transcendence?!"

"Four of them, so you can take whoever you want." She smiled then gave him a devilish look. "Even some if your fans."

"Don't even joke!" He gasped dramatically. "I'd never make it home, they'd kidnap me on the way there."

"Don't worry, I'd find you." She wrapped her arms around his waist and melted when he put his arms around her. They kissed and it was warm and comfortable. Hizashi swept his tongue over hers and she responded in kind before they broke apart.

"So, there's a place that does fried chicken, wanna go?" He asked and she nodded. It was Christmas, she'd do whatever he wanted to.
"Come on Sho," Akio nudged he and she glared out of her blankets at him. It was too early.

"Yeah, it's Christmas." Shino was leaning on her doorway with a mug of coffee like a bribe. She stretched her arm out and within moments the coffee was transferred.

She sipped the scalding nectar and sat up. She eyed her father's boyfriend critically. "Seriously, do you even have an apartment anymore?"

"Well yeah," Akio beamed.

"Get rid of it." She grunted and slipped into a cardigan before she padded out of her room after them. Downstairs she found a large array of breakfast foods and narrowed her gaze at her father who was also nursing via cup of coffee.

"Don't look at me, they're the ones who woke us up." Her father grumbled. "They're the excited ones."

"Ah, grouchy Aizawa's in the morning." Akio chuckled.

"Its gonna be a good day." Shino agreed. Shouta just moved off to the living room where the tree was decorated next to the TV. Her father settled into the couch. She yanked up her gifts and tossed them at each parental unit.

"Oh Sho!" Akio hugged the juice travel cup. It had his name printed on it.

Shino opened his own gift and smiled when he saw a matching coffee mug. Her father looked down at the photo in front of him. It was framed and ready to go up in his workshop. He father could take images of things with his quirk and recreate them perfectly. But sometimes he just needed a photo to go with it. This photo was of her Shino and Akio. The family he now had.

Her father gave her a watery smile before he took the gift given to him from his lovers. He took one look at it before he tucked the gift to the side. She leaned over and see it was a paint set, to be done naked and during sex. Eww.

She watched her father hold out two matching boxes. The other adults opened them and looked down at two sets of keys. Shouta snuggled in next to her father as he lounged.

"You two barely go home anymore, and the gym is just down the street. Move in here. You might as well already live here." Shouta's father smiled. "Besides, I want you here."

Shouta nodded and the two men looked like they'd just given them the world. Shouta looked at her dad in annoyance. "You wanted them."

"I did." He shook his head at the energy. "Can I take it back?"

"Nope." She rested her head on his shoulder and he kissed her forehead. "I think mom is alright with this."

"I do to." He hummed. That was when they presented her with their own gifts.

Her father had painted her in her hero costume. Apparently he'd gotten to see her one night when she was patrolling with Vanisher.

Shino gave her a new bag, one with a bunch of compartments to hold her growing supply of necessities. Namely her sleeping bag, her jelly packs and protein bars. She certainly appreciated it.
Akio have her something she wasn't expecting. But it brought tears to her eyes. It was simmering her mother used to do, and Shouta hadn't realized how badly she'd missed it. Akio had given her a black knee length sundress. Despite how hardened both she and her mother had been, they'd dressed girly.

Akio had decided to keep the tradition alive. She got up and hugged him. He looked shocked and panicked by her reaction until he just accepted it. Then he hugged back. She was suddenly very grateful for her new family. They'd made this year easy for her. Her dad even seemed to be functioning well. Shouta decided this was a good year for the holidays. The first since her mother died, but also the first of many.
New Years arrived with a lot of fanfare. Shouta ended up working that night with Vanisher, so she didn't get to hang out with her friends like they all wanted to. Instead she ended up staking out a series of locations in Yokohama.

Vanisher had taken a job that wasn't going to end with them apprehending a villain. Instead they were to follow the movements of a gang moving drugs. Vanisher explained that helping the police know where things were happening would help the undercover detectives sneak into the ranks better.

It was a long process that left Shouta asleep during school more often than not even they went back. Thankfully Hizashi kept her awake for class. A steady caffeine supply helped her through her studies. But it would all pay off, because they were going to extract an undercover operative who had vital information. It had been two weeks after New Years when they got the call.

"Eraserhead; the moment you see him, get him out of sight." Vanisher ordered. The plan was for the undercover to get spotted, he'd committed an assault on another undercover detective with a healing quirk. It was an staged to get him arrested. Shouta was to make the takedown look good, and get him into the police van quickly.

Shouta perched on a broken street light. Her costume was dark and made the shadows hiding her deeper. She watched sharply as a car pulled up to the corner. Her target stepped out of it with a jaunty wave at the interior. The car sped away but Shouta knew there are always eyes watching for weakness in these types of gangs.

Shouta wasn't going to make it flashy, but she was going to make it startling. There were a could of stores still open, loitering people, and even other grunts. The has no idea she was in this shadowy location. Vanisher was above one of the buildings, watching her. He was ready to intervene if any of the people around would try to intervene.

It was explained that if they were capturing him to send him back they would have picked him up in a group for debrief. Instead he was being extracted so he police could raid the places the gang
Shouta fisted a couple bands of her scarf and snapped them out to wrap the detective in a restraint. She then stepped off of the lamp post and reeled him up into the air. He squaked loudly getting the attention of the street around him. She was still in shadows so they could only see him. "You're making a big fucking mistake!"

"You assaulted someone in broad daylight this afternoon. It's taken me a while, but I've tracked you down." She smiled and twitched her fingers. Her scarf released him and she lunged in as he hit the ground. The grapple looked real but she felt the way he let her crumble him to the ground.

She lifted her hand to her comm. "I've captured the perp, ready for police assistance."

She rode in the transport van as they acted their role. Vanisher joined them on a side street.

"Vanisher, Eraserhead, I want to thank you." the detective grinned at them. "I can finally go home now. I know my fiancé will appreciate it. Especially with the holidays coming up."

"Well, we're just glad we could extract you. Could've gone bad." Vanisher crossed his arms. "But you got the evidence to take this drug gang down?"

"Yeah, and some international ties that overseas agencies will appreciate having." The detective nodded. They pulled into the closed garage and made the hand off.

They were done then and Shouta flexed her fingers. She really felt like she was getting the hang of the weapon. She still had two years to train and get better. Ideas for a new combat move came mind, while they finished ask the paperwork for the case.

Hizashi was excited as he stood outside one of the concert halls in Minato. It was near his internship building. Nemuri chatted animatedly to Shouta who was looking vaguely interested. Tensei slung his arm around Hizashi with a wild grin. This was really going to be awesome. They hadn't gotten to hang out much during the rush of the holidays, and New Years had really been busy for everyone. The only one who didn't work at their internship was Tensei.

They were all dressed like teenagers instead of the mini heroes they all were. Shouta even wore a slouch hat to pull her hair away from her face. A leather jacket with a waterfall cut covered her body. They actually matched, his biker jacket was studded with rivets and patches. They both wore black skinny jeans and she followed it up with a dark red top. He wore the bands t-shirt.

"So, she's really cute." Nemuri giggled as she showed Shouta something on her phone.

"Oh my god," Shouta boggled at the phone. "Are you insane?"

"No, I'm smitten!" Nemuri actually swooned. "She's not even a hero, just the secretary's daughter. And she's like the most powerful woman I've ever met. There's so much I can learn from her."

"So you let her spank you over the break?" Shouta snorted. "Why would you let her do that? Why did you drag me out shopping when you could've been with her? Do over, right now!"

"No do overs!" Nemuri gasped offended. "And you're hopeless when you shop."
"Ugh!" Shouta reached out blindly and grabbed him. He smirked as her fingers threaded through his gloved ones. Why wasn't she wearing her gloves? Again. "Hizashi, from now on, I'm not going shopping."

"That's not how it works." He laughed. She glared at him and the crowd moved forward.

"Let's go guys!" Tensei exclaimed and Nemuri squealed as she raced up behind him. They made their way into the venue and music was already playing, an opening band. They worked their way in and paid for drink chips. Which were exchanged for soda, it was more of a teen concert than an adult one.

Hizashi fell in with the crowd of people, and Shouta appeared just next to him. Nemuri and Tensei filtered around them as people crushed forward to listen to the music it was pretty good. But he was here because his girlfriend had splurged to get him tickets to his current favorite band.

A good twenty minutes passed and then they switched to the band he was there to see. And the lights dimmed for the show to begin. As the first stirring notes of a guitar permeated the air, a hush went over the crowd. The stage burst in light and sparklers as the band flooded the set. The crowd erupted and Hizashi was yelling as well. He kept a tight grip on his quirk and felt a hand slip into his.

Shouta was looking at him and her quirk activated. With her hat on it was totally concealed. But the red hue that bled into her eyes told him she was going to let him cut loose. He smiled in thanks and threw his head back as the first song started up. He flung his head back and screamed the lyrics out and threw his body into dancing and surging with the crowd.

When he looked back after the song was done Shouta was applying eye drops with a smile. The music transitioned easily into the new song and she got into it. With their hands linked they gravitated to each other and she was dancing with the crowd too. Nemuri bounced into view with Tensei yelling with both arms up. They clustered together with smiles and bad singing.

It was great, the best possible gift he could have gotten from Shouta. And when she twisted in his arm he dropped his mouth to hers instinctively. It was electric and exciting. He smiled into it and when they parted he only had one thought.

I'm so lucky.

"I'm not any kind of lucky." Hizashi moaned in class. They were a week into February. They were training hard in hero classes, and quizzed even harder in class. Shouta was sleeping in her yellow sleeping bag in the corner. It was actually pretty creepy, and everyone avoided her except their little group.

"Aww, come on, who doesn't like to get gifts." Tensei smirked. "You were dealing with this during Christmas and New Years, you should have known it was going to get intense come Valentie's Day."

"Yes, but what am I supposed to do? Eat all this chocolate they're going to give me?" Hizashi growled. "Don't think I haven't seen Nemuri pestering Shouta to make chocolate. If my girlfriend gives me chocolate I want to recieve it with excitement. How can I do that if I've gotten twenty chocolate gifts?!!"
"Hmm, you could just give it all to your parents, they won't care." Tensei smirked. "Nemuri got three sets already and Valentine's Day is in a week."

"Well, Nemuri is like super sexual, girls are hyped on her, boys are too." Hizashi hummed, "I heard a couple of third years were impressed by her whip practice the other day."

"She was really lewd about it." Tensei smirked and they chuckled. Then Hizashi swatted the other boy. "Right, sorry, your problem. You could always reject the chocolate."

"I can't reject it when they leave it in my shoe locker." Hizashi scrubbed his hand through his longer hair. It was almost long enough to pull back now. "Dude, what do I do? She already told me she's getting used to them leaving me confession letters and gifts. I thought it was pretty obvious she and I are dating. We walk hand in hand here at school. And I kiss her in the cafeteria."

"Well, it's not like she's getting bullied over you. She happened to make quite the impression last year at the sports festival." Tensei smirked, "She did kick all of our asses."

"No, I mean what if she doesn't want to give me chocolate because the fan club scares her off?" Hizashi panicked then, he wanted to eat chocolate made by Shouta. He wanted to receive chocolate made by Shouta. It wasn't fair!

Went did he have to be popular?!

"Hizashi!" Shouta glared grumpily from where she had been woken up. Was he too loud? "I'm making you chocolate, no one is going to scare me off. Now shut up."

He waved sheepishly to her as she shrugged the hood of the sleeping bag back over her head. She glared one more time and it was really unsettling to see his girlfriend reduced to a yellow caterpillar. But her grumpy face was unbearably cute.

He looked to Tensei who was smothering a laugh in his fist. He smacked the other teen in the arm in irritation. "Alright, help me think of a good Valentine's Day date."

"I can't believe what i'm seeing." Nemuri gasped and Shouta turned to glare at her best female friend. Akio chuckled next to her and Shouta turned her glare to him.

"Don't you start." Shouta hissed.

"Come in Nemuri-Chan." Akio called as he moved to throw away Shouta's most recent failure of chocolate.

"So, where are the other two dads?" Nemuri crossed into the filthy kitchen and Shouta decided they needed a break. She slumped into a kitchen chair and rubbed her eyes.

"They're sleeping. Takashi was busy all night painting to handle the upcoming anniversary. And Shino was out all night working to also deal with the upcoming anniversary," Akio mentioned and started to clean the pots to try again. "Shouta's mother died a few days after Valentine's day. So they're coping."

"Tch, yeah and the loud sex in the early morning just screams 'I can't handle the anniversary of the
death of someone we all love'. "Shouta rolled her eyes. "Nemuri, they're being useless up there and utterly unhelpful."

"They're banned from the kitchen."

"They tried to help, and while Shino is halfway decent in the kitchen, he's useless with bruised ribs and exhaustion making him fall into the chocolate. And Takeshi."

"Is the only person worse in the kitchen than me. "Shouta pointed at Nemuri.

"It can't be that bad Sho," Nemuri lifted a malformed ball from the plate on the kitchen table and popped it into her mouth. Then she raced for the trash bin to spit it out. "Oh my god! Just buy the chocolate!"

"Shut up!" Shouta hurled another ball at her and her friend dodged with utter disgust on her face. "I'll do you like I did in the sports festival if you keep it up!"

"Is that a promise?" Nemuri smiled lecherously.

"I will seriously call your girlfriend and tell on you!" Shouta growled. She then sighed with defeat and Nemuri walked over to hug her. "It's important that I make it. I've never made chocolate for anyone before. Mom used to be good at this stuff."

"It'll be alright." Akio said softly and rubbed her shoulder. "I was prepared for this, the problem is that you're trying to make the chocolates with filling."

"Isn't it traditional to make it like that?" Shouta pointed at the cook book covered in chocolate powder.

"It doesn't have to be." Akio cupped her cheek and smiled kindly at her. "It just has to be something you made yourself. Nemuri-Chan, did you bring what I asked for?"

"I did!" She bustled to her bag in the other room and came back holding a different mold. She held it out and Shouta was looking down into a small rubber tray, the shapes were what made her eyes widen. They were Quaver and Clef music notes.

"It's perfect!" Shouta looked at it in delight. "No one will be making one like this."

"Nope," Nemuri smirked. "I've gotten pictures of all the chocolate he's gotten so far. And they're all different, but they're traditional filled ones. No one is thinking about this type of mold. It's usually for kids."

"You can even drizzle some of the toppings on it. Make different flavors." Akio added and Shouta jumped to her feet and stomped to the fridge to grab a highly caffinated can of coffee.

She turned to them and chugged the drink down. "Alright, let's do this. Akio, fucking watch me so I don't mess up."

"You got it Sho!" He smiled at her warmly and Nemuri planted her hands on her hips.

"Just so you know, I'd rather have my obligation chocolate bought." Nemuri teased.

"Don't worry, I already bought yours." Shouta flapped a hand. "Oh, do you have any idea of what Hizashi wants to do for Valentine's day?"

"I'm not sure, he said he was thinking of a few things." Nemuri hummed. "I do know his parents
are going on a trip to an onsen. What about you three?"

"Oh, umm," Akio frowned and scratched his head. "Takeshi rented a hotel suite. We're also going
to an art gallery one of his artist friends invited him to. Really fancy."

"Eww," Shouta gagged. "He likes berries, if you wanted to make him something."

"Does he?" Akio whipped to look at her. "It's so hard to think of anything for him he's such an...artist."

"Think of that in every possible sense and you've got him." Shouta chuckled as she thought of her
father, she shook her head fondly. "Useless at everything except painting."

Shouta washed her hands and Akio strictly walked her through the process of mixing the chocolate.
Then he watched her like a hawk as she simmered it, and then after a quick wash, they poured the
mixture into the molds. Settled in the freezer Shouta breathed a sigh in relief, then she used the
spatula to taste the mixture. Not bad at all. She offered it to Akio and he smiled at her. Nemuri
even filched some.

Shouta relaxed and sent off a text to her boyfriend. He either planned something already, or was
freaking out about it. But now that she was looking at her finished efforts. She had an idea for their
Valentine's Day date. She hoped he was alright with it.

Hizashi was buzzing with excitement. He'd sent his parents off in the morning before school and
they cheekily signed at him to be safe. Jerks. Then he'd practically raced to school. Shouta wasn't
waiting for him, so maybe she was already in class. He changed shoes and grimaced at the mass of
packages in his locker. None of them were tagged with the return sender.

Hizashi made it to class and saw his girlfriend asleep on her desk. He wanted to race over and
receive his Valentine's chocolate. Nothing beat getting something she made by hand. Despite the
gifts he kept getting, he was more excited to get Shouta's. He calmed down enough to let her nap
before class started. Instead he just vibrated in his seat.

They went through the day and Shouta did her best to stay awake and be cute to him. His heart
raced for other reasons, mostly because she'd dashed his plans to go out for dinner and dessert.
There was a cafe themed for it and everything too. But her idea was too good to pass up.

The text he'd received two days ago was eye opening. He'd raced to fill the request and now their
plans were quiet. He was going to cook for her at his place, and then they were going to watch a
movie. He didn't know if she wanted to move forward with more to their relationship. And if she
was, great! If not, he got to spend and awesome night with his girlfriend.

Win, win!

The day kept progressing and she artfully dodged the question of chocolate until lunch came. Then
she deposited obligation chocolate to Nemuri, Tensei, and their 1-B friends. He looked hopefully at
her but she only gave him a sly smirk before she patted his hand and started up a conversation
about their upcoming classes.

He pouted until they were out of school and aching from the brutal heroics class they'd been
through. Shouta was nursing swollen fingers and clutching an ice pack. His throat was raw and she offered him a lozenge. "I'm gonna head home and get changed. I'll come by when I'm done."

"Sure," He nodded and she bumped into him and he looked at her curiously.

"Did you think I forgot you?" She asked with a smirk.

"Yes! You totally gave everyone chocolate but me!" He whined petulantly and loudly. She laughed and shook her head. "No fair, Shouta! I had to put up with finding chocolate everywhere, even in my gym locker. One of my pairs of boxers have gone missing now! It's getting out of hand!"

"That's really creepy Hizashi!" Shouta laughed. "I left them at home because I have a plan for your chocolate."

"A plan?" He asked curiously. "So you did make me chocolate."

"I said I would. I was afraid they would melt if I gave it to you right away. I have plans, I'll tell you when I come over." She shook her head at him again and they rode the train to their respective neighborhoods. He made it home and changed to get comfortable. Then he made a tea to relax his throat, and set to prepping dinner.

Shouta was nervous, she'd suggested a more sedate evening, only because she was hoping to go a little further than video call sex. She clutched the box holding the chocolates she'd made. Then looked up at Hizashi's house.

She snorted and told herself to get tough. She rang the doorbell and was treated to an adorable sight. Hizashi was out of breath as he opened the door, his hair was held back by hairpins and his green eyes were bright with excitement. He even wore a super cute gray apron covered in tiny bears. "Hey."

"Hey," She smiled and walked in. She kicked off her boots and shed her coat and scarf. Then her hat came off and she shook her hair loose. She sighed when she saw the look on his face and held out the box. "You can have one now, but save the rest for later."

He tore the box open and gaped down at the array of chocolates inside. "Shouta."

"Yeah I know, they're flat" Shouta sighed and walked into his house. They had spent plenty of time studying here. But it was one of the first times back since they had become an item. She really needed to come by more.

"Shouta they're music notes!" Hizashi exclaimed. "SO COOL!"

She erased his quirk but it was too late her ears were ringing. "Hizashi!"

"Sorry, I'm just excited!" He danced in place and lifted the plain one from the box. He popped it into his mouth and smiled. "It's amazing."

"I'm glad you like it, though I imagine your fans have you gourmet chocolate." She leaned forward and kissed him, while he shook his head. The kids was quick and chaste, then she wandered into the kitchen. It smelled good, "What are you making?"
"Oh, um," Hizashi scratched his head. He waved to where he had the side vegetables finished and settled on the kitchen table. "If you don't mind I made stuff in line with both our diets. Ginger pork, rice, veggies. I knew we were gonna go extra on dessert, cause I did get a cake. But we're both still interning tomorrow."

"Good idea." She loved the smell already, and she wouldn't have to push too hard on working out the next day. "Can we eat now?"

"Sure, whenever you want!" Hizashi grinned and waved to everything. "Do you want to eat here or in the living room? We can watch a movie there too."

"Great," She moved in to help him carry the dishes, and after a few trips everything was transferred to his living room kotatsu. He filled their bowls with rice and she settled in. It was a good idea too, as Hizashi set up a movie, she felt it was overwhelmingly domestic.

She found herself smiling as they battled for bits of pork, and over vegetables. Hizashi was incredibly dramatic, and she found herself watching him more than the movie. He really was her opposite, but it was so refreshing being with him.

Their internships were far away, school was pushed to the back of her mind, and stress of getting better was also no longer at the forefront. Just being here and seeing how relaxed he was, it was better than any other date. Including the ones with the cat cafe. Dinner was done so she set her chopsticks down and reached across to him.

Hizashi stilled in his attempt to rise. She tapped the box of chocolates and looked up at him. "Dishes first or do you want more chocolate?"

His eyes widened and he swallowed. "Chocolate, are you sure?"

She stood up and grabbed the box, she looked around the living room and led the way towards his bedroom. She didn't want to wait any longer, she'd thought about how she wanted to present the chocolate to him, and now she was here. Hizashi trailed her closely and once in his room she grinned at him.

She turned to him and he looked at her cautiously. "Hizashi, come here."

He didn't need anymore confirmation, he crossed to her and slid his arms up her waist to kiss her. She arched into it and let out the moan that built up everytime he did kiss her. When they broke for air she opened the chocolate box and lifted the one zigzagged with caramel. She broke it in half and held it up to him. He ate the chocolate and the blush they both gained from it was intoxicating.

She pressed her mouth to his and the melted chocolate created a sweet taste that blended as they kissed. Hizashi moaned and backed her up. She sat the box down on his desk. He broke away, "It's okay? You swear Shouta?"

"I swear Hizashi." Shouta breathed, she grabbed the next chocolate and it was covered in coconut shavings. She repeated the move but before it could melt he was kissing her deeply again. Tongues sliding through the chocolate mess. Heat sank south as his hands traveled to her ribs and he thumbed the undersides of her breasts. She lifted her arms and he exhaled shakily as he tugged her shirt off.

Her tank top went with it so she stood only in a red lacy bra. Hizashi sucked in a breath and she reached up to unpin his longer hair. She raked her fingers through it and he leaned into her touch.
He stepped back and pulled his own shirt off. And just like on the beach she marvelled at the tight coils of muscle that had only gotten more prominent since they had been actively doing hero work with their mentors.

She tugged her leggings off and then her socks. Hizashi gaped at her, "I don't know what I did to deserve you, but I'm thanking g! God I did what I did."

"Hizashi," She snorted, he really knew just how to keep her calm. She hadn't even had a chance to be nervous, being with him was so easy.

He unbuckled his pants and they fell to the ground, leaving him in a pair of blue boxers. Her heart raced with excitement. Hizashi reached out and she waited to see what he would do. He took her hand and pulled her forward. Then he laid his palm over the taut scar under her belly button.

"I know this bothers you," He breathed into her hair. "But I want you to know I love you, no matter what. And for however long were together, I will never love you less because of this."

She touched his fingers and smiled, "I know, I love you too Hizashi."

He sank to his knees before her and she sucked in a sharp breath. He pressed his lips to the scar, and Shouta felt her legs weaken. She looked to the bed and he turned her so she could sit down. Hizashi leaned up to kiss her and she laid back with him crawling over her.

She sucked in a breath when he pulled back to cup her cheeks. "You're so perfect."

"I think that's my line." Shouta laughed. Their foreheads pressed together before he smirked at her. "What?"

"I'm going to do everything in my power now to show my lady a good time."

"I am, but go ahead," She smirked back. "So far, you've been great over the phone and video chat."

"I assure you, I'll endeavor to be good in person." He popped another candy into his mouth. That one was drizzled with raspberry jelly. He sat out lube fun the bedside drawer and she relaxed, after all he'd done his research about her conditon. "Do you want me to use a condom, I know I can't...but whatever you want is the point."

"You don't need to Hizashi, I've never been with anyone else." She unclasped her bra and flung it at his head. He looked at her sharply and got wide eyed at her bared chest. "Thanks for offering."

"Well, I've never been with anyone either." He sucked in a breath and nodded. He sat back and leaned down to rub one palm over her breasts. She hissed, it was so much better than she had imagined. The warmth of his palm burned right over her nipples and pushed down towards her center.

He looked at her as if she had a problem with it. Instead she laid back comfortably, he smiled at her before he leaned back over to kiss her. They battled then, tongues and teeth clashing. She wrapped her arms around his neck and cupped his head and shoulders. She arched into his hand as he tweaked one of her nipples.

Hizashi trailed that hand down her abdomen and his head trailed to her neck to lick over her pulse. Then he nipped her collar and moved on. He took one breast into his mouth and rubbed the other.
She exhaled shakily as a static feeling shot from her chest to her groin. He lavished her other breast with the same attention. "Zashi."

Hizashi groaned and rolled his eyes up to look at her. He smirked and she gasped as he pressed open mouthed kisses down her abdomen. He hooked his fingers in the edges of her panties and dragged them down her legs. She watched his expression once he'd dropped them on the floor. He looked at her like she was the best thing he'd ever seen. "It's so much better in person."

Shouta snorted a laugh and lifted a foot to plant on his hip. "Let's be fair Hizashi."

He huffed and pulled his boxers off. Then he was bare before her and he was right, it was better in person. She reached out to touch him and he sucked in a deep breath as she ran her fingers along his cock. Soft and hard all at once, he jutted out through a nestle of close trimmed blond hair and he curved towards his belly button. She ran her fingers down his length and he grabbed for her hand.

"I want to be able to last Shouta." He breathed and glared at her when she smirked. He slid his hands up her legs and over her hips. "I can't believe I'm touching you, and you're naked."

"I can't believe your shocked about that. We've been dating for months." She snorted. He shot her a dirty look before he rolled to his stomach. Her back arched sharply when he licked over the center of her core. "F-Fu...Hizashi!"

"Now would you look at that, speechless." He smirked and leaned down to lick over her again. It was amazing, a hot wet tongue swept across her and swirled over her clit. It sent sparks of pleasure coursing through her body. It was intensified by Hizashi running his hands all over her at the same time.

He trailed his fingers over her and then delved them deep inside her. It was better and worse than the toy at the same time. The knowledge that it was Hizashi touching her was almost too much to bear. He stretched her for a few moments and she moaned. It was so very intimate and perfect.

She couldn't stand it, she grabbed for him and he crawled up her quickly. "Shouta, are you alright if I go now?"

"Please," She panted as their lips met clumsily.

He grabbed for his lube and poured a small amount on his hand, just enough to coat his hardened member. Then he was wrapping her up into his arms, he kissed her and she wrapped her arms around him even as she spread her legs wider so he could fit against her. Like two pieces of a puzzle.

"Shouta, you'll tell me if I'm too rough?"

"I will," She pressed a wet kiss to his neck and licked the sweat gathering there. Her mind was swamped with want and need. The slick slide of him between her folds was maddening, and when he shifted so he was balanced on one arm he guided himself to her.

Then he was sliding into her with little resistance. She felt full, and she looked up into his eyes. They stared at one another for a long moment. Basking in the feeling of utter right that burned between them.

She smashed her lips to his and he matched her with the same fervor. His hips rocked and she broke away with a bitten off gasp. Fire licked along her nerves and she scrabbled to get a good grip on his back. "Fuck, you feel so good Shouta."

"I know, I know, please." She begged and arched her back, Hizashi reached down to cup her thigh and tug her leg up over his elbow. His other arm braced above her shoulder and framed her head in
the pillows. "Please."

"Oaky," He panted and pressed his forehead to hers. He rolled his hips and she gasped, her eyes fell closed and she gave herself over to the sensation of him thrusting to and fro and from her body. The soft drag of his cock awakened nerves and spiraled her brain into a deeper fog of desire.

She was so close to him, her hips arched unbidden and he choked on air above her. She could feel his muscles flexing under her hands, sweat starting to bead on their skin, his abs dressing over her stomach. She was lost, buried under the weight of her pleasure.

"-Zashi!" She whispered. He groaned into her mouth and picked up his pace. Driving himself deeper and deeper into her. She arched as her muscles quivered, her legs quaked. She cried out as the pressure that spread throughout her whole body converged to her core. She gasped and lost her breath when she burst into ribbons of bliss. Hizashi thrust once more and moaned into her mouth.

They fell into slow languid kisses. His hips still rocked as he splashed his hot release inside her. She opened her eyes and was suddenly staring into perfect green eyes. "I love you."

"I love you too." He smiled and they kissed again. She smirked into the kiss and reached out to the box of chocolates. She got the last one and pressed it to his tongue. It was drizzled with another darker chocolate.

"Happy Valentine's Day Hizashi." She licked the chocolate from his mouth and he growled into her lips.

"Keep it up, we'll go again." He threatened and she laughed.
Graduation

Chapter Summary

Shouta steps out of student life and into the role of a pro hero

Chapter Notes

We've now experienced a time skip. I think we've reached enough of the student millstones. It's time to see our couple become heroes.

"Shouta," A warm voice wormed its way into her ears. She frowned and shifted in her sleeping bag. "Come on babe, we gotta go to the ceremony. And I'm sure you just ruined your hair and make up."

She unzipped the sleeping bag and looked up from the interior to where Hizashi was looking down at her. He wore a pair of glasses on his nose, tinted an orange that was more translucent than his hero glasses. His green eyes underneath shined with amusement at her.

His long blond hair was loose around his shoulders instead of in it's usual bun. The mustache he'd grown in was paired with the devilish scruff on his chin. He smirked at her. "You totally ruined your hair, I'm mad I didn't get to do it."

"I'll put it up." She grunted.

"Was the work that busy last night?" He asked and held out his arms to help her to her feet. She wormed out from the corner she always posted up in. The 3-A classroom was smaller than their other classrooms. Only ten of them had made it to graduation. After three grueling years.

"Emi is hard to keep from rushing in. Honestly she should have mentored with Nemuri's agency." Shouta shook her head.

The boisterous girl had ended up being Vanisher's second intern about half way through Shouta's third year. Fukukado Emi, Ms. Joke, had become a fixture of the last six months. Though the girl was a three years younger than her, she flirted shamelessly with Shouta. She didn't posses an ounce of respect for her seniors. Hizashi was insanely jealous of the girl. Which just made Shouta disgustingly pleased.

"Hmm," Hizashi looked like he'd swallowed a lemon. The edges of his sneer starting. That he felt so threatened by a girl who didn't ring any of Shouta's bells. He honestly had more to fear from Nemuri, but just about everyone was attracted to the busty girl.

"Ceremony is starting?" Shouta asked.

"Gonna be, you awake enough?" He asked. She reached into the sleeping bag and fished for her mirror. She checked her make up and it had survived her nap. Her hair however had not. So she
pulled it up in a wavy ponytail and considered it good enough.

She grabbed for her boyfriend's tie and dragged him into a kiss he quickly reciprocated. "Zashi," She mumbled. "We're graduating"

"Yeah we are," He kissed her again. "Can't believe it, we're finally going to be heroes."

She stepped back and they shared an excited smile. Then he started to tow her to the door. It was for the best, the last time they'd been caught making out, Valkyrie-Sebsei had them run laps around the school perimeter twelve times a day for a week.

Shouta shuddered to remember how tired she'd been after. Her legs hurt just thinking about it. Once in the hall she saw Nemuri and Tensei laughing with their 1-B friends. The 1-B students had formed a rescue group that would go by the moniker Wild Wild Pussycats.

Shouta had seen the costume designs. Even Chatora was excited to wear the Lolita dresses that merged the ideas of maid and sentai. It was funny and recognizable. Sadly they were moving out to the more rural areas to work. Clearing out disaster zones and search and rescues in deserted areas.

They are going to be amazing.

Tensei was going to be joining his parent's agency. To eventually open another branch office and expand their reach. The Iida family was pretty accomplished. Tensei would only enchance that.

Nemuri had decided to work as an independent hero. Much like how underground heroes went where the work was, independent heroes were the same. The difference was that she was going to be in the spotlight. He reasoning was that there was always a need for an adult only hero.

Hizashi was similarly going to be an independent hero. But he wasn't going to have to move around for his work. He'd planned to officially work for Madam Glitz for a while before he moved to a central location he could take over. They were playing it safe their first years out. And Shouta was pleased it was finally happening.

Hizashi pulled her towards the doors that would lead to where they'd set up the graduation stage. Parents and mentors were already gathered around the mass of students who were going to graduate. She found her place at the head on 1-A's seating area and everyone slipped into their places.

"Look at that, late to your own graduation." Sekijiro Kan smirked at her. Shiro waves placatingly behind him as she took her place.

Shouta wasn't too sure what it was she'd done to Kan over the years. But he had it out for her now. Towards the tail end of their first year they'd become decent enough acquaintances. But right at sports festival time he'd climbed the rankings much like how she did. He just didn't get past her. She took first place again and he'd taken second.

Perhaps that's when this strange rivalry began? Hizashi thought it was funny that she had a rival. Total jerk that he was. She just ran with it and was startled to find in everything Kan was like one score point behind her. Needless to say, Shouta teased the other ten relentlessly. "I still graduated top of the hero class."

Kan looked away with a pout on his face so she smiled at him in the way that creeper everyone out.

"Welcome esteemed students and parents." Principal Nedzu looked out from the stage podium. "I
would like to congratulate all of you for reaching your graduation here at UA. After today you enter society as adults. Adults who will enhance this world as citizens, engineers, business associates, and heroes."

Shouta squared her shoulders. She'd worked hard to be here. Fought tooth and nail for the opportunity to be a hero. And she'd made it in every way. Now it was in her hands to make her dream a reality.

"Mom," Shouta knelt before the shrine cabinet in her father's workshop. Incense was lit and the shift scent filled the air. Her picture was settled next to the urn. She wanted to team to get mother again. To tell her everything had worked out despite her death. "I've done it. I graduated UA and my hero license was approved. I'm a hero now, like I always dreamed I would be. I wish you were here."

Her father cupped her shoulder and turned her into his embrace. She bit back the tears and muzzled into his hold. "She would be so proud of you Shouta. I'm proud of you. The moment you were born she looked at me and said you were going to do great things."

She looked up at her father's tearful eyes. He still wore the suit he'd gone to the graduation in. Shino and Akio had flanked him earlier, looking excessively dad like. She smiled though, her mother would be amused by them.

"I will, I'll do great things, like we used to talk about." Shouta smiled and her father matched it.

"Don't forget to live your life Shouta, I know you. You'll bury yourself in your work." Her father looked at her with a smirk. "You're just like me in that sense."

"That's what I have friends and Hizashi for." Shouta leaned forward and placed her expired school ID inside the cabinet. Her father helped guide her to her feet and they walked out into the rest of the house. Shiro and Akio were talking with Hizashi in the livingroom.

Shouta was struck with a sense of amusement. This was her family. And she wouldn't change it for the world. Hizashi looked up and their eyes met. He smiled at her warmly. Yeah, it was rather nice seeing them all together.

The moment was acutely ruined by their phones going off. She looked down, Vanisher. It was a text, about an emergency job at the docks. "Docks?" Shouta asked her boyfriend and he nodded. "Did you bring your gear?"

"Yeah." He pointed to the case by the door. Shouta nodded and grabbed her own from its place by the hall.

"Let's respond then." She went upstairs to make the shift into her hero costume. She was winding her scarf around her neck when she got downstairs.

At the beginning of third year, Hizashi changed his gear. He'd accented with red and extra padding to protect him better. He still looked like a cross between a punk idol and a bike. Their call was too sudden for him to put his hair up, so she couldn't make fun of him. He's taken to styling his hair up in a swash of blind behind him. Like the cockatiel bird he loved. But he still cut an impressive figure.
"Alright, let's go save some people!" He pumped his fist and she snorted. They headed out to his car. His gift for graduating from his parents. As he drove them to the coordinates, she reached over the console and laced her fingers with his free hand.

"Be careful, you might be in the middle of it." She said and he gripped her hand tighter.

"You too." He shot her a cheeky grin. "Looks like we're debuting earlier than planned."

"You'll manage." She smirked.

They drove near the coast on the highway. Shouta glared out at the docks. Utterly destroyed. The waters were churning in a cyclone. But there was a figure in the center of the rising funnel. "It's a villain manipulating the water."

"Shit, I can't fight in the water." Hizashi parked the car on a side street and Shouta kissed him.

"I'm going to join Vanisher and Ms. Joke." She informed him and he nodded.

"Banshee will need help with evac. Be safe." He was out and putting on his sunglasses. They sprinted off in different directions. She found Vanisher and Ms. Joke on a rooftop overseeing the fleeing civilians.

"Eraser, sorry to call you out. I know it's graduation day." Vanisher waved. He'd been there, thinking he was stealthy by being invisible. But the flicker of his light refraction had given him away in the crowd of parents and mentors.

"It's fine, but fitting isn't it?" She smirked at him and he returned it. "What do we got?"

"Some villain decided to attack the marina. Looks like his quirk controls water. Said his name was Tide Flow." Vanisher snorted. "He started attacking the dock workers, sank two ships. Real annoying. He's demanding 100 billion yen."

"Are we taking him down?" Shouta asked. She pulled her goggles down from her hair and looked around. "A lot of press down there."

"He's got minions running around attacking civilians in the panic. We're going to deal with those first. Banshee is here, and so are a few others arriving over there." Shouta looked where he was pointing to. Banshee was in the crowd directing people. She could hear Hizashi's quirk loudly calming the panic.

Shouta looked around and saw a few of the water based heroes were moving to engage the giant villain who held out his webbed hands and the water funnel closed around his body. She glared when she saw a number of minions had given chase to the civilians.

Dammit.

"I'm going," Shouta grabbed a band and pointed at the intern. "Emi, with me!"

"Are you finally asking me out?!" She gasped and kicked up an orange clad leg.

"You know I'm not." Shouta rolled her eyes and jumped off the building to the electrical wires that lived the street. "Go cause a distraction. Do not let anyone get past you. I'll take most of them over here. Vanisher will round up the rest."

"Roger Dodger!" Ms. Joke flung herself to the street. She might be a flighty girl from Ketsubutsu...
Academy, but she was a capable fighter. It was about the only redeeming quality she had in Shouta's eyes.

The green haired girl bounced ivy the space between the civilians escaping and the villains encroaching on them. "Hey everyone, nice day to commit a crime?"

Shouta sighed, her jokes needed some work. Emi was also the kind of person who punned and laughed at her own bad jokes. But it was all that was needed no matter how bad. The villains started cracking up immediately. "Really guys, it's not safe to chase the tide!"

Shouta slipped through the street and lashed three villains together. Their heads cracked into each other when she snapped them together. She dodged a swung fist and saw it was wreathed on some kind of pink energy.

Shouta activated her quirk and the shocked villain jerked back from her. "That's not how you throw a punch!" Ms. Joke laughed hysterically. Shouta sighed and turned she slugged the guy and he went down. "Now that's a punch!"

"Joke!" Shouta glared, "Head in the game!"

"Right, sorry!" She giggled and smiled widely. Shouta turned her eyes to the street and they started to zip tie the villains for arrest. She moved into the crowd where villains were coming from the other side.

"YEAH!" That was Hizashi's yell. Shouta glared and melted into the crowd. Her boyfriend was facing off against two villains. He moved with brutal efficiency after his yell. Striking and defending like he did when he fought her. But his opponents had some kind of defensive quirks.

Shouta activated her quirk and when they looked at their hands in confusion; Hizashi gave them his best serial killer smile. She watched him scream them into submission. Then she went back to systematically capturing villains as they tried to get in the way. They couldn't see her through the running people, so they never saw her coming. She left tied up criminals in her wake all over.

By the time she'd returned to where Ms. Joke was overseeing the police gathering the criminals the funnel of water had been dispersed into a cloud of steam. The civilians were safely out of the area now as well.

"Ah, that's Endeavor." Vanisher said as he appeared carrying two more criminals. She remembered his son was on the list to be kidnapped three years ago. Shouta touched her abdomen absently.

"We're fine here. Let's sign these guys off and get out of here before the press catches up."

Shouta meet the police and intriduced herself properly. "Wait, you tied your guys up in this stuff?"

Shouta nodded, her zip ties were designed by the same engineer who had made her capture weapon. In a pinch she could even cut her own scarf and use it like capture tape. It was designed longer now to allow for that. But her zip ties were nearly indestructible. "Sorry, I like to make sure they can't just break free in the middle of a disaster like this. The zip ties are anti-tension, they have to be sliced off."

"What did you say your name was?" The other officers had gathered to look at the thirteen villains all tied up.

"Eraserhead." She said and smirked. Then she turned and ushered Ms. Joke to where Vanisher waited.
"You're so cool Eraser!" Emi giggled. "Let's get married!"

"Oi!" Shouta turned to see Hizashi slipping onto the quiet street with them.

"If it isn't the loud mouth!" Emi greeted with a deep mocking laugh. "Shouldn't you be singing to your crowd?"

"No way, I've got a date tonight for sushi." He smirked back at her and waltzed over. "Eraser, nice job out there."

"Thanks Mic," She nodded. "I'm out of here guys, call if you need any more back up."

Shouta started off down the street after Vanisher clapped her arm amicably. Hizashi moved off in a different direction before they met back up at the car. No one was around.

She tugged her scarf off and tossed it into the back seat. Hizashi's directional speaker followed before he had her pressed up against the car. "Shouta, no fair." He glared before they kissed hungrily. She grabbed at his hair and messed up the bun. "Do you have any idea how shocked I was when their quirks stopped working."

"Hmm," She hooked fingers into his waistband. She wondered if they had time before they were to meet up with their families for celebratory sushi.

Hizashi grabbed a handful of her ass and she was glad he was off the same mind as her. He slotted up between her legs and she felt him hard against her center. Too many clothes.

"Then the crowd clears and I see like ten guys all tied up in your capture ties." He laughed. "You're something else."

"Hizashi," She breathed.

"Yeah?" He asked looking into her eyes.

"We need to go somewhere, right now." She bit her lip.

"Got it" He smirked and kissed her soundly before he extricated himself from her. "My place is closer. But the sushi place is closer to your house."

"Shit." Shouta glared. "This is your fault."

"My fault?!" He exclaimed as they got back into the car.

"Do you have any idea how satisfying it is to fight and win with you?" She laughed and when they got on the road she sighed. "My place. Then dinner. Your mom won't be happy if we're super late and if we're lucky dad and his harem have cleared out."

"Quickie?" He asked and sped up the car. She slipped her hand over to cup his knee.

"Yeah," She smirked.

Shouta woke up groggily at about four in the morning. This was getting ridiculous. Her sleeping
habits had truly deteriorated over the past three years. What had first become extreme tiredness expressed by naps became parasomnia. She slept at weird times when she shouldn't, and was awake when she was meant to be sleeping. It was getting to be a vicious cycle.

It had started during the summer of her third year. She'd spent two weeks out of contact while she and Vanisher staked out an entire gang. They rested on rooftops, in abandoned warehouses, behind parked cars, and in windows. She had taken the near constant hypervigilence to an extreme. Now she almost never slept fully.

It was easier earlier, after the sushi and a lovely romp for the second time with Hizashi they'd fallen asleep. She'd managed a solid four hours. More than usual. Hizashi slept peacefully next to her so she spent a good hour just watching him and running her fingers through his hair.

She couldn't believe they had managed to graduate from UA. They were living their dream now, ready to take on the world. She wondered where he was going to try and work. She figured she'd follow him there and work from that location.

She trailed her fingers down his cheek and his hand came up to cup her fingers. "Can't sleep?"

"No," She leaned down to kiss his forehead. "Go back to sleep, I'm fine like this."

"Hmm," Hizashi wrapped her back up and nuzzled his face to her tank top clad chest. She smiled and relaxed into his embrace. He was such a good boyfriend. She snuggled in on his side and tangled their legs back together. "Love you."

"I love you too Zashi." Shouta smiled and kissed him softly. He responded sleepily before he nuzzled into her hair. It was comfortable enough that she could doze.
A New Place

Chapter Summary

Hizashi picks his stomping grounds.

For the first month after Hizashi graduated he didn't actually see much of his girlfriend. After the dock evacuation the police had gotten wind of Eraserhead. And the police liked to talk to each other. So whenever she went looking for work, she immediately had it.

He himself was just as busy, he'd gotten the application for his amateur radio license sent off and was planning his real debut. Madam Glitz and Banshee had been instrumental in explaining that he wanted to be flashy. Loud and wild was his general setting.

Now it was about choosing his location and making himself known. He spent a while looking for the right place to start. Minato had been his main patrol area in Tokyo. And he could work in the university areas, but the main Tokyo districts were teeming with heroes.

He also didn't want to piggy back off of Madam Glitz's fame. Present Mic was going to be the voice people flocked to. The voice that inspired the masses and guided the future. So his real debut was going to have to be flashy and big.

His parents were big factors in trying to decide on a location. They started to leave him apartment brochures for locations all over the city and just outside it. The issue was that he hadn't spoken to Shouta about moving to where he was going to be working.

He needed to ask her if she was willing to go with him. They could make it worth even if she wanted her own apartment. But the idea of just sharing space just made him happy. But that was if she even wanted to go.

Hizashi groaned as he looked up from his brochures at the TV. He blinked and turned up the volume. Out in the district that housed the Iida Hero Agency, Tensei was racing down a street and executing a series of jumps and flips to get around an escaping villain.

Tensei dropped the villain with a well-timed leg sweep that turned into an uppercut. His arm pipes expelled black fumes as he tied up the villain. 'Hey hero! Are you affiliated with the Iida Agency, your armor is very similar!'

'I am, I'm the Turbo Hero: Ingenium!' Tensei's distorted voice came from the mask as he waved to the crowd of onlookers. He helped the police get their criminal into the transport van.

"Good for you dude!" Hizashi grinned and sent him a congratulatory text message. And the sure enough the camera panned to Tensei. Thinking he was free, he answered his texts. Hizashi burst out laughing when Tensei realized he was still being watched.

Hizashi started a group text to get their group together to celebrate. He missed seeing them every day. On that note he called Shouta. "Hmm, Zashi... 's early."

"You going out tonight?" He asked doing his best to ignore the sexy sleepy tone to her voice.
"No, finished a case last night." Shouta shuffled around on her side. "You?"

"I've been thinking about where I'm going to debut. I wanted to talk to you about it." Hizashi tugged his hair up over the back of the couch so he could relax.

"Sure," She sighed and it was sweet. He's missed sleeping next to her. They had only ever done that a few times. And he really wanted that every day. "Tonight?"

"Yeah, we can go out to eat." He suggested and she agreed readily. It seemed she missed him just as much over the past few weeks. It was just a preview of what their lives would be like once they were deep into their careers.

The barbeque place was busy when he and Shouta got there. She got off the train and he about melted seeing her. She wore a tiny pair of shorts and cute ankle boots. Her tank top fluttered around her hips with an asymmetrical cut. Her hair was pulled up and her eyes looked just as tired as usual though she'd put on make up.

She didn't have to go through all that effort. But he sure did appreciate it regardless. "Shouta!" He exclaimed and swept her up into his arms affectionately. "I missed you!"

"I missed you too." She grumbled into his ear. "Put me down."

They walked hand in hand to the restaurant. Then they got settled at a back table and she tangled her feet with his. "So, what did you want to talk to me about?"

"Oh, I decided on a location for my debut." He grinned. "Madam Glitz even gave me permission to join the branch of her agency there."

"So, where are you wanting to go?" Shouta asked as she picked up the tablet next to the wall to input her order. She passed it to him and he looked over what she chose and then what he wanted.

"Musutafu." Hizashi said and she blinked before she got contemplative.

"There's not many agencies there. They're mostly on the outskirts so the heroes can move into tokyo if they need to." Shouta tapped her fingers and he saw the strapped bruises there. She'd been working hard again. "They get the job done, especially since UA is right there."

"I've been researching the statistics, they could use the help. The broadcasting station is the agency's center. From there I can patrol any routes I want. No district is entirely crime free." Hizashi said and Shouta nodded. "Plus, if I get approved, I can start my radio station there."

"There's a gang presence there as well. I saw their info when I was going through Vanisher's maps. He'd detailed their movements. They usually just try to stay on the fringes. Any closer and Mr. Principal will pick up on them." Shouta mused and they leaned back when a server came over smiling with a platter of meats and vegetables. Shouta let Hizashi take over, he seasoned the food as the first round went on the grill. He smiled at her and she returned it. "So, you're gonna go to Musutafu."

"I want to move there." Hizashi blurted. He just needed to say it. It wasn't that bad, right? "Will you come with me?"
Shouta's eyes had widened and she flushed. He looked down while his skin crawled with reproach. He'd rushed it, damn. They'd had an intimate relationship for the past two years, and he'd stayed with her a few times, and she with him. However they had not had a chance to see what living together would be like.

"You don't have to agree. I know your neighborhood is important to you." He waved his hand and slid some of her food onto a plate and set it in front of her.

"You want to move in together?" She asked and he looked at her to see an unholy red blush on her face. That went right to his cock, she was so fucking cute.

"Only if you want to. My parents have been shoving apartment brocures at me." He set the next serving out on the grill and the meat started to sizzle as he shifted through a few different seasonings to experiment with. He sat back and picked up the chopsticks on his plate to stuff food in his face so he wouldn't start blurtin stuff out tactlessly.

"Have you chosen one?" She asked.

"I-I wanted to talk to you first." He hunched his shoulders awkwardly. Then she reached over and flicked him on the forehead.

"How long have you been holding that in?" She sat back and smirked as her flush started to ebb away.

"For a week." He mumbled pitifully and she laughed.

"Of course you were, bet you thought I'd say no didn't you." She rolled her eyes.

"I don't want to push you into anything." He looked up and she shook her head.

"I'll move in with you." She said and he gaped in delight.

"You will?!" He jerked hands over his mouth when her quirk activated. His surprised voice slip turned back to a human tone. "Sorry."

"Of course I'll move in with you Hizashi. If I have to listen to the dad's have sex again, I will literally commit murder." Shouta shook her head with a shiver as her eyes turned an irritated red. Hizashi reached into his pocket for the bottle of eye drops he always carried. She smiled thankfully and dropped a few in each eye. "I'd much rather go to sleep and wake up because you're trying to paw at me, than hear them pawing at each other."

He snorted and she passed the bottle back absently. "So, you'll come apartment hunting with me?"

"Yes," Shouta leaned on her elbow and bit down on a piece of pork. "What are you wanting in a place?"

"Well, it's just us so maybe a studio?" He frowned. "No, a one bedroom, that way I won't wake you up."

"Hizashi, I can sleep anywhere. Don't give up something you really want because of me." Shouta looked at him seriously. "I'll be happy as long as I'm with you."

"Roof access, for you." He nodded resolutely. "I might go out in costume from the main doors, but we're keeping our hero identities separate as just friends."
"Yes, I don't want to risk Eraserhead and Present Mic being seen as a couple." Shouta nodded. "But Shouta can be seen as Present Mic's live in girlfriend."

"Really?!!" He grinned happily. That was a relief.

"Yes, and if any of your enemies find out where we live. I'll be sure to make them regret thinking they can target me." Shouta smiled and it was that creepy smile that sent fear down everyone's spine. He just found it endearing now.

"Hopefully you won't have to take on anyone who drops in on us alone." He said and she nodded.

"I like fighting with you, Eraser and Mic will just be really good friends," Shouta said and he reached over to touch her bruised fingers. "So apartment hunting, I don't have any work right now, and over the past month I amassed quite a bit of funds. And I know you have a lot saved up too. If we find something, do you want to put a deposit down?"

"I do!" He leaned back dramatically to feign a swoon. "You know just what to say to me Shouta."

"I hope so," Shouta gave him a devilish smirk and went back to eating. "It's been a long month."

"This is the more modern setting I mentioned to you on the phone." The building manager looked at Hizashi as he explained. Shouta was already walking the apartment.

It was an open living room and dining room. It had a hard wood floor in the dining area, but tatami in the living room. There was a window on either side looking out from the kitchen, and living room.

He padded into the kitchen and noted there was a stove and oven. The fridge was new looking as well. It wasn't on the top floor like he'd been hoping for, but it was the best blend of old and new they had come across.

Shouta looked at everything critically, and he knew she was making note of the exits. He followed her and saw out of each window that there was a building next to each side. There was enough room to jump too and from if need be. That was good for Shouta's parkour tendencies.

The bathroom was actually a decent size compared to everything they had seen in the past two days. This wasn't all one room, the wash drain and tub were through a sliding door. The sink and toilet were just inside the main door.

The bedroom was of a decent size as well. Shouta stood there and looked at him, she smirked at him and he knew they'd finally found a winner. It would be a good starter and they didn't even have to harass their parents into signing for it. Though they were both turning nineteen they were also heroes, their hero licenses allowed them to do much more than regular citizens could.

"Do you like this one?" He asked and she nodded. He wrapped his arms around her and looked with her over the space.

"For a start it's perfect." Shouta said and then gasped. "Dammit!"

"What?" He looked at her frantically.
"This means we have to go shopping!" She whined dramatically. He just smiled at her pleased. The idea of everything being theirs just made him giddy with anticipation and excitement. "Ah, I'm tired already!"

"Don't worry Shouta, I'll be with you. We don't even have to take Nemuri." He laughed. "Give me second, I'll go talk to the manager."

He saw the manager still standing near the door with an interested look on his face. "We'll take it."

"Oh, good, good, I'll just need you two to fill out paperwork and I'll need copies of your licenses." The manager nodded with a pleased expression. "Come down when you're ready and we'll fill it all out."

"Thank you, she's just getting used to it." Hizashi watched the man leave and locked the door.

"Wanting to christen it before we even move in huh?" Shouta asked and he jumped when he realized she was just behind him.

"Shouta you ninja!" He hissed but she was already climbing up his body into his arms. Her mouth was on his in an instant.

Oh, he'd missed her desperately. He stumbled into the living room and toppled to his knees. Luckily he'd braced before they toppled. He kissed her hungrily, tongues lashing around each other. She made the sweetest noise and he scrambled to yank her shirt over her head. She dragged his off as well.

He hooked his finger in the front clasp of her plain gray bra and caught both breasts as they spilled free. Still just the size of his hand. Perfection. He kissed down her neck, tasting just a hint of her sweat on the summer day. He latched onto a nipple with teeth and she arched with a bitten off moan.

"Zashi-", She squirmed and he tweaked the other nipple. He saw the flush on her cheeks darken and spread. "Please."

He smiled at her and decided to lavish her other breast with the same attention. Then he pressed kisses down her abdomen and hooked his fingers in her shorts. He dragged them down. She sat up and unbuckled his pants swiftly. She reached into his boxers and grasped him with a hot palm. "Shouta..."

"Zashi," She answered and took his hand to lead to her center. He looked down into her eyes as his fingers slipped through damp folds and sank inside. He used his other hand to reach into his pocket for the packet of lube he kept in the event she did this stuff to him.

She rolled her hips into his hand as he opened the packet to slick her up. Why was his girlfriend so hot? It wasn't good for his heart. She leaned back and slipped her legs underneath herself in an interesting display of her flexibility. With a swift movement she was on her knees and pushing him down. "Shouta?"

"You were very manly today, finding us an apartment. Arguing about price." She jerked his pants and boxers off.

He choked as she dipped her head down and took him into her mouth. Dainty would never be the title he gave Shouta. But when she had her lips wrapped around his cock, she looked so delicate she would shatter if he touched her. It was a torture to look at her like that and be desperate to touch her.
"Ungh, Shouta," He panted when her tongue entered the fray and instead of it being wet warm pressure from her mouth it was a writhing sensation. Too much, and not enough at the same time. She pulled up and licked her lips. He reached for her and she crawled forward sliding up his body until she nestled over his cock. "Do you need-?"

"No," She rolled her hips and reached down to line him up. Then she sank onto him with all the soft velvet of paradise wrapping around his erection. He arched into her with a deep moan. He bit his lip and cupped her hips. "Hizashi..."

She leaned forward and arched her back. Hizashi choked on air as she moved just enough to drop heavily on his cock. It was perfect. He rolled his hips up into her and they achieved a slow rhythm together. He reached up for her and switched one hand down to push himself up.

Their lips met as he transferred his hands from her hips to her ass. He grabbed handfuls of flesh and jerked her onto him deeper. It felt like sinking into heaven. She clenched around him and her arms slung over his shoulders. The rise and fall of her body being matched with his hungry push and pull.

Shouta's voice started to rise in his ear. He loved it when she let go enough to voice her pleasure. It only ramped up his own. Shouta sought his mouth and they exchanged open mouthed kisses and hungry moans. Her fingers sank into his bun and tore his hair free. Growing it out had been the best thing ever, with her strong fingers wrapping up in the strands and pulling.

Hizashi felt his orgasm burn up through his balls like electric fire. Shouta arched her back and cried out, bright and desperate as her hips picked up in speed. She started to queake under his hands so he dragged her in to grind her clit against his body. She found release so sweetly and beautifully. Her inner walls fluttered and clenched tight around him. He pressed his mouth to her throat and came with a wordless shout.

They fell to the tatami floor panting and sweaty. Perhaps this was better done in the air conditioning. But this was the most uninhibited she'd ever been. The magic of having a place of their own. He pressed kisses to her hair and face. She returned them with deep delves of her tongue in his mouth.

"Hizashi..." She panted agaisnt his lips "This is our apartment."

"Yeah, it is." He ran his hands down her back and tangled his tongue with her's again. They really needed to get their paperwork done. But the idea that this place was going to be theirs, it was too tempting. He rolled Shouta over and she blinked at him in hungry surprise. His erection was already bouncing back. "It's ours."

"Thank you for everything." Hizashi smiled to the building manager and took his copies of the lease agreement and reciept for the deposit. He practically skipped out of the building to where Shouta was standing. She looked at him and he grinned cheekily. "Your key milady."

She took the ring with her key on it and smiled widely. "Thank you, Hizashi."

"So, were moving." He tossed his arm over her shoulders and they started walking towards the station.
"We are, think you can handle my crankiness." Shouta asked. "I can only function on coffee first thing in the morning."

"As long as you can put up with me singing in the shower." Hizashi volleyed.

"Hmm, I think it'll be the neighbors who have a problem with that Hizashi." Shouta teased and he laughed.

"Well, I guess it's a good thing you can erase my quirk." He mused and tugged her closer. "I love you, so much. Thank you for coming with me."

"I love you too," She laid her head on his shoulder as they walked. "But I can work anywhere, it was only logical we move together."
Moving In

Chapter Summary

Shouta prepares to move in to her new apartment

Shouta raced along the rooftops of Shinjuku. Her eyes fixed on the speeding car streaking through the night. She'd been tracking them for the better part of her evening after picking up the case from the local police.

She'd gotten a text from Nemuri earlier in the evening about doing her debut. She hoped Hizashi had recorded it at his place for her to watch. Pretty soon it would be their place they would be watching from.

The car careened around a corner and Shouta frowned when she saw the blockage on that street. An explosion must have happened sometime in the last hour. She could hear fighting going on in the other side of the crumbled mess of buildings and cars.

Shouta jumped to the ground as the vehicle's occupants fled into the chaos. She streaked after them and caught up at an alleyway they were escaping towards. She lashed them together with a twitch of her fisted hand. She flung a band over a light post and reeled them up.

"Seriously, you made me work too hard to catch you." She shook her head and here's the duffle bag out of their hands. "All this trouble for stolen supplies to start a meth lab."

"Who are you lady?!" One man exclaimed. Shouta looked back to see some of the gathered civilians at the disaster area were noticing her. She slipped her knife free to sever the band she'd used to tie them up. It was lashed to the light post itself.

"Someone you don't want to cross" She ducked down the alley and out of sight before she scanned the building and alerted the police. She watched carefully as the criminals were pulled down and dragged off to the police cars creating the blockade around the wreckage. Their bag was tossed into the trunk for evidence.

Shouta looked up and frowned when she saw someone walking out of the rubble of the building. Who had responded to this? She hadn't gotten an alert. The hero was carrying two villains by the backs of their clothes.

Wait, she knew that skimpy costume! It was Nemuri! The black bands of her costume covered her breasts just enough to conceal anything that might have been visible. The fleshy membrane of her ultra light covering only covered her upper arms and chest. Her abdomen was covered by an armored corset. Her lower half was pretty bare Shouta knew she wore a tiny pair of spanks for modesty. A pair of boots covered her calves. Her long hair fanned out behind her, the open domino mask looking sharp on her face.

Maybe she should have confronted Nemuri over her debut costume. But still... The adult only hero cut an impressive figure.

Nemuri looked up and noticed her on the rooftop across from the action. Shouta saluted her fellow
hero and took off. She had to report back to the precinct she'd gotten the case from. And then she needed to return home and pack.

"So I've found a couple places that sell furniture at low enough prices to be worth our time." Hizashi spoke through the speaker on her phone. Shouta hummed as she continued to pack up the majority of her clothing. "Any requests?"

"As long as the bed is comfortable I'm good." Shouta smirked.

"The place that has an awesome kotatsu sells beds. We should check that place out." Hizashi suggested. "Also, I got the notice today that the electricity and plumbing will be turned on tomorrow."

"Oh, we could be there tomorrow then." Her heart fluttered at the thought. She couldn't wait.

"Well, you could." He chuckled. "Since you sleep standing up."

"I only did that once!" She exclaimed affronted.

"It was still pretty funny." He laughed. "We'll go at the same time. On a side note, did you see Nemuri's debut?"

"I was actually there. I tracked some drug dealers for the Shinjuku Police Department. They ran all the way out to where those villains attacked the buildings." Shouta informed him. "I left them for the police and got up to see what was going on. And there she was."

"She's really working this adult only thing isn't she?" Hizashi laughed. "Tensei called me concerned that she hadn't changed her costume yet."

"I don't think he should say anything to her. Who knows what strange fetish she'll choose to dress as next?" Shouta smiled fondly as she thought of her female friend. They were set to have coffee the next day.

"Tensei was hoping we could get together after we finished moving." Hizashi mentioned and she hummed in thought.

"What did he have in mind?" Shouta asked.

"We've been planning since his debut, but maybe karaoke?" Hizashi suggested.

"That's fine." Shouta chuckled. "We should all try to get together like once every two weeks."

"Think you can manage that?" Hizashi asked. "You get very focused on work already."

"Just remind me." She sighed and rolled to her feet to finish stacking the boxes of her clothes. She then started in on her odds and ends. Makeup, accessories, her bath caddy, and then she pulled her tiny bag from the bedside table out. Inside lay her sexual toys, she'd expanded her collection some.

"I didn't realize how much stuff I have." Hizashi grouse over the phone. "I mean I'm leaving some stuff here, but I own a lot of crap."
"I actually have less than I thought" Shouta admitted. "I'm a weird girl. I thought there would be more."

"That's alright, we can accumulate as we go." Hizashi assured. "I'm so excited Shouta, to get out on my own. To be a hero. But mostly to do it all with you."

"Me too Hizashi," She smiled softly.

"What about this one?" Hizashi pointed at another mattress set in the store they were shopping in. Shouta would begrudge shopping until the day she died. But doing it with Hizashi wasn't as bad. When she got tired he gave her a piggy back ride.

Shouta sat down on the proposed mattress and grimaced at how deeply she sank into it. Hizashi frowned, "Definitely going to need a firmer mattress."

He took her hand and helped her up. They paced over to another one and this one was far too firm. "What is this a children's rhyme?!"

"Well, we've looked at six so far, so no?" Hizashi shrugged. She glared at him and rolled to her feet to go back to the beginning. The first two were by far the best. She tested them each and hummed in thought. "Do you like either of them?"

"Come here." She waved him over. He laid next to her and there was to much movement. "Not this one."

They tried the second one and she didn't feel Hizashi lay down. That was a plus. She didn't want to disturb his sleep if she came home late. She may have a weird form of parasomnia, but he didn't. Making sure he was comfortable was important to her.

"Hey," She tilted her head and he looked at her through the blue glasses he wore. "Get on top of me."

"Shouta! We're in public." He really didn't have to look scandalized like that.

"Yeah, and we buying a bed." She lifted a brow expectantly. Hizashi sat up with a wince and noted the sales clerk watching them from the desk. He rolled over so that he was framing her with his body. Not bad at all, she didn't sink all that much. Sex would be confidante on this thing. This was it.

She looked up to see her boyfriend blushing and looking away. "Hizashi, did you think I was going to ask you to fuck me right here in this store?"

"Shouta, oh my god!" He choked and glared at her as she smirked.

"You're so cute." She leaned up and kissed him. She patted him on the arm and he shifted to get up. "This is the one"

He practically fled from her to the main desk. Instead of getting up Shouta just rolled into the center of the test bed and started to doze off. She blearily woke to Hizashi lifting her gently into his arms.
"Hey," She mumbled against his collar.

"Hello crazy woman who teases in the musket of a furniture store and expects me to just not take her up on the offer." Hizashi laughed. "I picked out the gray couch you were looking at earlier. I'll accent it with blue and black throw pillows. The kotatsu I picked out had an option for a cat themed cover. I got that too."

"You shopped for me." She hummed with a smile.

"I did," He laughed. "I still need to stop at the next store to pick out kitchen ware and a table. I assume you'll be fine with whatever I pick. Since you won't be in there ever."

"Hizashi, are you sure you won't let me fuck you in the mall?" She smirked against his chest as he started walking with purpose. "Because that's the sexiest thing you've ever said to me."

"Shouta, if I don't get to pick this kitchen stuff, I'm going to walk you out of here and we'll be doing this in the car instead of at my place tonight." He gripped her shoulder and legs tightly and she decided to stop teasing him. "A man has his limits."

"Okay, okay, kitchen stuff?" She shifted and he set her down on the walkway. He patted her hand and led her along. She felt a silly smile steal over her face despite how flustered her boyfriend looked. She really did love him.

"Sho," The call from her father drew Shouta out of the back seat of Hizashi's car. She looked at him curiously. Shino and Akio hovered awkwardly behind him. "I wanted to tell you, I'm very proud of you."

"For what? Shacking up with my boyfriend?" She smirked and cocked a hip saucily.

"Don't make me be a overprotective father." Her father glared at her. "I'm trying to be supportive, brat. I meant about choosing a city, basing yourself there, and being a hero. Yamada is a plus, he makes good pastries."

"I'll miss you old man." Shouta walked forward to hug him and smiled. He'd done very well the past three years. She owed all of that to Shino and Akio. As awkward as it was getting used to their three man dad dynamic, they pulled him out of his depression. They kept him from spiraling unhealthily.

"I'll miss you too." He buried his face in her hair. "Come visit when you're in the area, I know you'll be moving around a lot when you work."

"I will." She leaned back. "Shino, Akio, I'm not going to be here anymore. I leave my father to you. Call me if anything goes wrong."

"It's time you live your life Shouta, you're not the adult here anymore." Shino walked over and hugged her as well. "Your mother would be proud that you're starting your life. Live it for you."

"Shouta! You come back so I can make sure you're not going over board." Akio hugged her by shoving Shino aside. His husband chuckled. "I know how you are, I worry."
"No need to worry," Hizashi said as he exited the house with Tensei on his heels carrying boxes. "I'll be with her."

"Such a good boy, Yamada!" Akio gushed and smothered her with a tighter hug. Shouta shook her head fondly and returned it.

"I love you three; but if you don't let go, I won't actually get to move into my apartment." Shouta sighed and leaned back to look at her house. She'd miss it, but she was ready to start her life with Hizashi. She moved to the car to organize the boxes as Hizashi and Tensei went to get the rest of her belongings.

"Come now boys, they're just a few furniture pieces." Nemuri's voice echoed in the hallway as Shouta exited the stairwell. Hizashi stepped up and looked at her curiously. "I'm sure you can do it properly with the right motivation."

"Oh boy." Tensei muttered. They hustled to the door and there Nemuri was, barefoot wearing a pair of high waisted shorts and a loose but closed cream top. Her leg was hiked in a dominating pose over a box of their new pots and pans. She flipped her hair and kept an imperious eye on the delivery men.

The couch was in two pieces in the living room. The box containing their table and chairs in the dining room. Boxes lined the low wall between the dining room and kitchen. Two of the delivery guys were flushed, looking at Nemuri line she was a goddess. The other one was totally afraid of her.

"Nemuri, don't terrorize them." Shouta sighed.

"I'm not terrorizing them." Nemuri gasped innocently. "I'm just ensuring they do their jobs properly. After all real men don't drop the ball."

"You really are shameless." Hizashi snorted and sat his box down in the living room.

"I'm sure they're doing fine" Tensei shook his head.

"They're putting your bed in the bedroom now." Nemuri looked at him with a raised eyebrow. "I noticed you got a bed frame, so my house warming gift will be well received."

Shouta felt her face fall when Nemuri held out a pair of handcuffs. She looked at her boyfriend frantically. "She was your friend first. You deal with this."

After a few hours her boxes were in the apartment and Hizashi left with Tensei to his parents house to collect his own belongings.

Nemuri was sitting in the kitchen unpacking the plates to stack on the counter. Shouta waved her over and they entered the now empty bedroom to start on her clothes.

"I'm looking for a place in town too." Nemuri said.

"Oh?" Shouta looked at Nemuri is surprise. "What about your girlfriend?"

"No longer together." Nemuri said with a sigh. They had been dating for a while. Nemuri had
dated frequently over the years. But none of them seemed to stick. "Just wasn't meant to be"

"Well it happens." Shouta patted Nemuri's knee. "It'll be good to have you around in case I need
help on a case."

"We do make a good stealth team." Nemuri acknowledged with a smirk. They got through a
majority of her clothes and one of the closets ended up filled with her clothing and extra gear.

Her phone shrieked from her back pocket. She lifted it out to see Hizashi was calling her. "Hey,
what's up?"

"My license came in!" Hizashi exclaimed.

"Oh, that's great!" Shouta smiled, he'd worked hard when he took the class and test for the amature
radio operator's license. He was another step closer to his dream of being a hero with a radio show.

"We're loading the car up, I'll be home soon!" He informed before they got off the phone. It hit
Shouta in the chest the moment they hung up.

"Hey, you alright?" Nemuri asked from where she was breaking down Shouta's clothing boxes.

"Yeah, I just realized... I'm home." Shouta said and Nemuri shook her head in amusement. She
couldn't wait until Hizashi realized it too.
Cohabitation

Chapter Summary

Shouta and Hizashi live together

The first few days of living together were interesting. Shouta helped Hizashi to set everything up that they had bought or brought with them. In the end it was still a rather bare apartment. They endeavored to get more to make it theirs after Hizashi's debut.

Three nights in she left to patrol and get used to her new territory. That night she looked forward to going home to Hizashi. So after she stopped a mugging, and made note of three distinct gangs hiding out, she returned home to crawl into bed next to her sleeping boyfriend.

They woke up to the silence of their apartment and it was perfect. Hizashi slipped through their comforter and tugged her against his bare chest. "Hey, how was your night?"

"Not bad, I'll visit the police next." She tangled their legs and nuzzled his neck. "Yours?"

"I spoke to the agency. They want me to start today, on top of that they're on board with my radio show. The next few days will be focused on getting the promotions started. Then it's on me to make it interesting." He grunted cheekily. He rolled them so he was lying on top of her.

"Hmm," She tugged her loose shirt up and over her head. Bare breasts pressed to his hot skin and she shivered. "Did you think of a name?"

"I did" He slipped one hand down to pull her boy shorts off. She lifted her legs up enough to shove his boxers down. Then he pressed hot and hard against her. "Put Your Hands Up Radio."

"That's hilarious." She smiled even as her tied head stared to fog with want. She kissed him as he fumbled beside the bed. She moaned when she felt cold lube rub between them. She adjusted and the moment his hand fell away he nearly slid right into her.

"Shouta-," Hizashi sucked in a breath and looked at her intently. He was always so careful of her, still afraid he'd hurt her. But it had been years after her wound was inflicted. She kissed him again and he relaxed. His hips flexed and he pushed further inside.

Usually he was meticulous in his foreplay. Always loosen her up. It was alright through, the burn she felt wasn't of pain. It was of hunger untouched. Her legs lifted and he hooked one in the crook of his elbow. She hiked her knee on his hip and pulled him closer.

It was so close and hot where they lay under the blankets. Isolating the world away from them. The pleasure she felt as Hizashi thrust slow and sweet scorched her with each flex of their bodies. Shouta sank her hands through his blond hair and delved her tongue deep into his mouth.

Hizashi groaned into her mouth and cupped her jaw and neck. Shouta bucked her hips to meet each thrust Hizashi made. Their sounds nearly the same in response. It was still slow and perfect, exactly what she wanted to wake up to.

Hizashi pulled his head back and met her gaze. He looked amazing like this. Hair reflecting the
morning light. Eyes sparkling with pleasure. Muscles flexing while sheened with sweat. And he was hers.

Shouta threw her head back and arched her spine. His hands fit over her hips and picked up the pace. She grabbed his wrists and swallowed as the hot pleasure that suffused her gathered lower, tighter, until it burst into feelings of silken bliss.

Something in her reaction must have stirred Hizashi. Because he drove into her faster, harder, until he shuddered and came hot and thick within her. He kept thrusting, long and soft as he waded through his own orgasm. He was so perfect.

"Hmm, waking up like this is nice." He damn near purred as he bent forward to lock their lips once more. She talked her fingers up his arms.

"Tch, waking up?" She snorted and kissed him again. "I'm going back to bed."

"Of course you are." He laughed and eased himself from within her. He paced off to the bathroom and came back with a wet wash cloth. "I'm going in early. It'll be some time in the afternoon I'll be debuting. Record it for me."

"I will." She let him kiss her again as he cleaned her gently.

Shouta sat on the couch and organized her grear. She was cleaning her scarf when she noticed the fraying on the ends. She'd have to put in a call for repair. She mentally did the math and decided she had enough for repairs and her share of the bills. But she would have to pick up a few more cases to pad the loss back up.

It was good financially that Hizashi was getting into his work. Two jobs that it was going to be, he was going to blow her pay checks out of the water. But that was fine, she knew neither of them weren't in it for the money. It was about their skills being used to protect and serve this city.

A commotion on the news channel caught her attention. Shouta grabbed the remote up to increase the volume. 'I'm here in the downtown Musutufu area, and a gang of villains has attacked the main shopping square."

The camera panned away from the male news reporter and she saw the six villains tearing the street up. A few heroes were on site but they weren't making much head way. She clicked the record button when she was sure this was something Hizashi would respond to.

The villains were ransacking the stores while one or two of the more dangerous villains kept the heroes at bay. One looked like he was covered in feathers, the other had skin the color of pearl and was spitting some kind of tan substance.

"Shit." She cursed. They were spreading out. The other heroes were going to get hurt if they didn't coordinate together. This was the problem with multiple agencies. They always competed against each other for rankings with the population.

The flashiest hero was always the one who could defeat the enemy fastest.

A piercing scream came over the television speakers and she saw the camera swing around to an
overturned pile of cars. Perched there was Present Mic. His hair was gelled up like a cockatil's plumage. Headphones on to protect his own ears from the low frequency waves he could emit. The leather costume he wore was new, the tan shoulder pads were armored. And she knew the jacket was knife and bullet proof.

He looked like a rock star.

If she had been there she would have relished seeing his orange sunglasses glinting ominously. "Kick their assess Hizashi."

The villains noticed him. Three rushed him at once so he sucked in his bottom lip and whistled shrilly. He jumped down and tilted his head to scream as a follow up. The camera flickered as it reacted to the second part of Crowd Control.

The video came back up and those three villains were down for the count. The other three were fighting Present Mic. They had figured out that keeping him busy would keep him from using his more devastating vocal attacks.

But they didn't know everything her lover could do. She clenched her hands when one villain thought he could sneak up on Present Mic's back while he exchanged fists. That was when the ambushing villain grabbed his ears and fell to the ground.

Shouta smirked. That was a feature of his Diectional Speaker. But it was also the best defense he had against her stealth attacks. He'd taken her out a number of times with it during sparring sessions.

She watched closely as he moved with a fighters efficiency. Peppering his opponents with high volume yells that rattled eardrums and gave him openings. Three years of kick boxing, mixed martial arts, and sparring with her had fine tuned his fighting style. He was already skilled, but he'd only gotten better.

Then it was over.

Present Mic gathered the villains into a loose circle as the other heroes rushed in and the police brought the quirk canceling cuffs.

"Good job, Hizashi." Shouta said proudly.

'You're a new hero! Thank you for your help today!' The news reporter shoved the microphone at Present Mic. 'What's your name hero?'

'Yo! I'm the Voice Hero, Present Mic!' He grinned widely and shot finger guns. 'You can count on me to be the voice to follow in times of need!'

'What are your plans? Are you going to patrol here?'

'I'm based out of the Broadcasty Agency. I'll be out patrolling as much as I can. And on Friday nights I'll be running a radio special to help bring the community together.' He grinned bright and pure. Then he turned to the police. 'I'll be seeing you listeners!'

He'd done so well, and though he winced a few times as he moved. He was relatively uninjured. She picked up her phone to text him and respond to Tensei and Nemuri who had seen the broadcast. Congratulations were in order.
"Shouta!" The screech had her lifting her head up from the pillows in shock. She was up and across the room in an instant. She shoved open the bathroom door and saw her boyfriend standing on the toilet. He frantically pointed into the other half of the bathroom in horror.

"I thought you were hurt Hizashi, what the hell?!" She growled.

"I almost died!!" She activated her quirk and he looked at her utterly unapologetic.

"What the hell is wrong?" She frowned. "Stop using your quirk if we're not under attack!"

"It's right there!" He pointed at the bathtub.

She walked in and looked down into the tub. There, sitting at the bottom, was a tiny little house spider. She felt her eye twitch. "Are you serious?"

"Kill it Shouta!" Hizashi hissed. He actually hissed like he was a cat. She reached Duran to feel along her ribs. Maybe she had actually taken the pipe to get head in the skirmish with a thief the night before? But no, the pain was still in her ribs, no where near her head. This wasn't a hallucination.

"You're afraid of spiders?" She deadpanned.

"Not just spiders!" He gasped defensively. "All bugs! They're just... Icky!"

She sighed and reached into the tub. The little spider scurried up her arm so she walked out of the bathroom. It was comical to see a blisteringly sexy grown man run down the hall back to their bedroom screaming like a child.

Shouta opened the window in the living room and set the spider free. Then she washed her hands and paced back to the bedroom. "You're my hero, Shouta!"

"That's kind of the idea. We have to go grocery shopping today right?" She was already up. She might as well get that part off the day done.

"Yeah, why?" He poked his head back out of the bathroom.

"I need to make a return." She said as she moved to her closet.

"What are you returning?" Hizashi asked curiously.

"You."

"Shouta, I've heard the underground community is buzzing with curiosity about you." Tensei smirked as they sat around the lounge in the karaoke booth. They were getting together to hang out, but it was also Hizashi's birthday.

"Hmm, it'll be easier to work with other heroes if they think highly of me." Shouta had seen first hand how that went. The police liked her a lot and made frequent calls for her expertise in stealth
"They know better than to think poorly of you." Hizashi smirked as he patted her knee. "You're too efficient. You make them look good by being good at your job."

"That's true, only the government knows I've helped on an those cases so far." She tapped her chin. Nemuri bustled into the room with an apologetic look.

"Hello everyone." She grinned. Tensei patted the spot next to him and she flopped dramatically. "Remind me why we chose karaoke again? I can't even sing?"

"It was Hizashi's idea." Tensei laughed. "And it's his birthday."

"Fair enough. Oh, Hizashi, the radio show has been awesome. I love the non stop music. No ads, no news coverage, it's great."

"That's the idea, something to take your mind off of everything going on in the city." He grinned and drank the fizzy soda he'd ordered. Since they still weren't legal to drink. One more year. "The charity organizations the agency had put me in touch with love it to. I've been asked to attend a few functions to bring public eye to their causes"

"Your fan club is bigger to." Tensei teased. "They've got social media groups forming left and right. You went from like fifty people at UA, to thousands across just Tokyo."

"Really?" Hizashi blinked. "That's flattering."

Shouta agreed, and this time it was easier to handle his fans. They weren't hovering around him physically day in and day out. They could fawn an over him if they wanted online or at hey fights, they weren't in the way of him coming home. And that was what mattered.

"Oh, Nemuri, would you mind coming with me to the police ball?" Shouta asked her female friend. "Hizashi is going to a disaster relief gala with Madam Glitz, and I need a plus one"

"Really?!" Nemuri gasped excitedly.

"Tensei is way too busy. My only other option is one of the Pussycats, who are out of the country, or Vanisher. Taking him anywhere automatically brings along Emi." Shouta explained and smirked when Hizashi shot her a dirty look. "You know she's not serious, she knows I'm dating you."

"Tch, doesn't seem to stop her." Hizashi pouted impressively. "It's always 'let's go out Eraser', or 'drop your boyfriend I'm so much better Eraser', oh or my favorite 'let's get married Eraser'. "

"She's just a third year." Shouta shook her head with a smile.

"A pushy one." Hizashi growled. She patted his hand and he linked their fingers together pointedly. As if she was into her junior. "Okay, let's sing something."

Hizashi jumped up and chose a song. Shouta sat back and watched him bungle a song he knew the words to by heart. It didn't matter if he didn't have an idols voice. She much preferred the tone he used when he was singing in the bath, or in the kitchen.

They took turns and it felt like old times again. Shouta laughed through one of her own brooding songs. Then she whined impressively with Hizashi when Nemuri sang overly inappropriate sexual songs. Tensei was so awkwardly into children's pop out caused them ask to erupt into laughter.
It was fun, Shouta relished the time together. And judging by Hizashi’s face when they presented him with gifts and a dark chocolate cake, he did too. He acted dramatic and cried over the whole affair. He was so cute when he wanted to be.

It was mid July, and it was raining. The humid air was still heavy despite the downpour. Shouta was racing through the night to get home. Her last case was closed so she was off for the night. Maybe she should have called Hizashi for a ride, but she was almost there.

Something stopped her trek home. A faint nose that drew her up short. She looked into the alleyway next to her with squinted eyes. She padded in to the alley, senses on high alert. She might be drenched l, but her capture weapon was still formidable.

The noise sounded again, but it wasn't the distressed cry she'd thought it was. Just behind a trash can was a box. It had a loose piece of cloth over it. She saw the words 'take one' scrawled on the side of the box.

She lifted the cloth and gasped.

Hizashi looked up from his laptop when the door opened and his girlfriend entered soaking wet. "Hang on I'll get you a towel."

"Get two." She said and he nodded absently. He returned and Shouta held out her arms. Inside her scarf lay a pale gray kitten. He gasped in surprise.

"Shouta, what happened?" He swept the tiny thing into the towel and handed her the other. She wrapped her hair and stepped out of her gear.

"I was coming home and found the box in the alleyway down the block. It said take one, the rest of the kittens had been picked up. But he was soaked."

"Aww, poor thing." He started to dry the kitten and got an indignant squeak for his effort. "Go shower, I'll see if we've got anything he can eat."

She walked in just under clothes past him to the bathroom. He set about looking for something to feed the little thing. His ears were up and he didn't seem like he was still on milk. If the owners had put him and his litter mates out to be picked up, that meant he was at least weaned.

Hizashi settled with some canned fish he mashed up into a paste. He sat it on the kitchen floor with water to try and coax the kitten to eat. Hopefully the kitten didn't get sick. Shouta joined him a moment later drying her hair and wearing sweats and one of his long sleeve shirts.

The little kitten hobbled out of the towel as Shouta sat next to him. The tiny feline sniffed curiously at both bowls. Triumphantly, the fish mash was eaten with a hungry energy.

"Well have to take him to a vet." Hizashi said.
"That would be best." Shouta nodded and he wound his arm around her.

"If everything checks out. Want to keep him?" Hizashi asked. She whipped to look at him in shock. Dark eyes burrowing into him intently.

"I don't see why not." He smiled at her. She smiled for him, so pretty and pure. He wasn't ready for it! Insta-Kill!

In the end the kitten turned out to be five weeks old. So Hizashi and Shouta were instructed to start him on wet cat food. He was very pale in color; with gray fur peppered with the start of darker gray stripes. His eyes remained a bright blue color.

He was spunky, after his vet visit, and once home with a myriad of cat toys and accessories, he showed his true colors. Hizashi had a foot assassin trailing him around the apartment. It was funny as much as it was terrifying.

The little shit can't out of no where like a tiny ninja.

Shouta just smiled at the kitten and dodged his attacks smoothly. It became a game between the three of them. Then, while they sat in front of the news and relaxed, the little bugger settled right in Hizashi's lap.

"What should we name him?" Shouta asked.

"Should it be themed? In case we adopt another cat down the line?" Hizashi knew it was inevitable. There was nothing that drew that soft look from Shouta but cats. He give her that if he couldn't give her anything else.

"That's fine." She ran a finger over those tiny needle paws. "Let's name him after music."

"Are you sure? Music is my hobby, and you found him." Hizashi blinked at his girlfriend curiously. "Name him something you like."

"I like your music." She said and laid her cheek on his shoulder. "The kind you picked when we did karaoke. The last one you sang. What kind of music was that?"

"Oh, that was American Jazz." He nodded pleased that she liked it. "The artist-;"

"I like it." Shouta smiled before he could launch inti a full over view of the song. Where it came from. When it was made. What it was about. "Jazz."

"Jazz the cat." Hizashi smiled and nodded. "I think it's a great name."

"Thank you, Hizashi." She kissed him sweetly. Had he known he'd get this kind of reaction he'd have gotten her a cat sooner.
Shouta and Hizashi spend the summer working

Shouta perched on the edge of a shadowed building. Up here the air wasn't as hot, the thick haze of it broken up by a brisk breeze. It was nice, fluttering across her face as she pulled her goggles down.

In one ear she had an ear bud, listening to the microphone she'd planted in the building across from her. Inside was a meeting to discuss the smuggling of illegal goods.

‘There will be a shipment delivered in three days.’ One of the brokers inside the building said. She looked down at the receiver and activated her phone to text her police contact down the street.

ERSRHD: do we have location?

OFF.AKIRA: Yes, but not shipping container information

She tuned back in to keep fishing. Her listening equipment was also being recorded in the van down the street. She was here because she'd spent a week trying to find this meeting, and then planting her bugs.

This was all going to culminate soon. With the shipping container they could place each person in that room with the handling of illegal goods. Smuggling in this day and age was surprisingly thriving. Drugs, experimental substances, black market goods, support gear, and even people with quirks.

She had first hand experience with a group like that.

‘Everything you need to know to receive the shipments will be in this folder.’

Shit.

OFF.AKIRA: move in, blond hair, black suit, white tie.

She tugged the ear bud off and glared down at the doorway to the building. She was going to have one shot at this, she couldn't mess it up.

A slew of individuals started out of the building and got into various cars lining the street. She'd had a camera in that room, so anyone involved in the deal was on footage talking about it.

She spied her target and tracked him as he broke from the pack with one guard. It seemed his car was at the end of the block. Shouta used her capture weapon to ease herself down to the power lines.

She skimmed across them and texted the signal. A siren went up a street away. Nothing in sight, but enough to spook any who were left on the street.
She leapt across the street and landed in the roof of the car. It startled both of the criminals and she grabbed a band around her neck. The weapon flashed out and snatched guns being drawn and flung them away.

"Who the hell are you?!" Her target demanded. Then he backed up. His bodyguard stood in front of him. They backed up right into a darkened sidestreet.

Perfect.

She smiled before she jumped into the air, her scarf flung out and carried her up into the shadows. The bodyguard shifted to get his charge to run, but she touched down in their pathway. There wasn't going to be an escape.

"Do you have any idea who you're messing with?!!" The criminal demanded.

"Do you?" Shouta taunted.

"You bitch!" Blondie hissed and threw out his arm. She wasn't going to wait and see what his quirk was. She activated her own and her bands flew around her menacingly.

"The logical thing to do would be to surrender." She intoned.

"I've heard of you, Eraserhead." The bodyguard growled. Then he smirked and a diamond pattern stretched from beneath his skin. It didn't do much else, mutation. "She's dangerous boss, she can remove quirks."

"We don't need quirks to win." Blondie flicked a knife from his sleeve and ran at her. Shouta twisted and used her scarf in both hands to disarm the weapon. He went flying over her shoulder in a vault that twisted him up further. Captured.

She dodged when her senses reminded her of the bodyguard. She bent back but the knife slashed across her upper arm. She snarled and kicked up, her foot planted in the man's jaw. She used the other end to swing herself away. With a great heave of her body weight she reeled both criminals together.

They smashed into each other and were knocked unconscious immediately. This was her chance. She frisked them and found the folder. She took pictures of every page with her phone and flashlight. Once done she replaced the folder and restrung them up as she had previously.

She tied them to a lamp post, cut her scarf and fled to the roof. There she waited, and signaled for more sirens. She watched as the criminals came to. Thinking they had a bit of time they started to struggle. Predictably they managed to get free. They raced off thinking she'd been careless. It was only after they were gone that she stood up from her stance.

'Officer Akria.' Her phone connected to her contact.

"I got it." Shouta said. "Catch and release."

'Good work Eraserhead' Officer Akira said. 'Come back and we'll extract.'
the table while he stitched it closed.

"Hmm, I knocked him out. Then I let him go." Shouta said as she watched him.

"And you don't want to go to the doctors?" He frowned. It has startled him when he woke up to find her awkwardly gathering the first aid supplies together. Field medical training was something they were both good at. So he took over.

"Nah, it was just a cut, you're doing fine." She smiled at him as he looped the last tie off. He snipped the line and set the tools in the tray. He wet a cotton ball with alcohol and cleaned the cut up. He applied an antibacterial cream and wrapped it with a bandage. "Thank you Hizashi."

"Anytime," He smiled. "So, you let them go?"

"It was a catch and release plan. I got the drop info for a smuggling case." She explained, "Once the police have reviewed it I'll help out with the next part. I got all of them on video and audio."

"Well done," He smiled as he sanitized his hands and cleared their medical supplies.

She was rather impressive. The infiltration classes they took in their third year obviously paid off for her. He dried his hands and walked around the counter to cup her jaw and plant a kiss on her plush lips. "Be more careful please."

"I'll try," She smiled and got up to head into the bedroom. He followed and helped her out of her jumpsuit. She shuffled into one of his t-shirts and he tucked her into bed. She cutely snatched his pillow up and hugged it.

Hizashi spared a moment to pick Jazz up and lay him in the curve of her body. "I'm going to shower and head out."

"You be careful." She said glaring at him.

"I got this babe!" He smirked cheekily and she rolled her eyes.

He showered and went through the work on his hair. Once he had it in place he exited the bathroom and walked to the bedroom to get changed. He snapped a pic of his girlfriend and their kitten and saved it as his screensaver. He dropped a kiss on her head but she was gone to the world.

Hizashi made it to the street when his phone went off. "$ this is Present Mic."

'Mic, we've got a villain rampaging in the shopping center above the east side station. That's close to your patrol area.' He looked around and noted he was going to need his car to get there. He swung into his vehicle and started it up.

"I'm about ten minutes out, can anyone hold until then?"

'They're going to have to, no one can bring him down.' The agency receptionist said. 'His objective was evading arrest. He robbed two stores before the police and heirs got there.'

"I'm on my way." He hung up and slipped his headphones up onto his head. He sped through the streets and wove onto a side street near the shopping area. People were clustering behind buildings, shamelessly watching but staying back.

He ran the distance to get into the main square. There were various heroes in the area, but no one he'd met personally. And when he saw the villain, he knew there was no one here who could
handle the situation safely.

The villain was giant, nearly eight feet tall with arms as thick as trees. His skin seemed to be made of a dark purple material. And when he looked around he had a manic gleam in his eyes.

A hero jumped into the air, swinging a punch at the villain. But instead of dodging the giant took the hit straight on. The hero bounced away like it was nothing. The villain whipped around and roared at the hero threateningly. He punched out, arm collapsing weirdly before the hero was flung away with too much velocity. The building he landed on lost half a wall, two stories up.

That was enough.

"HEY!" Hizashi yelled. The villain turned to him. "That's right big guy, over HERE!"

He dodged a thrown slab of torn up asphalt. He adjusted the settings on his Directonal Speaker before he came up and fisted his hands. He let loose a great yell that shattered building windows behind the villain. His opponent shoved his hands over his ears and roared in agony.

"You think that's bad?!" Hizashi lunged in and kicked the giant man square in the chest. He toppled back and tried to get to his feet. Wildly furious eyes zeroing in on him. "I'm just GETTING STARTED!"

The villain swung at him blindly as he tried to fight through the increased frequency. Hizashi ducked the fist and moved in again. He delivered two of his own punches before he jumped back to keep out of that devastating reach. If he took a hit it would be dangerous. He cranked the volume button and sucked in a breath to whistle long and loud.

He got kicked across the shopping center for taking that moment to adjust. But the effect was still intense. The villain fell to his knees looking utterly disoriented. "Seriously dude, STAY DOWN!"

He kept yelling through his statement, pushing more and more of his quirk out to deafen the villain. It had the desired outcome, with eyes shut tight, and hands clamped over his ears, he was down for the count. Hizashi dashed in one last time and delivered a staggering punch that floored the villain. He looked again and nodded, knocked out cold.

"Alright everyone, let's get him arrested!" Hizashi yelled with barely any of his quirk coloring his voice. He kept a keen eye on the villain until the villain was loaded up. And once he was done he smiled to the citizens. "Everyting is alright now! You can carry on with your morning!"

He sat through the police report and clapped the police officer on the arm. Then he waved to the populace and slipped off to find his car. He made it to the agency to file his own paperwork and actually go out on patrol. A fact that had some of the other heroes laughing and ribbing him. He shook his head and smiled it out. This was just a regular day now. And he loved every moment of it.

Shouta sighed as she perched on the roof of the warehouse the delivery was supposed to pass through before getting moved into the city. Going through Musutafu instead of through Tokyo was a smart idea. With UA here it took a certain kind of criminal to conduct illicit business right where the teachers could catch wind of it. Where Mr. Principal could catch wind of it.
Which is why they did it here. It was arrogant, ballsy, and no one else would do it. No one would suspect it

She recorded the boat as it pulled into the marina. The police would move in right as she did. And the giant shipping container being lifted off the freight boat was their target. *Eraser, I just got a report of a shipment that's supposed to go out tonight.*

"On this boat?" She asked. That wasn't part of the plan, the file she'd taken pictures of hadn't said anything about a shipment going out.

*'It's the green container, last six digits: 678011.' Her police contact said. 'We've got the camera on the delivery. You go and get eyes on the outgoing container.'*

She moved and looked around to see where the crane would be pulling from. She narrowed her gaze and slipped away, stealthily moving from shadow to shadow. She trailed around the cars parked to oversee the exchange. And that was when she saw it. The green container, only it wasn't filled yet. There were a number of men loading other people into the back of the container.

Then she saw children.

One caught her attention and she was running before she knew what she was doing. In one criminal's arms was a boy with purple hair. He was kicking and fighting against the hold. Tape stretched across his mouth. She knew that scruffy kid, she'd seen a picture of him a year ago. Though she hadn't seen him in person she'd gotten the christmas card from his grandmother.

These assholes had Shinsou Hitoshi. What happened to his grandmother?!

She was tearing through the criminals like they were nothing. Her scarf wrapping and releasing quicker than she had ever used it. She saw the moment his purple eyes fell on her. She activated her quirk when she saw sparks. She rolled under the retort of an actual gun and flung her arm wide. Her scarf slashed out like one of Midnight's whips.

She bounced into the air and kicked the man holding Shinsou in the face. She snatched the boy into her arms and landed in a crouch. She snatched the tape off his face and blinked. "Are you alright?!"

"W-Who are you?" Panic stricken eyes gazed up into her goggles.

"Eraserhead." She said plainly.

"Save us please," He breathed and everything seemed to fall away around her. Nothing else mattered but saving this container of people. Shouting came from her radio ear bud, but she wasnt focusing on that. The boy in her arms clung to her as she swept through the remaining forces like a force of nature. All instinct and swift brutal take downs.

When it was over her skin felt too tight across her body, her chest heaved as if she'd held it through the whole fight. Bodies lay strewn around her unconscious. So many more than she remembered seeing. So many more than she could usually handle. But they were down and she looked shakily at little Shinsou.

"T-Thank you...I'm sorry." He hiccuped. Why was he sorry?

She just shook her head and lifted her hand to the radio. *Eraserhead answer me!*

"I'm here." She rasped weakly. Her muscles were screaming at her, aching and spasming randomly.
Like she'd pushed herself harder than ever. How much time did she lose in that fight? She hadn't even activated her quirk to do any of that. She didn't remember deciding to attack like that. "The outbound container is neutralized."

'The inbound is also seized. Where are you?'

"Just... follow the unconscious bodies." She said and slid to the ground.

She looked at the little boy again and saw his cheeks were red and raw from the duct tape she'd pulled off of him. A dark purple bruise was merging from his temple into his hairline. His lips were chapped and split with dried blood on them. And when she sat him down he winced bodily as if he had injuries elsewhere. "Are you hurt?"

"M-My ribs." He touched one side before his eyes welled up and he started to cry. Deep heaving sobs that spoke of fear and pain. She lifted her arms awkwardly before she spread her legs and drew him against her chest. She cradled him close and let him sob into her shoulder.

She glared at the criminals around her and kept watch around them. The police swept into the area and she refused to move from protecting her charge. Not until she was led into a police cruiser and the boy fell asleep in her arms. She shakily pulled her phone from her pocket and dialed Hizashi.

"Shouta?" He groused, he was likely asleep. It was early, perhaps three or four in the morning.

"I need you at the precinct, the address is in the file on the Kotatsu." She said as she fought to calm herself down. "I need you there when I get there."

"Why, what happened? Are you hurt?" He sounded much more awake, getting serious in a second. She needed his grounding presence, she felt about ready to fly apart at the seams.

"I just stopped a trailer of people from being shipped off to who knows where." She choked, this was exactly what she had tried to stop from happening to this boy. How had they known about him? No one knew about him after that whole situation. His grandmother had been assured they were safe. "And they were loading up kids."

"Holy shit!" Hizashi cursed. "I'll be there soon, are they bringing you now?"

She looked up and saw Officer Akira splitting from his group and rushing to the cruiser she sat in. "Yeah, but Hizashi... they had Shinsou."

"WHAT?!" He yelled and she felt a tear slip down her cheek. If she hadn't been here... if she hadn't gotten the news of the outbound trailer... he would have ended up in the very situation Vanisher had feared. That she had been injured trying to prevent.

How had this happened?
The police station was packed with police officers. Scrambling and yelling over the noise. Thankfully Hizashi had managed to get into his hero gear so no one questioned his presence.

"Present Mic!" An officer with dark blue hair called. "Eraserhead said you would be coming, right this way!"

He skimmed through the crowd and saw that there were crying women and children, haunted looking men, and harried police officers. "Let me bring you up to speed. Tonight we were conducting a bust on illegal smuggling shipments coming in through the port here in Musutafu."

"She mentioned a couple days ago she was on a case." He said vaguely. "Was my friend hurt?"

"Well, no," The officer shook his head. "No, she saved about fifty people from being shipped out as human slaves."

Human trafficking. Why did anything bad happening to his girlfriend come back to that?

"The issue we're having, is that she won't release one of the victims to us." The officer said. "He won't let her go either."

Shinsou Hitoshi had been through enough. Shouta had been through enough.

"This is off the record. But when we were first years at UA." Hizashi looked down and the orange tint to his sunglasses made his eyes sting. At least that's what he told himself. "She and her mentor took on a kidnapping case. One night she was stationed at an apartment that got hit. The adults living there were killed by the kidnapper. But the baby... Eraserhead saved him."

"And that baby-?"

"Is now three years old. And his name is Shinsou Hitoshi." Hizashi said gravely. "Eraserhead was hurt badly during that fight. But Shinsou had a grandmother. Someone needs to find out what happened to her. Now, take me to my friend."

The officer nodded seriously and led him to an interrogation room. The door was propped open with a chair. He looked in to find Shouta in the corner. Her yellow sleeping bag was unzipped and wrapped around her.

"Hey, Eraser..." He edged forward and her red eyes lifted to him. She hadn't put any drops in.

"Hi... Mic," She breathed and looked at the boy in her arms. "He's only three, and his quirk activated."

"What is his quirk?" Hizashi edged into the room, and he saw Shouta relax a bit. He tried to show her he was a solid wall between her, kid, and anyone who could walk into the room. No one would
hurt them while he was here.

"Officer Akira called the quirk registration office while we were in the cruiser." She shook her head. "He was tested on his birthday when it manifested back in July. It's called Brainwashing."

No wonder he was almost sold as a human slave. Exactly what she had kept from happening three years ago.

"You did a good job getting him and those other victims to safety." Hizashi sat down and saw the kid was awake, clutching her scarf tightly. Wide fearful purple eyes started at him. "Hey there kiddo, you're safe now."

He buried his face in Shouta's neck and she adjusted him so the sleeping bag covered him. That seemed to relax him. "Are you hurt?"

"Nothing more than exhaustion and a few bruises." She answered. "He used his quirk on me. Told me to save them. So I did, I took down twenty five of them. I barely remember doing it. I didn't even use my quirk."

"Well, you do know six martial arts styles." Hizashi smirked. Taking down twenty five guys was actually pretty feasible to him. She was a beast to fight. She'd always been that way, even when she only knew four different styles. "What about him, is he hurt?"

"Yeah, but he won't let me go. I don't think I can let him go right now either," She looked at him and he just wanted to wrap her up, and swear everything would be alright. Instead he put his hero hat on.

They were Present Mic and Eraserhead.

"I'm going to find a paramedic, then we'll get him looked at. I'll watch your back." He said and she nodded. "Hey little listener, I'm going to find a doctor for you. They'll make you feel all better."

The boy didn't answer but Shouta shot him an grateful look. He nodded at her and stood up to find someone to help. She needed him right now and that's what he could do.

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Shouta hovered as the paramedic bandaged Shinsou's cuts, put some cream on his bruises, and wrapped his ribs securely. He even tried to give the boy a candy, but Shinsou was wary. Shouta reached out and claimed one of the treats. She popped it into her own mouth to show it was safe. Only then did the boy take the candy designed to give him some energy.

Hizashi was a solid presence at her back. Keeping her sane. She was so thankful he'd come, backing her up. She had some choice words for anyone who was supposed to be in charge of this kid. His grandmother would never have let this happen.

"Eraserhead?" A uniformed officer peeked into the room. Shinsou grabbed her jumpsuit and burrowed into her side anxiously. She shot the officer a sharp look.

"Has anyone found his grandmother?" She demanded.

"Yes, Shinsou-San was admitted to the hospital three months ago with fourth stage brain cancer."
The officer said. "It was very sudden."

She clenched her fists in irritation. Why was no one being careful to keep an eye on this kid? Brainwashing was an incredibly rare quirk. She had wondered once just what kind of quirk he might end up with, the product of two parents with mental manipulation type quirks.

"He was placed with a temporary foster family until a permanent solution could be found." The officer rattled off. "He was returned after his quirk manifested and he was housed in a social facility. His grandmother could pass at any time and there is no other family to take him in."

Shouta turned away sharply. This boy had been dealt one bad hand after another. It was frankly sickening. She'd played a part in it. Hizashi cupped her arm and she wanted to burrow into him like the boy had to her.

"So, what are you going to do now? Human traffickers know about him. They taped his mouth shut." She had a hunch he needed to vocally issue Brainwashing commands. They had most likely gotten the information from the quirk registration center. "He's in danger."

"I can help with that." She looked up to see a government agent standing at the door. He had pale blond hair and dark brown eyes. "I'm agent Kurusu Rin. I'm part of the Japanese International Department of Crime Suppression."

"The amount of money that was going to be exchanged got your attention huh?" Shouta glared. "Human lives at stake?"

"The last time this particular group did anything you were on this case. As was your mentor, but Vanisher is occupied with his new student." Agent Kurusu waved a hand. "I would like to bring you in on it."

"That depends." She crossed her arms. "What happens to Shinsou?"

"Shinsou will best be protected if he goes back into the foster care system. To be immediately picked up by a family who works for us. Essentially it's witness protection in plain sight." The agent said. "This will have to be the case until the villain group after quirks such as his is eliminated."

"Have you chosen a social worker for him?" Shouta narrowed her eyes. They hurt but she didn't trust this guy.

"His current one, the same one he's had since he was born is currently being brought up to speed outside." Agent Kurusu nodded. "I understand you have prior history with this case. I want to assure you this kidnapping will be the last."

She looked to Hizashi who was sizing the agent up. He looked at her over the rim of his sunglasses and shrugged. "If I join the case, can I be made aware of his whereabouts? So far I'm the only person who's kept him from being completely taken out of the country."

"I can certainly make you aware of that." Agen Kurusu nodded. "Can I welcome you on board?"

"I reserve the right to call in reinforcements if I need them. And my name stays out of the news." She named her terms. They were always the same. Protection for herself during and after a mission.

"Agreed." Agent Kurusu didn't look happy. But that was too bad. If she needed to call someone in, she damn well would.
She turned from the agent pointedly. Hizashi joined her as they were grabbed by a purple haired boys desperate hands. Shouta smiled reassuringly down at him. Even as her heart burned with fury at what had happened to him.

Hizashi watched little Shinsou leave with his social worker and a female agent from the back entrance to the station. He waited for Shouta as he watched. She was signing paperwork and took a stack of case files before she joined him.

She looked up at him and they shared a long look. He nodded and they slipped off to his car. He clutched the card Shinsou's social worker had given him. He took Shouta home and immediately set into the files. He knew where her mind was going. Focused entirely on removing the criminal threat to the three year old boy.

"I'm going to meet with Nemuri and Tensei, will you alright?" He asked and Shouta waved. He kissed the top of her head and she paused to let him wrap his arms around her.

"It's going to be alright. They're watching him like a hawk, and I know you. You'll hunt these guys until they're all gone. And I mean all of them." He felt her nod and he swept the wily kitten up from the floor and put him in her scarf. It was a sufficient distraction.

Hizashi took that moment to steal a kiss from his girlfriend and slipped out of the apartment. He was about to do something that might get his ass kicked. But it was the right thing to do.

He made it to a cafe next to the hospital housing the elderly Shinsou, some hours later. The Saitama Prefecture looked the same as always. Nemuri and Tensei hovered outside the Cafe worriedly. He slipped his jacket and Directional Speaker off. No one would notice him like this.

"Hey!" Nemuri waved and he gave her a weak smile. "What happened?"

He motioned inside and the ordered and settled into a bank table before he started to explain. "Do you two remember baby Shinsou?"

"Yeah, why?" Nemuri frowned.

"Shouta found him last night at her smuggling bust. Saved him and a cargo container of people from being shipped off as human slaves." He drank his frozen coffee. The whole idea left a bad taste in his mouth. "His grandmother has terminal cancer, she's in the hospital right now. So his custody got transferred to a temporary foster family. They sent him to a care facility after his quirk manifested."

"So he's stuck in the system." Tensei blew out a huge breath. "And human traffickers are after him."

"Shouta joined the case," Hizashi said and clenched his hand again. "But that solved that issue for now. Not what's going to happen to this kid after the threat is neutralized."

"You're both too young to take him in." Nemuri narrowed he eyes at him. "Wait, are you trying to take him in?"

"I don't have the space, but as it stands there's nothing in place for this kid after he's out of the
governments protection. Clearly the people who were taking care of him weren't ready for a brainwashing quirk. How is he going to learn to use it?"

"So what's the plan?" Tensei asked and leaned on the table.

"I'm going to meet the social worker and his grandmother." He showed the text conversation that he'd had going from the moment she left with the boy. "She's the same one who got us to meet Shinsou's grandmother in the first place. She thinks there's something she can do."

"Do you need us there?" Tensei asked.

"I want someone watching my back while I get all of this figured out." Hizashi said. "This is international shit. A government agent is on the case."

"And the grandmother is dying. That's messed up." Nemuri signed into her hands. "Alright, I'm in, but you're gonna have to tell Shouta."

"I want to know just what I can do before I tell her. She wouldn't let him go." That fierce air of protectiveness had floored him. If he couldn't match that intensity for something that they had both gotten involved in three years ago... Then what kind of hero was he going to be?

A text lit up his phone and he jumped up. "I'm going, watch my back from a distance please?"

He headed out of the cafe and found her near the hospital entrance. Jinji Aya was wearing the same burgundy blouse and black pencil skirt from earlier. She was around his mother's age but her eyes looked haunted. "Yamada-Kun, how is she?"

"She's on the case now. Buried in files." He scratched his neck. "You saw her though, she didn't want to let him go."

"He didn't want to leave. I think he felt safe with her." Jinji said and shook her head. "Follow me, I have a standing pass to see Shinsou-San. She was not happy to have Hitoshi taken from her care. But she told me that she only has a few weeks left. I think seeing you and hearing what happened will help her. She's kind of given up hope of Hitoshi ever being found. He's been gone for a week."

It had been a damn near miracle the previous night had happened as it did.

They slipped up to the cancer treatment wing and into a dim private room. Hizashi moved his glasses onto his head and approached the bed. Shinsou looked so wasted away. She was rail thin and weak. Her hair was gone, and a gray cast fell over her skin.

"Yamada..." She blinked and breathed in a bit of oxygen through the tube in her nose. "Is Aizawa here?"

"No, she's taken on the villains that kidnapped your grandson." He took her frail hand in his. "She saved him last night. Stopped them from taking him overseas."

Tears spilled from tired do purple eyes. "Tell her thank you. I'm so happy he's safe."

"I will." He nodded. "I'm so sorry this happened to you."

"Shinsou, I think I have a solution for Hitoshi." Jinji came up on the other side of the bed.

"You did?" Shinsou gaped at her. "I won't be leaving him an orphan?"

"Yamada came here to speak with us about it. He's a hero, and in one year he will be a nationalized
adult." Jinji said. "The paperwork for Hitoshi's transfer into the city's care, upon your death, hasn't been filed yet. I'm holding it right here. If instead you place him into Yamada's care, in one year I can get Hitoshi released to a hero."

"Will they allow that?" Shinsou asked.

"I spoke with a judge. There's no precedent for it yet. The judge who will finalize this has been bright up to speed. The safest possible place for Hitoshi is in hiding right now. But after I can't think of anywhere safer than with heroes." Jinji looked up at him. His heart raced, but she was right. "Heroes who can handle his quirk."

"You would do that for my Hitoshi?" Shinsou looked at him hopefully. How could he not? This was unbelievably personal to him and Shouta. All he could see was that baby he held years ago. This wide eyes and light giggle. Now it was superimposed over a bruised and raw face, with terror stricken eyes.

"If Shouta turned twenty first she would be making this choice." Hizashi said resolutely. "She swore to protect him. And that day we visited, I did too."

"Give me the papers." Shinsou gestured and they wheeled the bed table over. Her hand shook but she signed every page of a transfer of custody. To be enforced the moment Hizashi turned twenty years old.

Jinji cupped the elderly woman's hands and they shared a long teary eyed look. Shinsou sighed shakily, "You do right by my boy."

"I will." Jinji said. Hizashi nodded as well. He would do right by this kid. The idea of him being a target while he grew up was something he couldn't stand.
Real Talk

Chapter Summary

Shouta and Hizashi discuss important things

Chapter Notes

Thanks for the comments everyone. You all seemed very upset over the things happening to Shinsou.

Someone once called the chapter of his parents death and Shouta's injury the chapter that shall not be named. I love it. I honestly never thought any one would be into genderbent Eraserhead. But here we are.

I had all of this planned pretty much from the start of the entire fic. I have lots of things planned. But this was pretty important.

Be ready for the next year going on in this fic. It's going to be pretty heavy with hero work.

Shouta woke up to a set of fingers in her hair. Her eyes burned when she opened them. She was in bed, and the sun was setting. "Zashi?"

"Yeah, I'm here." He was sitting next to her in seats and a tank top. Jazz was stretched out on his knee purring.

"D'you move me here?" She leaned over to put her cheek on his other leg. He threaded his fingers back into her hair and she signed contentedly.

"Yeah, I found you face first in a stack of paper." He gave her a cheeky smirk. "I took a picture."

"You're ridiculous." She snorted. "Thank you for coming last night."

"So he brainwashed you into saving him huh?" Hizashi smirked. "Smart kid"

"They had to duct tape him to keep him from using it. Maybe he can't control it yet." Shouta sighed, that was worrisome.

"I met with Jinji-san after coffee with Nemuri and Tensei." Hizashi said, and she frowned at him. Shinsou's social worker? "She took me to see Shinsou's grandmother."

"How is she?" Shouta asked. Terminal cancer in the last stages.

"She honestly looked like she would keel over just taking." He shook his head sadly. "I think she was relieved to know her grandson was found. She told me to tell you thank you."
"I don't need to be thanked for doing my job." She shook her head and Hizashi smiled.

"I knew you would say that." He laughed. "I also spoke to her about what was going to happen to her grandson when she died and the case was closed."

"You did?" Shouta looked up and got to her elbows to sit.

"Before we get into all that...we've never really talked about where we're going as a couple." Hizashi said and have a deep breath. "I came into this knowing you and I were going to be career people. Dedicated to our work, and honestly that's what I love about you."

"I seriously thought you'd take off when you got big." Shouta admitted with a smirk. "It wouldn't be bad, but I thought that was our future."

"I thought you'd leave me one day too. You'd just find some guy better than me and that would be it." Hizashi sighed and leaned his head on the bedroom wall. "So I tried to be better, to be someone you would want to keep around for the long haul."

"I've done the same thing." Shouta smiled warmly. "I do love you Hizashi, it's been a long while since I thought you might leave me."

"Me too. So, if we're not risky enough to fall apart, here's what I learned and heres what I did." Hizashi took her hand and kissed her palm. "I knew we couldn't try to foster little Shinsou. Neither of us is twenty four years old. The only reason we got this apartment was because of our hero licenses.

"Jinji-san didn't finish the paperwork making Shinsou a ward of the social services department. She set up new paper work that will effectively sign custodian I guardianship over to me when I turn twenty. After that Shinsou will be in our care."

Shouta started at Hizashi in shock. "You..."

"Yeah, are you okay with that?" He looked sheepish all of a sudden. He'd essentially adopted a kid while he went out. He'd preemptively decided to help Shinsou like that? She'd been so caught up in the case she honestly hadn't thought past her need to make sure the boy safe.

Shouta looked around their tiny apartment and frowned seriously. "We're going to need to move next year. And I've got a year to close this case."

"Shouta..." Hizashi gasped. She looked at her boyfriend and smirked. "You don't -?"

"I think I've been in this long enough without you thinking I'll say no to anything anymore," Shouta said sternly. "That boy asked me to save him. And you just saved him from being sent back into the foster care system. You're a very selfless man Hizashi."

"If you say so." He looked away bashfully. "I trust you to kick these assholes into next week."

"I will." Shouta glared into her boyfriend's equally determined eyes. So they were doing this. Damn, when he'd told her years ago that she could have kids if she'd wanted, this wasn't quite what she'd expected.

But Hizashi had always been a wild card.
Hizashi was nervous as he hovered outside the apartment he was visiting in plain clothes. A few days had passed since he and Shouta had agreed on a life changing decision. Now he was going to meet with little Shinsou at the safe house.

The foster parents now in charge of the three year old are wary, and Hizashi looked at them critically. Their apartment was nice enough, other foster kids running around. According to Jinji-san they often took in kids in danger. The apartment across the hall housed the agents keeping an eye on the boy.

He was secure. That was all Hizashi needed to know for now. The agent brought Shinsou and one of the foster parents over to the other apartment once he was inside and settled. It was sparse with the agents taking up temporary residence.

The boy looked at him nervously and Hizashi just grinned wide and bright. "Hi there little listener."

The boy recognized him and walked over, suddenly much more sure of himself. That was good. He smiled at the boy, "I brought some coloring stuff if you want to play with me."

Hizashi laid out the colorful paper and crayons he'd picked up on the way. Shinsou looked at him curiously then around him. "Eraserhead is actually sleeping at her home right now. I told her I was coming to see you, and she said to tell you to be brave. You're safe."

"She-," Shinsou cut off and looked down with a grimace.

"He hasn't spoken a word since he arrived." Nakiri-san explained as he steered his foster kid to a seat. "According to his file he hasn't really spoken since his quirk manifested. The kidnapping obviously didn't help."

"Are you worried about brainwashing me?" Hizashi asked with a smirk. The boy hesitated before he nodded. "Well how about I give you a solution for that?"

Hizashi beckoned the kid forward and Shinsou took a few steps forward. "My quirk gives me control over my voice. I can change my volume to different levels, even really loud. So when I was born, I screamed so loud I deafened my parents."

He roved through a few JSL signs. No need to go straight into English. His parents used this, and he'd taught his friends to use it in his second year of high school. Even better, Shouta knew it after aged made him teach her so she could talk to his parents herself. "This is your name, Shinsou Hitoshi."

Shinsou was fascinated, and after a few minutes, he picked it up easily. For a first lesson it was rather successful. And it had the desired effect. Little Shinsou had loosened up enough to start to draw.

Hizashi leaned on his bent leg as he watched a picture of Eraserhead take form. Nakiri-san hummed, "He's been drawing this one a lot."

"She saved me." Shinsou whispered and carefully colored the yellow goggles Shouta wore. That was Hizashi's opening.

"Eraserhead is cool huh?" Hizashi asked. He was rewarded with a wide smile. "I went to school with her, and she beat everyone at the sports festival my first year there."
"I remember that," Nakiri-san nodded and smiled at Shinsou. "Some gen ed student right?"

"Yup, Eraserhead has a quirk like yours, mentally powered." Hizashi looked at Shinsou who's eyes were glowing with extreme interest. Oh, she certainly had a fan now. "There's lots of strong heroes who made it through with the power of their quirks. Strong heroes like All Might, if you've seen his videos. But then there's heroes like Eraserhead, you won't see her in the news. She's like a ninja."

He stared to draw and Shinsou leaned over to watch. Hizashi drew an exaggerated picture of Shouta defeating an entire army. "And that's not even using quirk powers. She got strong all on her own. And then she beat everyone in my class. She got moved up to be a hero student after that."

"She's a hero" Shinsou nodded not a question a statement of fact.

"She's cool when she fights isn't she?" Hizashi gushed and Shinsou agreed with a flush on his cheeks. "Wanna see something cool?"

Hizashi fished his phone out and pulled up a video he'd taken of her training a few weeks ago with her capture weapon. Now that it was released to her, she'd begun to use it differently. Mastering every different nuance of it.

In this video she'd rushed Shino and Tensei. Jumping unto the air and using it to vault herself higher. Even while the scarf swirled like a ribbon around her body she looked in control. She landed in a crouch and had her scarf clutched in both of her hands. Both Tensei and Shino tied up seperately.

"This is her?" Shinsou asked with a dropped jaw and glittering eyes.

"Yeah," Hizashi melted at the awe on this kids face. "She's my favorite hero."

"Mine too." Shinsou said shyly.

"Let me make a deal with you. Next time I come to visit, we'll go out in plain clothes. Totally incognito, and we'll go meet her." Hizashi leveled the three year old a look. "But you've gotta let Nakiri-san and his wife keep you safe. And you've gotta be safe yourself."

"I'll do it!" He nodded excitedly. Hizashi patted the mop of purple hair and nodded.

"Alright!" Hizashi smirked. "Now, how about another lesson in sign language?"

Shouta glared at Agent Kurusu. She's come to question him about some of the theories in the files she'd gone through. "Your saying there's a villain group behind the smuggling."

"That's what I'm saying." He nodded. "Dogs of Destruction."

"That's a Russian villain group." Shouta sighed. "You guys certainly pick your cases. From what I can tell there's a broker who is behind all of the deals being made between these human traffickers, the smugglers, and I guess this villain group."

"I reviewed the footage you collected from the meeting. The broker wasn't there." Agent Kurusu said. He picked up his coffee from the desk he'd commandeered in the police station. "We're going
to have to start there. He'll most likely have the proof we need to tie the money being exchanged to this violation group."

It was a stretch, and she was going to be putting herself too far out there for this. She glared at the agent again just to show she was displeased to be doing all of the grunt work here. "I'll find him, then I'll get the info. After that, we'll talk."

"I know you aren't comfortable working with a partner." He sighed and glared at her. "But it would be better if we could trust each other. This is my case too."

"I've worked with partners before. But you're a stranger, and you aren't trained to back me up in a fight. At best you could add firearms to a quirk battle, which is a hazard. How do I know I won't end up shot by friendly fire?" She stood up with a dark down marring her face. "There's a reason heroes and the police work cases separately. To much chance for error. Let me do what you can't, and you stay out of the way I until its your turn."

"I get it." He threw up his hands and she snorted. "I'll earn your trust one way or another."

"You let me do my job, and I'll let you do yours." She turned and walked out of the station. It wasn't that she didn't trust the police. The police often did everything right. It was how her mother did her job before she passed away. Shouta just didn't trust anyone tied to this case.

Shinsou had a rare and powerful quirk. One that needed to be protected.

She was at a loss here. And she needed a better perspective. Shouta boarded the bus and headed out to the UA stop. Once there she waited at the gates for someone to admit her within.

"Well look at you, Eraserhead." Shouta smiled when she saw Valkyrie walking to the gate. She swiped her ID and Shouta moved onto the school grounds. "All graduated and still coming back to school."

"I just needed to meet with Principal Nedzu." Shouta said. Valkyrie inclined her head and nodded.

"He's still here." Valkyrie led her across the campus and the sense of comfort the place gave settled some of Shouta's paranoia.

"Aizawa, what a pleasant surprise." Nedzu beamed at her once she was ensconced in his office. "Come and join me for tea."

Shouta shuddered and forced her way over. She had to deal with it, she was here for help. The silence was loaded as they waited for the tea to boil and be served.

"So, what can I do for you today, Eraserhead?" Nedzu smiled.

"I've been working a smuggling case over the past few weeks. It was rather straightforward at first. I have video and audio of a number of the criminals responsible for the transfer of illicit goods" Shouta said and looked at the smartest being she knew. "They were using the Musutufu Port because it was bold. No one would expect it."

"You did though." Nedzu hummed as he sipped from his cup.

"Yes," Shouta reached into her bag to take out all the files she had. "We stopped the hand off. And I encountered the boy I saved back in my first year."

"Oh?" Principal Nedzu was suddenly very interested. He took the files and began to pour over
"How is the boy?"

"He has a quirk called Brainwashing." Shouta said and rubbed her eyes. "His grandmother is dying of cancer. He was taken into foster care, as there was no other family to take care of him. The foster family returned him to the social welfare facility when his quirk manifested. He was kidnapped after that."

"And now?" Nedzu asked as he sipped his tea.

"He's with a safe family until Hizashi turns twenty. Then we're taking him in." She answered. And she would, no one would hurt this boy again. Not while she was around.

"Commendable of you. You've been emotionally linked to this boy for quite a while. Perhaps you two will be the best to protect Shinsou-kun." The principal frowned. "Are you worried there is more that you aren't seeing?"

"The agent who took over the case swears the whole thing can be linked back to the international villain group Dogs of Destruction." She sighed. "And I'm feeling paranoid that I am missing something. I don't want to jump straight into this without having my bases covered."

"From what I can see there is no real tangible link to the Dogs of Destruction. But the broker in charge of the transaction is certainly worth looking into. In fact, there's a hero I think might be able to help you."

"If I could keep this to trusted individuals I would appreciate it." She said and he nodded. "It's hard to trust anyone who comes close to this boy."

"I think you'll be surprised. This hero has a strong sense of justice. You'll have to make the call and set up the meeting. He's rather busy you see." Nedzu scribbled out a name and agency phone number. "He works internationally a lot, and he's very popular. It'll keep eyes off of you more while you work the case."

"Thank you principal." She bowed and he chuckled.

She ended up sitting through two hours of tea. Peppered with discussing the next semester of classes. And somehow she agreed to assist with a training exercise for the third years. Needless to say Shouta escaped feeling just as railroaded as she had as a teenager. Once outside the school she dialed the number on the card. "Hello?" The voice on the other side asked deeply. Shit, Nedzu had given her a personal line number.

"Hello, this is Eraserhead, I'm calling to speak to Yagi Toshinori about an international smuggling case. Apparently he has information on some suspects I'm trying to track down."

"I am Yagi Toshinori, and I would be honored to meet with you Eraserhead, I've heard good things about you from within the police departments." The man said with a loud laugh. "Shall we meet at my hero agency?"

"That would be for the best, when are you free next?" She asked. The card did have an address on it, but it didn't have the agency name on it. Maybe that was because it was a personal identity card. "I have your card, so I can find the address."

"Come by on Wednesday, I have a late patrol so we could meet after I finish for the day."
"I appreciate it, thank you." She relaxed. This hero she could trust, if Nedzu vouched she trusted him. Agent Kurusu was an unknown. And in the case of Shinsou, unknown wasn't exactly trustworthy. That was why Hizashi had gone to visit the boy. To see if anything was amiss

"Excellent, see you then my friend." This guy was exuberant. She hoped he could help her out. Getting this case closed was incredibly important. For herself, but mostly for Shinsou. That child deserved to have all the bad he'd dealt with put behind him. To do that, he first needed to be safe.
Shouta frowned when she walked up to the hero agency the address indicated. It was a large building, fancy even. It reminded her very much of Madam Glitz's agency. High rise, expensive, and popular.

Hizashi bounced on his toes next to her. She looked at him in full hero gear and thought they made a strange pair. This agency probably didn't employ heroes of an underground variety. It drew a wry smile from her, even as she hid it in her scarf.

They entered the building and Shouta glanced at the afternoon time. They would do this first and leave Roppongi to go back to Musutufu. They were both patrolling and taking cases outside of Shinsou's.

Shouta was very determined to catch every asshole involved. But she still had bills and only a year to help her boyfriend plan to take in a three year old with an active quirk.

"Look at this place," Hizashi drawled as they signed in and the receptionist came back for them. Hizashi whistled as he looked around. "You said his name was Yagi?"

"Yeah, he said it's his agency." She hummed. She was swatted roughly on the arm and turned around to snap at her boyfriend when she saw his expression.

Hizashi was looking at her in stunned silence. His mouth gaping open, glasses sliding down his nose. He held up a flyer from the table. On the surface was All Might...Shouta blinked a few times.

"Eh?!" She stumbled closer and snatched the paper. "No way!"

"We're meeting All Might?!" Hizashi whisper screamed. "Oh my God!"

"Shh!" She glared at him and he squealed and danced in place.

"Eraserhead, Present Mic, he'll see you now." The receptionist smiled welcomingly at them. Shouta coughed once to steel herself back into a state of stoicism.

All Might had made a splash back in America after he graduated from UA. But he hadn't made his debut in Japan until they were first years. In one year he'd climbed right up to the top three heroes. Currently, he was number one.
Shouta had never actually seen him before outside of news coverage. He'd stayed extremely active and moved around a lot. Vanisher had trained her to stay in the shadows. Which never put her in his vicinity. Likewise, Hizashi had never met the man before either. But that was more because when Hizashi had been an intern, All Might was constantly in action elsewhere.

They were led to a set of elevators that took them to the second to last floor in the high rise. The elevator opened up into a busy room full of people working over case files. Shouta followed the receptionist into a massive office. It was decorated like it came out of an American magazine. Dark woods, western style lighting, leather couches in the sitting area, and a wide wall of windows.

The door next to a red, white, and blue tapestry opened and a large man walked through. He wore a towel around his neck and was drying a head of wild blond hair. He had a squared jaw, and Shouta was certain she had never seen so many bulked muscles on a man not mutated. Hizashi was gaping as well and the man noticed them and shot them a bright smile.

"Hello! I'm Yagi Toshinori! Or better known to the public, All Might." He walked forward and Shouta saw he'd most likely changed into the cargo pants and t-shirt to meet them in instead of his hero costume. At least he was casual, that could be a good thing. "A pleasure to meet you two. Eraserhead, and Present Mic, I've seen some reports on your work. Very impressive."

"Hmm," Shouta nodded. She shook his hand and Hizashi clasped the man's hand just as excitedly. "Nedzu spoke of you with high regard."

"I'm flattered." Yagi said sheepishly. He waved to the lounge area of his office as if just remembering he had the area. "Would you like some refreshments?"

"Sure, there's a lot to go over." Shouta nudged Hizashi and he nodded excitedly. She sighed, he was starstruck. The man that was quickly becoming an night time celebrity on the radio, was starstruck.

"Is this a joint case?" Yagi asked. Shouta looked at Hizashi who looked startled.

"I'm going to have to go into a bit of backstory here." Shouta said and scratched her head. "I can trust you to be discreet yes?"

"Oh, certainly." He nodded as he paced off to a hidden fridge. He returned with a series of sports drinks. Shouta and Hizashi selected one and Yagi settled into a large plush chair. Shouta sat her bag down and Hizashi flopped next to her on a couch.

"This case goes back three years." Shouta said and looked at the pro hero. "When I was a first year at UA my mentor and I worked a human trafficking case where the birth records for every child born that year were stolen. It was discovered the babies born that year were targeted on the presumption that they would have strong quirks thanks to their parents in the future."

"That's incredibly deplorable." Yagi frowned and leaned forward. His muscles bulged as he leaned forward and Shouta wondered how it was possible to move being that jacked. "You assisted on this case? I feel like I remember hearing about it."

"I did, we managed to keep all of the children safe, no one was kidnapped. But before Vanisher took the major lead on the case; I was stationed at an apartment that was attacked. The parents died in the fight. But I managed to save the child." Shouta's fingers twitched as she wanted to smooth them over her abdominal scar. Hizashi leaned forward to touch her hand. He nodded at her. "The case I'm working right now involves that same child."
"More human traffickers?" Yagi asked. Shouta nodded and pulled the files from her bag to hand to him. "That is very concerning."

"I got the people involved here on audio and video recordings. Each of the men on it are accounted for. The deal was stopped, so the cargo container full of people didn't end up going overseas. We have those perpetrators in custody." Shouta scrubbed her fingers through her hair in irritation. "But we have no evidence to name the buyer, only that they are overseas."

"Yore missing a broker as well?" Yagi flipped through more papers and frowned thoughtfully. "I see, this is why Nedzu sent you to me."

"They think you might have an idea of who the broker might be." Shouta said and sighed. "The agent on the case with me thinks an international villain group called the Dog's of Destruction are behind it all. But I'm not seeing evidence to place them behind it."

"You're protecting this boy?" Yagi looked up with a deep expression of emotion. "That's very commendable."

"Mic is going to take custody of him." Shouta clenched her fingers in Hizashi's grip. "It's a serious decision but we've been involved with this kid since he was a baby."

"I'm moved, I'll give you any information you need. And if you need a hand on this I'll gladly help out." Yagi grinned brightly.

"Thank you, I don't feel comfortable working with just the agents on this. Shinsou's quirk... it's special, and I can't believe they won't try to enlist him for a government position. Especially considering his home situation." Shouta said and Hizashi gripped her hand tighter. "Have you worked with Agent Kurusu before?"

"Hmm, he's capable. I've not worked with him personally, but he was on a team I worked with. We tracked a villain who could create nuclear material from his blood. We ended up in Africa for it. He's a decent agent. As far as I know." Yagi said thoughtfully. "You're an underground hero, your instincts are most likely better than even mine when it comes to true character. If your gut says to be wary, you should probably listen to it."

"Hmm, I'll be careful then." Shouta nodded and touched the papers. "The broker?"

"I know some of these guys, they're based here. I'll have some of my contacts with the police look into them, see if there's been any changes to their groups here." Yagi pulled out his phone and made some notes on it before he nodded to her.

"I appreciate the help. I can hunt anyone down you can think of." Shouta gathered her files back up and Hizashi helped her pack them away.

"Glad to be of assistance." Yagi smiled at them and Hizashi squeaked.

"Oh, just spit it out already." She rolled her eyes at her boyfriend.

"I'm such a fan already, could you say it just once?!" Hizashi blurted with a bright grin of his own.

"Haha," Yagi stood up and planted his hands on his hips. He seemed to bulk up even more as he stood there. His bangs which had fallen lanky over his head in long tendrils blew up into the air from quirk use no doubt. The rest of his hair he smoothed back before he planted his hands on his hips. "I AM HERE!"
Hizashi squealed and his quirk activated. Shouta erased both their quirks with a glare. They laughed through their surprise and Shouta got up. "Thanks for your time. Here is my number, please call if you have anything for me to use."

"Certainly!" Now that business was out of the way Hizashi shared his number as well and they hustled off. He looked far too amused as he immediately launched into texting the number one hero.

"Come on," Nemuri tugged Shouta along as they walked down a busy street in the heart of Musutufu. "You need to relax, mommy to be."

"Oh my god!" Shouta shrieked as her best female friend dragged her off to a spa salon. "I'm not going to be his mom, he had a mom. She loved him."

"What if he wants you to be though?" Nemuri asked and Shouta's face exploded in fire. "See, you haven't thought about it. I know what you're like, so buried in the case."

"I can't talk about this!" Shouta hissed as Nemuri signed them into the spa and an attendant ushered them back to the bathing areas.

"Shut up and get cleaned up. We're going to have a nice soak before we get our nails done." Nemuri pointed at her with authority and Shouta sighed dejectedly. Then she just stepped out of her shorts and top to stuff the clothes into the caddy basket.

They spent a quick wash down in silence, then Shouta settled into the bathhouse with a sigh. Nemuri joined her wearing a thin robe. "Do you want me to use my quirk?"

"No thanks, this way we can soak and talk without your eyes shriveling up." Nemuri giggled. "Are you going to visit his grandmother?"

"Yeah, we're going to take him to see her." Souta nodded and leaned her head back. Nemuri was here, and she'd always listen to Shouta. "I've not thought about having kids since first year. When everything was crazy in my head. Now we're taking this boy in. There's only a year until then, I have to get used to it. He deserves to have a good life."

"You'll both do right by him, I know it." Nemuri said and then got a cheeky look on her face. "Kid's before marriage? How scandalous Aizawa-chan."

Shouta felt her eyes widen as her brain checked out. Marriage? Married to Hizashi? Her heart exploded into too much activity and she started to hyperventilate a bit. "Oh my god, I wasn't trying to kill you!"

Nemuri draged her out of the bath and splashed her with cold water. Shouta swatted her friend away with a growl of annoyance. They looked at each other in shock. "You thinking about it?"

"Would you believe me if I said that never occured to me?" Shouta asked. "Like I'm irritated that I've never thought about it. And I'm irritated that in thinking about it now."

"Yes, you're both hopeless" Nemuri sighed. "Forget I said anything, you'll get there in about ten years we'll talk then."
"Sometimes I hate you." Shouta glared. Nemuri laughed and pulled her along again. She was still smarting a bit from the very notion of marrying Hizashi. She didn't want to get hopeful, they just had a discussion about the reality of their lives.

They hadn't decided to take in Shinsou because they were trying to build a family together. Or even to strengthen their ties as a couple. Though that would be the outcome, and it was an entirely welcome one. She was still getting used to the idea of being responsible for a child of only three years old.

To be honest, she'd been trained hard to be much more adult than her age said she was. She'd been that way ever since she was a child. So it wouldn't be a hardship to be an adoptive parent to Shinsou. She loved sharing her life with Hizashi. And now that she thought about it, if he did indeed propose to her... she would say yes.

Shouta got dressed in a fluffy robe and moved out to get their nails done. Her hands remained plain with only a clear strengthening treatment done on it. Her toes however she chose a royal blue color. When Nemuri looked at her slyly, Shouta just snorted and looked away imperiously. She might be feeling especially emotional about her boyfriend but that was between her and her heart.

Hizashi leaned on the basket cart as he followed his girlfriend through the grocery store. She examined fruits as he watched her, she flicked a curious look at him and he grinned. He liked their late night visits. They usually managed to capitalize on a number of good deals as the prices went down. Not to mention the only other people out were probably shut ins, or even other heroes.

"Hey," Shouta smiled at him. "You doing alright?"

"Oh, yeah," He smirked. "Just thinking about work."

He'd gotten a job hosting a massive charity gala in three weeks time. Madam Glitz had asked him to do it, and he wasn't able to deny her request. He was excited to take the job, but he was wary of taking Shouta while she was in the middle of this case. She needed to focus, but she also needed to unwind. But he wanted to take her, he wanted to be seen with her. He'd gotten a number of fan letters, filled with pictures and flirty messages.

He was flattered. He'd always been flattered, but they weren't who he wanted on his arm. He wanted Shouta with him. Eraser as a hero team mate, and Shouta as his lover. "I'm hosting a charity event soon. Will you come as my date?"

"Oh, as Shouta?" She smirked with a devious going in her eyes. "Or did you want Eraserhead?"

"I'd go with either, but if it's your civilian persona I can kiss you in public." He smiled lecherously.

"I'll have to ask Nemuri to go shopping." Shouta sighed dramatically. "I don't want to go shopping."

"You never do." He laughed. He sidled closer and pressed a kiss to her cheek. "Thank you."

"Anything you need Hizashi." She smiled back and pressed a real kiss to his mouth.

Her phone went off and she frowned at him before she picked up. "Hello?" He watched her face
close off and she pursed her lips. "Thanks."

She hung up and looked at him seriously. "The case?"

"All Might has a lead." She set the package of peaches into the basket and laced her fingers with his. "He's going to email me the information."

"The charity event is in three weeks. Think we can keep from attending with black eyes?" He snorted and led them along.

"I don't know, is it tacky to go with the wounds from a street fight still visible?" She laughed. "I'll try to keep from being hurt."

"I don't care if you are. If you get hurt we'll go as Mic and Eraser." He said and she laughed.

"Sounds like a plan." She looked ahead and then tilted her head at him. "I want to eat hot pot tomorrow."

"Hmm, should we invite Nemuri and Tensei, I think were all off?" He asked. This domestic party of his life was nice. And he couldn't wait until they could do it with little Shinsou with them.
Heroes

Chapter Summary

It's interesting to have a fan

Chapter Notes

Here's a treat for everyone

He knew it was morning. The light had crept over the floorboards of the bedroom slowly for hours. Hitoshi hadn't actually slept, but he had pretended. It was easy to pretend, pretending was the only way to be safe. Hitoshi stayed up all night, sleeping meant nightmares. And he didn't like nightmares.

"Hitoshi?" He looked up to see Kiri looking down from her bunk above him. "You awake?"

He nodded and she grinned brightly at him. He watched her jump from her bunk and land on legs that looked like a kangaroo's. She bounced in place a moment her tail lashing to keep balance before she reached in to drag him out of bed.

Kiri was nice, she always snuck him an extra cookie at snack time. She also wasn't afraid of Haku or Kinichi. Her brown hair bobbed around her cheeks as she tugged him to the bathroom to brush their teeth. "I heard you get to go out today!"

He nodded again. Today Present Mic was coming out of hero costume to take him to meet Eraserhead. Present Mic was nice, he'd taught Hitoshi how to tralk without words. So no one would be afraid of him. Not like his last foster group had been. He hadn't meant to make Sakura give him an extra juice box. She just did after he'd pouted, and then she'd screamed for a solid ten minutes about how his quirk was evil.

Hitoshi didn't think it was evil. But he was scared it would be used against him. That was why those bad guys had taken him. They wanted to use his quirk for something bad. That was why Present Mic was visiting him. And those police guys were staying in the apartment across the hall.

Haku and Kinichi shoved into the bathroom and knocked Hitoshi into the sink. He glared at the green haired boy with silver eyes, Haku. And the black haired boy with green eyes, Kinichi.

"Hey! Leave Hitoshi alone!" Kiri snapped at them and waves her tooth brush. "He's younger than all of us!"

"Tch, maybe if he could actually talk." Haku snorted. Hitoshi moved out of the bathroom and went to his tote bucket. He changed into his black sweater and purple pants. He was going to meet Eraserhead today. Nothing, not even Haku, could ruin that for him.

Nakiri Hama stood in the kitchen drinking something out of a mug. Maybe it was coffee. Baa-san
liked coffee. She said it helped her wake up when she couldn't sleep. She also said not being able to sleep was a family trait. Hitoshi wondered if his mom and dad had the same problem as him. Before they died.

"Hitoshi," Nakiri-san adressed him before he could clamber to the table with Kiri. "Your visitor is across the hall. He said he's going to take you to breakfast."

Hitoshi blinked in shock. He got to go early? Present Mic came in the afternoon last time. Hitoshi joined his foster father as he gathered his backpack and jacket. He put his shoes on and they moved across the hall. The officer inside looked tired but smiled at them.

"Shinsou!" A bright voice called. Hitoshi looked up in surprise to see Present Mic bouncing over the couch in the living room. His hair wasn't up today, it was pulled back in a half pont tail. He wore a black jacket over a shirt that looked like it was splashed in paint. He even wore a pair of ripped jeans. "How are you doing buddy?"

'I'm okay' Hitoshi signed and Present mic smiled at him proudly.

"I'm glad. Today, if you feel like you want to talk I want you to remember you can. Eraser is going to be with us, and she won't let you use your quirk by accident." Present Mic spoke slowly and showed him the hand signs for what he was saying. Hitoshi soaked it up and mimed the words as soon as he stopped talking. "You can also call me Hizashi today. My name is Yamada Hizashi."

Hitoshi flushed, that was amazing. Present Mic was a pro hero, his identity was a secret. Hitoshi was allowed to know? Present-Hizashi smiled at him and held out a hand. Hitoshi slipped his small palm into HIzashi's larger one and was surprised to feel it was heavily calloused.

He followed Hizashi out of the apartment and waved to Nakiri-san. He was really excited, Hizashi was really cool. He knew a lot of things. He even hummed when he was focused on something, like drawing. Hitoshi had even listened to the radio station Present Mic was the host of on friday night. He listened until Haku and Kinichi complained and Nakiri-san's wife told him to turn it off.

But Eraserhead was super cool. He'd been so scared when he was in the factory. The bad guys who took him liked to try and get him to talk. Even hurting him. He'd tried to use his quirk to get away. He'd managed to get to the main floor of the factory before they caught him. After that they taped his mouth. And he'd been even more scared when they laughed and said he'd never see his Baa-san again.

She'd come out of nowhere, yellow goggles glinting ominously as she frowned. Her scarf whirling out like a snake as she fought them all off. He hadn't meant to use his quirk on her. But she never reacted like anyone else did. She just held him while he cried out the fear. She'd stayed with him until Jinji-san came to get him.

They walked through the station and he edged up close to Hizashi. The tall blond hero cupped his shoulder and when they were on the train he let Hitoshi sit in the corner away from everyone else. He liked it this way. Hizashi could keep them safe. He said he could make people deaf.

"Hitoshi, I'm going to take you to visit someone before we all go get breakfast. Is that alright with you?" Hizashi asked. Hitoshi nodded and they walked out to the street of the station they had gotten out at. "Oh, she's beat us here."

Hitoshi perked up as they walked past a set of gates onto the sidewalk leading to a hospital.
"Hey!" Hizashi called and a woman turned around holding a phone. She had collar length wavy black hair. She wore a dark gray off the shoulder sweater and leggings tucked into knee high boots. But it was her face that Hitoshi recognized. Dark bags under dark eyes blinked out of her lanky bangs. "You beat us here!"

"Well, I didn't actually go to sleep." The woman laughed and smiled. He knew that voice too. It was her, Eraserhead. She walked up to meet them and crouched down to his height. He gaped at her in shock. "Hey, how are you doing?"

"F-Fine, thank you." Hitoshi found himself speaking. His voice cracked from almost a week of disuse.

"Do you know why we came here today?" She asked. He shook his head and she smiled sadly. "We came so that you could see your grandmother."

Baa-san?!

"Alright then, let's go in." Hizashi patted his shoulder. Hitoshi held out his hand to Eraserhead and her palm covered his.

"You can call me Shouta." She said gently to him and stood up. He flushed and tightened his fingers on hers.

"C-Call me Hitoshi please." He mumbled and both of the adults smiled at him so bright he flushed.

"Baa-san!" Hitoshi cried as soon as they were in the private room. Shouta and Hizashi hung back when he let go and rushed the bed where his Baa-san laid. He remembered when she had collapsed in their home. He'd been afraid when he couldn't wake her. But he remembered how to dial 110 in case anyone broke in, and 119 in case either of them were hurt.

The ambulance drivers had taken her out and brought him with her. Jinji-san found him in the hospital waiting room while they were looking at his Baa-san.

After he'd seen her she had told him she was sending him to someone who would look after him from now on. His previous foster parent said it was becasue she was dying. He didn't believe it then. It wasn't until after his quirk manifested that he asked Jinji-san if it was true. She'd looked sad when she nodded. He hadn't even gotten to tell Jinji-san he wanted to see his Baa-san before the orphan facility he stayed at was broken into and he was taken.

Hitoshi clambered onto one of the chairs and up onto the bed. Baa-san wrapped her arms around him but she wasn't holding him as tight as she used to. He looked up and was shocked to see all of her hair was gone. And she looked really thin and sick. "Baa-san?"

"I'm so glad you're safe my little Toshi." She rasped into his hair. "Are you alright?"

"I'm fine Baa-san." He said stubbornly. She was sick and she needed him to be alright. He was a good boy, no matter what his quirk was. Tears sprang up into his eyes and his Baa-san frowned at him thoughtfully.
"Toshi, what's wrong?" She asked.

"Are you going to die?" He sobbed and she sighed. She looked off at Shouta and Hizashi who had moved to the set of chairs near the bed to wait. "Baa-san?!"

"Hitoshi," She cupped his cheeks and her hands were ice cold. "Baa-san is very sick. I'm going to die, and that means I won't be here anymore. But I will always be with you in your heart. Just like mama and papa are."

He closed his eyes and realized he was going to be alone. Living with people who were afraid of him because of his quirk. People who pushed and kicked like Kinichi, or said mean things like Haku. Or took care of him but didn't try to know him.

Baa-san was the only person who knew he liked hot chocolate, and shadow puppets, or made forts with him. She was the only one who kissed him on the head. She was the only one who knew him!

"Listen to me Hitoshi." Baa-san kissed his head and he buried his face into her chest. "I love you very much. You were my whole life. After I lost your parents I only had you. But you, you always had Aizawa. She's been watching over you your whole life."

He looked up at his Baa-san. She smiled gently and wiped away his tears. "I don't want you to go."

"I know you don't my little kitten." She nuzzled his hair and he clutched her tighter. "But all things in life end eventually. You'll learn that one day. I want you to remember Hitoshi, that you are an amazing child."

He shook his head frantically. "They said I would be a villain one day. I can Brainwash people."

"You get to decide what your quirk will be to you Hitoshi." Baa-san said and smiled. "What do you want to do when you grow up?"

He looked into her sharp eyes and his lip quivered as the tears burst forth again. No matter what anyone had said to him. No matter what they said about his quirk. He only remembered Eraserhead saving him. Taking down anyone who got in her way. "I want to be a hero!"

"A fine dream." She kissed his cheeks and smiled. "You fight for your dream Toshi. I know you'll do it."

He nodded and she hugged him one more time before she looked to the pro heroes sitting nearby. Hizashi was sobbing openly into a handkerchief and Shouta was sighing at him. "You two take care of my boy."

"You can leave it to us." Shouta said and got up to take Baa-san's hand. "Hitoshi will never be taken again. I'm going to catch the people responsible for the kidnapping. He's going to grow up and be the hero he wants to be. I give you my word."

"You've always done right by us Aizawa." Baa-san laughed. "Make sure Hitoshi gets my ashes. Jinji has his parent's urns."

"I'll take them all somewhere safe where Hitoshi can light incense for you all." Shouta vowed and her hand came up on the back of his head. "You will never be alone Hitoshi. I won't allow it."

He found himself nodding even as he looked up at her. Her eyes were serious, and he knew she only ever told the truth. She would never lie to him. If Shouta, if Eraserhead said it then it was
true. He wiped his eyes and looked back at his Baa-san. "I love you Baa-san."

"Oh, I love you Hitoshi." She kissed his forehead and they cuddled for a moment. A nurse came in and she held him a little longer before she pulled away. "I want you to live your life and be happy. Don't you ever forget you are a loved boy."

"I won't Baa-san." He vowed.

"Good, Aizawa, Yamada, don't bring him back here. I don't want him to watch me die." Baa-san said as he got off the bed. This was the last time he'd ever see her? "I have a few friends coming to be with me. I'll have my ashes sent to you after the memorial. I don't want him there for that. He doesn't need to see all of that."

"If you're sure." Shouta said, she took his Baa-san's hand she nodded. "I'll never forget you."

"I'm glad I met you. You've done so much for this old woman." Baa-san said. "Thank you for everything."

Shouta stepped back and joined Hizashi before they bowed deeply to Hitoshi's Baa-san. Then they steered him out of the room. He dried his tears before Hizashi bent down and ran a cool cloth over his face. "Your grandmother loves you Toshi-chan. Never forget that."

"I won't." Hitoshi nodded. He got a smile from the older man before he was picked up off the ground. He gave into his own emotions and hugged the pro hero.

"You think he's alright?" That was Shouta speaking. Had he fallen asleep? He must have, he hadn't actually slept the night before.

"I think he will be, with time." Hizashi rumbled next to Hitoshi. Something warm and soft was framing either side of him. Then something tickled the side of his face. He blinked open his eyes and found himself looking into wide green eyes set on a gray and black striped cat.

"Oh, are you awake?" Shouta leaned into his view and smiled softly at him. "Sorry about the cats, we brought you to the cafe I frequent."

Hitoshi sat up and looked around, the cafe was warmly lit, and he'd been lying in a corner on a tatami floor. The pillow under his head was soft and the light blanket over his legs was warm. Two cats had laid down on either side of him. They were purring.

"Hungry?" Hizashi asked and Hitoshi's stomach took that moment to rumble. Shouta smiled and stood up, she paced off with around three cats chasing after her. Hizashi trailed his fingers down the back of an orange tabby on his lap. "Do you like cats?"

Hitoshi nodded and pet the three cats now watching him. Shouta returned to the table with a small mug and a plate of pastries. She sat down at the low kotatsu and he crawled over to join her. He blinked down at the mug of what was obviously hot chocolate. He looked up at her in surprise and she just smiled at him.

"Here, you have something to eat. Then you can give the cats some treats." Shouta leaned on her elbow and lifted another mug up to sip. He was still staring at her in awe but he took one of the
jelly tarts. It was delicious, and he took another, which seemed to make Hizashi and Shouta smile at him again.

Hitoshi took the cat treats after sipping his hot chocolate and handed them out one by one. He started to laugh when the cats got pushy. Bumping their heads on his arms and trying to take the little bag he held. When he was out of treats they went back to lazing about them and some even moved off to the rest of the large cafe where other people were.

"Hitoshi," Shouta spoke up, he looked at her wide eyed. "Do you like this place?"

He nodded excitedly and she smiled. She fished through her papers until she held out a small card. He took it and turned it over curiously. "This is a membership card here." Hizashi explained. "Shouta and I come here all the time. Now you can come with us."

He stared at the card with awe. He could come back? With them? He grabbed for his bag, it was leaning on the Kotatsu. He fished through it until he found the little folder he needed. He tucked his membership card into the inside pocket of the bag and pulled his folder free. He gave them each a picture he'd drawn over the past week.

"Are these for us?" Shouta asked.

He nodded.

Shouta traced her fingers over the picture he'd drawn of her holding him and fighting all the bad guys. Her lips pursed before her cheeks colored and she reached out to him. He found himself in her arms again and he relaxed. It felt nice here, safe.

Hizashi's picture was of him teaching Hitoshi to sign. But he couldn't get the hands right though. "These are amazing Toshi-chan."

"Thank you very much." Shouta said into his hair. "I'm very glad you wanted to give us something like this."

"Eraserhead is cool." Hitoshi said softly. "Present Mic too."

"You hear that Hizahi, now you're the tag along." Shouta laughed.

"Tch, it's fine." Hizashi scoffed. Hitoshi turned to crawl over to the blond man who looked like he was pouting. Hitoshi liked him too, Eraserhead was just his favorite.

He crawled onto the man's lap and the hero startled before he just smiled and hugged Hitoshi. It was just as nice, just as safe as how Shouta felt. Hitoshi wished absently that they could be his foster parents. He didn't think they would give him up.

He shook his head of that thought. They were pro heroes, and they had to fight villains. He would settle for this. They were his friends.
Following Leads

Chapter Summary

Shouta works with All Might. He's a dork.

Chapter Notes

Hello everyone, thanks for the comments. I hope you all enjoyed the fun but emotional chapter of Shinsou. Well see more of that as we go along.

Shouta leaned on the railing of a rooftop as she examined the hotel before her. It was a well known love hotel, Shouta couldn't believe these things still existed. "And you're sure he owns this place?"

She looked back to where Yagi Toshinori was adjusting his black hoodie over his shoulders and arms. Even trying to disguise himself he was still over the top. At least his hair hadn't flown up. He could pass as just a large muscular man, but only just.

"I am, Broker Hanamura had connections to what is left of the Japanese yakuza, and even the Triad. Which is very bold because there's not much they can do anymore against quirk use." Toshinori, because that's what he'd insisted she call him, said. "I've tracked him for his other illegal dealings before though. A police friend of mine says he had activity on his email and phone during your bugged deal, and then on the bust. His calls went through to both locations. His emails however went to a blank location."

"Then he's the middle man." Shouta said and narrowed her gaze back on the hotel. "There's a chance this will go south, let me inform Agent Kurusu that were checking out a lead."

"Good idea!" Toshinori have her a thumbs up. She rolled her eyes. What a dork. He was like the embodiment of a merged Hizashi and Tensei.

Shouta detailed their findings in a text and sent it off to Agent Kurusu. If this went bad, and it might, at least the shady guy could extract them. She just hoped his want to catch this supposed villain group was more important than whatever the government had orders on for Hitoshi.

Shouta took her scarf off and settled it into a large shoulder bag she'd brought along for infiltration. She'd also chosen to wear a back up outfit. Though her jumpsuit was ideal, this was going to need to disguise her.

She'd chosen to wear tight black shorts and long stockings that capped off mid thigh. Her regular boots had been replaced with a slimmer pair that stopped at her knees. The top was a closed halter that left her arms bare. She didn't often use this back up. It was only there for when she didn't want to be noticed for who she was.

Eraserhead may not have been noticed by the public, but she was a nightmare in the underworld. Shouta whirled her hair up into a high pony tail and was glad she'd thought to wear make up for
this infiltration. The better to look like a drunken bar girl.

Her goggles got tucked into the bag as she eyed Toshinori. "Let's do this."

It was really disappointing how easy it was to get into the love hotel. If anyone did their homework they'd be on the look out for heroes sneaking in. Especially after the disaster their last trade deal had been.

For all his dorkiness Toshinori was an effective partner. He played drunk while she giggled and dragged him along by his arm. Pretending for all the world like a couple checking in. No one looked at them twice.

Meanwhile Shouta just contemplated how hard it world be to drag this giant out if he got injured. He weighed more than anyone she'd ever worked with. She was not confident she could lift him off he dead weighted.

Once in the elevator Toshinori stretched up and punched the camera faster than the eye could see. Shouta opened her bag and her scarf wrapped up around her neck. "Did you see the guards hanging out in the lobby?"

"I did, we might have a problem leaving." Toshinori sighed.

"We'll have an even bigger problem if he gets away. I want to know who his buyer is, but I sure as hell don't want them to know I'm coming for them." She balanced on the elevator railing and pushed up the emergency hatch.

She climbed out and Toshinori followed her up. "Where is he usually?" She agreed.

"Basement." Toshinori informed then looked over the edge of the elevator. They hopped into one of the service recesses. Toshinori picked her up and jumped back down the elevator shaft. They fell down four stories. He landed a little loudly and she glared at him.

He waved sheepishly before he pried the doors open. It let out into a service hallway. Shouta looked around and frowned when she saw a camera in the corner. She locked eyes with her partner's blue gaze and he nodded once.

He vanished seemingly from thin air but she heard the crunch of the camera being taken out. She climbed into the hallway and over to the stairwell door. She engaged the lock and used her scarf to jam the knob in place.

Exits cut off.

"Okay, so what's the plan now?" Toshinori smiled wide at her.

"You know one would think you're being patronizing Mr-number-one-hero." She sighed and rolled her shoulders. She started down the service hall. There was a laundry room and then a wide area behind swinging doors that must be where the broker did business.

"I don't often get to do covert stuff like this. I have to be front and center so that everyone knows that hope and justice is here." He muttered as she peeked through the window on the door. Three
people. Two were guards, the other the broker himself. A competitor was behind them, showing the two broken video feeds. But they weren't paying attention.

"Well right now I don't need hope and justice. I need intimidation and attitude." Shouta said. This was a golden opportunity.

"I can do all of that my friend." He grinned again.

"Guards are on the sides of the room. If you can take them out, I'll grab the broker and we can call it a day." She reached up and loosened the bands around her neck and shoulders. "Ready?"

"Ready." He punched his fist into his hand. She nodded and backed up to slip behind him.

With a great kick he smashed both doors open at once and Shouta moved in behind him. Toshinori caught the guard on the left and threw him bodily at the other one.

Shouta flung her scarf and jerked it back as it lashed the broker's head. His forehead bounced off the desk and he cried out. That momentary stun gave her the opening to lash his arms in a complicated restraint torqued his shoulders.

She tugged on the restraint and her quirk activated. she had no idea what his wad, but he looked human. So it must have fallen under her ability or erase. "Hello Hanamura, I've gone through a lot of work to find you."

"Yer that underground bitch!" He hissed and she jerked again to bounce his head one more time off the desk. She planted her foot on the desk and pulled, pinning him against the edge and straining his shoulders.

"Now, it's nice to be remembered. Then you know why I'm here." She glared menacingly.

"I don't know shit." He hissed. For a broker he wasn't quite what she expected. Bleached bond hair, dark brown eyes. A clean shaven face and lean build. His age was ambiguous, forgettable. Maybe that was the point.

"I'll make it worth your while." Shouta smirked in the way that a few of her opponents had begun to wet themselves to. She'd counted five since she'd stared her hero work. Maybe he would make six.

"Ain't nothin' you got that I want." He sneered and she reached out to tangle his hair in her fingers. She smashed his face again into the desk and scowled when his nose ran red with blood. "You bitch!"

"Yeah, yeah, let's cut the shit. I want the buyer from the Musutufu docks trade. The overseas one. Because I've got everyone from that deal in my sights. Everyone is going down one by one. I don't like human trafficking. And I don't like how far you reached to find your victims. Frankly, guys like you piss me off." Shout glared dangerously. "But you know what, maybe I'm not scary enough for you?"

Shr inclined her head to see Toshinori had knocked the other two out and was tying them up. "See him, that's All Might. And since I've come into this room I've seen no less that three highly illegal things. I can ignore that if you have me my info. But him...he won't be able to ignore the illegal guns, the drugs, or even the money peeking out of that bag next to your fridge over there."

"Let me go." Hanamura growled and Shouta chuckled. Toshinori seemed to gain at least two sizes in muscular mass suddenly. Then he tugged his hood down and his bangs stood up like an
exaggerated 'V'. "Holy shit!"

"You'd best do as my associate says. Otherwise I walk out of here with you on my shoulder and the world will know that All Might arrested you." Toshinori smiled wide and it still came out menacing. "Or I can call my friend right now and we wait to move on the rest of your Japanese associates until after we have you processed. That way everyone you work with thinks you gave them up."

"You wouldn't!" Hanamura looked extremely scared. Good the stakes here were high.

"He wouldn't. But I will." Shouta smiled wide when he gave in.

"I'll talk, I'll talk." He quivered. It all came down to money. That one buyer overseas wasn't going to cover all the losses he would sustain if he lost his Japanese contacts. Brokers always folded under their cash cows.

"I'm glad you saw it our way." Shouta grinned evilly.

Agent Kurusu was waiting by the time they hauled their mark up to the street. He didn't look happy. But Shouta just unearthed a knife and severed the part of her scarf lashed around Hanamura.

"Here's the first of the targets." She said loudly for the benefit of the crowd gathering at the sidewalk. She stepped past Hanamura who thrashed and cursed as per the agreement. "You were right."

Then she strolled right past the line the police and agents had erected. Toshinori followed behind her until they were out of sight. "If you're going to go against the Dogs of Destruction Aizawa, you are going to need to get the international hero license."

"Yeah," Shouta sighed and fished in her pocket for the plastic bottle. She rehydrated her eyes and looked at where Toshinori was shucking his hood off. "Thank you for your help. You could have just pointed me in the right direction."

"In the first year sometimes it's best to have back up. Whether you need it or not." Toshinori looked wistful then. "I have faith you will eliminate this threat to Japan. If you ever need another helping hand, I am here."

"You just look for chances to say that don't you?" Shouta glared and he laughed. She sighed again. This guy.
Hizashi usually started his day by waking up with his girlfriend happily plastered to his chest. He always enjoyed seeing her serene expression from where he cheek rested over his heart. Getting out of bed when all he wanted to do was wake her up slowly and pleasurably was hard. Some days he stayed for another hour.

This morning he slipped out from under her and replaced his chest with his pillow. Shouta didn't even move. She'd been working hard with the police and Agent Kurusu to bring in every person who had been apart of the human trafficking deal.

Under their blanket he knew she was sporting bruised ribs and a thin knife cut that had to be stitched shut. But she was alive, and after he'd picked her up, better off than the guy who had hurt her. His face was a mash of bruises and scrapes. Shouta could fight mean if she needed to.

He watched his ankles for their tiny assassin as he headed towards the bathroom to get ready for the day. After showering and getting dressed he made breakfast. The smell of food is what usually roused Shouta enough to join him. This morning she slept in so he covered her plate and left it on the counter.

After eating he gathered his gear bag and headed out to the agency. It was busy as always, heroes taking a lot of their work here. Not everyone could afford to start their own agency right away, and there were always sidekicks in need of work. The broadcasting agency was responsible for all of the local TV channels.

Like at Madam Glitz's main agency interviews with heroes were conducted here. Partnerships with sponsors happened for those who were very much in the lime light in this agency. There were a few more floors near the top dedicated to the modeling aspect of the job.

And then on the fifth floor, on the same floor where internet radio shows were hosted, was his space. He was the only hero on that floor, but he took his jobs the same as all the other's in the building. But he managed his radio show, worked with his producer, and took his jobs there.

"Mic! You're early!" Mishima waved. "I got the ratings back for the week."

"Oh?" Hizashi grinned and sat his bag down on the desk assigned to him. He looked at the clipboard his producer held out. "What? Third in all of Tokyo?!"

"I know right!" Mishima crowed as he scrubbed a hand through his curly black hair. "This is great, especially since you've been advertising that Charity Gala. Madam Glitz sent her regards. The press will be there to take pictures of everything. So far just about every notable hero is going to be attending. I've got your daytime host set to get interviews in since you'll be hosting."

"That's awesome." Hizashi nodded. He shared his radio channel with a college intern who was a music lover. They had clicked within the first week of Hizashi's debut. So they had taken Hizashi's
The day time show went on with interviews Ren throughout the week and music to inspire the listeners. Ren had a pretty good following too, he was a very good host. Friday Night was all Hizashi, no talk show, just music. It was the best of both worlds.

"Who are you taking?" Mishima asked then. "You're going to be representing this whole station, so your date needs to be glamorous!"

"Ah, I'm taking my girlfriend." Hizashi grinned proudly. "She's very beautiful. But she won't have to be in any pictures if she doesn't want to."

"Eh? But you're the flashiest hero working here. You have to take someone who shines just as bright." Mishima frowned contemplatively.

Hizashi bit his lip to keep from laughing, Shouta was the shadow to his light. But no one needed to know his girlfriend just so happened to be the underground hero who had scared most criminals into doing their work during the daytime. Eraserhead thrived because no one knew what she looked like. Half the criminals who had heard of her thought she was a man.

"Are you sure you won't take a model from upstairs? One of the ones that pose for the hero spreads?" Mishima asked.

"Nope, I happen to like my balls where they are thank you." Hizashi planted his hands on his hips seriously. She had dealt with his fans off and on throughout high school and hadn't misunderstood since that one disastrous time they fought over it. Taking a model to a charity gala was the fast track to losing sex and his place in bed. "No thank you!"

"I get it, fine," Mishima sighed in defeat.

"You'll see, my Shouta is breathtaking." Hizashi grinned secreatively. "We contrast nicely."

Afterall, Nemuri was helping Shouta with her dress. Shouta had a habit of just taking the first thing she saw on any rack. Nemuri would hopefully be able to curb that. So she would end up look nothing less than perfect for this event. Whether she wanted to or not, Nemuri was a stern task master.

Madam Glitz would murder him if he didn't come looking as flashy and elegant as he could manage. Though, he was still supposed to look his hero part. So his hair was going to be up and he was going to wear sunglasses. Shouta had the luxury of going unnoticed.

His phone went off and he frowned. He walked over and looked at it. "Hello?"

Hizashi took his bag and headed off to the locker room to get into his actual gear now that he had finished reporting to his producer. He listened to the speaker and answered appropriately before he hung up an caked Shouta.

"Zashi?" She answered on the second ring, it sounded like she was eating. "What's up, I saw you left for the agency. Are you alright?"

"Yes, I'm fine. Shinsou-san passed away a few hours ago." He informed her and sat down on one of the benches.

"I see," Shouta's soft intake of breath told him she was taking the news in. "She knew it was
"She did." Hizashi sighed with grief. "I'll call Hitoshi."

"I'll do it, you get to work. Are they cremating her today?" Shouta asked.

"In a few hours," Hizashi said and swiped a few tears away. This was a strong woman who had entrusted her grandchild to them. Of all the health issues many quirks could solve, Cancer remained one they couldn't cure. "They said the ashes would be ready to be picked up tomorrow in the afternoon."

"I'll pick them up and take them to my dad." Shouta said.

"You want me to pick you up after I finish my shift tomorrow?" He asked and she sighed.

"I might stay the night, I haven't really updated them about everything going on in depth. Not with how crazy this case has gotten." She huffed. "But I need to talk to Shino about the plan we take about anyways. You can come join me if you want."

"Nah, I'll stay at home, Jazz will think we totally abandoned him." Hizashi laughed.

"He's looking at me suspiciously right now too." She snorted. "Thank you for letting me know. You go do your patrol, I've got this."

"Love you Sho," Hizashi smiled softly and she hummed.

"I love you too."

Hizashi raced down the streets of downtown Musutufu. "HEY STOP!"

Ahead of him was a villain who was registered with the police as a high risk threat. An escapee from prison transport. He scowled when his shout went unregistered. He was too far away, and it was too short of a yell.

Hizashi vaulted over a car and the villain whirled. His body exploded into a flood of bouncing balls. "Fuck."

"Mic!" He whipped around to see Nemuri sprinting towards him, he lifted his hand to shield his eyes. He was always so afraid she was going to fall right out of her costume. This fear had not abated since High School even a little bit.

"Midnight!" He grinned as she drew along side him.

"Need some help?" She looked around at the hundreds of various sized balls. They were silver colored.

"I would certainly appreciate it." He narrowed his gaze as they made it to an open intersection. Thankfully, the police had gotten here first. "Throw out a ring of smoke and then cover your ears."

"Got it!" She lowered her sleeves and activated her quirk all along the limbs. He ducked under the spread as she blitzed around the intersection. He planted his feet and saw the balls trying to escape
but the smoke was dense where Nemuri had cut him off.

"STOP RUNNING!" He shouted long and loud. Glass shattered on the traffic lights and the windows on the buildings shook with the force of his yell.

The villain stilled all his tiny shapes before they rebounded to reform into a crouching figure. Hizashi cut off his yell and Midnight dodged through the smoke and snapped her arm around the villains neck. The smoke wafting directly into his nose.

The villain slumped and Nemuri let him go. Hizashi held out the quirk cancelling handcuffs he'd been given for the capture.

"Nice job!" She smirked as she pulled her sleeves back up.

"You too." He gave her a jaunty thumbs up.

"So, charity gala." She lifted a brow above her domino. "Are you ready?"

"Yeah, did you pick a date yet?" He asked with a smirk.

"Hmm, a delectable board member from the medical association has asked me to be his date." She grinned salaciously. "He has no idea what he's getting into."

"Aparently not." Hizashi chuckled. The joking air between them ebbed away as the police rushed in to reclaim their lost prisoner. Hizashi and Nemuri signed the report together. That was when his phone went off to signal he had a text. He lifted it to look and saw Tensei had made it into town. That, and his shift was now up. "Alright Midnight, the city is yours now!"

"It is in capable hands." She bowed gallantly and he took off down the street with a shrill whoop that had everyone covering their ears. He just laughed and smiled and waved at everyone who came out of their hiding to watch him.

"So," Tensei spoke up from outside the changing room, "You have the notes for the welcoming speech."

"Yeah, I've been going over it, and I'm thinking of turning it up a little. Make the event just a little bit less stodgy." Hizashi snorted as he buttoned the shirt he was trying on. "Hey you got any idea what Nemuri and Shouta decided on for a dress?"

"I was told not to tell you anything, just that it was playing to Shouta's strengths." Tensei said unhelpfully. Her strengths huh? he wondered what that entailed. Maybe he should go all black? It was at least the smart thing to do, it wouldn't clash with his complexion and hair.

"You're so unhelpful." Hizashi snorted. He exited and waved a hand to the style of suit he was wearing. Tensei looked him over and nodded. They'd been at this for a while.

"That's a good one. Go with a black shirt maybe?" Tensei asked. Hizashi nodded and walked back to exchange the shirts and remodel. Tensei nodded emphatically. "Tell me about the case."

"Shouta got confirmation of the buyer. She's got to go overseas to investigate. Currently the
government is in talks to even get the investigation going. Apparently this is the first time Agent Kurusu's had evidence to go on." Hizashi rehung everything and made his selections to match up to his size. "We're taking the international license test in a week so that she can go after the gala. I'm taking it so I can back her up."

"You need Nemuri and I to watch the safe house?" Tensei asked.

"Shouta's asking Vanisher and Shino to cover." Hizashi said but looked at his friend as he exited. "I'll be going with her but I won't be engaging unless I have to. It would be great if you and Nemuri would coordinate with Shino and Vanisher to keep Hitoshi safe."

"I can do that." Tensei nodded seriously.

"So, do you want to try some on?" Hizashi asked.

"Oh, I already have my suit." Tensei smirked. "I picked it up from the tailor yesterday."

"You know, when you flaunt the money at us, it just makes you look like an asshole." Hizashi kicked at his friend who just laughed.

"But you knew I was an asshole." Tensei chuckled. "Speaking of, Shouta mentioned you met someone I would be totally mad about."

"Ah..." Hizashi closed his eyes before he did something embarrassing and took off in a light run to the cashier.

"Hizashi, you tell me who you met!" Tensei ordered from behind him.

He rang up and took his suit bag before he looked at his best friend. "I met All Might."

"Shut the fuck up!" Tensei hissed. He got dirty looks from all the women outside the mall store they were in. Hizashi snorted and turned away and swaggered away with a deep smirk on his lips. "Dude you better not be lying to me! No one gets to meet him really, his fans are always all over him after a battle. Or he's in and out after a fight. I haven't even run into him yet."

"He's super cool!" Hizashi laughed.

"You introduce me! If you have ever been my friend you'll introduce me!" Tensei ordered as he raced after Hizashi.

"Okay, but don't be disaponted." Hizashi looked away awkwardly. He'd heard Shouta's story about their operation together. And while he'd been jealous that his girlfriend got to work with the number one hero before him, he'd also had his hero image shattered. Apparently All Might was a huge dork. "Shouta said he was a dork when she worked with him."

"She worked with him?!!" Tensei exclaimed. Then he whipped his phone out to angrily text. After a moment he blinked, "Oh, I woke her up."

"Your funeral." Hizashi snorted as a smirk formed on his face. "I only get away safe because I'm her source of sex. You however, how useful are you to her?"

"What does the knife, skull, and devil face mean?" Tensei flipped his phone around to show the string of emoticons.

"Means you're fucked." Hizashi snorted, "You'd best come home with me with coffee. Or she'll
show up in your patrol area and take all your work from you."

"Dude would she really do that?" Tensei asked with a curious look on his face. Hizashi just looked away and sauntered off again enigmatically. "No seriously, would she?!"

The best time of day for Hizashi was actually around three am. On a normal day Shouta would come in about that time, he always knew when she was there. His senses had been honed too well by their training to be anything less. He could hear the shower start up instead of the kitchen cabinets being opened and closed. So he knew she wasn't injured.

Hizashi dozed a little longer and stirred only when she slipped into their bed. He turned and wrapped his arms around her chilled body. Jazz shifted on the pillows above them but didn't try to move off of them. "Sorry if I woke you."

"Hmm, s'ok." He breathed into her damp hair. He sought out her mouth and they shared a sleepy kiss that warmed his insides. Her small hands slid up his shirt and settled against his heart. "Hurt?"

"Not tonight." She breathed, "Just what I already had."

"'Kay," He settled back into the bed and she snuggled closer.

Sometimes their moments like this resulted in sleepy sex that often ended up being overly good. Othertimes he was just content to go back to sleep knowing she was safe and they were together.

And sometimes, like now, Shouta fell asleep first. And he was gifted with the pleasure of knowing she felt safe and comfortable enough to fall asleep so quickly after her patrol. Hizashi tugged the blankets up around her so she would be covered if she woke up. Then he feel back asleep himself.
Acceptance

Chapter Summary

Shouta visits her parents, and shops for her gala dress.

The train moved smoothly over the tracks as Shouta rode to her old stomping grounds. The urn in her hands was a dark weight that she was responsible for, a testament of what was to come in a little under a year.

It reminded her too much of receiving her mother's ashes with her father as well. Shino had been there that day, a solid presence she was relieved to have.

She kind of needed that relief right now. Poor Hitoshi had taken her visit the day before with excitement, until she'd crouched down to give him the news. After that he'd clung to her the whole time she was there. Nakiri's wife had sat by looking rather distressed, but she nodded to Shouta. Maybe that meant she was doing something right in regards to the boy.

Shouta arrived at the station to her old neighborhood and took her time walking along the streets that were hers not so long ago. Her house was the last stop and she knocked to avoid walking in on something. Too many times.

"Sho!" She grinned when her father opened the door, he looked good. It had been a few months since she'd moved out. But they had weekly phone calls that usually assuaged his worry for her.

"Glad you got my message." She said and walked into the house. To her delight the house was utterly clean and had evidence of Akio and Shino everywhere. She was so happy he was doing well with her gone.

"I want the whole story." He said as he led her into the kitchen. With both of them supplied with coffee she set the urn down and launched into the entire story about Hitoshi.

"I can't believe people are stealing kids these days." Her father shook his head. In another time she might have been a target herself due to the nature of her quirk. Not many existed in the world that could erase quirks. "I'm glad you were there."

"I am too," She nodded. "Either way I'm taking the international licensing exam. Hizashi and I are joining the agents to take down the source after."

"Overseas?" He frowned.

"From what the hero commission's census says there's very little organized crime that happens here in Japan anymore." Shouta leaned on her elbow. "The small gangs don't really count, they're small fish with small outside contacts. But something like this, it can only be done by big outside influence."

"Just...be careful. You'll be a long way from home and back up." He father frowned. "So, you're going to take in Hitoshi?"

"Yes, Hizashi turns twenty first, so when he does he'll be officially registered as Hitoshi's legal
guardian at his grandmother's wish before death." Shouta said with a smile. "The argument is that the two of us have decent suppression type quirks that will keep him from using his quirk maliciously. I know he won't."

"I meant to ask before but are you certain about this? I know you were really broken up by the notion that you couldn't have children." Her father looked at her in concern. She reached over to pat his hand.

"Honestly, I didn't plan to." She smiled sadly, it was something she had come to terms with. "I was going to put all my time into being a hero, and being with Hizashi as long as I could. He thought the same way. Until Hitoshi."

She leaned back and closed her eyes. She could draw up that kid's face as well as she could Hizashi's. "I held him and fought for him. I couldn't let him go, can't let him go. Right now it's everything I have to finish this case."

"I want to meet this boy eventually. To move you like this-," Her father looked at her intently as his eyes flared with his quirk. "He must be something special indeed."

"He really is," She lifted her phone from her pocket to show him the visit to the cat cafe. She had taken some good pictures of him napping with the small pride of cats. Then getting swamped because he had treats. Her father looked at them all and smiled.

"If I didn't know his parentage thanks to that incident, I'd think he was actually yours. He's got your baggy eyes." Her father chuckled.

"Have you seen yourself?" She snorted. She got up and collected the urn. "His parents urns are going to be sent here. Please keep them safe until I can give them to him."

"I will." She walked into her father's workshop and looked around at the large pieces in various states around the room. They were concise, very in line with his style. She was impressed.

"Dad," Shouta called.

"What's up?" He appeared in the doorway.

"Hizashi is hosting a Charity Gala for a Hospital in Musutafu getting a remodel. Can I donate one of the paintings?" She looked around and hummed.

"For charity, of course love." He walked over to a stack of his finished paintings. "How ostentatious do you want my signature?"

"I'm not going as Eraserhead, just Aizawa Shouta, Taka-Ai's daughter." She smirked, "So I guess really blatant."

"How many people know that?" He snorted as he pulled one of his Musutafu paintings out. "Hmm, this should do. I finished this one a few weeks ago, I got the snapshot from the train."

It was bright and sunny, showing the city at its most vibrant. Every detail was brushed with clarity and then edged with her father's talent. It was also massive. A fine piece for a charity donation.

"No one knows publicly. But I can just imagine the headlines. Present Mic is so popular already. They'll be looking into me, and since Nedzu agreed to seal my high school records all I've got is my link to you." She smirked at her father.
"Well dear, I'll be delighted to help you make them regret questioning you." Her father snorted. "I'll send it under your name on my behalf. My gallery manager won't mind the free publicity."

"Thanks." Shouta turned and opened the cabinet that housed her mother's ashes. The picture winked at her with bright hopefulness. Shouta sat the new urn next to her mother's. She filled the incense on her mother's stand, and then another for Shinsou-san. Once the incense was burning she leaned back to pay her respects.

"You know, you really didn't have to come along." Shouta glared at Shino and Akio. Nemuri giggled from next to her.

"Come on Sho," Akio smiled, "You're getting dressed up for a gala. As if I'll miss the chance to dress you up like this."

"Don't worry Akio, there's still her wedding to plan for." Nemuri giggled. Shouta smacked her hard.

"Stop that, there's no wedding. Oh my god." Shouta hissed as she straddled away from the group into the dress store.

"I took the number you gave me and coordinated with Vanisher. We'll manage while you leave the country." Shino said as he distracted her. Nemuri and Akio streaked past them to dig trough the racks for the right item. It would be simpler to just let them go than to look herself.

"I'm glad. I don't trust the agents there completely. They want him alive, but who knows if they'll try to recruit him into something because his guardianship is in transition." She shook her head. "I can trust you guys to intercede if necessary."

"I can't believe you two are pretty much adopting this kid." Shino smirked. "He must be something. You've kept with him ever since your injury."

"That's what dad said." Shouta smiled as she thought of Hitoshi.

"Shouta!" Nemuri called. Shouta stiffened and gritted her teeth. Then she turned ready for whatever monstrosity she was going to have to cram herself into.

The dress was a pale pearl color, with long sleeves that were sheer. Along the outside edge, black lace filigree was sewn into it. The same lacy leaf pattern fell along the waist. She lifted a brow curiously. "Why cream?"

"We can't go with black, and yellow is too bright." Nemuri grinned proudly. "This will look great with your hair color, and you won't look anything like Eraserhead. It's also a line so it's loose. If something happens you can move around."

"I can't believe you accuse me of being too quick to pick. And here you are, first dress you find." Shouta snarked at her best friend. "And because I'm an asshole, that's the dress I'm going with."

"Are you sure you don't want to try more on?" Nemuri pouted while Akio just smiled happily. He was probably just pleased she'd agreed to something.

"Nope." Shouta snorted.
"Alright then, let's get your size and some shoes." Akio ushered them to the dressing room and she tried the dress in her size on.

It was light and easy to move in, the way the bodice fell didn't make her look flat. It emphasized what she did have nicely. The lacy waist actually made her look tiny. It wasn't often she showed off her figure. Her jumpsuit was her preferred attire. But this...it was pretty.

She exited and Akio gaped. "It goes really well with your hair."

"I saw the perfect shoes!" Nemuri raced off and Shouta looked at Shino who just looked at her seriously.

"What?" She frowned.

"I'm just deciding if losing sex for a month is worth it." He said and Akio looked at him sharply. "It is, Akio I'm fighting you for the chance to walk her down the aisle when she gets married."

"Tch, you're forgetting someone." Akio smirked.

"No I'm not, Takashi can hold her other arm." Shino said and nodded resolutely. "Sorry, I love you."

"Remember that when I get Takashi to ban you from the bedroom." Akio challenged and Shouta covered her eyes.

"No one is walking me down the aisle, I'm not getting married!" She hissed.

"Yet!" Nemuri giggled as she came over holding a pair of wedge heels in the same pearly color. "These should be easy for you to walk in. No need to go stilleto like me."

Shouta got her feet into them and stood tall for a second. Her knees wobbled and she glared at them. Her legs hadn't seriously wobbled since her first year doing gymnastics.

"You'll have to practice." Nemuri grinned knowingly. "You can do it."

"Ugh, it never ends." Shouta turned and took the steps back to the dressing room without knocking herself out.

She was going to have to get better, before the gala. She hadn't even worn heels in the dance classes she and Hizashi had attended together. She's have to do well and not embarrass herself at this event. Even if she didn't much care for said event outside of the obvious charitable cause.

"Okay, so this will do?" Shouta asked.

"Certainly." Nemuri laughed. "I've already bought my dress. Let's go get some coffee before you break out on hives. I've never met anyone as allergic to shopping as you"

Shouta redressed in her regular clothes and stepped out. Akio and Shino took her things as they all walked to the front of the store. Shouta handed over her credit card and ignored the price. She'd take on a few cases before she left to chase her villain group.

She turned on her companions when she saw them in the larger portion of the store where wedding dresses were displayed. "If you think I won't hurt you to drag you out of here, you're surely mistaken."

"Coming Shouta!" Nemuri flounced over. She wouldn't be dealing with this embarrassment if it
weren't for the meddling woman.

"Oh, and with Hizashi you know he'll want it as flashy as possible." Akio had his hands on his flaming cheeks. "White wedding."

"I swear to-," Nemuri covered Shouta's mouth with her hand and smirked at the two men.

"Let's keep all the joking quiet when we see Aizawa-San." Nemuri smiled. "We wouldn't want him to try and kill Hizashi before he realizes he wants to marry our girl."

"Hmm, we could always warm him up to the idea." Shino slung Shouta's dress bag over his shoulder and Akio claimed the shoe bag.

"He actually likes Yamada." Akio smiled sweetly. "I think they'll be fine."

"I give up." Shouta sighed, she turned and led the way. She shook her head as her cheeks burned with embarrassment.

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The morning after she stayed with her parents she stomped out of the house to escape the knowing looks, hopeful glances, and sleepy confusion from her dad. It was a relief to get to her own home before the day got started any more than she wanted it to.

She found Hizashi in the kitchen making coffee. It was such a welcome sight. "I'm home."

"Welcome back." He grinned. "How was it?"

"Stressful." She dragged her shopping bags to the bedroom. Where she shoved them onto the closet and marched back to wrap her arms around Hizashi's waist. "Love you."

"Because I don't give you a hard time?" He arched his neck back to look at her.

"When you do it, it's cute." She admitted. He turned in her arms and lifted her mug up. The nice black one with a cat face in the darkness. "You're so good to me."

"I knew you were going to be getting home now. So I wanted to bribe you when you got here." He smirked at her.

"Bribe me?" She asked as she drank the hot liquid. "I'm listening."

"Hmm." He arched a brow before he dropped his hands to her ass and backed her into the counter between the sink and the stove. "Next time you stay the night, remind me how much I hate sleeping alone."

"Missed me then?" She reached back and set her mug down. Hizashi leaned down and kissed her.

"It was a labor of love." He said as he pressed hot kisses along her jaw and neck.

"Oh my god, don't say stuff in English during sex." She snorted. "Wordplay is your thing."

"Hmm," He tugged at her shirt and she lifted her arms. Once divested of it she kissed him hungrily. She got him out of his own and dragged her nails down his muscles.
She pushed his sweats down and sank to her knees to take his cock into her mouth. "Shit, Shouta."

She smirked and hollowed her cheeks and sucked him deep into her throat. He was an unbelievable man, she was lucky to have him. Most high school relationships didn't work out, but somehow theirs did. Somehow he saw part her irritability, her sleepiness, and saw someone he liked.

Somehow she had gotten him. A man who didn't hesitate to offer his name to a dying woman with a boy in need of a safe home. Just because he was older than her by a few months. They had skipped a step and jumped headlong into adopting a child. She wouldn't change a thing. As Shouta looked up at Hizashi, she fell in love all over again.

His hair was twisted to fall down one side of his head, the golden strands a waterfall asking his muscled chest. His eyes were closed but a dark flush had appeared on his cheeks. His expression warmed her. His bearded chin quivered as he drew in a shaky breath, and bit his bottom lip. She loved this look on him. She could make him look like this and that was a powerful feeling.

Shouta stopped bobbing her head and pressed her tongue tight to the base of his erection. As she dragged her way up she sucked him hard at the same time. One of Hizashi's hands slipped into her hair and pulled her away when she swiped her tongue over the tip. "Too good, enough."

As she gained her feet Hizashi dragged her leggings down and off her legs. Her panties followed. She felt one of her legs get lifted and settled on his shoulder as he crouched down. "Hizashi."

He smirked and leaned forward to swipe his tongue along her core. She cursed and threaded her hands into his hair. The groan she got in response made her to grab tight to his head. She needed it because he did something with his tongue that slid over her clit before hooking inside her. She gasped and her hips arched into him.

She saw his smirk when he looked up at her and she knew he'd been waiting to do this. She let her head fall back and arched into his twirling tongue and questing fingers. Hot pleasure bloomed in her abdomen as Hizashi thumbed her clit and rolled it in time to his delving tongue.

He pulled away as if he sensed how close she'd come to orgasm. He eased her legs down and turned her to face the counter. She braced her elbows and looked back. He fished out one of his travel bottles of lubricant and warmed it before spreading it across her and then in her with his fingers. She moaned at the feel of him. She loved the way he knew her inside and out.

Hizashi wrapped his fingers around her hip and she canted her lower half or to give him room. "You look good Shouta."

"So do you." She smirked as she looked at him over her shoulder.

"I missed you." He breathed as his cock brushed through her folds and speared deep into her. She gasped loudly as he pushed right up against a spot that sent lightning through her while body.

He landed over to press kisses to her shoulders as she arched. She rolled her hips back to take him further. "How do you want it? Slow? Or hard?"

"Hard," She gasped out. Hizashi bit her shoulder and drew away to grasp either side of her hips. He pulled back slow and teasing, then he thrust back hard. Shouta cried out as she saw stars.

He set a brutal pace that fueled the fire in her blood. His voice started to gain quirk volume when he learned forward and mouthed marks onto her back. Shouta felt swamped in the pressure, her orgasm was so close, desperately close. Her echoing cries the only noise other than Hizashi's throaty grunts.
That was when she felt the slap of their bodies pick up pace, and she arched into it. Chasing the pleasure just out of her reach. Hizashi slipped his fingers down and pressed on her clit again. She cried out as it sent sharp pleasure alongside the deep one she felt as he thrust too and from her. Shouta came on a near scream as it became too much.

"Fuck, fuck, fuck." Hizashi cursed as his pace faltered and he shuddered. Warmth spilled inside her as he muttered unintelligible words into her neck. He ground them together as they panted for breath. Aftershocks of the intense orgasm she had set off small muscle spasms across her body.

Hizashi reached to the sink and started the warm water up. He reached on his other side to grab a wash cloth from the drawer there. He wet it and rang it out, then he pulled away to catch the mess before they dirtied the kitchen any more.

"Love you...so much." Hizashi pressed his forehead to her leg where he knelt and kissed her thigh.

"Yeah," She looked down at him lazily. Once he pulled away she collapsed into his lap and pressed her head to his neck.

"Oi, are you falling asleep?" He chuckled. She just nuzzled closer and he sighed. Within moments he was picking her up and walking toward the bedroom. "You're lucky I'm just on call today instead of at the agency."

"No more talking," She mumbled. "Bed."

"Alright." Hizashi laid her down and then joined her under the sheets. "But just for a little while."
Mission Plans and Dressing Grand

Chapter Summary

The mission plan is set, and Hizashi gets to see Shouta's gala dress

Chapter Notes

Taking the weekend off to socialize. Lol. Helping a friend get geared for winter and taking my son to a Halloween theme event.

He's only 1 and he's going as an ewok. My husband and I are starting as Sith. This is our kind of family outing. In cosplay. Lol

"There are a total of five locations we're going to have to hit." Agent Kurusu said as the meeting to go over the operation was started. "For this mission we're going to be joined by the pro heroes Eraserhead and Present Mic."

Shouta barely looked up from the tablet in front of her, but she saw Hizashi flash a winning smile and a set of thumbs up. "Glad to be working with you!"

"You've met my team periodically, and outside of the ones guarding Shinsou, this will be my team." Agent Kurusu waved to the other agents in the room. Cordial nods were exchanged. "We've managed to get the law enforcement around each location to work with us. So we'll be going from one location to the next."

"What if the villains notice we're moving through their holdings?" Shouta lifted a brow at the agent.

"If there was more manpower we could source, we would hit each location simultaneously." Agent Kurusu said with a shake of his head. "As it stands we have enough for all but two locations."

"All Might has offered to assist." Shouta mentioned to the surprise of everyone but Hizashi. He partner just smiled at them like this was totally normal. "I'll call him in."

"That would be immensely helpful." Agent Kurusu actually lost the confident veneer he had every time he spoke to her. He looked a little starstruck, as did the rest of the room.

"Now, of the five locations there will be at least two warehouses of people. We'll need to be ready to extract them." Agent Kurusu turned on the projector in the run and they began to review the warehouse surveillance. "All of the warehouses are in Thailand, in fairly populated areas. We have to try not to get the civilians involved."

A map popped up and Shouta scowled when she saw all the locations spread out. There wasn't much room for back up if this group had turned the locals to their side. She looked at Hizashi and he was frowning. Seems he'd thought so too.
"Is there confirmation of the villains in any of these locations?" Shouta asked.

"No, they're centered at another location, in America." Agent Kurusu said and flipped through a few slides to a drone picture taken of a compound in a desert area.

"You mean to tell me we have to hit these locations and they're in another country." Hizashi drawled incredulously. "They'll get word and we'll never catch them."

"That's why this took so long to orchestrate. The American Hero Association is going to work with us to keep their communications contained until we can pick them up." Agent Kurusu explained and waved to the room. "We'll get into finer details when we arrive and get on location. There's going to be two days to get acclimated before we move on the warehouses."

Shouta frowned as she looked over the files. They were going to have to fight. The profiles on each of these villains detailed fairly dangerous quirks.

"Let's get into the villains themselves." Agent Kurusu started and turned on the next slide.

"So you want to move him?" Shino asked as he stood next to Shouta on a rooftop in the Saitama Prefecture. She looked down at the apartment across the street and nodded.

"They've got us leaving the day after the gala. I got permission from Jinji-san. She's concerned about the Government using him because of his quirk. There's not much she can do because she works for the country. Relocating him while we're gone is a covert move to protect him and the family."

"So, where are you moving him?" Shino asked, Shouta looked at him meaningfully. "With us?"

"Yes, no one knows our city better than you. You've been protecting the place since before I was born." Shouta answered then her hand lifted absently to her scarf. "I wasn't sure until after the meeting earlier. Hizashi covered it up but he thinks they're going to try and get Hitoshi into some kind of program. I don't like that, he's too young. When he's older and can decide for himself, maybe."

"So you'll want me to watch him, since no one gets into my territory. Vanisher can even move easier there," Shino nodded and shifted his feet. "I'll let your father and Akio know. They won't mind, I'm sure they'll be excited to be with him. Will you have Nemuri come to?"

"Yes," Shouta fired off the change of plans to Vanisher and Nemuri via text. Hizashi sent her a cute emoji when she got to him and she snorted. "Thanks for helping Shade."

"You never have to thank me for this." He said and patted her head before he moved along the roof to survey the area.

She turned and jumped to the electrical lines. Then she picked her way over to her charge's apartment window. She kept her goggles on for cover and rapped on the window. She'd already called the Nakiri's so they knew she was coming.

Within moments little Hitoshi was at the window. He flung it open much to the distress of the other children. "Sho-Eraserhead!"
"How are you?" She kept it professional but the bright excitement in Hitoshi eyes made her smile small and private to him.

"I'm fine," He frowned then he looked at her frantically. "Nakiri-san said I'm getting moved tomorrow."

"Yes, I know where you're going though. I'll be there." She said. A girl peeked around the window and Shouta tilted her head to the girl. "Hello there, are you Hitoshi's friend?"

"I'm Kiri." She said small and cute.

"I'm Eraserhead. Hitoshi is a good friend of mine. Please look after him while he's here. And when he comes back." Shouta enlisted the girl in the cause.

"The said he needs to be moved to keep everyone safe." Kiri frowned worriedly.

"I'm going to find the people that are after him. But while I'm gone I don't want anyone coming after him. So I talked with his social worker, to make sure you're family here is also safe. He's moving to a secure place for a few while." Souta explained. "I'm sorry for the trouble."

"I don't think it's trouble." Hitoshi said as he leaned out to touch her scarf. She let him, keeping control of it so it wouldn't slap him in the face. It still did that when she tried out new techniques. "Were you patrolling?"

"Hmm no, I came to show my friend the area. He's going to be watching over the apartment tonight until tomorrow. Then he'll be watching while I'm gone. See the guy on the other roof?" She tilted her head and the boy nodded. "That's the hero who inspired me. His name is Shade, and he can move the air."

"Really?" Kiri asked excitedly. Hitoshi just looked curiously.

"Really." Shouta nodded. "Hitoshi, get some rest, I'll see you tomorrow."

"'Kay," He smiled at her, small and gentle. It made Shouta's heart warm. After all the hurt this boy had experienced, he still had a heart of gold. A heart that could still reach out for love and care. Shouta adjusted her grip on the window sill and ruffled his wild purple hair.

Then she braced her feet on the side of the apartment building and launched off into a backflip. She landed cleanly on the electric pole. Hitoshi waved wildly to her so she saluted him and inclined her head to Shino before she set off to help the police in the area. She'd taken a long ride out, she might as well make the most of it.

Hizashi entered his apartment still going over his speech when he noticed the flurry of activity going on inside. Nemuri was bustling between the bedroom and the bathroom, lights were on, music from his playlist was playing, and Jazz was knocking what looked like stray hero gear across the floor.

Hizashi looked around curiously, this wasn't going to be like a few weeks ago was it? The little whirlwind had knocked over one of Shouta's pouches of caltrops in the night. Hizashi had woken his cranky woman up screaming because he'd stepped on one.
Luckily the gear was just Nemuri’s. "Hey ladies? You good back there?"

"Don't you dare come in here Yamada!" Nemuri pointed an accusing finger when she leaned out of the bathroom. "She's busting her ass in here."

"She really doesn't have to go to all this effort. She'll look great no matter what she wears." Hizashi grinned as he took his shoes off. Nemuri hustled him into the kitchen and he heard the bedroom door slam seconds later.

"Alright, go shower and do your thing. Shouta hung your suit on the door and your hair gel is by the mirror," Nemuri informed him. Then she was shut up in the bedroom as well.

Hizashi shook his head as he puttered around. He cleaned up the spare gear, fed the kitten, and made sure the kitchen wasn't a disaster. Then he finally gave in and settled into his own preparations.

He got washed and groomed his fascial hair before he set into the arduous process of making his hair perfect and awesome. Then he slipped into the suit and admired how well it complimented his hair and brought his eyes out. He looked good, and he'd match Shouta no matter what she wore. He padded out into the apartment to check the time. Still good.

The door opened and Nemuri walked out. She wore a long dark blue dress that made her eyes look even more blue. It fell from her neck and covered her chest and arms with shimmery fabric looking hugging every curve. She paired it with gold jewelry and cut an impressive figure. "Lookin' good Midnight."

"Why thank you Present Mic, one must always look their best to give back." She turned and he choked when he saw the open back of the dress. It fell open all the way to her lower back.

"Still good." He snorted when she looked at him curiously. "The doctor you're taking-, he has no clue you're about to eat him alive does he?"

"Nope, not until later tonight at least." Nemuri giggled. "But that's not to say we won't be discussing just what I want to do with him. He'll be a changed man for sure."

"You're one of a kind Nemuri." Hizashi chuckled, she was wild.

"Hmm, well as good as I look, just wait until Shouta comes out." Nemuri smiled proudly. "She's been practicing all week with the heels so she'll kill it tonight."

The bedroom door opened and Hizashi felt like he did three years ago when he saw her in a yukata for the first time. His heart raced and his cock woke up with rapt attention. He knew Shouta was attractive, he'd always known that. But when she went all out, the world suddenly got to see what he did.

Her hair was pulled up in an intricate up-do that made her look elegant. Her make up was tasteful and a wash between nude pink and smoky black. Turning dark eyes alluring. Even more than they usually were. The sleepy bags that dwelled under her eyes from quirk use were concealed away, and he kind of missed them. Her lips were even darkened to a dusky rose shade. Utterly kissable.

Her neck was adorned with a simple choker of crisscrossing strands of gold. It reminded him of her capture weapon, but no one else would see that. The dress was a pale pink color that blended well with her skin tone. The top highlighted the way her breasts were lifted and showed the size better than her usual clothes did.

Her waist was framed with black lace embroidery. That same black embroidery fell down her arms.
from shoulder to wrist. The sheer fabric matching the dress itself. She was stunning, absolutely perfect.

It wasn't fair. He had to host this thing. How could he focus on his performance when she looked this amazing. All he wanted to do now was peel her out of it and make love to her.

"Well Hizashi?" She cocked her hip and he was struck by how much he loved her. His sassy sarcastic woman, he was so lucky. "Think anyone will be able to tell I'm Eraserhead?"

"Nope," He said breathlessly. "Just me."

"Good." Shouta smirked. "I want to make your fans cry a little bit tonight. How many times do I have to be photographed?"

"Just when we go in, and whatever they take during the ball." He promised. It was best not to test her patience too far. And keeping her identity as quiet as possible was important. He walked over to her and took her hands. "You look beautiful."

The blush was his instantaneous reward, and it was a good one. He hoped to always be able to make her blush like that. She looked away bashfully and he grinned at her. "Let's go schmooze it up."

"Alright." Shouta nodded and lifted her hand to slide into his elbow. Nemuri look a picture the moment they turned around and startled a snort from Shouta.

Hizashi just grinned wider, tonight he got to show her off. They got to be a couple without having to worry about their identities being connected dangerously. He was going to enjoy it.
Of Galas And Ambushes

Chapter Summary

Shouta and Hizashi attend the charity gala. They are watched.

Chapter Notes

Had a great break. My little one is so cute as an ewok omg! I love Halloween! Anyways, here's a new chapter!

Shouta paced around the gala ballroom while the first guests arrived. Hizashi had to be there early, Madam Glitz would come later. So it was going to be up to Hizashi to entertain the guests until then.

While she knew he hadn't had much to do with the physical planning, she knew he'd made the dance playlist and booked the band that was going to be playing music while they announced who had donated and received thanks from the hospital. Madam Glitz was slotted to sing to the guests, and many of her side kicks were going to perform while everyone got a lavish meal and danced the night away.

It wasn't long before the building filled up and Hizashi found her. She smiled sweetly when she saw him and settled into the trailing press of his fingers on her back. "Doing fine?" He asked.

"I'm good." She smirked. "I've got my plans. When do you start?"

"In a few minutes," He looked around and stiffened. "Damn, they arrived faster than I thought."

Shouta looked to where he'd turned his gaze and sighed. Reporters, and since Hizashi was one of the only heroes here so far, they were rushing right for them.

What a time for Nemuri to be late. They had left together in two separate limousines. The one sent for Hizashi, and the one Nemuri's date sent for her. Damn, they could have used her media influence.

"Present Mic! Present Mic!" The lead reporter of the huge group was a young man, perhaps a year or so older than they were. And judging by the starry look in his eyes, already a fan of her boyfriend. "It's good to see you, at least not in the middle of a villain fight!"

"Yo! Gotta help give back ya know?" Hizashi turned on his Present Mic persona well. He bent his knees and leaned in just a bit. Body language shifting smoothly into the janunty exuberant hero he was. "Hospitals are important to the community."

"It is indeed," The reporter smiled like Hizashi had given him the quote of the year. Shouta stifled her amused snort. Instead she kept up the look of a serene onlooker. "Who is your date tonight?"

"This is my leading lady!" Hizashi slung his arm around her shoulders and drew her into his side.
She slipped her hand over his abdomen and smiled. "Aizawa Shouta."

"I'm not familiar with the name, are you also a hero?" The reporter turned eager eyes to her.

"No, no," She shook her head. "I'm just an artist's daughter. My father has donated and I'm attending on his behalf."

"Then how do you know Present Mic?" The eagerness of the look was daunting, she really didn't want to reveal her own ties to the hero community. She had to keep it simple, close to the truth but not the truth.

"We met in school." She smiled. "I was in the General Education class at UA."

"Were you? And you didn't go into heroics?" The reporter titled his head as he jotted down notes in his little paper pad.

"My quirk wasn't suited to hero work unfortunately. Now I just help my father at his gallery." She said with a grin. "I have decent business sense, and I can get him caught up at deadline time."

"Who is the artist?" The reporter looked bored, good. The less interesting she seemed the better.

"You'd know him." Hizashi cut in and waved to the massive piece of artwork on display near the stage. It was huge, it would take up nearly an entire wall in the hospital, wherever they chose to put it. "Taka-Ai."

"Taka-Ai?!" The reporter asked incredulously.

"Yes," Shouta smiled politely.

"Well, let's head off," Hizashi turned and the reporter held up a hand.

"One more question if you don't mind?" The reporter looked frantic and Shouta tensed her fingers on her partner's arm. "Reports have said you started working a case with Eraserhead, a hero no one knows anything about. Can you tell me anything about that?"

"Eraserhead is my best friend." Hizashi said and she firmed her spine. "She's a tough fighter, but she doesn't like being in the public eye. Her case is rather important, and I'm the back up."

"She's a very private person." Shouta said, "She was always like that in school too."

"Thank you for your time." The reporter said and Shouta smiled. As soon as they walked away, and towards the back hall out of the area she snorted.

"Shouta, don't you dare make fun of me." Hizashi warned as he hosted at her through his sunglasses.

"You have a fan, a pushy fan," She giggled. "It's just fun to see you in your element."

"My element, happens to be the middle ground between bloodying my knuckles fighting, and playing music over the air." He shook his head. She slipped her hands into his jacket and hugged him. "I have to go give the introductory speech and get the dinner going. What table are you assigned to?"

"Six, with Nemuri and Tensei." She titled her head. "I heard All Might was going to be here."

"He is, though I didn't see him marking that he was coming with anyone." Hizashi snorted. "Think
"He's awkward?"

"Oh, I know he is." Shouta smirked, "Should I pick on them both and introduce him to Tensei?"

"Tensei would swallow his tongue." Hizashi got a wicked look on his face and he turned devious eyes to her. "Do it."

"After I get to dance with you." She smiled, "No doubt we could shock everyone."

"They didn't bring poles" He snorted and lifted his hand to press his thumb to her bottom lip. "I'm just kidding though. I'll strip for you later."

"I'm holding you to that." She trailed her fingers down his tie, "I've been holding you to that since I found out you could pole dance."

"Hush now." He looked around the hallway frantically then. "That's private stuff only for you to know. Could you imagine if that got out?"

"Well, me and a class full of moms. I don't want anyone seeing you live that anyways." She stepped back and turned to leave him. She blew a kiss and exited the hall back into the large ballroom. She was pleased to see Tensei and Nemuri chatting in a group of other heroes. She joined them.

"Shouta!" Nemuri exclaimed. "Everyone this is Aizawa Shouta."

"Eraserhead." She muttered to the various heroes who stood near her. There was blissfully no civilians or reporters near them. She could let her hair down per-say.

The heroes looked at her in shock before they looked around for anyone listening. She'd made a reputation over her short tenure as a covert hero. Everyone in their little community understood. She appreciated their caution.

"This is Snipe, Best Jeanist, and Fatgum." Nemuri waved to the men. She looked at them all clad in suits of varying designs. Snipe wore a gasmask but he still inclined his head. Best Jeanist was literally wearing a tuxedo made of denim. And Fatgum was holding a plate of hors d'oeuvres.

"It's nice to meet you all. Please look after me in the future." She inclined her head to her hero seniors

"I hope we can work together in the future," Best Jeanist inclined his head back.

"Likewise." Snipe nodded resolutely. Fatgum chuckled and grinned at her.

"I AM HERE!" The booming voice of the number one hero drew everyone's attention. At the entrance to the ballroom the reporters were swarming the towering hero. Shouta shook her head.

"He's never going to extract himself from that." She snorted. "What an idiot."

"Shouta!" Tensei gasped in affront, she rolled her eyes at her friend.

"Yo everyone!" Hizashi called to get the attention of the room. "Welcome to the Musutafu General Hospital Charity Gala. I'm your host for the night, Present Mic. This event has been promoted and brought to everyone by Madam Glitz."

He waved to the older pro hero. She looked stunning in her glittering dress. Just as stunning as she did years ago when they tracked down the bombers in Minato.
Shouta tipped her head back as the other voice hero spoke to everyone in thanks for their many donations over the past month. That the hospital was going to get a large overhaul of equipment and renovations thanks to the contributions of the heroes, and the public.

This was an important side of what they did. She had listened to Hizashi talk about it late in the night throughout high school. He was impassioned by Madam Glitz's drive to provide relief to the families who were displaced by wanton destruction. They were taught not to needlessly destroy the buildings around them, but some heroes didn't take that lesson to heart.

Then the woman began to sing, without her quirk she had an amazing voice. Shouta filtered to the tables with everyone else to listen. Drinks were served and Shouta settled in, she locked eyes with Hizashi and within moments a few couples had moved out to the floor to start dancing. Hizashi slipped over to her and held out his hand. She saw camera's flashing and smiled like she was just flattered her date was taking her to the floor.

They moved with calmly across the ballroom. She was so grateful she'd practiced dancing in the apartment while he was out. She felt confident in the heels, enough to let Hizashi draw her in. "I ever tell you how much I love dancing with you?"

"I think you've mentioned it," She settled her hand on his shoulder and lifted the little loop of fabric from the hem of her gauzy skirt. She looped it around her middle finger and slipped her palm into his. "Been a while though."

"It has." He guided her and they moved with practiced ease. They had spent many days during their second year dancing in his classes. Mastering footwork and compatibility that translated into fighting rings and training. Now it was just a dance. Just time to enjoy being together, no matter how hidden her persona was.

Cameras flashed and she gazed into Hizashi's eyes as he looked over his sunglasses at her. They were warm, not matching his devilish smirk at all. Which meant the eyes were for her, but the smirk was for everyone else. He was good at this.

Hizashi turned and she twirled out with just their fingers linked before she returned to him. It may be a ballroom waltz, but they moved swiftly between the other dancers. She flushed when she realized they had a broad audience growing. Madam Glitz wound down her song and Hizashi stilled with her in a light dip.

"I gotta go," He sighed with a severe pout. "No fair, this was the first real time we've danced outside of training."

"You did well." She smiled at him genuinely. "Go on now."

"Mind if I cut in?" A voice drew their attention to Best Jeanist. Shouta sucked in a surprised breath and Hizashi choked on air.

"Mic?" Shouta asked.

"It's rude to refuse." Hizashi whispered to her and nodded. "Alright, but take care of my girl yeah? No funny business!"

Shouta was pretty sure she was the last person to be Best Jeanist's type. But they were all playing a part here. She offered her hand to the fabric hero and he swept her up in a dance as her boyfriend headed off to resume his duties.

Best Jeanist was a decent dancer, his footwork was excellent. But she was much more familiar
with Hizashi's movements. As they danced she noted Nemuri was with her doctor date. And judging by the smitten look on his face, he was very enamored with her.

Tensei was waving with a drink in his hand and Shouta glared at him. "When you return from the job you're leaving on, you must come and assist with a few cases I have. I could use a covert touch in my district."

"Anything to be worried about?" She frowned and inclined her head.

"Just some quirks that aren't a good match up for my agency, me included." He said and looked around the room. "So, you and Present Mic, huh?"

"Different aren't we?" She smirked proudly. "He's so loud and I'm not."

"Snipe said you got along well in school. Partners more often than opponents." He chuckled. "If I remember correctly you teamed up during the sports festival of your...second year?"

"OH, we did do that." She snorted. The second year Hizashi had actually carried her through the first event. They still took places high up, and she'd started the rivalry with Sekijiro. He was not happy to be beaten by her. Class A and B rivalry to the end it seemed. "I can help with quirks that have to be activated, anything that's a blatant mutation or anything perpetually active I can't do anything about."

"I think you'll do admirably." He nodded with a smile hidden by his high collar. "I'm intrigued to see how your capture weapon stands up in battle. I've never seen fabric quite like it, I'd like to get a closer look."

"As long as you don't damage it, I don't see the harm." She agreed as the dance came to an end. The cloth hero turned and bowed over her hand before he headed off to speak with Tensei. She watched with interest as he flushed awkwardly when the demin clad hero sidled up to him. Interesting, she'd share that bit of gossip with Nemuri and Hizashi later.

"Aizawa-san!" She twisted and saw All Might there, damn. She was hoping to freak him out later. "I see you and Present Mic cut quite the rug here tonight."

"Are you my grandfather, who the hell says that?" She hissed. He wore a garish red and white tie that blazed through his black suit. Good lord he was always washed in color. His blond hair was even pointed up and gelled back. "Come on big guy, let's dance"

"D-Dance?!!" He looked around, "What about Present Mic?"

"He's working." She rolled her eyes. "Come now All Might, it's just a dance. I'm not asking you to leave with me."

That flustered him and she slipped up to him and reached up to cup his shoulder and offered her hand. He stepped in like he had a stick right up his ass. "Have you ever ballroom danced?"

"Ah, a few times." He looked away with a deceptive smile.

"How about I lead then?" She asked.

"You l-lead?" He blinked down at her and she offered her hand again. He took it and she leaned her head back. She didn't need to lean back like she would if she and Hizashi really started dancing. But this was fine. "Okay, Aizawa-San, I don't want to step on your feet."
"You won't," She said, she wouldn't let him. She turned and started the movements, she was used to leading, it had been a whole class she'd taken. All Might covered up how clumsy he was with blatant enthusiasm. Big movements, like when he fought. As they made a few turns on the ballroom floor he loosened up considerably. He wasn't a raw talent like she and Hizashi were, but close enough. "Thank you for joining the case."

"It is my pleasure, after we raised that motel, I've been unable to get it out of my mind." He said, "I'm glad you think I can help with it. I apologize in not much for the quiet side of it."

"It's fine, the flashier you and Mic are, the better I can work in the shadows." Shouta said and he hummed with agreement. When the dance came to an end she dragged him off the dance floor to get out of the limelight. "If I have to do any more of that I'll punch a camera man. Come All Might, there's someone for you to meet."

"Someone to meet?" He titled his head curiously.

"Tensei!" She drew close to see her friend choke on his champagne. His eyes widened as she introduced him to All Might. She saw the bright red blush on his cheeks as they exchanged pleasantries. She tilted her head back and saw Nemuri's amused gaze from the table nearby. They exchanged a look promising a gossip session soon. Maybe after Shouta returned from her case.

Shouta turned and looked for Hizashi, he was standing with Madam Glitz in the sea of reporters. She caught his gaze and jerked her thumb to where All Might was speaking to obvious fan boy Tensei. Hizashi's wicked smirk was worth it. As much as she was out of her element, it wasn't all that bad at all. She turned to see the waiters were wheeling out the dinner items. She was going to eat if she had to be here for a few hours more.

They barely made it to the door to their apartment before Hizashi managed to snag Shouta and drag her up against him. He got his hands firm under her ass and pressed her back to the front door. She met his mouth with the same fervor he felt. "You looked so fucking pretty tonight."

"Tch, pretty? In a room with all those other female heroes?" She scoffed as he mouthed at her neck. "If I went as Eraserhead, no one would have noticed me."

"Good, if you were Eraserhead it would mean only I get to see you." He pulled back to look into her eyes. She had a dark haze there that spoke of hunger. He cursed and fished of his keys out of his pocket.

They stumbled through the door into the apartment. Shouta had excellent spacial awareness, and her arms flew out and balanced on the walls of the genkan while her legs clamped him tight to her to avoid them falling all over the floor. She released him and dropped primply to her heels where she took them off like they hadn't just tripped through the front door. He was speared by the look she gave him.

"Now, I do believe I was promised a strip tease." She lifted an eyebrow.

He smirked and watched her step up into the apartment and kicked his own shoes off. She turned to walk towards their bedroom and he shamelessly watched the way the dress shifted as she walked. It was so damn pretty on her.
Then she did something that shattered his control. She reached up and pulled the pins from her hair. The black tresses fell around her neck and shoulders. She looked at him, and it wasn't the beautiful vision everyone got to see throughout the evening looking at him. No, it was his Shouta.

Her eyes were still covered up with make up. But with her hair falling properly where it usually did, there she was. He took his spare glasses off and flung them, he heard the clatter somewhere but didn't care. He stalked forward and was rewarded by her smirk. She entered the bedroom and lit the lone lamp on the bedside table rather than turning on the overhead lights. Hizashi drew his phone from his pocket and turned on a playlist.

It was one of the playlists he'd created for their sexy moments. If they had time, he would convince her to finally let him play with her sex toys. But as it stood, he was far too keyed up to wait and play properly. Judging by the lusty look he got from her as she unzipped her dress, and it fell off of her like gossamer silk, she was just as lost as he was.

He looked into her eyes and pulled his headphones off, they clattered to the ground. He tugged his tie off and lifted his hands to rake deeply into his hair. It only took a few pulls to loosen the hairspray enough to let his hair fall around his shoulders. In a perfect world he'd have showered first, but he didn't care. He listened to the music to pick up the beat and moved his hips.

He had pole danced for her in fun. But he'd never gotten the chance to do the dances he'd only practiced in private. Hizashi had only ever wanted to be a hero, but that didn't mean he didn't like to dance and have fun. As he danced in place, he turned and slid his jacket off slow and deliberate. He looked over his shoulder and saw Shouta had settled on the edge of the bed watching him hungrily.

He took a deliberate step forward and unbuttoned his shirt while he arched his back and moved his hips in a sensual circle. He flung his shirt open and Shouta licked her lips, that was a victory. He stepped forward again and tugged his sleeves down to let his shirt fall to the ground forgotten. He spun around the edge of the bed and opened the fly of his pants as he yanked his belt free. He sidled closer and Shouta reached out to run her hand up his abs.

They moved together as he pulled her lacy pink bra off and slipped his fingers into her panties to pull them away. Likewise she pulled his boxers away and they were bare to each other. Shouta slotted her mouth over his and he groaned when their tongues clashed. He reached down to tug her thigh up over his hip. He trailed his fingers down her back and to her center.

He caressed her folds and she shivered against him. "-Zashi."

"I got you." He kissed her and their foreheads pressed together when he broke for air. Her dark eyes bore into his and the depth of emotion there undid him further.

They were going to go on a case where their intimacy was a secret. He was going to pour every ounce of his love into her before they went to sleep. Seeing the look in her eyes, she felt the same.

Her hands roved around his shoulders before she rolled him to his back. He looked up at her in a daze as she crawled down his body. Lipstick marks were left on his muscles as she went. It was enticing, lighting fires under his skin. Her dark hair fell across his thighs and he stiffened as her hot
breath fanned over his cock. He reigned in his reactions, he was twenty years old, he was not going to cum the moment she licked him. He had never done that to her, and he wasn’t doing it now.

Shouta pressed a kiss to the head of his aching cock and he shuddered. His breath punched out of him the moment she took him into her mouth. She sucked him down slow until he was buried deep in her throat. Hizashi whined deeply at the hot wet pressure hugging his erection. He looked down helplessly and she turned sly eyes at him. She knew exactly what she was doing, damn.

He threaded his fingers into her hair and she groaned around him. The vibrations in her throat made his muscles jolt even while he was desperately trying to stay still. Shouta pulled back and took him back down just as deep. He tossed his head back and lifted one hand free from her bobbing head to clamp over his mouth. His groan was peppered with his quirk and he looked down to see she’d activated her own.

He fucking loved her. She would never let him deafen her. He loved knowing that when he was losing control she could handle it. He was so not worthy of her, but he was going to prove to her he was.

Hizashi let go of his jaw and reached down to her, he pulled and she slipped up his cock. He pulled her up and twisted her into a reverse position hovering over him. Her lips returned to his cock and he reached up to spread her legs wider where they now perched above his shoulders. Hizashi closed his eyes and gave a long slow lick along her soft center. Sliding through the delicate folds and up into the sweet heat of her.

He pressed his thumbs on either side of her as he delved his tongue deep and was rewarded by her frantic moan. He nipped her clit and she quivered under his mouth. He liked that she was coming undone with just this. Shouta jerked up as her body quake after continued torment to get clit. He grinned as he swirlled his tonuge over her. He’d drawn an orgasm up out of her with just this. It was empowering.

He guided her to the bed where she blinked up at him in a pleasured haze. He probed her gently and was pleased to see she’d loosened up with the orgasm. He reached for the bedside table and retrieved their lube. He slicked himself up and ran his wet fingers along her getting a soft moan for the effort. Shouta’s arms came up around his neck as he pressed closer. They may have had a rough fuck in the kitchen a few days ago, and it was beautiful, but he wanted slow and sweet.

He thrust home inside her and groaned into her lips. Shouta chased his mouth and their tongues clashed. He ran his hands down her body and coiled his stomach muscles, pulling slow out of her before driving back in just as slow. Her hips rolled up to meet him and the sensations of her tight heat and fevered cries made him dizzy. He pressed his head to hers and drank in her moans, breathed her pants for air.

One hand slid up into his still treated hair, and the other sank down to cup a handful of his ass. Shouta dragged him into their next thrust and he groaned against her lips. It was so damn good, it was always so damn good with her. His slow thrusts sped up, and she arched into it. Hizashi felt his orgasm building, making his head spin with the electric hunger under his skin.

She arched suddenly and her face flushed, her eyes screwed shut and she cried out. He drove deep as she clenched around him, sucking him deeper. He groaned deeply and choked on his own voice. His orgasm spilled out of him like pure bliss. He thrust his hips slowly and groaned into her hair.

"Love you, love you so much," Shouta breathed into his ear. He relished the tone of her voice, and took her words deep into his heart where they belonged. Then he kissed her. And it was just as slow and sensual as their love making had been. He pulled back on shaking arms and she smiled up
at him. As breathless as she looked, it was perfect.

"I love you too." He panted for air and shivered when her hands trailed along his sweaty back. "Hmm, we need a shower."

"We do." She smiled up at him warmly. "We have to leave Jazz with Nemuri in the morning, then we have to meet the agents."

"Ugh," He squinted his eyes. "Too much thought, back to the sex haze."

"I can do that." She laughed. Then she swatted him on the ass and he whined as that pressed his softening cock back inside her. He glared at her in annoyance, she was too ornery for her own good.

If there was one thing Shouta learned under Vanisher's tutelage. It was to always be on her toes. This entailed her needing to be ready all the time. To the point that her sleep suffered when she worked with him. He had a nasty habit of coming after her when she slept. Something she hadn't been caugth by since her second year.

During her time living with Hizashi, she learned to sleep again. Even if it was only for a few hours at a time. Often she would wake up and lay there a while listening to the apartment, before she was able to curl back up with her sleeping partner. She had not had a moment of sleep awareness since she trained with Vanisher.

That was why she knew there was no normal reason for her to wake up as suddenly as she was. No reason for her entire body to scream with the knowledge that they were not alone in their apartment. She could tell whoever was in the apartment was standing at the foot of the bed. Her heart raced with sudden adrenaline, and judging by how Hizashi's hand had tensed on her side where they were snuggled, he knew it too.

They feigned sleep but she could feel him taking deeper and deeper breaths. She was going to have to attack the moment he stunned the attacker. She heard the shift of movement from the hall and knew it was more than one person. Shit. Her capture weapon was on the otherside of the bedroom, totally out of her reach. She was going to have to fight without it.

Hizashi screamed and Shouta rolled the moment his quirk activated. She flung the blanket at the intruder and activated her quirk all at the same time. The first one was wrapped up in the blanket, the other was grabbing his ears. She ignored the shriek of Hizashi's quirk and kicked the blanket covered attacker to the ground. That was when she blinked.

Hizashi was up and sucking in another breath, the air seemed to ring as the yellow of the quirk's effect on the air faded. Hizashi was in the other intruder's face in an instant. They traded blows and Shouta dove for her bag holding her capture weapon. It snaked around her the moment she touched it. Which was good because it allowed her catch the fist swung at her.

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She reactivated her quirk and spun on her feet. She wrapped the attacker up and reached out with her hands. She snatched a head full of hair and smashed her attackers face into her knee. He was down then, stunned and reeling. She delivered a harsh kick to his abdomen. A crash came from the living room and it was followed by another yell from Hizashi.
Shouta grabbed the knife from within the bag and severed the captured intruder before she raced into the living room. Hizashi was battling two attackers who were blocking and delivering blows to her boyfriend. "Hizashi!"

He ducked as she launched herself into the fight. She lashed one man's arm and the other by the head. She reeled them together and Hizashi came up at the same time she did. They delivered staggering punches to the intruders and she released them.

She stepped behind Hizashi and covered her ears. That was when he whistled. She saw the disoriented looks overcome the eyes of the attackers. Hizashi turned to the side and she swept closer. She kicked one across the jaw. He stumbled into his buddy and Hizashi slugged the other. They fell to the ground unconscious.

Shouta was panting, wild eyes looked up and she dodged the moment she did. A fourth intruder, with a knife had moved in from the front door. She grabbed his arm and twisted. She swung up onto his shoulders and looked at Hizashi, his green eyes had darkened dangerously. He snatched the knife and flung it away. She threw herself back and upended the man. He hit the ground at a roll, and when he came up Hizashi had closed the distance to knee him in the face at a run.

"You alright?" Hizashi asked desperately.

"I'm fine, you?" She asked as her breath came in panicked huffs. Attacked in their home? While they slept?!

"I'm fine, pissed off though." He looked around before his eyes hardened. He reached into the entertainment center and lifted up Jazz. The poor thing looked scared half to death. Shouta reached for her little kitten and it squirmed up into her scarf. Hizashi paced off to the bedroom and returned with a handful of zipties and his phone. "Mother fuckers!"

Hizashi rarely cursed like that, she moved over to him and wrapped her arms around him. He looped his arm around her and his heart was racing. "I'm fine Hizashi," She breathed into his neck. "We're both fine."

"I know," He growled out, "I'm calling the agent and the police."

"Right." Shouta kissed his chin and moved off to tie their intruders up. Then she walked out of the apartment to see if there were any more. No one was on their floor, so she walked back in and joined Hizashi. He cursed into the phone and hung up angrily. She started searching pockets, her hero license allowed her this much, but she found nothing to indicate who sent them.
Shouta and Hizashi change the plans and get a head start on the mission

"Shouta! Hizashi!" Nemuri's horrified gasp drew Shouta's eyes from where she was treating Hizashi's bloodied knuckles. Their friend burst through front door and past the investigators still combing over the apartment. "Are you both alright?!"

"We're fine," Shouta answered as she smeared some antibacterial cream on Hizashi’s hands. He usually didn't have these injuries, his hero gloves were made for his brawler fighting style. They really had been caught off guard.

"We were in bed Nemuri," Hizashi snarled as he leaned back in the chair he was sitting in. "I almost didn't wake up! What if I didn't?!!"

"You did, neither of us was hurt." Shouta grabbed for the gauze to wrap his knuckles and keep them safe while they traveled.

"How did they find you?" Nemuri drew close and Shouta texted her fingers down Hizashi’s wrist. She noted his pulse was high, frantic.

"I don't know, fuck." Hizashi got up the moment she freed him and stormed off to get dressed. The moment he was gone Shouta let her hands tremble.

Nemuri took them with a worried expression. She had grown complacent living here. Always feeling safe the moment she was in Hizashi's arms. Not only had she not noticed someone had even entered their apartment, she'd let them get all the way into their bedroom, to their bed.

Hizashi was right to be angry, he only woke up because it was about the time she would return home from patrol. She would have fought regardless, but it was a close call, too close of a call. If Hitoshi had been here... Shouta shook her head. She didn't want to think of that.

"You're going to have to move now," Nemuri scowled as she looked across the apartment. It was a huge deal. Apartments were always placed in civilian identity names because heroes were targets.

Shouta exhaled shakily and drew herself together. She could break down after the job, but she knew she was not going to be caught unaware next time. Never in her own bed again.

"Thank you for coming early." Shouta said and lifted the bag and cage with Jazz inside. She held it to her friend as Hizashi stomped out of the bedroom with a suitcase and two cases with their hero gear inside for air transport.
"No problem, I'll be taking him over to your dads tonight." Nemuri cooed into the cage. "I'll be inside to watch over our cute charge."

"They'll be expecting you, I already called Vanisher and Shade." Shouta informed her best friend. "Be careful, I know this was directed at us, but I'm not sure if it was me or Hizashi."

"Tch, I'm going to make them regret it." Hizashi growled as he adjusted his shirt and slung his jacket on as he exited the bedroom. His ripped jeans and hair tucked into a hat made him look every bit a regular citizen. He was getting better at looking like a civilian now that he was a pro. "Kurusu texted me, he's got info about our guests to share before we board our flight."

"Everything is staggered right?" Nemuri asked.

"All Might is flying in last, mostly because he draws attention even in civilian mode." Shouta sighed, "I'll call you when it's all over. Will you-..."

She trailed off and her heart twinged in shock at herself. Hizashi looked at her in concern before she swallowed heavily and flushed. "Shouta?"

"Tell Hitoshi-...tell him we'll be back. And when he sees us again, he'll be safe." Shouta squared her shoulders. Hizashi snorted and smiled through the tension that had shrouded them for hours. "I'll tell him." Nemuri smiled softly. "Look at you two, parents already."

And like that she ruined it. Shouta kicked her friend and stalked off to get dressed in embarrassment. She dressed causal and went out of her way to mask her eye bags and hide her hair in a hat much like Hizashi had. They were going to look like an average college couple. Nothing suspicious about that.

When she emerged she tucked her scarf back into her hero case. She smoothed her hand down the inconspicuous case. No one would think it was anything other than a carry on. But no one could get into it because it was biolocked to her thumb print.

Shouta looked around to see the investigators had finished and Nemuri was gone. Hizashi was unplugging the appliances. He stilled with his hands on the counter and didn't turn around. Shouta watched him gather himself. "They got us in our own space Shouta."

"I'm sorry it's gotten this bad." Shouta sighed. "I got us into this whole thing. I should have pushed to leave sooner, get the international license sooner."

"They know we're coming," Hizashi growled and shook his head. "This plan isn't going to be fast enough, not if we're hitting these warehouses and then going to the main location."

"Do you think we should change the plan?" Shouta asked. They weren't dependent upon the agents. They had international licenses now, so technically they weren't answering to the investigator in charge of the case. They could make their own way of the wanted to, it was her case first.

"I do," Hizashi turned to her, the look in his eyes made her pay more attention. "I've watched some of All Might's videos, and read about how quickly he can move from location to location. If he goes to Thailand he can help them take out all of the warehouses. In one night they'll be done. But then it's sixteen hours to fly to Nevada. How the hell are we going to get there and to the location before they book it?"

Shouta crossed her arms and leveled her partner for this mission with her most professional look. "It's personal to us."
"Extremely." Hizashi said and suddenly they were looking at each other not as a couple, but as fellow heroes. "We could split off and join the heroes in america, hit it in a joint attack instead of a delay of nearly a full day. Technically they'll be done before we will in America. It's ahead in Thailand."

"Hmm," Shouta thought it over, "I was hoping to touch down and scout the area, learn the layout. I won't have that kind of luxury if we head straight to the main objective."

She paced a moment, before she looked back at Hizashi. He was serious, this whole case had angered him immensely. It was a rare thing to see Hizashi genuinely angry. It made her rethink the commitments they made to their plan.

This was the point of being heroes, they could go and do things that no one else could. She also didn't like how close Agent Kurusu was to this case, like it meant something to him in a far more obsessive way.

"Let me call Toshinori." Shouta conceded, it was a better plan. It left her feeling less anxious about closing that timetable. She relayed the plan to Toshinori and surprsingly he agreed.

"This is something we hereos have to make calls on." He said. "Often we don't have all the answers going into a collaboration with the authorities. If your instincts are saying go to America, then go. I'll be along after closing these warehouses and cutting off their resources."

"Thank you, I'm not going to say anything to ther agent before we leave. He flies before us. As soon as he's on the plane we're switching our tickets." Shouta warned, "Sorry for causing you trouble."

"Not at all, I'm learning to expect the unexpected with you Aizawa-san." He laughed heartily "You choose the logical path. How can I argue with that?"

"Thank you." Shouta sighed, they hung up and Shouta looked at her boyfriend. He nodded seriously to her, "We're doing this. We won't have near as many others to watch our backs."

"That's fine, we work better together anyways." Hizashi said as he walked over and gathered their things. She slung her case up behind her and kissed his cheek. "Let's go hear the agent out and ditch him."

"Hizashi, you sometimes have the best ideas." Shouta mused as they locked up their broken into apartment. She was still irritated someone managed to pick their lock. When they moved, she was going overboard on the security.

The intruders were after Hizashi. It was a wake up call about his hero persona. And it irritated him that after all this time, there was still a leak in the government offices. He remembered how Shouta had told him about Hitoshi's first case. That all the families regisered to babies born that year were leaked. Now they knew where he'd slept becasue he'd filled out the paperwork on Hitoshi's transfer of custody.

It pissed him off. When he got back, he was going to spearhead a major investigation over this case. The only thing that was keeping him calm was knowing that the Nakiri's address had been kept out of the paperwork. And even more, Hitoshi was hidden somewhere no one could find him.
Shouta had assured him after hearing the news, that no one would find her house. Her father had the deed records sealed to protect his identity as an artist.

Hitoshi was safe with three heroes and one vigilante to protect him. Knowing that, and knowing they were going after the heads of this organization was enough to quell his fury. Shouta's hand absently brushing his was a help as well.

"I'm sorry, we didn't think to station cover for you at your apartment." Agent Kurusu sighed from where he sat across from them in a cafe inside the Haneda Airport. "I wasn't aware you lived together until last night."

"It would be appreciated if you kept that to yourself." Shouta growled, the agent met her gaze and Hizashi turned on his own displeased glare. Under their combined ire the agent sighed and nodded. "There's a reason we keep our private lives quiet."

"I understand." The agent nodded. "Still, my apologies."

"So did they come from one of the warehouse locations, or from the top?" Hizashi asked to change the subject.

"The top unfortunately, we managed to find out they came in yesterday morning and must have followed you home from the charity gala." The agent informed.

Hizashi didn't like the thought that those assholes had been waiting around for them to go to bed. That they might have managed to look in on them from the windows having sex. Being vulnerable like that, having Shouta be vulnerable like that and not being able to protect her...it left a bad taste in his mouth. Made him want to shriek eardrums into goo.

Shouta patted his hand and he knew she was feeling the same way judging by the deep set to her eyebrows and dark scowl. Massive invasion of their home sanctuary. He was lucky they hadn't actually been hurt, or it could have gone so much worse. "What were they after?"

"We managed to get out of one of them that they were to beat you both until you gave up the location of the Shinsou boy." Kurusu shook his head with a dark frown on his face. "Clearly they didn't think you were a threat."

"They thought that because we're fresh out of UA, were not as much of a threat as other pros." Shouta scoffed. "They should have known better, I took out their entire dock crew."

"Indeed," Kurusu looked at his watch and frowned. "I have to board my flight with the others now. See you when you land."

They watched him leave then Shouta got up and tracked him stealthily through the airport. Hizashi sipped his coffee and waited, it was best to let her work without him hovering over her. Not even fifteen minutes later she was back. "He's on the plane. He took fucking first class, the rest of his agents were all riding economy."

"What a dick." Hizashi scoffed.

"Kinda glad were heroes, we don't really get a choice but to ride in planes with large main cabins." Shouta sighed and drained her coffee before she ordered another. Hizashi nodded, it was better that way, in the event of an emergency they would have they autonomy to act with the air marshals. After they left the cafe he padded out to schmooze the ticket counter and swap their tickets for some to America.
He found her as they moved off to the new terminal. "Fourteen hours and we only take one plane. He's going to know as soon as we don't land."

"Good," Shouta snorted, "Toshinori will fill him in."

"Love you Shouta, thanks for changing plans." Hizashi wrapped his arm around her shoulders and she leaned into him.

"Well it was the logical course to take." Shouta said, "This is an extremely personal mission, we can't afford to let them get away."

"For Hitoshi." Hizashi said, he was not going to let that boy end up some human slave somewhere. No fucking way.

"For Hitoshi." Shouta nodded. They checked their suitcase with their travel things in it, but had to show that their hero gear came with them. They flashed their licenses, it got him a few wide eyes when they realized who he was. But the flight staff didn't do much more than gape as if trying to place the long haired weirdo into the boots of the loud flashy hero. Maybe Shouta was on! to something about the incognito thing.

They ended up in seats against the back wall to the bathrooms and Shouta claimed the window seat. She tucked a neck pillow around her neck and was out in a second. He envied her the ability to sleep like that. But he still worried she would not be able sleep once they were in a real bed again. It had taken him months to break through the conditioning she had given herself to wake up to a pin drop. Right now, he wasn't sure that was a bad thing though.

Shouta was relying pretty heavy on Hizashi's near flawless English skills. While she could understand English and speak it well enough, it was with a heavy accent. Hizashi moved smoothly into English as well as he did into any of the sign languages he knew. They made it though the airport easily, and once in a taxi. they were travelling down the famous Las Vegas strip.

Shouta squinted as they rode through the evening lights. It may have been close to midnight, but it was as bright as daylight out. She saw a number of heroes walking the strip, mixed in with the civilians everywhere. It was too much for her senses and she was inside a car. Hizashi however was looking at everything with wonder. She spared a thought about it being a shame they were here for work.

The hotel they were originally booked in was off the strip, in a quiet section of southern Las Vegas. They managed to get the rooms opened up early, and only had to flash the hero licenses once. Since it was on the agents dime, Shouta didn't really care.

They got into the room and Shouta immediately set about inspecting the place, checking every nook and cranny of the room. No bugs, and there wasn't a balcony, only a window that she made sure was locked and sealed before she shoved the curtains over it. She activated her quirk in case anyone had a listening ability trained on this room.

She had seen a few strange things under Vanisher's wing, and her paranoia had been ratcheted up to a thousand. Once she was sure she turned to Hizashi with a sharp look. He nodded and sucked in a breath. She covered her ears as he whistled sharp and high. If anything had been listening in it was now destroyed.
Shouta relaxed and took out her phone. She turned it on and got a flood of calls and texts from their agent friend. She called him back, "Eraserhead!"

"Hey," She said coolly and sat on the bed. Hizashi flopped next to her and curled around her back.

"You skipped the flight, what the hell were you two thinking?!” Kurusu demanded.

"That all of us being there was a dumb idea. And having us here is far more logical." Shouta said in a deadpan voice.

She was tired, and her eyes hurt. As if summoned by her thoughts Hizashi sat up and tipped her head back to drop some of her medication into her eyes. She blinked and smiled thankfully at him.

"If I wanted to do something incredibly logical, I would have had All Might join us and we would have wiped out the main base as soon as we landed." She continued.

"Then what the fuck was the point of teaming up?!" Kurusu snarled and Shouta smirked.

"I never actually wanted to team up with you or the government on this case." Shouta said slyly, "You inserted yourself into my investigation, took over it. I allowed that, because you were protecting Shinsou. I knew you had an ulterior motive for him as well, that's why he's being protected by heroes and not agents at the moment. Look, you're a whole eighteen hours away, by the time you show up here it'll be time to begin the operation."

"You really fucked us here." Kurusu growled. "Fine, I'll call the contacts who will take you out to the location, they're going to be coordinating the surrounding area to stop anyone from escaping. But this is inherently a Japanese job, you will be the heroes on sight. That means the entire base is to be taken by you, any stragglers will be picked up by your support team. None of them have the ability to take on these villains."

"So, all six of them are ours." Shouta said with a nod. "Fine, when you're done there, meet us."

She hung up before he could rip into her again. She honestly didn't care. Hizashi smoothed his hands up her back. She got an email from Kurusu saying they were to meet with their contact for recon the following afternoon.

With that finished she got up and headed for the shower. Within moments of being under the hot spray Hizashi had joined her. Pressed up against her back he hugged her and a long moment of quiet passed between them.

"I can't stop thinking about it." Hizashi breathed into her neck. "They could have had kill orders, and we could have died in our own bed."

"Don't think about it like that," Shouta reached up to his arms. She turned and pressed her face to his chest. Like this they were as pressed together as they had been before they were attacked in their bed. "We're alive, we're not even hurt."

"I don't know what I would have done if you'd died." He growled into her hair, he pulled her in tighter. "I don't like feeling that powerless, I don't like it at all."

"I know." She hugged him tighter. "I'm here though."

She held him while he trembled out the pent up fear and anger. She washed his hair with all of his product and then her own. Then she got him situated on the toilet so she could go through the process of drying his hair and getting it prepared for bed. She settled him into the sheets and laid
back to let him sleep on her chest.

Shouta laid awake for along time listening to his breathing. The idea of sleeping was not a notion she wanted to entertain. Every shadow became an enemy, every noise outside their room was a potential intruder. Shouta stayed awake, this was nothing new, she was used to worse. She took comfort in Hizashi being next to her, his slow breathing was what finally lulled her under. It was honestly the worst sleep she'd ever had.

Hizashi was unimpressed by the showing they were getting from the American Hero Association. He understood they had their own villains to root out, and their own stomping grounds to look after. But two pros and a dozen local officers?

This was a group of Japanese Villains hiding in an compound out in the middle of nowhere. South of the Sloan Canyon National Conservation Area, and north of the Mojave National Preserve. It was so remote, no one else could be spared to help.

They had driven out to the location in the afternoon to get a good look at the location. Shouta slipped off into the desert with her small sling pack and the others were shocked. Hizashi stayed at the cars while the heroes sputtered in worry.

"Is it alright for Eraserhead to go out there like that, this is a desert environment." Raven asked. His black hair was made of feathers and he scowled in worry. Hizashi hasn't asked him what his quirk was, they weren't going to be fighting together. "Can she survive out there?"

"If anyone can survive literally any environment, it's Eraserhead." Hizashi threw up a set of finger guns. "Trust me, she's tough as nails."

"And she won't give herself away? That's a black costume she's wearing." Cloud Dancer asked. She cocked her hip and looked off towards the compound. Her long white hair was shifting like there was wind around them.

"She's the best," Hizashi grinned. "Just wait, she'll come back with everything we need to know before we bust in there."

Sure enough some three hours later she was hiking up to them with a serious look on her face. She tilted her head back and tugged her goggles up and spoke to him in Japanese so he could translate properly. "I think they're all in there. There's guards on the fences, dogs too."

"I've got all that covered." Hizashi nodded. "Any other exits?"

"There's an exit on the east side of the canyon. Some kind of makeshift mine shaft exit. There's a truck parked there."

"We can do that." Raven nodded. "We can't capture them since it's your case, but they won't get past our perimeter."

"Technically the operation is done on the other side of the world. But they won't know it here because were going to hit the moment the sun sets."

"We can't afford for word to get to them."
"We've got this Eraser." Hizashi said and shrugged his own sling pack on. It held water and first aid supplies. They couldn't take in a lot of things, the lighter their travel was the better. "Let's go light these assholes up."

"Stay in comm distance." Shouta pointed at the other heroes and the slew of officers. He translated sternly for her. "As soon as you all get in position, the operation is a go."

"Right!"

Shouta turned and Hizashi joined her as they made their walk back towards the compound. He didn't like the look of it, it was little more than a large open garage with huge complex attached. There were reports of it going down at least three floors. Hizashi waved his hand before they walked over the ridge and Shouta vanished off into the growing darkness.

This was his moment, he was going to draw attention to himself and she would sneak in. As he approached the fence, the lights shined on him and shouting began.

"Look at you all, thinking you're loud." Hizashi snorted and kept walking, purpose in his stride. "Gonna have to TRY HARDER! I CANT HEAR YOU!!"

He darted forward the moment his yell was finished. He reached the gate and slugged the guard there. The dogs were whining at the fence and he whistled, they took off to hide under the cars. He saw Shouta on top of the line of cars moving towards the other guards as they were stunned by his whistle. He followed up with a wail that toppled everything on the surface of the compound.

Shouta opened the gate to admit him and tugged her earplugs out. "Nice job."

"Thanks." He handed her some of the zip ties they had brought. He made the effort of even getting the dogs back onto leashes and once all the guards were gathered up behind the cars, they were ready to move again. "Hope they didn't take off out that other exit."

"There's only two of us, they'll think they've got the upperhand." Shouta said simply as they approached the compound doors. She looked at him, "Be careful."

"You too." He nodded and reached for the door handle.
Shouta and Hizashi raid the villain compound

The first open floor of the compound was wide and open. It was filled with large barrels and empty shipping containers. Shouta looked around with narrow eyes and slipped towards the shadows while Hizashi sauntered into the main area. There was a large door set into the middle of the room, it was part of what looked like a small guard house.

That was their way down. Four guards streamed out of the little room and Shouta slipped through the door as they're attention fell to Hizashi. "LET'S GO!"

She smirked and looked around for anything surveillance related. There was a wall of monitors showing different angles of every floor. She frowned when she saw two people climbing the stairs towards this floor. She couldn't tell who they were thanks to the baggy hoodies they wore.

Shouta had profiles on all six of these villains. But they couldn't counter well if they didn't know who it was they were facing off against. Shouta frowned and moved to the doorway, it was next to the door exiting the stairwell. Hizashi was finishing up when he saw her.

She signed that they were going to have two new enemies and he nodded. She stayed back even the door opened. The first one shot out like a red blur. Shouta was shocked, but she actuated her quirk and the villain stopped moving at super speed. Just in time for Hizashi to deliver a staggering punch. Unexpected layup, but effective.

The second villain tore into the room with better skills. Under Shouta's eyes the quirk didn't activate, but he still moved at Hizashi with intent. She ducked through and before the villain got any closer to her partner she looped him up and jerked him to the ground where she knocked him out with a single punch.

"Nice work." Hizashi threw her a thumbs up and they set to tying them up too. They stashed the downed enemies behind the surveillance room and eased to the stairwell.

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"Next floor or right to the bottom?" Shouta signed. Her partner bit his lip and shuffled his feet.

'I want to stay together, next floor?' He signed back. She nodded and they moved quietly down the stairs. The door was solid with no window in it. Hizashi stepped up and took his headphones off to listen. 'I don't hear anything.'

Shouta tested the door knob and pulled it inward slowly. She peered through the opening and frowned when she saw it was a communal floor. Bunks, couches, TVs, three guards all suiting up, and one man with long teal colored hair.
That was another of the villains. She wracked her brain to place this villain with the profiles they had studied. So far they had encountered the villain Red Streak, with super speed, and Maestro who could use his quirk to puppeteer. This guy, with the teal hair must have be Jade Swordsman. If memory of the profiles served he could turn his limbs into blades.

Shouta nodded and activated her quirk as they rushed in. Hizashi yelled and it shocked all of their enemies. Shouta whirled into the fight with perfectly timed attacks with her scarf. Redirecting punches and snatching weapons away. They fell quickly between her and Hizashi until the villain was all that was left.

He started at his arms in frustration. Even though her eyes were staring to hurt Shouta kept it up. She ran in low, using the Hizashi's next yell to snap her scarf around the villain's wrists. She sidestepped around him and threw him of balance into a wild flip. Once he was down she stomped on his jaw. Out like a light. Now they had a problem. How to immobilize him?

"I don't have anything to tie him up with that he won't get out of." She complained.

"I don't either, when I get home, I'm putting in an order for capture foam." Hizashi grumbled. That was a good idea. Shouta hog tied the villain with the zip ties and they looked around for anything of note. With nothing else they moved for the next floor silently.

Shouta leaned back from listening to the door when she felt all of her battle instincts scream at once. She jerked to her feet and Hizashi reached out to her. It felt like something was stabbing her in the forehead. She backed into the wall as a shriek worked up onto her lips.

Hizashi's scream shook the entire complex and Shouta tried to open her eyes to get to him. He had never screamed like that before. But just as soon as she had tried to get past her own crippling pain, she felt it intensify.

She collapsed and looked through her bleary gaze to see the door swinging open and a woman stepped out. Shit, this was the one she'd been worried about. Delusion, she was called. With the ability to make anyone have Nightmares.

"Yes yes, go to sleep." The woman laughed in Japanese and Shouta couldn't even activate her quirk. She cursed as her eyes closed.

"Wake up wake up," A voice speaking in Japanese drew Hizashi back to awareness. He wanted to open his eyes but he refrained. He was a professional dammit. Instead he made note that his arms were tied together behind him. His legs to they front legs of the chair. "I know you're awake."

He opened his eyes to find his sunglasses were gone, so were his headphones and his Directional Speaker. The man sitting before him had unruly brown hair and piercing black eyes. This was the ringleader, Mind Flayer. He had a quirk that caused one to lose control of their own quirk. At his side stood the woman from the doorway, Delusion.

"You know, when I got the call that my warehouses were gone, I was pretty pissed." Mind Flayer spoke. "Everything I had, up in smoke. Because of fucking All Might. Imagine my surprise when as soon as I get off the phone, you and your partner are tearing through my base!"

Hizashi tipped his chin up with pride. They had executed the plan well. It was unfortunate that
Delusion had managed to catch them before they could incapacitate her. But not every plan survived contact with the enemy.

"Tell me where you hid the boy." Mind Flayer glared. "I know it's you, your civilian name is on the custody papers. I need him now, my entire operation is up in smoke and I need this sale."

Delusion came forward and yanked the gag off of Hizashi's mouth. He smirked dangerously once freed. "Fuck you."

"How unbecoming of a hero." Delusion ran her fingers through her long blond hair.

"I'll give you one more chance, tell me where the boy is." Mind Flayer glared darkly at Hizashi. Hizashi rolled his green eyes and stated to laugh. He wasn't giving them shit. "Suit yourself, Delusion."

Mind Flayer got up and left the strange room they were in. Delusion smiled at him and then it turned dark and ugly she put earplugs in and walked to him. She dug her fingers into the hair at his temples and suddenly he wasn't in the room attached to a chair.

This time he was standing in his apartment. Shouta lay on the ground in her hero costume. Blood seeped from her stomach, and her eyes looked ahead unseeing. His heart raced, what was this?! It wasn't real, it wasn't real!

"Look at how she's fallen." Hizashi while around to see Delusion there. This was her quirk!
"Already dead, that's what you fear huh?"

"Shut up, let me out of here right now!" Hizashi snarled and she just giggled.

"I can't do that." She waved her hand and Shouta got up, none of her injuries were present. "There's still so much to see."

He felt his body go cold. The black eyes he loved opened and looked at him with pure terror in them. "Help me!"

"Eraser!!"

"What did you do to him?" Shouta glared at the man walking into the room she was tied up in. He had brown hair and black eyes. Mind Flayer. Shouta activated her quirk and he laughed.

"Come now, I wasn't planning to use my quirk on you." He dragged a chair closer and sat down. "I just want to talk."

"So talk." Shouta grumbled as the compound shook with Hizashi's screams. It wasn't a good feeling she had each time he screamed or called for her with his quirk.

"You took out all of my men a few weeks ago. Then you stole something of mine. Something I've been after for years!" Mind Flayer corrected his fists. "We lost him after Vanisher destroyed my holdings in Japan. But low and behold he pops up with an honest to God brainwashing quirk three years later. I've had buyers across the globe for him."
"Looks like you won't get your chance to cash in." Shouta glared. Her eyes were burning but she wasn't going to give him a chance to use his quirk on her.

"We'll just have to see." He smirked. "I'll get one of you to talk. One way or the other."

"Doubt it." Shouta snorted. She blinked and the door opened. The last unaccounted for villain was standing in the doorway. He frowned when she saw his skin mottled into a dark gleaming substance.

"Lobo, beat her until she talks." Mind Flayer ordered and Shouta tensed. The man angled in and Mind Flayer walked out.

Shouta missed her goggles, and missed her scarf. She was at a disadvantage. She reactivated her quirk and the dark hue faded from the man's skin, but he just smirked and stalked closer. His fist shot out and buried into her stomch.

She groaned and fell into a coughing fit. "Where is the boy?"

"So far away you'll never find him." Shouta hissed. She blinked and was struck even harder. But this time his whole arm was covered in his quirk. She spat up bile onto the floor.

"Where is the boy?"

Hizashi was running, horrified by the army of insects, that were the size of horses, chasing him. Minato stretched out in front of him, it was at least familiar. The raw terror that surged in his blood was made stronger because he couldn't use his quirk to defeat them. Nothing was working.

Suddenly Shouta was swinging off of an electricsl pole to cut off the insects. He turned on his boots in shock.

"Go!" She ordered.

He watched as the tidal wave of bugs swarmed her. The issue was that now he wasn't the target. He became immaterial. Without his permission his legs moved him into the wriggling swarm. In the center Shouta struggled and screamed while the insects tore her body apart.

"No!" Hizashi ran and tried to get to her. He made it right as her head was severed by long pincers. It wasn't real, it wasn't real!

Hizashi blinked and he wasn't in Minato anymore. He was back in the small room. It felt like he'd been run over by a truck. "Look at you, all tired out."

He glared at the woman who sat primly across from him. She pulled her ear plugs out. "You fought hard against my pretty dreams. But you won't manage forever. I wasn't expecting Eraserhead to be the star though. There was no intel on you two being a duo. Do I sense feelings there?"

"Not a chance." Hizashi bit out even as he heaved for breath.

"We'll just have to see won't we?" She replaced her earplugs and looked at him.
It felt like his brain was on fire again. Then he was standing in the ruins of Musutafu. He tripped over a rock as soon as he took a step. He fell into a deep fissure in the road. He landed in something soft yet firm.

He tried to turn to get up but a hand stopped him. It wasn't grasping or doing anything other than laying on his face. He freaked out and rolled over. He was knee and elbow deep in corpses. The horror was bad enough, his entire body rebelling that he was even in a pit of dead. But then he got a look at them. Hundreds of bodies, some bloated, some dismembered, all of them gruesome. All of them were Shouta.

Hizashi spilled out of the nightmare and back into reality. He vomited on the floor and Delusion tipped her head back to bite her thumb. "So beautiful."

Shouta glared for the last time as Lobo, or whatever his name was finally stopped trying to feed her her ribs. He rapped on the door and it opened. "It's not working. She's not talking."

"Delusion is having the same issue, she can't get him to give it up either. We're on borrowed time." That was Mind Flayer. "I have an idea."

They dragged her chair out into a hallway and into another room. Hizashi was screaming in his chair, thrashing as his eyes darted behind closed lids. Shouta activated her quirk and Delusion whipped around with a snarl on her lips.

"You bitch!" She hissed. Shouta just glared at her, she didn't know what the villain was doing to Hizashi but using her quirk had stopped it.

"E-Eraser?" Hizashi cracked open an eye to look at her. His relief was punctuated by sudden anger. She knew she must look a mess. She had bruised cheeks and blood on her mouth.

"Good good, you might not want to let go yet Eraserhead." Mind Flayer said as he stepped up behind her. Green eyes flew wide open. Then he opened his mouth and screamed, long and loud. But if his quirk had been active it would have deafened all of them. Her eyes widened in horror. Mind Flayer had caused Hizashi to use his quirk.

Delusion stepped up behind Shouta and Hizashi's eyes closed. He immediately started to twitch. It was silent before he stared to scream again. Only Shouta's quirk was keeping him from totally deafening them.

That was when the punch came out of nowhere. It smashed across her face and she almost blinked. She twisted her eyes back just as Hizashi screamed again. Then he came out of it gasping and thrashing in his binds.

Shouta started to blink when Mind Flayer reached into her line of sight and she jerked to catch him. Her head was grabbed instead by the Lobo's hands.

"You bastards." Hizashi snarled. "I'm going to leave you all deaf when I get out of here."

"Careful Eraserhead, if you blink for even a second well make him scream until your whole body can feel it." Mind Flayer warned. Shouta fought the blink but it came.
Hizashi screamed instantly and it was painful. An uncontrolled mess of high and low frequency. She opened her eyes and activated her quirk. Her ears were ringing, she wouldn't be able to take too many of those without losing her ability to hear.

Other people filed in. The other villains, shit. The villain in red ran towards her from the side and she was kicked in the stomach. She wanted to give in as her body tried to fold in on itself. She kept her eyes on Hizashi. He was back under in whatever the hell dream Delusion had created.

His screams were bad enough even without his quirk. Shouta felt her eyes burn, they ached painfully. But she wasn't going to let go, he would never forgive himself if she was so badly damaged she couldn't hear.

A long slice of metal down her shoulders made her cry out. Hizashi startled out of his nightmare with a cut off scream. He looked at the new additions and gazed in horror at her. Blood was seeping down her back.

"Eraser, you okay?" He gasped.

"Never better." She locked eyes with him and he nodded.

"That's enough of that." Red Streak said and moved across the room to punch Hizashi in the face. Her partner barely flinched. All Might was their back up, he'd be here before long. Torture was nothing they hadn't been ready for thanks to UA.

"This can all stop, if you just tell me where the kid is" Mind Flayer breathed into her ear.

"Fuck off." Shouta growled.

She was slapped then, and Hizashi shouted. "Hey asshole, look at me!" Shouta glared at her boyfriend, she had this! "That's right, feel big making her use her quirk while you beat the shit out of he?"

"I do actually, it's rather fun." Mind Flayer massive. "We're the Dogs of Destruction. We do this everywhere."

"You won't be for much longer." Hizashi scowled. Jade Swordsman walked over. And his quirk vanished under her stare. It didn't stop then from physically beating Hizashi now. Shouta fought her bonds then, and that just made Delusion giggle.

Fingers touched her temple and Shouta was suddenly standing in the middle of the roof of the Shinsou's apartment.

Hizashi struggled in his bonds as one villain held Shouta's face still. Delusion was looking at her intently after she let go of his partner. Mind Flayers eyes glowed bright gold and Hizashi felt his quirk activate.

He screamed unbidden and fought to turn it off. But the other villain, Maestro quirks his fingers and Hizashi couldn't close his jar this time. He had never lost control like this before! He'd read the files, he'd been ready for this but not to this scale. There was literally nothing he could do to stop it.
Shouta thrashed in her seat, blood started to drip from her ears and Hizashi panicked. He couldn't deafen her, she would never be able to continue her hero work like that! Not the way she wanted! He had to turn his quirk off somehow.

He couldn't do anything. His directional speaker had a failsafe in it but they had taken it. Fuck! He looked around frantically before it came to him. He needed just a second of freedom. He glared as his scream died, another built up nearly instantly, but his jaw fell loose. He met Mind Flayer's eyes and managed to sneer like Shouta liked. Then he bit down on his tongue.

He tasted blood instantly and kept his mouth shut as his scream tried to come through. Hell no! He closed his eyes as blood poured down his chin. Something shook the ground above and Hizashi spared a moment to be grateful. Backup was here.

Within moments the door was kicked in and All Might burst in. The villains swarmed him in their intent to take him down. Hizashi felt his vision blur as he started to slump forward. His mouth opened and to his horror his tongue fell out of his mouth.

It was fine, he thought as his mind checked out, better him than Shouta.

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She looked down at the morphed quirk buried in her abdomen. The pain was real, terrible, and familiar. She looked up into the face of her attacker and it was Hizashi. Not the jerked she tremendedly.

He opened his mouth and a long scream blasted her. It hurt and rattled her body. She was flung over the edge towards the dumpster. This time she wasn't holding Hitoshi. The impact was worse than she remembered.

She came to looking at Hizashi as he slumped in his bonds, blood was pouring from his mouth. "Mic..."

She could hear her voice, but everything else came through with that terrible ringing. Hizashi was passed out, and when she looked down she saw his tongue on the ground. What the hell?!

"Eraserhead!" She barely heard it but she lifted her head up to see one of the agents at the door. "You have to release your quirk!"

Was it active? She'd just opened her eyes. She blinked but the burn was still there. She turned her head instead and closed her eyes. The agent cut her free as another with a healing ability worked to reattach Hizashi's tongue.

"Where are they?" Shouta demanded.

"All Might and Agent Kurusu have chased them to the surface." The agent reported. Shouta shot to her feet the moment she was free. Her whole body protested, screaming at her to lay down.

No fucking way.

She stalked from the room and saw her capture weapon on a table next to the door. Her belt was there as well as Hizashi's directional speaker. She geared herself back up and relaxed only as much as her pain permitted her to. She looked back to see the medical agent dropping to sit with a
relieved look on his face.

It was enough to know Hizashi was alright for now. She was going to catch these assholes and make them pay for what they had just done to them.
Shouta and Hizashi recover from their first real capture situation

Chapter Notes

Sorry this is late guys, I sorrento the whole night making Halloween cupcakes as per my family tradition. They were amazing :3

It was an ordeal to walk up the stairs to the main level. Shouta's eyes burned horribly, her head pounded. But she was determined, she was going to see these villains captured.

Shouta paused with her hand on the wall next to the door leading to the surface level. She dragged in a ragged choking breath and coughed up blood. She ignored it, shoving the door open she saw the guards all knocked back out.

Agent Kurusu was slumped near the doorway outside. Shouta shuffled over to him. His legs were broken. "Lobo got you huh?"

"They need your help Eraserhead." Kurusu gritted out. "Why is your quirk activated?"

"Can't turn it off." Shouta huffed. She decided she didn't have time for him. She walked through the next doorway and frowned when she saw the afternoon sky above. The had infiltrated at dusk, how long had they been captured for?

All Might was standing inside the complex, the gates were blocked by black transport vehicles. Some of the villains were dancing away from the number one hero. Maestro was directing punches so the others could attack. The moment her eyes fell on the group all of their quirks vanished.

"Eraserhead!" She inclined her head to All Might, she wasn't sure she could hold up in a fight. But she could use these broken eyes to make sure he won. All Might turned on the villains. "You've been busy doing whatever you want villains."

"I've got your quirks now." Shouta gritted out as she shuffled forward.

"But I won't need mine to take you all out!" All Might ran in and delivered staggering blows to Red Streak and Lobo. Jade Swordsman rushed in trying to get his own sneak attack in. All Might caught him with an elbow to the face.

Shouta was suddenly tackled as she been watching the fight. She hit the ground with an agonized scream. Her body was not okay with that. She turned her head and saw Delusion had decided to attack her.

"That's enough of you!" Delusion snarled. "You've ruined everything. I'm going to drive you insane!"
She shoved Shouta's head down when a gunshot rang out. Shouta twisted to see red bloom from the center of the blond woman's chest. Shouta gaped in horror, she turned her head and saw Agent Kurusu was pointing his gun around the compound doorway.

"What have you done?!" Shouta yelled. The gun shifted and Shouta followed is path to where Mind Flayer was causing All Might's quirk to flare up and die out all at once. None of his famous smashes were going off, but he was still a staggering opponent. "All Might!"

The number one hero twisted to look at her then at the gun being pointed at Mind Flayer. Shouta kicked Delusion's body off of her and slung her scarf out with a cry. It whirled from her, in a slew of tendrils, just as the gun went off. Three shots were fired and her scarf managed to catch two of them.

"No!" All Might bellowed. Shouta looked at him and saw Mind Flayer had fallen to the ground. Blood coated the villain's face and Shouta raced for Kurusu as soon as she gained her feet and kicked the gun out of his hands.

"What the fuck have you done?!" She shouted.

"What I had to do." Agent Kurusu glared. "Not every little kid had a hero to protect them from being sold. Maybe if I'd had you watching my home five years ago, my wife and daughter would still be alive."

Her heart ached for his words. His lost family. But that didn't stop her fury as it rose up in her throat. She stomped forward and smashed her fist across the agent's face.

"Eraserhead!" All Might shouted. He'd hovered in the doorway. "You're going to injure yourself further."

"You fucking used me, you used Shinsou to get a chance at these guys. You didn't want to bring them in at all!" Shouta felt All Might grasp her shoulders as she lunged for the agent. "How dare you?!"

Her vision started to spot as she jostled her ribs and a harsh feeling of clicking came from both of her sides. Fuck, her ribs were broken. She sagged as all of her energy fled. All Might swung her gently up into his arms.

"Don't worry Eraserhead, I'll get you and Present Mic Medical attention." All Might said. "This won't be forgotten, you can trust me."

She did trust him.

Shouta frowned as her vision started to go black. She blinked a few times but her vision was gone. Panic surged inside her and it was only her hero training that kept her from becoming totally incoherent.

"I can't see." She breathed and curled in tighter to All Might. "My quirk has never been active for this long."

"I'll tell the doctors" All Might rumbled. She nodded. In the darkness as her exhaustion and pain started to drag her down, all she wanted to do was hear Hizashi's voice.
Hizashi was sickeningly thankful to wake up. He started up at the pale white ceiling above, and smelled antiseptic. He was in a hospital. He felt around his mouth and was pleased to note someone had reattached his tongue. That was good.

He felt cottony, so he was on some kind of painkillers. He manages to turn his head and Shouta was in the bed next to his. He was worried immediately because her eyes and head were wrapped in bandages. The rest of her face had been healed of the dark purpled bruises he'd seen last. When he'd looked at her last, her eyes had remained burning red.

Even when she'd gone into her own nightmare her eyes had not closed once. Not even while they beat and tortured her. He opened his mouth to call to her but a sudden panic hit him. He slammed his jaws shut, he inhaled as he freaked out.

Would he use his quirk? What if he couldn't control it? The machine next to his bed started to go off erratically. He jerked, he didn't want it to wake up Shouta. Nurses rushed in and he relaxed some. They began speaking to him in English.

"Present Mic, were ah, glad you're awake. I apologize if this different environment startled you."

The doctor said as she lifted his chart and they adjusted his iv. "All Might assured me that you speak English."

He nodded but gestured with his free hand. He signed in ASL and her eyes narrowed. "Excuse me, I myself don't understand ASL, allow me to get an interpreter."

Another nurse came in some ten minutes later and they started asking him questions about how he felt. He answered to the best of his ability and explained his almost panic attack. "Your panic attack was most likely the result of your experience. You say you bit your tongue off to keep from hurting your partner?"

She was the only one who got hurt in that room thanks to his quirk. The enemies wore earplugs. He rubbed his throat and grimaced. "This is a fairly common occurrence for heroes after a traumatic event. I will forward your file to a doctor you trust in Japan. My recommendation is that you take it easy. Don't push yourself, just take it slow day by day until you feel ready to talk."

He nodded, he could do that. He sat up fully and nodded to Shouta. "I will come back when she wakrs up. But I imagine it will be just as disorienting for her. I'll send your friend in."

The doctor and nurses left. He inched out of his bed and grasped the iv stand as All Might entered in plain clothes. "present Mic!" He rushed Girard to help Hizashi get to the plush chair next to Shouta. "In so glad you're okay!"

His body was tired, but that wasn't going to stop him. He threaded his fingers with Shouta's and lifted it to his lips. He trembled and tears filled his eyes. They'd made him hurt her. He'd watched her die numerous times in that woman's nightmare quirk. It wasn't all real, but it was real enough.

"Two of the villains were killed." All Might said. Hizashi looked to through his tears with a confused frown.

"Agent Kurusu killed them when he chased after me. He got a number of them while I was occupied, and after Eraserhead came up, she erased my quirk as well." The number one hero shook his head. "The operation in Thailand was much easier. We finished quickly. I had to force Agent Kurusu to stay with me on our way to the site. The rest of the villains are captured awaiting
extradition."

The machines attached to Shouta started to scream with noise as she jolted in bed. She shot up, her arms jerking. "H-Hizashi!"

"Aizawa!" All Might called as Shouta started to scrabble at her wires and tubes. Hizashi surfed to his feet and wrapped his arms around her.

"Z-Zashi?!" She asked in a high pitched tone. He nodded into her neck and she grabbed at the scrubs he was wearing. "Hizashi!"

He held her while she sobbed and shook in his arms. He buried his face into her shoulder and drew strength from the fact that they were both alive. They had survived.

"I-I can't see." Shouta said through her sobs.

"That is because you over used your quirk." The doctor was back. She wanted over and stopped at the foot of the bed. All Might hovered anxiously behind her. "Quirks are like muscles. You shredded yours, metaphorically. You should expect extreme dryness going forward. I'll forward your information to the doctors in Japan. They'll update your prescriptions. For now, you need to rest your eyes, no light, keep them covered for at least two weeks. Your vision will return, but it would be best to take it extremely slow. This was nerve damage buried under physical damage."

"Thank you." Shouta sighed as she shivered. "Hizashi you haven't said anything."

"I had a panic attack. I'm afraid to speak." Hizashi signed into her palm once he'd grabbed it. "I'm not sure if I have control of my quirk."

"I'm sorry." Shouta breathed. She shook her head, "Toshinori, I'll want to talk about the investigation. But I need a moment with Hizashi."

He watched the room empty and she nudged his head with hers. "Windows?"

He got up to draw the curtains shut. When he returned her hands scrabbled to grasp him. He pressed his hand to hers, "I'm here."

"Kiss me Hizashi." She breathed and he cupped her face, careful of the bandages. He guided her mouth to his and their kiss was almost painful. So many emotions burned in his chest. Her kiss was like lancing a wound he hadn't realized he'd gained.

"I love you..." He rasped out. She smiled and kissed him again.

"I love you too." She replied.

Four broken ribs, cracked bruised, internal organ damage, and extreme quirk exhaustion. Tose were the trophies Shouta was taking home with her. Hizashi thankfully only had cracked ribs. But the psychological damage was enough.

After he'd raggedly told her he loved her, he'd gone back to silence. It was scary to not having his voice in her ear. But he remained within touching distance of her at all times. Her blindness was made easier thanks to that.
Toshinori had flown out ahead of them to report the entire incident to the hero commission and the Japanese government. Her rage was still strong, they had been used to track down and immobilize villains so Kurusu could murder them.

That wasn't what Shouta had gotten into the hero game for. Hizashi had agreed. Toshinori promised he would see to it this was reported. She would see to it her cases would never be taken over like that again.

When they returned home she was going to be out of work. At least until her vision came back and she could use her quirk again. They had plenty of savings but they'd been gearing to shove that into a bigger apartment.

It didn't matter, she was going to her father's first, then they would deal with the apartment. She wanted to see Hitoshi, but she wasn't ready her bandages off. She would settle for just being near him.

"Hizashi?" Shouta called. His hand wrapped around hers and drew her to her feet. She relaxed as he pulled her from the hotel bed.

She walked after him towards the bathroom. They were leaving the next day, and this was the first real moment they had alone after leaving the hospital. Thankfully Toshinori had spoken to the American authorities, she didn't think she could report as effectively as Hizashi could.

She still felt like she was in that compound. No matter how she tried to sleep, without the medication, it was nearly impossible. She had heard Hizashi the night before as he woke from a nightmare. He'd huddled on the edge of his hospital bed and sobbed into his hands to muffle his voice.

The cold tile of the bathroom floor is a met her feet and she let Hizashi take care of her in a way she'd never let him before. It reminded her of how he'd take her through her first time after her hysterectomy.

Hizashi started the bath and she tugged her shirt off. Her seat pants followed, then her underwear. She reached to the sink and checked that the lights were off. Then she unwound her head bandages. She cracked her eyelids open and her eyes stung.

According to Hizashi, her eyes were no longer showing her quirk. It had been forcefully deactivated. Apparently the bloodbath in her eyes had burst half way through the hours they were tortured. So they were bloody red, but they would heal.

Shouta had the bottle in hand and with practiced ease manged to get her eyes treated. She closed then again on relief. Hizashi's hand cupped her shoulders and a kiss was pressed to her neck.

She let him lead her into the deep tub the Americans used. The warm water was a welcome relief to her cold body. She settled between Hizashi's legs and rested her head on his chest. "I love you, Hizashi."

He kissed her head and angled her chin up so their lips met. This was the last bit of comfort to be had in America. Hizashi's fingers trailed into her hair and she rose to her knees in the water.

The urge was interesting. She felt nothing but exhaustion and pain since she'd woken up. Right now however she needed to feel alive. "Hizashi," She urged as she ran her hands up to where he'd tipped his head back. "Make love to me."

He shifted and he swallowed. "You sure?" His voice was small, and it broke her heart to heart it at
weak. "S-Shouta?"

"Don't push yourself to talk." She said and settled her weight onto his thighs. She fumbled for the soap and shocked her hand up enough to ease the way as she grasped Hizashi and pumped him a few times. "I just... I need to feel safe."

His arms caved up around her and he stiffened under her hand. His groan was deep and hungry. Relief shot down her spine. Since tension she wasn't sure she'd had fell away. She couldn't see, he wouldn't speak. But they could do this. They could always do this.

Hizashi's hands slid up her sides. She could feel, and wasn't that a marvel? She shifted and rocked her hips up against Hizashi's. His hardened erection rubbed along her core. He brushed firmly against her clit and she let out a heavy breath.

They met in a frantic kiss and Hizashi struggled up. He cradled her close and fumbled as he stood out of the water. They toppled onto all of the towels. How had he managed to get them all down like that?

He pawed at her leg and hip arching his back to continue gliding his cock along her clit and then angled just right. He plunged deep into her and she dragged him down to her. Their mouths fused together as he thrust just enough to deepen the grind into her.

She moaned as they moved together. Her head swam though all of the emotions she'd been dealing with since she woke up. In this bathroom, she felt safe with Hizashi. It didn't matter if they had their quirks or if they were out of commission. Hizashi would fight until he was bloody for her, and she would break herself to protect him.

It had never been more true than on this mission. Hizashi drew back and let out a guttural cry he tried to stifle. She wasn't usually loud during sex. He was the talkative one. She was going to show him she was confidante and safe despite her temporary blindness. She was feeling just enough pleasure to not care about what she was saying.

"Zashi, so good." She panted into his cheek. "Harder, please."

He rumbled and pulled back. She wished she could see him. He angled his hips and thrust harder. She moaned and and sank her nails into his shoulders. "Ngh... Like that?"

"Yes," She wanted to cry when he started to respond. "Please!"

He drove hard into her m spearing pleasure white hot thriving her body. She rocked up until each thrust and it became a dance. "Fuck."

"Zashi..." She panted as her mind started to blank. He mouthed at her neck and she gasped at the added simulation. "Zashi cum with me."

"Okay, okay... " He breathed and moved faster at that brutal pace that made her skin tingle. Her legs locked around his hips. They mashed mouths like it was synchronized. The pressure burst inside Shouta and Hizashi cried out as he spilled within her. His voice rattled the fixtures, but it wasn't so loud it was dangerous.

The after glow came with a sense of cold. They had done this on the bathroom floor still wet from their soak. She started to laugh and it was joined by Hizashi's chuckles. Their laughter turned louder before they stopped. "I love you, so fucking much Shouta."

"Hmm, I love you too." She smiled, she wished she could look at him, but it was fine. She was just
glad he was talking again. He pressed a kiss to her cheek and then to get lips. Their job was done, she wasn't happy with how they'd been used, but Hitoshi was safe now. That mattered more than anything else.
Hitoshi's Visit

Chapter Summary

Hitoshi stays with the dad trio and has an all around good time.

Chapter Notes

An apology of cute to make up for cutting off Hizashi’s tongue and temporarily blinding Shouta. Lol

See the end of the chapter for more notes

It was a sleepy morning when Hitoshi was woken by his foster father. Nakiri-San urged Hitoshi quietly to pack his bag and join him in the living room. He sleepily complied, he'd been expecting this for nearly a week.

Eraserhead was standing in the living room with her goggles on and scarf wrapped around her neck and face. Excitement bubbled every time he got to see his favorite hero. She knelt when she saw him. "Hitoshi, are you packed?"

"Yes." He said and she nodded.

"I didn't alert the agents across the hall. I also haven't told you where the safe house is, so don't worry about it." Eraserhead spoke to Nakiri-San who just nodded. "Thank you for trusting me."

"Well, you saved him in the first place. The last thing I know a hero like you will do, is bring trouble." Nakiri-San smiled, "Hitoshi, be safe while you're away. Don't misbehave."

"I won't." Hitoshi knew 'misbehavior' was using his quirk. He hadn't used it since the night Eraserhead saved him. His previous foster parent's had hated his quirk.

Eraserhead took his bag and slung it over one of her shoulders before she offered her hand. She snuck out into the balcony and popped him up into her arms where her scarf wrapped securely around him.

Hitoshi liked Eraserhead's scarf, it felt so safe. His hero scaled up to the roof. The wind blew chilly air around them and she looked at him. Her hair blew like a black cloud over her goggles. "Hold on okay?"

He nodded and wrapped his arms around her neck. The scarf moved to accommodate him. She took off at a run. She leapt into the air and he turned his head to see they had vaulted off of the top of the building. She landed on the top of a lamp post and jumped a smaller distance to the electrical lines.

Hitoshi's face flushed, so cool!
In contrast, the subway ride out of Saitama was much less interesting. It was so early that no one was in the car with them. Tucked up against Eraserhead, now Shouta's side, he dozed off.

He woke up to her lifting him and walking off the train. He should have told her he was awake, but one look at her dark eyes as she looked around cautiously kept him silent. She was being cautious, so he didn't want to get in the way. He also liked being in her arms.

They walked out into a shopping district then headed down a side street that led into a residential area much like his old one. He tilted his head and Shouta smiled at him. "This used to be my neighborhood."

"Yours?" Hitoshi asked.

"Yes," She smiled. "I want you to feel comfortable while I'm gone."

He watched as they moved down another street and then she stopped. He looked up at the two storied house. "Is this your house?"

"It used to be." Shouta said. "Come, there's some people I want you to meet."

She walked to the door and unlocked it before she stepped into the genkan. She sat him down and he toed off his shoes. She stepped up when he heard an excited exclamation. "Sho-chan!"

A dark curly haired man hugged Shouta. She patted his back and stepped away. Hitoshi stepped behind her shyly. "Shino awake?"

"He's just gotten in, he's getting changed." They exchanged a long look before they moved into the kitchen.

"Oi, look alive old man." Shouta barked.

"You try having a freak out so early in the morning brat." A gruff voice rumbled.

"You hush." Another voice joined the third and Hitoshi felt his nerves get the better of him. It was okay, he didn't have to talk if he didn't want to. Hizashi had taught him to sign, he was really good too. "You're doing fine."

"Everyone, this is Shinsou Hitoshi, please take care of him." Shouta grasped his shoulder and nudged him out from behind her.

The curly haired man smiled and crouched in front of him. "Hello Toshi-chan. I'm Watanaki Akio, please call me Akio."

Another man, with short cropped black hair leaned over the curly haired man's shoulder. "I'm Watanaki Shino, it's nice to meet you."

Hitoshi nodded and the last man was older. He had long wavy hair, and deep baggy black eyes. He had a scruffy beard on his chin and he reminded Hitoshi of Shouta. "I'm Aizawa Takashi, Shouta's father."

"Hi." Hitoshi signed. The three men looked at Shouta.

"You don't have to be afraid of using your quirk. I'm here for a few hours. I'll make sure it's okay."
She smiled at him and it went a long way to calming him down. Enough to look at the men again.

"Hi," He greeted vocally.

They cooed at him and Aizawa-San turned to Shouta. "You sure he ain't your's, some secret child you've hidden. He's got the Aizawa tired eyes."

"No, his parents were the same way." She looked down at him with a smile. "Everyone with quirks that require mental energy are like that."

He flushed in embarrassed excitement. He had something in common with Shouta. He had something in common with his hero!

"Toshi-Chan, what is your favorite dish?" Akio-San asked.

"O-Okonomiyaki." Hitoshi said, it was what he liked the most right now at least. "With squid."

"How about we have that for lunch?" Akio asked. Hitoshi nodded excitedly.

"Is Vanisher here?" Shouta asked.

"He's running patrol for the morning and afternoon. I'll run evening and night." Shino-san said to Shouta.

"I'll join him after I run the streets. Then I have to go home for the gala." Shouta sighed. "I want this case over. I've got a bad feeling about what comes after."

"We've got it." Aizawa-San patted his daughter's shoulder. "Now, let us get breakfast going. You show Hitoshi-kun the house."

Shouta turned and smiled softly at him. She offered her hand. "Come on, let's go see where you'll be staying."

He took her hand and followed after her as she led him up the stairs. "This room here is where they sleep. If you feel scared or can't sleep knock and they'll be with you. My dad and Shino are great at that."

"Do you sleep fine?" Hitoshi asked.

"I used to, when I was little." She hummed. "Quirks like ours require a lot of control. To use mine I expend a lot of effort to maintain it. That makes me very tired. I imagine yours takes a lot of energy to use and even to keep from using."

It did, that was why he didn't want to talk. But his tiredness was linked to the nightmares too. He just didn't like sleeping. Though, he hadn't dreamed on the subway. Was that because of Shouta?

She opened the door across from the other bedroom and he looked inside. There was a kotatsu and a bed. A closet and a long low dresser lined one wall. The window looked out onto a small balcony. "This used to be my room. While you stay here, this week be your room."

"Really?" Hitoshi asked.

"Yeah, there's a bathroom in here too," She waved to the door to the opposite of the closet.

She sat his back pack on the bed and helped him unpack his clothes. He hid the toy goggles in the bottom of the bag as he stashed it on the floor near the bed. He was too embarrassed to show her
that he'd made them to look like hers.

Shouta took her phone out and pulled up a picture to show him. It was of a woman with black hair and blue eyes. "This is Midnight, a hero friend of mine. She's going to come and play with you while I'm gone."

Then she swiped the picture to a man with black hair and arrow shaped eye brows. He was smiling wide. "This is Ingenium, he will also come by to play. He's Hizashi's best friend."

Then she pulled up a picture of a gruff looking, silver haired, man with an eye patch, and red eyes. Next to him was a girl wearing a bandana over green hair, she looked like she was laughing. "This is my mentor Vanisher, and my junior, Ms. Joke. They will be patrolling around here. If they come to you please listen to them. I trust them."


"And last, this is Shade." Shouta showed him a picture of a black clad figure. A wide smirk and eyes hidden behind a domino mask. A hood covered his head, but it blended into the right suit he wore. "This is the vigilante of the area. He's also here to make sure you stay safe."

"Are they coming for me again?" Hitoshi asked what had been worrying him for a while. She had asked all these heroes to come.

"Not if I can help it. But if they do, I trust these heroes to keep you safe while I'm away." Shouta said. He stepped closer and grabbed her sleeve. She pulled him into her arms. "Come, there's one more room I want you to see."

She led him back down the stairs and to a door in the living room. She pushed it open and he gaped. It was a huge room, bright from the sun coming through the windows. There was a huge cloth lining the floor and it was covered in splashes and flecks of paint. A large wooden table was covered in brushes and tubes of paint.

"This is my father's workshop. He paints every day, so the door will be open." She led him to the corner of the room not covered in paint or easels. There were two standing cabinets. One was a deep dark color, the other a warm red. Shouta opened the red cabinet and he felt his eyes widen there was a picture of his Baa-san. Beneath it was an urn.

"Is that-?" Hitoshi asked as his stomach churned and his heart raced.

"It is." Shouta knelt and lit incense. Hitoshi stumbled over and climbed into her lap. "Why don't you tell her how you're doing?"

"I can?" He asked Shouta with wide eyes and she nodded.

"She loved you very much." Shouta said and looked up. Hitoshi gripped his shirt over his heart as it seemed to ache.

"Baa-san," Hitoshi said experimentally. "Everyone is taking really good care of me. I still don't like my quirk, and I'm not confidant talking a lot. But I'm okay, I promise I'll keep being good."

He turned and buried his face into Shouta's neck and she sat with him for a while before she wrapped her arm around his back and lifted him up into the air. They walked to the kitchen and had breakfast. Hitoshi watched as Shouta argued through smiles with her father. Shino-San and Akio-San laughed and kept giving him more food to eat.
It was exciting, and it made him immediately think of Hizashi. He remembered how boisterous the loud man was. Even when he was signing his motions were big. Hitoshi suddenly got worried. Hizashi and Shouta were leaving to hunt the people who tried to steal him. What if they didn't come back?

Baa-san didn't come back when she was taken to the hospital.

Shouta got up and exchanged hugs with all the of the men. Then she offered her hand to him. "Hitoshi, I want you to have fun while you're here." She said as they walked to the door with Aizawa-San following behind. "Try getting to be four years old for once. You're a very responsible boy."

"You-..." Hitoshi cut himself off. She was a hero, and he was just a kid. He didn't want to be needy. He definitely didn't want to try and use his quirk to get her to stay. That wasn't very heroic. "I'll miss you."

"I'll miss you too." She slipped her feet into her boots and slung her scarf back around her neck. Then she crouched in front of him and drew him close. "But I'll see you again in a few days."

"With Hizashi?" He asked seriously.

"With Hizashi." She said as she studied him intently.

"Be careful Sho." Aizawa-San said and shared a long look with his daughter.

"Watch over him for me." Shouta ordered and with that she was gone. Hitoshi stood there a while longer before he looked up at Aizawa-San.

"Don't worry, she's strong. And Hizashi will be with her." Aizawa-San assured and steered him into the living room. "Do you like games show's?"

Hitoshi shrugged.

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The gym Shino and Akio, owned was large and open. Many rooms branched off of the large main room full of mats and gymnastic equipment.

"Hitoshi, this is where Shouta trained before she became a hero." Shino told him. Hitoshi had been told to drop the formalities. So he was happy to do so.

"Really?!" Hitoshi looked up and saw a huge network of ropes and curtains pinned up high.

"Yeah, her quirk doesn't make her a good fit for being public." Shino said with a far away smile. "Not everyone has a physical quirk. It's up to us to decide how to use our quirks to be useful."

"I don't think mine can be used like that." Hitoshi said shyly. "Everyone is scared of my quirk."

"Well how about we try a few times." Shino offered. "Have you ever used it in a calm setting before?"

The first time it manifested one of his first foster siblings was using him as a punching bag. Hitoshi had called out the other boy's name and he responded by calling Hitoshi a freak. Hitoshi had told
the boy to stop, and he did. He stood there for nearly an hour before Hitoshi's nose started to bleed and he collapsed.

Then he tried not to use it, he could never seem to let go once he had the connection. If he wasn't paying attention it was easy to use it. But letting go was too hard.

The doctors had all looked scared. Saying he had a villainous quirk. His foster parents said they didn't want him because his quirk was dangerous. The social workers that came to take him to the group facility told him they didn't want him talking at all.

Then Hitoshi was taken, and he didn't feel bad about using it to try and get away. Until Eraserhead came. He was so scared, and finally seeing a hero...he'd ordered her to save him. And the way she'd fought, it was so deeply imprinted into his mind he'd never forget. Letting go of her was hard, too scared not to be where she was.

"I don't want to hurt anyone." Hitoshi said as his hands shook.

"I trust you. How about you use it on me and see how you do?" Shino suggested.

"I'll be right here Toshi-chan." Akio said with a smile.

Shouta said she trusted these men. And it had only been a few hours since she left. He could try, he didn't want to be a failure. He wanted to be a hero.

"Shino?" Hitoshi spoke and pulled his quirk up. His mind fell open like a waiting trap.

"Jump." Hitoshi ordered. His mental grasp was too strong to fight against. Shino started to jump in place. Hitoshi closed his eyes and struggled to let go. His hands shook and his head started to hurt.

"I see, you can't let go." Akio said as he sat down next to Hitoshi. "Take a few deep breaths. It's okay, no one is upset at you."

"I'm sorry." Hitoshi felt tears fall down his cheeks as he fought against his own quirk. "Stop jumping."

Shino stopped jumping.

"Sit down." Hitoshi ordered. Shino did, Hitoshi grabbed his head and groaned.

"How long does your quirk hold out for?" Akio asked with surprise in his eyes.

"An hour before I go to sleep." Hitoshi said and he just wanted to sleep now. It was a failsafe release. Hitoshi laid down to put his head on the cool mats. It was okay, he could let go. He'd let go of Shouta before.

It took a lot of effort and his nose started to bleed but he let go. Shino blinked rapidly. "Hitoshi!" Shino exclaimed. "Are you alright?!"

Akio was brushing his hair back and Shino ran off and came back with tissues and a towel.

"I'm sorry." Hitoshi whispered.
"You don't have anything to be sorry for." Shino said as he wiped the blood from Hitoshi's face. "You have an amazing quirk, it'll get easier the more you use it. It's like a muscle, it gets stronger with use."

Hitoshi wasn't convinced.

Hitoshi's first night was hard. He stayed up after he was put to bed. It wasn't anything new, he hated sleeping at night. He held onto his fake goggles and snuggled deep into the blankets.

He fought sleep hard until it finally just bowled him over. It was filled with nightmares. He woke up in a gasp right before he was shoved into the big trailer with the people with blank faces.

"Attacked, in their own apartment?!!" Takashi exclaimed from downstairs.

"That's what she said, they're leaving for the airport after they get dressed." Shino replied.

"The audacity. Did they not think about Hizashi's quirk?!" Takashi growled. "Or the fact that Shouta sleeps like she's ready to wake up any second?!!"

"The police said they'll let Vanisher in to interrogate after the agents leave." Shino said. "By that point Kayama and Iida will be here."

"She's going to tear them apart." Takashi's voixe softened

"According to Shouta, Hizashi is raging enough for the both of them." Shino laughed. "That boy."

"He's a good boy," Takashi laughed. "You staying up? I'm pretty sure Akio is about fed up with both of us not being in bed this week."

"I'm going to run a quick dawn patrol, you two relax." Shino said.

Hitoshi felt himself drift off again. This time with worry for Shouta and Hizashi.

There was a kitten. A little gray thing that had bound it of his cage and was racing around the living room. Hitoshi stood in excited wonder as the adults shooed the little kitten away from the electrical cords and towards him.

"Can I call you Hitoshi?" Midnight asked. Hitoshi looked at her as she closed the cage up and sat it aside. "You can call me Nemuri."

"Okay," Hitoshi said and she flushed in excitement.

"I'm so happy I finally got to meet you." Nemuri said as she crouched to his level. "Shouta and Hizashi have tales about nothing else than you recently."

They talk about him? Something light and bubbly reacted to that. "Hizashi hasn't really shut up to
be honest. It's interesting to see." Tensei, who can't about thirty minutes before Nemuri did. "It's
time to see the face behind the stories."

Hitoshi decided he liked Shouta and Hizashi's friends. But there was a kitten that was sniffing at
his pants. And it got his attention. He took the cat toy offered by Akio and sank to the floor to play
with a smile crossing his lips.

The kitten's name was Jazz.

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Hitoshi felt brave enough on his second night to leave the room. He found Nemuri in the living
room petting Jazz who was asleep in her lap. The art studio door was open and light poured out of
it.

"Hitoshi are you alright?" Nemuri asked.

"I-...can't sleep." He admitted shyly. She patted the couch and he edged over to sit next to her.

"Did you have a nightmare?" Nemuri asked gently.

"Yeah." He breathed.

"Well, when I have nightmares I always talk about it with someone." She lifted her hand to run
fingers through his hair. It felt nice.

"I was back in the warehouse." He said after a while. It scared him to think about it too much.
"And Eraserhead didn't come, so they put me in the trailer."

"Oh sweetie," Nemuri cooed. "I'm sorry you dreamt about that. But let me tell you something.
There was no situation where Eraserhead wasn't going to find you. She had been working that case
for a while. She was going to take down every part of that organization. She would always have
come for you."

"It's true." Takashi's voice came from the workshop where he was standing. He had paint smeared
on his shirt and pants. Both of his hands were covered in flecks of purple and gray. "You were
barely a few months old the first time she saved you. Despite how hurt she was, and the
repercussions of it, all she could think about was you. I think Shouta was meant to watch over you
Hitoshi."

"Me too," Nemuri agreed. Hitoshi didn't want to let on that this words hit him hard. He kind of
wanted to cry. Instead he reached out to pet Jazz.

"Thank you." Hitoshi said shyly before he curled up on the couch. Nemuri tugged a blanket down
to cover him and he settled into letting the kitten, and letting Nemuri pet him. He hoped Shouta
and Hizashi would come back soon.

"Wait, wait, I'm sure I have something that would work!" Akio raced up the stairs as Hitoshi
looked down at his black shirt and pants. Nemuri and Tensei were in full hero costume and were going to play with him.

Hitoshi slung his goggles on and Takashi stared at him intensely a few times at different angles. Akio bound back down with a gray scarf. Hitoshi held his hand out eagerly. He wrapped it around himself with excitement.

He turned around to see four phones directed at him. He flushed and tried to duck his head into his scarf. Then Tensei, as Ingenium, tilted his head and held out his arms. After three days with the heroes trading off with him he was much more comfortable with them.

Tensei tossed Hitoshi onto his shoulder and he got a good grip. "Okay, where to Hitoshi? I'm sorry Eraserhead!"

"To the park!" He cheered.

"Nemuri opened the door and Tensei leapt out if the genkan and took off down the street. Hitoshi shouted in excitement and laughed. Nemuri raced up behind them in a clatter of heels. They made it to the park and Hitoshi was set down.

"You can't catch me!" He tore off across the park and Nemuri giggled behind him. He laughed until he tripped over something and was bowled into the sandbox. He rolled to a sitting position in shock. What did he trip over?

He turned around with wide eyes. "Hey are you okay?!"

Hitoshi looked up to see a blond haired kid, with a lightning bolt streaked through the tresses, running over from the other side of the park. Hitoshi got up and dusted himself off. "I'm alright."

"Jeeze you really fell there!" The blond boy looked him over. "Hi, I'm Kaminari Denki! My mom is here for yoga!"

"I-I'm Shinsou Hitoshi, I'm...being babysat." That was an easy way to not say he was here because people wanted to kidnap him for his quirk.

"Nice to meet ya! So what did you trip on?" That was a good question. Hitoshi walked back over to where he'd fallen and saw nothing. He frowned and looked around, where were Nemuri and Tensei?

He saw them looking at him from behind the blocky slide. He sighed, and shot out his foot to see if there was a rock or something he'd caught. Instead his foot connected with something invisible.

"Oh my God!" Kaminari exclaimed and grabbed for him.

"Oi, oi," A deep gruff voice growled.

"It's a ghost!" Kaminari shrieked.

Suddenly, like a ripple of light, a blue sleeping bag appeared in the middle of the sandbox. A man with silver hair and an eyepatch sat up from inside it and looked at them. It was Vanisher, Hitoshi remembered him from Shouta's phone. "Can't a man sleep in peace?"

Hitoshi saw Nemuri and Tensei face-palm at the same time across the park. Kaminari jerked Hitoshi back and slammed his hand on the ground. "A creeper! Stranger danger!"
Electricity shot across the ground and shocked Vanisher. Hitoshi snorted and stated to laugh. Kaminari jolted back and adopted a vacant look on his face. He stared to laugh a little and shot his arms forward with thumbs up.

"Are you okay?" Hitoshi asked the other kid. Nemuri and Tensei ran over. They checked on the pro hero who was looking jittery. Hitoshi however managed to catch the other boy and got him sitting. After a few more minutes he seemed to come back to himself.

"Hey Kid, you're a regular comedian!" A woman came as she climbed the fence and walked over. Hitoshi recognized her as well. It was Ms. Joke. "Nice one, you've got a very electric sense of humor."

She started to cackle then and waved at them before walking to where Vanisher was getting to his feet, grumbling.

"Well that serves you right, sleeping in a kid's park. Did you want the moms to call the police on you?! That would have been hilarious!" Ms. Joke teased.

Hitoshi decided, Shouta's friends were weird.

Chapter End Notes

So I may have fallen in love with the idea that Shinsou is the second coming of Aizawa. And Kaminari will become his Present Mic. The pairing is gold.

I just like the idea of little Shinsou tripping over Vanisher like Shouta did. And then Kaminari coming to his rescue like Hizashi did.
Return

Chapter Summary

Shouta returns home to find her family has been busy

Chapter Notes

Sweet gods, AO3 didn't save my editing for Full Moon Hero's last chapter. Please let me know if you see blatant free written chapters instead of edited ones. I might miss some stuff after re-reading three to four times, but not that much omg.

So mortifying. Ugh.

Shouta had made a mistake. In her very well intentioned attempt to get Hizashi talking, she hadn't thought about the outcome. Now he wouldn't shut up.

Shouta liked his voice however. It soothed the anxiety she had about not being able to see. But something had changed when they woke up to get ready for their flight back to Tokyo. Hizashi was feeling very...clingy. Affectionate.

He guided her when her perception was off enough to send her into the wall, or piece of furniture. He kept her hand firm in the crook of his arm, and kept up a decent commentary about what was around her.

None of this was what had made her decide she'd made a mistake. No, that came in between impassioned descriptions of the surroundings. Hizashi had kept endearments to himself for the years they were together. Only letting them out when he read pushing his Present Mic persona to be just a bit more extra than it usually was.

Now he was rolling out endearments for her left and right. It would be unsettling, if she didn't feel how he tensed up every time he called her babe, or baby, or even honey. So she'd made a mistake, it was in getting him excited to talk again. But it wasn't a bad mistake, she was just not used to it when she couldn't see his face every time he called her something sweet.

"Shouta, babe, watch your foot." Hizashi breathed to her as he led her up into the plane that would take them home. Then he guided her gently to another seat with a wall behind them. She was thankful for it. She didn't want to think about anyone being behind her. Being in the airport was bad enough.

Shouta fell into her seat with an exasperated sigh. Hizashi pressed her pillow into her hands and she smiled thankfully. Securing it she reached out for him. Hizashi buckled her seat belt and took her hand in both of his. "You doing okay? We can't exactly give you eyedrops here."

"I'll be fine, my eyes don't hurt any more than they have. It'll pass." Shouta said and leaned her head onto his shoulder. His tension eased immediately. "Talk to me. What's going on in your head.
I can't see you and tell what's wrong."

"You are very good at that." He said. "I've just been realizing that you're so much tougher than I knew. I mean I knew, you took a blade type quirk to the abdomen to save a baby. But...you-you blinded yourself for me."

"Hizashi, you bit your own tongue off." Shouta said as her hands trembled. "Don't ever do that again."

"Oh thank God, that's what I wanted to say. You really get me babe." He sagged into his chair like she'd given him a reason to relax. "I'm flattered you got hurt too help me, but seriously, don't do it again. My heart can't handle it."

"Sure," Shouta said and it wasn't really a lie. She would die for him. And judging by the way his hand tightened on her fingers. He knew that, though he didn't call her on it.

"I'm so tired." Hizashi whined. "I wanna go to the bathhouse."

"You can do that when we get back." Shouta said. The airplane engines kicked up and it startled Shouta. She gripped Hizashi's fingers tight in her anxiety.

"It's okay sweetheart, nothing will happen while I'm here." She wanted to make a joke about All Might but refrained. Instead she settled into the most nerve wracking non-stop flight ever. Somewhere around the fourth hour she fell into a fitful sleep.

Hizashi watched Shouta until she finally just gave in and passed out. She's been awake all night, only falling asleep for thirty minute intervals. He was worried about her, but he was just glad they'd survived.

His mind went back to making love to her in the bathroom. Finding peace within her arms. A bit of himself was found hidden deep inside her. It was warm and freeing. Even now in the middle of the airplane, he was pretty sure he'd fallen in love all over again.

He'd known he loved her in his first year at UA, it was hard not to. Hard not to acknowledge these big moments of theirs were rife with hero work and the injuries that came with it. They would need to hopefully break that cycle. Little Hitoshi might not survive the next big moment that solidified their devotion to each other.

Hizashi looked at the left hand tangled with his. Her rough palm and tough fingers were lax in his hand. He flushed when he lifted it to press his lips to. He wanted to make music, he wanted to sing, even though his quirk would get in the way with that. And he wanted to tell her all of the emotions boiling unbidden inside his heart.

He thought that maybe this was the moment his childish teenage love turned into something stronger and more lasting. If that's what it was, how was he supposed to deal with this? He could barely breathe in her presence. He'd started to tack on endearments to her name. She didn't say anything about it so he kept doing it. He was talking a lot too, and she just listened.

He was so freaking unworthy.
He was going to have to do something when he got home. Some kind of commemoration of the job done, a way to focus and put this whole shitty experience behind him. Then he would be able to sort out all of these new overwhelming emotions that came from his love for Shouta.

First priority though, was getting their apartment resecured. Then he was going to need to start looking for a bigger place. Something that they had planned to wait to do. He knew both of their accounts were decently padded though. He'd need to punch in some serious hours to get there though.

Hitoshi was safe, that gave them time. But he really didn't want to wait any longer. The paperwork was in, the transfer was technically complete. He just wasn't twenty yet. He sighed, maybe he could use his hero status to clear the way. Jinji-san had been adament about them keeping Hitoshi safe.

But they still needed space. Shouta could use a decent training area too. He knew she practiced at night on patrol. But they could use the added training element to their home life. He did most of his training at the station's indoor gym.

He slouched into his seat and blinked in shock when his phone went off. He hadn't touched it since they had landed in America. They were on mission, everyone knew not to contact them. Smiling apologetically at the other passengers and gently setting Shouta's hand under the blanket stretched across her lap.

He blinked and realized he'd left his phone on the airplane settings. It was keyed to pick up the satellite wifi the airlines used. As such hed gotten a slew of picture messages from Nemuri.

He opened the first one and smiled wide. It was Hitoshi tangled up in a blanket on Shouta's old couch. Jazz was nesting in his wild hair. The next was a candid shot of Hitoshi in the gym's window watching the rain. Then there was one of Shino helping the young boy tumble across the mats. And then one of Akio showing him a yoga pose.

Hizashi bit his lip to keep from squealing at all the adorable on his phone's screen. The next bundle was of Hitoshi looking excited as he reached across a crowded table with chopsticks. Then a picture of Takashi in his chair passed out, Shino sprawled across the couch similarly asleep, with Hitoshi snoring onto a coloring page on the kotatsu.

The last ones however hint him in the feelings. Hitoshi in a childishly cobbled together costume that was obviously Eraserhead. So fucking cute. His heart couldn't handle it. The next one made him squeak and tears filled his eyes. It was the park behind the gym. And there on the top of the jungle gym, was Hitoshi in his Eraserhead costume, talking to another kid.

He was alright, like more than alright. He was socializing! Hizashi started to tell Shouta about it when he saw how deeply she was breathing. It could wait. Hizashi took his time saving every single picture and sending so many emojis to Nemuri. He was so glad their little listener was bouncing back from all the tragedy in his life.

He settled into the rest of the flight and put a headphone in to listen to music. Then he just watched Shouta sleep. It was good to see her relaxing, even if it was only because she couldn't see and there was nothing else to do.
Shouta let out a relieved breath the moment they were out of the airport. Home in Tokyo, their territory. Hizashi guided her through the masses and kept her apprised of her surroundings. But she didn't relax until they were in open air.

"My friends!" She recognized Toshinori's voice as he approached. She couldn't see him but from Hizashi's stiffed snort, it might be a good thing.

"You really don't do anything by halves do you?" Hizashi snorted. "He's carrying a welcome sign with our civilian names on it. And it's wildly colored. Super cool though."

"Don't encourage him Hizashi." She sighed. "You driving big guy?"

"I brought a car to do just that." He sounded like he was grinning. Did his face ever get tired of it? Or was it stuck like that?

They walked through the parking garage to the car itself. Shouta settled into the back seat with a sigh. "How was the interrogation?"

"Your friend Vanisher was very thorough." Toshinori informed. "He got the entire plan from the pay off, to how you both took them down in detail. They followed Yamada because his name is on the custody paperwork for Young Shinsou. They had orders to beat Yamada until he talked about Eraserhead. It's well known that Present Mic and Eraserhead worked together on a few cases as interning sidekicks. That and they wanted to know where Shinsou was stashed."

"Was Hizashi's identity leaked?" Shouta asked.

"No, but it won't be terribly hard to find it out of they looked through school records which are public information. I spoke to Principal Nedzu and he's started to talk with the school board about sealing all hero student records." Toshinori said. "It was based on paperwork turned in before but it should just be mandatory now."

"That's good." Shouta conceded. "Did we miss anything?"

"No, the men who broke into your apartment are now facing serious charges and are now in jail." Toshinori said. "But...about Agent Kurusu..."

"What about him?" Shouta growled.

"They decided to rule it as a shooting under duress." Toshinori sighed. "Despite my testimony, he's only been reprimanded with a six month suspension."

"You've gotta be shitting me?!" Hizashi hissed. "He fucking murdered them."

"He did." Toshinori said and his voice deepened. "I spoke to everyone. And I was given an option. I could continue to pursue his career, or I could let it go in favor of a good agent getting another chance."

"What the fuck kind of deal is that?!" Hizashi sputtered.

"I was told the government would not pursue young Shinsou. And they would permanently shelve the organization they were hoping to start with him as the first member." Toshinori said and Shouta clenched he fists. "It was essentially to be a new kind of hero agency that worked directly for the government's militant branches."

Shouta didn't like that button at all. Heroes were able to do what they did because they worked
apart from general police law. They stepped outside regular quirk restrictions with their licenses
and took care of crime and villains the police couldn't contend with.

A hero agency the worked directly under the government itself. The same government that hadn't
minded one of its agents murdering villains out of vengeance. What could they have done with
Hitoshi and his brainwashing quirk? Would the public have ever known about any of it?

"Hizashi, direct him to my father's." Shouta ordered.

"Yeah." Hizashi agreed with a dark tone to his voice. "Alright take the exit after this one. We're not
going to Musutafu."

She tuned them out and fisted her hands. This was why she preferred being an underground hero.
No recognition, complete autonomy, and the information she gained was invaluable. Now she had
information to protect Hitoshi with. "Did you get anything to prove they did have something
planned for Shinsou?"

"I recorded the entire meeting. I'll send you both a copy." Toshinori said, she nodded. No wonder
he was the number one hero. "Our government isn't completely untrustworthy. The international
crime department just had more clout than I could compete with."

"I'll remember this." Shouta said and told herself she didn't have to be paranoid. It was just good to
be prepared.

"I will as well Aizawa. And maybe that's a good thing. Being aware for the future is important." Toshinori said. Shouta just wondered how much more intense her future was going to be if this was
what her first year of being a hero was like.

Shouta spent a long time taking her shoes off after Toshinori dropped them off at her father's house.
Hizashi had already entered and was loudly gushing over Hitoshi. "Sho, you good?"

She tilted her head when she heard Shino step down to settle his fingers at her elbow. "I'm fine, I
just overused my quirk."

"How long are you out?" Shino asked with concern in his tone.

"A while. Two weeks, at least, until I can go without bandages." She smiled softly. It was very
relaxing being in a place she knew was safe. "How was he?"

"He's a delight." Shino chuckled as he helped her up the genkan and into the living room. She was
led to the couch and was immediately attacked by Nemuri.

"Oh my God, Hizashi, what happened to her?! You were supposed to keep her safe!" Nemuri
shrieked.

"Hey! She kept me safe." Hizashi defended and Shouta felt her lips quirk in amusement.

"I'm alright Nemuri, this is just me overusing my quirk." She then tilted her head again and
smirked evilly. "Hizashi bit off his tongue."

"He what?!" How about that, she picked out the voices of Akio, Tensei, and her father.
A small patter of feet came close and Shouta freed her hands up. "Shouta...are you okay?"

"I am, I'm so glad to hear your voice Hitoshi." She breathed and held out her hands. Small ones filled her palms and she leaned down to settle her forehead against his.

"Does it hurt?" He asked.

"No," She said. "Did you have fun?"

"Everyone was really nice." He said. "Akio says I made a friend."

"He did." Akio confirmed. "They've played twice."

"You made a friend." She fell quiet, but inside she was totally choked up about it. "What's your friend's name?"

"Kaminari Denki." Hitoshi informed. "His mom does yoga."

"Well, I'll have to make sure you get to come back and play." Shouta said and she leaned back. Hizashi's hand settled on her shoulder and she nodded to him. They were really going to do this now. Every step now was towards getting them a safer place to move to and secure it for this child.

"I'm going to go make sure our apartment isn't a free for all." Hizashi said and pressed a kiss to the top of her head. "We'll take him back to Nakiri in the morning."

"Okay, Hitoshi, why don't you tell me about your week." Shouta suggested to distract herself from him leaving.

Hizashi glared into his apartment as he entered. Tensei and Nemuri were on his heels. "Nemuri explained that they picked the lock, in glad no one ender broke in."

"Yeah," Hizashi shook his head and stomped into the apartment. "We just got settled too. Bastards were lucky I wasn't trying to make them deaf. Shouta was in the room and I wasn't wearing my speaker."

"Well, I'm glad you were both alright. Seriously though, what the fuck happened that you two come home and you bit off your own tongue and she's blind?!" Nemuri demanded.

"Temporarily blind, and the medic reattached it." Hizashi waved a hand as he set to gathering up a better bag for them to exist out of.

Absently he curled his tongue up enough to run over the scar that ran across the surface. It made him shudder and he was back in that chair, fighting to stop himself from ruining Shouta's hearing. Desperate to not hurt her. He needed to visit his parents, they always knew how to calm him down from this kind of fear.

"We got captured." He explained, "One of the villains, Delusion, she could make you have nightmares. And she used it to make us feel pain before it knocked us out. I woke up to her giving me nightmares. But they had another guy, the one in charge that could cause quirks to go unstable.
He made me use mine."

"Is that why Shouta's is overused?" Tensei asked.

"No, she kept her eyes open so I couldn't scream at a sonic level. They wouldn't let her look at any of the others though. So the only quirk she could erase was mine. So she stopped blinking." He bit his lip and drew in a deep breath. "According to All Might, she showed up on the ground level with her quirk active and ready to fight. With broken ribs too, no big deal."

"So you bit off your tongue?" Tensei asked.

"She went into a dream and looked away. I felt the leader trying to make me use my quirk. I remembered pain could cancel out quirk use if it's strong enough in certain circumstances. So I bit my tongue and kept the pressure on to stop myself from screaming. After I bit my tongue off everything got fuzzy, I think that's when All Might showed up." He scratched his head and hummed in thought. "They reattached it in the bunker, but I lost a lot of blood so I got healed in the hospital."

"Hizashi." Nemuri sighed.

"That's really horrible." Tensei agreed.

"I'm alright though, this is part of the job." And he was alright with that. "This will do for now. I really just wanted to get the car."

They left the apartment and he looked at his friends. "Thank you for keeping an eye on Hitoshi. We're pretty sure the danger is past, and if it's not, we've got insurance."

"Aww, I know if it was Tenya you guys would have been there the whole time." Tensei waved a hand.

"We would have." Hizashi nodded and smiled. "Alright, now I just have to find a new apartment. Damn, do you know how hard it was to get Shouta out to look in the first place? She was a monster to all of the building managers!"

He groaned when he realized just how fucked he was. Bastards just had to break in before they were ready to move. He pouted the whole way down to the car. All the while imagining the sadistic smirk his partner was going to wear when she razed their options to the ground. She was going to be twice as picky, and ten times as lazy about it. Damn.
"What's up listeners! This is Put Your Hands Up Radio; and I'm your host, Present Mic! I'm here to bring you non-stop music on this rock in night! So let's paint the town red and let loose! YEAH!" Hizashi spun in his rolling chair and grinned wildly as he played with the switch board and launched into the playlist.

He looked over to the laptop next to him. On it was the message board where his listeners were chatting and talking to him. It was awesome. Everything he wanted to do, and since his patrol run was over he was settling back in comfortably.

His mind was centered as well. An impulse decision had proven a perfect outlet for what he was feeling after coming home. Absently he ran his tongue along the roof of his mouth and jostled the tongue piercing he'd had put in early in the afternoon. It was still tender but already on the fast track to healing. He wondered why he hadn't thought of it sooner.

A text lit up his phone and he tilted his shades down to look. Oh, it was Shino, why was he texting? Hizashi looked it over and it was just an address. Curious Hizashi entered the address into his phone browser and was surprised to find it was an apartment building.

Shino followed up his text saying it was actually owned by an ex vigilante who put extra work into the security of the whole building. It was in a more pricy part of Musutafu, but that's what Hizashi was looking for. He emailed the manager with his contact information and thanked Shino.

"And it's time for a break everyone!" Hizashi looked up to his producer who gave a thumbs up. "Let's read some of your comments before we start back up. Wow, You guys are crazy energetic!"

"Eraserhead, are you sure it's alright to work like this?" All Might asked in his hero tone, it was super frantic sounding. Shouta just stretched her legs out into her sleeping bag.

"I'm just here to go over some of your active case files and tell you where to go." Shouta said, she couldn't see him, but that didn't matter. Shouta had her capture scarf on, and she'd spent a long time mastering blind combat with Vanisher. She wasn't going out but she sure as hell could do leg work.
She'd already stayed at her father's for a week, she'd been going stir crazy

"Alright; but if you need help, please, just ask." All Might asked and Shouta pointedly ignored him. The office worker in charge of the active cases walked over to the desk she'd sat herself at.

"Eraserhead-San, these are the cases, would you like me to read them to you?" She asked softly.

"Sure, your name?" Shouta asked.

"Kuramasa Seiko," The other woman greeted.

"Alright, let's get to it then" Shouta leaned back and fished a jelly pack from one of her pouches to snack on while she listened.

The first case was of reported drug activity in All Might's sector of Roppongi. It seemed the number one hero moved around so much that his assigned district often ended up behind. Shouta listened to the reported sightings and made a noise of consideration.

"Your dealers are focusing on busy areas Places the police and heroes would find it difficult to catch them at. Places they can escape from quickly. You'll find your main dealer, the one with the connection to the drug supply, most likely in the station." Shouta informed. "I would hand this back off to the police if the quirks observed aren't too dangerous to handle."

"Wow," Kuramasa breathed.

"The next?" Shouta prompted and the woman sounded like she was scrambling to get another file open. She spent a moment writing, most likely taking notes on Shouta's opinions.

The next case was of reported water floodings. In big places that lost a significant amount of money, and expensive goods. Shouta chewed on that one a while longer. It was a water quirk, but the question was, was it water control, or a water body mutation?

"What is the list of locations attacked?" Shouta asked.

"Ah, all along the main street, the jewelry store, three high end clothing stores, and a convenience store." Kuramasa informed.

"Your looking at a female suspect, she's taking the things she's not had her whole life. Jewelry, expensive clothes, money. She's probably just starting out, young even. You'll most likely find her in the shopping area, since she's a repeat offender." Shouta frowned. "Her quirk might be an issue, it's water oriented, but I couldn't say what it is."

"I'll let All Might know to be wary." Kuramasa said and Shouta nodded.

"Any more?" Shouta asked.

"A few." They delved into them and Shouta offered her opinions and pouted that she was office bound for the next week and a half. She really wanted to get back to work, she's received messages from no less than five heroes about coming to their agencies to help with their underground cases.

It was beneficial that the human trafficking case she'd been on had been reported, but not the American part of it. No one knew who had captured the entire organization in Japan. And that was a good thing. It meant she'd done her job well.

She would have to keep that up, Eraserhead was a ghost. It was better and safer that way. Once
they were done Shouta lifted her phone and gave it a few voice commands. After slipping an ear
bud in she was listening to Hizashi's radio show.

'So I punched the guy square in the face. I mean who steals from little old ladies. That's so not
cool!' Ah, his listeners had roped him into a story telling. 'Like seriously everyone, respect the
people around you. It's seriously lame to rob people. Cause I'll find you and rock your world in a
way you won't find entertaining.'

Shouta shook her head as he immediately launched into a goofy description of the next song and
how much he knew about it. She smiled softly and leaned on the desk she'd taken and opened
another jello pack to eat. It may not be out in the field, but this was just as important.

Around three am Shouta realized it was just Kuramasa and herself in the agency. So she took the
opportunity to go to the roof and take a break. Kuramasa led her there but any conversation was
halted by Hizashi texting her.

The audio feature in her phone read it to her so she knew he was already on his way. Thank God
for headphones, he'd saturated that text with a lot of heart and kiss emojis. "Your boyfriend?"

"No, just a good friend from my UA days." Shouta lied. "He was with me on my last case, he's
been blaming himself for my injury."

"Who is he?" Kuramasa inquired from Shouta's left.

"Oh, Present Mic." Shouta replied.

"Oh, I love his radio show!" Kuramasa gushed. "I saw him at the Charity Gala too. Do you know
his girlfriend? The press was having a field day with the civilian partner."

"Yeah, she was in Gen Ed back at UA." Shouta explained. "She's good to him, and that's all that
matters. But she's pretty alright."

She hoped that was good enough to throw Kuramasa off the details. A shout rang out from the
right side of the roof. Shouta turned and walked to the railing. She maneuvered to the origin of the
sound and tilted her head.

"What's going on?" Shouta asked the office worker.

"A mugger is cornering a man down there." Kuramasa snorted. "That's ballsy considering this is
All Might's agency. I'm calling the police."

"How far away from this wall is he?" Shouta asked and tugged her goggles down over her
bandages.

"You can't be serious, you're blind Eraserhead-San!" Kuramasa hissed. "He has a gun!"

"Yeah, and he could use it right now. The police won't get here in time." Shouta grabbed one of her
bands and the end of the scarf lashed to the railing. "If you think I've never trained to fight blind
you've sorely underestimated me. Now, how far away from the wall is he?"

"F-Five feet," Kuramasa sputtered.
"Good, thank you. Now call the police." Shouta climbed to the top of the railing and dove from the roof. She rolled in the air and hit the ground in a roll that barely felt like anything since she'd slowed her descent.

"What the-?!” The mugger exclaimed as Shouta came up to her knee. She flung the scarf out and it snapped around something in the direction of her enemy. She twisted so that her foot landed on the band and as she tugged he tumbled. "Let me go you bitch!"

"I think not." Shouta said darkly and snatched the gun from his hand when his arms came to her via her scarf. She stood up and unloaded the weapon, she unlocked and removed the slide before tossing it all aside.

She turned and tangled her fingers in the rest of her scarf. It sprung out and cocooned her captured criminal. He sputtered and cursed at her but she just tightened the bindings before she planted her foot in the back of his head.

Man it was a relief to have her scarf with her. It helped that this mugger was noisy. "Um, thank you."

Oh right, the victim.

"Are you alright?" She asked. "Did he hurt you?"

"No, I'm fine, thank you. But who are you?" He asked.

"Just a hero, did he have friends?" She questioned. It was better if she didn't drop her hero name even to victims.

"No, it was just him." He said in response. A mutinous growl came from her captive. She jerked the bindings and ground her heel into the back of his head.

"Shut up you scumbag." She snarled. "Please go out to the street and flag down the police."

"Okay!" The civilian ran off and Shouta kept her grip tight to not lose it. She'd trained, but fighting blind in a real situation was not ideal.

Sirens picked up in volume behind her, letting her know the police had arrived. It was a decent amount of time, but it wasn't fast enough. That civilian might have been shot if Shouta had stayed out of it. Compromised or not.

"In here!" Shouta called.

"Good work!" A police officers voice sounded behind her. "Oh man, I know you! Your Eraserhead!"

"Yeah, you mind taking this guy?" Shouta asked and stepped back to unwind her weapon. She listened for the sound if cuffs and then Kuramasa rushed through the alleyway to her.

"That was incredibly reckless Eraserhead-San!" She cried and dainty hands rustled over Shouta's arms and sides. "Okay, no injuries."

"None," Shouta chuckled. "Come help me with the sign off."

"Of course." Kuramasa guided Shouta stealthily to the police cruiser and discreetly held the pen to sign the transfer of custody papers to the police. Shouta signed perfectly on the line according to
"Eraser!" Hizashi's voice called out from down the block. His heavy boots made a stuttering noise as he joined her. "What happened?"

"Your friend jumped off the roof to fight a mugger!" Kuramasa ratted her out like a champ. Wow.

"Eraser!" Hizashi squaked. "How could you?!"

"It was that our let the civilian get shot" Shouta really wanted to roll her eyes.

"I'm dissapointed young lady!" Hizashi exclaimed with a flourish. "More correct your things were getting you home!"

"Who are you imitating?!" Shouta growled. The police snickered and Kuramasa bustled into the building. Then she returned with Shouta's sleeping bag and messenger bag. She was pleased to have both pressed into her hands.

She walked with Hizashi back to the car and it was only after they'd gotten in the road that she pulled her goggles away and let out a shaky breath.

"That bad?" Hizashi asked.

"Yeah, it was easy but..." She trailed off and reached out a hand. Hizashi's gloved hand covered hers and she relaxed.

They drove out to her father's house and headed in. She waved towards her father when he greeted them from the studio. Akio even greeted them from his bedroom as they walked past. Shino wasn't in so he must have been out patrolling.

Shouta stripped the moment she entered her old bedroom. She fell onto the bed immediately afterward and groaned. Hizashi moved around a bit slower before he settled into the bed and rolled her so her head was pillowed in his lap. He'd exchanged his leather pants for sweats.

He unwound the bandages slowly and carefully. He peeled the cotton gauze from each eye gently. Then his fingers fit along her jaw. "When you're ready babe."

This had been a ritual for the past week. He would help her put her medicated drops in and she would gauge just how much of her sight had returned. It had been pretty decent the previous night.

She opened her eyelids and looked up in the dark light of the bedroom. The curtains shut out the pre dawn light so it was still dim in the room. But she could see Hizashi above her. The clearest he'd been the whole week.

She smiled and lifted her hand up to his jaw. Hizashi graced her with a bright grin that might as well have been light itself. He lifted her drops from where he'd laid them. She let him put the medication in her eyes and remembered when he first did it for her.

She didn't remember when she'd started accidentally leaving her eye drops with him. But he always had them when she forgot her own. And he had taken it very serious during the first summer camp to help her with her dry eye. She'd trusted him even then.

She blinked again and Hizashi leaned down to press a chaste kiss to her lips. She was just happy they were together. "I'm glad you can see me again. I missed looking into your eyes."
"Hizashi," Shouta spoke as her brow furrowed. "Did you pierce your tongue today?"
The day Shouta got her vision back and her bandages could be removed she went to one of the doctors approved by the hero commission. Her vision wasn't impaired and after a painful first activation, her quirk started to act normally. Shouta spent a while with it on and off to test the limits. It seemed she'd exceeded how long she could have it active, but not anywhere close to how long she'd had it going in America.

Hizashi was too excited to contain himself. She ended up erasing his quirk to save the rest of the other patients in the office. She received congratulations from her friends and family. But it was really just a relief, because it meant she could go back to work fully.

Just in time too, November was drawing to a close and winter was really on its way. With how busy the streets were getting crime proved again it didn't take breaks. She wanted to be out there working and doing her duty.

After the appointment, she sent her boyfriend off to his day patrol. She caught the train to the shopping area across town to join Nemuri for a coffee break. Her best female friend looked elated to see her.

"Shouta!" Nemuri cheered. "You can see again!"

"Yeah," Shouta was pleased to see a black coffee at the table. She accepted the offering. "What are you bribing me for?"

"I need your help," Nemuri winked.

"Is that so?" Shouta lifted a brow and sipped the hot liquid. "Does it involve work or no?"

"Work, but I'd like to hang out soon!" Nemuri giggled before her face wiped of the jovial attitude.

"I'm working with Edgeshot right now, his agency is very popular. So they have tons of free work to go around. There's a case I've been on that's getting ridiculous." Nemuri pouted. "I've only been on it this week and I'm irritated."

"Something Midnight needs help with. Must be frustrating." Shouta frowned, there wasn't much Nemuri couldn't handle. "What's your case? I just finished consulting with All Might's agency, so new work wouldn't be a problem. Could really use it with this new apartment Hizashi is interested
"Hmm, it's a weird one," Nemuri explained, "There's been a string of suffocation murders all across Musutafu. The first three were considered accidental drownings."

"Drownings?" Shouta frowned in confusion.

"Yeah, and the last two were carbon monoxide poisonings." Nemuri detailed, "I have reason to believe they suffocated before and the causes were added in to disguise quirk use. I was brought in to hopefully combat what might be a gas user."

"I can see how that would be important, your sleep smoke is incredibly dense." Shouta chewed on the thought, "Alright, I'll come help. You think Edgeshot will mind? It's a new agency."

"That's precisely why he didn't mind me asking to bring in an Underground." Nemuri shrugged and leaned back. "You come tomorrow night and we'll take a look at the bodies."

"I can do that." Shouta nodded and drained her coffee. "Want another?"

"Sure." Shouta went up to the counter to order fresh drinks. When she returned a wrapped package was sitting on the table with a smirking Nemuri looking at her.

"Something you want to tell me?" Shouta asked and looked down her nose imperiously. Nemuri blanched before she rolled with it right into a sinister grin.

"I got you a gift," Nemuri waved to the package.

Shouta sighed and sat down, she sipped her hot coffee and glared dangerously at her friend. Then she unwrapped the package, and looked down at a clearly American book translated to Japanese. It had a pregnant woman who had good skin with long ruby red hair on the cover. She last had a pair of long fox ears on top of her head. "'What to expect when you're expecting?' 68th edition."

"You know, since you're fostering." Nemuri said with a widened grin.

"I would appreciate it if you left the jokes to Emi." Shouta huffed and glared. "And Hitoshi is four, what is this going to do for me?"

"You're still taking him in, you're about to be responsible for a little life no matter the age." Nemuri gushed with a blush spreading over her cheeks. "It's so honorable, but you still have to be careful of your emotions. You don't want to helicopter, you also don't want to assume he can take care of himself."

Shouta got that, but damn did it hit on all of her hidden insecurities. And of course Nemuri had noticed. She'd noticed everything Shouta ever hid. Damn perceptive was what she was. "Alright, you got me." Shouta admitted, it was always better for her if she gave in first. "I'm about to foster a four year old, what should I expect?"

"I don't know, that's why I wanted to start talking with you about it." Nemuri tilted her head. "The sooner we figure that out, the better for you. The better for Hizashi too, you know him, he'll get all excited before he gets responsible."

He would, but Hizashi would be good at it. He'd taught Hitoshi to sign. Shouta nodded and lifted her phone, she was tired, but this was a perfect time to start their research.
"GET BACK HERE!" Hizashi shouted as he vaulted over an upturned car. His glare was pinned to the fleeing hulking form of a man with a coating of green spikes growing from his back. He was tall, nearly nine feet tall. And he'd started a fight on Hizashi's trip to look at the large apartment he was questing to. This was going to make him late!

He closed the distance as another hero jumped in and cut off escape. "Cover your ears!" Hizashi warned before he sucked in a breath and cranked up the intensity on his speaker. "YEAH!"

The shout rocked the ground like a sudden quake of gravity. Hizashi jumped up onto the car next to the rampaging villain who had caused a major car pile up that almost took his car out. He delivered a staggering upper cut and the other hero slung capture tape over the villain's head. With Hizashi's punch knocking him off his feet the other hero dragged him to the ground.

"And stay down!" Hizashi shouted. "Playing in traffic is seriously dangerous!"

The police were arriving and Hizashi called out to get them over. He was going to be late! He thanked the other hero without getting a name, he was in too big of a rush. He signed the paperwork and sprinted back to his car. He backed out of the massive traffic jam that had resulted from that villain climbing up out of the sewer and attacking cars and trucks. Seriously, couldn't have just not.

He sped down the neighborhoods and busy business intersections before he finally found the right street. It was quiet, there was a large apartment building on one side of the street, and then there was the one he was going to. It was about four stories shorter, but upon driving up he noticed a parking garage under the building. The door had an intercom and locked security screen.

A heavy sound met his ears as someone dropped to the street behind him, as he got out of the car. He turned to see Shouta there, she glared up at him from behind her scarf. "You're late."

"Sorry, had someone decide creating a car pile up was a better idea than just taking the subway." Hizashi complained. "How did you get here?"

"I ran." She said simply, and he knew she'd decided to parkour across the rooftops to get here. He hoped she enjoyed the work out. Hizashi walked up to the door and rang the button for the office.

A stern looking woman opened the door and Hizashi grinned at her. "Hello! Were here to check out the space you have."

"Who sent you?" She narrowed her gaze on them and before Hizashi could turn up his superior talking skills, Shouta stepped up.

"Shade," She said and tilted her head. "I'm Eraserhead, this is Present Mic. I was assured that you catered to the types of people who need a bit of extra protection."

"I do," She said, "Or rather, my husband does. He used to be Dark Justice."

"Shade told me he was a friend." Shouta said and Hizashi cocked a hip. "That you're both good with discretion. We need some of that."

"We are indeed, come in." She stepped back and they entered. The lobby was a brightly lit modern area with checkered flooring and a large array of couches. There was a front desk for the building manager to be at. The man who sat there nodded. The door next to the elevator and stairs opened
into what was clearly an office. A man wheeled himself out in a wheelchair. He had dark gray hair and a deep scar that stretched across his throat. "Honey, Shade sent them."

The man signed something and Hizashi grinned. He stepped back and the man eyed him. "Sorry to impose, but we need a space with enough room to house three that won't be broken into."

'Why would anyone want to break into my place?'. The man lifted an eyebrow. Hizashi liked a challenge, Shouta rolled her eyes at the display and proceeded to put drops into her eyes.

"We're taking in a boy with a very intense quirk. Some place with protection is what we're after. Eraserhead saved him from kidnappers, and then they came after us. In our own apartment."

Hizashi spoke and signed seriously. "Kids need a good space to live without worrying about anyone trying to kidnap them."

The man looked them over and Shouta looked back at him seriously. The look in his eyes was searching. He must have seen something he liked because he nodded. 'I'm Mitsuhide Yoh, this is my wife Mitsuhide Rindou. Rindou, take them to the top floor.'

"Thank you." Hizashi thanked the man and bowed at the waist. Shouta joined him and stepped up to the grizzled ex-vigilante.

"Shade sends his regards." She signed along with her voice and he nodded with a small wry smile.

'Tell that bastard he needs to visit.' Mitsuhide-San said.

Shouta returned to his side and they rode in the elevator up to the top floor. Hizashi was startled when they got out onto the top floor. There were exactly three apartments on this floor. One one each wall across from the elevator.

"The other tenants are vigilantes, so it would be appreciated if you kept your own discretion." Mitsuhide-San said as she waved to the door on the end. There was a security panel that was deactivated next to the door. "If you know Shade, that tells me you're not the kind of heroes who think vigilantes need to be put in prison."

"Not everyone has the luxury of access to hero programs they're expensive even with scholarships." Shouta said and looked ahead. "There's more pressing concerns than vigilantes protecting their streets anyways. If I hadn't made it at UA, I would have been a vigilante."

"I didn't know that." Hizashi said and smirked, "Huh, I learn new things about you all the time."

"Hmm, I thought it was obvious." Shouta shrugged with a sly look directed at him. They waited as the landlady opened the door. Hizashi kicked his boots off in the genkan and stepped up into the apartment. Unlike their current place this one didn't have any tatami floors. It was all hardwood. It was also massive.

"How big is this place?" He asked.

"This is thanks to my quirk. Fairy Mound." Mitsuhide-San said. "When we built the place I used it to shrink the building to stay inside the plot, while each apartment expanded to perhaps twice the size of normal apartments in terms of square footage. It's only inside each apartment though. The city was so surprised they couldn't help but approve our license."

She sounded smug, but Hizashi was impressed. This adjustment was easily twice the size of their other apartment. He saw Shouta looking around before she activated her quirk and looked at them. Nothing changed. She nodded looking as impressed as he did.
There were large beams in about two places in the main room, a hall branched off towards the back of the large space. A sliding door let out to a standard balcony and the kitchen was larger than his current one. He paced over to see it was enclosed with a bar to look in from the dining room area. There were appliances already in the building. "The previous tenant left the appliances behind, we checked them out and they work well."

"Good find." Hizashi mused. Shouta padded off and he looked across the space again. There was even room for a training area like he’d wanted. There were two large bedrooms and a spacious bathroom with a modern tub behind a frosted glass door that slid back.

"Security?" Shouta asked suddenly as Hizashi walked back to the main room.

"There's the security door on the ground floor with one of our managers always on duty. Your door will get new locks the day you move in. And should you want it, the security panel for this apartment can be re-coded to you. Many of our tenants agree to this feature. The security company is linked to the police but is otherwise manned by another ex-vigilante." Mitsuhide-San said. "Not to forget, you're also in a building with a number of heroes and public safety officials."

"No one comes into the building that you haven't approved?" Shouta asked with a serious glare settling into her eyes.

"Well. The residents on the other floors can't be spoken for, but for this floor, there is only six people who should be up here. That's the Yotsuba's to your right, with one couple, and one daughter who is ten years old. And then the Shika family, two women and one twelve year old boy. If anyone comes onto this floor, that isn't approved by either of the families, they certainly won't get past the security without setting off signals to the tenants phones." Mitsuhide-San explained. "After that, well, you're all very capable people."

Shouta looked to him with more of a serious opinion in her eyes than he was used to seeing. They carried on a bit of a silent conversation before he nodded. "Let's talk price." He addressed the landlady who just smirked in minor victory. "And I want specs on the security panels and the alarm company."

Hizashi looked back into his old apartment with a forlorn look. They'd made it theirs, but it was tainted by fear. Tensei finished putting his shoes back on and looked at him. "Short time huh?"

"Too short, we were ready to stay a while." Hizashi lamented. "It's alright though, we were going to need to leave for Hitoshi anyways."

"Have I told you I'm impressed with you yet?" Tensei asked and Hizashi frowned.

"What, why?" Hizashi shivered. "Like don't, no expectations!"

"Relax, you're still a rebel with a large listening audience." Tensei snorted as they closed the apartment back up. Hizashi led the way to the stairs. "You're going to foster a kid who really needs you guys. I know you stepped in so that Shouta could help him sooner than she would have been able to. But you blew me away, it was heroic, without being a hero to do it."

"Hmm, Hitoshi isn't hard to help." Hizashi said. "Have you seen the way he looks at Shouta? And the way she looks at him? I feel like I knew it when I first saw him as a baby. She was connected
"That's the way he looks at you too." Tensei said. "The second day at Aizawa's, he dressed up to go to the park and the rest of us went in plain clothes. He told Shino he really wanted to wear a leather jacket. So he had a matching set of costumes."

"Ugh, dude, what a KO," Hizashi clutched his heart as he teared up in a surge of emotion. Hitoshi wanted to dress up as Present Mic, he thought Eraser and Mic were a pair. A Matching set! That kid was too pure for words. "He's a purple ball of fluff isn't he?"

"Yes, almost as cute as Tenya." Tensei smirked at him playfully.

"Dude, I will seriously fight you." Hizashi pointed at his friend threateningly. The exited the stairwell and Hizashi handed his keys over to the overly apologetic landlord. He'd assured the man it wasn't his fault. Hizashi had honestly not thought anyone would follow him home. Now he knew, and he was concerned about it happening again.

"How's Shouta been sleeping?" Tensei asked as they walked out to the other man's sleek truck. Hizashi's car was parked at his new place.

"Bad," Hizashi confided. He was thankful for about the millionth time that they had friends who knew their habits. He could confide in Tensei and Nemuri if he needed to, Shouta could as well. "She passes out a lot during the day now. She used to take a lot of naps, and stay up all night. She still does that because she patrols at night. But now it's like she doesn't trust herself to really go to sleep, or nightmares wake her up if she does."

"Well, she has always been a bit of a parasomniac, she doesn't have a problem going to sleep, it's staying asleep." Tensei shrugged. "You'll just have to make sure she's comfortable in this new place."

"Yeah," Hizashi hooked his teeth on his tongue ring in thought. "Maybe it won't be as bad when Hitoshi is with us."

"Or worse, that kid is a real insomniac. Take Shouta and make it ten times worse. He's always awake." Tensei shook his head. "The first few nights he just sat up in her old room because he didn't want to disturb anyone. Then he started to seek us out. Mostly Aizawa-San or Nemuri."

"Ah, two sleepy people." Hizashi whined, "I thought it was supposed to be telling Hitoshi to eat his vegetables, or to nag Shouta into sex."

Tensei laughed and Hizashi smirked in response. It didn't matter, he was rather excited to see how they all managed together. After all, they hadn't told Hitoshi they were taking him in yet. As it stood, they would get to have him with them before Christmas.

"Hey," Tensei started as they navigated the streets towards Hizashi's new place. "So when are you going to ask Shouta to marry you?"

Hizashi promptly choked on his pierced tongue and coughed through his startled gasp. "Tensei...what the fuck?!"

"Don't even think about using your quirk, I'm driving!" Tensei glared. "I'm serious, have you never thought about it?"

Hizashi felt his face burn and his mind whirled over it. He lifted his hand absently to his mouth as he panicked. *Marry Shouta?!* She would totally say no, right? She hated being the center of
attention, after her first grand slam during the sports festival she'd faded into the shadows as she had planned for her underground career. Would she...*want* to get married?

"Did I break you? I broke you." Tensei snorted. "Don't give yourself an aneurysm. It was a simple question, you never thought of it."

"S-She would say no right?" Hizashi twisted in his car seat to look at Tensei.

"What if she said yes?" He saw the teasing smile, the devious glint in his friends eye. There was a scheme at play here, most likely a rebirth of the Confession Squad. But Hizashi was too busy boggling at the notion that she might say yes to pay attention. If she did say yes... they would get married. And then she would be...his *wife!*

Hizashi clamped his hands around his mouth to smother the shriek that tore up his throat. The windows still rattled and Tensei yelped as the car shook as well. "Dude!"

Shouta growled as she dragged Nemuri from the warehouse they had tracked their murderer to. After so many cases and so many autopsies that the coroners had failed to notice the single thing that had stayed the same with all of the dead. A pin prick in the hollow of the throats of each victim. Something that had been administered at the same time the drownings had occurred. And he same time carbon Monoxide was released into the apartments of the victims.

She had gained her lead when a doctor had come up missing. A doctor that had worked for Nemuri's date from the Charity Gala. A relationship that was now in the trash because he hadn't wanted to help Nemuri. But at the time it wasn't Nemuri asking for information, it was Midnight, and he'd burned his bridges with her. People were dying, a sense of loyalty to employees was void in those circumstances.

They had tracked the doctor to a small clinic in the bowels of the disreputable part of Kamino Ward. His entire goal was to study the way quirks races upon death. He hadn't moved past suffocation yet because the body fought suffocation.

Nemuri's quirk had almost taken them all out. It wasn't even her attempt to use it that did it. The damn doctor came out of nowhere with syringes for fingers and slashed one of her sleeves open. Whatever was in them was some kind of paralytic, because she went down like a stone after it.

Shouta had lashed those dangerous hands and her own face in one swift move. Barely keeping herself upright enough to activate her quirk. The upside was that those syringe fingers were a transformation and not a full mutation. The downside was, he seemed partially immune to Nemuri's wafting quirk.

Shouta had to duke it out with the murderer before she finally managed to smash him over the head with a silver tray in the middle of the procedure room. Shouta tied him up and left him to wrap Nemuri's arm up enough to wait for help. Then she dragged her friend outside. Where they now sat on the curb and Shouta cradled her friends head. Nemuri looked up with panicked eyes.

"I got him, it'll wear off soon." Shouta said and tried to soothe the fear in Nemuri's eyes. She knew Nemuri was into BDSM, it was hard to be her friend and not know that about her. Being immobilized like this must be terrifying when she lived in a world of heroics, of being in charge around the clock. Then to go home and prefer a life ruled by safe words on either side. This must
be a nightmare. "I'm here, nothing is going to happen to you."

Nemuri closed her eyes and then opened them. She was trying to relax, Shouta could help with that. "Hizashi is setting up the apartment tonight, he wants to host some big Christmas thing soon. Get both of our families together to welcome Hitoshi. Did I tell you were moving him in the week before Christmas? Jinji-San agreed and Nakiri-san thinks it'll be good for him to be with us when Christmas comes. It's a time for family. I'm getting my own family, can you fucking believe that?"

Nemuri blinked again and a calm had settled into her body. That was a relief. Shouta smiled, "I never thought I'd get one. I thought it would be you, me, Hizashi, and Tensei forever. Not that we won't all still be together, it's just...different. Hitoshi is-he's different."

He was, and Shouta was looking forward to providing the boy the safety and security he desperately needed. That she was going to do it with Hizashi made it even more special. She couldn't wait to do it. The paramedics and police arrived at the same time. Shouta talked to Nemuri through being put on a stretcher so they could get an IV into her arm to hopefully flush out that paralytic agent.

Then Shouta walked the officers through the clinic to the murderer. She explained that the case was technically Edgeshot's, and once the hero had been called he tacked his name on as approval it became Shouta and Nemuri's bust. She thanked the hero and he in return he thanked them. With that Shouta hopped into the ambulance to take Nemuri to the hospital until she had full mobility back. Her arm was going to need stitches too.

On the way she looked over her texts and got a picture from Hizashi. He was grinning like an idiot in the picture but he was waving at a bed set up against dark blue walls. He'd been busy the whole day. He looked to be in the middle of putting together the dresser and side table. She smiled and texted him back a droll comment about the bed being crooked. He sent another picture with a super distressed look. She was amused to see Jazz had flopped his spry little body in the middle of the bed to get in the way. She showed the screen to Nemuri who relaxed further into the stretcher. They would be alright, she knew it.
Shouta woke from a nap to find herself cocooned in warmth. She looked out of her blanket nest and watched Hizashi absently as he sat in the middle of their now unpacked apartment. The resident loudmouth hummed along to his music, while the growing kitten curled up on her chest.

Refocusing on Hizashi she watched him sift through a metric ton of Christmas decorations. When he was done it was going to look like Christmas threw up in their living space. She placed her hand under her head and watched him struggle with putting together the artificial tree.

When they moved here they inherited Shino's old work out mat, a weightset, and all of his Christmas decorations. Hizashi's mother had even shoved a ton more at them in excited anticipation for Hitoshi. Shouta knew both of their parentals were accumulating a massive amount of gifts. They were going to be approaching an American level of Christmas celebrations.

Hizashi smiled as he finished the base layer to the tree and stood up to start fanning out tree branches. He looked back to see her awake and his smile softened just a tad. Enough to warm her blood and tease for later. She watched him transform their new space into a Christmas department store.

But he was so excited she couldn't help but just roll her eyes and accept it as it was. She'd seen the way he had decorated Hitoshi's room. Shouta left him to his empty boxes and searched for her eyedrops in the bedroom.

She was knee deep in searching through her duffle bag even she spied them leaning against one if Hizashi's hairspray bottles on the dresser. She hydrated her eyes and sighed in relief.

"Hey." Hizashi called.

She turned as she wiped away excess drops and saw her boyfriend leaning against the door frame. In his ripped skinny jeans, and lazy longsleeve blue sweater, he looked delectable. His long hair was in a loose twist that tumbled down one side of his chest. Why did he have to look like sex on legs?

Shouta lifted an eyebrow as Hizashi held up a plastic sprig of mistletoe. Shouta smirked. "You know, you don't need a plastic plant to kiss me."

"Oh, I know." He smirked. "It's just how I want to get excited for the holiday."

"You're already excited for the holiday." Shouta said. But she still sidled up to him and looked at the hand with the mistletoe expectantly. His beaming grin was all the enticement she needed.

Shouta wrapped her arms around his neck and leaned up on bare toes to take his mouth. The mistletoe was immediately forgotten as Hizashi wrapped his arms around her. Their tongues clashed and moved slowly. It may have started playful but now it was anything but. That damn tongue ring of his served to enflame her desire further than she'd thought it would.
"Hey Shouta," Hizashi whispered when they broke for air.

"Hmm," She acknowledged, even while she just wanted to lick back into his mouth.

"Can I finally play with your toys?" He asked, with all the hopefulness of a child. Which was totally inappropriate considering the were heading towards sex. "It's Christmas."

"Christmas is three weeks away." Shouta rolled her eyes but stepped back and took his hand in hers. Shouta led the way to the bed and pushed him down onto it. Then she reached into the night stand to pull out the large toiletries bag from within. She handed it over and climbed up onto the bed.

Her very first music compatible vibrator had died a valiant death at the end of her second year at UA. So she'd replaced it with a newer model that did essentially the same thing. It was also a bright yellow, at three wasn't much different outside of personal settings. Which was followed by an all black twin that didn't vibrate off of music.

She knew her toys were sedate compared to Nemuri's. Shouta had had the misfortune of helping her friend pack up an expansive collection of things to move. She also knew the new editions had taken up most of her closet space.

Hizashi however, had never gotten the chance to make good on his promise to play with her toys. Over the years they had been together, once sex was introduced, they were far too frantic. The rush to fall into bed was usually met with the enthusiasm of just being together.

Hizashi settled his phone in the speaker dock on his side of the bed. Then he lifted her yellow vibrator from it's case. Shouta activated her app and leaned over to figure out which playlist Hizashi had chosen. Over their time dating, he'd made dozens of them.

After she synced up the phones music players and the app, she helped him turn the toy on to be sure it was working. Hizashi's excited green eyes made it worth it. Shouta handed him a pack of wipes and he cleaned the toy thoroughly.

Shouta then draped herself lazily across his back and got a laugh from him. "Thanks Shouta."

"Hmm, you could have just asked." Shouta laughed. "You didn't have to wait for Christmas."

"Yeah, but now it's more fun this way" He laughed and rolled. She sank into their bed as he crawled up over her. Their mouths met again with a hungry fervor.

Hizashi pushed her shirt up and over her head, so she returned the favor. Shouta snorted in amusement as they both wrestled with pants and her leggings. Finally they were naked and Hizashi blanketed her with his body.

Shouta hooked her legs through his and trailed a kiss across his jaw. She loved the way their bodies slid together like a puzzle piece. Then she was rewarded by the music starting up. Hizashi edged across her until he laid next to her. She let him guide her to her side and sighed as his mouth pressed along her neck and shoulders.

His hand lifted up to cup each of her beats in turn. His warm palm sliding across her nipples dragged her into an arch. Hizashi pressed his hips up against her and she moaned. Hizashi always played well when he had a music back drop.

His hand slipped down her abdomen, paused lovingly against her scar, and delved between her legs. Deft fingers wound her up in an instant. Shouta found herself arched into Hizashi, leg tossed
over his behind her. Her head was cradled in his other arm as he ravaged her mouth.

Shouta lifted her hand up to table into long blond locks. She ground herself back against the erection nestled against her lower back. Cool lube was swept across and through her folds and she hissed at the chance in sensation.

Something blunt and vibrating pressed up against her clit. Shouta gasped and leaned into Hizashi's chest. He drew back and she rolled to her back with him lying next to her. His green eyes raked down her body before falling to her core.

It was then he pushed the vibrating silicone into her. The curved attachment that was for clitoral stimulation pressed right up on her clit. Shouta gasped and arched, her hand scrabble at the arm that cradled her head.

Hizashi marvelled at the expressions coming from Shouta. Her hair was brushed back, revealing the flush under her tired eyes. Her lips opened on soft pants and deep moans. He couldn't help but lean in and steal deep kisses every few seconds.

The rest of her was almost still, her fingers wrapped around his arm, the other grabbed at the sheets. Her body shifted just enough for him to see how her hips thrust up to meet his hand. Driving herself onto the toy with every stroke he gave her with it. He grinned smugly, this was a good look on her.

He loved taking the long route to wrecking her with pleasure. Watching her come undone and melt away her general apathy. Like this her tiredness didn't touch her. It was so powerful, to know he now had a new way to take her apart.

Hizashi leaned down to her breasts and flicked his tongue ring across her nipples. It drew a sharp cry from her lips. So loud he almost startled. At her loudest, Shouta barely woke up the cat. But this, it was a sharp cry of pleasure that shot straight down his cock to his balls.

"Fuck, Shouta." He breathed as he gazed down at her. Rapt with how pretty she looked like this. "You feel good baby?"

She whined and angled her hips down. He chewed on his lp as he pushed the toy up, digging the little clit stimulator onto her. She gasped and he smirked. "You look like you're feeling good."

He let go of the toy and she shivered. Right up until he pushed the small attachment into her harder. He reclaimed the toy and started in on thrusting it too and from her. Keeping the pace slow, watching her react. Grinding it in slow circular swirls as he pushed it in.

Then she did something marvelous. Something he had felt when he was buried deep inside her. He'd seen it on video chat a few times, but now he got to see it in person. Shouta groped the sheets tight, tossed her head back and opened her legs wider. Each of his grinding passes with the toy was met with her taking it and increasing the pace all on her own. Fucking herself onto the toy more than he was fucking her with it.

Her legs shook and her thrusts came faster. Her breath blew out in ragged pants and he was rapt with attention to every twitch of her muscles. Every gasp, muscle shudder, and bucking hips. This was a powerful orgasm, and it was breathtaking.
Hizashi couldn't wait anymore. He shifted to sit up and pulled the toy away. Shouta cried out in surprise. But he was already rolling them. He sat in the center of the bed, sinking into the pillows to give himself some leverage.

Shouta tumbled through the roll into his lap. Literally clumsy with the way she climbed up him. He loved that he'd made her clumsy. He grabbed her ass and angled her into a slick grind across his cock. The wet heat of her gliding up him. He's been rock hard the moment he'd touched the toys she'd used to pleasure herself. Now he had seen the way they worked with her in person. He could cut diamonds with his cock.

Shouta pulled back and the next pass of her wet core, he put some effort into flexing his abdominal muscles. His cock twitched up and then he was inside her. Sinking deep through still fluttering delicate walls, he choked.

"Zashi." Shouta sighed like he'd done something so right. It always felt right being inside her

"Yeah, come on," He urged and they moved at the same time. Shouta settled into his tight grip on her ass and pressed her hands to his chest. Their gazes locked in a haze of growing passion and he was lost.

Shouta rolled her body into each thrust and he saw the moment she fell back into it. Her movements turned immediately frantic. He panted and groaned.

"So good baby, ungh." Hizashi panted as fire swirled through his blood. He felt the way he movements turned frantic and they both moved faster. A desperate race to bury himself in her, to get himself as deep as possible. Imprint himself into her soul if he could. "Yeah, Shou-!

He felt his orgasm rush up faster than he had wanted. And it hit him in the exact moment Shouta threw her head back on a deep cry that matched the way her core clenched around him. He felt twitching through another powerful orgasm. It was amazing, and Hizashi was pretty sure this was what nirvana was. Knowing he'd done this to her and she welcomed it, definitely some kind of paradise.

"Fucking love you." Hizashi panted as he pressed kisses to her cheeks, lips, and forehead as she listed herself to his chest.

"Hmm...'ve...ou too." Shouta breathed as buried her face in his neck. He lifted his arms up to trace her spine. So damn perfect. His perfect moment was decidedly ruined when he realized she had fallen asleep against him.

"Shouta...hey babe...come on..."He whined before his arms fell to the bed spread eagled. This was what he got, powerful sex had clearly tired her out. If he thought about it, it was still a reason to be satisfied. If totally inconvenient in execution. "You're lucky you're cute."

"Alright, now...this isn't supposed to happen in normal cases. But as we all know, this is not a normal case." Jinji-san said as Hizashi and Shouta finished setting out coffee and tea in their dining room. "I pulled so many strings to do this. Shinsou-San was a good woman, and get grandson deserves a chance to be a normal boy."

"He does," Shouta agreed. She lifted their growing kitten to her lap and Hizashi smiled at her
lovingly.

"The paperwork we've put in was all approved. Even this most recent one granting you early custody as a family member." The social worker said. "I read Aizawa-San's report that he'd found a friend when he was being protected. Frankly that's what sealed the deal for me. Progress got this though all channels."

"I'm so glad." Hizashi said and watched their guest as she sipped her tea.

"So here you have it, special fostering paperwork. As ordered by the late Shinsou-San before her death, Shinsou Hitoshi will be placed into Yamada Hizashi's care as a member of his family. Release of custody, as determined at age twenty has been waived in the wake of villainous circumstances." She smirked proudly. "Your contributions in stopping the villain group that wanted to kidnap him got you some clout with the hero commission. They fully endorsed this whole venture."

"Wah, who knew they liked me?!" Hizashi took the packet of paperwork offered to him.

"Well, Aizawa-San would have been the best choice, but she's underground. Not many will get tangled up in her affairs. It's best that she stay under the radar. Even in regards to this particular case," Jinji-san winked at Shouta who just smirked into her coffee.

"Thank you for all your hard work." Shouta said. "I know it's not easy to step in like this. Your caseload must be backed up."

"Well, you and I have a mutual friend who was concerned about the boy. I couldn't turn away."

"And my caseload was shared with my assistant. He loved working with the kids on my list."

"Mutual friend?" Shouta frowned. "I thought you just knew the officer from the first kidnapping case."

"Oh, well... It's more like I knew the hero from that case." Jinji-san tapped her nails and Shouta gaped.

"No way, you know Vanisher. After he told me to cut Hitoshi loose, he totally enlisted your help!"

"He is a rather brusque man isn't he?" Jinji-san flushed and Hizashi gaped. Wow! Vanisher had a lady. A civilian lady. "Anyways, your apartment looks very ready for him. And I was impressed by the security this building has. With two pro Heroes looking after him I'm not worried in the least about his safety."

"We hope to be able to live up to that" Hizashi said.

"I know you will." She laid her hand on the paperwork stack again. "This is a convoluted mess of legal maneuvering that put me in a bit of a bind. I won't be able to do this again. If I call, I'll need you to come and help with some cases."

"You can always count on us to do that." Hizashi beamed. "I like kids."

"Hmm," Shouta agreed.

"Thank you both. Now, once you turn twenty four, give me another call and we'll get adoption paperwork finished" She winked at them. Hizashi snorted into his own tea but couldn't refute her.
That was probably going to be the plan.

Hizashi looked over to see Shouta was flipping through the pages of her own copy with a soft but determined look on her face. She looked up through her hair and their eyes met. Electricity raced up his spine.

Hizashi would blame it on Tensei for giving him the idea. But in that moment as they discussed finally being able to take Hitoshi in, he knew. He wanted Shouta to be his forever. He wanted to be hers forever. To be her husband, and to have her for a wife...it was a profound revelation for him. No line just a tasting notion, but a very real possibility.

Hizashi smiled back to her and knew he was going to have to do something about this eventually. But first, they had a kid to surprise.
"Hitoshi..." He frowned when he heard Kiri's voice in his ear. Hitoshi cracked open an eye. He had just managed to fall asleep too. "Hitoshi!"

"Kiri, it's too early." Hitoshi complained and tried to drag his pillow back over his head.

"Did you forget what day it is?" She sighed. Hitoshi looked up at her in confusion before he realized what day it was. Today he was going shopping with Hizashi.

Hitoshi sit up from his bunk and Kiri giggled. She shook her head. "You're hopeless."

They ran to the bathroom where Hitoshi noticed the two missing toothbrushes again. The other boys had been moved to other foster homes. Despite how nice the Nakiri's were, foster terms were short for them. That way they could rotate more kids out of the facilities faster.

Kiri herself was actually getting adopted. The Nakiri's had hosted an interested couple. Kiri was just waiting for it to be official. She even liked them, so that was good. "Hey Hitoshi?"

"Yeah?" Hitoshi asked as he started in on his own teeth.

"I'm going to miss you." She said looking sad all of a sudden. "Maybe if I talk to my new mom you can come with me."

He shook his head. Her new parents hadn't been interested in him. They wanted to take in a mutant girl, because they both had mutated quirks too. Hitoshi thought they would make a good family. That already seemed to like Kiri.

"But Hitoshi, don't you want a family too?" Kiri frowned at him with wide eyes. "Tomorrow is Christmas Eve, you shouldn't be alone."

"Ah..." Hitoshi closed his mouth. At his last home his foster parents said no one would want a kid who could brainwash them. His Baa-san wasn't coming back, she'd gone to heaven. There was Hizashi and Shouta, but he didn't think it was right of him to wish they were his parents. Not even for Christmas.
"Hitoshi, you can ask for something you want you know." Kiri grumbled. They finished with their teeth and went out to join the Nakiri's for breakfast. Which was followed by Hitoshi helping Kiri pack her things. Apparently her new parents were coming to get her later. "Hitoshi, I'll miss you."

"I'll miss you too." He said as they placed her few toys in her big suitcase.

"Hitoshi!" He stiffened when he heard Nakiri-San call in his deep voice. Hitoshi jumped up and walked out of the room. Hizashi stood in the living room. He wasn't in his hero gear so Hitoshi would get to hang out without people noticing them.

"Hey there little listener, how ya doin?" Hizashi bent at the waist exaggeratedly.

"I'm fine." Hitoshi lied. Hizashi studied him a moment before he looked back up at Hitoshi's foster father.

"Alright, what we talked about?" Hizashi lifted a brow and Nakiri-San nodded.

"Hitoshi, you be good now." Nakiri-San looked at him. "Yamada-San is going to take good care of you."

"O-Okay." Hitoshi nodded. He already knew that, Hizashi was a pro hero. If anyone tried to take him away again, Hizashi could just scream. And then Shouta would come and everything would be all right.

Hizashi tilted his head and crouched to Hitoshi's level. "Go get your day bag kiddo. We've got places to be!"

Hitoshi ran back to the bedroom and Kiri hugged him tight. "I'll see you when we grow up and you become a hero okay!"

"Okay." Hitoshi flushed. He couldn't believe anyone thought he could be a hero. Not with his quirk. He picked up his backpack. It didn't have all of his things, but it had the things that mattered the most. "I hope you get to be happy Kiri, with your new parents."

"I will, you just learn to ask for something you want." Kiri pointed. "I know you want to stay with that Yanada guy, and that Aizawa woman. Maybe you should ask them to adopt you."

Hitoshi flushed in embarrassment. He couldn't do that. He shook his head and preemptively hugged her on his own. Then he took off so she couldn't see his flushed cheeks. He couldn't just up and ask them to adopt him. They were pro heroes, they didn't need him tagging along.

Hizashi beamed when he saw Hitoshi and held out a new hat and gloves. "I saw a set that matched mine the other day and just had to get them."

Hitoshi took them with care and watched as Hizashi tucked his ponytail up under a large gray slouch hat. Hitishi put his on as well and was immediately swept up. "Let's take selfie!"

Hitishi looked up at the phone with surprise and then it was taken. "Look at that twinsies!"

Hitoshi smiled and looked down shyly. Hizashi held out a little coat after they put their shoes on. Hitoshi frowned when he saw it was a size bigger than his previous one. It was longer in the sleeves but it fit nice. Had he bought Hitoshi a coat too? "Um..."

"What's up?" Hizashi asked as he slung an all black wool coat on. Then he held out another item, a scarf that was a matching gray to his hat and gloves. It had cats pressed into the embroidery.
Hitoshi gasped with wonder. Hizashi wrapped it around him in a complicated twist that brushed his cheeks and left room for him to duck his head into. "There you go, just like Shouta now."

Hitoshi snapped his eyes up in shock. He looked like Shouta now?! That was awesome!

Hitoshi marveled at how busy the Kiyashi Ward Shopping Mall was. Christmas lights were strung up everywhere, and tons of Christmas trees of different sizes were everywhere. Hizashi looked down at him and Hitoshi smiled wide at him. "Like Christmas Little Toshi?"

"Yeah," He smiled, "Baa-san used to make kitten cookies."

"Kitten cookies?" Hizashi lifted his eyebrows over his sunglasses.

"They looked like cat heads." He explained. "And they were white and brown, in a swirl."

"Oh!" Hizashi smiled wide. "I'm sure we can make those."

"We can?" Hitoshi gasped.

"Yeah, but first, we have to get Shouta's Christmas gift." Hizashi said slyly. "Can you keep a secret?"

Hitoshi nodded in excitement. And Hizashi patted his head. "Good, so let's go."

They walked for a while until Hizashi led him into a clothing store. He looked around at everything in confusion. "Does Shouta need clothes?"

"Oh, not really, but she's really lazy about this stuff." Hizashi laughed. "I have to get her some thermal wear so she doesn't freeze while on patrol. She can't wear gloves so hopefully we can find some hand warmers for her pockets."

Hitoshi didn't know what a hand warmer was but he followed closely. Hizashi shifted through a few sets of sleek looking leggings and tops before he found a set he liked. Then Hizashi selected a package of super thick socks. Hitoshi found out hand warmers were actually something one could open and stuff in a pocket, they looked like bags of rice. As they approached the counter Hitoshi spied something and tugged Hizashi over.

"Find something?" Hitoshi waved at the hat and glove section. He pulled a pair of ear muffs free. They wrapped around the back of the head. "Good choice."

They paid and Hizashi swung the bag around as he whistled and walked. Hitoshi laughed when he walked funny or shot funny faces at him. Hizashi was always fun to be with. Something caught the blonds attention because he grabbed Hitoshi's hand and they walked across the busy mall to a glittering Christmas store.

Hitoshi stuck close, suddenly afraid to break something. But Hizashi was looking with bright excitement at everything. "Do you like Christmas Hizashi?"

"I love it," He grinned broadly. "I get to spend my first real christmas with Shouta this year."

"Have you always been together?" Hitoshi asked, it felt like they knew each other so well.
"Nope, only three years," He smirked. "Think it's been longer huh? I can see that. We do act like an old married couple sometimes."

Hizashi plucked a decoration from a rack on the wall and it was one for a tree. It was a crystal cat, Hitoshi's eyes sparkled. He followed up with a series of music notes, and then a few in yellow and purple. "My tree at home doesn't have any kind of theme. I want it packed with everything I can find."

"I bet it's fun." Hitoshi smiled. They bought the decorations and Hitoshi got distracted by a bright star that he almost missed Hizashi coming to join him again.

"Wanna head to meet Shouta now?" Hizashi asked. Hitoshi nodded, he figured they were going to the cat cafe again. He had his card with him in case they did. They made it to the car and Hizashi was laughing when he got Hitoshi into the booster seat in the back. "That was crazy busy, thanks for helping."

"I didn't help." Hitoshi frowned.

"You totally did, Shouta hates shopping." Hizashi laughed. "When you get older we can totally use our quirks to fight the masses away from some of the best bargain deals. The ladies at timed sales actually hate me."

Hitoshi marvelled at how brazen Hizashi was. Using his quirk at a timed sale?! His Baa-San would have cackled at that. Hitoshi shook his head and wondered if he was going to have to be the adult.

"Hizashi, where are we?" Hitoshi asked as they walked through a parking garage into a large lobby.

"This little listener is my apartment building." Hizashi smirked. "Or did you not want to see Shouta and play with Jazz?"

"I do!" Hitoshi exclaimed, he saw a woman behind the counter wink at him and looked away shyly. They climbed into the elevator and rode up to another floor. Hitoshi counted the numbers until they were six floors up. The hallway was quiet, and Hizashi led him to the door in the middle, where he typed in a code to the door.

"When you want to come in, the code is 459012," Hizashi told him and Hitoshi memorized the numbers. He wanted to be invited to come over again. He swung the door open and Hitoshi gaped as he entered the genkan. The whole place was bigger than it looked. "We're here!"

"Welcome back." Shouta's voice called from somewhere in the apartment. She padded from the kitchen with the nozzle of a jelly pack in her teeth as she looked at a tablet. "Hizashi, did you find more christmas decorations?"

"I did," Hizashi mumbled guiltily.

"Hitoshi, don't pick up his bad habits." She sighed and walked over. He crouched down and held out a hand. "Can I take your bag and coat?"

Hitoshi let her have them, then he untangled himself from the scarf, hat, and gloves. She took those
as well and sat the accessories on the small table, the coat was hung on a peg by the door. As he
got his shoes off she led him up. He looked around in wonder, the whole apartment was covered in
decorations. It reminded him of how his Baa-San's house used to look.

Jazz darted out to twine around his feet. Hitoshi picked him up gently to hold. "Hitoshi, you want
some hot cocoa?"

He looked back to see Hizashi slinging an apron on and Shouta walking away from him. She
reached out a hand as he nodded to the blond who dissapeared into the kitchen. Hitoshi followed
her as she led him to where the living room was. On the other side of the room a large mat like the
ones in the gym was set up against the wall. A hallway led off from the middle of the room and a
balcony looked out from the side of the little gym space. A dining room stood between the couch
and the kitchen.

His attention immediately fell to the christmas tree next to the entertainment center. It glittered and
glowed, Hizashi was right, it was a mishmash of decorations. Hitoshi sat down in front of the
Christmas tree and looked up at it. Tears sprang to his eyes and he sat Jazz down to wipe his eyes.

"What's wrong?" Shouta asked as she sat next to him.

"I just miss Baa-San." He said and tried to wipe his eyes faster. Big boys didn't cry in front of their
heroes. He wasn't a baby.

"Hmm, I remembered how decorated her house was." Shouta said, "The first time I saw you after
we first met."

"You went to my old house?" He asked curiously.

"Hmm, I brought you a stuffed cat then, Nemuri convinced me to decorate it like Eraserhead." She
shook her head. "I just wanted to know you were alright after everything that happened."

"Baa-San said you saved me." He said and looked up at her. "Thank you."

"Hmm, I dont need thanks. I was going to save you no matter what." She shook her head and
ruffled his hair.

He was calm now, so he joined them for hot cocoa. They had lunch and Hizashi made cookies that
were white and brown swirls that were shaped like cats. Shouta showed him how to use the cat
toys to tease Jazz. He even fell asleep in the large chair he'd sat in. He woke up for dinner and was
overwhelmed after he finished.

He'd walked past the kitchen to look at the genkan. He didn't want to go back, Kiri might not be at
the Nakiri's anymore. They would probably move him soon too, he wondered if they would let him
visit?

"Some heavy thoughts going on in there." Hizashi spoke as he stepped up next to Hitoshi. "You
alright Little Toshi?"

"I...Kiri is getting adopted. I think they picked her up today." He said and grabbed the edge of his
shirt. "She said the Nakiri's were probably going to move me soon."

"Hmm," Shouta said as she leaned on the dining room table. "Theres a room you havent seen yet
today."

What did that have to do with anything?
"Wanna check it out?" Hizashi asked. Hitoshi looked up at the blond as he grabbed Hitoshi by the shoulders and steered him excitedly down the hallway. "Did you have fun today?"

"Yeah," Hitoshi remembered that Kiri had said he needed to ask for something for himself. He halted the forward march and stopped in the middle of the hallway. Shouta paused to look down through her dark hair. "I...I don't want to go back."

"Then don't," She pushed the door next to her open and he gaped as he saw the interior.

The walls were a deep dark blue color that was contrasted by the white borders to the room. A bed was set up against the wall, it was solid with drawers underneath. A rug sat in the middle of the floor and he saw his big bag was settled on the bed. "I can-?"

"You can stay, if you want to." Shouta said and he twisted around to hug her around the waist. She stiffened for a second before she wrapped her arms around him.

"I don't have to leave?" He asked as the tears came again and he was sobbing in relief, in happiness against her black sweater.

"You never have to leave again Little Toshi." Hizashi said and settled his hand on the back of Hitoshi's head. "Jinji-San made it so that you're now fostered by us. No one is ever going to make you leave."

He cried, but in the back of his mind he was so incredibly grateful. Nothing had felt right once Baa-San got sick. Everything had been scary, and different. The only bit of normalcy he'd had was when he got to hang out with Shouta and Hizashi. The week at her father's house was fun and normal too. He got to have that now? He really got to stay and always be with them?

The next day Hitoshi was still in awe that he was here. He hadn't been able to sleep the whole night. He kept dozing off, but he was afraid to really go to sleep and wake up to find out it was all a dream. But when morning came, and he was still in Shouta and Hizashi's apartment, he knew it was real.

After a while he finally ventured out to find Hizashi in the kitchen cooking. Hitoshi climbed up onto the bar seat and watched. Hizashi hummed as he worked, and when he turned around he jolted in surprise.

"Hitoshi! You little ninja!" Hizashi gasped.

"Sorry," Hitoshi apologized.

"S'ok Shouta's the same way." Hizashi grinned. Then he looked Hitoshi over curiously. "You alright kiddo? Did ya not sleep?"

"No," Hitoshi admitted.

"Well that's alright, it is a new bed." Hizashi smiled softly. "You hungry?"

"Yeah," Hitoshi nodded and Hizashi pumped a fist.

"Alright! I got this!" Hizashi exclaimed. Hitoshi giggled as Hizashi gave a running commentary
about everything he was doing.

Shouta sat heavily next to him and it startled Hitoshi. She pressed her finger to her lips and he stayed quiet. "Alright, this is my killer egg toast!" Hizashi announced and turned. "You're gonna love-Son of a-! Shouta!"

"Morning." She said and Hizashi scoffed.

"Damn house of ninjas in here." Hizashi complained and sat a plate down in front of Hitoshi. He bit into the toast with an egg cooked into its surface. It was so good!

"What time is everyone coming?" Shouta asked.

"My parents will be here by noon." Hizashi answered. "Yours is coming a little later. Apparently Shino had a bad run in last night."

"He good?" She asked and both adults shared a look between them.

"Yeah, some strange mutation quirk went haywire and he had to subdue the guy." Hizashi explained and looked away. "Akio said he has a huge puncture in his bicep, he went to bed at dawn. So, Akio and your dad just want him to get some sleep."

"That's fine." Shouta took the big mug that was offered to her and looked at Hitoshi with a tired smile. After a few moments she pushed her coffee cup to him and he tasted it. It was a bit bitter, but he kind of liked it.

"Oi!" Hizashi shouted. Shouta immediately threw her arms up and winked at Hitoshi's wide eyes as they looked up from the lip of the mug. "I see you corrupting him with black as sin coffee! I'll not have it woman!"

Shouta turned dead panned eyes at Hizashi and stepped back. She picked Hitoshi up around the waist and Hitoshi took a bigger gulp before he sat the mug down. "Shouta! Hitoshi!"

She turned and sprinted towards the living room. She vaulted the couch as Hizashi rounded out from the kitchen. "Give it up, the kid likes coffee."

"It's bad enough he sleeps like you. Your gross coffee habits will not translate here under my watch!" Hizashi growled. Hitoshi's hands flew up to his mouth to hide the giggle that escaped him.

"I don't think so," Shouta challenged. Hizashi lunged past the chair and tripped when Jazz darted from under the couch. Shouta bounced up onto the couch and across Hizashi's back. She escaped to the hallway and into Hitoshi's room. Hitoshi was sat down and Shouta gave him a conspiratorial look. "Stand by the bed, you're the bait okay?"

"'Kay," Hitoshi laughed and ran over to where he needed to be.

Hizashi thundered down the hall and appeared in the doorway. He looked right at Hitoshi with suspicion in his gaze. He took one step forward and tilted his head to the side. Shouta whipped around the door frame and the adults went down in a flurry of limbs and cursing.

Hitoshi found himself laughing. They were hilarious. He got to stay with them too. As Shouta sat on Hizashi's back and pulled his arms back, Hitoshi dove into the scuffle. He ended up teaming up with Shouta, right until Hizashi twisted and stood up holding both of them.

"Rah! You can't defeat me! I'm Present Mic, sexiest man on radio!" He shouted exuberantly. "A
thousand years too early!"

"Tch," Shouta scoffed. Hitoshi laughed again, and was joined by both adults.

Hizashi's parents, the Yamada's, were amazing. They spoke with JSL, so Hitoshi really got to practice with them. They got excited when he reciprocated. He felt immediately relaxed hanging out with them.

Hitoshi was just as excited when Shouta's dads came too. All three of them bustling about him like the first day he'd stayed at their house. He took the initiative to lead them to the living room.

Snacks went around and Hitoshi listened to Hizashi translate for his parents as everyone talked and got comfortable. Eventually Hizashi, his mother, and Akio vanished off to the kitchen. It wasn't long before amazing smells started to fill the apartment. Shino took over talking to Hizashi's father and they talked about work and the news as it played. Aizawa-San joined in periodically.

Hitoshi found himself wrapped up in a yellow sleeping bag as Shouta joined him by the tree that was now stuffed with presents. It was warm and he leaned on her shoulder. Within moments his tired mind finally settled enough to sleep.

Hitoshi woke up hours later when someone shook the sleeping bag. Shouta shifted the top off of him and tilted her head. "Sleep good?"

Hitoshi nodded.

"Alright, let's get some dinner." She smiled and he got up from under the tree. The adults were watching with smiles as he joined the table. He was surprised to see a large platter of fried chicken and various sides. He was excited as the noise picked up and dinner started.

Fried chicken was so good. He watched Akio shift things onto Aizawa-San's plate. Shino and Shouta were glaring over a piece between them. Hizashi was giving commentary for his parents who were speaking to Aizawa-San about his paintings.

This was like those shows he and his Baa-San used to watch m where families gathered together. He was really overwhelmed that he got to be a part of something like that.

After dinner Hizashi produced a massive strawberry cream cake that Hitoshi stared at in excitement. It was just as amazing as it looked too. As he finished his piece the adults took their time fishing out gifts for him.

He was suddenly the owner of a lot of coloring supplies, tons of new clothes, a few new pairs of cool shoes, and new toys. He had never had a lot before. But he'd had to leave everything but essentials behind when he went to foster care.

Pictures were taken, Hitoshi bid everyone goodbye. He was still in awe that he didn't have to leave, he got to stay in this apartment. His new home. So when he went to bed, he slept.
"Toshi..." A gruff voice cut through the haze of sleep that still enveloped Hitoshi's mind. He groaned and stuffed his face into his pillow.

"I told you to let him sleep. You're too energetic." Shouta's voice roused Hitoshi further. He blinked awake to see Hizashi crouched next to the bed. Shouta stood near the door, cradling Jazz.

"But it's Christmas!" Hizashi whined. "And Santa came!"

"I'm awake." Hitoshi said excitedly.

"See, he's awake." Hizashi crowed and Shouta rolled her eyes. She walked off down the hall.

Hitoshi sat up and rubbed his eyes. Hizashi scooped him up and they followed out to the tree where new gifts sat. "Hey, hey, get mine first."

"Hmm," Shouta leaned under the tree. She pulled out a long box and passed it to him. Hitoshi ended up sitting between Hizashi's knees with the package in his lap. She pulled out another one and looked over.

"Yeah for you." Hizashi chuckled. "Open it at the same time."

Shouta's lips quirked and she opened her gift as Hitoshi tore his own open. Hitoshi saw her smile as she looked at the gear they had picked up for her. "I wasn't that cold."

"I know you'll just tough it out, but now you don't have to." Hizashi laughed. "Hitoshi helped me pick the earmuffs out."

"Well, thank you both." She set it aside and set her dark eyes on Hitoshi. Getting back on track Hitoshi opened the big box. His eyes widened when he saw the leather jacket inside.

"I heard you wanted a jacket from Shino and Akio. Now you got one. We men have to sport our leather." Hizashi smirked. "Plus, I got you these."

Hitoshi looked up as something was pulled over his eyes. They were dark purple aviators that would fit his face. His stomach twisted in excitement. Now he was going to have a full set. He could be Present Mic!

Another package was set in his lap, this one noticeably smaller. A large one was sat next to Hizashi as well. Hitoshi looked his package over and unwrapped it. He dropped it just as fast. It was a pair of Eraserhead goggles. Real ones!

"I like the ones you made, these are a pair of mine though." Shouta said. He yanked them onto his head immediately. They were awesome! So cool!

"Wah! Shouta!" Hizashi exclaimed and Hitoshi twisted to see a guitar was being unwrapped. Teary green eyes looked up at Shouta as she walked back to the tree.

"I know you can't really sing without messing up your frequencies. But nothing is stopping you from playing." Shouta said and waved her hand. "And then there's Hitoshi's gift from Santa."

Hitoshi opened the large gift wrapped in a reflective red. He gaped when he saw the gaming console. The boys at the Nakiri's had boasted about getting one when they eventually got adopted. He'd even wanted to ask his Baa-San for one, before everything happened.
How did Santa know?

"Merry Christmas Hitoshi." Hizashi said as his arms wrapped around Hitoshi's small frame.

"Merry Christmas." Shouta said as she joined in the hug. Hitoshi felt his eyes water but he just smiled. This was nice, he really, really liked it here.

"Merry Christmas." He echoed.

The moment faded when Hizashi got up and swiped his new goggles. "Man, I've never actually tried your goggles on Shouta."

"Hey, those are mine!" Hitoshi protested.

"Wah, Hitoshi won't share with me!" Hizashi whined impressively.

"Hey Hizashi!" Hitoshi called and reached out with his quirk.

"Yeah?" He had him, Hitoshi latched on and Hizashi feel still. Hitoshi turned to Shouta who just drank from her mug with an expectant look. He wasn't in trouble?

"G-Give them back." Hitoshi ordered. Hizashi handed the goggles out and Hitoshi took them back. He focused again and tried to let go. His brows furrowed with effort. "Shouta... I can't let go."

All of a sudden his quirk vanished and Hizashi gasped. Hitoshi's head immediately started to hurt. "It's alright. Until you have control of it, I'm here."

Hitoshi looked up into red eyes and floating black hair. He was so grateful she was so powerful. "Little Toshi, that was so cool! Hizashi exclaimed. "Let's do it again!"

"Huh, let him rest." Shouta huffed as her hair fell back around her face and her eyes bled black again. Hitoshi wasn't sure what he'd done to deserve this, but he was glad he'd done whatever it was.

Chapter End Notes

There will be more interactions with Hitoshi and the Yamada's, and Hitoshi and the Dad Trio. This was about Hitoshi feeling a family environment.
Chapter Summary

Shouta and Hizashi learn how to handle their first week with Hitoshi

Chapter Notes

So, this is a little later than I intended. I fell down a smut hole today, no regrets. Its mostly a BakuSquad x most of 1-A. Now I'm wondering if there's like a BakuSquad X DekuSquad fic anywhere. Pretty sure I'll not be surfacing anytime soon. lol

I shall conquer all of the smuts. Fact.

The thing about four year olds, was that they were overly energetic. A fact Shouta had learned during her training. Wrangling children was absolutely something heroes would have to do. Shouta was surprised, however, to find that Hitoshi was not an overly energetic child. She knew from her own childhood that it wasn't uncommon to just not be that energetic.

Hitoshi was quiet, often he would stop reading, or playing to just sit and look out the windows. Shouta found that, in the daytime when she was with him, he would fall asleep at random times. She was noticing patterns in him that she had accumulated over years.

She knew, at four years old, that she didn't have this level of insomnia. Her case was more along the lines of parasomnia, she barely slept at night anymore. Hitoshi was dropping where he sat, sleeping for around twenty minutes before waking up.

It was concerning, so Shouta brought it up on an off day to Hizashi. "You think he's deeper into it than you are?"

"Maybe," Shouta said as she tugged one of his shirts over her torso. Hizashi hummed as he finished braiding his hair and waved for her to sit so he could do hers. She sat down in the middle of their bed and sighed. "It's only been a few days, maybe I'm overreacting."

"It'll be alright, we'll just check on him at night." Hizashi suggested. She nodded, she sat awake most nights and just listened to the apartment. Part of her was paranoid someone was going to break in. Another part of her was just too keyed up to sleep.

Suddenly a shout rang out and Shouta was off the bed with Hizashi on her heels in an instant. They split off in the hall. Shouta shot out into the apartment to assure herself no one was in there. Hizashi hissed and got her attention after she made it back to the hall. Another cry came from in the room and Hizashi lifted his finger to his lips and pushed the door back open.

Inside Hitoshi was on his feet with wide eyes looking out unseeing at his closet. Both of his hands had flown up to cover his mouth. His sharp screams were coming from behind his hands.
As she looked she sighed in relief and they waited while the night terror ran its course. When his eyes closed Hizashi stepped forward to pull the sheets back. Shouta gently guided their four year old back into his bed. Once he was back in they beat a hasty retreat.

He might wake up, and rather than offering him a distraction he might go back to sleep on his own. Once safely back in their bedroom Hizashi let out a heavy breath. "Damn, I thought my heart stopped there."

"Hmm," Shouta turned away to hide the way she lifted a hand to her own heart. She'd been ready to fight someone. Hizashi walked over and hugged her, "You alright?"

"No, cuddle with me." He nuzzled into her hair and she nodded. This had become a bit of a routine too. Shouta found herself the body pillow of her partner more often than not. It soothed part of her to be able to offer this to him. It was the only way she might fall asleep herself.

Unfortunately, sleep alluded her. She was so worried into the next day that instead of staying inside until her own work shift she made other plans. She sent Hizashi off and bundled Hitoshi up for a trip to the pediatrician they had picked out before taking him in. Shouta used heroic priority to get a doctor in the office, it may be close to the New Year, but when a hero called for one of their kids, people answered.

Shouta stayed with Hitoshi through the appointment. Assuring him with her silent presence that nothing was going to happen to him. After an examination and Shouta detailing some of what she had been seeing, Hitoshi was diagnosed with insomnia officially. Though he fell closer to parasomnia like her. He wasn't at risk of having narcolepsy, but he was certainly having trouble sleeping.

They left the office with a list of healthy sleeping notes. And a prescription for sleep medication that would be used if Hitoshi went more than 24 hours without being able to sleep.

"Is something wrong with me?" The boy asked.

Shouta looked down to the child who was holding her hand while she mapped out a route to the closest pharmacy.

"No, I'm like you." She explained. "I have nightmares, or I just can't sleep because I'm too worked up after a patrol. If you aren't sleeping, chances are I'm still awake. Don't feel worried about coming to me I want you to. If we can get you to sleep some without the medication that would be good. But just in case, we'll have it."

Hitoshi looked up with concern on his face and she knelt next to him. "I'm tired."

"I can tell." Shouta smiled. "Part of this might be due to your quirk like mine is. My father is the same way. Quirks that require the mental power yours and mine do, taxes the mind. It makes us more tired, or it's easier to fall asleep during the day. But not being able to fall asleep is probably connected to how rough this year has been for you. Nightmares, sleep terrors, you almost sleepwalked a few times too."

"I'm sorry," Hitoshi said as Shouta leaned forward to bump their foreheads.

"Don't worry about it kid. This is kind of my job now." She smirked and when he smiled a little it was it's own reward. "Now, let's go get this filled and we can get some lunch."
Hizashi liked going out as a small family. Their trip to the local shrine for New Years was the best. They spent the day eating his large bentos, and soba. Their midnight trek to the shrine was spent trying to make Hitoshi laugh. He'd finally gotten some more light in his eyes now that Shouta had gotten him some medication that had helped him sleep the previous night.

"So I actually found her asleep in the broom closet, can you believe that?" Hizashi finished telling a funny story about when Shouta's sleeping habits were wild in high school. Too many busy nights interning, and not enough sleep.

"In the sleeping bag?" Hitoshi asked with a laugh.

"Yes!" Hizashi laughed and reached out to swing Hitoshi up onto his shoulders. Shouta snorted as she walked.

Technically she was working, but she didn't have any cases so her patrol routes were up to her. She was wearing her hero gear under her long gray coat. Because he was off duty there was no need to worry about their identities.

"It wasn't that impressive, I slept just about everywhere." She retorted. "I'm pretty sure some of my hiding spots are still there."

"Oh yeah, she kept hiding those jelly packs in my shoe locker, and our friends had no idea why they kept finding all kinds of survival supplies in our stuff." Hizashi laughed as he told the story. He kept his hands locked on Hitoshi's ankles and walked up the incline into the shrine itself.

Something was wrong when Hizashi heard screams and a few of the local people from the neighborhood came streaking down the stairs. Shouts shed her coat and handed it to him. "I'll be back."

"Be safe," Hizashi said.

"Shouta?" Hitoshi asked as she pulled her goggles up around her face and pulled her earmuffs off to tuck into a pocket. She looked up as she loosened her scarf and its bands lowered around her shoulders. Battle ready.

"I'll be alright." Shouta said to the child watching her worriedly. She nodded at them before she raced up the stairs like a black shadow.

"She'll be fine Hitoshi." Hizashi soothed. "Shes tougher than I am."

He kept going up the stairs until they leveled out to where the mass of people had gathered on the shrine grounds. A man with green glowing arms was destroying booths and screaming at the crowd as they rushed away from him. Hizashi kept his grip on Hitoshi and moved off in case he needed to make a fast escape to protect his precious cargo.

The villain was throwing green arcs of energy at the festival booths dotting the shrine grounds again. One of the out buildings was a crumbled mess. Hizashi's eyes picked up on something and he decided Hitoshi might need to see this to understand how badass Shouta was when she was really working. "Hitoshi, look at the gate there."

On top of one of the tori gates, Eraserhead crouched. One hand hung limp between her spread knees. The other had lifted to her scarf. She leaned forward and her hair floated up. The green glowing quirk vanished and the villain looked down at his arms in shock. That was when
Eraserhead shot herself forward. Her scarf lashed into two different locations, one to the villain and the other to the great tree that grew next to the main temple.

The moment she landed she turned and upended the villain. Hizashi saw her hair fall and then he noticed the villain wasn't alone. Two more streaked out of the crowd each sporting different glowing arms. Siblings?

"Hizashi!" Hitoshi grabbed at his head frantically.

"Keep watching, I've never met a group of people that Eraserhead can't fight." Hizashi whispered as the cried watched in awe.

It had taken him a long time to become comfortable watching her fight and get hurt. She was amazing, and no amount of danger could make him deny that. Being able to help patch her up helped him to deal with the past of him that still got upset over her being hurt. Hizashi looked up as Eraserhead engaged all three villains at the same time. The look in Hitoshi's eyes was undeniable. She was his hero no matter what.

Eraserhead ducked under a swing and lashed the hand that had slung past her cheek. She twisted past another swiping arm and flipped over them both. She shifted immediately to the side and looped the scarf to her ankle. As she came up her captives hit the ground. The third one rushed her and she punched him before he even got close.

Eraserhead turned to look at all three and her quirk activated. She flipped onto her hands and loosed her ankle. When she rolled back to her feet she dodged the first attack aimed at her. She kept moving, exchanging blows and wreaking more damage than she was taking.

Her style had always been about swift take downs. Prolonged fights weren't her best way to win. But Hizashi knew she had tricks up her sleeves. One of those came as she lowered at the waist through a flurry of attacks from all three. Her scarf snapped out at all three of her opponents. When she stood up she'd captured them all.

She took one step back and reeled them together violently. Smashing their faces together and dropping them instantly. "Pretty cool, huh?"

"Eraserhead is the best." Hitoshi gushed with stars in his eyes. The police burst onto the scene and the incident came to a close. Hizashi turned and headed to where the shrine looked out over a residential neighborhood. It wasn't much more than twenty minutes later and Shouta lashed her scarf to the railing. She climbed up and Hizashi offered her coat. No one was any wiser about the reappearance.

"You alright?" Hizashi asked.

"Small time, they wanted to rob the shrine because the donations were coming in tonight." Shouta shook her head and slipped into her thicker outerwear. She pulled a hat from within the coat and slipped it on. "Stupid if you ask me, like heroes aren't patrolling tonight."

"Well, no one was up here until you got here." Hizashi grinned at her.

"Tch, I guess this is a smaller shrine." She conceded, "Hitoshi you alright? That wasn't too scary?"

"No way!" Hitoshi exclaimed excitedly.

"Alright," She directed a smile up at the boy. The festivities picked back up after they reentered the crowds. The broken stalls were pushed aside and they managed to find some food before they
joined everyone in getting to pray and listen to the bells be rung.

Hizashi looked out across the city they had chosen as their own. It had been a hectic year, but he wouldn’t change even a moment of it. As Shouta leaned into his side, and Hitoshi flopped across the top of his head. Hizashi knew they’d made the right choices. Their little family was just right.

"-And were back," Hizashi crowed as he leaned back in his chair. "I hope all you listeners are having a safe and exciting evening. I know I am bringing you this stretch of music tonight."

He waxed on about the importance of alerting the police and local tip lines to the hero agencies about crime. There were heroes who would patrol but it was nice if citizens could keep their eyes out in their areas. But not to get involved, protecting yourself was paramount.

His chat line was booming as usual and with a quick glance at his producer he shifted into another thirty minutes of music. It gave him time to reply to the chat messages and then look up at the text on his phone. His eyes widened and he shot up out of his seat.

Hizashi rushed out of the booth and started to pack up his bag. "Mic? What the hell?!"

"My kid is sick." HIzashi said in explanation. "Damn, shit, I'm sorry, but I gotta go."

"Wait!" He waved awkwardly but left the office to the rest of the staff. It was no different to him leaving for a call. They would handle it, it was his show and he had no sponsors to please. His work for the agency itself was good enough as well that this wouldn't matter.

It took Hizashi an annoying amount of time to pass through the large convenience store on the way back to the apartment. He stocked up on cooking ingredients and medicine. He beat an even hastier retreat home. He raced through the lobby to the elevator. He started tearing his costume off in the genkan. He found Shouta and Hitoshi wrapped up together on the couch watching some kind of anime.

Shouta tilted her head and looked at him through matted and lanky hair. "Welcome back."

"You look like shit babe." HIzashi said bluntly and held his hand to her forehead. She certainly had a fever. He transferred that hand to Hitoshi and felt a fever of equal temperature. Damn.

"When did this happen?" He asked curiously, they were find when he left after breakfast.

"Before dinner, we couldn't get up after the nap." Shouta reported and shifted to stretch out on the couch. Hitoshi flung himself next to her and snuggled back under the blankets across them. "Did you pick up the meds?"

"I did" Hizashi handed her a bottle of cold medication and then the bottle of childrens medicine as well. She made a noise of thanks and Hizashi moved off to the kitchen to fetch a bottle of water to pour glasses for his sick patients.

They started in on their medicine and didn't even fuss about it. It seemed Hitoshi was a good influence on Shouta. He knew she was stubborn when it came to her own medication. Hizahshi took the time to get showered before he settled into sweats and a long sleeve shirt.
Hizashi spent a while making sure there was plenty of soup cooked. He even labeled the containers for when he had to leave for his morning workout and day shift. When he set out the bowls he heard a serious lack of noise. Curious he walked into the living room to see Shouta was asleep, and Hitoshi was resting on her stomach with his little hand tangled in the blanket across them both.

Hizashi stealthily took a picture and smiled. He cleaned up the sea of tissues and took the empty glasses and medicine to the dining room table. He shut off the tv and packaged the soup up. It could wait, and when it was time, he'd get them both up to eat.

As Hizashi readjusted the blanket he smiled softly at them both. It seemed that a common cold had been what was necessary to lay them both out. It was actually kind of cute.
Letting Go

Chapter Summary

Shouta and Hizashi experience the hardest time in parents lives... Kindergarten.

Chapter Notes

Thank you for the comments everyone. This is the final chapter of this arc. Three years will be passing, so the next chapter will be after that. :3

"Are you sure you're ready?" Hizashi's voice made Shouta pop her head from the bathroom. She narrowed her glare at him and he sheepishly looked back at their four year old. It was spring, and it was time for Hitoshi to go to kindergarten. He been out of the day care portion of early primary school for a year. Now he actually had to attend.

"Yeah," Hitoshi bobbed on his feet and adjusted his new backpack.

"I can homeschool you, I'm great at English." Hizashi whined.

"And you're passable at everything else." Shouta glared. "You also have day patrol."

"But what if he doesn't learn anything? What if the other kids are mean? What if-What if he decides he doesn't like us?!" Hizashi was in full meltdown mode. Tears streaming from under her sunglasses. Hitoshi looked at her helplessly.

"Hizashi, either get it together, or go to work now." Shouta left the bathroom and adjusted her scarf around her neck. "Damn, what a mother hen."

"And my little egg needs to stay where I can sit on hi. !" Hizashi hugged Hitoshi tightly.

"You made it weird and creepy, don't make me punch you." Shouta threatened and reached up to grab a band from her scarf.

"Hizashi will you come to pick me up later?" Hitoshi asked suddenly.

"I totally- !" Hizashi stilled under Hitoshi's quirk.

"Let me go." Hitoshi ordered and he stepped back out of the living octopus. "Now, stay here for five minutes after we leave."

"Nice job." Shouta snickered and ushered Hitoshi to the door. He lifted his hand up to her and she led him to the elevator.

As no one around their apartment knew her identity she got away with wearing her scarf in public. She'd purposefully taken a patrol route away from her neighborhood to keep anyone from recognizing her. So walking her four year old to school is easy enough.
The school was close by, bordered by neighborhoods, it was actually rather closed off. It was close enough to reach on foot and she could get there quickly from the station as well. Hizashi would have no problem reaching it by car, and it was only a short ride from the broadcast center.

The playground was swarming with kids. Hitoshi looked up nervously. He'd held it back to keep Hizashi from losing it worse than before. Shouta nodded to him. "I'll be in the area all day, and your teacher knows JSL. If you get upset or lose control you can have them call me. You can always have them call me."

"Okay...okay." Hitoshi blew out a breath and hitched his bag again. Then he shuffled off.

Shouta watched his skull patterned hoodie as he crossed the playground to where the teachers are rounding up their broods. Shouta smiles as Hitoshi fell in and he started to vanish. His purple hair was the last thing she sees as he vanished into the building.

"He's safe." She said to the stalker hiding behind a car. Hizashi cursed and sauntered up in most of his hero gear with his hair still down. "You weren't stealthy enough, do better."

"Shouta, don't hold anyone else to your skill level. Not everyone can be a ninja." Hizashi groused as he stuffed his hands into his pockets.

"Hitoshi can." She countered.

"Psh, none of us are convinced he's not actually blood related to you." Hizashi snorted. Then he slung his arm over her shoulders. "He'll be alright...right?"

"Everything we did last year was so that he could do this." Shouta said even as anxiety clawed at her abdomen. She stamped it out, she done everything possible to prepare for this day.

"Don't think I don't know you swept this entire neighborhood to make sure there was nothing to worry about." Hizashi snorted. "You're amazing."

"Hmm, you are." She smiled and looked up. "Now, go get ready for work."

"And what will you do?" Hizashi lifted an eyebrow at her.

"I'm going to patrol the area." She huffed. "Then maybe take a nap."

"Just don't fall asleep in the middle of the park like Vanisher." Hizashi snorted. "I really worry about what he taught you."

"Well I'm not a weirdo that sleeps in my sleeping bag like that." She turned her nose up, and ignored Hizashi's sputtering.

"You did exactly that in high school!" Hizashi yelled as he followed her back towards the street leading to their apartment building.

"I don't know what you're talking about." She scoffed. Then she split off to make a rooftop circuit around the school. She continued to ignore Hizashi's shrieking as she took off.

Hizashi scrubbed a towel along his neck as he walked from Akio's yoga room. Shouta was back at
home, so this trip was all on him. Ever since Hitoshi had come to live with them, twice a week he brought the boy to the gym. This was how he met the young and flashy, Kaminari Denki.

The young blond boy had a brown lightning bolt in his hair and an electric quirk of some considerable power. Hitoshi absolutely loved the boy. So twice a week, Hizashi scheduled his patrols at a later time so that he could take his kid to play with his friend.

Stepping from the back doors he saw both boys playing in the attached park, a few of the staff members acted as monitors. Shino was leaning on the entrance posts like a protective sentinel. The boys were actually bent over an outdoor table with some of the other kids.

"Hey," Hizashi greeted.

"How was yoga?" Shino smirked. "Akio was excited you decided to come again. He misses his old students."

"He's a harsh task master. And the mom's, just as handsy as ever." Hizashi groaned.

"There's a way around that you know." Shino laughed.

"Was it, bring my kid? That only seems to make them think I'm some single dad raising my adopted boy." Hizashi clucked his tongue. "As if, Hitoshi would drop me in a heart beat for Shouta."

"That's not what I meant." Shino smirked. "You could always wear a ring?"

"Don't you start with me!" Hizashi hissed. "I have no idea if she would even say yes to me. After all of this, I'm surprised she didn't bail on me early in."

"I don't think she would do that," Shino argued looking far too amused.

"Yeah well, until I know. Nothing is happening yet" Hizashi pointed. "Toshi! Time to go!"

Hitoshi jumped up and after waving at his friend he ran over. Hizashi found himself looking down at a beaming purple hashed boy.

"Hizashi, I have something for Shouta. Can I give it to her?" Hitoshi asked.

"Why certainly little listener. But we gotta drive back." He grinned down at the little purple haired ball of tired.

"'Kay, bye Kami!" Hitoshi yelled across the park. The little blond waved back excitedly.

"By Toshi!" He yelled. Hizashi squirmed a little in excitement at that. Hitoshi having a friend was great, especially since the kids in his class were afraid of his quirk.

They drove home and Hizashi blissfully listened to Hitoshi tell him all about the games he'd played while Hizashi helped out in the yoga class. He was excited, jittery even, so that meant he was nervous. Hizashi had to watch his feet once they were back in Musutafu and walking up to the apartment. Hitoshi practically ran him over after they keyed in the door code and moved inside the apartment.

"We're back!" Hizashi yelled.

"Welcome home." Shouta mumbled from the couch where she was actually awake. Hizashi scooped Hitoshi up when he saw her hero gear was out.
"We good?" He asked.

"Yeah, I finished the caltrops already." She smirked and looked at their little one. "How was the gym?"

"I had fun." Hitoshi said simply. And that was how Hitoshi treated them differently. With Hizashi he elaborated, got excited and exuberant. But with Shouta, the simple things said it all between them. They communicated almost in just stares from bruised tired eyes.

Shouta looked up at him as he sat Hitoshi down. "And yoga?"

"Come with me next time." Hizashi gave her a pleading look. Which she just smirked at. His girlfriend was a jerk.

"Maybe, we'll see." She snorted. Hitoshi slung his bag around and approached Shouta. The dark haired woman looked down curiously.

"Hitoshi?" She asked.

"Umm...one of the gym monitors did projects today. Since...since tomortow-..." He trailed off nervously.

"You did a project?" She asked. Then she waited as Hitoshi fidgeted. Hizashi started to prompt the boy when Shouta shot him a warning glare. "Is it a craft?"

Hitoshi nodded. Some of the staff, especially the ones who watched the children during the sessions, made it their job to engage the children. Often they just played for a few hours, other times they did craft projects.

"Do you want to show me?" Shouta asked patiently. And it was at times like this that Hizashi thought she'd have made an Anson mother to her own children. Then he looked at Hitoshi and thought, she already was.

Hitoshi pulled out a simple calligraphy box. The Kanji was done in black, but yellow watercolor was dotted around it to make it pop from inside the box. The writing was sloppy, but so obviously done by Hitoshi. It said, 'Mother, thanks for everything.'

Hizashi felt his throat close with raw emotion. Shouta reached out to take the small rectangular box. Her fingers were delicate, cradling it close.

"M-Mother's Day is tomorrow." Hitoshi said and rubbed his neck. "I-I wanted you to know that...that I'm grateful."

Shouta sat the box down and slid the fingers of one hand through Hitoshi's wild hair. She pulled him close enough to hug him. "Thank you Hitoshi."

"No, I'm supposed to thank you!" Hitoshi protested weakly.

"You don't have to, you never have to." She said and when she looked up from the hug Hizashi saw tears in her eyes. Thee matched his own. He shamelessly lifted his phone to snap a picture. It was too perfect a moment to let pass by.
They're were things Hitoshi did as he opened up more and more. He felt comfortably enough to argue, to say no. Small things that felt more like a milestone than the mini tantrums they were. Shouta relished each one for the victory they were.

She especially found it funny to watch Hitoshi and Hizashi argue.

Currently, they were in a three day stand off over the disaster that was Hitoshi's first attempt at a sleep over. Little Kaminari had come over one night to stay, Hizashi had been home to supervise and it went off without a hitch. That was, until Shouta came home from patrol to find Hizashi banished to the bedroom. She'd not seen him that broken up since high school.

Apparently Hizashi had been overwhelmingly extra. While Kaminari found Hizashi hilarious, Hitoshi found him embarrassing. Too many pictures, spying, and trying to join their games.

Shouta had tried to explain that Hitoshi just wanted to do his own thing. It didn't mean Hitoshi didn't find Hizashi cool. Just that he had stepped on the line of embarrassing dad. That had ended it there

Until Hitoshi refused to give in. Shouta discovered a stubborn streak that easily matched her own. And Hitoshi was intent on punishing Hizashi for every dad joke, every mother hen adjustment of clothes and hair, and even every smothering hug.

To Shouta, it was comical. She was calling it 'The Standoff Of The Tired And The Extra.' Tensei and Nemuri found it equally hilarious. Even more so when Hizashi proved he was actually five years old and started to be just as juvenile. Hizashi had cut off all silly jokes. He ruined his whole demeanor down in an attempt to get Hitoshi to give in. No dice.

Shouta was in the middle of some home yoga to stretch a few torn muscles when she saw Hitoshi perk up from his books. He looked at the door hopefully. Hizashi sauntered in and met her upside down gaze with a bit of heat to be revisited later. Then a hopeful look was shot to Hitoshi, who had looked over just as interested.

Hitoshi scoffed suddenly and looked away. Hizashi pouted before he headed to the bedroom. To the world it would look like they'd just given each other the cold shoulder. But to Shouta she saw a boy hoping to be forgiven, and a man who was probably weeping that his kid didn't like him anymore.

Honestly.

She rolled to her feet and looked at Hitoshi. "Still mad?"

"No, but isn't he mad at me?" Hitoshi asked pitifully as he threw his arms over the kotatsu. "I...I don't want him to be mad at me anymore."

"I see you made a Father's Day picture." She lifted an eyebrow. "I'd this how you want to spend it? He's not working tonight either. I am."

"I see you made a Father's Day picture." She lifted an eyebrow. "I'd this how you want to spend it? He's not working tonight either. I am."

Hitoshi shook his head and got up to run to his room. When he came back a few moments later he was dressed in his best Present Mic outfit. She spent a few moments gelling his hair up into a wild mane of spikes. She nodded at him once they were in the hallway.

Hitoshi ran into the living room and Shouta entered the bedroom. Hizashi was laying diagonally across the bed pouting into his phone. "Really?"

"Why does our boy hate me?" Hizashi asked pitifully.
"He doesn't hate you." She snorted and walked over to the edge of the bed. "You embarrassed him. And he's not an amazingly wild kid, how else can he throw tantrums to get his way?"

"But I stopped doing all the stuff he was mad about." Hizashi complained. "Why won't he forgive me?!!"

"That's not what he wanted either." She chuckled. "He's about to be five, he has no idea what he really wants. You got in the way of his sleepover, so he told you you were loud. Time to get over it and go play with your foster son."

"Go play?" Hizashi blinked at her. Shouta nodded and activated her quirk as she jumped onto the bed to bodily kick him from it. As soon as Hizashi hit the ground Hitoshi came sprinting in all dressed up like Present Mic.

"I'll save you Present Mic!" He shouted.

"Little Listener?" Hizashi gasped. "Little Listener!"

"Come on, we have a kitty to save!" Hitoshi mimed a punch that Shouta used to flop onto the bed defeated. Then her boys were racing out of the room to find Jazz.

When she exited the room to find them they had built a fort from the couch cushions. Hitoshi stretched from the fort to grab his picture. "I'm sorry I said you were loud. I like your voice. And that I don't like your jokes, they're funny."

"I'm sorry I crashed your party." Hizashi spoke from within. "We good little man?"

"Yeah, here. Happy Father's Day." Hitoshi said and she leaned on the couch as Hizashi collapsed the whole thing as he stretched out gazing at a stylized picture of Present Mic and Little Listener. "Do you like it?"

The vulnerable tone to Hitoshi's voice just about broke her heart. Hizashi rolled to a sitting position and hugged the boy. "I love it kiddo."
Bad Feeling

Chapter Summary

Shouta encounters a strange villain.

Chapter Notes

Alright, three years have passed. What happens now?

Sorry for those who were expecting a Full Moon Hero update last night. I ate something bad yesterday and suffered for it. Was glad my husband was off work to help with the toddler. So, double update today with Underground Hero and Full Moon Hero.

"I really don't think I should be here. I'm not sure I can help you pick. Aizawa is very scary."

Toshinori whined pitifully as Hizashi marched his group of followers towards the storefront deep in the heart of Tokyo. It wasn't his home patrol area, he hadn't been out here for much other than calls in the past few years. And better than that, no one knew his civilian face here.

"Oh no, you're fucking in on it now." Hizashi pointed a serious finger in the number one hero's civilian face. He was still large, but his bond hair hung limp in the bangs but wild everywhere else. "If any one is taking the heat here, it's you after the shit you pulled."

Hizashi was referring to the joint interview they had been in. One where Present Mic had done a photo spread as the number one entertainment hero. Paired up with the number one hero, and the number one female hero. It had been fine, going great, until fucking All Might asked how Eraser was doing in make up. In makeup! Those girls were heavy gossips.

The tabloids had jumped all over it in a matter of days. Trash flying around about his best friend Eraserhead being in an affair with him. About Present Mic being a player and creating on Taka-Ai's daughter. Aizawa Takashi just thought it was hilarious. Some help he was.

No, Toshinori was going to be the diversion today. Because Hizashi did not need to be recognized where he was going. Hell, his hair was covered in a crimson slouch beanie. He wore thick rimmed glasses as per his prescription. As it stokd no one would think Yamada Hizashi was Present Mic. That's what he needed, Shouta could not find out about this before it was time.

They entered the store and immediately Akio and Shino paced off to look at other jewelry. Tensei started at his phone while Hizashi gave Toshinori the stink eye. The big blond just went sheepish and did his job. Gathering the attention of the employees.

"I think you're being a little hard on him." Tensei chuckled into his hand.

"I'm not being hard enough." Hizashi huffed. "I got booted to the couch for that shit. Can you believe that?!"
"Yes, she was texting me while she kicked you out. As I recall you texted me the next morning, saying angry Shouta is actually the best version of her in bed." Tensei rolled his eyes as the slipped past their perfect distractions.

"She really is." Hizashi went warm at the thought. She got really bitey when she was angry. And while they'd had to be quiet so as not to wake Hitoshi, they still made up only an hour after she'd given him hell.

It just wasn't fair when the tabloids were crucifying him for allegedly cheating on his girlfriend...with his girlfriend.

Hizashi shook his head and looked at his best friend helplessly. "Alright, now we're good, help me out now. Should it even have a diamond?"

"She'll literally only be wearing it at functions." Tensei muttered. "Her fingers get broken too often now. Or they just get bruised after she's used her weapon to much. She's also not much into jewelry."

"Point" Hizashi nodded, she was a plain interest kind of person. "But I have a solution for that. I spoke to her support company and they sent me some of the metal alloy that's in her scarf. It's not treated to be used like her scarf, but they made it into a neck chain for me. So whatever we choose will go on it around her neck. She can hide her ring, but it'll always be on her."

"You put thought into it instead of losing your shit." Tensei gasped. "Who are you? What have you done with Hizashi?"

"Don't make me whistle in low frequency, it will literally blow your ears out. Deafness forever." Hizashi lifted an eyebrow in his best delinquent look. He'd been emulating yankee gangsters lately. Shouta said it fit his image. Hitoshi thought it was funny.

"Okay, back on topic, do you want it to be flashy?" Tensei asked with a wry smirk.

"I would love for it to be flashy. But that's not practical, nor is it what she would want." Hizashi huffed then nodded. "So no diamond."

"You're going to want it to be pretty, maybe even enough to cover a bruise from when she works. I heard her bitching to Nemuri, the last time we had drinks, that she hated putting make up on her fingers to hide them when she goes to your functions." Tensei explained.

Hizashi nodded and walked down a row of cases, past the big engagement monsters. He needed simple, more simple than other girls went with. Shouta would not appreciate something that could cut her scarf. He passed through the single bands and wondered if an engraving was the way to go.

Then he saw it.

It was a ring that looked like an unraveled scarf. The bands were layered across themselves in a delicate splat that would span across the top section of the finger. They fused together in a solid band across the bottom. He could totally get that engraved. He looked around, trying to see if there were others he might like. There wasn't.

Hizashi nodded and got Tensei's attention. His friend walked over and they bickered for a little longer on the engraving. He settled on something true and wrote Kage no Koneko in Kanji. Shadow Kitten. His shadow kitten.

Tensei took the order to Toshinori. The shop keepers got overly excited about the ring in all of
Hizashi's specifications. It turned out they had one in the correct size, and were more than happy to
do the engraving at that very moment. It took about an hour but after a great many pictures and
autographs, Hizashi and his group managed to get out unscathed. Hizashi forwarded the money to
Toshinori and claimed his prize with no one the wiser.

"Now we're even." Hizashi smirked and bared his teeth in a signature smile. "Nice doing business
with you big guy!"

"I hope all goes well Yamada, you've been together a long time." Toshinori smiled. "You will
make each other very happy."

"Yeah, is that what you think?" Hizashi huffed. "I'm still not convinced she won't punch me in the
stomach for asking. And these assholes, including her father all have money on it."

"You're betting that she's going to hurt him?" Toshinori looked at Shino and Akio incredulously.

"Hmm, Shouta's pretty dangerous when she wants to be." Shino smirked. "Especially when
startled."

"I just think she'll hurt him in the moment when she gets excited." Akio smiled sweetly.

"I bet that Hizashi would actually hurt her in the process of proposing. Like he'd trip and throw
something at her. Oh! Maybe even the ring, right in her eye!" Tensei gasped right there. Hizashi
sighed and pinched the bridge of his nose.

"I'm not that hopeless." Hizashi growled. "I just fought on the railing of a skyscraper this week. In
my boots!"

"That's at work!" Tensei scoffed. "I'm saying in a restaurant, as you're trying to be romantic. Then
you do it stupid instead."

"Why are you like this?" Hizashi shook his head and looked skyward. "I'm feeling so attacked right
now. Fuck all of you."

"Just remember, you're coming with us before you pick up Hitoshi." Shino said Hizashi glared
when he saw Toshinori exchanging money with Akio. Great, the giant goody two shoes was
betting on his proposal too. "I can't wait to see Takashi's face. He owes me money, I bet that it
would hairbrush this year."

"Yeah, yeah, bet on my life. It's only the future of your daughter too. No big deal!" Hizashi
groused. But his heart was racing, he was going to ask Takashi to marry his daughter. After all this
time he was really ready to put it into action instead of just dreaming about it.

As it turned out, Aizawa Takashi, was a major troll. The usually sleepy, paint spattered man was
sitting in a leather chair in the art room, holding a tumbler of some deep amber alcohol. It seemed
theatrics lay in the Aizawa genes. Hizashi got his approval, but not before his hopeful father in law
had sufficiently made him grovel. It was fair, but Hizashi vowed to make Hitoshi's future dates just
as uncomfortable as he felt in that exact moment.

Now Hizashi just needed to get home before Shouta left for patrol. And then hide the ring until it
was the right time. He had no idea when the right time was going to be though. He would just have
to keep his eye out for the perfect moment.
Shouta was running across a rooftop, her sights on a criminal who had just finished robbing no less that three banks in one day. She'd been at it since dawn, and they were approaching the time she'd started the previous day. But she wasn't going home until she captured this asshole.

Bright blue wings made of some kind of glossy string were spread wide, carrying her quary on an updraft between buildings. Shouta shot across a gap in the rooftops and rolled before she propelled herself up to another level. She twisted on her feet and threw a band of her scarf out like she was casting a fishing line.

Her scarf lashed the criminal by the ankle and he yelped in shock. Shouta glared and activated her quirk. She watched him plummet fifteen feet to the rooftop and lunged in. She kneeled him in the face as her quirk seemed to unravel the weird glossy string. Floss?

"Shut up." Shouta hissed as she bound her captive with zip ties. "You left lacerations on the last clerk. Falling on your ass and getting kneed in the face is the least of your worries."

Shouta made a call to the police and activated the tracker on her phone to give them a location. She waited until she heard the doors bang open and the officers announced themselves. Shouta handed him over with a fierce glare through her goggles that made him flinch.

She'd apparently become more terrifying with age. It was flattering.

Something caught Shouta's eye as she signed the transfer report. A flash of some kind of light. A few rooftops away. Technically it was outside her patrol route, but she couldn't just ignore it.

Shouta nodded to the police officers as they dragged her robber away. Shouta jumped rooftops until she reached the area she'd seen. She frowned as she dropped to the street level. Shouta looked around in confusion, she was sure she'd seen a glint of-

Shouta lurched into a dodge. The sharp edge of a spear came down on her and she narrowly avoided it taking her out at the neck. Shouta twisted to look at her opponent and glared, activating her quirk. The shadows around her vanished and she was suddenly facing off with a tall rugged man.

He was dressed like something out of a folktale. Was that his villain costume? Shouta glared and when the spear came at her again she wrapped it in her scarf and twisted to slam it to the ground under her foot. Shouta used that part of the scarf to loop out at her attacker.

He dodged and heaved with all his strength. It was more than she was anticipating and she ended up stumbling. Shouta gritted her teeth, but dodged the next attack. There was no other option, she had to get past his reach. She ducked the wide arc of the swinging weapon and lunged in to punch the man across his face.

He merely smiled at her as red and black fire licked along his skin. Shouta activated her quirk again and it sputtered out like the shadows had. He gaped in shock at her before he twisted away. Shouta threw her scarf again, whoever he was he was doing something shady to just up and attack her like this.

"You are a most formidable opponent." He glared down at her with dark purple eyes. "But not today. My work is done here."

Shouta growled and tried to lash him again but he kept dodging her. Then balls of gold light filled the area. Bright and blinding, Shouta faltered and closed her eyes against it. When she blinked to
see again, he was gone. Shouta ran to the edge of the alleyway she'd fought in. Fuck, he was really gone.

Shouta turned when she heard someone cry out. She raced back into the alleyway and was shocked to see a woman lying battered and sliced up on the ground. Shouta called the police and an ambulance by hitting the emergency dial on her phone. Then she knelt and used parts of her scarf to wrap wounds and splint what looked like a nasty broken leg.

"I've got you, help is coming." Shouta assured the woman. "Who was he? Why did he attack you?"

"I-I don't know, he said-he said I stole something from him." She looked up with teary eyes. "I've never seen him before in my life!"

Shouta nodded and looked over the injuries as the sound of sirens drew closer. Her police contacts would be closest. These injuries looked deliberate, angry even. Like the intent was to scare her, hurt her. If she hadn't been any faster, would he have killed the woman?

Shouta gave her report to the police and they complied a profile. Large man, heavy facial hair, black in hair color, purple eyes. She reported his quirk as some strange kind of fire, but that didn't explain the shadows or the light. The spear and fire were the best defining features though. They were going to need whatever they could get, because fire quirks were fairly common, and very dangerous.

Shouta exited the station feeling irritated. She started her trek home and once she got there she was startled to realize she'd interrupted her boys in the middle of breakfast. "I-I'm back."

"Welcome back." Hitoshi waved a drowsy hand from where he was nursing coffee.

Hizashi got up concern in his eyes. "You were gone a while, did you catch the flying robber?"

"Yes, but something happened after. An assault I interrupted." Shouta looked down in irritation. It felt different, wrong even. "Some villain...I don't think he's one of the regulars around our cities. He got away."

"Sorry babe, if he shows up again, you'll get him." Hizashi smiled at her. She noticed his hair was already styled, and his new contacts were in. She looked for the clock, what time was it anyways. "It's almost time for Hitoshi to go to school. You were gone nearly thirty six hours. I'm pretty sure you've been up longer than forty eight. Go shower and sleep. We got this."

"Good work." Hitoshi said and nodded at her. Well shit, if her kid thought she didn't look good, she must be tired.

Shouta moved off to the bathroom to get cleaned up. Hizashi followed her in and they shared a long moment just looking at each other. "Bad feeling?"

"Yeah," She nodded.

"The victim make it?" He asked.

" Barely." She frowned. "If I had been any slower checking it out, she might have died."
"You were fast enough though. The other heroes might find him. Don't worry about it." He assured her and she was very glad to have him with her. Hizashi always knew just what to say. She tugged him down for a kiss and he smiled into it before she kicked him out to start the day.

As nice as it would have been to get him into sloppy morning sex after her patrol, they had other things to do. Hizashi had his daytime shift, and Hitoshi had school. Later, she told herself.

Shouta didn't actually manage to fall asleep. She ended up in a long text conversation with the detective in charge of the assault case that had just opened up. They had no other evidence, but a string of assaults had stretched out across the city. All similar to this one.

Why? What did this villain want? He had not managed to kill anyone yet. All the reports said the same thing, he came out of nowhere, attacked a random civilian, then he got interrupted. Either a hero jumped in, or another civilian showed up. They were all linked because she'd seen the shadows, strange black and red fire, and the light. All done by the same guy.

There was no real connection between them all, Shouta didn't get it. She glanced up from where she was cleaning the kitchen to the TV. She frowned when she saw the report was coming in from Kyoto. Mysterious murders, all perpetrated by a woman who looked like she belonged in a folk tale. Shouta frowned as her gut feeling intensified.

Was this connected? How was it connected? Kyoto to Musutafu? Why? Shouta scowled and went to text Hizashi when her phone went off. "Hizashi?"

"Your weirdo, just saw him." Hizashi informed with an angry voice. "And I know what he wanted."

"What is that?" She asked as her fist balled.

"Key cards to Taratarus." Hizashi growled.

"Fuck." She cursed.
Hizashi glared from under his sunglasses as he faced off against the weirdo Shouta had spoke about. The alert had been sent to just about every hero in the city and surrounding areas in case he showed up again. And who else could this asshole be?

Hizashi glared but his eyes were focused on the man trapped under the villain's boot. "Hey man, you don't have to hurt anybody. Let's let that guy go yeah?"

"Stay out of my way." The villain growled out at him. "He had something of mine."

"I-I don't have anything!" The civilian looked with pleading eyes at Hizashi. Frantic panic and oozing wounds, he couldn't hold on much longer. Hizashi lowered a hand to signal to the heroes behind him. They needed to stay back or the spear poised over the victim's neck was going to drop.

"Look, I'm sure we can work something out. What is it you're looking for my dude?" Hizashi asked, carefully playing up his jovial attitude. "Let's let him go and we can talk about this."

"There is nothing to talk about." The villain snarled and a wave of red and black fire rushed out. Hizashi threw up his arms as it flashed at him. When he didn't feel any heat he dropped his arms in confusion. A wall of black stood between him and the victim.

"If you can hear me listener, cover those ears!" Hizashi shouted and cranked the dial on his speaker. "YEAH!"

The shadows wavered like a mirage and fell away. Hizashi darted forward whistling high frequency. The villain was in the middle of standing up. He wobbled before he planted his feet and swung his spear right at Hizashi's side. "NO!"

The shout was one of his newer creations. It effectively turned the particles in the air into a solid rebounding force. He called it Sound Barrier, even though that's not how an actual sound barrier worked. He had another yell for that, but this wasn't serious enough for him to break it out.

The spear bounced off of the Sound Barrier he'd created. Hizashi cut off his voice and twisted on his feet to deliver two solid punches to the villain's torso. But he dodged the uppercut. Shit.

The spear swept out in a jab that Hizashi just managed to dodge. It still sliced through his sleeve and into his arm. That was when a shot rang out from above. It slung the villain away with force, bullet lodged firmly in the right shoulder. The villain gritted his teeth and dropped his weapon into his other hand. But before it could come up and attack Hizashi with it, another shot rang out, bouncing the spear out of its path.

Hizashi sucked in a breath and screamed. The air turned yellow in a triangle spreading from him outwards. That was when balls of light filled the plaza area. Hizashi closed his eyes in a wince as someone cursed from the rooftop behind him. When Hizashi managed to blink the spots out of his
eyes the villain was gone.

"Son of a-!" Hizashi turned to see who his back up had ended up being. Snipe stood on the rooftop holstering his gun. Hizashi waved a hand and got a tipped hat in response. The other heroes rushed forward to the victim and Hizashi scowled.

"Wait! Wait!" The civilian shouted. Hizashi turned to see him fending off the EMT's. "Present Mic, you were trying to find out what he wanted!"

"I was just trying to keep him taking." Hizashi sauntered over. "I didn't want him to kill you."

"He took my key card." The man said and grabbed for Hizashi's jacket. "I work at Tartarus!"

Hizashi's eyes widened as did a few other heroes around him. Tartarus was a maximum security prison. Even regular villains weren't sent there. Just the high profile ones, the ones who could create natural distaste levels of destruction.

"Thank you for telling me, I'll inform the police so we can give Tartarus a heads up." Hizashi smiled at the civilian who relaxed. Hizashi stood up and walked away, leaving his victim to the ambulance team. He slipped his phone from his pocket and called Shouta as he moved towards the police as they cordoned off the area.

She took the news as well as he did. But she hung up to call her police contact. Hizashi took the liberty of demanding the detective on the other case get here. If this guy was planning a break out at Tartarus...this was going to be an all hands on deck kind of situation.

"We're missing something." Shouta said as she looked down into her beer. Nemuri nodded as she sipped her own.

"I haven't had any cases like this in Tokyo, none of my sidekicks have seen or heard anything about Tartarus employees being targeted." Tensei said as he topped off his drink.

"It's all low level employees. Like the janitorial staff, kitchen workers, or intake office workers. No one who was trained to fight against the inmates." Hizashi huffed as he rapped his finger on his phone to see a cheeky text from Hitoshi. The seven year old was a real brat when he wanted to be. He got even worse when he was hanging out with Kaminari.

"I feel like Tartarus is low on the plan." Shouta sighed. "I just can't figure out what some folk tale looking villain wants at Tartarus. And then there's the woman in Kyoto, she looks like him in the costume category. Like they're a duo or something."

"I'll be there, at Tartarus." Nemuri infirmed as she adjusted her glasses and leaned her cheek on her hand.

"Team Idaten is set to cover the bridge and the streets leading in and out of the facility." Tensei nodded. "No one will get past us. Mother and Father are going to be there too."

Hizashi looked at Shouta's troubled face. Hizashi felt it too, they were missing something. Maybe it was just a break out, maybe this asshole just wanted to set some really messed up villains loose?
"His quirk isn't fire." Hizashi said suddenly and all eyes turned to him.

"All the reports say it is." Tensei frowned.

"It's not." Shouta nodded. "When I reported it, they took down fire because it's the most dangerous thing he was using outside of the spear. Illusion you think?"

"Well used illusions, not like the mental ones we saw in Hitoshi's case. Like manifested illusions. He threw the fire at me to force me back, but it didn't burn." Hizashi said and lifted his drink to finish. Nemuri refilled it for him. "The light though... He's using it as a distraction. He has a pretty big area of effect."

"He does." Shouta frowned. "He blinded me before I could erase his quirk again."

"You think he'll use that on us?" Nemuri asked.

"The moment you see him, put everyone around you to sleep." Shouta pointed at their friend. "Don't try and fight him head to head, he always finds a damn escape opportunity. He dodged all of my scarf bands."

"Got ya," Nemuri nodded as her cheeks bloomed in red.

"I'll let the others know to watch out for the light." Tensei nodded.

Hizashi looked to Shouta and she finished her glass and leaned back in her chair. A light flush had rolled over her cheeks too. After the shit day they both had experienced, it was a small blessing Hitoshi had decided he was staying over at a classmates for the night.

The shifted into other topics and Hizashi flipped Tensei off as soon as a lifted brow was aimed at him. He wasn't going to propose in front of them. He liked a scene, but Shouta sure as shit didn't. No, they would enjoy drinks and go home.

He was irritated he hadn't been called to help defend Taratrus. Shouta hadn't even been called, and a ton of underground heroes were going. He knew there was an unofficial ranking system for the underground heroes. Shouta was in the top ten.

She looked at him and he knew it was time to go. They paid and left Nemuri and Tensei to the pair of taxi cabs that were hailed for them. Hizashi and Shouta walked home in companionable silence. Fingers tangled together. The drinks had been a good idea, they'd both needed to unwind after the week they'd had. Crime all over the city, no break in sight. Late spring really did bring them all out in force.

As they entered the apartment Shouta stepped over Jazz as he flopped across the floor in her path. Hizashi wobbled after her and the fell into bed with the alcohol still swimming under the surface of his skin.

He turned, intent on trying to talk her into sex, when he saw she'd passed out. Relief poured through him, finally she'd gotten some sleep. Three days of no sleep was worrying. Hizashi knew Shouta had trained her body to do a lot of things, but if her bad feeling was getting worse, she'd need her rest. Hizashi struggled up to strip down to his boxers. He wrangled Shouta's cranky body out of her clothes down to her tank top and tiny shorts. Then he wrapped himself around her to sleep.
The next night Hizashi was looking down at the case file from the attack the day before. He leaned back in his station chair and looked through the statement of the victim. Why Tartarus?

Shouta texted him with more files she’d gotten from her police contact. So far there were five attacks total. All of them were low level Tartarus workers, and all of them had lost their key cards. Hizashi knew Shouta was right, they were missing something.

If it was a break out, why not go for the keycards of guards, or the medical staff? He said *something...not someone*. Maybe he wasn't after a person? The signal went up and Hizashi closed his work up to adjust his headphones and turn on his microphone. "Hello listeners! Hope you're all havin' a wild night! I know I am!"

Hizashi grinned as he settled into the role of his hero persona. Detailing the history of the music he was playing. Reading through the chat and answering a few questions. Artfully dodging the terrible ones about Shouta and Eraserhead. Hizashi wasn't even in the top ten on the hero leaderboard; why did people care so much about his love life?

As soon as he switched back to the music he saw his producer frantically waving. Hizashi got up and left the booth to see a hero was in the office. Hizashi frowned, "Hello there! I'm Present Mic, is there something I can do for you?"

"The rumor mill said you encountered a villain who uses illusions?" This woman wore a mask, fox ears topped her head and they flicked forward. Six fox tails lashed behind her. "My name is Inari."

Hizashi remembered hearing about her. She was one of five super popular heroes in Kyoto. Her quirk was called Kitsune, a strange blend of quirks had resulted in her genetic one. "Folk tale looking dude? Purple eyes and a spear?"

"Yes, that's him." She nodded and the fox mask on her face betrayed nothing of her expression. But her pale white ears flicked back with what looked like irritation. Hizashi had a cat, he'd picked up a few mannerisms.

"He one of yours?" Hizashi crossed his arms and lifted a brow in a perfect show of Present Mic's displeasure. "He's hurt five people in six days."

"He's part of a villain group we've been dismantling for years. But he split off a few days ago and came here. It wasn't until your fight with him was broadcast that we knew where he'd gone." Inari explained. "The police detective I spoke to said there was only one other hero interested in this case. The others are guard detail at Tartarus."

"Eraserhead, she's underground." Hizashi cocked his hip. "I can call her for you, set up a meeting."

"Thank you," She nodded. "I hope we can work together to apprehend him."

"Yeah," Hizashi drew his phone out and made the call.

'Zashi?' Shouta answered. 'What's up?'

"Inari stopped at the station by to meet me. About the case were looking into." He wasn't really looking into it like Shouta was. But usually in situations like this he backed her up or she backed him up. Eraserhead had worked on plenty of cases Present Mic did and vice versa. And until he felt like he trusted Inari like he did his hero colleagues, their relationship would be secret.
'Inari?' Shouta asked and subverting in their apartment fell down. 'I can't meet tonight, obviously, tell her coffee, at the shop near your station in the morning.'

"Sure, sorry to bother you when you're at home." He said and signed off. There were a number of things he could have said. Depending on how he said it would tell her what she needed to know. They didn't use to be this paranoid, the past three years had taught them well. "There's a cafe near her we can meet her at in the morning."

"I thought Eraserhead was a night time hero." Inari's tails lashed impatiently. Well too bad, Shouta was home with Hitoshi, and they didn't leave their son unattended. This way he'd be at his friends the next day and they could plan accordingly for this case.

"She is, but like everyone else, she's got nights off too." Hizashi lifted an eyebrow challengingly. He was certain she'd stay up reviewing her case notes now. But Inari didn't need to know that. "Come back in the morning, I'll take you there."

With that Hizashi moved back into the booth to continue his show. He tried not to be bummed out. Saturday mornings, before Hitoshi got up, were his days to wake Shouta up with super lazy sex. Oh well, work could take priority.

Hizashi brightened when see saw Shouta enter the coffee shop. She was in full hero costume, so no one would mistake this for a date. Not with Inari with them. "Hmm, it is you."

"Greetings, I apologize for arriving so abruptly." Inari bowed hey head and cradled her tea. Hizashi nudged a cup of black coffee to Shouta and she took it with a nod. "I'm the fox hero Inari."

"Erasure hero Eraserhead. So he's one of yours?" Shouta lifted a brow as she sat down.

"He's part of a villain duo who run an organization in Kyoto. He goes by Izanagi." Inari answered.

"Well, how pretentious." Hizashi snorted.

"That's what we thought. But they hit hard and fast when they surface. They're nearly impossible to track. The most clear lead we've had in the past six months, is Izanagi coming here. Meanwhile Izanami, his partner, it's on a murder spree back home." Inari huffed. "The detective said he's targeting Tartarus employees?"

"Low level, I don't think he's trying to stage an actual break out." Shouta answered over the rim of her cup. "What is their goal in Kyoto?"

"Currently, we are unsure. For a while it was just to create mayhem, Izanagi and Izanami are a couple." Inari shook her head. "Itako hasn't managed to forsee anything of their plans. Onmyoji is wary, he's not sure if they're planning something big or not. The murders in Kyoto weren't anything more than what Izanami likes to do. She just happened to come across her victims. Izanagi, is the mastermind in their group."

"Hmm," Shouta frowned. A commotion started up on the other side of the Cafe and Hizashi leaned back to look curiously. Phones were out and the patrons were gasping and whispering.

Hizashi free his phone or and pulled up the news app. His glasses six down his face as he looked
down in shock. "Eraser..."

She looked down and snatched the phone. On a live loop Midnight, and Team Idaten were taken out on the bridge to Tartarus. Standing over them, with a wall busted out, was Izanagi. And he was holding a stack of files. He knocked his spear on the ground and bright white light flared to white out the camera.

"We need to go." Shouta looked up with rage in her eyes.

"Yeah, Inari, if you want to know what he took, come with us." Hizashi took his phone back and made a text to send to his parents. They would make sure Hitoshi got picked up. He then sent a message to Kaminari's mother detailing that an emergency came up. She would let Hitoshi know his grandparents would pick him up.

As they left the Cafe and to Hizashi's car, he clenched his fists. What happened that this asshole could get past the entire team Idaten, much less past Nemuri's sleeping gas?
Chapter Summary

Shouta and Hizashi investigate the break in

Chapter Notes

Happy Thanksgiving :3 This is the first year my little one gets to actually eat the food. Last year it was all bottles.

Anyways, continuing on. Super pumped for this arc, and the one that comes after.

"He wasn't anywhere that I thought he was." Tensei gritted out as Shouta watched him get patched up in the ambulance outside Tartarus. "We weren't fast enough. How were we not fast enough?"

Shouta shifted her gaze to Tensei's parents as they spoke to the Tartarus staff. Hizashi was talking to the media and the police at the line keeping the public back on the other side of the bridge. Inari walked through the wreckage with another guard.

"Don't worry about it." She looked down at his frustrated eyes. "He didn't break anyone out."

"He only wanted the surface level." Tensei scowled. "What the hell did he want?"

"I'll find out, you did good keeping him back as long as you did." Shouta said, it was hollow, but true. The media would latch onto the break in, but the hero commission and Tartarus management would laud them for keeping him from going any lower. She clasped Tensei's uninjured arm and he nodded to her.

Shouta walked over to where Inari stood. Her mask tilted in acknowledgement. "He stole hard copy files on released villains. The ones who aren't major disaster level criminals."

"Was he after specific ones?" Shouta asked. She knew the major villains didn't have hard copy files in Tartarus. Those went directly to the hero commission and government.

"It appears that he just took an entire drawer." The guard scowled as he walked past them. "The investigators will look, but feel free to look as well. Don't ruin the evidence."

Sometimes it was a benefit to be a hero with licenses allowing for investigations. Shouta fished gloves from the box on one of the tables inside. Inari followed and slipped her own gloves off to place the sterile ones on. They walked towards the only filing cabinet with an entire drawer missing. The drawer itself was on the floor, but the contents had left with the villain.

Shouta scowled and walked over to look at the cabinet itself. She made note of the numbers cataloging the contents. Inari looked at the drawer and then around the room. Shouta followed suit and inspected everything else.
This villain hadn't followed any patterns she knew of. He was intelligent, using diversionary tactics. Maybe the drawer wasn't the real target. That would be an entire mess to try and decipher, and judging by one of the files on the ground, inmate numbers. Past and present most likely, all low tier from the surface levels of the prison.

Something of his...

One drawer at the end of the room got her attention. It wasn't closed all the way. It was unassuming, no one would think twice about it because it was behind the door leading into the room. Shouta walked over and opened it. She took the first file and saw it was coded for villain evidence.

Often the things villains created were destroyed or dismantled at the scene of arrest. But sometimes, if the tech or weapons seemed more dangerous as an unknown, the government seized it. Tartarus it seemed, had records on such items. Shouta flipped through the files and frowned when she saw the missing number. Only one though.

"I think I found what he was after." Shouta called and Inari walked over. "Something of his...we need to see the online filing system."

"I will speak to the guard." Inari nodded and regarded Shouta for a moment. "They talk about you, even in Kyoto. The underground heroine who comes from shadows and steals quirks. I heard you once chased human traffickers to America."

"I did," Shouta acknowledged simply. Tracking them had been the only logical way to keep Hitoshi safe. "If they know me in Kyoto, I'm not don't a very good job at staying off the radar"

"Hmm, I'm sure the press has never heard of you. But the heroes, I'm sure we all have." She spoke and looked off. "I will be back."

Shouta returned to the broken wall and saw the ambulance had left. Midnight was back on her feet. Ingenium and the rest of Team Idaten were joining in the quarantine effort. No one was breaking out, trying now would be damn near suicide.

Hizashi walked over and Shouta lifted a brow wryly. "Should we be seen together Mic? Your girlfriend won't like it."

"Laugh it up." Hizashi snorted even as he added additional swagger to his walk and bent his knees outward. "See if I crawl into bed with you later."

"Hmm, you will though." She snorted. "Found something."

"A former inmate?" Hizashi asked, his eyes didn't look convinced though. Good, he was thinking more than he usually did on a case. It wasn't until he was looking it over alone that Hizashi managed to work all the details out though.

"I think it's something from a villain hideout." Shouta tilted her head. "Inari is going to get access to the computer system so we can see just what it is."

"Sh-Eraser, they only catalogue disaster level stuff here. Doomsday lasers, giant drills, elaborate bomb equipment, dangerous support gear, I saw a torture device get tagged once." Hizashi sighed and looked out at the bridge. "If he was actually after a device, it's not going to be something like a laser to cut through safes."

"Present Mic, Eraserhead!" Inari waved from the entrance. "They said they have someone who will
look for us."

Shouta climbed from the rubble and they joined her. After they passed through the first checkpoint they stood in a waiting room. The woman at the desk waved awkwardly from behind her covered station.

"Hello!" The woman bowed to them. "Thank you for your hard work."

"And you ma'am." Inari inclined her head. "The guard said you could access the filing system."

"Of course." She smiled. "I usually work there, but since this incident...the desk worker here fainted and is in the infirmary."

Shouta didn't let her disdain show on her face. Why work at Tartarus if one wasn't prepared for the possibility of a break out? "Do you have the file number you wish to look at?"

Shouta stepped up and rattled off the filing code. The woman nodded and typed it into the computer. Then she moved the mouse and swiped the badge at her waist. When she was done she swiveled the screen to them. Shouta lifted her phone to take a picture of the device. It looked like a remote. The printer in the room with the woman started up and she slipped a few copies of the report through to them.

"Please let the investigators know to come to me and I can get them copies of all the files missing."

"We will, thanks for the help!" Hizashi drawled with a saucy smile directed at the woman. Predictably she flushed. Shouta stifled her amusement. Instead she took a copy of the report to look at.

The device was designed to vibrate atoms on a large scale. So much so that it could create storms, earth quakes, tornados. For such a smash device it sure did a lot. But why would he want this? Shouta scowled, the original creator was a scientist. Currently imprisoned for creating black market technology sold to the villain community.

Inari's phone went off, she lifted it from a pouch hanging from her elaborate robe like custome. The only person Shouta knew of who went traditional with their costuming, was Edgeshot. "Hello?" Inari answered, she paused for a while listening. "Of course, I will ask. See you soon." "

Shouta looked at Hizashi who was reading up on the specifications of the device. He had a knack for support gear. She knew he'd been contacted a few times over the past three years to help test some.

Powerloader, a big name in the hero community and support departments, didn't like Hizashi much. So far their count was 6 for 6 of devices Hizashi had destroyed with his voice. No one likes seeing their gear destroyed by Hizashi's overwhelming voice.

"Excuse me, Onmyoji has contacted me. Itako has foreseen you both in Kyoto for the coming fight with Izanagi's villain group." Inari looked at them. "He has extended an invitation to you both to join the operation."

"We're honored but...we have obligations here." Shouta frowned.

"I understand, but you must know Itako is never wrong." Inari said as her ears lowered. "If she foresaw you there, then you will be needed."
Shouta looked to Hizashi who shared her glare. "Let's see if we can get into contact with the evidence lock up. Maybe we can avert whatever your other hero saw by keeping Izanagi from this device."

"If we can't, I'll work it out so we can come help." Shouta said and Inari nodded.

"I'm sorry to have inconvenienced you" Inari bowed her head low. "We were not prepared for him to come here. Being too slow to stop him is...frustrating."

Hizashi shot her a look and Shouta nodded. He split off on his phone and Shouta lifted her own. She slipped though the screen and into the pictures. There was a snapshot of Hitoshi asleep in the middle of his homework. Jazz was sitting by his head watching over him.

Shouta had not been gone for longer than a day on a job. Hizashi even less. Ever since they had taken him in he'd been their main priority. Leaving for a job in Kyoto, though only around two and a half hours away, was a lot. Hitoshi needed to feel confident that they would return.

"Eraser!" Hizashi yelled.

"What?" Shouta asked.

"He got there first, he activated the device inside the facility, it's on fire." Hizashi reported. "He hit it as soon as he fled from here."

"Are heroes in the scene?" She glared over at him. How did he get across the city that fast?

"The main office got the distress call out. But he got away." Hizashi shook his head. "They're dealing with it now, most of the evidence buildings are on fire."

"Son of a-!" She looked down at the picture of her foster son. The boy who might as well be hers. "Sorry, Hitoshi."

Shouta dialed her father, 'Sho?'

"Something's come up, can you work with Hizashi's parents to watch Hitoshi?" She set right into it.

'Yep, how bad?' Her father knew the deal. His fragile state had seemed to strengthen further with the arrival of Hitoshi. He was back to the firm support he'd been when it was Shouta's mother running into situations. Shino had helped with that as well.

"Bad, we're going to Kyoto." She growled. "I'll call once we've arrived. I need to go home and see Hitoshi before we leave."

'We'll drive out now.' Her father said and they hung up. Hizashi nodded at her and they moved as a unit to Hizashi's car. Shouta held out her hand for Inari's phone. They exchanged numbers.

"Send me the agency details. We'll meet you there." Shouta huffed.

"Thank you Eraserhead, Present Mic." Inari bowed her head. Shouta swung into the passenger seat and Hizashi drove them out.

"I'll call the station when we get home." Hizashi said. His hands tightened on the steering wheel. "Whatever he's planning to do, it's not going to be good for Kyoto."

"No," She clenched her fists. "No it's not."
Shouta couldn't erase the abilities of a device. She didn't know how they were going to be of help, but it was too late now. They'd both failed to capture this villain. And he'd taken off with a device that could vibrate atoms and create natural disasters. This was the furthest thing from good.

Hitoshi was worried when they got in the door. Shouta wanted to immediately wrap herself around him like a mother cat would. At seven he was getting better at hiding his emotions. But she could always tell how he was feeling. Right now he was distressed.

She offered a hand and led him deeper into the apartment. Hizashi jumped into a silent conversation with his parents. "You're leaving?"

"The villain we both fought stole something dangerous." Shouta said and entered her room to snag up the duffel at the bottom of the closet. She packed her extra pouches of gear, her spare scarf, and jumpsuits. Then she threw in some plainclothes in case she needed to be even more hidden.

"How long will you be gone?" Hitoshi dogged her steps and she stopped to kneel down and wrap her arms around him.

"I don't know, but what do heroes do?" She asked.

"They go where they're needed. Saving people and stopping villains." Hitoshi grabbed at her jumpsuit. He buried his head in her shoulder. "You'll come back right?"

"I will always come back Hitoshi. Just like last time." She said.

"You came back blind!" He looked at her in panic.

"I won't be blind when I come back." Shouta snorted. "Hizashi will watch my back."

At the mention of Hizashi the man poked his head into the bedroom. "I won't let anything happen Hitoshi."

"You promise?" Hitoshi turned his puppy eyes to Hizashi and Shouta deflated in relief. Weapons of mass destruction those eyes were. Far more devastating than a disaster remote.

"I swear on my best music little listener." Hizashi bowed at the waist, "Now come with me, let's talk it out while Shouta packs."

"Okay," Hitoshi shot her a serious look. Shouta smiled at him, she wouldn't leave until Hitoshi had gotten to say goodbye first. She shook her head and went back to packing for them both. Why did Hizashi have so many hair products?

"Hey little man," Hizashi plopped himself on his foster son's bed and took his sunglasses off. Hitoshi scrambled through his drawers. "Can I ask you something?"

"What?" Hitoshi asked in confusion.
"I know Shouta means a lot to you. She means everything to me too." Hizashi started. "I don't know when I'm going to bring it up, but if I wanted to marry her, you think you'd be alright with it?"

"Tch, about time." Hitoshi snorted. "I thought I was gonna have to brainwash you to get you to do it. But Nemuri said it's against the rules."

"Oi, oi, you betting with that woman?" Hizashi reached out to yank his kid up under his arm. He rubbed his hand through the unruly purple hair that never seemed to do what the kid wanted. "I don't think I can let you bet, you're too young to be gambling."

"Yeah, and depending on when you do it, I might be winning. Tensei only has a few days left." Hitoshi grinned, unrepentant. He kicked his legs and Hizashi shook him once for good measure before releasing the boy.

"You're a brat." Hizashi huffed. Hitoshi jumped away and went to his closet, he came back with something in his hand.

"Denki and I made these a while ago and I forgot to give them to you.\" Hitoshi have him a pair braided pieces of fabric. "For luck."

Hizashi took them, one in blue, the other yellow. Hitoshi wrapped the blue one around his wrist. It tied and knotted itself together, Hizashi boggled at it. "A girl in class can make the string with her quirk. I took a bunch to Denki's and we made some. Once it's on you have to keep it on until it falls off. Otherwise you ruin the luck."

"I won't take it off. Shouta won't either." Hizashi smiled and tugged Hitoshi to him. He buried a hand in that purple hair and nuzzle his kid's head. "I'll bring her back, no problem."

"Okay, I'll be waiting." Hitoshi hugged him back. "Then you'd better take me out for crepes!"

"Man you have some sweet tooth. Only if you don't get coffee" Hizashi negotiated, this kid's habits were already bad.

"Coffee is non negotiable." Hitoshi countered with a smirk.

"You need to stop taking after Shouta, next thing you know you'll be in a sleeping bag and looking like a dead caterpillar." Hizashi let's an eyebrow.

"I resent that.\" Shouta's voice came from the door. She sat her bag down and looked at them over her scarf. Hitoshi walked over to hug her again. "Don't worry Hitoshi, we'll come home."

"Okay," The kid nodded and Shouta looked at him seriously. Hizashi nodded, this was a real test of their ability to come home as unscathed as possible. If only for Hitoshi's peace of mind.
The train rumbled under Shouta's body. She was drifting in a nap with her head balanced on the window of the train car. Hizashi sat across from her, his boot leaned against hers as a point of contact. In her haze she knew he was watching her and everyone around them. If they had been in plain clothes she could have slept on his shoulder in peace.

Oh well, another time.

How long had they been traveling? Shouta cracked open an eye to see her partner texting on his phone, and visually sweeping the train car periodically. She took a moment to look him over, lean body relaxed in his seat. His ridiculous hair was peeking over the top of the seat. She was tempted, sorely tempted to climb into his lap and bite his lips as he pursed them. Texting Nemuri then.

"M-," Her thought was cut off when something rumbled under the tracks. Shouta sat upright and looked out of the windows. They had just passed the halfway mark through the mountains that ringed three sides of the valley where Kyoto resided.

The bullet train sent out an emergency stop alert and as they slowed down the rumbling became more pronounced. Shouta stood looking out the window before the train lurched up.

She twisted, looking at Hizashi as he reached for her. She felt the car they were in bounce as it was ripped from the tracks. Her scarf lashed at Hizashi, dragging him against her as it wound all the way around them. Hizashi's arms covered their heads as the scarf closed them in. They were jostled and knocked around violently.

Loud screeches of metal deafened her. Nothing but the knowledge that Hizashi was actually against her quieted her rush of fear. The jostling stopped and she realized they were crammed between the wall and the seats. Shouta tugged with one finger and the scarf fell loose around them.

"You good?" Hizashi asked. His mouth pressed under her ear as the tight grip she'd had on them released.

"Yeah." She looked around, the train car was on it's side. Screams were filling the air, it was harrowing to experience. Shouta leaned up and Hizashi rolled away from her. Her scarf crawled back into place and they assessed the situation in their train car first.

"I'll get the door open." Hizashi carefully picked his way through broken glass and fallen luggage
"Is everyone alright?" Shouta yelled. "I'm a pro hero, I can help you. If you can move head towards Present Mic right by the door to this car. Anyone who can't move call out to me."

"Here!" Shouta made her way to where an elderly woman was trapped under a broken set of seats. The seats had crumpled under the weight of another set. Shouta leaned into the free space.

"Are you bleeding? Have you hit your head." Shouta asked and looked the woman over. One leg was trapped under the seat, most likely broken.

"No, no, it just rolled right onto me." She babbled. "My ribs hurt from hitting the wall, but I didn't hit my head."

"Okay, I'm going to pull this off of you, then we'll splint your leg and get you out of here." Shouta explained. She tried to keep her voice level and calm, that would be the key.

"Everyone, cover your ears. This is one jam session no one needs to hear." Hizashi called and Shouta motioned for the woman to do so. Shouta covered her own ears when Hizashi's voice filled the cabin. "YEAH!"

The voice reverberated through the car but the full force of it, the physical attack, punched through the door. Shouta looked through to see he had vibrated the hinges free and unlocked the vacuum seal by exerting greater pressure. Sometimes, he was a scientific marvel.

"Alright, now everyone help the person next to you. I'll go out first to make sure the ground is level." He started to lead the others out of the car and Shouta wrapped her scarf manually around the broken seats. Then she stepped on her loose band that would act as a fulcrum. As she lopped the tight part on her shoulder and leaned back it lifted cleanly.

"Thank you, thank you so much!" The woman scrambled to the side. Shouta lifted her foot slowly and let the seats fall back to the ground. Shouta released her grip and twitched her wrist and her scarf wound itself back up around her neck and shoulders.

Shouta pulled a piece of metal bar free from the railing of one seat. Then she pulled a roll of bandages from her pouch. She looked at the woman's leg and hissed. "I'm going to have to roll it back into place. It looks like your leg was crushed to the side. I think it was a spiral fracture."

"Do what you need." Shouta nodded and pressed her knee into the woman's thigh. She used her scarf to further immobilize the limb. Then with a swift turn she set the broken leg. She couldn't tell, but Shouta suspected there was more to it. They needed a medic to do anything more.

She made quick work of splinting the leg and wrapping it tight. Hizashi reappeared as she was leaning back to cleanse her hands with an unopened water bottle she'd pulled from one of the spilled bags. "I found our gear, there's other heroes who were in the train as well. They're clearing the undamaged cars now."

"Undamaged?" Shouta asked.

"The first four are destroyed. No survivors." He answered and Shouta clenched her hands. "It looks like he caused an earthquake. Which caused a landslide from the mountains. It's too coincidental, too targeted. We hit it head on."

"We hit a landslide?" Shouta carefully got the woman to her feet and they helped her out of the train car. As soon as they were out Shouta got her own look at the situation.
The first car had been crushed by falling boulders and the rushing debris and earth. The resulting immediate stop had crushed the next two cars like accordions. The fourth car had been the one to rip the rest of the cars right off the tracks. It was crushed beneath two others and the whole train looked like it had spilled around like a piece of chain.

"How many other heroes?" Shouta asked.

"Two, and the other cars are pretty much evacuated." Hizashi huffed. "The way back is just as destroyed."

Shouta led her charge to where the other partners were crowding each other. Shouta dug in her bag for the emergency first aid kit to hand to them. Some people were bleeding.

"How are we going to get out of here?" Hizashi muttered and looked away from the tracks to the mountain scape around them on either side of this mess.

"I'll call Inari, hopefully she already made it back." Shouta sighed, "You call emergency services."

They split apart, thankfully they still had signal this close to Kyoto. Inari answered on the first ring, yes she had already arrived. Yes the city had also been hit with the quake. It seemed however that the targets were the transit system. As it stood there was no way in or out of Kyoto. But they could certainly get someone over to help them.

It was late in the afternoon when emergency workers managed to get past the landslide blocking them from Kyoto. Shouta had stationed herself on top of one of the fallen cars when she spotted them. Someone was creating a path through the debris and making a safe passage. A quirk of some kind but she couldn't tell what it was.

Inari rushed into the area with another traditionally dressed hero. He looked every bit like a monk. Onmyoji, Shouta's mind supplied. The emergency workers spilled around the injured with purpose.

"Greetings, what a gauntlet you've gone through to get here." Onmyoji addressed Hizashi as he walked over.

"You could say that," Hizashi waved a hand with a grin building. "Of the passengers, we only managed to get this many safe. The first few cars were destroyed."

"A real tragedy. I apologize for not getting here faster. Or being in place to prevent this disaster all the same." Onmyoji shook his head and sighed. "Come, others have gathered to take over. Inari will lead them."

"Hey Eraser!" Hizashi called up to her and Onmyoji jolted when he realized Shouta was just above him. "Time to hit it."

"Hmm." Shouta jumped down and picked her duffle bag up. "Did anyone see the source of the earthquake? It was very well timed after a device that can create natural disasters was stolen."

"Izanami released a video that announced their intent just before it happened. So far the demands are for money." Onmyoji said and shook his head. "We've not been able to reach their locations
fast enough. What heroes are there at the time get taken out too quickly to do anything. So far our
death toll has risen into the hundreds."

Shouta gaped in disbelief, "This is so far out of our league."

"Are you shouldn't just call All Might, this seems much more his thing." Hizashi asked. Shouta
nodded, maybe having him here would help mitigate the damage and death.

"Itako has not seen him." Onmyoji looked through the cleared mess to where the city lay. "I would
like nothing more than to ask for his help and wrap this up. But Itako says it will not be the symbol
of peace who will help us in this fight. It is a yellow voice with a black shadow. Present Mic and
Eraserhead."

Shouta didn't like that one bit, she bristled and glared. Hizashi huffed and took her shoulder to calm
her ire. Onmyoji led them to where the cars were parked near the tracks and cleared space. They
piled in and Onmyoji leaned into the window. "The driver is taking you to my agency. Its
connected to a onsen ryokan. Rest and we will meet in the morning, to go over everything. Thank
you for being here for our citizens."

The car rumbled off as Onmyoji returned to the rescue site. "This is a fucking disaster." Hizashi
cursed and covered his eyes with his hand. "How the hell are we going to help with this?"

"It's going to get worse." Shouta sighed as she looked at her phone. Confirming what Inari had told
her earlier. "All travel routes out of the city were the targets. Heroes on all sides are trying to clean
it up, but the damage is going to be enough to say they can't just up and evacuate."

Hizashi leaned over to look at the phone with her news feed. His gaze hardened in irritation. "What
do these guys want?"

"Onmyoji said money, but that's a weak demand." Shouta frowned, she didn't like feeling a step
behind like this. "Most villains only look at the short term. What can they steal, how can they get
even, who can they kill? This feels so much more complex. Like how much chaos and discord can
they create?"

"Yeah, I'm getting that feeling too." Hizashi glanced at the driver before he settled his hand over
hers in her lap. The silent comfort was enough for now. But it wouldn't be enough for long. Soon
they eye going to have to hunt down those villains. Shouta feared they were outmatched.

"You know, if we weren't facing down dangerous villains, I'd say this would be a killer vacation
spot." Hizashi remarked as they entered the suite given to them. Itako must have seen more than
just the battle in her visions. Since it was a large suite for two.

Shouta closed the door and locked it. She ensured the doors to the outdoor patio were closed as
well. Once everything was secure she dragged Hizashi into a kiss. He cupped her face and met her
frantic energy with his own.

"We could have died in that damn train." She let that horrific thought free and shuddered.

"Thank fuck for your scarf." Hizashi nodded and bumped her forehead with his. "I love you, thanks
for keeping us safe."
She shook her head and nudged him to the bathroom. "Let's get cleaned up."

Shouta peeled herself out of her costume and moved to the attached bathroom. It was interesting, there was a dividing door that led to the private onsen. It looked out into the patio with a huge sliding door that let in the open air. Tasteful and closed off. The glass was frosted however, so they kept it closed.

Hizashi spent an unnecessary amount of time pulling fabric and twigs from his hair. He'd had to get ivy some of the landslide mess to pull a woman out. Shouta left him to it after getting cleaved up and showering. The hair dryer went on for a while as he tamed his hair.

After he joined her on the futons in the onsen robes she curled up on his chest.

"We got this." He said as he turned the lights off with the remote he'd found.

"Yeah," She replied. It didn't matter that neither of them believed it. Disaster creation devices were a real nuisance.

She looked up and they kissed. It felt like the reaffirmation of safety she craved when her life had been threatened. She sat up and shifted his loose kimono aside to trail her fingers up his cock.

"Whatcha doin' Shouta?"

"Feeling alive." She said simply and delved down to take him into her mouth. She could see him in the dark of the room. And the way he tossed his head back was a delightful form of praise.

He hardened under her tongue and she smirked around his length. "Sho-!"

She leaned back to lick from balls to tip. Sucking lightly in a tease. Her tiredness was forgotten as she compartmentalized everything so she could throw herself into Hizashi. From the deep moan he let out, he felt the same way.

He sat up suddenly and he slipped from her lips with a lewd pop. "You're killing me."

"If I was going to kill you that's not how I'd have done it." Shouta snorted as he untied her own traditional robe. She let his warm skin wrap around her and sank her hands into his hair. He lapped at her core just as teasingly as she had done to him.

Pleasure spiked through her and a humming groan slipped from her lips. Hizashi flicked his tongue over her clit a few times, rolling his tongue ring right over it. What would already be hitting her with pleasure, turned sharper and wound her up faster.

She spread her legs wider and Hizashi pulled away to crawl up her body. She arched up to meet him and he was inside her instantly. His back muscles flexed under her hands. His hair fell to one side of her and she sought his mouth out.

It was slow, but so very good. A good way to unwind, to remind each other they were linked outside of their hero lives. "Shit babe," Hizashi breathed as he nosed under her ear and threaded one hand into her hair. "So good."

Shouta's focus settled onto the way he thrust inside her. He was so hot gliding through her folds, spreading warmth through her whole body. She felt safe, loved, cared for in Hizashi's arms. His free hand sank down to wrap around her thigh and pull it up. The new angle has her gasping and pushing her hips harder into his next thrust.

"Gonna make you feel good baby," He panted. "Always."
Her heart surged at his words. She dug her blunt nails into his back and rode out the new surge of pleasure as he sank into her just right. "Zashi-!"

Her soft cry was the prelude to her orgasm. Her grip tightened and she quaked as the buildup burst into ribbons of ecstasy. Hizashi's hips stuttered and he grunted from deep in his chest. She savored the hotter splash of his release inside her and let go of his shoulders. She hoped she hadn't bruised him, her grip strength was insane.

"Love you babe." Hizashi panted into her hair as he ran his free hand up her side and across her chest lovingly. He kissed her temple and she hummed.

"Love you too." She sighed contentedly. It was a tiny reprieve, but she'd take it. Who knew what the next day was going to bring them? Nothing good, Shouta assumed.
Chapter Summary

Hizashi joins the rescue effort in Kyoto as another disaster hits.

Chapter Notes

So, to everyone who hasn't gotten my update in Full Moon Hero, my internet went down Sunday night and it took forever to get someone out to figure out what happened. Turned out whoever hooked it up didn't do it right so the internet ended up cycling between the house router, and my gaming router. They pretty much canceled themselves out.

Anyways its all fixed now. Thank fuck. So you'll get two chapters instead of one. :3 Thanks for bearing with me guys, I about crawled it if my skin not having internet to write, watch anything, or play games. I'm so fucked if the zombie Apocalypse comes upon us.

Breakfast was a tidy affair had in the actual agency. The modern building when paired with the traditional attached one was a bit jarring. That actually mattered little because Hizashi was on a mission. He was currently dragging the yellow sleeping bag that contained his partner. If he wanted to get her awake enough to participate, he needed to find coffee.

Sidekicks and the agency employees gaped as he walked. Once in the large open meeting room he snatched up a plate of pastries and fixed two cups of coffee. He settled at a corner seat of the table as the other heroes filtered in. His feet stayed propped in another seat while Shouta took up the wall sleeping.

Everyone ventured in and they got started. "Thank you, everyone, for being here." Onmyoji said as a woman wearing a cloth blindfold sat next to him. "Many of you were recruited to this agency this week because Itako foresaw your involvement. So you have our thanks for coming from no doubt busy cities."

"The death toll is rising." Inari spoke from her seat at the table. "And once all of the injured are totalled the hospitals are going to be overflowing soon."

"I will speak with emergency services. Perhaps we can open some more medical space somewhere." Itako spoke.

"If we're going to be seeing more disaster level stuff, you should probably call in the Wild Wild Pussycats. They're experts at search and rescue. That would free up a lot of us to hunt down these villains." Hizashi suggested. "It won't be good if they hit this medical space or any of the hospitals because we're too busy with disaster clean up."

"Itako?" Onmyoji asked and looked to the blind woman.
"The battle I've seen will not feature the rescue operations." Itako answered. Her purple painted lips pursed in thought. "The Pussycats have made a very reputable name for themselves. If we can make the call they can get here quickly, before this escalates."

"I'll make the call." One of the other heroes in the room left to do so.

"Let's move on to the perpetrators of this attack." Onmyoji waved to a wall of monitors. On it profiles popped up if the villains. "At the helm of this group are Izanagi and Izanami. They've been a couple from the moment they stepped into villainy. His quirk is Illusion. He's very good at making them seem real. In the hesitation one will experience due to his illusions is when he physically attacks with his spear. He is a very dangerous fighter as well."

"His partner Izanami uses a form of Reinforcement and Deterioration in her hands. She can switch which hand they appear on, but once she's touched a target her hands will glow gold or purple depending on which she's used." Itako explained. "She is arguably the more dangerous of the two, her taste for murder is rather daunting."

"The rest of their group consists of two other villains and a rather large gathering of criminals. The two other villains are Susanoo, and Amaterasu. Siblings who were picked up by Izanagi some years ago. There's never been a third so we assume no one has taken up the Tsukuyomi mantle." Inari leaned on her arm. "Amaterasu is calm, her quirk is Will-O-The-Wisps. Bright orbs of light that create a travel road. She can also control the orbs to guide for her. Susanoo's quirk is Storm. He can create storms with his body. Either in manifestation, or he just harnesses them in his attacks. The most deadly are his lightning strikes."

"And now they have this device to terrorize the city." Another hero huffed. "How did that happen? What are we supposed to do about it?"

"The hero commission released the weapon specs to me last night." Hizashi injected himself into the briefing. "Usually I would just get in close and short circuit the machine. But according to the sealed reports there was a twin to this device. When they shattered it, it flooded half the city it was located in. So it'll have be retrieval of the device."

"That is going to be difficult." Onmyoji sighed.

"Because you have no idea where they're located." Shouta's voice drew Hizashi to tilt his head. She reached past him to pick up her coffee and settle in the seat he occupied with his boots. Her eyes looked baggy and tired already. What a case this was going to be. "You've never managed to track them."

"No, we have not." Onmyoji shook his head. "We've suspected it's because Amaterasu can create her roads."

"I can erase all of those quirks." Shouta said. "But, I can't do anything to this device. So rendering them quirkless is almost useless."

"Any advantage we can gain will be invaluable to capturing them. They've put us in a state of emergency. We can no longer stand by and try to capture them. It's all or nothing now." Onmyoji replied.

"We don't have enough information to move on them yet." Shouta glared. "I need everything you have on the locations they've frequented. I need to know where they've been sighted. How they managed to broadcast a video before the quakes hit. Everything."
"If anyone can track them down it's Eraser." Hizashi tilted his head. "The government isn't happy that she makes their best look like rookies."

"It's not my fault they think their work ends just because the day ends. That's why heroes are important." Shouta huffed into her coffee. Hizashi smirked, she would give up sleep to see a case investigated. If it was hers, she'd figure the whole thing out. And she'd still see Hitoshi to school and home despite the tiredness she would display. She was so cool.

No one knew how dangerous Shouta could be if she crossed into the level of tired that made her lethal. Vanisher had taught her a lot of things in the years she'd been his sidekick intern. And even more when they actually worked together as partners on cases.

"All of the reports will be brought here at the end of the meeting." Onmyoji nodded. "If you need anything please tell the staff."

"I'll join the rescue effort." Inari cut in. "Present Mic, your voice might be needed to reach those stranded in the zones damaged by the quakes"

"I'll draw everyone in, my range is great." Hizashi saluted jauntily. Shouta snorted but reached out to take a pastry from him.

Her dark eyes slid to him with seriousness. An order to be careful. He flicked his shades up to return her look. He'd be careful. They had a kid to go back to. Leaving Hitoshi alone was not an option. The ring in his pants pocket was like a weight reminding him of more to do with his life. He'd be alright, and he'd save people like his dreams urged him to.

"Then, everyone, please be on high alert, I'll offer short band radios that can be used to reach this agency. We'll work with the other agencies in the city. But if anyone catches wind of our villains, call it out." Onmyoji ordered.

The other heroes dispersed and Inari walked over to him. "What's your quirk Inari?"

"It is called Kitsune. Each of my tails gives me five minutes of a power I can use. I can shapeshift, become invisible, harness fire, use lightning, there's divination of objects, and I can increase my physical fighting ability. I suspect there are three more things I can do, but I've yet to discover them." She answered with amusement in her tone. "The tails are a mutation, but each ability gained from them are emitter types."

"Pace yourself." Shouta said as she got up. Hizashi stuffed another pastry in his mouth before washing it down with coffee. "They'll probably attack again. I doubt we'll get time to recover before then."

Sometimes... Hizashi genuinely hated when Shouta was right. He had barely gotten out of the agency when the entire city was rocked by a massive gust if wind. It whipped around the streets, gathering more and more power before Kyoto was suddenly filled with tornados.

Hizashi gaped at the various cyclones as they streaked through the city. A massive shield of blue energy settled over the agency. Onmyoji stepped from the doors above on a balcony with his hands outstretched.
Hizashi felt a deep frown pull over his face. This wanton destruction...this was what he'd been fighting against. This wasn't even a battle, this was a massacre. How many people were in the paths of those tornadoes? How many were going to die in the path of that?

Shouta's hand slid into the belt at his waist. He looked away to see the cold anger mirrored from his eyes in hers. "Save as many as you can." She glared. "I'll hunt these assholes down."

"Scare the shit out of them." Hizashi growled back and glared down at the city as it was battered by the dozen or so massive wind cyclones. Finally, finally they blew out. Fifteen minutes of devastating destruction.

The blue shield vanished and Onmyoji looked down at them. "Let us go and assess this attack."

Hizashi looked at Shouta as she glared, he was struck with how terribly glad he was that this was happening here and not in Musutafu or Tokyo. His boy was back home, his family and Shouta's. It made him relieved that none of this was happening there, but also so guilty that he'd thought that at all.

So he swung up into the waiting car and let the pro driving lead the way. Inari brooded next to him. Her fists tight reminders that while he was glad this wasn't going on back in his home, it had just happened in hers.

"Hey, come on listener, I'm right here." Hizashi held out his arms to the last of a surviving group within a destroyed apartment building.

"Are you sure?" The woman asked from where she hovered at the edge of the hallway she still stood in. The building looked like someone had ripped half of it off and left the rest intact.

"I'm so sure, I got ya!" He grinned broadly reassuringly. She nodded and jumped. Hizashi caught her and barely felt her weight. Training with Toshinori had certainly helped get him to this point. But that behemoth could bench a truck like it was nothing. So the comparison was weak.

Hizashi set her down and adjusted his speaker to be louder, but still a barrier keeping his voice from going to the level of physical damage. "ANYBODY STILL IN THERE?!"

Hizashi twisted his headphones and he listened for anything. It was new gear that had been invaluable in the past few years. They picked up on noise his ears might not be able to. When nothing came through he cranked them off and adjusted his settings to the usual ones.

"Alright everyone, let's get you to the evacuation area. Now, is anyone hurt?" He beamed at his gaggle of rescued residents. At the negative he pointed dramatically. "Let's go!"

He kept up a pleasant commentary. Talking about how safe the shelter sites were. A number of them had been erected in surviving buildings that housed large numbers of people. The various hero agencies had taken up control of them to offset how packed the hospitals were. This way the people were protected, and heirs could work in shifts to keep getting rest.

It was agreed upon by the lead heroes at each agency that Onmyoji's group would hunt for the villains. So Hizashi would rescue, while Shouta mapped out a plan to find these assholes. Hopefully something else didn't happen in the meantime. But Hizashi wasn't confident. That was
two attacks in two days. He didn't like those odds at all.

Hizashi stiffened when he saw movement out of the corner of his eye. He relaxed however when he saw it was a large white fox wearing a kimono and mask. Five tails lashing behind her. "Inari!"

She morphed into her regular shape with a flourish of colored smoke. "Present Mic, I see you found a number of survivors. Good work."

"How's the evac in this area going?" Hizashi asked.

"Slow, I received word from Onmyoji, the Wild Wild Pussycats will be here before the end of the day." Inari told him. Hizashi's shoulders relaxed.

"Wah, that's a relief. Ragdoll's search ability will really help out" He nodded. Mandalay could keep up better communication too. They really needed all of that team. As far as he could tell, the agencies here didn't have very many rescue heroes. The ones they did have were being stretched thin. They did, however, have a number of recovery heroes.

They finished their trek to the evac point and large buses were waiting to take the civilians to the new shelters. He waved politely to his victims as they loaded up. "Any sign of them?"

"No, but there was a number of places looted. Places that don't make sense to be looted." Inari said. "Expensive clothing stores, jewelry, and shoes."

"Thinking Amaterasu and Izanami?" He asked.

"I'm thinking they've cut this entire prefecture off from the country. It's their playground now. Destruction, death, and stealing." Inari growled. "This is a game to them now."
Shouta glared down at the files and reports spread out across the meeting room table. One of her caffeine pouches dangled from her teeth. The taste of berries and chemical energy boosters marked her way as she walked around the table.

For the last three years she'd consulted on a number of cases for the police and even the government. She seen Agent Kurusu only once. Office bound and floundering on a case, she leapt at the chance to make him acutely uncomfortable. The higher ups were pleased she not only solved their case, but she'd caught the international villain too. While she'd increased her reputation, some of the government agents didn't much like getting shown up by a hero.

The problem here was that there was a villain quartet terrorizing Kyoto with no true motive in sight. Learning their patterns was the only way she was going to figure out how to take them down.

Amaterasu was a notorious thief, she targeted places with high end items, and she stole money. She assaulted women who were prettier than she was, and men who didn't want her when she wasn't in costume. Which was indicative of a poor life, she had wanted for everything. She had been failed by her civilian life and now she was twisted because of it.

Susanoo, hailing from the same background with the same hardships went in a different direction. Susanoo took out his rage and anger on other people. Rapes on men and women. Major destruction anywhere he went. He didn't steal, he didn't much care for things. His whole game was in how much fear and chaos he could create.

Izanami was the murderer of the group. She attacked anyone she thought was more free than she was. And that was only assumed because her targets were all people who were respected, freely admired by those around them. Models, charity heads, mothers, fathers, model citizens, and affluent members of wealthy society.

Izanagi was clearly the leader though he shared that with Izanami's sharp mind. He was a master tactician, his illusions were so real that nearly everyone he encountered he defeated. Save for the heroes here in Onmyoji's agency, as well Hizashi and herself.

This lent itself to knowing her opponents. The other members of this villain group were just recruited villains from the city. No one they couldn't take down. It was these top four who were making everything difficult.

Shouta walked to the giant board detailing the map of the city in detail. Streets all drawn out and mapped accordingly. She trailed her gaze to the color coded and dated markings of every sighting and which of the group was was present. Every single sighting from the moment they stepped into Kyoto.

Shouta frowned, Izanagi wasn't usually present for any of the outings. But he certainly had a hand
in which ones were more intricate. She lifted a black marker and circled those ones. "Hand me all of the reports from these incidents."

"Yes ma'am." The office worker rushed to the table to sort them out. Shouta checked her phone to give her eyes a break. She replied to Hizashi's scene report and then sent a longer response to Hitoshi. Thankfully her boy was doing fine. After she dropped some medicated saline into her eyes she swapped her caffeine pack with one full of nutrients she was going to need. The files were handed to her and she looked through them.

What was he after? Each of these incidents we in tandem with Izanami going out to murder someone. Often in the same area but not in the same place. She was either the distraction, or he was. So what was he doing? Breaking in?

"I want the names of the people who own the properties broken into in these locations." Shouta said and used her marker to point to each of the locations.

"What about the murder victims?" The worker asked.

"They weren't actually important. They were the distraction." Shouta decided. "These properties were the targets, I just need to know who the owners are, and what makes them special. There's a hidden agenda, I just need to find it."

Her phone shrieked suddenly and Shouta answered. "Eraserhead."

"Ooh, so official!" The bright voice of Sosaki Shino, Mandalay, giggled. "We're over Kyoto in a helicopter. The landing pads in the city are damaged so we're gonna touch down at the Kyoto City Hospital."

"That's good. Present Mic is in the city rescuing right now." Shouta reported back. "Be careful though, the device creates natural disasters by vibrating atoms in certain ways. You can't destroy it without causing one, so be cautious please."

"You got it Eraser, we'll see you tonight." Mandalay said and they hung up. Shouta slipped her phone into her pocket and took the new papers offered to her.

"Inform the heroes that the Wild Wild Pussycats are setting down at the Kyoto City Hospital." Shouta ordered and looked at the papers. Her eyes widened and she flicked her gaze up to the board. She needed to talk to these people, they were certainly targeted. Why had no one followed up?!

Shouta checked the time and scowled, it was nearing mid afternoon. Almost time for her to go out. She might have stayed in the night before. But no longer. She wanted to get a feel for the city, get a feel for each of these incidents. To do that she was going to need the night time darkness to cover her tracks.

Each of these victims were incredibly important somehow. What was more, they were all incredibly wealthy. So if Izanagi didn't want them for money, what did he want? What made them so important?

Shouta dragged over the laptop waiting on the table and started her search on these victims. She needed to know everything about them. Then, she was going to pay them each a visit.
The city was nearly deserted in the places rescues weren't being undertaken. They were a state of emergency. With the city cut off on all access points thanks to the landslides, it felt like a war zone. Shouta glared from where she perched on an electric pole. She was looking ahead to an area that was miraculously unaffected by the tornadoes. She would map the paths they trailed later.

The first location she was going to was a house deep in the city, a quiet but busy neighborhood. As Shouta looked it over many were still here in residence. Which was a blessing, considering two tornados had torn a path on either side of a five block radius of the house she was going to. Shouta kept a sharp eye out and listened for the signs of anyone monitoring this stretch of street.

She shifted her goggles up and jumped down. Her capture weapon slowed her descent and she made her way wraithlike to the house in question. She breezed over the gate and scanned for any dogs. It wasn't a large yard, more like a few feet of concrete seperating the drive from the street. She landed and strolled up to the door to ring the bell. The intercom next to the door buzzed, "Hello? Who is it?"

"I'm a pro hero from the Onmyoji agency, I was coming to deliver some supplies. Your house is the last in the neighborhood." Shouta put a bit of extra pep in her voice. Sure enough a woman opened the door a few moments later and her eyes widened. "I'm Eraserhead, is your husband in?"

"I-I...you said you had supplies!" The woman was Ito Megumi, wife of well known architect Ito Sai.

"Hmm, I did, that was a lie." Shouta said and stepped into the house. She stopped in the genkan. "Now, if you don't want me tromping through your house in my boots you'd better bring him here."

The woman glared before she walked off. Within moments he was stumbling out to the hallway. She looked through the lenses of her goggles and assessed him. No obvious mutations, so she should be able to erase his quirk if he was an accomplice. "Who are you?"

"I'm a hero contracted to the Onmyoji Agency. I was brought in yesterday to assist with the crisis going on in your city." She said and put her hands into her pockets. Exuding an air of weakness, just a low level hero. He would tell her everything she wanted to know. "So, I was going through the profiles on the villains who claimed responsibility. I noticed that Izanagi broke in here once."

"H-He...he did." The man looked around and sighed. He waved to the study he had exited. "Please come in. Don't worry about your boots. You're a hero."

She huffed and walked up into the house. Once in the office she saw a slew of blue prints and designing equipment in the corners. This was a well used office, this man worked hard for a living. "Were you here when he broke in? The report said you came home to find your house ransacked."

"That's what's in the police report." Ito looked away and Shouta frowned into her scarf.

"I think there's more to it than that." Shouta huffed.

"We were here, thankfully my daughter lives in Tokyo." Ito said as he shook his head. "I was the third break in as far as I know. That's what he said at least."

"Were any of this other associates here?" She asked.

"The woman who can create those lights, she appeared in the middle of my living room on what
looked like a forest path." He shook his head. "She gave him an exit, but he did actually break in."

"What did he want with you?" Shouta pressed and he snapped out of the horror of whatever he was reliving.

"He threatened my wife and demanded I do something for him." Ito ran a hand through his hair and started to pace. "I swear I didn't want to do any of it. I ended up handing over a number of properties I had acquired to refurbish and rehab."

"Why did he want those properties?" Shouta asked as her mind worked over that.

"He didn't say, he just knew that I had recently bought them. It wasn't even all of the ones I bought. Just three of them." Ito shook his head.

"I need to know what properties they were." Shouta said and lifted a small notebook from her pocket. Ito nodded and listed them off, she wrote them all down and then he hesitated. "What else?"

"The other side of the lights." Ito mumbled and turned, to the books he had on his shelves. He dragged one down and shifted through the pictures until he handed over to her. "It was this place on Mount Hiei."

Shouta gaped, that was a huge lead. She looked at the shrine there and wrote that down as well. She would investigate more on it, but this was an actual lead. She snapped her book shut and nodded. "Your help has been invaluable. I'll go now, but in case they've been watching you, is there a back exit?"

Ito nodded and opened the window of the study and Shouta looked out into a dark gap between the wall and another house. This one was dark. "Are they watching me?"

"If they come back, you only reiterate what was in the police report." Shouta said and Ito nodded frantically. She climbed up and out of the office and melted into the darkness. Ito was looking around curiously when she scaled the wall of the house behind his. She might have let him see her but she was already moving. She needed to hit the other locations.

The second place was actually an apartment above a shop, and it was deserted. Likely evacuated with the rest of the populace. The third however was an apartment high rise being evacuated. She observed for a moment and was pleased to see Tiger guiding the people to another hero. Tiger was impressive but he was also a novelty. The lolita skirt and marching band styled top was definitely made to match his female teammates.

Shouta had heard about him leaving for Thailand after creating a name for himself and going through a full sex change operation. Shouta had known he'd been accepted easily at UA when identifying as male. They had certainly had zero issues with it in their friend group. Shouta was pleased Chatora was settled into his chosen body and was well established in his team. Though, the matching skirt was certainly a shock factor to anyone who fought him.

Tiger tilted his head up and lifted one paw into the air to wave at her. Shouta saluted him and looked at the picture in her hand before she jumped down and approached the rescue hero. "Eraser! Good to see you my friend."
"And you, sorry to have called you in for this." Shouta sighed. "They were not prepared for this at all."

"Then I'm just glad we could make it in and help." Tiger laughed. "I think we'll stick around and whip their rescue heroes into shape."

"Is Pixie Bob clearing a way out?" Shouta asked.

"She's hoping to but Present Mic warned us that was the first thing to go in the attacks. So maybe it would be best if we could get help to pick a route and clear it then. Hit it from both sides." Tiger hummed. "We'll speak with the city officials before we decide. What brings you here, you were investigating right?"

"Yeah, two more stops to make but one of them is here actually." Shouta answered. "I need this woman."

She handed over the picture and Tiger nodded. He led her through the group and Shouta joined the procession to an evacuation center. The woman appeared through the crowd and fell in beside Shouta. "Eraserhead?"

"That's me." Shouta said. "I have some questions about the break in in your apartment."

"I-I wasn't home." She stammered.

"I spoke to someone tonight with a similar story. Izanagi broke in and left via some kind of pathway that opened up in the middle of your apartment." Shouta said and Tiger paced ahead to give her some space. Shouta kept her gaze about, but it didn't seem like any of the villains were going to come out and play. The police were patrolling as best they could. Maybe she would help out. "I'm looking into it myself. He broke in when you were there?"

"H-He did." She shuddered and Shouta looked ahead casually. "I work for the mayor."

"And what did he want from you?" Shouta asked. "What did he take from you?"

"He wanted official documents that I oversee. I work in the archives." She explained. "I could lose my job for this. But what was I supposed to do he was going to kill me."

"You're not at fault for that." Shouta didn't say that she should have reported it. It didn't matter, the deed was done. "What documents did he take?"

"The ones for access into the city's treasury. The government shares a financial stipend for the city because like Tokyo we are a large city. We're governed by the national government. But there is still a treasury of tax money to be spent on infrastructure and to keep our city running. But I've paid attention, there hasn't been any change to the accounts. I monitored all of the slips sent to the archives on it."

Maybe they were planning to take the money?

"Anything else?" Shout asked and the woman shook her head.

"He has the account number for the treasury fund." The woman said. "Oh my god, are they behind all of this? Are they going to empty it in the middle of all of this destruction?!"

"Calm down, the Onmyoji office is on the case. You just head to the shelters. If this does indeed get worse evacuation from this city until it becomes safe will be a plan." Shouta said and the
woman nodded. She rejoined the group as the shelter came into view. Tiger rejoined her and looked at the heroes in charge of it all.

"No motive huh?" Tiger asked.

"The problem is that it's ambiguous. Too many variables, too many things missed because of diversionary tactics." Shouta scoffed.

"So it pisses you right off huh?" Tiger crossed his arms and his muscles bunched. "You were always the best at tactics and strategy."

"I know." She growled and turned on her heel. "I cant find one of them, but there's still one more person to visit."

"And who is that?" Tiger asked.

"The police chief." Shouta said and threw out her scarf to hurl her body into a swinging leap. She wasn't going to find the chief at home. Instead she was going to where the police were working in force near the city's center. She spoke to a few on the way who knew just where he was.

Shouta found the chief directing the station he was in. A wreath of thorns grew from his gray hair. He was stern looking and his directions were expertly given. There wasn't going to be anyone resting in this crisis. But he was trying his best to work the officers in shifts. Shouta approached the large space as the Chief finished his meeting. The desk worker she'd spoken to slipped in to speak to the chief. He turned and looked right at her. Shouta lifted her goggles to fall on the top of her head.

"Eraserhead huh?" Chief Sugaru said. "I've heard of you. Musutafu is lucky to have someone as efficient as you."

"Thank you sir, but the police do most of the work." Shouta said as she approached. "I'm here about the break in."

His eyes widened and he nodded, he turned and led her to an empty office. "Why are you looking into it?"

"There were some loose ends to the cases. Since it's linked to the villains who are terrorizing this city, I decided to follow up." Shouta said. "He wanted something from you, didn't he?"

"I-..." The chief looked away sharply and his eyes narrowed. "He wanted a personnel list of Tartarus employees."

"Ah, so that's how he knew who to attack." Shouta sighed. "I fought him to save a victim. You gave him a list, how many employees?"

"I shouldn't have even had that list. I used contacts from the guards to get it." The chief said. "He threatened my daughters with Susanoo. I failed this city for that."

"Not much we can do about it now." Shouta scoffed, there was nothing anyone could do. "He hit one other person and I can't track them down. Would you know a Takeru Amu?"

"I can look it up." The Chief said. "Is there a way to contact you?"

"Just call the Onmyoji agency. That's where I'm staying for now." Shouta shrugged. "Knowing who Takeru Amu is, or was, is going to be vital to breaking this case. And judging by the pattern
so far, I'm expecting another attack tomorrow."

"That's been our guess as well." Chief Sugaru nodded. "I'm terribly sorry for my role in all of this. After this is cleared up I will resign."

"See to it you do." Shouta said and turned. "You should have told Onmyoji about it. As far as I can tell, he's the only hero working hard to take them down."

"Hmm," The Chief sighed.

"The logical thing to do is to bring heroes in when you, the police, can't go any farther." Shouta said and started for the door. "That's why we're here."

She stepped out into the busy part of the ground floor of the station and let herself melt into the crowd. No one would know she was here. That was the important thing. Shouta checked her phone and saw Hizashi had alerted her to his imminent return to the agency. She decided she'd head back at this point. There was nothing to do now but wait. She would join the effort the next day and help keep the rescuing safe.
Interrupted Escape

Chapter Summary

Shouta and Hizashi encounter the villains

Chapter Notes

Omg I totally fell asleep editing this lol

Thank you for the comments. I know this arc is a little left field on the Japanese mythology, but it fit with my ideas.

Also, when I researched the locations, everything... And I mean everything fell into place.

Out of Izanagi's three children from the legends, Tsukuyomi was left out. Because that's Tokoyami's hero name. I want his name to be pure. So I literally just cut out an entire villain for him. Lol

It's fine, this flows better anyway.

"Shouta," Hizashi drew out the syllables of her name in a slow drawl. Crooning rather than yelling, which was his go to if she was too stubborn. Nothing woke her up faster than the need to pummel her loud boyfriend. "Hey, you're freaking everyone out."

Shouta shifted in her sleeping bag and resisted swatting him away. "Is she always like this?"

"Yup." Hizashi popped the word out. Shouta rolled and sat up, her head burrowing out of the warm cocoon she was in. "Hey there sleepy lady."

"Hizashi," Shouta grumbled. She looked to Onmyoji behind Hizashi and the dozen or so eyes of the other heroes in the agency. "They know my name now?"

He wouldn't have said it otherwise.

"Sorry babe, someone made the connection earlier. You moved your hair back and looked very much like my civvy girlfriend. Should seen the look on his face." Hizashi snorted. Well, she don't mind if heroes knew. It was the public that didn't need to know who she was.

"You keep him quiet?" Shouta lifted a brow.

"No one in my agency would dare to reveal such personal information." Onmyoji insisted earnestly.

"You sure? Hot topic: Present Mic's civilian girlfriend, who looks and acts like a spoiled princess, is actually Eraserhead. The woman who dusts her knuckles against the dark underbelly of crime?"
Shouta challenged snarkily.

"It's alright, our squad took care of it anyway." Hizashi snorted.

"Our squad?" Shouta asked. Then her tired mind made the connection. "So they're here?"

"They're cleaning up for the night in their rooms. Let's go, we need to get cleaned up too. How many times have I told you to wash up before you go to sleep in that thing?" Shouta rolled out from under the meeting room table and pulled herself free.

"How long was I asleep?" Shouta asked, not even dignifying Hizashi's statement with a response.

"You beat me here, and I went to the room first. I talked with Tiger and Ragdoll before I came over to find you." He grinned, that meant she'd gotten maybe an hour. "You eat yet?"

"I'm fine." Shouta said and lifted her sleeping bag into her arms. "Let's go see the others."

She didn't spare anyone else a glance. She wanted her own group's opinion before she proceeded with the investigation. Before she explained her theories and ideas.

Once in the ryokan part of the agency Shouta let her shoulders drop. "Find anything?"

"I know how Izanagi managed to find the Tartarus employees. He threatened the Chief of Kyoto's police. He extorted some properties from one of the cities architects as well. He also scared an archivist from the city hall into giving him the account numbers to the treasury fund." Shouta reported her findings. "There's one more lead I have to wait for. So I'll know more when the chief reaches me."

"You did all that?" Hizashi looked at her and his sunglasses slipped down his face a fraction.

"Yeah, you were rescuing, and I'm pretty sure they'll do it again tomorrow." Shouta said and Hizashi shook his head in disbelief. "Considering the threat is not enough. Not yet at least."

"You're really amazing." He smiled. Shouta huffed but didn't say anything in argument. The door to the banquet room opened and Shino stumbled out with her phone.

"Hey, I'll be back, the mayor called about the evacuation plan." She beamed at them and shuffled off to take the call.

Hizashi walked into the room. "Yo! You better have saved me some grub!"

Shouta snorted and followed into the room. She ended up surrounded by the two other female Pussycats while Chatora surpiciously nudged a serving tray towards her. Completely harried she ate and drank with them. Enjoying their laughter, because this was what allowed them to not fall too far from sanity.

Every night out to drink, go on date night, and gathering of friends allowed them to unwind with others who understood. But if Shouta really wanted peace, and she wasn't quite there yet, she'd find it in Hizashi's arms. Or in the blanket fort Hitoshi built back at home.

She wasn't that far gone yet though. So this, dinner with friends to take their minds off of the trials of their day was a relief. It let Shouta come down from her Eraserhead persona. Even if there was little difference between her identity and her hero self.

A few hours passed and they began to near two am. Shouta led Hizashi off and they settled in their
room for rest. After their shower Hizashi passed out like a log. Shouta stayed up watching him. Leaning her chin on her hands as she sighed.

It was moments like these that she hated that she was such an insomniac. Looking at Hizashi, she wished she could curl up and sleep next to him without these episodes that prevented her from getting sleep. Even still she rested her cheek on his chest and trailed her fingers across his bare collarbone beneath his robe.

She hoped the police chief would get back to her soon. She didn't like that they were in a situation that left them pretty much in the villain's hands. The game needed to change, control needed to shift if this city was going to make it.

Hizashi watched as Itako detailed locations to the heroes. New places that needed to be cleared to find survivors. The result accessed one's were all evacuated to shelters. Now they had to find those that were trapped.

He knew the emergency services personnel had worked throbbing the night. Shifts to offset exhaustion were what was keeping them going strong. Now it was their turn. Shouta stood off to the side talking with Mandalay. She looked up and caught his eye, even if only half of her face was visible thanks to her scarf. She tilted her head and he joined just as Tiger and Onmyoji left one of the offices.

"Onmyoji's group is going to find the survivors stuck in the city. Mandalay is going to direct everything." Shouta said to him. He nodded. "Our quirks aren't suited to that for today. So Tiger, Pixie Bob and we, are going to take some survivors out of the city and on their way to Osaka."

"Do you think they'll challenge us?" Hizashi asked. "So far the only real objective was to cut off escape."

"I think we can get a number of people out of the city. If this can become a viable option we can get these citizens to safety." Mandalay nodded. "The collateral damage here is so great already. The less civilians we have in the crossfire the better."

"It's a good idea, but there are a lot of civilians here. Evacuating could get messy." Shouta said.

"That's why I left that to the city officials. You're just the protection for the operation." Mandalay said with a grin on her painted cheeks. "As many lives as we can."

"Yes." Tiger pumped a fist. "I'll not let a single civilian get hurt on my watch."

They piled into a vehicle and one of Onmyoji's sidekicks drove them to the shelter they were going to be evacuating. Hizashi took the liberty of explaining in detail the plan to the civilians. Tiger and Pixie Bob stayed with him as a reassuring buffer to some of the panic and worry.

Shouta was missing almost immediately. Which was incredibly reassuring, that meant she had eyes on them. He would only need to worry if she deemed her immediate presence necessary. That meant they were in trouble.

With only a few hours to get ready Hizashi helped everyone get together. In moments they were piling into busses and moving through the city nearly unseen. Hizashi saw Shouta among the group
once or twice but only in passing. He was confident they could make this happen.

But it was nearing early afternoon, and there was no sign of a disaster. He knew if his sixth sense for danger was on edge, Shouta's must be going wild. But they just needed to get over the Katsura River. That was where Pixie Bob was going to come in.

Muko was another city in the Kyoto Prefecture, but it wasn't hit nearly as hard as Kyoto City had been. Getting their first round of evacuees to Muko to be handed off to rescue heroes was the first step. If this proved to be a viable escape route, they could move more people this way. There was a secondary route Itako mentioned though. To Nara.

They neared the Meishin Expressway. That was when they stopped. Shouta vanished as the busses opened for the heroes to get out. All they had to do was get these busses over the destroyed bridge. Hizashi joined Pixie Bob and Tiger. Across the river the other part of the bridge held a gathering of heroes who waved in the distance.

"So how are you doin' this?" Hizashi asked.

"I can move enough earth to get us halfway across." She cocked one hip with her paws out near her face in thought. "We'll have to get everyone together and I'll move it as we go."

"Risky." Hizashi mentioned. "It won't be too much strain?"

"I can do it." Pixie Bob replied excitedly.

"I believe in you! Your fighting spirit is too great to give in here." Tiger pumped a pawed fist and nodded. Hizashi turned to see Shouta looking back towards the city. Shaded as she was by a fallen billboard, she was nearly invisible.

"Hey Eraser? Ready to move?" He called. She looked over and lifted her hands to sign to him. He saw her directions and nodded. "She says we should each take a side of Pixie Bob's earth bridge. Close to her in case something happens."

"And Eraser?" Tiger asked curiously.

"Covering the rear," Hizashi explained. "She'll let us know if anything happens."

"Alright. Let's do this!" Pixie Bob kicked a leg up behind her that made her tail lash. She lifted her paws and the earth beneath the river lifted and began to form a large space for the busses to drive across. She started walking with intense concentration on her face.

Hizashi nodded to Tiger and they moved to either side to let everyone past. As soon as the last vehicle made it on the the bridge he saw Shouta climb on top of the last bus.

Of course that was when everything went to shit.

Wind seemed to be sucked out of the air. Hizashi felt his eyes narrow at the feeling. It reminded him acutely of how Madam Glitz could vibrate the air. If he cut loose, that was what the air felt like around him as well. But there was no noise.

"Hey!" Hizashi called out. "Something's wrong!"

He frowned when he saw the water was rapidly pulling back up towards the mountains. "Hey Hey! Where do you think you're going?"
Hizashi whirled to see a lean man floating in the air. Blue gray hair spiked straight up from his head. He grinned with too many teeth as he looked down at them. "Susanoo."

"Look at that, you got it right!" Susanoo cackled. "But I can't let you just leave. Where's the fun in that?"

"Too bad so sad!" Hizashi snorted. "We got places to be and you're not invited."

"That so?" He smirked.

"It is." Shouta's dark voice snapped out from behind Hizashi and Susanoo suddenly plummeted from the air. Hizashi snorted. Shouta's sense of humor was brutal. "Tiger, get ready!"

"You see something?" Hizashi asked.

"Yeah, and it's not going to be good." Shouta looked off to Tiger's side. "Pixie Bob, Get this thing moving!"

"Roger!"

'Attention heroes! Extreme flooding conditions have been sighted. I repeat, extreme flooding conditions from every water source around Kyoto.'

Mandalay's warning hit him. A flood was the disaster? From the rivers? Was there even enough water to do that? He shook his head, the device was able to create tornados why wouldn't it be able to multiply water molecules too?

Sure enough a roar sounded in the distance. As Hizashi drew near Pixie Bob, he saw a wall of water and debris surging towards their earth bridge. "Fuck."
Battle Loss

Chapter Summary

Shouta and Hizashi fight Susanoo

Shouta glared at the water as it surged towards the earth bridge. She felt the shift in it as Pixie Bob opened up the bottom to allow the water past. They needed to move fast if these civilians were going to make it. The earth would only last so long under such a strong water current.

"Mic!" Shouta called.

"I'm on it." He gritted out as he kept his gaze on the side of the bridge where Susanoo fell after she'd activated her quirk. He'd already fallen out of her sight, so it wouldn't be long before he reappeared. Shouta would need to keep her eyes on him to keep him away from their civilians.

They started moving again, and Shouta crouched on the bus she stood on to monitor the progress. Shouta felt a large displacement of air and whirled to see Susanoo on the otherside of the bridge. He was wreathed in water rather than air this time. If his quirk was storm, he might have manipulation over a lot of things.

Shouta remembered Inari's warning. Lightning was also in his arsenal. Lightning that would no doubt be immediately attracted to Hizashi's support gear. Or even Tiger and Pixie Bob's electronic radio ears.

Activating her quirk was the only option. But instead of falling into the churning water below he landed right on the bridge. Shouta swung down to meet him. She wasn't letting him out of her sight. He was scrappy though, as soon as she was on the ground he tried to tackle her.

Shouta firmed her stance and her capture weapon wrapped around his torso. "Big mistake."

"Think so?" He twisted his legs and dropped to the ground beneath her boots. She was off balance now. He flung her towards the edge and she scrabbled to stop herself.

Luckily that was when Tiger entered the fray. Shouta smiled darkly. He hit harder than she did.

"Give up villain!" Tiger shouted.

"Never, not until everyone's dead!" Susanoo yelled at Tiger. Shouta rolled on the ground and wound her capture weapon around her leg. She continued the motion and got to her knees. She took a second to flutter her lashes to inspire some moisture. She didn't have time to put drops in.

"Hey, let go!" Susanoo growled at her as she tightened the bindings.

"No." Shouta growled and was about to stand up when a burst of lights filled the area around them. Tiger hissed and lunged to strike Susanoo. Arms stretched from space as a forest pathway bloomed into existence from between the lights.

How the fuck was she doing that? The pathway led out over the river, but it was still there. Physics clearly didn't make sense in regards to that quirk. Shouta hated complicated powers.
That momentary distraction cost her. Lightning rippled across Susanoo and it surged down Shouta's scarf. She was too wrapped up in it, and she was standing on an earth bridge that might not even be attached to the ground properly.

Shit.

It hit like a punch to the neck. All of the lightning concentrated there before it traveled through her body. Her muscles locked up at once and her body convulsed. "Eraser!"

She couldn't even move her eyes. But within her sight she saw Susanoo through the blur of his lightning. He ran at her and honestly, she'd never seen anyone do that before. Usually they fought to get out of her bindings. Tiger raced to intercept him, but her friend was just as shocked by the situation as she was.

Finally the feeling of living lightning left her, but she was still feeling paralyzed. That was right when Susanoo barreled into her. With no feeling in her body, she was hurled right off the bridge. She needed to get her body moving, if she hit the water numb and paralyzed...

Shouta had worked hard her second year at UA to perfect her swimming. She wasn't the best, but she could do it. She could even save people doing it. Hizashi had been an amazing teacher. But she still couldn't move yet.

The current was a roar in her ear as her fingers wrapped around her scarf band. She gave a weak twitch and it bounced around her jerkily. The edges looked singed, but if she was going in the water, fucking Susanoo was going too.

She hit the water and the rush of cold was jarring. Her arms loosened up and she started to fight the current around her as she sank. She needed to get to the surface. Getting to the surface was her only chance.

Don't fight the current. Look for an obstruction that won't kill you on impact. Work your way to solid ground. Hizashi's words echoed in her mind, reminders of rescue training.

Shouta frantically looked around but there was nothing. So she slowly, as if fighting against an enemy one thousand times her size, she tried to make it to the edge of the river.

"ERASER!" She looked back turning to face against the current. There was Hizashi, in the river, swimming towards her. Damn that man.

Shouta looked back in the direction the current was taking them. Another bridge was getting close. If she could get her scarf to Hizashi they could stop themselves on a support pillar. She twisted and gathered the wet bands, she threw it up into the air and directed it towards Hizashi. The moment she felt the band connect he yelled again.

"GOT IT!"

They neared the bridge when Shouta felt another surge. One at the other end of her capture gear. Shit, she still had Susanoo. Water near her surged up and whipped into the air, directing the entire flood up and over the bridge. It was like a reverse waterfall arching hundreds of feet up. And it didn't stop the direction she was being pulled at all.
"Thought you were rid of me bitch?!" Susanoo yelled as he surfaced some yards away. The ground spiraled out and Shouta nearly screamed at how high up the water carried them. She wanted to look for Hizashi but she could feel him on one end of her scarf. Safe, for now. "Let's see what kind of splatter you make this time!"

The water dropped away in an instant as it burst into hail. Shouta felt gravity take hold and she started to fall. Thunder clapped and Susanoo streaked below her with some kind of force guiding him. His momentum dragged her, and then Hizashi, through the air. It was like they were some sick kind of chain falling hundreds of feet over the river and the bridge they had tried to catch themselves on.

This was how she was going to go? Dropped from the sky after being plucked from the water like a toy?! If she didn't hit the bridge, the water would kill her. She glared down, there was a chance for at least Hizashi to make it. It was going to take some real fucking timing though.

Shouta looked up at where Hizashi was tumbling through the air above her. He looked down into her goggle covered eyes and she asked wordlessly for his trust. As the wind roared around them, and water raged beneath them, nothing but this moment mattered.

His nod was as important as every feeling she had for him. An acceptance between them that if one of them didn't make it, then they'd made every other moment together worth it. She hoped she didn't have to make an ass out of herself by dying here.

The bridge got close, but even closer, was a broken billboard that was hanging from the bridge like a landing pad. Stuck in the ruins of the bridge like it was meant to be there.

Hizashi's yell was so powerful he slowed his descent enough to roll across it and gain his footing like the pro he was. She sank lower but preyed he could slow her down enough that the water wouldn't be like an impact grave.

She felt the tug on her scarf as Hizashi pulled and thankfully it did slow her down. His following yell that vibrated the water was even better. When she hit the water again it was hard, but not enough to break her bones. It was a victory.

She was swept under as soon as she fell in, the disrupted current returning instantly. She couldn't fight it because both hands were occupied now. One holding Susanoo, the other her lifeline to keep her from drowning. She could hold her breath until Hizashi could fish her out.

Through the dark mess of rushing water, as it battered her on all sides, she felt a violent tank on Susanoo's end. He was going to drag her down into her death wasn't he?

She didn't want to let him go, but at this point she didn't have any other option. Shouta released Susanoo's restraint to yank the knife at her waist free. She sliced through that band awkwardly with one hand but the release of him was damn near enough to throw her back out of the water.

She settled for making it to the surface.

"ERASER!" Hizashi's panicked voice sounded from above. "FUCK SHOUTA!"

"Mic!" Shouta yelled. She saw him, above and behind her, tethering her as he stood there.

"HOLD ON!" He yelled. Why wasn't he pulling her up? Was he hurt?! She grabbed the band tighter and held on with both hands.

Time passed, horribly, too long. Then shouting echoed over the roaring waters that vintners to rise
closer and closer to the surface of the bridge. She was pulled suddenly and she held on while she was dragged up and out of the water. Once she was onto the billboard she was yanked into a one armed hug by Hizashi.

"Thank fuck! Are you alright?!" He demanded before kisses bombarded her face. She looked up dazedly at Inari and another hero.

"The civilians?" Shouta croaked.

"They made it to Muko, Pixie Bob reported they were making their way back across the flooded river," Inari answered. "Tiger alerted that you both went in the water with Susanoo. He got away?"

"Had to...cut him loose." Shouta panted as all of her screamed with pain. "Hit me...lightning...what's wrong...your arm?"

Hizashi pulled back and looked at the limp limb at his side. "Don't worry about me! I thought you died when you hit the water. And then...i-in the air...!"

Tears streaked down his face as he dropped his head to her singed scarf. "M'fine...still here."

"There's a car, let's get you both medical attention." Inari said. She leaned down to grab Shouta's other arm. She led Shouta and her injured partner to the car.

Hizashi watched Shouta as they drove back to the agency. A recovery hero was going to meet them there. His arm was a limp aching mass of pain. But he didn't care.

Hanging onto Shouta's scarf desperately in the water, and then as they were vaulted into the air in a water cyclone, it was all he had. Thinking they were going to die, desperate for any way to somehow survive, he had actually shared a frightened moment with Shouta.

He didn't want to think about how ready they both were to die. He didn't want to acknowledge the grim look they had shared that meant they would die but do everything to make sure the other lived. It wasn't a giving up, it was a promise to fight until the end.

They had never been so blatantly honest with each other in that regard. No...they had known dying might be how they went as heroes. They had just never had a situation present itself like this.

Shouta had been hit by lightning generated by that psychopath. But as rocked by it as she'd been, she still managed to yank Susanoo right off the bridge when he shoulder checked her into open air.

The balls of light and the escape route vanished instantly. Hizashi didn't even hesitate. He dove right into the turbulent flood waters. Nothing in his mind but saving his partner, his everything. Thankfully she didn't die from the lightning that had wreathed her scarf. She didn't even drown.

Hizashi would forever be thankful she was such an over achiever as a student. The swimming lessons might have been what saved her life. Then they were flying through the air, and he watched her try to angle their descent while Susanoo acted like a weight. Bastard.

It had been nothing but luck that laid the billboard beneath him. Nothing but Shouta's constant drilling on how to fall properly. He rolled after yelling to slow himself, but he still hit the ground
hard. Wrapping her scarf end around his arm enough to pull back and jump off the end of the billboard to get some traction. He yelled again, loud and deep enough to rattle everything above, below, and all around him.

Shouta was light, but what weight she did have was all muscle. Plummeting at the speed she did it yanked tight on the scarf. It dislocated his shoulder instantly. Dragging the weight of her and that asshole was too much. At least he'd disrupted the water enough so the impact didn't kill her. It lightened immediately and he knew she'd cut the villain loose.

With his right shoulder fucked he couldn't haul her up. Instead he managed to hold her there and call for help. Inari was rescuing in the area and heard him. And when they pulled her up alive...he cried.

Now as they pulled up to the agency Hizashi felt his temper fray. He led Shouta into the agency as Inari hovered worriedly around them. Hizashi passed right into the ryokan. The recovery hero frantically started in on them. He directed the man to Shouta and after a round of she fell asleep.

Mandalay rushed in and her hands flew to her mouth. "Shino." Hizashi ground out, "Go get her some clean clothes. And her sleeping bag."

"Got it." She ran back out. Hizashi took his directional speaker off and ran chilled fingers over his clammy throat. The recovery hero moved over to him and Hizashi gritted his teeth against the sap to his energy.

His eyes were glued to Shouta. Only the rise and fall of her chest settled him enough to ignore his arm snapping back into place. The ache burned away instantly. One meeting with the grunt villain of the group. And they'd both almost died. What the hell were they getting into?!
Playing Catch Up

Chapter Summary

Shouta spends a few hours recuperating and builds an offensive plan.

"You sure you should be moving?!" Ryuko gasped as she entered and saw Shouta stretching in the big banquet room they were using as a common area. Shouta looked up at her blond friend and smirked.

"I'm fine, it didn't stop my heart or anything." Shouta said. "It was my fault for not being faster in activating my quirk."

"Aww, leave her alone. If she wants to start moving already she's good." Tomoko flipped her teal hair over her shoulder. "We'll just let Yamada yell at her later."

"A sound plan." Chatora, the traitor, commented as he adjusted one of her legs and helped push her lower so she could loosen the muscles in her back and legs.

"Thanks, but fuck off." Shouta snorted, the deep bent she was in on the floor was harsh. "He pulled his whole arm out of it's socket. Harp on him for a change you bunch of nags."

"They already did, even I was getting healed." Hizashi spoke up from the door where he was entering in a pair of sweats and a t-shirt. He'd yanked his hair up into a lazy bun and was absently scratching his stomach. Wouldn't the model agencies and his adoring fans like to see him now? Rumpled and lazy. Honestly it was his best look. "Whatcha doin' Shou?"

"I'm working out...lightly." She glared at Shino and Ryuko who glared back. "It seems the squad has reformed to nag me into rest."

"Means they're doing their job. Don't make them call Nemuri." Hizashi waved at her but his green eyes opened under his prescription glasses. He sent her a very pointed look. And it told her that he was happy to let someone else nag for a change. She directed her unamused glare at him and he smirked victoriously.

"Time to rest." Chatora said and Shouta rolled into a resting pose.

"Good." Shouta relaxed a bit before she stood up and tilted her head to examine her partner. Hizashi watched her with the same worry and upset he had when she first got up. She'd urged him back to sleep and showered to come here.

Shouta walked over to him and took his hand. "Dance with me Hizashi."

"Dance?" He blinked in shock. She knew he loved to dance, it was his favorite thing to do over the years outside of music. Nothing calmed him down more than dancing with her.

"Don't make me say it again." Shouta said and pulled his hand. He nodded and reached for his phone. Shouta reached for the loose tie on his wrist and took it off to swirl her dark hair up in a matching lazy bun. It was three am and they needed an outlet before getting back into it all
The Pussycats all gathered together on the cushions and relaxed as Shouta stepped into a large open space in the banquet room. Hizashi plugged his phone into the speaker set sitting on a shelf in the corner. He swiped into a playlist and rolled his sweats up until they lay just under his knees. He sent her a questioning look but she wasn't dancing for her. It was for him.

He loosened up the moment music started playing and he transitioned through a few warm up moves before dancing towards her in a clear sign of a routine they made up in their second year at UA. They'd been working their way through the dance styles at the studio he;d learned at as a child. The ladies there were just too amused to see them. Surly Shouta and bright and excited Hizashi.

Shouta stepped seemelessly into his space and they circled one another, bodies swaying in waves towards one another. She liked it more when Hizashi was loose and relaxed. He bounced back better from scares like the one he'd had in the flood.

Hizashi’s arm slipped around her and hoisted her as her knee came up to create an anchor. They didn't win any of the class tournaments with this dance. But it had been her favorite. Looking into Hizashi’s eyes, as he spun and arched her over his shoulder, something unsettled in her quieted.

They would be alright.

"She's dead?" Shouta asked as she crossed out the name in her notebook.

"Yes, that was your missing break in victim, I verified her identity as soon as I went out this morning." Chief Sugaru explained over the phone. "She was an operator in the broadcasting station. Her body was found among the ones in the station after the villains made their broadcast before the quakes caused the landslides."

"Well, that answers that." Shouta huffed. "Either Izanagi broke in to get access to the station, or he broke in to get access to Takeru Amu. I can't even investigate because the apartment itself is in ruin."

"Regretable, any insights into what they're trying to do?" Chief Sugaru asked.

"When I find out you'll be the first to know." Shouta said and hung up. "As if."

"Shouta, don't be mean." Hizashi admonished her from the bathroom where he was fixing his hair up. Shouta huffed and went back to repacking her now dried pouches. Her spare jumpsuit and capture weapon were already on her.

"He sold out Tartarus employees, the security officers who gave him that list will be fired for that." Shouta rolled her eyes. "He'll hear about my theory when I put it all together and Onmyoji can tell him."

"This is why I prefer Musutafu and Tokyo." Hizashi groused. "Care to share?"

"We've been chasing our tails for two days. Three total and the death toll is way too fucking high. We're not helping with escort anymore." Shouta said and flipped through her pages. "I think they're on Mount Hiei."
"You get that from the architect?" Hizashi asked.

"Yes, but that doesn't help us." Shouta leaned her head on her hand as she looked at the kotatsu. "They also have a few properties they could be holed up in. A factory building, a storefront, and a ryokan."

"That's a weird array of properties." Hizashi frowned as he walked out and placed his glasses in their case. He padded over to where his jacket lay next to her. "He is an architect right?"

"Yes, but he works on contracts for the city itself. To make sure he's not short on work he buys older properties to restore and rehab. He's pretty well known, and he's not linked to any heroes at all." She explained her research. "One would think he didn't like heroes. He doesn't even work with any charities."

"So you think they had more on him than just his family?" Hizashi sat down. "There are those that don't like heroes."

"I don't think he's a collaborator. But I think that made him a target." Shouta spoke thoughtfully. "Funny thing is, the archivist didn't like heroes either. I looked her up as well, and there were no records of her dealing with any. She was a grateful victim though, that might change."

"And Chief Sugaru?" Hizashi asked tapping her notebook. She was so glad she'd left it behind before joining the escort the day prior.

"He's got a stern stance on Heroes." Shouta said. "Not against them, he's just very strict when it comes to property damage. Seems it didn't matter, the heroes aren't destroying the city now."

"So what do you think?" Hizashi asked.

"We could go to the mountain. But I think that's going to be too risky." Shouta met her boyfriend's gaze. "They have someone who can essentially warp away."

"That is going to be a problem. Especially if you have to blink." Hizashi nodded. "I'm sure she only needs a moment."

"That's why I think we need to take her when she's alone." Shouta continued. "It's also risking that they'll get angry about it."

"They could attack before we take her out entirely." Hizashi hummed in thought.

"That's why I was thinking we should go back to the escape plan. As far as I know, the railway we came in on is still cleared. If we can get her to the otherside and in a transport vehicle. That would isolate them totally." Shouta sighed and scrubbed a hand through her hair. "Even that's too risky to try. Maybe we could get some cuffs dropped in to us."

"Shit." Hizashi leaned back in thought. "Where could we house her that they wouldn't find her?"

"I don't know, maybe we'll leave that to Onmyoji. This is his mess of a case." Shouta scoffed. "Before we take her out, I think we should flush these hideout locations."

"It's a start. You're killer babe." Hizashi smirked at her and leaned over to kiss her swiftly. "Let's go show up the heroes here."

"Don't make it a competition." Shouta groaned.
"If it was, you're winning!" Hizashi flicked a pair of sunglasses on with a flourish. His headphones and directional speaker followed. Then his jacket was slipped on and Shouta got up to sling her utility belt on. She rolled her shoulders and followed him out of the room.

"Any luck?" Hizashi's voice curled through the earphone she had tucked in her ear. She raced across the crumbled and destroyed rooftops of the city.

"Each location is dark, could be they just aren't there right now." Shouta replied. "This just confirms my belief that they really are holed up on Mount Hiei."

"I'll let Onmyoji know." Hizashi said.

"We won't be moving on it right away." Shouta reminded him. "So far they've been three steps ahead of us. Susanoo and the flood being an impulse move. They might have been doing something while all that was going on anyways."

"Like what?" Hizashi asked.

"Have there been any broadcasts outside of Kyoto?" Shouta asked as she slipped down to street level and skirted into an abandoned street. She'd come to Kyoto once as a child. A trip her parents planned so Shouta could go to the shrines, and her father could get snapshots of all the sceneery he wanted. It was rather depressing to see it in such a deserted and destroyed state.

She knew there were people hiding out in their homes. So many who were displaced had let Onmyoji's evacuation groups lead them away. Now it was night time and Shouta was running alone. Though she was in long range radio contact. So far every location was dark, even the strips where Amaterasu was sighted to be hitting, weren't seeing any activity.

That was, until Shouta found the perfect bait. She got into the more urban downtown areas. Everything was struggling to stay functioning. With police everywhere none of the boutiques in the arcade had been hit yet. But Shouta had heard in the afternoon that Chief Sugaru was consolidating their forces closer. Concentrating on the hospitals. With everything halted in this city they were in trouble if they couldn't capture the villains.

"I got a perfect bait spot." Shouta said.

"Ooh, did you?" Hizashi asked.

"The police are pulling back on some locations downtown. There's a strip here with boutiques lining the street." Shouta reported. "Send Inari my way."

"Can do!" Hizashi laughed. "I'm headed to the hospitals to do some checks."

"Careful Hizashi, you might pick up some new fans." Shouta smiled warmly into her scarf.

"I'll hand the channel over to Inari. She's coming from the agency so it should be a while." Hizashi signed off and Shouta waited for Inari to join in the channel.

"You found a bait location?" Inari asked by way of greeting.
"Yeah, the shopping arcade was left behind when the police moved inwards," Shouta answered.

"Hmm, that would be exactly where she would strike." Inari hummed. "Do you think she's already there?"

"We'll go through and see. If not, she will come before long." Shouta replied. All of her profiling said Amaterasu was an opportunist. But this was as much a test as it was an opportunity. She needed to see if these villains had eyes in other places. She wanted to know just how much they got to see. Hitting the evacuation path they had taken could have been explained away as watching possible escape routes.

But Shouta wanted to be sure.

"Hey hey!" A voice cut through her earpiece. "Got you a present."

"Thought you were heading to the hospital." Shouta scoffed at Hizashi.

"Well yeah, but Chief Sugaru gave us something on the way." Hizashi said. "Where you at?"

She detailed a location a few blocks away and met the dark car as it pulled up with Onmyoji and Hizashi within. She took the offered cuffs. "How did he get these?"

"I know, usually Tartarus transport has them. But he has contacts." Hizashi lifted a brow at her and she nodded. She'd take any advantage they could get. "Catch you later."

"Hmm," Shouta shared a pleased smirk with him. There was a reason he'd been a member of the big three in their third year. And it was when he became unpredictable. Giving her these cuffs, that was unpredictable.

The car sidled off and when she slunk her way back to the shopping arcade Inari was there. "So how are we getting in if we're going stealth?" Inari asked.

"I can pick it." Shouta knelt down and fished some tools from a pouch to get through the lock. Once the door was open they slipped in and moved through the shadows. Shouta scaled up onto the roofs of each little shop. Inari pressed something on her wrist and she faded into a pixelated invisibility. Some support gear was crazy. "Let me know if you see anything."

"You too." Inari urged. And they moved into the shopping arcade.
Chapter Summary

Shouta goes on the offensive.

Chapter Notes

An apology for this late update. My whole family showed up for a surprise visit. It's not even close to Christmas yet why did everyone decide it was time to hang out? Totally derailed all of the plans yesterday. So I didn't get to edit until this morning.

I love the visit, but in between changing the kids schedule so he can shift totally off of bottles, and trying to get everything in order on here and for Christmas shopping... I have a new hate for December.

The arcade space was quiet. Many stalls were in disarray. Like the people here left the moment the quakes and tornadoes hit. Shouta found herself looking into a stall with a hole in the ceiling. Clothing and shoes lining its interior. Just the kind of place she was going to use as bait.

Inari stopped inside what used to be a jewelry shop. "Nothing has been looted yet." The fox hero whispered. "You truly found a gem."

"Let's keep going, but listen for any movement." Shouta replied and they moved back into the shadows. Shouta listened intently and nearly an hour passed before something happened.

"Ooh! Finally!" A bright excited voice called out. Inari slipped to where Shouta was. One of her tails vanished and she shifted down into her tiny fox body.

"I'm going in from above. If you can put these cuffs on her that would be great. I'll erase her quirk so she can't escape." Shouta handed the cuffs to the fox and they split off. Shouta raced silently through the shopping arcade.

Shouta crouched behind a fallen sign when she saw Amaterasu for the first time. No costume like some villains got from the black markets. She was actually stripped down to her underwear. She had picked up a dress to slip on.

Shouta saw Inari's glinting eyes and felt the confusion. Was there anyone else here? Shouta lifted her phone and was glad she'd lowered the lighting on it before hand. A quick text to Hizashi just in case, and Shouta was ready.

Grabbing one of her hands, Shouta vaulted the sign and lashed Amaterasu's hands together. Which effectively trapped the dress over her head. Inari swept in just as orbs of light bloomed in the air. A forest path started to bleed onto the ground when Shouta activated her quirk. It vanished instantly.

Shouta yanked Amaterasu off her feet and Inari transformed in that instant. The cuffs fell on the
villain's wrists and Shouta blinked. "What the fuck?!"

Shouta walked over and guided her scarf into a complex restraint that added to the cuffs' effectiveness. This way she couldn't physically fight. But as Shouta took in the sight of the nearly naked woman, there wasn't any fight to be had.

She was extremely skinny, the signs of cosmetic surgery were apparent in some places. Places that told Shouta this skinny female used to be a bit on the larger side. Shouta wondered how much of her was even close to her original self?

"Get her things. We need to get out of here fast." Shouta said. She turned and hefted the shrieking villain onto her shoulder. They moved through the shopping area.

Shouta was relieved to see Hizashi and Onmyoji waiting. They piled into the car with their covered up villain tossed into the trunk.

"What on earth?!" Onmyoji exclaimed from the passenger seat.

"Less talk more escape." Shouta glared. "I don't know if she was alone."

"Don't worry about it." Hizashi snorted and blasted the car forward. "So, chance grab?"

"Yeah, I'm gonna need interrogation space." Shouta said and kept an eye out around the car. Hizashi was moving quickly, and before long they pulled up into the agency's drive. Shouta made note of it.

Inari jumped out and hauled their captive into the agency. They didn't linger on the surface level, they crossed down into a sub level with holding rooms. Shouta yanked a chair from the corner and flipped it around for Inari to drop their captive.

Shouta yanked the dress free from Amaterasu's head. Bright glaring yellow eyes flashed when she was free. "You've made a big fucking mistake."

"Hmm, I think you did." Inari chuckled and lifted a kimono sleeve up to her mask. "You've never been so sloppy before."

"I wasn't sloppy!" Amaterasu hissed.

"I think so." Shouta shuffled forward. "Why didn't you set off another reaction today?"

"As if I'd tell you." Amaterasu sneered.

"Very well, I hope you don't mind." Shouta curled a foot up to kick Amaterasu in the chest hard enough to topple her off the chair. She heard Hizashi's boots as she crossed over to dig her fingers into Amaterasu's hair. "You want to answer yet?"

"My brother is going to make you bleed-," Amaterasu hissed, Shouta smashed her face into the ground once and then twice. "-Before he fucks you to death!"

Her sick cackle only served to irritate Shouta. So she smashed the pretty face into the ground again. "Oops, was that your nose?"

"You bitch!" Amaterasu shrieked and thrashed despite her bound state.

"You tell me what I want to know and I'll set it nice and pretty for you." Shouta breathed. "Lie, and it'll be your cheeks next."
"You're bluffing." Amaterasu challenged warily.

"Oh?" Shouta looked up to see Hizashi was exuding a commanding presence and Inari had joined to keep Onmyoji back. Had he tried to intervene? No wonder they had never caught any of these villains before. God help those bleeding heart heroes. "Very well."

Shouta smashed the woman's face back into the ground and blood snared across the tiles. "I see you got your nails done. How long do you think it'll take them to grow back in when I tear them all out?"

Shouta fished her multitool out and flicked out the pliers. She angled it down so Amaterasu's face was pressed hard to the ground where she could see her own fingers. Shouta watched her try to curl them up. Shouta just adjusted one leg so she could press her boot into a palm forcing the fingers out. Shouta grabbed the bright pink middle nail on Amaterasu's left hand.

"Wait wait!" She hissed. "The device can only be used three times before it needs a cool down!"

"How did you find that out?" Shouta demanded.

"We tried to use it today and it wouldn't budge. It's flashing red." Amaterasu rambled quickly. Shouta twisted the nail a bit to make sure the woman kept talking.

"What's the point of all this?" Shouta asked "You all went to a lot of trouble just to cut off a city."

"We're looking for someone!" Amaterasu cried out. Shouta released the nail.

"The buildings you extorted?" Shouta urged

"Hideouts to use in the city. The others all stay there, but we stay in our base." Amaterasu explained.

"Where is your base?" Shouta asked.

"On Mount hiei. But we've been moving to throw you idiots off." Amaterasu groaned. "Come on, get off my face!"

"Who are you looking for?" Shouta snarled.

"Oh man, you don't even know?!" Amaterasu gasped. "He's still ahead?!"

"If Izanagi is looking for someone, cutting off Kyoto, getting access to this device to do so, and getting access to the city funds in this frozen state...This is a ransom demand." Shouta said in a deadpan voice. She'd had a suspicion. "Have you made demands?"

"Oh, we did more than make demands Sugaru knows all about that." Amaterasu giggled. "Susanoo is gonna get mad if you don't let me go."

"I don't give a shit about that." Shouta got up and yanked her phone free to make a call. She didn't want to call anyone in but she didn't give a single shit about what Itako thought. "Hey, this is Eraser, I need a favor. Can you come to the Onmyoji agency in Kyoto?"

She got a tired affirmative and Shouta hung up to send exact coordinates. A second later a woman in a white spandex body suit popped out of thin air. She tossed a long lilac ponytail over her shoulder and glared with glowing white eyes. "What did you need Eraser?"

"I need you to take this villain to Tartarus right now." Shouta hadn't wanted to call in this card. But
here she was using it to avoid Amaterasu getting away or getting taken back.

"Who do you have?" Janpu, the teleporting hero, asked.

"Amaterasu, she can create spacial pathways. Similar to warping or teleporting only is lifmke a road." Shouta explained. "One of a four man villain group."

"You owe me Eraser." Janpu smirked. "She need medical assistance?"

"Yeah, have them set her nose for her." Shouta shot the villain a razor sharp smirk. "Oh one more question. I'm sure Izanagi knew just what device to steal. How long is the cool down?"

"He said three days for three disasters." Amaterasu sighed. "You're really arresting me? I can pay you not to take me to Tartarus. I won't make it in Tartarus."

"Hovey, I'm a hero." Janpu smiled and picked the villain up. "I don't take bribes."

Shouta watched them vanish instantly. Shouta held up a hand the moment Onmyoji stared to talk. Sure enough a few seconds later, she got the confirmation from Janpu that Amaterasu was in custody.

"Go pick up Chief Sugaru." Shouta growled. She hadn't wanted to believe he'd been more complicit. Whether he'd given them the cuffs on purpose or not, he knew about the random demand. And she wasn't playing around. Shouta looked up at Hizashi as Onmyoji nodded and walked out.

"Chief Sugaru was the only person who knew about the evacuation plan outside of our agency." Inari gritted out.

"He might be reporting to them under duress." Hizashi suggested.

"Doesn't matter, he had his chance to report to me. He chose to withhold that information. He chose to report our plan to them. Susanoo tried to kill us." Shouta clenched he fists and radiated with her inner wrath. "I don't take kindly to being fucked over. And that's all that's happened since this case started in Musutafu."

Hizashi walked over and cupped her shoulder. She looked at him and he nodded. "You were always the tactition. I'm more of a leader in the middle of a fight. Tell me what you want me to do?"

"I want to fucking scare him." Shouta snarled angrily. "We don't have the luxury of waiting now. We just took away their escape path. We only have two days to find them before another disaster hits. Do you think this town is going to make it through another one?"

"It will not survive with more damage and stalled business." Inari sighed. "We were fortunate you decided to help. I'd be chasing my tails over this."

"Thank us when we've put a stop to their plans and captured them." Shouta scowled. She shared a long look with Hizashi and he nodded with his own scowl deepening.

For all Agent Kurusu had become corrupt for his own revenge, he was the only person in power that she'd met like that. He had still helped in the investigation, completed his tasks, it was only after everyone was distracted that he'd killed every last one of the villain group he was after. Chief Sugaru had actively gotten in the way. Even while helping. Shouta wanted to know why.
Consequences And Actions

Chapter Summary

Answers are given and Shouta makes a hard decision

Chapter Notes

Thank you for the comments. :3

Guys...we're gonna see Shinsou team up with class 1-B next. I'm actually excited, I love Midoriya, but I kinda want my purple troll to get another win. A win he's proud of. He deserves it!

Hizashi expected opposition. But not to the scale that he, an outsider, needed to be called in. He left Shouta to bring Inari up to speed with Itako joining in. One of the other heroes had called because Onmyoji wasn't convincing enough.

When he got to the station house they were using as a headquarters locaion, he saw why. Onmyoji had not revealed a thing, which was smart. And the other officers were resistant to letting their commanding officer just leave. In a crisis situation, this was totally understandable.

But their commanding officer was a traitor. And Hizashi needed to get him somewhere Shouta could interrogate him. Onmyoji was a bleeding heart, he honestly reminded Hizashi of All Might. Only, All Might did what needed to be done. His presence alone scared the guilty shitless.

"Yo! What's goin' on in here?!!" Hizashi projected loudly and obnoxiously. Very Present Mic. "Eraserhead has some info for the chief on possible sightings of Amaterasu."

"Everyone, it's alright. We can't risk leaks." Chief Sugaru said. Really? Hizashi looked at the older man with a crown of thorns growing from his head. What kind of quirk caused a mutation like that?

An argument started up, and Hizashi got it. Many of these officers were hanging on by a thread. Loss was apparent in their faces. Protecting what was left of the population in this city was their only handhold in this storm. Their commanding officer was someone to lean on.

"Who's next in command?" Hizashi asked the Chief seriously. It didn't matter if this man was their savior, their leader. He'd most likely leaked the evacuation mission to the villains. That put civilians and his friends at risk. That put the woman he loved at risk. Shouta was his handhold in the storm. And together, they were Hitoshi's. He didn't take kindly to anything getting in the way of that.

"I-I am." An officer in plainclothes said from near the offices.

"Good, you're in charge." Hizashi stepped forward and the Chief nodded to his men. "Let's go."
"Appreciation, Present Mic." Onmyoji inclined his regal head.

"Anything to get this over faster." Hizashi huffed. This operation was getting worse by the day, and he didn't like it at all.

With more fuss than was necessary they were finally heading back to the agency. Once inside the staff gave Chief Sugaru a wide berth. They entered the interrogation room and left him there. Onmyoji hadn't liked it, but Shouta had given out explicit instructions. Once in the viewing room, Shouta breezed past both of them and entered the room alone.

"Oh, Eraserhead." The Chief looked up calmly. "Good to see you again."

"Hmm," She tilted her head and all the hair on Hizashi's body stood on end.

He loved his sleepy, cranky, girlfriend more than anyone save their son. He even loved how fierce she was in a fight, he wanted no one else at his back. But there was a part of her he knew wasn't his to touch. And that part of her was born from her training with Shade, it was fostered and given growth by Vanisher. That part of her was what made criminals falter at just the sight of her.

If there was a hero that rivaled All Might in sheer intimidation, it was her. The underground community respected her immensely, revered her skill and fear factor. These were the things that made Eraserhead a legend in their neck of the woods. A terror filled whisper that shuddered through the criminal world. That was who had entered that interrogation room. Inari had leaned forward and Onmyoji had tensed up. "Is she-?"

"Don't interfere." Hizashi said sternly. He had not liked getting between anyone who thought to get in her way, but he'd do it a thousand times. He trusted her always. Everyone else just needed to get with the program. "I'll make you regret it."

At that exact moment Shouta's scarf lashed out from both ends of it. She dragged the Chief to her feet where he crumpled in abject horror. "You set me up to die." She growled out low and dark. "You're feeding them information."

"I'm sorry!" He gasped and looked ready to start groveling at her feet. This was the Chief of Police in Kyoto. It wouldn't take much to break him. Izanagi and his villains had already laid the groundwork.

"There were dozens of citizens with me that day. My partner, and even friends I've known for years. And you were just going to let us drown in a flood." Shouta snarled. "You sent cuffs to me after, why?"

"You survived!" Sugaru blurted. "I knew if you survived Susanoo, you might be able to survive it all. You might be able to do what our heroes can't."

"Do you have any idea what I do? I'm an underground hero." Shouta hissed. "Everything in my career depends on the police being public paragons. You're the second person in a public defense position who has proven utterly corrupt."

"I'm so sorry, but my children-!" He urged.

"How many children died in this city?!" Shouta reared back and punched him across the jaw. "How many people have you let die because you didn't come forward?"

Sugaru devolved into sobbing and Shouta tipped her head back and inhaled deeply. Hizashi balled his fists as he watched her fight for control. He knew when he would need to step in, he always
knew when he would need to step in. They had never reached that point.

"What was the ransom you brokered?" Shouta pressed. "That's why they laid the groundwork, and set this all up. The buildings, to hide his villain army. The city's bank account; to prevent monetary appeasement, and to stall rebuilding. You, to give him access to Tartaros employees so he could steal a device that could level Kyoto. But also because you have connections. Who do you have connections to?"

"I can't- he'll kill me. She'll kill my family." Sugaru whined from the ground. Shouta shoved him onto his back with her boot planted on his chest. She glared down at him with eyes that began to glow with the red of her quirk.

"Do you honestly think he won't kill them anyways?" Shouta hissed. "Do you honestly believe this will all end when their demands are met?"

"No, no, he swore!" Sugaru argued. Shouta released him and turned.

"Then I just let you go, and he thinks you told me anyways." Shouta scoffed. "Irrationality is the most annoying thing in the world."

As she started for the door Sugaru scrambled for her boots. "Wait! Wait! Please, I can't- they'll kill them!"

"Who did you speak to?" Shouta growled.

"The mayor, who talked to the government." Sugaru sobbed against her jumpsuit leg. "They were looking for someone, their son who was taken before they became villains."

"Why all of this?" Shouta demanded.

"They wanted him brought here." Sugaru explained. "They want him brought back to them."

"How old would he be now?" Shouta asked.

"Seventeen, I think." Sugaru choked out. "I haven't gotten confirmation yet."

"You're going to spend the rest of the day here, and when I come back you're going to do everything I say. If you go against me, I'm going to leave you to them." Shouta said and shook him off before she walked out.

"Present Mic-?" Onmyoji looked at him in shock.

"Do as she says. When I come back I'll know more about the new plan." Hizashi shrugged but left the room to see Shouta power walking back to the ryokan part of the agency. He followed her and winced at the bright dawn light that was streaming through the buildings. Once in their room he took his Directional Speaker off and smoothed his hands across her shoulders. He waited until she relaxed a fraction before he pulled her scarf off.

Shouta looked at him as they entered the closed up and lit up room. "Zashi-..."

"I'm here babe." He pulled his sunglasses off and tossed them at his bag and shrugged out of his jacket. "Tell me what you're thinking?"

He waited until she toed off her boots and dropped her utility belt. He kicked his own off, watching every bit of movement from her. Something he had to become used to, something he was
already good at, it was just training himself to master every single tell she had. In turn he knew she had done the same with him. In the few times he had managed to fall just as far down as her, she had been there to bring him back up.

Hizashi needed her quiet solidity. He needed this trainwreck of a human being when she was a civilian to bring himself back. Taking care of her, and in turn seeing her let him, helped. But this wasn't that moment. Right now she needed him at his loudest, she needed him to drown out all the doubts, all the anger in her head. He could do that.

"We walked into a fucking mess." She snarled. "A whole city held captive because of two unfit parents."

"Well, as shitty as they went about it, and as shitty as they are... I can't say I don't understand." He admitted and she looked at him sharply. He met that gaze seriously. They would burn the world down for Shinsou Hitoshi and they both knew it. "But I wouldn't become a criminal over it."

"We're so far behind because that asshole set us up to fucking die. We got so lucky, so lucky." She angrily started to rip her jumpsuit off and flung it across the room in a fit of rage. "I'm afraid of what I'm going to have to do to get us out of this."

"I trust you babe." Hizashi stalked her and took off his leather pants. Shouta tilted a heated look his way, hungry in a way she didn't often let herself show. But he could always pick it out. "Use me how you need."

"You won't like it." She glared at him seriously. "I don't like it."

"That you even have a plan going on in there tells me everything I need to know." Hizashi crossed to her, and her eyes trailed up to his hair. He took her hands and started for the bathroom. They stumbled into the shower area and stripped each other as the onsen bath billowed steam into the room.

Shouta looked at him as she wound her hair up into a bun. He followed suit after treating his hair with leave in conditioner. He drew her against him as they sank into the water. Hizashi ran his hands up her side, tracing the curves defined by muscle and scars.

"Shouta, you're so beautiful." He breathed and tipped his head down to kiss her. She let him tip her head back in a mirror of the way she had in the interrogation room. "Love you."

She didn't answer, and he didn't want her to. Instead he battled her tongue with his and endeavored to wipe away her anger if only for the time they were together. Give her peace before she did what needed to be done. That was all heroes could ever offer each other. But it was good, it was all they ever needed. This was something only she could give him, and something only he could give her.

Hizashi sat down in the water and drew her into his lap. She broke for air and was suddenly looking down at him as hot water surrounded them. He was pleased he'd chosen the side of the bath with the wall behind him, because it helped him lift her up enough to get her knees over the lip of the bath. She grabbed the shelf above them and he looked up from between her legs. Their eyes met and he gave her the saucy smirk he knew she wanted.

He leaned down to delve his tongue along her core. The soft folds parted with his tongue and he wrapped his hands around her thighs so he could curve his fingers back to cup her ass and draw her into his mouth. She tossed her head back again and he smirked. He lamented that they had just washed down, her natural taste was muted after a shower, but that was alright. He swirled his tongue from within her to press against her clit.
His head swam as hot want spiraled down to his gut when he felt her hips buck into his face. He grabbed her ass tight and urged her to take what she wanted from him. He was here for her forever and always. Even if it was in a sexual sense.

Shouta let out a breathy cry as he fucked her with his tongue. She started to move, angling her hips in so that he met her with grinding drags of his teeth on her clit and delving motions of his tongue. And goddamn was it a sight to look up and see her eyes closed and cheeks flushed. Feeling her ride his face was even better.

He was so fucking in love it was painful. He pulled her away and sucked in a breath, she looked down and he pulled himself up between her and the wall. She widened her legs but he kept his grip on her as he pulled himself up in such a way that he thrust right up into her without even looking.

He’d never be that smooth again.

She kept her grip on the wall and they met in a clash of mouths and tongue. Her moan was the music he needed to breathe. When she moved and he guided her his head swam. It was already heaven to be inside her, he’d forever be thankful she deigned to be his. He lifted one hand to cup her face as they moved together. Onsen's were so useful, so many footholds.

"God, I fucking love you." He breathed. "You always have me, and I've got you too."

"Zashi-..." Shouta panted as her head fell back and he pressed open filthy kisses to her jugular. Later, if she said yes, his ring would hang from this neck. This neck that it seemed, only he got to see. The wave of possessive heat that flashed in him rivaled the fire that was surging in his blood.

"Feel so good Shouta," He groaned and dropped one hand to give himself enough leverage to drive his hips up into her bouncing ones. She cried out loudly and he bit his lip. "That's right baby, come back to me. All the way."

She let go of her hold on the wall to sink her fingers into the muscles of his shoulders. Her grip was tight, and he let the bruising grip fuel his pleasure and make him burn brighter under her. "Zashi, love you."

Her sobbing voice was almost his undoing. She was back, and he smirked as he tipped his head up, their eyes met with a gentleness the heat between them had built up. He was so unworthy of this perfect woman. How was he ever going to build up the balls to ask her to marry him?

Their foreheads met as her pace turned frantic, jerky, nearly feral as she sought her orgasm. He grabbed her ass and jerked her hard onto him and ground his cock deep inside her. She cried out and he ate the desperate gasps that spilled from her lips. They sank into him and his balls jumped before he was cumming as well.

Their twin moans of ecstasy was the kind of thing he loved most about them. Their kiss slowed, less sloppy, less frantic until Shouta pecked his lips one last time. He reached out for the cloth he'd left beside the bath and adjusted them so they were just outside the bath. Shouta slipped off of him and he steadied her while she found her feet. He wiped off and she spent a moment cleaning up before they climbed back into the still hot water.

Shouta curled up in his lap and settled her head under his chin. "I'm going to have to go completely off the grid for this mission. I think I'm going to leave tonight and not come back until we've caught them."

"Risky." He breathed. But there were merits to the way she did things. The problem was that as
long as she was with them, she was in the middle of the flashiest group in the city. Not conductive to the way underground heroes worked.

"Izanagi has been at least three to five moves ahead of us this whole time." Shouta sighed. "I need to be a shadow to catch up, I need surveillance fine by own hands. I have to see for myself what they're doing, especially since I took one of their pieces off the board."

"Promise me you'll be careful." He demanded.

"I'll do my best." She said and he nodded, that was all they could truly offer each other. "I'll lead us from the shadows, he needs to be looking at you and Onmyoji."

"I'll make him see us." Hizashi nodded. The brighter he shined, the wider the shadows became for her to work within. "Use us how you need. I'll make it happen."

"I don't deserve you Hizashi." She breathed and tipped her head over to kiss him. He shook his head because that was his line. But she didn't let him respond. Instead she kissed him stupid and settled back into the bath.

"Are you out of your mind?" Shino hissed as she planted her hands on her waist and her tail lashed angrily. "You're just going to up and take off into their shit?"

"We're not making progress this way." Shouta said as she adjusted the pack Hizashi handed her. He smirked at his friends as they worried anxiously. "I'm going to get us what we need. I'll relay what to do when it's time to strike."

"How long will you be gone?" Ryuko asked with a wary frown.

"As long as I need to be." Shouta replied.

"But we were having fun together!" Tomoko whined.

"Please take care of yourself." Chatora huffed.

"I'll be fine." Shouta scoffed. "You're all acting like I'm a rookie."

"Still, be careful babe." He cut in and she looked at him. Her exasperated look softened before it became hard and determined. "I got this here."

"I know you do." Shouta nodded, she reached up and patted his jaw affectionately. He nodded back and she smirked. "I trust Inari, she get's it. If I can't get back to you, I'll send information through her. Pick a location no one is watching and I'll meet her there."

"You got it." Hizashi put his sunglasses on and fit seemlessly back into his Present Mic persona. "You need any help, you hit the emergency call button."

"I will." She inclined her head and slung the bag onto her back. "Let the Chief go like you helped him. Make it very vocal that you were so glad to be able to share information with him. That you're so relieved you made it out of the flood and hope to help him with anything he needs."

"It'll be done loud and proud." Hizashi nodded and she took a long look at them all.
"Don't die any of you. Hopefully, I can figure out how to get them all at once, or at least create moments for you to capture the others." Shouta urged. "As of right now, we're not chasing our tails anymore. We've got exactly two days before the device goes back online. I want to be ready before then. The first job is to take the device from them. After that, they're just powerful criminals. We can beat them."

Everyone nodded and Shouta left the banquet room. Hizashi stayed still even as worry froze his stomach. He stayed put as the others fretted silently. Onmyoji knocked on the door. "It is approaching afternoon, what is the-, oh where is Eraserhead?"

"She's got boots on the ground." Hizashi turned, he reached out to clap the powerful hero on the shoulder. "Let me tell you what the next step is going to be. We need to follow it to the letter."
Laying The Groundwork

Chapter Summary

Eraserhead enters the game

Chapter Notes

Thank you for the comments guys ;3 I was delighted to see them. But apologies in advance, it's about to get a little dark. But considering I've done this before it's nothing new. lol.

The late afternoon sun cast long dark shadows along the deserted streets as Shouta came upon the ryokan on her list. It was old, in a less affluent neighborhood. She could see that, before the different disasters hit, this area was in the middle of restoration. It was older, with lots of historical elements, but a modern touch was edging into it. The old ryokan was exactly three floors, with a destroyed rock garden in the back.

Shouta tucked her face into her scarf as she perched in the shade of an apartment window to watch the building. So far, villains looting the area were coming and going quickly. They pretty much had it made with all the abandoned storefronts, and emptied out apartments. Considering what she knew about Chief Sugaru, the other locations might be in a similar state. The police presence was gone, it might as well be a criminal's playground out here.

Shouta scoffed at how brazen these criminals were. This kind of shit wouldn't fly in her patrol area. And she had six hours before she would move to the next location. Shouta needed to play this right, she wanted to sneak inside and get a look at the interior. She could wait to pick them all up for looting, there were more pressing issues.

Instead she spent three of her six hours taking pictures of the looters. Making sure to get their faces and what they were taking in. She sent all of the photos off to Hizashi and got up from her perch to slink to the building itself.

That was when a pair of screams filled the air. Shouta twisted on her feet and was moving before she'd made a decision to do so. She thanked her extensive training and instincts to at least keep her hidden as she slipped into the abandoned apartment building and down to the fourth floor.

She saw at least three thugs dragging two women out into the hall. Clothing ripped on the women, laughs and jeers coming from the men. Shouta felt a growl tearing up her throat. She raced in, her hand diving into her scarf and lashing the hands clasped on the women. Shouta flipped over their arms and yanked down as soon as she landed. Her deep crouch threw them off balance and she used that to drive her fist into a pressure point on one man's neck. She lunged into a standing position and kneed the other guy in his face.

She released them and turned to the last criminal. He lifted a crowbar and she felt her eyes narrow dangerously. She threw her arm out and her scarf snatched him by the head. She wound her hand
up in the band and jerked violently. He smashed into the wall and slumped, knocked out. Shouta scowled down at them. Too fast for them to have even thought of using their quirks.

She rolled her shoulders and turned to the women as they huddled together. "Why are you here, why didn't you evacuate?" Shouta asked.

"W-We thought we'd be okay." The one with cotton candy pink hair shivered, she was totally shaken by the whole situation.

"T-They said they were going to give us to Susanoo!" The other woman, with dark brown hair sobbed.

"You need to get to an evacuation center, the closest one is near the market. Get there, I'll make sure you get out of the neighborhood." Shouta led them out of the building through a side entrance and they sprinted off like they were on fire. Shouta scowled, she'd have to save infiltration for later. She'd been seen.

Slipping back to her perch to collect her bag she took off into the setting sun. The darker it got the better her chances were. She made it to a side street with the storefront on it. It was a small convenience store, boasting of fresh products. It seemed that the architect had just taken over property rights. Shouta glared as she circled the block and saw no less than five sentries on the streets. They acted like gang members.

She dropped down into the alleyway, perched on the railing of a fire escape. She was amused that all of the security lights were down on the building. She slipped to the fire escape above the store and eased open a window. She didn't see any traps and frowned in judgement. Honestly.

She made it into the small apartment above and made note of all of the stolen stuff in the apartment. She slipped room to room and found no one inside. Perhaps they were all on the ground level? As she neared the stairs she heard voices. Shouta jumped up to the top of the stairwell and braced hands and feet on either side of the walls. As concealed in shadow as she was, the two men that walked up breezed right past her eating candy and food from the store below.

Cocky.

Shouta dropped to the floor and passed down the stairs. She came out to a hallway that led into the coolers. She frowned when she saw the blood trail and slipped inside, the smell was horrid. Not only was rotten food filling the warmed space, but two bodies lay crumpled in the corner of the cooler.

Shouta drew close and took pictures of the dead man and woman. Their bodies were bloated and horribly battered. "Sorry." Shouta mumbled. "This is on us heroes."

She looked through the glass doors and spent a moment taking a few shelves out to slip out of the cooler doors. No one was left on the ground level and that told her that if Izanagi or his team had come here, they hadn't stayed long. No, this wasn't in their pattern. These deaths were on these low level villains. Shouta slunk around the building and snapped covert pictures of each criminal. She even managed to leave out of the front doors with no one the wiser.

To say she wasn't impressed by them was an understatement. She spent another hour picking her way around to get good pictures of the rest of the criminals in the area. Timing each photo for maximum light from the flood lights that ran on the city's back up energy grid. This was one of the streets that had at least that much left.
Once finished she made her way to a neutral zone to eat and send all of her new information to Hizashi. He texted her back with an emoji of a thumbs up. She was glad she’d said she’d need time to formulate a plan. So far the plan would be to hit every location, one after another and flush them back to Mount Hiei. That was the base of operations. But Shouta wasn’t sure just where they were. To find it... Shouta wasn’t too pleased with how she was going to have to do it.

Shouta spent a few moments inhaling a caffeine pouch and looking up at the night sky. The plan forming in her mind was risky, too risky. Considering what she knew so far, she was going to be relying on a lot to get it to work. Shouta crumpled the pouch and nudged her goggles up onto her face before she took off for the last location the villains were staying.

The warehouse was in the more updated downtown area. A dead zone really, too many shadows and no cops what so ever. Shouta slipped right in unnoticed by the larger gathering of villains. She made note of some faces from the files she’d been given. She took pictures to confirm the sightings. The warehouse was harder to get into. So many of them were there. But as she finally saw an opening and once she slipped into the warehouse via the roof access, she had to improvise. Once inside she had to slip from shadow to shadow to avoid the patrols. She finally just had to take to the rafters. Once out of the office area she looked out across the large open building. They were squatting here for sure. Alcohol and food was everywhere. Signs of destructive quirk use was all over the machines and conveyor belts. Some were using the abandoned pallets for makeshift beds. Luckily, there were no other prisoners.

If they were going to bring those girls to Susanoo, and he wasn't at either of the locations she had gotten into, did that mean he frequented the ryokan? Shouta huffed in thought, she took pictures of the piles of merchandise and stolen things. She took pictures of as many villains and criminals as she could before she slipped through the patrols to escape.

It had been productive, but she couldn't be seen in these areas now. Not until it was time to coordinate attacks. It wouldn't be long before the men she'd knocked out would have everyone on alert. She'd just been faster.

She was surprised they weren't on alert already, not with Amaterasu out of commission. Or, did they not know yet? If they had no idea yet, she had managed to change the game. That was their edge. Now she just needed to hone it for deadly precision.

The safe place the mayor and her family were stationed at, with other high ranking members of the city's government, was woefully easy to get into. Though Shouta was totally prepared to flash her ID if necessary. She still made it into the office through the window and startled the mayor where she sat.

Hanamatsu Ayame ended her phone call and looked at Shouta. "Who are you?"

"Eraserhead, ma'am." Shouta said simply and closed the window. "Sorry for sneaking through, but I'm not sure about just who talks to Izanagi."

"You're a hero?" The severe looking woman demanded. Shouta nodded and flashed her ID accordingly. The woman relaxed. "There are three people watching all of us that speaks to Chief Sugaru, and he's speaking to Izanagi."
"Why didn't you strip him of power when he brokered the deal?" Shouta asked as she walked around the room with a trained eye for any bugs planted. She found none, sloppy of the villains.

"They threatened to set the city on fire. With all this death and destruction, I took the deal." Mayor Hanamatsu sighed and pinched the bridge of her nose. "They've always been a problem, but this- this is devastating."

"It is, tell me, has the government gotten back to you?" Shouta asked. She took the plush seat facing the desk.

"They found the child, he was taken away when he was about six. Some kind of fire user." The woman sighed. "He's not even a heroics student. But he's still a student. It's not ethical to bring a child into this situation. I was told he was adopted into a caring family."

"Then don't bring him, bring a fake." Shouta suggested.

"A fake?" Mayor Hanamatsu asked.

"There's an agent with a doppleganger quirk in the Department of International Crime Suppression. I've worked with their department a few times. Agent Miko can do it. She's the safe route." Shouta said. "This whole mess is because they want their kid back?"

"Izamami wants her son back." The mayor corrected. "Izanagi didn't seem like he truly cared. He was just doing as she wanted. As the plan is, Izanami will be the one doing the hand off. Amaterasu is going to be her way out."

"Yeah, that's not happening." Shouta snorted.

"Why?" The mayor looked over sharply.

"I captured Amaterasu early this morning and had her teleported to Tartarus." Shouta explained and the mayor's eyes widened in shock.

"You captured and got rid of one of them?!" She shot to her feet and Shouta nodded into her scarf. "Agent Miko you said?"

"Yeah, here's my phone number, tell no one of this new plan. As far as anyone knows it's going how Izanagi brokered." Shouta warned. "Lives depend on this. There's only a little over a day left before the device powers back up. You'll be able to answer them once you talk to Agent Miko. She'll be ready probably right as the device comes back online."

"Are you going to get them all in one go?" The mayor asked.

"No, that would be overplaying our hand. It'll go fine, right up until the hand off when they realize we have the wrong person. When they do realize, they'll attack and run away. The point is to steal back the device." Shouta explained. "Once we have the device they'll scatter to the areas I canvassed today. When they do flee, I'll coordinate attacks on each location. Driving Izanagi, Izanami, and Susanoo to their main base of operations. Where my team will take them down."

"And you're sure this will work?" The mayor asked. Shouta hummed thoughtfully.

"No," Shouta answered truthfully. "Izanagi is about the closest thing to a genius that I've come across. He won't anticipate anything if you give nothing away. But he'll be prepared. It'll be about timing. The exact moment I can get that device from him. I've planned my attack many moves ahead, but it can all go wrong in a second."
"You have my support, taking them down will save this city." The mayor looked at her with emotion in her eyes. "This is the worst crisis this city has ever faced. But...you're helping us. We desperately need it."

"Then you'll have it." Shouta tapped her finger on the card with her number on it. She met the mayor's gaze meaningfully and nodded before she got up to slink off into the night.

She needed to regroup, continue her surveillance, and relay the plan to her friends. She also thought maybe she should speak directly to Itako. Any future sight quirk was an asset, but only if Itako could speak about what she saw.
Shouta finally gets a good look at the villains behind the Kyoto Disaster.

It was well into the last day of the service coming down, when Shouta finally got a glimpse of the villains. With them came an angry backlash due to Amaterasu's disappearance. It was a prime time to be gathering intel. The villains finally stepped out of the shadows.

At the convenience store Shouta saw Izanagi taking control of his looting men. It was this sighting that had Shouta being extra careful. As it stood he had no idea that she was watching them. Not if everything was playing as she'd planned it. She needed to keep it that way.

At the old ryokan Susanoo was in a violent rage. He destroyed everything he could get his hands on. Including his own people. It seemed he did not take kindly to his sister being removed from the city. He was certainly taking it out on the criminals housed in this location.

But the linchpin to Shouta's while plan, was striding around the big warehouse like a queen holding court. Izanami looked a bit unhinged. One second she was regal and composed, the next she was attacking things with a purple glowing hand. The things she touched crumbled into debris the moment she touched them. Deteriorating to splinters or rust.

Shouta spent a while observing the woman. Shouta found the weakness to the entire operation. She'd suspected after speaking to the mayor but now she knew. It was honestly a little distasteful how Shouta was going to exploit this woman's emotions. But an entire city had suffered for this woman's selfishness. There was no time for Shouta to feel bad about her methods now.

What kept her from changing her plans was one simple thing. How many people had died? How many children were killed because this unhinged villain wanted to get her son back? Her son, who most likely needed to be taken from her. Looking at her violent tendencies and manic behavior, it was abundantly clear why he was removed.

This could have happened in Musutafu. This could have happened to Hitoshi. Shouta didn't want to think about how far she'd have gone to protect the boy who had become her son. How similar they might be in that regard.

Shouta pressed a hand to the scar on her abdomen. The reminder of exactly what she had sacrificed to protect the little boy before she even knew him. She didn't regret it, not even a moment of it. That alone meant this woman didn't care how many people she'd killed. Unhinged and desperate, the ideal pawn Shouta would need to tear this whole thing down.

Shouta left the building when a phone call shrieked through Izanami's phone. Shouta checked her own phone and saw a text from the mayor telling her the exchange was on. The next day they would be flying in the doppleganger. Shouta waited as the sun set and smirked when another text came through. The bait was taken.

Shouta streaked through the growing darkness. She found her friends leading another evacuation group out of the city. This time back towards the railway leading towards Tokyo. She observed for
a while, until the escorted vehicles left. Then her attention turned to Present Mic speaking to Onmyoji and Inari openly.

Shouta lifted a pebble from the roof of the shelter and lobbed it at her partner. He stiffened and begged off. She tracked him as he walked into an empty alleyway. He got out of sight before he looked around for her. She slung her scarf around a piece of a fire escape and repelled down.

As soon as her feet touched the ground she was swept up into the air by gloved palms. She lifted her hands to worm her finders around his speaker. Lips met in a mesh of heat and urgency. She breathed in Hizashi and bit his lip hard. She tangled her tongue with his and he groaned.

When they parted he's grabbed handfulls of her ass. He pressed her into the side of the building creating one wall of the alley. "Think you could make us any more scandalous?"

"Yes, I could have bent you over a car where the civilians could see us." He chuckled and pecked her lips again. "Could you imagine the headlines?"

"Hmm, if have to break up with you publicly." Shouta snorted. "How has it been?"

"Busy, the criminals are getting pretty bold with the people trying to get here and evacuate." Hizashi sighed tiredly. "The hospital staff is too worried of another tornado swarm to start air lifting the patients."

"That's going to be a problem." Shouta huffed. She slid her fingers up into the nape of his neck, toying with the hair gelled up there. "I have a plan. Tomorrow the mayor is flying in a doppelganger of Izanami's teenage son."

"Are we hitting that location?" He asked.

"No, you're going to hit the warehouse. I'll take Onmyoji with me to the hand off. I want to catch Izanami first if I can. She's got the most troublesome quirk." Shouta shook her head. She leaned in for another sucking kiss that reaffirmed all the emotions between them. "Inari and the others from the agency will hit the convenience store. But Tiger and Ragdoll should hit the ryokan, you'll be best there. We'll do it all at once then let Izanagi and Susanoo escape."

"Back to their base." Hizashi nodded.

"Yeah, but the real goal at the hand off, is to snag the device even if I can't get Izanami." Shouta explained. "The problem is, I don't know where the base is. There's no time to hike the whole damn mountain to find it."

"So what are you going to do?" Hizashi frowned. "Izanagi will notice a tracker if you try to plant one."

"I know," Shouta said. "That's why I'll be the tracker."

"Come again?" Hizashi scowled and let her go abruptly. Shouta landed on her feet with a half hearted scowl. "My girlfriend did not just tell me she plans to get taken hostage."

"I did and I am." Shouta ran her fingers over the flat tracker that was settled in the lining of her jumpsuit zipper. "I'll activate it the moment I'm taken. And you'll track me to their base."

"In the middle of a roundup raid?" Hizashi hissed at her. "How long are you going to last as their prisoner?"
"As long as it takes." Shouta said seriously. "I can last forever if I have to. You know that."

He clammed up and she hadn't wanted to bring up their joint torture T the hands of the Dogs of Destruction. The way she'd blown her quirk out so bad she couldn't use her eyes for two weeks. Of how he bit off his tongue to keep from using his quirk on her.

That torture session told them both exactly what their limits were. Exactly how much they could take, and what they couldn't. The multiple piercings now ask over his body attested to injuries he'd recieved. She knew he couldn't watch her get hurt again. It wasn't good for him.

"I trust that you'll come get me." Shouta placate. "I know you'll always come find me."

Hizashi scowled and let out a long angry groan, "Alright, fine!"

"Thank you Hizashi." Shouta smirked. They both knew Hizashi would burn the world to ash to find her. She also knew he couldn't deny her. "Go relay the plan. I have to go speak to Itako."

"Be careful, 'kay?" Hizashi glared down at her in worry. She cupped the side of his face and nodded. "I don't want to you get hurt."

"I'll do my best." Shouta said before she turned and ran up the wall to a fire escape that she could use to go up to the roof.

Itako seemed to be waiting for Shouta in the ryokan attached to the agency. The middle aged woman merely sipped her tea contemplatively. "Hello, Eraserhead."

"You knew I was coming." Shouta climbed down from the roof awning to settle at the edge of the open air hall. Itako shifted her seat and indicated another cup of tea.

"I've been waiting for this moment since I saw you coming to help." Itako smiled from beneath her blindfold. "You worry the plan will not work."

"Izanagi has been prepared for me at every turn." Shouta lifted the cup to drink.

"You've done well, very logical. That's why I told Inari to bring you." Itako smiled serenely. "We are a lighter force here in Kyoto. But you are used to such heavy levels of opposition. The criminal element you fight amasses in the darkness. You've met them at their level and done well."

"I wouldn't say that. I had help." Shouta said. "Is everything happening as you've predicted?"

"Yes." Itako answered simply. "I apologize for bringing you into all of this. If we were better this could have all been prevented."

"Is there anything I need to know, anything you can tell me?" Shouta asked. Itako stilled and looked at her hands with pursed lips.

"Wear layers." She said simply. "You will want to wear layers."

Shouta frowned. Did That mean the device would be activated before they could take it? A blizzard? Shouta chewed on that and huffed.
"Can you fight without your hands?" Itako asked randomly and Shouta frowned. Did this also mean she would be bound once captured? It was part of the plan, but there was always a chance they would underestimate her. Izanagi was arrogant enough.

"I can fight even if I'm completely restrained." Shouta said. She'd trained extensively after the American bust. Even more than she had as an intern sidekick.

"Good," Itako breathed shakily. "That's...good."

Honestly, as Shouta listened to that woman's tone. She didn't think that was what the woman meant at all.
It was nearing noon when Hizashi stepped up next to the Pussycats outside of a run down ryokan. Tiger and Ragdoll stood next to him. He knew Mandalay and Pixie-Bob had joined Itako and the other local heroes to protect the hospitals and other evacuation centers.

This could get out of hand, so it was an everyone kind of job. Especially if Shouta and Onmyoji failed to get the device away from the villains.

"Eraser always puts us to work doesn't she?" Ragdoll grinned as she stuck her tongue out.

"It's been that way since UA." Hizashi snorted with a smirk as he shifted his sunglasses up. "I kinda like it."

"You would." Tighe chuckled. "So, Mic, have you asked her yet?"

"Man, you all just get talking don't you?" Hizashi shook his head fondly. "Bunch of gossips the lot of you."

"I heard you used All Might to buy it." Ragdoll lifted her paws to her face and giggled into them.

"He deserved it." Hizashi huffed. After all the heat he'd gotten, the big lug deserved worse.

"I heard you used All Might to buy it." Ragdoll lifted her paws to her face and giggled into them.

"I saw the articles." Tiger nodded his head in commiseration. "Have you thought to stage a break up to seperate your civilian identities?"

"I have, and I plan to. Yamada Hizashi wants to marry Aizawa Shouta, Present Mic can fuck off." Hizashi smirked. "Well, that's assuming she says yes and doesn't look at me like I'm outta my mind."

"Oh she will." Tiger chuckled fondly. "But I think she'll say yes. I'll never forget the way you looked at her as a first year. The way you helped her with her eye drops. Or the way she relaxed for you in ways she didn't with any of us. You both have Hitoshi-chan as well."

"Oh hey, let's settle it now. How many of her things are you guys carrying at this moment?" Hizashi changed the conversation with a bright smirk.

This was a game they all played. More often than not, Tensei won. As strange as that fact was. Somehow Shouta snuck things into his gear while he was wearing it. She was such a ninja. But this time Chatora was here. He was the wild card. As the defacto walking purse for his gaggle of teammates, he ended up with more than anyone sometimes.

Ragdoll shifted around, patting her skirt and utility belt. "Oh, just a jelly pack."

Hizashi checked his own gear and was surprised that Shouta had managed to sneak a new bottle of eye drops into his jacket. He also unearthed two of her caffine packs. "Two caffine packs and a
bottle of eyedrops."

Chatora huffed with an amused smile. "Two jellys, one protein, and two bottles of painkillers."

"Woo! Tiger wins!" Ragdoll laughed and slapped his back a few times roughly.

"Way to go!" Hizashi shot finger guns at the taller hero. Chatora huffed and put everything meticulously back where Shouta had left them. None of them really had a problem with her silly tendencies. It was good to have the eyedrops just in case hers got destroyed or lost. And even better for the nutrition packs, who knew if they'd need them for rescues or even for themselves?

'Everyone, Eraser has eyes on the exchange. As soon as the villains arrive, we will begin assaults on their criminal hideouts. I've gotten word from the surrounding cities, they will be sending in reinforcements the moment the device is taken out of play.' Mandalay reported telepathically. The jovial air between Hizashi and the Pussycats fell into a calm silence. Switching right into hero mode like it was nothing.

They waited in silence and Hizashi waved to a few of the heroes and sidekicks who had joined them. They were to tighten the perimeter around this building, picking off the criminals who weren't in the building. Or the ones escaping. Shouta had thought of everything. She was a skilled tactician for sure.

Hizashi hoped Shouta's plan was enough. Because as soon as he finished here he was booking it straight for Mount Hiei. No way in hell was he going to just leave her there. He wanted to be there so he could spend little time tracking her gps signal. He knew he would need to be stealthy if he was going to do that, he could manage.

The gps signal wouldn't just go to his phone. It would go to all of their friends, Pussycats included. Two people awaiting back up was better than one. He liked her odds better if he was there to back her up.

'It's time, the Helicopter has landed and the villains are on the tarmac.' Mandalay spoke. 'Begin!'

Hizashi snorted and adjusted his speaker to encompass just the ryokan. He was going to short out every last communication device in that building.

"HELLO!" He yelled and arched his back into it. A wicked smirk stole over his lips after his long yell faded out. He adjusted again and watched the Pussycats tear out of the shadows to streak at the entrance.

Tiger and Ragdoll were better suited to close combat. Hizashi would never be classified as a slouch in that respect, but he certainly wasn't as versatile as they were. So Hizashi set his speaker to the right settings and waded into the building after them.

Shouta glared from her spot across the landing space they were using for the meeting. The Mayor stood beside Chief Sugaru. "Can we move yet?" Onmyoji asked as a van pulled up and out stepped Susanoo, Izanagi, and Izanami. "They've arrived."

This had been his operation before Shouta pretty much took over. It was certainly presumptuous of her. She wasn't one of his allies normally. And she'd been content to help, right up until she
realized how badly he was being played. How badly she herself had been played. Onmyoji wanted his city safe, to do that Shouta had to be a hard ass.

"Not yet," Shouta said as she lifted a leg to lean her head on. She continued to look down the binoculars at the scene before them.

The shaded area they were waiting in was actually made up of loading containers. Shouta was pretty sure they had ended up out here once the cleanup of this landing area started. It suited their purposes well.

"When you see the device brandished, because she'll brandish it. You need to make a cube around it. Snatch it away from her. If you catch her after good, but don't feel pressed. The device is the goal." Shouta explained.

"You're sure you can find their base?" Onmyoji asked.

"They're going to take me right there." Shouta said. "I'm going to go down fighting them in the middle of the escape. When I do, they'll capture me. There's no other option for this plan."

"Be careful Eraser, these villains are incredibly dangerous." Onmyoji sighed. "I'm truly sorry, we must seem entirely incompetent."

"It's not your fault the police gave you a run around." Shouta placated. She hadn't been happy, but it wasn't really their fault. "We're used to getting their support easily, uncorrupted. But when the chief himself is playing both sides, you can't get your own job done. It's something to be mad about. Don't feel like this is on you. We're in the middle of a city wide hostage situation. The police should have been working with you much more closely."

This was a lot to handle. It was a lot to Shouta. Everything would have been easier if they had just had a chance to call in All Might. But, Shouta was an advocate for delicacy in a situation like this. They didn't need civilians getting all crazed because All Might was here. His fame was increasing by the day and it was honestly getting to be a problem.

He was a decent enough friend, and he certainly was humble. But he was the kind of hero Shouta didn't like on principal. He was reckless, and took on too much alone.

"The helicopter is here." Onmyoji said and Shouta looked over his dark head to the sky where the government issued helicopter flew into sight. He slipped into a ready crouch and freed his hands up. Shouta listened to him report over his radio line to Mandalay. She would relay the signal to the others.

The sound vanished into the spinning blade's of the helicopter as it blew into the area and settled. Izanami rushed towards it only to stop when Izanagi grabbed her arm to keep her from going too far.

An agent stepped from the aircraft and ushered out a lanky looking teen in a high school uniform. Wild black hair wreathed the disguised agent's head. Disguised as she was, the agent looked convincing.

Izanami rushed for the teen and wrapped her arms around them. Shouta tensed waiting, and sure enough Izanagi noticed something first. Susanoo looked irritated as he stomped over to the chief. No doubt demanding for his sister to be returned. An argument broke out between the Mayor and Susanoo, the deal was not to have her returned.

Izanagi stepped in. Placating was is first priority? That had Shouta's eyes opening wide in shock.
He had no idea of what was going to happen. She was so sure he was going to catch them halfway into the plan. A toothy smile stretched beneath her scarf and she edged forward, her goggles were lifted as a female shriek tore from the female villain.

Izanami shoved the teen away and the agent rippled into life with a gun raised instantly. Her weapon trained on Izanami as the woman whirled in a flash of kimono cloth. She tore the device away from somewhere on Izanagi. Shouta and Onmyoji raced out of their hiding place. Shouta activated her quirk as soon as she streaked in.

"How dare you! We had a deal!" Izanami was yelling hysterically. She had no idea they were coming. Shouta reached into her scarf and tangled her fingers into the bands. "I want my son!"

"Hey!" Susanoo yelled and threw out a hand trying to use his quirk. Shouta smirked, not this time asshole.

Izanagi lunged for Izanami, his spear swinging out to attack Shouta. But she was ready for it this time. She slung bands around it until the entire thing was covered. She used the other end to snatch Izanami's hand and the device fell from her grip.

It fell right into a blue cube that Onmyoji snatched up. He immediately raced for the helicopter that was flanked by both agents. Shouta planted herself between him as he ushered the Mayor and Chief into the helicopter with him. In seconds it whipped into the air with the device. Perfection.

"Y-You!" Izanami gaped at her. "What have you done?!"

"What was necessary." Shouta said as she jerked her wrists and blinked before she reactivated her quirk on all three villains. Her scarf twisted the spear out of Izanagi's hands and she hurled it off across the pavement. Izanami twisted free and stumbled into her lover.

"You bitch!" Izanami shrieked.

"I want her Izanagi." Susanoo rushed up to the historical looking man. Shouta looked through her goggles into his stormy gaze. He'd been thwarted, how was he going to handle it? "Her friends just abandoned her! I want her!"

"Izanagi, our son!" Izanami rounded on Izanagi, petulance etching across her face.

"Shut up!" Izanagi roared at them and they shrank back. "You cost us the device."

"I-I... w-we had a deal!" Izanami exclaimed.

"A foolish deal, I should never have let you take lead on it." Izanagi huffed. He glared at Shouta and balled his fists. "I should have just drained the treasury account and called it that. All this effort...wasted!"

Shouta lowered her center of gravity, her hand lifting absently to her scarf, "You've caused enough chaos." Shouta snarled. "It's over."

"Nothing is ever over child." Izanagi glared at her with do much darkness in his gaze. "Susanoo, bring her."

Shouta lunged in and blinked before reactivating again. Susanoo didn't really care it seemed if she was erasing his quirk or not. But she was running out of time with how quickly she could activate. Her eyes were starting to dry out. She'd need to take a break and blink some soon.
Shouta lashed Susanoo's swinging fist and dragged his strike away from her face and towards her hip. She elbowed him in the temple. Dazed Susanoo stumbled, but she just jerked him once more knocking his balance all the way off. She released him and vaulted over him. She knocked him to the ground with a kick she shot behind her.

Then she turned her gaze on the other two. Just in time too, a glowing purple hand swept at her dangerously. Shouta took her scarf in two hands as she dodged and looped it over Izanami's elbow. She twisted the hold and Izanami's palm touched the ground safely dispersing her quirk. Shouta kneed the beautiful woman in the face and snapped her scarf back up around her neck.

That should be enough.

Shouta reached into her scarf and activated the tracker at her collar. And when she turned she activated the second one at the waist of her jumpsuit. Blinding white light filled the area and Shouta braced herself. A heavy fist smashed across her cheek and damn did it hurt. Another fist buried in her stomach and she slung one of her own fists out in retaliation. She felt it connect with what she assumed was a nose. She wasn't going down without leaving them as bruised as her.

She felt the strike when it fell on her neck, and shuddered as every part of her went limp and her head swam. Shit, she was hoping they wouldn't try to knock her out like this. She wasn't going to wake up any other way but violent and dangerous.

"Who are you?" Izanagi's voice was the only thing she could hear. "Who are you and how did you outsmart me?"

"Eraserhead..." Shouta gritted out as she struggled to look up. "You're...sloppy."

Izanagi growled above her and a foot flashed out to kick her swiftly in the head. Her vision turned black and she tumbled to the ground. Fuck that hurt.

Hizashi growled as he looked down at his phone as it pinged. The ryokan was secured, and according to the reports coming in over the radio's the other two locations were done as well. Inari was coming to join them. He looked at the tracker and gritted his teeth in anger.

"She let them take her." Hizashi informed his partners.

"Are you going?" Tiger asked as he finished depositing the last of the criminals in a pile. Ragdoll was busy directing a few sidekicks to search and divest each of any potential weapons.

"Yeah." Hizashi watched the tracker as it slowed at a location before it rapidly sped past. That was the warehouse. A few moments passed and then it was the convenience store. But it didn't even come their way. They assumed the ryokan was lost. Smart. "Join me as soon as you can. We're gonna need help."

Hizashi turned on his heel and marched out of the building to one of the cars pulled up. The police would be coming, reinforcements as well. Everything would be fine with more heroes and police on the scene.

He slung himself up into the vehicle and started it violently. He stomped on the gas and sped through the destroyed streets. Navigating himself towards the mountains. His fingers tightened on
the wheel as his mind wirled.

She was a captive, how bad had they hurt her? What were they going to do to her when they got there? Susanoo was a serial rapist. Izanami a homociadal psychopath. And they had no idea what Izanagi was like.

"Fuck." Hizashi hissed anxiously. Suddenly the car started to slow and he looked down in shock when he realized the gas tank was empty. He chose a car one of the heroes pulled up after the building was cleared. How was the tank empty?! This couldn't be happening! THIS COULDN'T BE HAPPENING! "FUCK!"

Hizashi jumped out of the car and looked around frantically. Shit, he needed to get to the mountain yesterday! He started running, he'd find a vehicle on the way. Sitting on his ass was not an option. He cursed as he ran and desperation bloomed in his chest anew. He preyed Shouta could hold on, he begged the universe to just give him that. She just needed to hold on and he would find her.
Rounding Out Motives

Chapter Summary

In which Shouta gets the full picture

Chapter Notes

Update to everyone, it's the holidays, and I've got a busy week ahead of me with baking, holiday parties, and Christmas itself. So this will be my last update until Christmas day. Where you can all expect a couple of things to pop up. ;3

Also, thinking of hitting a milestone in this fic and ending to to continue into a second part separated into another fic. What do you guys think, split it up or continue in this one huge fic?

Thank you for reading everyone ;3

As Shouta had been trained by Vanisher, she had accumulated some interesting...quirks. Things that everyone seemed to see and find funny yet exasperating.

She would deny that she was overly prepared. It wasn't like she'd begun to hoard things in the event of a cataclysmic event. But she did have a number of hidden caches with jelly packs and nutrition bars, multiple sleeping bags, and nearly a lifetime supply of plain saline eye drops. All of which were stashed in precise locations.

The more dangerous things she gained from Vanisher, resided in her reflexes. She was extensively trained to handle torture. Even more so now, than when she started as a hero. She was trained to beat truth serums, her family depended on that. She was trained to fight without her senses. And the most dangerous of her gained abilities, was what happened if she was drugged or knocked out. She woke up fighting.

Shouta had trained and fought her way to this point. And when she started to rise back to awareness, she lashed out with a free leg and connected with someone. "Ow! What the fuck?!"

Shouta immediately rolled into a crouch and slipped her hands out from behind her back. She opened her eyes and saw a pair of women hovering a few feet away from her. They were roughly and scared looking. Shit, Shouta had attacked victims.

"Who are you?" Shouta demanded.

"Who are you?!" The woman Shouta kicked hissed as she rubbed her abdomen angrily.

"Shut up Haru!" The other woman sighed.

"I'm Eraserhead." Shouta supplied. "Sorry, I wake up violent when I've been knocked out."
"Whatever." Haru snorted and tossed a lock of red hair over her shoulder.

"I'm Mio." The blond woman said. "Are you here to rescue us?"

"I had no idea anyone was captured here. Are there any others?" Shouta asked.

"There used to be." Mio looked down. "Susanoo has killed everyone else."

"Where are we?" Shouta looked down at her wrists. Seriously, just zip ties?

"The abandoned ski lodge." Haru said as she paced to the edge of the room and then back. "We're in an outbuilding."

"How many of you were there?" Shouta asked as she patted herself. Her scarf was gone, as was her belt. Shouta reached to her boot and lifted free a thin knife. She flipped it around and started to saw through the zip tie.

"We came as a Bachelorette party. Megumi loves shrines." Mio gasped. "Loved..."

"That was when the landslides hit." Haru bit out angrily. "They were there as soon as the tremors faded. Like some fucked up gods from folktales. The other hikers bailed out. We weren't fast enough."

"There was about ten of us." Mio looked at Shouta with raw hurt in her eyes. "They took us and..."

"We're all that's left." Haru shook her head and her wild hair rustled.

"I'm sorry for your loss." Shouta said. "That's on us for not finding this place sooner. I'll get you out though."

Shouta ignored their looks of disbelief. She freed her hands and stood up. "Are there other villains here?"

"There was another woman, she vanished two days ago." Mio said. "Susanoo was really mad."

Hmm, right around when everything started happening. Shouta looked around the building, it looked like it might have been used to rent ski's. But all of the equipment was long gone.

"There's others. But they don't come around here. Susanoo threatened them all." Haru huffed. "Said we were his."

"Sorry to ask, but has he-?" Shouta frowned expressively. Both women jolted and shook their heads furiously.

"N-Not yet. He made us watch when he -...to Megumi." Tears fell down Mio's face. "What am I supposed to say to Kenta?"

"Mio..." Haru started.

Shouta stilled when she heard footsteps. She pointed behind her and both women raced to the back corner of their little shed. Shouta straightened her back and slipped her knife into a fabric loop inside her sleeve. Her limbs fell loose and ready.

The door was snatched open and Susanoo threw out a hand the moment he saw her. Shouta's quirk activated and the lightning strike directed at her vanished an inch from her body. "Damn girl, you're the real fucking deal aren't you?"
"You're only just now seeing that?" Shouta scowled and moved to lunge at him when Susanoo was roughly shoved aside.

"You." Izanami glared at her with hatred of a thousand in her gaze. "Come."

"Leave these two alone and I'll come with you." Shouta tipped her head back, she had to assure their safety of nothing else.

"Susanoo, keep your fucking hands off them." Izanami rounded on the storm villain. He scoffed in response.

"Who gives a shit about them anyways. When she's here." Susanoo smirked as he gave Shouta a once over. Disgust warred inside Shouta, but what she showed was careful indifference.

Shouta let her quirk deactivate and turned to the two girls. She nodded to them and walked with her own ability from the outbuilding. As soon as her feet touched the ground something shot from the ground and lashed her ankles together.

Shouta stumbled and caught herself on long dry grass that had been trampled by heavy feet. What looked like roots shot around her wrists and she was bound again. Damn, and she'd just gotten free.

Whatever, her trackers were working. It wouldn't be long before Hizashi screeched through the woods to get here. She would just hold out until then. She could hold out until then. There was no question that Hizashi would come.

Izanami kicked Shouta painfully onto her back. "Was it you who set that imposter up?"

"The government was never going to hand an innocent child over to a band of villains. It didn't matter who you corrupted, who you extorted, that just wasn't going to happen." Shouta said simply. "I just happened to have known someone that set it in motion. How else was I going to steal the device back? Now you don't have a city to ransom. The treasury account has also been emptied and placed into a new one. So that's out too."

"You set up our hide outs to be attacked too?" Izanami looked down and the anger in her eyes simmered.

"I've been all over each of them. I watched you all go to each location. I took pictures of every criminal there. Any of them not rounded up by my fellow heroes will be picked up wherever they go." Shouta smirked. "Sorry."

"My sister?" Susanoo crouched over her.

"Took her right from the store she was looting." Shouta let her creepy smile stretch her lips. "She had no idea what happened. She didn't even get a chance to fight."

Susanoo reared a fist back and slugged her right across the jaw. The same place she'd been hit previously. She gritted her teeth and glared up at Susanoo. "I'll enjoy putting you all in prison."

The deep rumbling voice of Izanagi startled both Susanoo and Izanami. "I thought I told you both to bring her to me."

"We were just doing that." Izanami turned to her lover. "Why don't you just let me kill her?"

"Did I say I wanted her dead?" Izanagi asked and the air turned dangerous.
The other criminals looked away. They were used to following orders, but they knew who was actually in charge. But now, there was no promise of extra money to placate them. This whole thing would erupt soon. Judging by the cold look Izanagi leveled at her, he knew that.

"Bring her to the lodge, unharmed." Izanagi ordered and stomped away. He had no idea she'd activated trackers. He still thought he had the upperhand having captured her. After she'd slapped the cards right out of his hands, he needed something to bargain with.

Susanoo cursed and leaned down to pick her up and toss her over his shoulder. Shouta didn't fight. Instead she waved to get a good look at her surroundings. There was an old lift for the slopes. All covered in spring growth. There were no cars pulled up, though there was a service road.

There was an old abandoned storefront on the bottom level of the lodge itself. She was lugged up the stairs and into what was once a lounge room. Old tables and chairs littered the area. Curtained areas were set up hiding three beds. One large one no doubt for Izanami and Izanagi, one covered in brand named items for Amaterasu, and another one that was actually spotted with blood. Shouta didn't want to think of where the blood came from.

Shouta was deposited onto a chair facing a large table covered in maps and papers. Izanagi sat across from her and glared pointedly at his other villains. Izanami huffed and stormed to the end of the table where she yanked a chair over to sit on. Susanoo stayed standing behind her. Shouta just tilted her head and lifted an eyebrow.

"You aren't from here, I saw you in Musutafu." Izanagi looked at her and lifted his hands to rest his mouth on. "Why did you come here?"

"You hurt my friends. You escaped me. Onmyoji offered me a contract." Shouta said and rolled her eyes. "Take your pick. In the end I came to stop you from killing any more people."

"I didn't kill your people." Izanagi challenged.

"You attacked citizens in Musutafu. Said they stole from you." Shouta glared, it was enough. "Now I wanted to know just what they stole from you. Because as I saw it, you stole from Tartarus."

"The device was slotted to come to me. I payed for it." Izanagi admitted as his purple eyes gleamed. "I had to do a lot of bad things to get that deal. And then out of the blue the creator gets picked up. Sloppy. My device is taken and I'm left stuck on my plan."

"So you came to Musutafu to steal it. How did you know to attack the employees of Tartarus. That was a risk?" Shouta asked.

"I recieved a tip from a friend." Izanagi smirked. "Someone who wanted to see some destruction of society."

"Not going to tell me who huh?" Shouta huffed.

"No, now tell me how you survived Susanoo and the flood." Izanagi looked at her. "I didn't know you arrived, but Susanoo got word from the Chief that heroes were taking some of our hostages out of the city."

"Nothing special, I just wasn't going to die. Not if there was even a single thing I could do to prevent it." Shouta said. And it was true, that moment where she looked at Hizashi and they steeled themselves to die if it came to that. The raw need to try to survive but acknowledging that it might not work out that way. They got lucky and survived, literally by the skin of their teeth.
"I almost drowned in that shit you bitch." Susanoo hissed and he must have reached for her because Izanagi shifted a venomous glare at the villain. Susanoo scoffed and fell silent.

"You captured Amaterasu?" Izanagi asked.

"Hmph, you first, why did you stage all of this? Surely it wasn't just to ransom for a kid? It's been years since he was taken." Shouta pressed. Izanagi glared at her contemplatively. Izanami stiffened and looked at her lover.

"The entire operation was for this." Izanagi said.

"That's a lie." Shouta leaned forward in her chair. She wanted answers, and she wasn't going to let him bullshit her. "A full scale assault on a city, just to get your teenage son back? I don't buy it, I didn't buy any of it when I put your profile together.

"Tracking everything down was hard. You used the others as distractions so you could set everythign in motion. Getting your kid back was just to please her. Just like letting Amaterasu loot was to please her, and letting Susanoo do what he wanted with the citizens not in evacuation areas...none of that was the true objective." Shouta lifted a brow.

"No it wasn't." Izanagi sighed and nodded. "You're good Eraserhead."

"I have to be." Shouta glared.

"You are correct, I didn't care if my son was brought back." Izanagi appraised her. "Izanami wanted him so I threw it in as a stipulation."

"And now we're back at square one." Izunami hissed. "How do you plan to make it right?!"

"Izanami, get out for a while." Izanagi shifted his glare to his woman. She jolted where she sat.

"What?" She spluttered.

"Susanoo, take her out and calm her down." Izanagi ordered and Susanoo let out a long sigh before he did what he was told. As soon as they were gone Shouta stiffened as the air changed. "You figured me out, when did that happen?"

"When Amaterasu talked." Shouta answered and leaned her head back. "You had no idea that I would trace it all back to the mayor. Who else would be able to contact the government themselves. All of this was very much up the alley of your other villains. But what do you get out of all this?"

"Me?" Izanagi blinked as shock and irritation flowed into his eyes. "You're too preceptive."

"If you were actually devoted to Izanami, I would see how you did all this for your kid." Shouta smirked. "But you don't actually care, you're using her. Why?"

"That's not actually any of your business." Izanagi huffed. "I did all of this to prove I could. Sure Kyoto feared me. But I want all of Japan to fear me."

"If I fail to stop you it won't be long before All Might gets called in." Shouta said warningly. "The city is still cut off, there will be no where for you to run."

"It doesn't matter, as of now everyone has seen what I can do. I may not have the device anymore, but I held this city hostage for four days." Izanagi grinned. "I turned society on it's head. Freedom
was what I gave this city. Freedom from this oppresive world."

"You created a wasteland that let criminals hurt people. Some enlightenment you were after."
Shouta scoffed and sneered. "Just like a villain to try and justify their actions. You lost your self and it all became irrational. You didn't empty the treasury immediately. You weren't planning to use it yet, why?"

"I was going to buy my way into a group with like minded goals." Izanagi smirked. "Freedom from the oppression of heroes. I let my group do what they wanted. Isn't that what all people inevitably want. Freedom from oppression?"

"That's what Izanami wanted." Shouta snorted. "Only villains talk about societal oppression. The world may be flawed, but what you want is chaos."

"She was that way, until she wanted our son back. It was better when he was taken. Raising a kid in the middle of trying to be a villain." Izanagi shook his head. "I shouldn't have let her pick what she wanted when we took this city. All if my plans ruined."

"So what now?" Shouta pressed. "You lost the city, you lost the money to do your pay off, and its only a matter of time before my allies come here."

Izanagi looked at her sharply. "Yes, and that's all your fault isn't it? The first hero to honestly reach my level."

"You got sloppy." Shouta narrowed her gaze. "Arrogant."

"Big talk from my captive." Izanagi stood up and loomed over her. "I always hated women who bested me."

Shouta glared as he rounded the table. He perched himself next to her and she narrowed her eyes on his body language. She was ready to activate her quirk if she needed to. She still had her knife too, and just enough room to loosen it enough to fall into her hand.

"At this point escape isn't in the cards is it? You took our way out and we crippled ourselves on any road escape." Izanagi smirked. "That's fine, I can accept my loss. I overplayed my hand and you found it all out. Guess this makes you my nemesis now."

"Don't flatter yourself." Shouta scoffed. "This isn't even my city."

"But that's it isn't it, you came all the way here to hunt me down." Izanagi scowled down at her and she saw the madness that lurked behind his intelligent eyes. He was brilliant, but he was still a murderous psychopath. He reached out suddenly and snatched her chin. His fingers sank punishingly into her bruised jaw and cheek.

"I hate women who best me, but I certainly enjoyed seeing how you unraveled my plans. It's conflicting, I've never felt this way before." He hummed contemplatively.

"Let me go." Shouta said as her body chilled with the obsessive gleam in his eyes.

Sometimes other heroes had singular villains that fixated on them. Usually ended by the death of the hero, or the apprehension of the villain. Shouta was not in the market for her own nemesis.

"Suddenly I see why Susanoo does what he does." Izanagi raked a hot look down her bound form and she fought back the wave of revulsion that returned. Rape was not in Izanagi's profile, but escalation was always a possibility with villains who became drunk on their control. Or backed into
a corner with nothing left to lose. "Before I get arrested, I want you to remember me. I want you to hate me."

"Honestly, after you get put away, I won't feel anything for you." Shouta glared threateningly. "I promise I won't even remember you."

Izanagi shot up and kicked the chair out from under her. Shouta rolled to her feet and hopped back expertly. "You outsmarted me!" Izanagi roared. "That means were bound together for eternity."

"Sorry, I don't buy into old folktale bullshit." Shouta lowered her center of gravity. This would have been so much easier if she'd had her scarf, but she was not crippled without it.

"Izanami is meant to stay in the underworld and Izanagi must move on." Izanagi smirked at her as he took a step closer to her. "Who better than the one who beat me?"

This was what Itako meant. Extra layers, Shouta was glad she'd listened to that. She wore leggings and a t-shirt under her jumpsuit. He was going to have some trouble if he thought he was going to try and rape her.

"Sorry, I'm taken." Shouta watched his body language again, waiting and when he sprung at her she leaped into the air. She vaulted his body and slammed her bound fists into his back. She landed and rolled away and tried to pull the knife from her sleeve with awkward fumbling fingers.

She jumped back and hated that her legs were bound, she fought better when they were free. But she was thankful she was trained so extensively. It let her dodge the next lunge. But she unbalanced on the old floor when a board lifted under her foot and she toppled to the ground. She crashed down and her knife came free to skitter across the floor. Fine, by hand then.

Izanagi loomed above her and stomped his foot into her abdomen. She cursed as her breath whoosed out of her. She glared as he sank to his knees on her hips.

"Seriously, I'm not into older guys." Shouta snapped and lifted her arms to aim paired fists at his face. He dodged but still took a glancing blow. Shit, she was going to have to do something drastic to free herself. "You're really not blond enough for me."

"Keep fighting, I think I like you this way. Angry and vengeful." Izanagi smirked as he shoved her bound wrists to the ground. "Tell me, after I'm done will you try to kill me?"

"Who knows, I doubt you'll be worth it." Shouta volleyed as she angled her wrists to capture her thumb in one hand.

"You'll remembr me forever, and when it becomes too much, you'll wish I made the world free. Then you could have come to kill me." Izanagi smirked and looked up. "Tell you what, join me and I won't do it at all. With our minds, we'll be able to defeat even the villain who's planning to rule the world. The world could be ours instead."

"I'll pass." Shouta lifted her legs and kneed him hard in the back. Izanagi smiled widly down at her. He lunged and smashed his mouth to hers. Shouta pursed her lips solidly and shoved her face to the side with an angered whimper. Some real fucking crazy lurked behind his intelligence. Delusional crazy.

She pulled on her thumb and disloacted it with a sharp shift. Pain flared and she gasped unconsiously. Izanagi's tongue surged into her mouth and she snapped her teeth down on it. He slugged her and she saw him rear back cradling his bleeding mouth.
She hadn't bitten his tongue off, but she'd done enough. She worked her injured hand free of the cuff and slung her uninjured fist into his face. He reeled back again and she yanked her legs out from under him to kick him in the chest.

Shouta rolled into a crouch and lunged past him, she landed just behind him and wrapped her freed arms around his neck. She locked the sleeper hold in and he started to thrash.

She didn't count on his strength and he jumped to his feet and staggered back into the wall. She was knocked free and he dashed away before turning to face her. Shouta pulled another knife from her boot and freed her ankles with a swift slice. She popped her thumb back into place and looked up.

"You bitch." Izanagi glared at her as he wiped blood away from his lips.

"Tch," Shouta spat out the blood from his wound and bared her teeth at him in a grimace. "You're done."

"Then come on." Izanagi waved her forward.

Her thumb still hurt, but it was a dull ache now. She didn't have her scarf, so she was going to have to fight hand to hand. She stomped on the knife still on the ground and snatched it with her free hand. She flipped the grip of the other and lifted her arms up defensively. She sure as hell wasn't going down, she'd rather die than let him have his way with her.
Hizashi was running like his life depended on it. He was fit, he was at the top of his game and he'd cleared a few miles in barely a half hour. But it was still taking too long, he wasn't making enough progress. Frantic panic started to bubble in his chest and he fought through it to keep going.

Squealing tires got his attention and he twisted on his feet to see one of the Onmyoji SUV's speeding towards him. Inari popped her masked head out of the window as she stopped with screaming breaks. "Present Mic, what happened?!

"The tank was empty! We need to go now!" Hizashi jumped into the passenger seat and held up his phone. "Get to Mount Hiei now!"

"Shit!" Inari cursed and floored the car. She weaved through the destroyed streets. He'd lost so much time already. "The access road is ruined thanks to the landslide. Hopefully the cable cars are still working."

"She stopped moving a while ago, they must have gotten to their base." Hizashi said and looked at his phone frantically. She was stopped, he knew she would fight back. He just needed to get there. They raced into a station area and Inari hopped out pointing to the van abandoned near the cable cars.

"That was the van they took into the city." Inari said. She ran into the station to start up the system. Hizashi stilled when he saw the van was open. Shouta's scarf lay on the ground, her belt and goggles on the curb. He wrapped her belt around his waist and looped her scarf over his arm and fist her goggles. "Mic! It's still working!"

He ran up the stairs and into the building to follow Inari to the waiting car. They clambered in and she activated it. He looked at his phone as they neared the signal. As they rode in silence he frowned when it started to veer off. They swapped cars halfway and kept going to the top. "She's not in this direction."

"Let me see." Inari waved for the phone. He handed it to her. "This lets out at the Garden Museum, but right behind it is an old abandoned ski slope."

"That'll be where they are." Hizashi looked ahead, he had a bad feeling. He just wanted to assure
himself she was alright. They neared the top and Inari pointed at the two henchman waiting beside
the exit point. Hizashi scoffed, "I got this."

As soon as the car stopped they leveled their arms at the car. Offensive quirks no doubt. Hizashi
sucked in a breath and mentally apologized for the damage he was about to do to the cable car. He
kicked the door open and cranked his speaker. "YEAH!"

A distant scream filled the air and it rattled the very building. Shouta felt a dark smile stretch
across her face. "What the hell was that?" Izanagi looked away and Shouta rolled her shoulders.
"Who-?"

"Oh, that's just the loudest hero ever." Shouta stepped forward with intent. "He won't like hearing
about how you just tried to force yourself on me. Hell, you might go to Tartarus deaf. Won't that be
fun?"

Izanagi lunged away from her and towards the door. She chased after him and outside as lightning
streaked across the sky above them. She looked down the grassy slope where Hizashi and Inari
were racing up. Susanoo stood between them and the lodge.

Inari lunged at Susanoo and as lightning sparked along his body Shouta activated her quirk. That
got Hizashi's attention and he dashed past Susanoo towards the deck she stood on. He scaled up
with all the parkour grace she had forced into him. He flung something at her and she grabbed it on
instinct.

"Shouldn't leave your things behind Eraser." He smirked, hiding his frantic energy behind his
bravado. This must have taxed him more than she'd expected. She'd make it up to him later.

Shouta slung her scarf over her head and the bands rustled. She lifted her goggles and popped them
onto her eyes. Her belt was slung around Hizashi's waist. She wasn't pressed about having it back
right now. No, right now they had villains to take down. "You good?"

"Besides a little attempted rape, I'm good." Shouta answered in a deadpan tone. Hizashi looked at
her sharply and Izanami whipped to look at up at her in enraged shock. Shouta tipped her head back
and looked at her partner. "Thanks for coming."

"I told you, I'll always come." Hizashi lifted a foot to plant on the deck railing and glared over his
glasses with his best serial killer scowl. "Hey Hey, who the hell said it was okay for you to touch
my girl? I'm gonna make you fuckin' regret it!"

Shouta shivered at the cold harness to Hizashi's tone. It promised pain and retribution. Shouta
stifled her relieved smile. She compartmentalized the wild urge she had to freak out. She was a
professional, she could save that for closed doors where Hizashi could help her through it.

She squared herself and let the calm she preffered to roll over her. She grabbed a band and raced to
the edge of the deck. In the air she was the master. She twisted into a flip that had her flying over
top of Izanagi and Izanami. She threw her arms out and her scarf whirled around both of them.

When Shouta landed in a deep crouch she twisted and covered her ears. "YEAH!"

Hizashi's yell shook the ground and Shouta rolled out of its destructive path. She jerked however
when a purple hand came flying at her. Mistake! Shouta's quirk glared but the momentary lapse had thrown her concentration. The scarf unraveled.

Shouta recalled it and glanced up to where Hizashi had joined the fight. Shouta had erased the illusion but releasing them was her mistake and an annoying one at that. Hizashi backed away from Izanami's glowing hands and punched her in the stomach. "Seriously, GIVE UP!"

Other villains were pouring from around the building and Shouta saw Izanagi smirk at her. He was going to try to overwhelm them with numbers. That might have worked on her, but she had back up now. "Mic! We need some crowd control!"

Hizashi flicked a switch on his speaker and Shouta covered her ears tight. His whistle hit the area like a shockwave. He was intense when he was mad. The disorientation hit everyone in the vicinity. The following scream dropped everyone, including Izanami to the ground.

The downside was that Izanagi had covered his ears after he saw her do it. Shouta blinked and that was when the whole area turned black. She couldn't see. The ground rumbled and she thought maybe Hizashi was using his quirk again. Shouta didn't rush taking her hand off of her ears yet.

Shouta centered herself, if he had created this much blackness then he might have figured out she needed clear sight to erase quirks. Smart, while crazy he certainly was overly skilled at his illusions and tactics.

Shouta sighed and let her hands fall from her ears. Hizashi had fallen silent. Maybe he was trying not to deafen her. Or maybe he was seeing something else. Shouta closed her eyes to conserve the moisture. She didn't have time to put drops in. Instead she lifted her hands and expanded her inner focus.

She stayed still, waiting, then she felt something. It was almost like a shift in the air behind her. She shifted on her foot and lifted her knee up in a strike to stop the attack coming. She was startled to find a heavy hand blocking her knee before she was tackled to the ground. Damn, Izanagi must not be as affected by his own quirk.

She threw a fist and activated her quirk but his palm slammed over her eyes. She growled in pain and struggled, punching the heavy body over hers. "Got you now." Izanagi laughed. "Got your friend too."

"He knows it's only an illusion." Shouta shifted her hand to strike Izanagi's arm and hopefully numb it. He let go and her head was shoved to the side.

"Seems real enough to him." Izanagi chuckled. "You want to see what it is?"

The shadows parted just a bit and nearly a hundred feet away Hizashi can't into focus. He'd fallen to his knees and before him was Izanagi in an illusion tearing at a brain of her. Ripping at her jumpsuit, gun held to her head. No...a rape illusion was too fucked up. It was so utterly wrong.

"You make him see that and I'll make sure your stay in Tartarus will be the worst imaginable." Shouta threatened. The illusion of her held out her hands as if trying to appear non threatening. Hizashi shifted to open his mouth and yell, but the gun was pressed into the mouth of her illusion.

"Okay, okay, don't hurt her." Hizashi waved his hands frantically. He had no idea it was an illusion. "You don't have to do this."

Shouta blinked in realization. There was no sound coming from the illusions. There was no sound!
"No, no, no." Hizashi held his hands out as he watched Izanagi press his gun into Shouta's mouth. She glared but kept her hands out to show she wasn't going to fight back.

He did this, he hadn't covered her enough. The horrible gleam in Izanagi's eyes sent cold ice through Hizashi's blood. Now he was faced with a nightmare. One of his worst. Watching Shouta get raped would break him. The way he tore her jumpsuit open, then the undershirt, Hizashi needed to make it stop.

"Hey!" Hizashi lunged but froze when Shouta's eyes widened and Izanagi turned a hateful smile at him. "Look, you can't do this. Let her go man, you can't do this to her. It's not right."

Izanagi licked his lips and shifted where he was straddling her. He flipped her to her stomach and pointed the gun to the back of her head. Shouta's eyes widened in panic as her jumpsuit was yanked down.

No!

"Stop it..." Hizashi hissed. "STOP-STOP-NO!"

"Present Mic!" Shouta screamed. And that wasn't right, she was looking right at him as years fell down her cheeks, she hasn't spoken. Hizashi turned his head towards the scream and realized tears were streaming down his cheeks. Raw desperation clawing in his chest.

There was a break in the darkness around him, but of to the side it was thin and he could see through it. There was an enraged Shouta looking at him as she hovered over Izanagi with his arm pulled back close to dislocation. "I can't see him Mic!"

But she could see Hizashi.

He looked back at where she was getting raped the act fully happening before his eyes. Then he looked to where her hard eyes pleaded with him as she held the villain captive. A choice, listen to his head or his emotions. He gritted his teeth and knew it was an illusion. Fury burned in his veins. He got to his feet and stormed towards where she stood. He yanked his sunglasses off and threw them.

"How fucking dare you!" Shouta backed off of the villain and he grabbed the man's kimono. "My worst nightmare, and you fuckin' shoe me that shit. GET FUCKED!"

Hizashi reeled his fist back and punched Izanagi in the face. The blackness flickered before it vanished instantly. Shouta stood there with her eyes glowing and her hair flying above her. She was alright. She was alright. It hadn't actually happened to her.

Hizashi punched Izanagi again in just the right place to finally knock him out. Shouta immediately bound him in zip ties, and then her capture scarf. He let the asshole fall to the ground like a rock and yanked Shouta into his arms. She stiffened for a second before she settled into his embrace.

"It's alright." She breathed.

"Did I miss anything?" Hizashi looked over to see Inari dragging an unconscious Susanoo over to them.
"No." Shouta answered. "Let's get these assholes tied up."

Hizashi let her go reluctantly. His emotions roiled in him like angry bees. He was tempted to deafen all of them for the affront. So instead he settled for calling to check on when back up would be getting here. It turned out, Pixie-Bob was bringing everyone through the landslide that was covering the actual road up.

Hizashi slumped into the rickety steps and Shouta spoke to Inari before she walked over to an outbuilding. She kicked the door open and hurried inside. She came back with two battered looking women.

Hizashi looked towards Susanoo. This was the doing of the rapist of the group. His eyes flicked to Izanagi, it seemed the urge to steal control and attack women wasn't limited to just Susanoo. The women ran towards Inari, a familiar hero who set to calming them down while Shouta finished tying up their villains.

She walked over to him and sat down on the step between his legs. He buried his face in her scarf and just let himself go. He pulled her to him and she just sat there. The silence was punctuated with his sobs.

"Hizashi, I love you." Shouta said and tilted her head back to bump the top of his. "I love you so much."

"I came late." He choked out. "The car was out of gas."

It was stupid to fixate on that. One simple thing that had nearly cost him her. Shouta snorted in amusement and Hizashi shook his head. It wasn't funny!

"You were on time." Shouta said and lifted a hand to lace theirs together. "You were on time."

Chapter End Notes

Lol sorry not sorry
In The Aftermath

Chapter Summary

Hizashi is a little lost

Chapter Notes

Sorry this came late guys. My husband, my son, and I, all had Strep Throat. Let me tell you it's not fun for both adults to be sick and taking care of a sick toddler. Neither of us can pawn the kid off on the other to sleep.

Super shitty. And still getting over it. Today is the first day that I had enough brain to write and edit lol.

Anyways, here's this chapter. Lol we're gonna be back to regular schedule with this now.

"I am sorry to have left this all to you." Itako spoke as soon as she arrived with the rest of the heroes and the police. Onmyoji would still be securing the device with the Tartarus staff and the Hero Commission. "It was...distasteful."

"You think?" Shouta lifted an angry eyebrow. "Attempted rape might have been something to actually warn me about."

"You fought your way out of it though." Itako smiled and with that blindfold on, it just looked creepy. "As I knew you would."

"Yeah, and what about Present Mic?" Shouta challenged. "Izanagi made him see an illusion of me getting raped at gunpoint."

Shouta looked over to where Hizashi was helping the other heroes lead the villains into the transport vans. The Pussycats were swarming him but the jovial persona they all knew and loved, was subdued.

"It was a risk I had to take." Itako lowered her head. "Otherwise this would have gone very, very, wrong."

"The risk was too great." Shouta scowled. An unholy shriek filled the air and Shouta looked up sharply to see Izanami racing across the ground with her hands ziptied. She ran at Izanagi who was being hauled off by Tiger.

"Hey!" Shouta yelled. She started to activate her quirk when her eyes smarted painfully. She reached for them, all the adrenaline was fading, and the aches were coming back. Shouta instead flung her scarf blindly.

She was too slow.
Izanami managed to lay her hand on Izanagi's face and immediately the flesh started to blacken. The male villain screamed and fought. Shouta forced her eyes to open to erase the corroding damage accumulating. Mandalay shot her paw covered fist out and knocked the crazed villainess back out.

"Fuck." Shouta cursed and closed her eyes again. She sat down and rubbed at them. She fished around in her pockets and pouch finding nothing.

"Hey," Hizashi breathed from unfunny of her and she felt his fingers at her jaw. "Look up."

She let him tip her head back and pried her eyes open dutifully so he could put some drops in each one. As soon as she was blinking away the excess she touched his wrist and wrapped her fingers around the joint.

Shouta got her vision back and looked up into his stormy gaze. Hizashi looked really upset. So she lifted her hand to his face. He shook his head and stepped back. "Not here, when we get back."

Shouta nodded and wondered if this was like how he'd been when he'd bitten his tongue off. A bit of shock that was out of his control. She was really pissed about everything he'd seen. It wasn't right.

The paramedics swarmed Izanagi with healing quirks and medical supplies. Shouta sighed and stuffed her hands in her pockets. She was so beyond done with this case. What a mess.

Hizashi looked at his phone as they drove towards the agency. Thumbing through pictures of Hitoshi and Shouta, trying to bring balance back to himself. Shouta looked out of the windshield from the seat up front and watched the ruined city roll by.

He couldn't wipe the images away. His mind screamed *not real* at him. But he was still too keyed up from the fight. Shock most likely. He wasn't hurt this time. The agency appeared on the road and Hizashi straightened.

He got out once they arrived and Shouta led him past everyone and into the privacy of their room. He stood absently while she stripped their gear, leaving her scarf near the futons. She stripped them both and led him into the shower.

Hizashi reached out about half way into being soaped up. He stopped though, fingers an inch from her bare skin. That horrible illusion seared across his eyes. To do that kind of thing, to hurt a person like that...

Hizashi *never* wanted to be that person.

"Hizashi." Shouta said as she lifted the hose to wash away the soap. "You can touch me, you can *always* touch me. I know you'll stop if I tell you to. You can hold me down, you could even wrestle me into it, but you would never do what that asshole tried to do."

"How could you trust anyone after he tried to-?" Hizashi choked out. Tears fell down his cheeks as he lifted a hand to cover his mouth. He was suddenly afraid to speak. He didn't want to lose control of his quirk.
"That's the thing, Hizashi." Shouta walked forward, as naked as he was. Good she was always so beautiful. "After all the attempted rapes I've busted up? I've been threatened before. Felt up in the middle of a fight. In the line of duty this isn't anything new. I don't trust anyone, just you. Because I know you would never hurt me."

A sob wrenched from his throat and Hizashi reached his hands out to her. But this time she didn't wait for him to touch her. She simply walked into his grasp and his hands slid across her wet skin. Her mouth quirked into a smile and she wrapped her own arms around him.

The water sluiced across their skin and washed away the dirt and dust off the day. They were alright, they'd closed the case, and now it was up to the rest of Kyoto to recover. And it was up to him now to overcome this hurdle.

Hizashi was not the kind of man who enjoyed hurting women. He did not take people against their will. Shouta allowed him to touch her, trusted him when she trusted no one else. He was the kind of man she loved, and he never wanted to see the look in her eyes that Izanagi made him see.

He reached down and pulled her up against him. Her legs wrapped around his waist and Hizashi walked back out into the room where their bedding was. He knelt over her before he just rolled them. She settled above him and cupped his cheeks. "What do you need?"

He thought about it. He needed to not be in control of her, to know she could stop at any time regardless of how he felt. He also needed to hear her. The illusion didn't make noise.

Shouta was a notoriously silent lover. It was a challenge to himself to draw out every noise she could make. Her pleasured voice was a badge of honor. His Shouta made the sweetest sound when she stepped out of her mind and just felt. His Shouta was real.

"I want to hear you." He breathed and the tone of his voice was raw and pained. This felt so similar to the mess after the America raid. Needing to fall into her to come back to himself.

"Okay." Shouta said and reached into the blankets for the bottle of lubricant they'd left days ago. He lifted his hands to help but her scarf snapped out to lash his wrists together. He blinked wide-eyed as she slung the weapon around her neck and smirked down at him.

Too hot! TOO HOT!

Hizashi would never be prepared for how sexy Shouta could be. Her scarf fell loose between her breasts and covered part of her mouth. Shouta wrapped a wet hand around him and Hizashi realized he was actually hard. When did that happen?

She shifted and he looked down to see her hand rolling to let her press two fingers into herself. Hizashi didn't know where the will came from but he refrained from cumming early. She let out a breathy sigh and spread one hand out over his heart.

"Just us Zashi." She said and closed her eyes. She rolled her hips and guided him into her. The way his cock slid in told him she'd become totally relaxed. He mentally thanked her for it. He couldn't imagine the damage that could happen to her in a rape situation. Hizashi tugged on the bands and they tightened bringing him back to the moment. Not him, it didn't happen.

Shouta arched her back and rotated her hips. He moved around inside her and it was so damn perfect. Hizashi tipped his head back and closed his eyes. Shouta pulled up on his cock and sank back down. He looked up lifted his hips to meet her when she started again.

Her head tipped back and she let out a moan. Hizashi hissed as her scarf tugged his arms as a he
was pulled into a sitting position. Shouta adjusted and smirked at him while they moved.

With her dark hair falling around them, she reached into her scarf and pulled a band down. Her scarf came alive and wrapped them both up together. Hizashi choked on his tongue as the tight bands lashed them together. Pressing skin tight against skin. It was a fantasy right out of his dreams.

How did she know?

"Hey Zashi?" Shouta breathed.

"Yeah?" He panted against her now bare neck.

"This is actually...a huge turn on for me." She murmured into his hair. Her hands lifted through the wrapped bindings holding them. It seemed she was the only one able to move. His hands were quite bound against her back. And damn if that wasn't just fucking right.

"Shouta you can't just say shit like that." Hizashi huffed seriously but she just chuckled. She shifted her hips and gasped in his ear. Bands had wound their way between their legs and around thighs and hips. "Y-You're gonna haveta do this again-, kay?"

"Yeah..." Shouta shuddered under his palms and rolled her hips. Hizashi's vision whited out a moment and he knew he was shouting out in pleasure. Too much of his quirk in his voice but the power of it was gone.

He cracked open an eye to find Shouta's red glowing gaze watching him as he forehead pressed to his. Her fingers slipped through his hair to cup the base of his skull.

Fuck, fuck, fuck!

Hizashi was cumming to the sound of her crying out. Louder than he'd ever heard her. Her hips flexed, and thighs shaking over his. The wet vise around his cock fluttered with her orgasm. And it was everything he'd needed. Cocooned with her scarf, he was right where he wanted to be.

Shouta twitched one hand free of his hair and her scarf slowly reeled back up around her neck. Hizashi took over control of his hands and kept them pressed to her shoulder blades and ribs. He pressed his face into her scarf and the tears fell free. A release of all the painful poisonous emotions that had toiled for days inside him.

"Im here Hizashi." Shouta said in that solid sure way he loved so much. She had been his rock from the moment he met her and even more she was the calm in the storm of his released emotions.

So he clutched her close and let it all out. She ran strong fingers down his back, and through his hair, before she finally coaxed him beneath the blanket on the futon and curled up around him. "I love you Shouta."

"I love you too Hizashi." She chuckled softly and kept up running her hands through his hair. He fell asleep like that, and it wasn't filled with nightmares as and fear.
Shouta sat next to Hizashi as he slept. After extracting herself from his octopus arms she watched him for a while. She dressed in spare clothes and sat some of his next to him. After dragging the kotatsu over she set about cleaning her scarf.

She'd used it in the fight, and it has seen quite a bit of action. Then sex... Her face flushed when she thought about the spur of the moment decision she'd made in using it for that.

She slapped her cheeks a few times and went back to work. She was going to insist they follow the Tartarus transport. Just in case anyone got cute. Then she was going to drag Hizashi home to normalcy.

She picked up her phone absently and sent Hitoshi another text to assure him they were alive and well. It was already late but he texted back quickly. Shouta huffed in exasperation. This kid was terrible at sleeping. Even worse than she was really, and she was bad enough.

"Sho-?" Hizashi asked, Shouta looked up as he rolled in the futon to look at her. His eyes blinked in confusion until she passed his glasses over. "Hey, how long was I out ?"

She checked her phone, "Three hours, already better than Hitoshi. Get some more sleep, I'm going to talk to Itako then we're joining the Tartarus transport."

"Yeah, yeah." He nodded in agreement. "You think someone's going to hit it?"

"I think Izanagi had allies that helped him make that break in a success." Shouta explained. "He mentioned trying to buy his way into a villain group. This was a demonstration of his abilities, what he's capable of. Even if the hostage situation was to get Izanami their kid back, stealing the treasury fund and getting the government to cooperate makes him big time."

"That's putting it mildly." Hizashi huffed and tucked a pillow back under his head. "Who do you think he took up with?"

"That's the thing..." Shouta looked at Hizashi gravely. "As far as I'm aware this was the biggest and most dangerous villain group in Japan at the moment. Sure there are other big names, even the old yakuza gangs, but nothing of this scale."

"Most everyone is afraid of All Might." Hizashi nodded.

"And that's the problem. Izanagi was talking about it like there was a world domination plan in place. He was going to buy his way in, and then he wanted to take them out. He devolved the moment his plans fell apart. But ignoring that, he still held an entire city hostage for nearly a week." Shouta ran her fingers through her hair. "If this shadow group liked what they saw they might hit the transport. Or they might not. He did let his lover take charge on some things and that's why things fell apart. He might not be what they want really."

"That's a big might and if you're talking about." Hizashi nodded. "But you're right. We'll go tomorrow."

"Glad you agree," Shouta smirked and he returned it. She crawled over and pressed a kiss to his lips, "Tomorrow."
Assumption

Chapter Summary

Hitoshi's experiences with quirk discrimination.

Chapter Notes

Happy New Year Everyone! I couldn't help but wait until the year switched over to post this. :3

Let's celebrate it by delving into the start of a serious topic in the BNHA universe. Quirk Discrimination.

See the end of the chapter for more notes

Hitoshi knew his parents were heroes. He would never forget that fact. No matter how ridiculous Shouta looked in her sleeping bag. No matter how silly Hizashi was when he sang, badly, while doing his hair. Undeniably, they were heroes.

Hitoshi had never had a problem with their work, because he knew they would come home at the end of the day. He would wait up for Hizashi to come home from his night shifts, listen to the radio until he got home to know he was alright. And he's wait up even longer for Shouta to come home, listening for the sound of her boots being left at the door and scarf falling to the side table.

It was okay that his parents were heroes, it was so cool. Hitoshi would watch them train sometimes. Sparring in the apartment, and at Shino's gym. Shouta was really cool when she balanced in the net near the ceiling. And the way she used her capture weapon was the best of all.

Everything was fine with the way they lived their lives. Hitoshi was thankful they let him into it, that they became his parents. He loved them. They were what pushed away the fear of kidnapping, and his crippling sadness over his grandmother's death. Shouta and Hizashi were his.

So Hitoshi didn't take well to knowing they were leaving to do hero work in Kyoto. And when they were gone he holed up in his room refreshing his phone again and again to see updates on the situation in Kyoto.

That was what he was currently doing, under his blankets in case Akio-Oji came in to check. He didn't feel guilty ignoring Akio-Oji and Takashi-Jiji's orders. He did feel bad if he ignored Rina-Baba and Shinji-Oji. They were deaf, and their disapproval stung. He much preferred to do as they said because they were so sweet.

In the same sense he liked arguing with Shino-Oji and Akio-Oji. They had voices to respond with and weren't afraid of his quirk. Not that he used it, but he thrived a little bit from getting to argue. He rarely argued with Shouta and Hizashi, he didn't really need to.

He refreshed one more time before he caved and tossed his phone into the pillows. He tried, really
tried, to sleep. He ended up dozing lightly, until his alarm went off.

"Toshi, it's time to get up." Akio-Oji's voice called softly into the room as the door opened. Hitoshi wanted to glare at Akio. But the curly hashed man just smiled in understanding and walked over to sit on his bed. "They'll be fine. Shouta and Hizashi are a great team. They don't often work together but when they do they get things done."

"I know." Hitoshi sighed. He was proof of that. Because they worked together he got to be here. He didn't end up sold to a villain. They were young and plenty of his teachers disapproved of his fostering, but they didn't care. Honestly they raised him right in his opinion. "I just...I don't want them to get hurt."

"Well, that's part of the deal isn't it?" Akio-Oji asked and looked off far away. "They get hurt so civilians like us can stay safe. That's what makes a hero after all."

Hitoshi's chest felt warm. The same way it did when Shouta explained to him what it was like to be a hero. Even Hizashi shared tidbits when Hitoshi asked about patrol. They included him, didn't hide much other than gory details. His parents would be fine. They were the best ever.

Hitoshi got up and Akio-Oji beamed like he'd won a victory. Hitoshi just huffed and went to his closet. He scowled down at his laundry basket where Jazz was stretched out over his clean clothes. "Jazz, seriously?"

The light colored cat looked up lazily and Hitoshi crumpled. He reached out to pet the entitled brat. Then he shifted Jazz over just enough to pick out a shirt and pants that weren't going to be covered in cat hair.

Hitoshi dressed in the bathroom and headed out into the rest of the apartment. Shino was stretched out on the couch and Takeshi-Jiji was sketching at the table. Akio-Oji smiled when he ended and sat out his breakfast. "Toshi, eat up."

"Thanks." Hitoshi sat his phone down and turned on the TV before he took his plate to the living room so he could watch the news. Kyoto was still a mess, and a tornado storm had been picked up over the city before it faded a few hours ago at dawn.

"They'll be okay." Shino-Oji said from where he was wrapped up in one of the blankets. "From when they got into the agency, to when that happened, they wouldn't have left yet."

"How do you know?" Hitoshi asked seriously.

"Because despite the landslide, and now the tornados, they already got footage of Present Mic joining the rescue effort." Shino-Oji waved his own phone. Hitoshi scrambled for it and saw Shino-Oji was following a different site. Sure enough there was Present Mic grinning as he helped a man out from under an overturned car.

"This looks like it's from inside Kyoto." Hitoshi breathed.

"That's because it is." Shino-Oji patted Hitoshi's head and plucked his phone back. "We won't see Shouta, but Hizashi wouldn't be rescuing if she was hurt or dead. He'd be tearing that city apart to find the one responsible."

"Hmm, I suppose he's good for something." Takeshi-Jiji chuckled from the table.

"You hush." Akio-Oji sighed. "You're just mad your betting time is over. You'll make Toshi think you don't like Hizashi."
"Well who's next?" Takeshi-Jiji groused.

"Hitoshi, then Nemuri." Shino-Oji called. "After that were just gonna have to up the ante and repick times."

"I think I'll win." Hitoshi smirked. Hizashi might be super cool and totally assertive but he was a totally wuss when it came to Shouta. Hitoshi could see his dad was terrified she'd say no. Like she didn't look at Hizashi with a much love as Hizashi looked at her with.

"Stop it, damn Aizawa grin." Shino-Oji scrubbed Hitoshi's hair again. "We sure he's not her secret child? I'm so sure he's hers."

"Shino." Akio-Oji huffed. "Seriously?"

Hitoshi smirked and finished his breakfast. He helped Akio-Oji clean up and filled Jazz's bowls. Then he went to the genkan while Shino-Oji unearthed himself to walk Hitoshi to school.

Shino-Oji was really cool, Hitoshi had caught Shouta sparring with him at the gym a few times. For a guy who wasn't a hero he was really skilled. No one could keep up with Shouta as far as Hitoshi could see. Hizashi only won because he had weight and height on her. And that was only sometimes. Shino-Oji could though a lot more than Hizashi could.

They left the building and Hitoshi waved to the landlord who was rolling his wheelchair through the door to his apartment. The stern scarred man just smirked and nodded to Hitoshi. He spared a sharper nod to Shino-Oji. Weird.

"So, Takeshi and Akio are going to the gallery tonight. I've got paperwork to do at the gym. So Rina and Shinji will be here tonight and tomorrow." Shino-Oji explained as they walked down the route to Hitoshi's elementary school.

"Kay." Hitoshi nodded. He liked it when he stayed with Rina-Baba and Shinji-Oji. The quiet even he was with them was nice. A quiet that was filled with signing and silent conversation.

The school came into view and Hitoshi's good mood faded. His urge to talk dwindled and he sealed his lips tight. It wasn't like anyone wanted to talk to him anyways. Everyone was too scared of his quirk. He didn't even use it accidentally anymore. Why would he want to brainwash any of them anyways?

Shino-Oji waited patiently while Hitoshi sorted himself out. So Hitoshi wrapped his fingers around his bookbag straps and resolved himself. He didn't want to cause trouble, or people would think Shouta and Hizashi weren't raising him the right way. No, Hitoshi was a good boy.

"Have a good day, kiddo." Shino-Oji said and patted Hitoshi's arm companionably. Hitoshi squared his shoulders and smiled at one of his four grandfather's and marched into the school grounds. It was just another day. He could handle it.

Hitoshi was starting to hate it when his lazy optimism failed him. He wanted to have a decent day. The main problem was that he was getting confused in math. No one wanted to answer his questions. The teacher, as usual, was too afraid to call on Hitoshi. Even though his arm was raised.
This trend continued as his mood started to plummet. Every teacher started to act like he was just going to snap and use his quirk on all of them. The other students pretended he didn't exist and avoided him like usual too.

His black mood only lifted when Shouta texted him around lunch time. He nearly cried over the lengthy message she'd sent him. She told him about the train crash, and the tornadoes. She swore they were both unharmed and were going to keep working on the rescue effort.

Hizashi texted as Hitoshi’s school day was ending. It was the only thing that helped beat back the loneliness building in his chest. Hizashi told him the Wild Wild Pussycats had joined them to help. He hoped he got to see them soon. They were hilarious.

Hitoshi was shoved from behind as he was exchanging shoes to leave. His phone clattered into his shoe locker, and his bag spilled into the floor. Hitoshi abandoned his shoes to scramble after the bag. Just in time to keep Shouta's goggles from falling out. He shook as he put them reverently back inside their side pocket. He didn't want wanting to happen to those.

"Hey, you're Shinsou right ?" The laughter behind him came into focus and Hitoshi turned to look at where he'd been standing. Three boys from the sixth year stood there.

The leader of the group had wild spiky black hair and simmering pink eyes. He even had a mouth full of sharp needle like teeth. He work a dark green hoodie and red pants. Next to him stood a blond with brown eyes and dark gold skin. He wore a gray button down opened over an All Might shirt. The third boy wore an Endeavor hoodie and black pants. His hair was a mix of oranges. Maybe he had a fire quirk?

"You're the kid who has the Brainwashing quirk aren't you?!" The fire haired boy demanded. "My brother said you did."

Hitoshi didn't want to get into a fight with older boys over his quirk. It wasn't like Hitoshi ever talked in class. Really it was just the first three days before everyone decided his quirk wasn't really cool and they were totally scared he'd use it on them. He was silent pretty much all the time after that.

It had been a long time since he'd accidentally used it. He had no problem letting go either anymore. He never used it on anyone in school either. He'd trained hard with Shouta so that wouldn't happen. That never seemed to matter, it was the possibility that everyone was scared of. Students, teachers, and parents.

He saw the way the other moms and dads looked at him. The way they looked at Shouta and Hizashi. That was enough trouble he was causing. He wouldn't cause them any more by getting into a fight. That wasn't what heroes did.

"Hey, we're talkin' to you!" The pink eyed boy yelled. "That you or not?!"

Hitoshi ignored them and picked up his books. He zipped his bag closed and put it on. He pocketed his cell phone and changed shoes. As he stood back up he realized how close he was in height to these twelve year olds. He was only seven. Had he had another growth spurt? At this rate he could be taller than Hizashi by high school.

Hitoshi started for the doors when the other boys rushed in front of him. "Hey! Don't walk away when I'm talking to you. We wanna to be friends."

Hitoshi frowned deeply. He'd only done three years of school. In this the years he only had two
friends. Kaminari Denki from Shino's Gym; and Iida Tenya, Tensei's younger brother. He became friends with Tenya on his fifth birthday. Tensei brought him along to the party and Hitoshi thought he was like a miniature robot. The three of them played video games because they didn't live in the same cities.

Anyone else who said they wanted to be his friend, only wanted him to use his quirk on someone else. Hitoshi didn't want friends bad enough to do anything like that for anyone.

"I don't." Hitoshi said and made to start forward again. Clearly he'd said the wrong thing because gold boy lunged forward to punch Hitoshi in the stomach.

Hitoshi might have learned a few things from his parents. But a quick attack was just that, quick. He wasn't ready, and despite his height they were still older than him. He was overwhelmed in seconds. "Who said you get to decide?!"

"Stupid asshole!"

"Should be grateful your senpai's wanted to help you!"

Hitoshi debated on ordering them to stop. He wanted to, this reminded him too much of his previous foster homes. But the moment he turned a hand fell over his mouth and panic surged. It was like the warehouse! Hands on his mouth to stop him from using his quirk! Holding him down! NO!

"Hey!" A voice yelled sharply down the hallway. "What are you kids doing?!"

Hitoshi was released so suddenly the oppressive weight of the older boys vanished. It was like being drenched in icy water. He sucked in air and tried to calm his heart down but he still felt like he was going to die.

"What were you four doing?!" The teacher that came into view narrowed his eyes on them.

"He used his quirk on my brother." Fire hair pointed at Hitoshi. "I just wanted to tell him to not do it again."

"And why would you need to do that?" The teacher took one look at Hitoshi and jerked back in surprise. Hitoshi sucked in a breath and tried to get to his feet. It hurt to inhale now.

"I...haven't...used my quirk...on anyone." Hitoshi coughed over the tightening of his throat. The panic was still in his lungs. But the rest of him was coming down. Panic attack, his over voice supplied. It sounded like Shouta.

"You three go home." The teacher waved his hand at the other boys. They scoffed and grumbled at each other before the shot poisonous looks at Hitoshi. They left though, and that was what mattered. Hitoshi opened his mouth to thank the teacher when the teacher cut in.

"No don't speak. I don't want you to use your quirk on me. You're a good enough student here Shinsou-Kun. It's unfortunate you have a villain's quirk." The teacher shook his head and waved a hand dismissively. "Just keep your nose in the books and you can graduate. Then whatever happens isn't this school's responsibility."

Hitoshi gaped before he clenched his fists in anger. So that was it then? He was just going to be a villain one day? He was just made for it huh?! What gave him the right to just write Hitoshi off like that?! Hitoshi turned and ran from the school. He fought the tears back and stormed home.
He forgot that Rina-Baba and Shinji-Oji were going to be there. So when he stormed in they only knew because he slammed the door. He heaved in an angry breath before he turned around. Rina-Baba was standing there, her smile falling instantly.

'Hitoshi? What's wrong?' She asked, her hands twisted the words out elegantly.

'Bad day.' He signed back and all the anger just fell out of him. He toed off his shoes and looked up into her worried blue eyes. 'I'm home.'

'Welcome back.' She smiled at him. He let her hug him tightly. In his opinion her hugs were the second best, because Shouta gave the best ones. 'I'm making oyakodon tonight. Is that alright?'

'That's fine.' He mustered up a smile and she gripped his arms once more before she let him into the apartment. Rina-Baba passed into the kitchen and Hitoshi set out to find Shinji-Oji to help him with his homework. The two college professors would be great help to him for this. Though they were more into language and history, they were still smart.

'Hitoshi, how was school?' Shinji-Oji grinned at him from the dining room table. He had papers spread out. Lesson plans by the look of them.

'Hard.' Hitoshi settled for the easy sign. He didn't want to talk about it. He sat his bag down and fished out his homework. 'Can you help me?'

'I would love to.' Shinji-Oji smiled. They delved into the homework and with both of his blond grandparents explaining it, he understood. They answered his questions at length and even took the time to show him examples. That was all he needed.

Dinner served to settle him further. And with both of them here it was just as lovely as it was when Takashi-Jiji and the others were here. He still missed Shouta and Hizashi though. He sat down with his grandparents to watch the news and saw the rescue operations were still ongoing. There weren't many lights on in Kyoto. But from the day footage, it was a mess. He was worried but Shouta and Hizashi had texted him already. They were fine for right now.

"Hey, sorry, I was hanging out with my grandparents." Hitoshi spoke into his headset to his friends.

"Spending time with family is important Hitoshi-Kun." Tenya replied.

"It's not like we were doin' anything anyways." Denki laughed. They were playing the newest hero mmo. Where they could create their own heroes and do missions all over Japan. They had only unlocked Tokyo though.

Hitoshi smiled when he saw his avatar pop up. It was comic book looking but he liked it. All black leather suit, with a long purple scarf to match his hair. Of all the quirks listed to pick from he'd chosen the Telekinesis. Only because they didn't have Brainwashing on the list.

A soft smile fell over his lips as he remembered the day they all got the game. Tenya had loudly exclaimed that he would write a very strongly disapproving email to the developers about it. Hitoshi wasn't the only kid out there with a mental type quirk. And certainly not the only one with
Brainwashing as a quirk. However, there was no hero with it.

So he settled for Telekinesis. It was just a game after all. He loaded into the area and saw Denki's avatar. He looked distressingly close to Present Mic in appearance. Good thing his best friend had no idea that Present Mic was Hizashi. Not yet at least. That would be embarrassing.

Tenya however looked about as close to Ingenium as possible. Which wasn't all that surprising. Tenya idolized Tensei like Hitoshi did Shouta. Tensei was kind of cool though, he was fun to play with.

"Hey, are you guys starting multiplication too?" Denki asked.

"Yeah," Hitoshi said as he joined his friends and they headed off to the first mission in their quest line. "It's hard."

"It's so hard, Oh My God. I thought my brain was going to leak out of my ears!" Denki whined.

"It's not that hard, it's all about understanding the times table." Tenya started. "Denki-Kun teabagging is not behavior acceptable for a hero!"

"But I won." Denki laughed. "They do it ask the time in PVP."

"Yeah Tenya, are you saying we can't retaliate in PVP?" Hitoshi asked with a smirk.

"Of course! Being heroic means being kind to the other players too. Even if they are being boorish with their actions!" Tenya asserted sternly.

"Well that's it, we're playing three on three." Denki decided and Hitoshi agreed. They abandoned their mission and moved into the three vs three death match round. In the first match up they ended up against a better team.

They were annihilated again and again because the teams quirks were all based around each other so where Hitoshi and his team had holes this other team didn't. And sure enough after they started to turn their scores around, the teabagging started. After the fifth consecutive teabag on Tenyas downed character, a change happened.

"That's it." Tenya stated. "I will win. These trolls need to be taught a lesson."

Hitoshi and Denki roared with laughter when they started to win the next few matches because Tenya was totally focused. All of them getting into the zone of reacting, fighting, and optimizing their controls. When they won Hitoshi almost swallowed his tongue when he watched Tenya's character deliver a teabag to each offending team member.

"Tell me you recorded it?!" Denki wheezed into his headset. "I can't...it's Tenya!"

"I got it."

"I'm glad my deplorable behavior amuses you both. Excuse me while I write them each apology messages." Tenya said simply. Like that was something people did.

"Apology messages?!" Denki lost it again and Hitoshi followed him. The lights flickered and he looked back to the door of his room where Rina-Baba stood with a warm smile on her face.

'Time to get ready for bed.' She signed.
'Okay.' He nodded and turned back to his game. "Talk to you guys tomorrow. I have to go take a bath."

"Later dude!" Denki called.

"Goodnight Hitoshi-Kun." Tenya said. Hitoshi signed off and set about his evening routine.

When he settled under his covers he turned his phone to low lighting. He refreshed it again and again to keep updated on news of Shouta and Hizashi. He hoped they would be okay. He really missed them and it had only been two days.

Chapter End Notes

Guys, did anyone read the next chapter of the manga. I almost cried Shinsou is such a good boy. He's gonna be such a great hero. Like, we can get rid of anyone in 1-A for him at this point in my opinion. This boy deserves to be in the heroics course. Seriously.

In light of that. And in reality of this fic, I'm debating on changing Canon events in regards to Shinsou. What is everyone's thoughts on him getting in after the entrance exam? I've read quite a few fics that run that line of plot. I have like three scenarios planned for when we get to Canon.

Either he does well in the exam. He still goes to Gen Ed. Or he gets in on recommendation.

I would like to hear your thoughts on this. Otherwise I'm literally flipping a coin. I've got ideas on all three plot lines.
Chapter Summary

Shouta and Hizashi finally depart from Kyoto.

Chapter Notes

Thank you for commenting everyone! You guys really helped me make a decision on how Hitoshi's entrance exam will go. I think I'll stick with how Canon has gone so far. But I'll be changing some things. Mostly involving his friendships.

"Be careful on your way back." Chatora spoke and Shouta nodded. The other girls were hassling Hizashi as he finished doing his hair. "Ryuko has cleared an adequate path through the mountain pass you took to get here. Are you certain you don't want to take the helicopter?"

"If something happens while the transport is moving, we need to be on the ground to help. Hizashi's quirk will work best on the ground too." Shouta inclined her head. "But thank you for offering. Are you guys going to stay until they get repairs underway?"

"Yes, Shino wasn't happy to see that many of the shrines were looted. I think she wants to ensure the people don't lose heart." Chatora chuckled fondly. Shouta patted his arm companionably. "Don't be a stranger now Shou-chan."

"Just for that, I won't call you in a week to hang out with my kid again." Shouta scoffed. Hizashi sprinted towards her full force carrying both of their large duffle bags.

"Let's make a break for it Shouta!" He yelled and ran past her. Shouta sighed as the shrieking ladies of the Pussycats ran after him.

"Eraser?" Shouta looked at the door to see Inari there. "I wanted to thank you. This was not your case, and you still came."

"Ah, that's what heroes do." Shouta tucked her chin into her scarf.

"We listen to Itako here because her visions are never wrong." Inari rubbed her arm and looked away. Her mask still made finding out what she was thinking nearly impossible. "Had I known she was throwing you into a situation where you might have gotten-... I would have objected to the plan."

"The other women who were found in the ryokan, they need the strength you're trying to give me right now. I'm a hero, I was trained to fight in any scenario, including capture. Rape was a topic my mentor brought up. It's not something I'm unfamiliar with." Shouta sighed and looked to where Chatora was watching her seriously. "The attempt was bad enough, but it didn't happen. I'll survive; knowing that asshole is going to Tartarus is a relief. Thank you for your consideration, I might be done with this city, but I'm glad we were able to come and help."
"We are the thankful ones. You all did what we were unable to." Inari suddenly board at the waist and Shouta shifted awkwardly. "Thank you Eraserhead, for all you've done to help our city. We will never forget it."

"Feel free to, we're just heroes." Shouta shrugged. "We didn't do it for thanks, it was kind of...because Izanagi got away."

They all chuckled at that and Shouta slipped her hands into her pockets. She started for the door and Inari joined Chatora behind her. Once outside Shouta saw the transport car that was going to take them back into the mountains to get on the train that would take them back home.

"Look after your city." Shouta said as she looked back to see the agency heroes had gathered to watch them leave. "You did good work during this crisis. You should all be proud that you didn't falter. Your civilians need that now."

With that she nodded to her friends as they gathered around Chatora. She climbed into the car while Hizashi loudly bid them goodbye. They drove off and Shouta leaned back in her seat to try and doze on the way to the police lock up.

Hizashi nudged her when they arrived and she joined in to watch the villains get loaded up into the new transport vans. Izanagi was separated from the other two, smart. His face was healed, heavily scared but it looked like they managed to save his eye.

He looked up when their car idled, but Shouta had no need to make their presence known. She didn't need to excite the villain further. The drive out to the landslide was uneventful. Shouta waited for the villains to be loaded up into the train waiting for them. It was the last car, a security one designed for villain transport. Tartarus guards were even waiting to assume control of the security detail.

Hizashi opened the door the moment the train door shut and they piled out. Unsurprisingly the Mayor and Police Chief were waiting for them. The mayor turned a subdued smile to her. "Eraserhead, you have my thanks for orchestrating all of this."

"It's nothing in need of thanks. We were just doing our jobs." Shouta replied. Her dark eyes flicked to the Police Chief who bowed at the waist to her. "Eraserhead, you have my thanks for orchestrating all of this."

"I apologize, my actions put you and your partners at risk. It put innocent people in danger, the deaths that have accumulated are all my fault." Sugaru said with a tone of upset in his voice. Good, that meant he was reflecting.

"It is, do the right thing now that it's over. The hero commission will get my report." Shouta said and nodded to the mayor. She turned to Hizashi and they entered the train.

They were seated and no more than a moment later a detective walked over to the seats next to them. Hizashi looked at her quizzically but Shouta just shrugged. "Hey there listener! What brings you here?"

"I'm Detective Tsukauchi Naomasa." The fresh-faced man smiled and settled his trench coat on the seat next to him as well as his hat. "I came to speak with you both in regards to the villains you apprehended, and their potential connection to the criminal underworld in this country."

"Are there villains in this country?" Shouta asked snarkily. "Then they're connected."

"I was hoping to speak to you based on a certain connection these villains may have." Detective Tsukauchi lead. Shouta frowned, so it was more than just the ramblings of a crazed villain.
"Which department are you from?" Shouta asked and Hizashi leaned back to let her talk to this detective.

"Currently, in the Tokyo Metropolitan Police Department." Tsucauchi answered with a plain smile.

"So what's a detective from Tokyo doing all the way in Kyoto? Talking to Musutafu heroes?" She volleyed at him. His smile widened a fraction at her blunt question. Good, keeping him off balance would grab her more insight.

"I'm tracking a single individual in the underground community. A very powerful villain that has his fingers in a number of enterprises. One of which, happened to be this villain group." Tsucauchi offered and lifted a small notebook. "If you don't mind Eraserhead, could you tell me if there was any evidence of this?"

Shouta thought about it, so far she'd kept that tidbit to herself. She looked this officer up and down. "You got anyone to vouch for you? The info I have, I was going to give to the hero commission to take to the government."

"I'm good friends with All Might." Tsukauchi beamed at them.

"Good to know." Hizashi whipped his phone out and Tsukauchi's face tightened in surprise. Did he not think they had contacts? The hero community was big, but it wasn't so large that everyone didn't know everyone. Moments after Hizashi texted the big hero he replied.

Irritatingly, All Might did know this detective. He just made the rank and according to the number one hero, he was the best at his job already. Shouta huffed but couldn't deny that recommendation. Tsukauchi had been vouched for by someone Shouta trusted in their work. But her caution was warranted, they had just dealt with a corrupt police chief.

"Alright," Shouta delved into what she knew of the villains. She detailed the investigation process she had employed. She told him about all the things that were gathered no doubt to be sold in the hideouts. The treasury fund amount, and the very quiet hostage exchange that put her plans in motion. She told him about Izanagi's words, crazy but scarily true.

Tsukauchi listened and made notes, his face becoming more and more concerned. "I can't be sure but I'll take this to the interrogators. Hopefully we can get information on who his contacts were."

"Most likely he worked with a broker. One that was the go-between with this other villain." Shouta said and leaned back in her seat.

"Well that narrows it down. There's tons of brokers all over the country. They cover their asses better than the villains do." Hizashi huffed.

"Thank you for your input, this has been invaluable to my investigation." Tsukauchi closed his notebook and fished out a card. Hizashi took it and tucked it into his jacket. "Please contact me if either of you remember anything about this case that fits this unknown villain."

Shouta snorted but watched him leave the car they were in and leaned into Hizashi's side. "You think he's legit?"

"I think All Might vouched for him." Hizashi said and shrugged. "He's been number one for a few years now. There's a reason everyone loves him."

"Ugh, were almost done right?" Shouta asked as she nuzzled into her scarf.
"Almost." Hizashi answered and slung his arm around her shoulder.

Thankfully, the trip was uneventful. They arrived in Tokyo before they switched from the train to Tartarus transport vans. Their trip was even less eventful then. But that was a good thing. The hand of went swimmingly.

Hizashi waited for Shouta as she finished a formal report to a Hero Commission representative. When she was done they took a transport car to the nearest subway location and ride back to Musutafu.

The afternoon was wearing on Hizashi. He was exhausted. He was ready to take a day or two off and just throw himself into his radio show. Oh, and he wanted to cuddle his kid. Hizashi ran a finger over the bracelet still wrapped around his wrist. A smile bloomed on his mouth.

"Ugh," Shouta complained when they finally walked up to the main street that would lead them through the busy market district then to their quiet residential neighborhood. "I have to put in a support request. Damn lightning asshole."

Hizashi snorted a laugh, within moments he was laughing uproariously on the street and had to stop a moment to catch his breath. Shouta sat next to him and scowled before she pointed at him seriously. "I don't know what you find so funny, you're going to have to take your whole speaker apart to clean it. And I won't help you when Jazz knocks the screws under the couch again."

Hizashi snorted and just looked down at her as she glared at him. "Hey, I really fuckin' love you."

"Did you hit your head?" Shouta huffed, he loved that cranky look on her face. "Let's go you're punch drunk."

"But I haven't been punched in a while." Hizashi grinned at her before he joined her as they made their way down the residential street they lived on.

Once in the security door they trudged to the elevator. Hizashi waved to the land lady where she leaned in the door to the ground apartment. She nodded to them with a pleased grin. Knowing they were alive was a good thing. He's seen her give the same look to the other residents. All of which were either vigilantes or underground heroes.

They got to their floor and giddy excitement burned in him as he unlocked the door and security panel. Hizashi kicked the door open loudly. "WE'RE HOME!"

"Hizashi!" Shouta hissed. They entered the genkan and immediately started shedding boots, gear, and her capture weapon. Jazz darted at them from the kitchen like a gray and white striped missile.

Shouta scooped him up and deposited him onto her shoulders. Hizashi looked up when he saw his mother come into view. 'Welcome home'

"We're home." Hizashi spoke and signed at the same time.

"Shou?" They looked over to see Shouta's father smiling as he walked over. "Everything good now?"
"Yeah, the device is returned, villains captured." Shouta smirked. She nodded to Hizashi's mother as she signed what she'd said. "*How are things here?*

*'Not good.'* Rina signed and the way her eyes dimmed had Hizashi on edge immediately.

"What's happened?" Shouta demanded looking to her father frantically.
Shouta and Hizashi are finally home, now they have to deal with situations there.

"Is he hurt? Missing?" Hizashi asked from behind Shouta. Her father sighed and walked into the living room. He returned with a folded letter.

"He brought this home yesterday, so we kept him out today." Shouta’s father said and Shouta snatched the paper.

Hizashi read over her shoulder and sucked in a breath. "Are you fucking kidding me?!"

"Where did the bruises come from?" Shouta looked up as fiery rage coiled under her skin. She barely took a second to sign again what she'd said to Rina.

'The first few days he just came home upset. He needed help with homework.' Rina signed as they moved into the rest of the apartment. 'He would calm down after that. Even more when he got to play with his friends on that video game. And then yesterday happened.'

"Shino got him to talk." Shouta's father added in, his hands flying as soon as he was done. Everyone had learned sign so Hitoshi felt more comfortable talking how he wished. But it made communicating with Hizashi’s parents easier as well. "Apparently there are some older boys who are bullying him."

"Bullying?" Shouta muttered. Her fist crumpled the paper as her mind went to her childhood. The ostracisation she went through because no one wanted their quirk to be erased. Sometimes it led to bullying, but Shouta had been apathetic to it all then. She'd had a goal and nothing else had mattered to her.

She had not wanted that kind of life for Hitoshi. He was a good kid, earnest. He wanted to be a hero one day. She knew society was cruel, that he would one day have to face that cruelty in other ways than criminals wanting his quirk. Now he was seeing the regular people, the people he wanted to protect, reacting like he was the villain. This was not something she had waved him to have to deal with until he was much older.

"Shit. So what happened?" Hizashi asked. "The letter said a teacher found him in the hallway cleaning up a split lip and took him to the infirmary. Where they found a number of bruises he had hidden."

"Yes, the letter came from a female teacher who brought it to the principal's attention." Shouta's father nodded.

'These older boys have been bothering him for a few days. He said he could handle it. He didn't want to be a bother.' Rina wrung her hands worriedly.

Shouta leaned on the table and fought to control her breathing. Had she failed to show her kid that he wasn't a burden? Where had that line of thinking even come from? It hadn't been hard to
structure their lives around Hitoshi. It forced them to take time off, to work hard not to come home totally injured. Hitoshi had done nothing but better their lives ever since they took him in. He was never a burden, not even once.

"Where is he?" Hizashi asked and Shouta looked to the clock on the wall. It was at least an hour after school had let out. And they only lived ten minutes away from it.

"Shino and Akio took him to get dinner." Shouta's father answered. "To get him out of his head. It's been...a silent day."

'Shinji has a late meeting at the college.' Rina signed.

"The teachers are going to want to talk to you both. Maybe make sure Jinji-San is informed?" Shouta's father added in. Shouta looked at Hizashi and he bit his lip.

"I'm going to shower, then I'll call Jinji-San." He said and looked at her. "Try not to lose your temper."

"Too late." Shouta growled. She sat Jazz down and forced the paper flat on the table.

Her heart ached for her son. And he was her son, he probably had been ever since that night she'd saved him from the man who stabbed her. Nothing except him stating others would make him any less hers.

That he was experiencing the same kind of discrimination she had was unacceptable. She needed the whole story though. Then she would see just what the school had to say. They wouldn't like how she would handle them. But she wouldn't let this continue even a moment longer.

She heard Hizashi talking in the bedroom sometime after the water cut off in the bathroom. She spared a glance to where Rina was cleaning the kitchen and her father was sketching. She needed to distract herself before she did something rash.

"What was it like...for you and mom...with me?" Shouta asked.

"With the bullying?" Her father looked at her with a surprisingly soft expression on his face. Shouta didn't make a habit of bringing up her mother. Her father did well now, but he still had his days when he missed her and couldn't do much other than paint disturbing things. "Well, you were taught self defense before you even started kindergarten. So it wasn't like you couldn't handle yourself in a scrape. But I remember this one time..."

"It's okay, we don't have to-" Shouta backed off. She didn't want to set off a depressive episode.

"No, we need to talk about her." Her father nodded in determination. The same determination that let him open up to Shino and Akio. To come back to himself and be her father. "It's good to remember her as she was and not how she died."

Shouta nodded even as her heart started to race. Her father started to sketch on another page. His eyes starting to glow. An archived snapshot?

"Anyways, you were older than Hitoshi by a few years. You had no problem using your quirk on students trying to use theirs on you or others. Which only fueled everyone's fear of you." Her father snorted. "So someone's parent, some boy with fire control or whatever, called for the meeting because her kid told her you stole his quirk."

"I remember that." Shouta breathed. That was because he was lighting all the girl's hair on fire at
the ends. His favorite victim was her. Until she erased his quirk before he could set her hair ablaze, then she'd punched him in the face. As her mother and Shino taught her.

"So your mother loses it in the meeting room. She was angry because of how misinformed they were on how your quirk worked." Shouta's father snorted out a laugh. "She started in on the mother for teaching her son it was okay to potentially burn other students. That everyone should be thanking you for knocking his lights out, taught him a lesson. She'd dressed in her uniform so the adults were beside themselves. She scared the principal by threatening to open an investigation of negligence."

"That sounds like her." Shouta chuckled.

"You were her baby. Your quirk was an amazing fusion of both of ours, Erasure is still so rare. And you wanted to be a hero from the moment you knew what heroes were." Her father turned the picture around and there was the scene. Leaning onto a desk with her finger in the principal's face and a horrified pair of adults next to her, Was Aizawa Shizoka. Shouta's mother looked fierce, protective, every bit the memory Shouta always had of her.

"Dad-..." Shouta reached out to the drawing.

"I never loved her more than when she got all mama bear over you." Her father smiled at the sketch. "Hitoshi brings this side out of you. So you do what's right, not what anyone else says you should do regarding him. He's a boy who reminds me of you every time I see him. I think the universe was set on giving you to each other for a reason. And right now he needs you like you needed your mother then."

Shouta remembered hiding out with Shino and Akio when they were just dating. Upset and feeling like she was the villain everyone made her out to be. That was where her mother found her. Hiding in Shino's office while her two babysitters went back to supervising the renovations of the gym.

Her mother had told her that the world had very finite views on what quirks were acceptable and which ones were considered villainous. Erasure, while rare, wasn't evil. No quirk was. There were very few people in the world who had quirks like Erasure. Most went into law enforcement like Shouta's mother did.

That day they talked about how it was how one used their quirk that made them a hero or not. Shouta had received a story about a man who used his quirk against his wife and son. Shizoka had to go and subdue him for arrest. While someone with a seemingly useless quirk could go on and train to be a hero. It was all about how she planned to use her quirk that would shape her future.

It wasn't up to the teachers who thought she was creepy. It wasn't up to the kids who were only bullying her because they had misguided views about their own importance. It was a part of society that was acutely broken. And it was up to everyone to change it by being different, by proving they wouldn't be what everyone said they were going to be.

Shouta nodded to her father who smiled absently. Hizashi entered the room and looked at her. "Jinji-San said she would make note of the meeting, but she trusts our judgment."

"We'll go to the meeting when Hitoshi goes next." Shouta said and looked him over with his hair pulled back in a tight bun. "You can go as Present Mic."

"Oh really? You mean I can scream the ears off of anyone who hurt my little listener?" Hizashi smirked dangerously.
"Of course not." Shouta's father said. "You just disapprove blatantly. Kids love Present Mic. Screaming at them won't be good for your image."

"I guess." Hizashi pouted and shuffled to the kitchen to talk to his mother.

Noise erupted from the door as it opened. "Aww come on, it's not that big a deal. So they want to talk to your parents. That's part of the parent gig." Shino's voice came from the genkan. "I think you're all worked up over nothing."

"Yeah, this one time Shino had to pick Shouta up from her Tae Kwon Do practice because she stomped their top fighter into the ground." Akio threw her under the bus in an instant. Shouta growled as she started for the genkan. "He was bullying the other fighters. She certainly put him in his place didn't she Shino?"

"She did, but I still had to keep her from going back to teach him a lesson. Thankfully the UA entrance exams banner up and her attention diverted." Shino laughed.

"What are you two telling him?" Shouta barked as she put a hand on her hip to glare at her two dads. They looked immediately chastised. Hitoshi was looking at the ground with his hood tugged up over his messy purple hair.

"Ah, nothing important." Akio beamed at her. She lifted a brow and huffed.

"I leave you idiots in charge for one week-one week- and you start telling him shitty stories. Honestly." Shouta huffed. She nodded her head and they patted Hitoshi's shoulders and walked off. Hizashi's hands settled on her back and she stepped down to sit on the step. "Hitoshi..."

He wouldn't look up, tension all along his frame. She needed some way to bring him back enough to talk to him. She looked at Hizashi for help and her partner smiled at her. "Hey, little listener, were home."

"W-Welcome back." Hitoshi mumbled.

"Come on let's go sit down." Hizashi said gently and reached out to cup Hitoshi's shoulder. He looked up in surprise and Shouta nearly hissed at the purpling black eye he sported. And on his lip was a bloody but scabbed split on his bottom lip. "Hitoshi..."

He wouldn't look up, tension all along his frame. She needed some way to bring him back enough to talk to him. She looked at Hizashi for help and her partner smiled at her. "Hey, little listener, were home."

"W-Welcome back." Hitoshi mumbled.

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"Its fine!" Hitoshi exclaimed. "Nothing hurts. I-I'm fine! I can handle it!"

"Hitoshi!" Hizashi gasped and stumbled down to wrap the boy in his arms. "You're hurt! Oh my God, and where the hell were we? Dealing with Kyoto's mess!"

"I'm okay, I promise!" Hitoshi struggled back and shook his head and his purple hair moved all over his forehead. "I-I... I don't want to bother you."

Shouta grabbed Hizashi's sweats and yanked him to stumble behind her as she stood up. Hitoshi gaped up at her, raw fear in his eyes. She hated that look immediately. She couldn't make this go away for him. And that fact enraged her beyond belief.

"Give me your hand." Shouta ordered. Hitoshi thrust out his right without hesitation. She made a fist before his eyes. "Keep your thumb out, you don't want to break it. Never aim for the face, there's too many bones. Go for the stomach, when your enemy loses their breath they become disoriented. It'll give you time to run, or to finish it. It's the logical thing to do."

"F-Finish it?" Hitoshi asked.
"A lesson for another day. For now, if you can't run away, you can fight back. But only to create an opening to escape and get help." Shouta said seriously. Hitoshi flinched and she narrowed her gaze on him. "You already went for help?"

"He made them leave the first time." Hitoshi looked down and his little arm fell immediately. Shouta scowled as her mind worked over that. A teacher helped... why wasn't he happy about that?

"He watches now, from a distance." Hitoshi balled his fists. "He told me...he told me to focus on studying so that I can graduate. Then when I become a villain it won't be the school's fault."

Shouta froze and her mouth fell open in shock. Hizashi's hand flew to his lips and he fumbled for her. Shouta activated her quirk on him and he heaved a breath. "Thank you."

She kept her eyes on him while he visibly shook with rage and tried to contain himself. Hizashi almost never activated his quirk in anger unconsciously. For it to hit him this bad... he was monumentally pissed. That in itself was rare. And justified. She needed to get a handle on this before he decided to level that school with his voice.

It might not be a real loss though.

He nodded and Shouta deactivated her quirk. She pulled Hitoshi up into her space. His little arms wrapped around her waist and he buried his head in her chest. "I'm so sorry... I'm so much trouble. They all say so. Like I'm already a villain."

"You are not a villain." Shouta said sternly. "While we were in Kyoto, I watched a woman kill a man because she felt like it. I watched another steal like everything was hers. I watched a man try to drown nearly a hundred civilians because he thought it would be fun. And I watched a man torment Hizashi with horrible visions because he became crazy. Those people are villains. You are the farthest thing from a villain."

"Mom..." Hitoshi whined and started to sob. It was rare when he let himself go enough to call her mom. It was an honor, a great responsibility to love and care for him. Because he had decided she was his mother. She had to do everything the late Shinsou might have, because she had entrusted him to Shouta upon her death. Shouta would never forget that woman's eyes. The plea, the demand. It matched the grandmother's.

"Starting tomorrow, you'll start training with me. Everything I know about defending myself you will learn." Shouta said. "That includes your quirk."

"I didn't use it on them. Everyone thinks I did, or that I'll just use it on them. Even the teachers, no one calls on me. No one wants to talk to me." He rambled and each word only served to piss her off further. How dare they?!

Hizashi met her gaze and the fury in his eyes was reflected in hers. This school had allowed got their boy to be bullied, their teachers stood aside, or just ignored him because of his quirk. A quirk he had fought hard to control.

Yes, this school was going to rue the day they crossed Shouta and Hizashi on this. She would make sure they paid for it.

"Hey..." Akio cut in and Shouta looked at him. He smiled apologetically. "Shinji is going to be late, his meeting just started. Let's eat now."

Shouta nodded and patted Hitoshi's head. "Go eat." She said and he nodded and wiped his eyes. He even winced when he brushed his bruised eye. Oh, she was going to burn them to ash for this.
Rectification

Chapter Summary

In which Shouta and Hizashi scare an entire school staff.

Chapter Notes

So... I've got an idea on the works in regards to some smut to happen during the next time skip. Since the time skip will happen in chapter 75 or 76, it's only going to be like two years. But in this time skip most of Collared Heroes is going to take place. This idea will not pop up in this main fic, it will probably be its own thing. Or part of Collared Heroes. Since it's a smut romance fic.

This idea I have...is a little much. I almost think it's a bit too dirty to use for this specific series. But this is fanfiction and if I can't put something super extra into this series then idk how I'll work it into anything else.

So, I'm going to maybe do this smut piece and link it to this AU. This will tie in mostly in response to workaholic Tensei and my own thoughts on Shouta and Hizashi being super monogamous from like age 16. Among other things...

Any thoughts or protests I will be happy to hear. I like discussions, I like to hear how you interperate this fic.

Thank you :3
Zee

Hizashi laid awake for hours after everyone had left. Shouta laid next to him in silence. "You never told me you used to be bullied."

"It wasn't important. I was pretty post it by the time I met you." Shouta said and lifted her arm to lay over his abdomen. "Around puberty it switched from boys having something to say to girls hating me because I wasn't like them. As Shino said, once I started to focus on UA nothing else mattered. Not the kids who hated me, not the martial arts assholes who used their greater skill on the weaker members, not any of it."

"I was never bullied. But I always felt guilty I had deafened my parents and the doctors when I was born." Hizashi spoke and ran his hand up her back. Such an important moment in her life, and he'd never known. "I'm sorry people treated you that way. Had we gone to the same school I'm pretty positive we would have been friends."

"Just friends huh?" Shouta chuckled.

"Well, your friend with a massive crush on you. That's how it was our first year." He smirked. "You're going to lose your temper tomorrow aren't you?"
"Doesn't matter, he has the day off after. By the time he returns, if he returns, he'll be able to defend himself." Shouta said and he didn't doubt her. One day of training with her always served to refresh his own abilities. Hitoshi would benefit greatly from it.

Shouta shifted to look down at him. And he cupped her cheek. "Hey Shouta, are we...doing the right thing here? Going in as heroes? It's a huge risk, it's not one you like to take with our identities."

"Who the hell else is going to make them see they've messed our kid up? I won't stand for it Hizashi. Not after everything he's been through. We missed this happening, so we have to fix it for him." She looked at him with so much passion and emotion he couldn't help but be swept up into it.

"God I love you so much." Hizashi kissed her and for a long moment everything was fine.

The next morning was less of an effort than usual. Shouta was up by the time he got out of bed. She must not have slept at all, and judging by Hitoshi's zombie look, he hadn't either.

Hizashi broke his own rules and let her give the kid coffee. He still shoveled food at him though. Shouta even took what he gave her without her usual complaints. They spent a little longer getting dressed in their hero gear and then split up.

As they discussed, Hizashi would drive to the school and create a bit of a diversion. And as soon as he stepped onto the grounds he was swarmed by kids left and right. He'd gotten quite popular in the recent years, and he was using it right now to let Hitoshi point out his bullies to Shouta from a distance.

Hizashi played his part, only because he actually liked his fans. He smiled and laughed loudly for them, kids were the best part of his jobs. Shouta sent Hitoshi off and waded through the mass of children. "Mic, seriously?"

"Aww, Eraser!" Hizashi gushed fully in character. "They're all so cute!"

"Hey!" Shouta pointed at three boys to Hizashi's side, all looking at him with wonder and awe. "You three, take us to the principal's office."

The wave of disappointment was matched only by these kids' excitement. These were older kids clearly eleven or twelve in age. Hitoshi might be tall, but he was still seven years old. Almost half their age.

He wanted to be angry, instead he was just disappointed that these kids had decided to bully his kid. What kind of place was this that they just let this stuff happen? Was quirk discrimination still a thing? Was it worse now than when Shouta had dealt with it? What did that say about their society?

The other kids broke off to run into the building. The three others stated with them. Shouta settled and adjusted her scarf. "Hey, you guys know about that brainwashing kid? I heard there's a boy here who can do that."

They looked at Shouta curiously, the shady looking hero she was. Hizashi chuckled and stuffed his hand in his pockets to hide the slight tremble in them. "Brainwashing huh?"

"Look, I asked you to come on a whim." She was playing up their hero friendship. Good, kids ate that shit up.

"Well you can't expect these kids to know him." Hizashi shrugged nonchalantly. "This is a big school after all."
"You're looking for Shinsou?" The boy with fire colored hair asked.

"That's the name, you know him?" Shouta snapped her fingers.

"Yeah," The black haired boy nodded. "He's trouble though."

"Trouble?" Hizashi laughed. "Can kids in elementary even be trouble?"

"Hmm." Shouta shrugged. "How is he trouble?"

"Everyone's scared of him." The bond blurted. "He'll use his brainwashing on you if you talk to him."

"Really?" Shouta leaned down to look the kid in the eyes. "You saw him do it?"

"Yeah!" He lied straight to her face. Wow, kids really had some balls these days. "We wanted to be his friends."

"And he used his quirk on us instead." The black haired boy threw in.

"So scary." The fire colored hair boy nodded excitedly. Helping the heroes indeed.

"Hmm, so how did you get away?" Shouta asked and shot him a serious look.

"A teacher came." The blond blurted. "Kagami-Sensei!"

"Hmm, I'll want to talk to him. You boys mind sitting in with us until we can talk to everyone?" Shouta asked, inflating their importance was the way to get any kid to help. Or was a rescue and an interview technique. All kids wanted to be treated like they were as important as the adults. "I'll leave Mic with you."

"Sure thing, let's talk music little listeners!" Hizashi sauntered into the building and led the kids despite the fact that they were the ones who were going to take him to the principal. A woman from the office bustled out.

"Hello, welcome-!" She started when Shouta cut her off.

"I'm the hero Eraserhead, and this is my partner for the day Present Mic. I need to speak with Kagami-Sensei, and the principal." Shouta said and glared from beneath her hair. "These kids will hang out with Mic until I have everything I need."

"Y-Yes...of course, please come this way, the boys and Present Mic can wait in a lounge room." She led them until Hizashi was in a room with the kids and Shouta nodded at him.

"Hey you guys know a lot about that kid." Hizashi said as he leaned on a table. He switched on his recorder with his thumb on his speaker. "You mind telling me all about when this Shinsou kid used his quirk on you?"

"Sure!" The black haired kid nodded exuberantly.

The boys jumped into the story, telling him everything from how one of their brothers happened to be in the same class as Hitoshi. He was quiet, and no one talked to him, so they wanted to be his friend. They approached him and he immediately wanted to fight. He used his quirk on them until the teacher came. Then they kept trying to befriend him. But he was antagonistic, keep trying to hurt them.
Hizashi almost regretted recording their story. But Shouta was on the hunt. And he was going to do right by his kid here. Hitoshi couldn't be more subdued if he tried. He kept to himself, and he never used his quirk outside of their apartment. He was a good student, hungry to learn. These were the facts Hizashi knew. However this was not the boy those kids portrayed Hitoshi as.

He hoped Shouta found out what she needed to, because he was going to be giving the parents of these kids an earful. He tossed his leg over the other and let them talk and let all the incriminating information out. All the better to make this school think twice about how they treated children.

Turned out Shouta got to talk to the nurse and the female teacher before the principal and Kagami were supposed to show up. Which benefited her, they could take their time and be late.

The nurse was someone with a disinfectant quirk. Maiko Sakura. Maiko explained to Shouta that when she examined Hitoshi, he was very quiet and reserved. She documented pictures of the bruises, and Shouta took them all. She examined each one and seared the images into her mind.

This incident was what had prompted the visit. How many times had they not caught? How many times had Hitoshi brushed it aside to not be a bother in the past three years?

There were clearly child sized shoe imprints, and child sized bruises shaped like fists. From Shouta's regular cases this looked nothing like an adult abuse situation. This was the result of children ganging up and attacking Hitoshi.

Her own pictures had been sent to Jinji-san before Hitoshi went to bed. These and the nurses report weren't imperative to Shouta's plan today. But she wasn't going to look a gift horse in the mouth.

The teacher, Haruka Inoe, was a fourth year teacher. She had stumbled upon Hitoshi as he had been cleaning up his split lip. She had immediately been concerned and ushered him to the nurse. She had heard the rumors about him but felt he didn't match up to what the other teachers said. Shouta decided she liked this woman.

But it was concerning that there were rumors going around the staff members. Curiosity piqued Shouta left the office with Haruka-Sensei to the wing with the second grade classes. Shouta looked in each and found the homeroom teacher by class number, Hitoshi was in 2B.

Haruka-Sensei called him out and Shouta peered through the doorway to see her son by the windows. He looked at her and then down at his desk. She was taking him to the cat cafe after this. It had been a long time since he'd been caught up in an investigation. She was angry he had to be in it again like this. But Shouta wanted her ducks in a row before she spoke to the principal. And he'd assured her he would be fine.

Haruka-Sensei introduced Gen Yosuke, Hitoshi's homeroom teacher. He was a shrewd man, older than she was. He had gray hair and dark brown skin that looked like it was made of some kind of tree bark.

"Thank you for interrupting class to speak with me." Shouta inclined her head respectfully.

"Haruka said you were a hero?" He frowned when he looked her up and down. She didn't look like
"Yes, I'm an underground hero, Eraserhead." Shouta handed him her license and his eyes widened before he nodded at her resolutely. A man determined to assist a hero no matter what it was. "What can you tell me about Shinsou Hitoshi?"

"I can't speak with you without a warrant. All the children under my care are protected by privacy laws." Gen-Sensei said sternly. Which wasn't true, heroes were afforded a bit of freedom in investigations. Unless police were involved, then information was shared and the police were in charge. That wasn't the case here

"I'm not here to incriminate any children. I just want to know what his behavior is like. The bruising was brought to my attention by the boy's mother." Shouta dangled that bait. "Figured I'd save some trouble and talk to you guys myself so the whole police entourage doesn't have to come out. But I can call his mother if I need to."

Which was true.

Gen-Sensei's eyes widened predictably. "Shinsou right?"

"Purple hair, brainwashing quirk." Shouta clarified.

"Look I can't speak for everyone, but the kid scares everyone." Gen-Sensei scrubbed the back of his graying hair with his hand. "That he can control anyone after just answering him...that's a lot to put on us here. There are no safeguards in place if he does use his quirk on us."

"And has he?" Shouta asked seriously. "Have any of the kids used their quirks on the teachers?"

"There was a kid a few years ago who had a strengthening quirk. He had serious behavioral problems and lashed out at every teacher he had. We don't want that to happen again." Gen-Sensei have her a look that begged her to understand. But that would be Hizashi's MO not hers, so Shouta stayed impassive.

"So you put your own methods in place." Shouta inferred. "That's logical, the school can only do so much."

"Yes, so we don't call on him so that he can't use his quirk on us." Gen-Sensei waved a hand. "It's for our protection, what if he made us do something? Who knows what he could make us do?"

*Your job?*

"So have you ever seen him use his quirk?" Shouta asked, that was a dodgy way to avoid the question. But Shouta was trained for interrogation. And this wasn't even at a level considered mildly difficult.

"Well, no." The teacher admitted. He looked like he didn't want to admit it though. Bastard.

"What about his behavior? Is he disruptive?" Shouta continued like that unifying Martin was inconsequential.

This was a serious question though. A line in the sand, but a damming line either way. On one side, he could lie and say Hitoshi was a little delinquent like those kids said. Or he said Hitoshi minded his own business and the teachers were paranoid, discriminative, assholes, with no regard for a seven year old boy's feelings.
"The other children find him to be a distraction. So, indirectly, yes he's disruptive. It's very hard to teach with him around." Trust adults to try to cover their asses. Mindless fear was what gave rise to villains in this country.

"Thank you, I'll be sure to let the principal know you were very helpful. I'm sure he can proceed from here." Shouta lifted her hand into her scarf and turned off her recorder. With that done she walked out of the hallway and into a bathroom. The door swung shut and Shouta's fist flew out into the wall.

What the fuck was with this school?!

After Shouta had cleaned and wrapped her knuckles she left the bathroom to hunt down another teacher that she knew was going to infuriate her more. Kagami-Sensei and the principal were startled when she entered the room she was supposed to meet them in. It seemed they had come after all.

"Eraserhead, I apologize for our tardiness. Kagami-Sensei was in a class." The principal said with a kind smile on his elderly face. Shouta wiped away any lingering traces of her rage. Now was the time to extract some more information before she destroyed their carefully crafted images.

"Sorry, I chose to investigate a bit on my own." Shouta said dismissively. "Some concerned parents wanted to know more about the situation regarding Shinsou Hitoshi, and the bullying going on."

"I certainly wouldn't call it bullying. More a difference of personalities." The principal said. Shouta was so glad she started recording again. He just gave it up without any pressure.

"His homeroom teacher said that the other children find him distracting." Shouta mentioned and strode to a free chair. She settled and looked across the table at the two men.

"Gen-Sensei has brought that up a number of times. He wished to transfer Shinsou-Kun into another class. But he's the only teacher experienced enough to handle someone with that kind of quirk." The principal supplied.

"That kind of quirk?" Shouta frowned.

"Brainwashing, it's such a shame." Kagami-Sensei said shaking his head. "A boy so young with such a villainous quirk."

"Have you seen him using it?" Shouta asked and fought back her irritation. This was the kind of person who thought quirkless people were a stain on society. And 'villainous' quirks needed to be wedded out preemptively.

"No," Kagami-Sensei said, "But a few boys said that he was using it on one of their brothers."

"Is there any evidence of that?" Shouta asked. She lifted an eyebrow expectantly.

"No," The principal said and puffed his chest up. "There is no quirk use going on in my school. Not outside of P.E. activities."

"Well that's good." Shouta nodded. "I saw some pictures of the bruising on Shinsou. Have you
The two educators stiffened and Shouta waited. Whatever she had, this was another key moment. Would they save themselves, or sweep it all under the rug? "The boys parents have all been contacted. It will be dealt with once his parents have been spoken to."

Clever. But not clever enough.

"Well, that's good. Thank you for humoring me." Shouta turned off her recorder. She slipped it out of her scarf and into her jumpsuit's inner pocket. She texted Hizashi and he replied. Within moments Shouta was pulling her scarf off. She shed her belt and used a hair tie to pull her hair back.

The door opened and Hizashi sauntered in. He was speaking to the secretary. "Hey, thanks so much, tell the little listeners thanks." Hizashi closed the door and looked her up and down. Then he looked over his glasses at the confused men in the room with her. "We doin' this now?"

"Yeah," Shouta thrust her hand out to the principal while Hizashi flounced into the chair next to her. "Hello, my name is Aizawa Shouta, Shinsou's mother."

"And I'm Yamada Hizashi," Hizashi gave the darkest, most shit eating, grin of his life. "Shinsou's father."

"Now, who would like to tell me exactly why it's alright to ostracized our son?" Shouta looked at the principal. "Or why everyone is being enabled to be prejudiced against a seven year old?"

"Don't forget ignoring the bullying." Hizashi bit out and his brows came together and lifted as his gangster face emerged.

"Refusing to answer his questions in class." Shouta continued and crossed her arms. "Also...writing him off as a villain in the making?"

"Oh, and I want to speak to the parents of these three boys. You know, the ones who left bruises all over my son." Hizashi tossed over a small piece of paper with the three abusers on it. "Since you were going to sweep it all under the rug, I'll be sure to explain exactly what these boys said happened. And show them the evidence saying otherwise."

The shock and horror on their faces was almost worth it. But nothing would ever be worth the pain in Hitoshi's eyes when he explained in detail everything he had been through. He'd done his part, now it was their turn.

"So...I don't have to go back?" Hitoshi asked as Hizashi led the way from the school grounds towards the car. Shouta yawned next to them.

"No my mom is going to homeschool you for now until we can get our educational licenses."

"Educational licenses?" He asked.

"We were going to need them if we wanted to participate in the UA internship program." Shouta
spoke as she tugged her hair free. "I wasn't planning to do it until you were old enough to try and test into a hero school. But now is fine too."

"I was going to do it soon! I want to start training future sidekicks!" Hizashi grinned. He opened the door to the car. Hitoshi shuffled into the vehicle and Hizashi shared a smug look with Shouta.

After the shock wore off of the exchange the principal and teacher had scrambled to fix the mess they had created. Hitoshi's homeroom teacher was called and he paled immediately upon seeing Shouta.

She made them all uncomfortable under her severe stare. There was no choice but to call the parents of the boys who had tormented Hitoshi for a week. When they arrived Hizashi had let them gush over him for a few moments before he explained why he was there.

Needless to say, he let the parents get all up in arms about Hitoshi brainwashing kids, a villain in their midst. Until he let them know that Shouta was Hitoshi's mother, and he was his father. Their shock and horror had been just as sweet. They said a lot of shitty stuff while the teachers looked pale and sickened.

That was when the agreements began to roll out. Placating attempts to keep Hizashi and Shouta from going to the authorities. They informed the principal that they were taking Hitoshi out of school and the academic board would be hearing from them.

The parents, after receiving a major dressing down from Hizashi; were subject to Shouta's most haughty and disdainful glare imaginable. She told them she'd keep the parents and their kids out of the report if they promised to sign hero commission NDA's regarding their identities.

Shouta proved she wasn't above blackmail in regards to Hitoshi. Honestly, their tactics class had been taught by Principal Nedzu himself. He'd be proud of Shouta backing everyone into a corner here. He also might have subjected everyone to a lengthy tea discussion as well. Hizashi shuddered to think of that.

"Thanks. I'm sorry you had to do all this though." Hitoshi said as the car started.

"I'd do it again a thousand times little listener." Hizashi said seriously. "You tried to hide it, but we're the parents here. This is kind of our job, and we like doing it right."

"Not every parent is going to catch this scale of bullying. I'm not saying it's good that it happened to you, I'm pissed that it did. But now we can do something about it." Shouta said and Hizashi grinned at her. "And don't slack off. Rina is only going to cover until Hizashi and I finish the training and exam for our extra licenses. While we don't need to have them to teach you, it'll be better to back us up on it."

"Ah, you're great at everything Shouta. You were in the top three of our class." Hizashi snorted. "All three years."

"Don't sell yourself short Hizashi. You came close to beating me third year." She smirked back at Hitoshi who had finally let a real smile out. Under his black eye and tired bags, it was enough.

"Think we can test out early?" Hizashi asked. "Technically it's a year course to take, longer if we want to learn specialized subjects. What if I get recruited to help at UA?"

"Who would want you teaching anyone at UA?" Shouta asked. "You're a train wreck."

"Hmph, Hitoshi thinks I can do it. Right little listener" Hizashi volleyed.
"Maybe English or Sign Language." Hitoshi quipped. "Oh, or maybe how to style hair. Is that a class?"

"My own family!" Hizashi complained. Even while he smiled happily. They would manage somehow, they always did.
Inevitable Transitions

Chapter Summary

In which Shouta and Hizashi get to unwind with their friends.

There was an inevitable moment in every hero's career where they had to decide if they were going to take interns or not. Shouta hadn't planned to be a mentor in that right until Hitoshi was in high school. But seeing as the situation was what it was, she jump started the process.

So around a week after the school incident Shouta and Hizashi received large training packets to begin what was essentially accelerated college classes. One didn't just get to train children under the age. There was an entire involved process that might take up to a year to finish.

Most heroes, the ones who headed agencies completed these courses first. Many others in those agencies followed. Training interns helped create relationships with up and coming heroes. Future sidekicks. It was a process Shouta and her friends had technically skipped themselves. But not everyone was at their level of competency right out of graduation.

It helped that their reputations were able to grow in that first year to create sustainability of their careers. And it was in that clear cut ability to function and thrive as heroes that they could mentor correctly.

Shouta saw Hitoshi at the kotatsu doing his homework and decided to join him. She stretched out next to him and opened her package of study materials.

It seemed the exam must have changed. Shouta knew Vanisher had to renew his license when he'd taken in Fukukado. Back then it was only a general exam to test competency in taking on interns with no license, and then interns with their provisional licenses. In moderating the knowledge shared with those hero course students.

Shouta hummed as she looked it all over and huffed. They even wanted hero mentors to pass competency in college level courses. Essentially by testing out of them. What a pain in her ass. She just wanted to back up home schooling Hitoshi.

"Don't get mad." Hitoshi said and shuffled over to plop in her lap and look at the opened book in front of her. "Can I help?"

"You're already helping." Shouta said fondly and leaned her chin on Hitoshi's wild floppy hair. "I just have my own homework now."

"Sorry." Hitoshi traced his fingers over the complicated math problems.

"Don't be sorry, I would be doing this anyways eventually." Shouta mused. She shifted and pulled Hitoshi's books over as well. "Let's get it done together."
"Shouta, this is so much more involved than I was expecting." Hizashi boggled as he looked at the packet of study materials labeled to him. She looked back to see him covered in books on top of their bed.

"I know." Shouta sighed as she eyed it all with contempt. She still continued to fill her newly cleaned pouches with her gear to go out and patrol. She slung her scarf on and buckled her belt into place.

"Like, I can take it simple and just get the general license to mentor. Or I can keep going and gain the teaching license by completing a subject or two." Hizashi groaned. "It's like college for heroes!"

"That's pretty much what it is." Shouta snorted. She'd made a choice on what she would study. Things that she felt Hitoshi would need as he got older. Things she had learned pre-emptively from Shino, and extensively from Vanisher.

"Well shit." Hizashi chuckled. "I was joking about helping out with hero classes at UA. How am I going to keep up with young interns? I'm not even allowed to hang out with Hitoshi when he invites Tenya or Denki over."

"That's because you try to play with them." Shouta tucked her fond smile into her scarf and turned. "Call me if you need me home."

"Yeah, yeah, be careful." Hizashi waved a hand. "And say hi to Nemuri for me."

She walked over and bumped their foreheads together. A moment stretched between them before Shouta turned and left the bedroom. She checked in on Hitoshi and he was under his blankets. Doubtful he was asleep but she wasn't going to give him a reason to stay awake.

Once out into the night she met up with Nemuri in her new Midnight gear. She must have received it while Shouta was in Kyoto. For looking revealing it actually covered up a lot.

She wore an underbust corset that blended into the spanks she wore. Her entire body was covered in the fleshy paperthin covering she usually wore. Only this time her chest wasn't covered by anything but the featureless support item.

"Eraser!" She exclaimed and kicked up one booted foot. "I missed you!"

"I called you the day I got home Midnight." Shouta huffed and only shoved her friend away when she got too handsy with her hug. The Midnight standard greeting.

"But it's not the same as hanging out!" Nemuri sighed. "It's still early, tell me everything about Kyoto."

Shouta sighed but delved into the story. They ended up perched on a rooftop looking over the busy night life below. "I got an update from Ryuko, but damn." Nemuri sighed. "She really blamed herself for Hizashi's arm. And you got hit by a lightning quirk!"

"Ah, it wasn't fun." Shouta scrubbed her hand over her neck. "Honestly I'm just glad the villains are in jail now. They hurt a lot of people, killed more."

"Still, that's some crazy shit." Nemuri scowled. "That spear asshole even tried to rape you. I'm surprised Hizashi didn't actually kill him."

"He...he didn't handle it very well. The illusion showed more than Izanagi managed to do when we
fought. You and I competed that special training in our second year with Vanisher. So we both know how to get out of situations like that." Shouta cupped her bicep and sighed. "Weirdly enough, it's not the almost rape I've been having nightmares about. It's seeing Hizashi so lost about it. Like he stops seeing me for me and instead sees a victim."

"Hizashi will never see you like that." Nemuri said with vehemence. "Neither Tensei nor I would ever see you as anything but the tough mess you are."

"Thanks." Shouta rolled her eyes. "I guess."

"Hizashi texted me to unload about Hitoshi. You guys pulled him out of school?" Nemuri stated and blew out a long breath. "Maybe it was for the best."

"I don't think so. He's had a rough life so far. Now it's even worse because of some preconceived prejudice. I was expecting this shit to crop up in middle school. Not so soon... He's only seven." Shouta groaned. "It's not fair to him."

"He'll be fine. He's like you, tough and resourceful." Nemuri laughed. "Hey, you see that?"

Shouta tilted her head and narrowed her gaze on the shady looking guy at the edge of an alleyway across the square. Shouta nodded to Nemuri and they set off across the rooftops. Nemuri split off to approach at ground level, Shouta circled around the square to cut off escape.

They waited a while, but sure enough he yanked a young looking man into the alleyway. He pointed his fingers at his victim and Shouta activated her quirk from her perch. Nemuri cracked her whip around the man's wrist.

"Naughty, naughty." She grinned sadistically. "Non-consensual play is prohibited."

Shouta sighed, Nemuri must be really bothered by the almost rape that Shouta had detailed. The civilian ran off and Nemuri dodged a lunging punch with a laugh. Shouta swung down and lashed the arm that drew back to swing again.

He looked at her with wild eyes and seemed to just realize he couldn't use his quirk. Amateur. He was tied up a moment later and Nemuri put him to sleep to keep him from using his quirk on the zipties.

They waited for the police and once he was taken off Nemuri grinned at Shouta. Unable to fight it she grinned back. It was be nice to be home, with backup she trusted with her life.

"Dude." Hizashi looked at Tensei in the middle of his office. Paperwork was everywhere, files and cases opened and listed on the big map of Tokyo. Specifically his patrol area in Hosu. "What the hell?"

"Hizashi." Tensei blinked as if he had just realized Hizashi had showed up. "What are you doing here?"

"I just dropped Hitoshi off with my mom. Thought I'd come by and see if you wanted to get an early lunch. What is all this?" Hizashi looked around wide eyed.
"Ah, I'm in charge of the patrol routes now. So I'm linking up the open cases the police are having trouble with to the other heroes at the agency." Tensei said and ran a gloved hand through his hair. At least he wasn't in his armor. That would be a real reason for concern.

"Yeah, I think it's time for lunch now." Hizashi waded through the room and took his friends arm. "Come on, time to get out of the office. No wonder your mom looked so happy to see me."

"I-I have to get this done though. We're opening another branch soon. Right in Hosu." Tensei said. "It's going to be mine."

"What are you serious?" Hizashi blinked in shock. "That's awesome!"

"It's busy." Tensei sighed, even as an excited smile stole over his face. "I get to actually manage it. Like, how crazy is that?"

"Crazy, let's get out of here for a while. Go change!" Hizashi ordered. He wondered, as Tensei moved off to the locker room, if they were all in a transition period for their hero careers. It had only been a few years. Maybe that was what it meant to be successful.

Hizashi decided to shelve that thought and stuffed his hands into his pockets. Tensei joined him with a sly grin and his phone in hand. "So...Shouta's scarf huh?"

Hizashi stiffened and an unholy blush burned across his cheeks. "Dammit, she wasn't supposed to say anything to anyone about that. Shouta will literally flay me alive!"

"Then don't talk to Nemuri, seriously." Tensei rolled his eyes. "Alright, details. Everyone has thought about it before."

"Everyone?" Hizashi blinked in shock and Tensei smirked.

"Yes everyone, she's really skilled with it. Details Hizashi!" Tensei led the way out of the agency. Hizashi groaned. "Like, just your hands? All of you?"

"It was right after we arrested the villains. I was...really out of it." Hizashi stopped and Tensei looked at him in concern. "Izanagi showed me an illusion of him raping Shouta."

"Fuck, Hizashi!" Tensei spat in disgust and reached out to grab his shoulder. "An illusion?"

"She upended his entire plan. She backed him into a corner," Hizashi said and pride filled him. Shouta was an amazing hero, covert elaborate jobs were her wheelhouse. "His attention to detail turned into manic obsession. So he focused all of that on her the moment his entire plan fell apart. He tried to rape her before Inari and I got there."

"You're shitting me." Tensei's eyes hardened. They had been an amazing group of friends these past seven years. Anyone trying to hurt Shouta or any of the women in their circle were regarded with an adequate level of scorn. "You kill him?"

"You know I didn't." Hizashi grumbled. "Regardless, she fought him and showed me the illusion wasn't real. But it took me a while to get that image out of my head. Nemuri said I might have dissociated a little. Shouta managed to bring me out of it. By making me feel secure. She had the power, and her scarf was how she showed me that."

"Hizashi, don't take offense to this. But that's pretty hot." Tensei looked down the street and started walking again. "She controls that whole thing. How does she do that?"
"No clue, best sex of my life. Nemuri got really creepy about it. You know -," Hizashi waved his hand.

"As she does." Tensei laughed. Then they started chuckling. They stopped into a small noodle shop. They posted up at the counter and Tensei blew out a breath. They ordered and a silence flowed between them.

"Shouta and I decided to get the teaching licenses." Hizashi informed his friend and Tensei grinned wide.

"I can't believe you'll both be capable to take on interns. I haven't even gotten one yet." Tensei chuckled. "I'll have to, with opening an Udaten agency. But you two...Shouta doesn't even like rookie heroes."

"Yeah, but having it will help with Hitoshi having to be home schooled." Hizashi perked up when a shrimp bowl was settled in front of him. Tensei grinned over his pork bowl at the cook in thanks.

"Tenya told me about that. Then Shouta told me about how you both scared the school shitless. Quirk discrimination, I can't believe it." Tensei sighed. "What a world we live in. He's a good kid, he'll make a great hero. Teachers certainly shouldn't try to force him into a box. Quirks don't decide who becomes a villain."

"But discrimination and ostracization because of a quirk deemed 'villainous' might." Hizashi said with a growl. "My kid had to go through that."

"Well you guys did the right thing. Now he can get the education he needs. Maybe he'll want to go in for middle school." Tensei suggested.

"Hopefully." Hizashi nodded. Hitoshi would need the testing scores and extra boost a middle school could give him when applying to high school.

"Speaking of hopefully..." Tensei leveled a flat look at Hizashi. "You totally ruined my betting window. The timing pot is out of my grasp now. All I've got is if you hurt Shouta in the process of proposing."

"I'm not going to hurt her, what is wrong with you?" Hizashi pointed his chopsticks threateningly.

"All that aside, why haven't you asked her?" Tensei asked curiously.

"Everything went to shit in Kyoto. We almost died in the flood, then the fucking rape illusion. Nothing felt like the right moment. I was just so glad she was alive, it trait kind of escaped me to ask." Hizashi groaned loudly.

"You've been asking what my problem is, what's yours?" Tensei chuckled. "You're loud and extra in and out of your gear. Why is this hard for you?"

"Look," Hizashi rubbed his nose under his glasses and sighed. "We've only been with each other this whole time. I love her, this is the person for me. But what if she has hang ups about that? Like we've never been with anyone else at all."

"So what, you want her to go off and sleep with someone else?" Tensei snorted. "You'd cry two seconds into her leaving the apartment."

"True." Hizashi laughed. "I'll just keep waiting for the right moment. Eventually I'll stop being a chicken shit about it."
"You can do it." Tensei nodded. "You guys are pretty much meant for each other."

Hizashi was glad his friend thought so, but he was still worried about Shouta saying no. Part of it was in the fact that she was a very go with the flow kind of person. Maybe marriage wasn't her thing. Especially considering how Takashi was after his wife died. That was why Shouta had resisted admitting how she felt about him.

They paid their tabs and walked back out into the street. "Don't over work yourself dude." Hizashi checked the time, he still had a few hours until Hitoshi would be done with his home school classes. "I will seriously send Shouta next time."

"I hear you, loud and clear." Tensei waved as he started back towards the agency. Hizashi smirked and then his phone went off. He frowned and looked down to see an email from the station. His eyes widened in shock.
Climbing The Ladder

Chapter Summary

In which Shouta begins to teach Hitoshi to defend himself. And Hizashi gets interesting news.

Chapter Notes

Sorry guys, this should have been up yesterday, but between my kiddo getting to run all over the house now, and visiting family yesterday I didn't get to edit until today.

Hizashi gaped at the email on his phone. He immediately dialed the true head of the agency he worked for. Immediately it picked up. "Glad to see you check your email Mic-Kun."

"Madam Glitz, are you out of your mind?" Hizashi questioned.

"Certainly not." She chuckled. "Out of all the interns and side kicks I've trained, you were the most promising."

"You can't be serious." Hizashi pushed forward. "I can't take over an agency."

"Technically it's not an agency. You're just sponsored by the media now. Which means they'll be putting you in charge of any and all hero related work at that location." Madam Glitz laughed. "I'm retiring boy, I've been in the game long enough. Now it's time I focus exclusively on charity. The agency here is transferring totally to Banshee. But that Musutafu branch, that's all you."

"I-I don't know what to say." Hizashi couldn't breathe. There weren't many heroes at the broadcasting station, but there were enough.

"Don't say anything. You handled the Eraserhead thing in the news well. Then you went to Kyoto and personally helped rescue hundreds of people. These are the things a media hero needs to have. You can continue the work I started." Madam Glitz continued. "Do me proud kid."

"I will, thank you for the opportunity. You've looked after me for so long." Hizashi felt a stupid smile pull at his lips.

"That's right, this old bird gets to rest now. So get the hell out of my nest and fly." She hung up in that flashy entitled way he knew she could do. He laughed and then raked a hand through his ponytail. It wasn't really an agency, but it worked like one. And now it was his. It seemed he would need to get his license in order.

Hizashi shook his head and started back towards his car. He needed to call Shouta. This was huge news.
"Keep your eyes up, guard your face." Shouta instructed as she adjusted Hitoshi's stance. She showed him where to put his hands. "Always move, a stationary opponent is a beaten one."

"What about Hizashi, he just stands there and screams?" Hitoshi looked at her curiously.

"Hey!" Hizashi's indignant squak came from behind the pouncing bag. Ever since they had started home schooling him, he'd started being mouthy with them. Most of that was due to Shouta telling him to think of ways to use his quirk. Hitoshi had taken that to mean always get some kind of response.

That Shouta and Hizashi were his main targets to practice on, well...that was relative. They were just glad he'd opened up enough again to feel comfortable being snarky.

"Hmm, he does do that." Shouta smirked and Hizashi let go of the punching bag to point at her.

"You sayin' I'm soft?" He tilted his head back and she watched as Hitoshi slunk to the edge of the training mat that took up most of the living space next to the living room.

"Softer than me." Shouta taunted.

"You know what, it's on. Bring it babe." Hizashi waved her towards him. She smirked and lifted her hands into loose fists up near her chin.

"Pay attention Hitoshi." Shouta informed and the purple haired boy nodded excitedly.

Shouta sized up her boyfriend and his green eyes sparked with amusement. He started for her and twisted into a punch. Shouta dropped her fists and opened her hands to grab his arm. She pivoted on her feet and launched Hizashi over her shoulder and onto the mat.

Hizashi blinked in shock. "Shouta..."

"Always use your opponents weight against them. More often than not they will try to use their grappling abilities against you. Redirect their energy and you can remain unhurt." Shouta looked at Hitoshi who was gaping at her.

Hizashi rolled and hooked his arm around her knee. On anyone else it would be a definite way to take them down. Shouta lunged into a roll over top of him. As she twisted she tangled her legs with Hizashi's arm and bent back into an arm bar. Hizashi grunted and tried to flex his bicep. Shouta came up only an inch from the mat before her weight forced his arm down. He tapped her knee twice and Shouta released him.

"Seriously babe, it's ridiculous that you've gone down to beginner level and you can still kick my ass." Hizashi huffed. "Maybe I'll spar with Tensei."

"Tensei loses to me too." Shouta smirked. She helped Hizashi to his feet and they padded over to Hitoshi. "So, what did you learn?"

"Use my opponents weight and force against them," Hitoshi said, Shouta nodded. "And don't pick a fight with you."

"Eventually, no one will want to pick a fight with you either." Shouta said and ruffled his hair. "Now, do your poses."
Shouta watched as Hitoshi scrambled into a series of yoga poses. Still gangly with his recent growth spurt. He had the flexibly of a child, but the stiffness of one too. Hizashi stepped over to help him lift his arms or adjust his knees. It was important to have flexibility, patience, and discipline. They were going to have their work cut out for them teaching him those things.

Shouta felt a smile tug one side of her mouth. So far training excited Hitoshi. He was still young, so she didn't have to go too hard at him. But eventually...eventually she would have to. How else would he be able to survive as a hero without physical quirk assistance?

Shouta would make sure he had what he needed for his hero dream to be fulfilled. She saw the way he watched hero news, the way he hid her goggles in his bag. He wanted to be a hero as bad as she had once upon a time. It was their job to prepare him for that.

"What am I going to do?" Hizashi shrieked from the new office he was given at the station. He looked down at the resignation letters from the senior heroes who were planning to either leave to start their own agencies, or retire. The only ones left were those that came after he started.

Shouta flipped through the papers as she examined their rosters. "I would say call a meeting and plan out patrol routes with your remaining heroes."

"I'm not suited for this. What was Madam Glitz thinking?!" Hizashi whined. His producer and manager both thought he was being dramatic. Everyone just smiled at him and congratulated him as he passed them in the halls. He'd finally broken down and called Shouta for help. Luckily Hitoshi was having a sleepover at the Kaminari's.

"You tested well in leadership exercises. This is no different. And once you finish the licensing exam you can start bringing in sidekicks." Shouta said reasonably. Why did she have to be so reasonable? "That should offset some of the work. Maybe hire your own secretary. That way you don't have to do all the paperwork."

"Dammit, you're right." Hizashi sighed. He rubbed his eyes and decided to get his shit together. Extra money, and pretty much owning his own agency. He could handle this. "Alright first step!"

"Hmm," Shouta stood up and walked to the door of his office. She waved to someone and smirked. "He's stopped being a drama queen. You can come in now."

"Oi Eraser!" Hizashi squawked.

His manager and a PR representative walked in. Both women grinned happily. "Go on Mic, first step." Shouta grinned.

"Okay, Hama-San, Tatsumaki-San, go ahead." Hizashi slumped, he might as well embrace it all.

"Glad you've come around." Hama Yui grinned and flipped a tablet around. "So far no news has come out about Madam Glitz retiring. Banshee said she would keep her new agency's identity quiet until you were ready to announce your own."

"I recommend you announce it on your site in conjunction with a television interview." Tatsumaki nodded. Shouta didn't know Tatsumaki, but Hama knew about Shouta and Hizashi and their identities. She'd been the one to help clean up the mess a few months ago. Invaluable assistance.
Hizashi nodded along and agreed to their plans. Increased public appearances, working with big names in the entertainment industry. He would do well with this. He'd try to make a good leader for a small agency. Thank God it was small.

"The station executives are having a lunch tomorrow, you should attend. While they are not your bosses, they will gain a lot from your support. They are technically your sponsors. Though the government pays your salary." Hama said with a bid from Tatsumaki. "Thru will want to know you've got their interests at heart as you take over. But do remember, you are a hero first."

This was becoming a bit of a trend as far as he could see. With the number of heroes cropping up lately. Far too many were playing up the camera, it was becoming a concern. Hizashi had scoffed and said anyone paying attention to the camera wasn't paying attention to the villain.

"I've got this." Hizashi looked up through his sunglasses. Shouta nodded at him, she believed in him. He would always have it so long as she believed in him.

Hizashi agree to do two public appearances, and allow himself to be put in a photo spread. But he wasn't going to compromise on his radio show. Friday's were to remain his show exclusively. There was one other person who worked it during the day. Outside of that he would agree to staff members who would extend the program into the week.

It hit him again. This was happening, he was going to be in charge of a small agency being sponsored by the broadcasting station. What the hell had he been thinking?! "Alright, looks like we're in business yo. Lets make it all a show to remember."

He just hoped no one knew his knees were shaking. This was more than sharing responsibility in his life with Shouta. This was going to be wholly his. He looked back at Shouta and she nodded again. Right, he could do this. He was a hero too, he just needed to act like it.
Day Off

Chapter Summary

Hizashi and Hitoshi have a bad run in on a day off

Chapter Notes

Thanks for the comments :3

See the end of the chapter for more notes

Hitoshi had itched for this day off. As it stood school was officially let out, even though he was home schooled. He'd gotten to hang out with both Denki and Tenya already. His friends were great, they got his mind off of tons of things. But he was excited for another reason.

Ever since Hizashi had become the lead hero at the broadcasting station, he'd been busy. He always made time to help Hitoshi with his homework, but he was still busy most of the time. Shouta spent the daytime with him, even over at his grandparents houses. But Hitoshi missed Hizashi.

But Hizashi's days were no longer loose and subject to his own whims. Now he was doing photo shoots, television interviews, online podcasts with musicians, and of course, his patrol routes. Hitoshi just missed his dad.

This, however, was a full day Hizashi had sworn was going to be just the two of them. Hitoshi woke up drowsy but excited. He smelled food cooking and shuffled out of his room to find Shouta at the kitchen bar hugging a coffee mug. She must not have slept yet, and judging by the paperwork next to her, she might not sleep at all.

"Toshi!" Hizashi grinned at him as he plated some egg toast and fried fish. A small bowl of miso ended up in front of him. Anything to keep him from the coffee. "Morning Little Listener."

"Morning." Hitoshi smiled. He climbed up into his spot and stole Shouta's mug for a drink before he put it back into her hand.

"So! What do you want to do today?" Hizashi asked, he turned a suspicious look at them but Shouta had lifted a page to read and Hitoshi picked up his toast. Nothing to see here.

"Anything." Hitoshi said with a deceptive grin. He finished eating and left to get dressed for the day. With a purple shirt and his ripped jeans he was ready for the summer day.

Hizashi wore a blue sleeveless shirt under a studded leather vest. His skinny jeans were equally as ripped as Hitoshi's. His hair was pulled up into a tight bun and his glasses were swapped for his black aviators. He looked both like and unlike Present Mic. Everyone would think he was a fan boy.
"Yo Little Listener, let's hit the music store first!" Hizashi suggested. "Shouta! We're leaving!"

A hand waved from the couch. Hitoshi wondered if she'd nap. He followed Hizashi and remembered doing the same thing when he came to live with them. Hizashi's arm fell around Hitoshi's shoulder, and he was just too excited to hang out with his dad that nothing else mattered.

The music store was a place they frequented a lot. Hizashi loved his hard copies of music. And this store imported from the rest of the world, a big plus for the radio host. Hitoshi liked music too and always ended up finding another rock band he liked. It was something they shared.

Hitoshi was shifting through CD's when he saw Hizashi again. He was holding about six CD's in hand. "Hey, hey, you should check these guys out. I just did an interview with them, super cool."

Hizashi plucked a CD out and handed it to Hitoshi. They were a new band it seemed, metal and dark. Right up his alley. Hitoshi shrugged and nodded. Hizashi always knew the best music to listen to.

They left the store and set off towards the park. Hitoshi perked up when he saw a street cart. He grabbed Hizashi's wrist and dragged him towards it. "Alright, we'll get a crepe to share. Too much sugar."

Hitoshi was eagerly awaiting the treat, and sure enough he was rewarded with a huge whipped cream, chocolate, and strawberry crepe. He boggled at it and blinked when he heard Hizashi's phone going off with the camera's shutter.

Hitoshi glared and for the offense took a huge bite out of the dessert. Hizashi took another picture and offered a napkin. They walked into the park near them and Hizashi stretched out on a bench while Hitoshi fueled up on his dessert.

Something caught his attention and the crepe was snatched. "Ha ha! My turn!" Hizashi crowed and ate nearly half of it in two bites. "Not bad at all, I think I'll finish it!"

"Hizashi!" Hitoshi yelled and vaulted into the tall man. He was half over Hizashi's shoulder when the adult stood up. Hitoshi dangled as Hizashi laughed over his victory.

Hitoshi felt his eyes widen as he looked across the park at what had caught his attention in the first place. Two people were riding bikes down the quieter streets. How did they make them stay up like that? He'd never gotten the chance to ride a bike before.

"Hey, you okay? You can finish the crepe. I was just kidding." Hizashi adjusted his weight and Hitoshi looked at the blond head next to his own. "Toshi?"

"How do bikes stay up?" Hitoshi asked. He knew Shouta had amazing balance, she could ride a bike no problem. But how could you stay up and move like that at the same time?

"You use your body weight to balance, why?" Hizashi turned around and Hitoshi laughed as he swung around. "Oh I see, you wanna try it out?"

"But we don't have a bike Hizashi." Hitoshi laughed.
"Hmm, you're right. We'll have to find one." Hizashi passed back the crepe. Their bags were scooped up and Hizashi looked around seriously. "Alright, found it."

Hitoshi hung on while Hizashi walked across the park and down a side street. They came out at a secluded little store with bikes lined up outside. Hizashi settled Hitoshi on the ground and they meandered in. Hitoshi threw away his crepe wrapper and stuck close to his guardian.

Money was exchanged and Hizashi had to sign something before he grinned down at Hitoshi. "Alright kid, let's pick out a bike to rent."

"Rent?" Hitoshi frowned in confusion.

"Yeah, rent, we get to play around with a bike until we have to return it." Hizashi grinned proudly. "So let's go pick one."

Hitoshi practically vibrated out of his skin to get back outside. The bikes were lined up all along the sides of the building. He looked at all of them. The ones for adults were boring looking. The row he stopped at was a rainbow of colors. Hizashi sauntered out with a back pack he tore the tag off of, and a tiny wrench set.

Hitoshi watched Hizashi stuff their CD purchases inside and sling it onto his shoulders. "Okay kiddo, any one you want, we're paid up until you're done." Hizashi beamed.

Hitoshi looked around and spotted a plain black frame. He padded over and looked it over, Hizashi eyed the bike and then him. "You're such a little edge lord."

They wheeled the bike onto the empty lane and Hizashi lowered the seat and handle bars. He checked the air and nodded resolutely. With pure excitement Hitoshi clambered onto the seat and grasped the handlebars.

Hizashi cupped his shoulder and leaned forward to look ahead. "Okay, I'll hold onto the seat so you don't fall. Make sure you pedal to get a feel for it."

Hitoshi lifted his sneakers up to settle on the pedals. Hizashi stepped forward and the bike pushed forward. His feet followed the motion and he got a feel for the balance. He put pressure on his feet and leaned forward. "Don't let go."

"I won't." Hizashi had a strange tone to his voice. Hitoshi looked up to see Hizashi grinning at him like he had three years ago. When Hitoshi had used sign language for the first time. Then he looked forward and Hitoshi looked up too.

They started forward, and Hitoshi started to pedal. They made it to the end of the lane and turned around. Hizashi let go of his shoulder but grinned wide. "How about we go faster?"

"Yeah!" Hitoshi yelled in excitement. They started to move faster, and Hitoshi pumped his legs harder. It was so awesome, why hadn't he wanted to do this before now?!

"You're killing it!" Hizashi yelled, but that wasn't right. His voice was so far away. Hitoshi craned his head back and saw Hizashi standing back by a building and Hizashi was doing it by himself.

Hitoshi faced forward and kept pedaling. He was doing it by himself. By himself? He beamed and tried to do a turn like they had before. He wobbled but managed the turn and kept going towards his dad. Hizashi was filming it with his phone and laughing.

"I'm doing it!" Hitoshi screamed and Hizashi nodded frantically.
"I know, I'm so proud!" Hizashi choked and covered his mouth with one hand and nodded happily. They cheered at each other and Hitoshi rode around before Hizashi reached out for the seat and Hitoshi came to a stop. "Let's do this at the park."

After a few hours of riding the bike Hitoshi eventually relinquished it to the shop owner. Then they hunted down a late lunch at a small restaurant that served home cooking.

Hizashi told him stories about the musicians and heroes he'd been meeting. Hitoshi told him about his new school work and what Rina-Baba would be dishing out when school started again. Then they wracked their brains for what to do on either of their birthdays.

But that was when something in the air changed. Hizashi fell silent and inclined his head. That was when Hitoshi noticed the shouting going on. "I'm serious, everything you've got!"

"You heard him, empty the fucking register!" A second voice yelled.

Hitoshi looked at the man who was his father and winced when he saw the tightened fist on the table. A gun was brandished and Hizashi edged out of his seat and pulled Hitoshi down to the floor. "I need you to stay down here. Call the police okay. These people are too freaked out."

"B-But you don't have your speaker!" Hitoshi whispered as fear settled under his skin.

"I got this." Hizashi shot him a smile and put his sunglasses on. He looked to some of the other patrons who had fallen silent and were starting to lower to the ground.

Hitoshi hugged the backpack to his chest and fumbled with his phone as Hizashi rose to his feet and sauntered across the small diner. "Hey, let's put the gun down now. This is a family restaurant."

"Who the hell are you?" Hitoshi peeked around the booth row to see a white haired man wearing a half mask whirl on Hizashi. Black smoke started to float off of his hoodie. The other man, tall and stocky held the gun. He was completely covered by clothes and a hat, but he wore a matching half mask. Both had red skulls on them.

"I've already called the police, let's put the gun down and we can talk about this. No one's been hurt yet, you can come out of this without becoming villains." Hizashi said and lifted his hands.

"You a fuckin' hero?" The big robber asked. "He's a fuckin' hero."

"Off duty no doubt. Hey hero, what the hell makes you think you can tell us what to do?!" The lanky man hissed and pulled another gun from his pants. Raw fear choked Hitoshi up as he saw the guns pointed at his dad.

His phone connected to a police dispatch operator and he dropped it in surprise. It clattered to the floor and the robbers whirled to where Hitoshi was hiding. "Hey! The fuck you lookin' at kid?!"

"He's got a phone!" The lanky robber shouted. Hizashi stepped between them and lowered his center of gravity.

"Don't worry about the kid, you're talking to me. Only me." Hizashi growled. Hitoshi had never
heard Hizashi's tone get so dark and angry before.

"Fuck you hero!" The lanky robber hissed and the bigger one turned back to the restaurant worker who was cowering near the register.

"You, give me the damn money!" The big robber shouted at the terrified woman.

"No! If you're going to point those guns at anyone point them at me!" Hizashi stormed forward a few steps. Hitoshi saw the lanky robber swing his gun up at his dad.

"No!" Hitoshi was moving before he realized it and he barreled into the gun welding robber. They fell into a heap. All he saw was that gun pointing at his dad.

"Fucking kid, you wanna die?!" The white haired man snarled and grabbed Hitoshi by his hair. Pain spiked across his head and he yelped.

"No! You let him go!" Hizashi lifted his hands and tore his sunglasses off. "That's just a kid, let him go!"

Hitoshi looked up into terrified green eyes and felt tears well into his eyes. He messed up and now a villain had him. It was like he was in the warehouse again. Would they get away with him? Sell him?

"Shut the fuck up hero!" The villain got to his feet and yanked Hitoshi up against him. "This kid is asking for it."

Hizashi needed to use his quirk, that's what Shouta would do. Hitoshi needed to get out of the way. "Hey, idiot!" Hitoshi yelled up at his captor.

"The fuck, shut the hell up kid!" The villain looked down at him and Hitoshi reached out with his quirk.

"Are you always this stupid, or is this a new low for you?" Hitoshi volleyed.

"I'm gonna -..." Hitoshi struck like a snake and took control of the villain. The blank look the villain's face adopted was a relief.

"Let me go." Hitoshi ordered. He dove for Hizashi the second those arms fell away from him. Hizashi yanked Hitoshi behind him. Hitoshi yelled across the whole restaurant. "Cover your ears!"

"YEAH!" Hizashi's voice boomed into the air with so much pressure and volume it flung the villains back towards the door. Hizashi pointed at him seriously. "Stay here, I mean it Hitoshi!"

Then he was sprinting towards the villains and punching the big one in the face. They grappled and fell out of the door. Hitoshi rushed to the door as the villains tried to regroup. He was joined by the other patrons immediately. "Taking a kid hostage, right in front of me. How dare you?! His mother would skin me alive!" Hizashi muttered. "I said- PUT THE GUNS DOWN!"

The villains looked around frantically for an escape while covering their ears. They looked at Hitoshi and the others in that exact moment. Hitoshi stumbled back in shock but there was no where to go with all the people behind him.

Gunshots rang out and Hitoshi crouched covering his head in terror. Everything fell silent and Hitoshi peeked his eyes open, standing in the doorway was Hizashi. Everyone screamed behind him and a drop of something red hit the threshold. Hizashi crumpled to a knee and craned his head
"Someone...call an ambulance." He choked out and slumped against the door jamb as panic broke out behind Hitoshi.

Hitoshi felt everything turn to ice when he saw the bullet holes opened up all over his dad. Three in his torso, and two in one leg. "H-Hizashi..." Hitoshi felt his breathing speed up and tears blurred his vision. "Dad!"

One arm snaked out and dragged Hitoshi close. "Don't cry kiddo." Hizashi huffed and bit his lip. "You're alright, he didn't hurt you."

"They hurt you!" Hitoshi yelled. Hizashi unbuckled his belt and threaded it around his leg. He tanned it tight and coughed up blood. In horror Hitoshi tried to put his hands over the bullet holes in Hizashi's chest.

"Okay, okay, all your weight yeah?" Hizashi nodded and lifted his hand to cover one of Hitoshi's. His other hand pressed to the one in his stomach. The blood was hot, and it oozed over Hitoshi's fingers. But he wasn't letting go, he wasn't!

"The ambulance is close!" Someone yelled.

"He was going to shoot you." Hitoshi babbled through his tears. "I saw him! I'm sorry, it's all my fault. If I hadn't tried to help!"

"Hush," Hizashi spoke and blinked rapidly. "Need you to get my wallet...show the ambulance driver...okay?"

"Okay!" Hitoshi nodded. The other patrons joined in putting pressure on the wounds. Despite the blood all over the ground they knelt to help. Hitoshi fished the wallet out and looked in at Hizashi's hero license. Folded up inside with the money, was the custody paper that had Hizashi as his guardian.

The ambulance screamed onto the street and Hitoshi struggled not to get swept aside. Hizashi was scooped up onto a stretcher and Hitoshi climbed into the ambulance as they were loading him in.

"Who are you kid?" The EMT asked. Hitoshi held out Hizashi's wallet and his dad grabbed the EMT's wrist.

"He's...with me..." Hizashi looked up at the roof of the ambulance then. His eyes growing more tired and vacant by the moment. "Call... Eraserhead."

Chapter End Notes

Fun fact, I taught myself to ride a bike. I was pretty bad at it at first. My sister was a damn natural. She skipped from training wheels to the bike like it was nothing.
Devastation

Chapter Summary

Shouta receives a harrowing call

Shouta roused from her sleeping bag when she heard a horrid racket. That was when she noticed the doorbell was going off. Reaching out of her cocoon to grasp her phone she sat up. It was afternoon already?

Shouta got to her feet and shuffled to the door to unlock and open it. Shino stood there with an eyebrow raised. "This is keeping you up huh?"

"No one knows what I'm working on." Shouta said and rubbed the back of her neck and finger combed her hair into place. "Come in, Hizashi made tea before he left."

Shouta let her second father in and entered the kitchen. She fished two glasses out of the cabinet and filled them with iced green tea that had pink petals floating inside. Shino was looking through her papers when she joined him.

"So what made you decide to look into all of this?" Shino asked a frown in his face.

"The Kyoto mess. Izanagi said he was working to buy his way into some shadow organization bent on world domination." Shouta sipped her tea and looked at it in contemplation. Pretty good. "That detective, Tsukauchi, was pretty sure this organization was linked to this singular villain he was investigating. It all sounded very familiar to me, so I went through a bunch of my old cases and now I'm seeing too many links."

"Like what?" Shino frowned.

"A lot of what I do requires me to be in the know on a lot of underground things. Ever since Hitoshi's kidnappers were apprehended a sharp number of criminal groups have been taken out." Shouta explained. "Brokers are where I get a lot of information on unknown things. It's been easy to get brokers to talk when they're afraid of prison time. They are, after all, only out for themselves."

"That's true. All Might had been a huge factor in all of that as well." Shino pointed at a number of cases.

"Yes, in hindsight this is an easy time to be a hero, we're seeing the effects everywhere. Villains now aren't as organized this year as they were last year." Shouta pulled Hitoshi's case forward and plopped it in the center. "These kidnappers worked for a villain group. They had some unknown buyer that no one could track down. I can't even go and speak to them because they're dead or in max lockup."

"Hmm, so why did you need my help?" Shino asked. "I'm trying to edge out of the vigilante game anyways. I'm getting too old to be risking it."

"You know people who are deep in the underground. Deeper than I can go. I need someone who might know more, who can point me in the right direction." Shouta said simply. "If I can figure this
out, it could be huge. A shadow organization that has eluded even All Might? I can't just let this slide."

"I do know someone." Shino sighed. "But...he's a reporter, new but knowledgeable."

"A reporter?" Shouta blinked. "Are you out of your mind?!"

"Listen, Hideo is a good reporter. A lot of vigilantes work with him. He's also...kind of a fan of you." Shino rubbed his neck. "He's young, but he gets it. His leads are never wrong. It helps that his quirk is called Incognito. That photo of you on the internet, the one from the security camera, he got that. Outside of that no one has ever actually seen you. He's also really shy."

Shouta frowned at her vigilante father. He met her gaze seriously. Dammit, she trusted him. And that meant she might trust his contact. "You swear he can help me with this?"

"I swear it. I would never send you into something you couldn't handle." Shino nodded. "Hideo is great at his job, you can trust him."

"Alright." Shouta gave in. She wasn't keen to trust reporters. Not after the mess that happened when they accused Hizashi of cheating on her with her hero persona. It was getting too personal. Too close to her identity and Hitoshi.

Her phone shrieked to life and Shouta frowned when she saw it was the police. She picked it up, "Eraser here."

"I'm glad you aren't away on a case." An unknown voice spoke. "Officer Akira gave us this number when we tried to find it."

"You got a case for me?" Shouta asked curiously, she could work.

"No, we were instructed to call you. A hero in civilian attire mentioned you. The paramedics on site spoke to us as soon as they arrived at the hospital." He answered.

Shouta frowned, someone was hurt? Tensei was off duty today, and as far as she knew Nemuri was working at the Mental Health Institute with her family. Her eyes flew open, "Who is it you have?"

"Said his name was Yamada, his license says he's Present Mic. And there's a kid here who insists he won't go with the officers until he sees you."

The officer sounded harried and Shouta's heart plummeted.

"What happened?!" She demanded and Shino reached out to her in concern.

"They responded to a call of shots fired outside of the Negi Eatery. Looks like Present Mic was off duty eating and intervened on a robbery attempt. He took three shots to the torso, two to his leg."

Shouta felt her legs give out and she dropped to the ground.

"I-Is he-...?" Shouta's hand can't up to her mouth in horror.

"He was rushed into surgery. Look, he wanted us to call you." The officer sighed. "The staff here said you're listed on his paperwork as his next of kin. Can you come down here?"

"Yes, Musutafu General?" Shouta blinked as tears filled her eyes. "The boy...his name is Shinsou Hitoshi. Tell him I'm on my way."

"Will do." The line dropped and Shouta's phone clattered to the ground from her frozen grip. She
hugged her ribs as every fear, every *haunted nightmare* played across her vision.

She couldn't get enough air, she couldn't breathe! What if he couldn't walk or live how he wanted anymore?! What if he died? How could this *happen*?!

"Shou! Shouta!" Shino's voice sank through the swarming fog that covered her mind. She struggled to draw in a breath and looked up desperately through her tear blurred vision. Shino hauled her up against him and brushed her hair back. "Breathe, it's okay, you're alright! But you need to talk to me! Come on breathe, in-!"

She grabbed his wrists and inhaled. It hurt, her lungs burned with the effort. But she still dragged in precious air.

"That's right hold it for one...two...three." Shino nodded and blew out a long breath. "Now out, four...five...six...seven."

Shouta breathed as he instructed and the terror faded slowly. It was there, but it wasn't as oppressive. She closed her eyes and all she could see was her mother in that hospital bed, dead in every way that mattered but existing on life support. The light in her blue eyes was gone, the smile on her face missing.

Shouta didn't know what she would do if that became Hizashi. She *couldn't* see his green eyes faded, she *couldn't* bear to see his smile gone. To never hear his voice again, to never feel him against her. She understood her father's pain suddenly. And it was terrible in its vast emptiness.

She wiped her tears and forced herself to her feet. She raced to her bedroom and yanked her jumpsuit on. Her belt followed and she struggled into a pair of socks before she was tearing out into the living room.

"Shouta-!" Shino looked at her in concerned confusion.

"Hizashi was shot." Shouta spoke it on a whisper, as if saying it made it even more true. Even more horrific. "I have to go."

"I'll tell his parents. Where is Hitoshi?" Shino asked and followed her to the door where she yanked her goggles down to get neck and slung her scarf on. She shoved her feet ivy her boots and was out the door.

"With the doctors. Hizashi is in surgery." Shouta said and tore down the stairs. She couldn't wait she needed to get there.

The hospital was busy when Shouta stormed in. She spoke to a receptionist who handed her a plastic badge and pointed her towards the surgery wing. She raced through the halls and ignored shouting voices behind her as she scrambled to her destination.

She rounded a hallway and saw Hitoshi sitting in a ball on a seat flanked by officers. "Hitoshi!"

He shot up with wide teary eyes. His whole face crumpled and he ran towards her. Shouta yanked him up like he was still four years old and turned her face into his purple hair. He sobbed and babbled brokenly. But she was so glad he wasn't hurt.
"It's my fault, if I hadn't tried to help!" Hitoshi wailed against her and she closed her eyes on fresh tears.

"Eraserhead?" She looked up sharply as one of the officers approached. She looked like she was part hamster, the other was a stocky looking man with rocks on his eyes.

"That's me." Shouta groused. She sat Hitoshi down and cupped his cheeks. He nodded at her but still kept hold of her fingers. "What happened?"

"According to what the kid said, two robbers came to the eatery and tried to steal the register money. Present Mic stepped in and when guns came out the kid knocked one assailant down. Somehow the kid got free and Present Mic knocked both of the villains into the street. Where they opened fire on the storefront. He took five bullets to protect the civilians inside." It was explained matter of factly. Which she needed, otherwise she would break down again.

"Eraserhead," The male officer started.

"Who is in charge of apprehending the villains?" Shouta demanded. They wouldn't have those looks on their faces if they had caught the assholes who did this. The officers looked aside and Shouta narrowed her eyes dangerously. "Fine."

"They had red skull masks." Hitoshi breathed in her ear. "Two of them, white hair with some kind of black smoke quirk. The other one was big, he was covered up entirely."

"Eraser!" Shino's voice echoed. He must have finished parking his car and caught up now. Hitoshi perked up and when Shouta stepped back she urged him to race to the vigilante. "Hitoshi, I'm so glad you're okay."

"Who are you?" The hamster officer asked. Her eyes softened when she saw how Hitoshi clung to the man.

"I'm his grandfather." Shino said simply and lifted a custody paper speckled with blood from Hitoshi. Hizashi's blood. Shouta smirked a little at how sly her kid was. She just wished she could properly enjoy that right now.

"Hitoshi, stay with Shino." Shouta ordered. Her kid was so good, he looked right up at her with all the determination of a boy much older and nodded.

As she started for the door Shino grabbed her wrist. He slipped a card into her fingers and looked at her. The seriousness in his eyes reminded her of the days after her mother had died. When he had been the one to help her get through it. He had been the dad she'd gotten when the one she needed was lost.

She knew he was seeing something of her father in her. She was feeling it too. But that could wait, she needed to do something to make it until Hizashi was out of surgery. Shouta unclipped her badge and stowed it inside her jumpsuit. Then she looked down at the card Shino had given her. He phone was dialing before she stepped outside for signal.

"Is this Hideo?" Shouta asked as the line connected to her new underground contact.
Hideo Takai was a young man, perhaps a year younger than her. Maybe it was the difference in experience that made him seem so much younger than her. He had red hair and silver eyes. But when he activated his quirk he became as invisible as anyone could be in the middle of a busy street. Useful, for a journalist.

He met her on a rooftop near the hospital. He hugged his bag close as he looked her over in awe. "It's so crazy to meet you. I'm a huge fan."

"No one should know about me. I work better that way." Shouta bit out and he jumped.

"You are! I mean, regular people have no idea who you are. But in the underground, you're an urban legend." He jittered in place excitedly. "You said Shade directed you to me. How do you know Shade?"

"He's been there for me my entire life." Shouta answered. "I was going to reach out in regards to some unknown organization leader. But right now I need to know where two robbers wearing red skull masks would be hiding."

"Red skull?" Hideo blinked. "Underground organization leader...?"

"We can come back to that. There was a shooting at a diner today. Present Mic is in surgery thanks to them." Shouta gave out some information. That was how this was most likely going to have to go. "I understand you're reliable. I need to know where these villains are so they can be apprehended."

Hideo narrowed his eyes and nodded. He pulled his phone from his pants and started doing something on it. He moved to a flat surface and unearthed a wifi hotspot device, laptop, and tablet. Shouta stood by for a long moment until Hideo turned to her.

"You're looking for some low tier criminals. They just got released from your average prison stint." Hideo flashed his tablet with two mugshots. White hair and gaunt features. Bald, looking like a strange jumbo sized skeleton. "Quirks listed as Smoke, and Bone Density. They have a known hide out, but it's not known by police. Their last hide out was sacked by the arresting officers."

"They'll be there then." Shouta nodded. "Thank you."

"Wait...I don't work for free." Hideo looked like he was ready to combust on the spot, regardless of how stern he tried to sound.

"Alright." Shouta listed a bow. "What do you want?"

"Present Mic was the subject of gossip a few months ago. No one could get a straight answer out of him." Hideo scrubbed his neck and looked anywhere but at her. "Are you in a relationship with Present Mic, despite his girlfriend?"

Shouta frowned, then she contemplated how to answer. A friend might do this, a lover would have the anger Shouta felt burning in her. She had already compromised their public narrative by demanding this information. Shino trusted Hideo, "Off the record?"

"Off the record." Hideo promised earnestly. "I just want to know. You're an amazing hero, that kind of drama isn't your style."

Shouta sighed and tugged her scarf lower to reveal her face. Then she pulled her hair back from her face. With a bright winning smile Hideo jerked in place. "You're Aizawa Shouta!"
"Do you understand why this needs to be kept secret?" Shouta dropped her hair and tugged her scarf back up.

"Yes, it all makes sense now." Hideo nodded and looked at her fiercely. "The boy you saved...from the kidnapping you worked your first year as a hero. What happened to him? His trail died with his grandmother."

"He's living like a normal little boy. Safe and sound." Shouta said and Hideo nodded. He held out his hand.

"I'm going to enjoy working with you Eraserhead." Shouta took his hand and gave it a firm shake. She nodded once and lifted her phone to take down the hideout address. With that done she turned and started for the edge of the roof. She had some villains to crush.

The red skulls it seemed had a few recruits. By few, she meant two. Their hideout, ended up being a dilapidated apartment above an arcade. It wasn't an arcade she'd ever seen before. She had a seven year old with two exuberant friends, she'd been to her fair share of arcades.

So getting into the space would be easy, especially after she'd barred the apartment's main door with a perfectly placed piece of wood from the alleyway. Jammed as it was, they had no escape from her.

The only other entrance was from the fire escape, so she climbed there and watched for a while. The two criminals regaled their other two members with the story of how they had taken out Present Mic.

Shouta stilled her vicious response to it and made a call to the local police station. "This is Eraserhead. I've located the suspects from the Negi Eatery shooting."

"Eraserhead, they are armed and dangerous. Tread with caution, where are you?" The dispatch operator asked. Shouta rattled off the address and hung up. She knew they were armed and dangerous. So was she.

Shouta eased the window open and slid inside to sit on the frame. "He went down like a rock, couldn't believe it. That was Present Mic, I didn't know it was him!" The white hashed villain laughed over his can of beer. "Man what a shit day."

"You know..." Shouta spoke and drew all of the eyes on the room to her. "A shit day, is when you've got a case no one knows about and can't figure it out. A shit day, is getting a call telling you simmering important to you was just shot. Five times. A shit day, is not knowing if he was going to make it out of surgery alive or not."

"Shit! Who the fuck is this?!" A green haired man hissed and ran to the door. It was stuck right and he thundered back up the stairs in a panic. His eyes flared yellow and Shouta activated her quirk and dropped into the room.

Her scarf ripped guns from hands as soon as they were drawn. She spun in a circle and threw the two newbies into her two targets. Black smoke burst into the air and Shouta trained her eyes on that villain. He reformed in shock and dawning horror.
"It's Eraserhead!" He yelled. Shouta dragged all four of them forward and jumped into a roundhouse kick that floored one. She punched the other completely unconscious.

Turning to the two men who hurt Hizashi she felt the weight of her fury burn in her. So she blinked and reactivated her quirk. Releasing the two fallen criminals she used her only anchors to draw her towards the source of her anger.

What the hell was she supposed to do without him?! How was she supposed to go on if he died?!

Shouta punched and rolled the big one to the ground. His arm trapped against her side, she put extreme pressure on the joint. He was yelling but she couldn't hear anything but the roaring in her ears.

How dare they do this to Hizashi! He was good, and kind!

Shouta felt the arm give and looked up to see the last villain starting at her in terror. He scrambled for the window. Shouta grabbed her scarf in both hands and ripped her fists downward. Her scarf shot across the room and lashed white hair tightly by his arms and legs. She dragged him back to her and cocooned him.

Looking down Shouta glared into his eyes and fisted a hand in his hair. "It was funny to nearly kill that hero?!

"N-No!" He shouted and Shouta glared hatefuly down at him. He stiffened when he saw how terrifying she must look.

"You'll tell the police everything?" Shouta demanded.

"Y-Yes I swear!" He shrieked. It was tempting, so very tempting, to just beat the shit out of him. She had to force her hand down to keep from giving in. Shouta zipptied each of them and got them together when the police burst in from below. They wielded warrants and handcuffs.

It was over too fast. She relinquished then still feeling pissed off.

Objectively Shouta knew they were small time. She knew they weren't able to fight big name heroes. Hell, with his Directional Speaker Hizashi would be more than they could handle. They got lucky there were civilians and Hitoshi to protect. Hizashi wouldn't have allowed himself to be shot otherwise.

Shouta watched them get loaded into the police van and signed off on the capture. Her phone chimed and she stiffened. It was her father, calling her back to the hospital. Shouta's hands shook as she held her phone.
Chapter Summary

Hizashi wakes up in the hospital. Everyone is coping.

Chapter Notes

So here we are again at the end of an arc. I debated on splitting off here into a new part to the series but decided against it. This thing has turned into such a monster it seems silly to cut it here. So... Let's see how big we can get it!

Thank you all for reading and commenting. :3

See the end of the chapter for more notes

Shouta felt like she was cut adrift when she managed to drag herself to the new location in the Hospital. She'd been led through the surgery hall to a big waiting room where everyone was waiting.

Her father and Akio were flanking Hitoshi. Shino was speaking in sign language to Hizashi's parents. Nemuri and Tensei had shown up and were speaking in hushed tones to each other. All talk stopped when they saw her.

Shouta rubbed her cheek, where a glancing blow has scuffed her during the capture. Her father started to stand up when she walked over to him and forced him back down. She fell to her knees and dropped her head into his lap. A mirror of the day they pulled her mother's life support.

"Oh Shouta," Her father sighed and ran his fingers into her hair. The tears just poured out of her, silent and painful. "You shouldn't have gone after them."

"I had to." Shouta choked out. "They hurt him...I had to."

"Okay..." Her father spoke gently and continued to pet her hair. "Okay."

"They...the surgery was successful. He's in recovery, then they'll move him to a private room." Akio explained from of to the side.

A small weight wormed under her arm and she drew back to hug Hitoshi tight to her. He sobbed into her scarf and she joined him. A warm body covered with her back and she twisted to see Nemuri there. Tensei hovered a second before he knelt and joined in.

It was almost enough to bring her back. And that scared her so very much. She clung to Hitoshi and tried to tether her emotions down. But for so long she'd had Hizashi to be her rock. She wasn't sure how she could handle not having him. He could have died.

"Has Eraserhead arrived?" A soft voice came from behind them. Shouta extricated herself and cupped Hitoshi's face. She kissed his forehead and stood up.
When she turned she'd fallen back into her role as a hero. She nodded to Hizashi's parents and walked out into the hall. The doctor who met her smiled politely at her. "Present Mic has pulled through the surgery. I was told you were apprehending his shooters."

"I did," Shouta answered, "They're in custody now."

"I see, well, thank you for your hard work." The doctor bowed her head. "There were three bullets lodged in his torse. And two in his thigh. Luckily no arterial veins were damaged. However, he did suffer a hole through his abdomen. This was the wound we were having trouble with."

"H-How bad is it?" Shouta asked and fist her hands. She needed to know, would it steal him away from her because it was too dangerous to heal? Infection? Was he already lost?

"The abdominal wound is by far the most severe, as his upper chest cavity wounds were in non essential places. There is a risk of infection, but if he can make it through a few days we can heal it. He's just out of excess energy to spare for healing." The doctor explained. "He has sutures internally. If he can make it through we can remove them for healing."

"He'll make it." Shouta breathed, he had to.

Everything hurt. Hizashi groaned and blinked his eyes open. Moving felt like far too much effort. He started up at the ceiling and tried to make sense of what he was feeling. It smelled like antiseptic, which told him he was in a hospital. That made sense, considering he was in so much pain. Being shot would do that to a person he supposed.

Hizashi took stock of the pain, his head was pounding but that wasn't important. His chest hurt on either side. A dull agony that felt as heavy as it did deep. A more fierce ache stemmed from his stomach. It hurt the most, the twin pains from his leg were nothing compared to it.

He lifted a hand and hissed as he looked at the IV attached to his hand. A slim palm wrapped around his fingers and he blinked when she saw Shouta there. His eyes softened when he saw her. Then he really looked at her.

The shadows under her eyes were deep and she looked like she'd been crying. Her scarf was missing and her hair was tied up but she wore her jumpsuit. Had she been working?

"H-Hito...shi?" Hizashi rasped, he had to know.

"He's fine. Your parents took him home a few hours ago." Shouta said and lifted his hand as she settled back into her chair. He angled his wrist to cup her cheek.

"Look...like shit." He groaned.

"You're one to talk." She snorted and suddenly tears were spilling over his hand. Her eyes closed and she clutched his hand to her face. Hizashi's heart seized. "Never leave me Hizashi."

She sobbed quietly and he ached to draw her into the bed. He hooked his hand around her neck and she stood up to lean over him. "Won't."

Her forehead pressed to his and he closed his eyes while she shook and cried. Damn, he didn't
deserve her. Scaring her like this, jumping into the path of those bullets was stupid. But he'd seen Hitoshi crammed in with those other civilians and just couldn't turn away. Everything in him had screamed to save his child.

Seeing her this upset, he almost regretted it. But Hitoshi was safe, and that was what he cared about. He could reassure Shouta more that he was awake. Shouta drew back and brushed her fingers through his hair and drew herself back to functioning.

Hizashi felt his eyes roll and knew he was going back under. Shouta pressed her lips to his forehead. "I'll tell the doctors to up your pain medication. Get some rest."

Her voice lulled him under and he let his mind swim back to unconsciousness. At least there the pain was so much more muted.

When Hizashi woke up again it was to a ball of purple fluff waking next to him. Hizashi reached out with his untouched arm. He scuffed that purple hair and made it all stand up with static. "Hizashi?!"

"Hey Little Listener." Hizashi managed to smile. He still felt weak but his head was cottony with pain medication. His mother appeared with tears in her eyes.

'My baby.' She signed and a tone less son bubbles from her lips. 'Don't ever do that again! You've scared everyone!'

"Sorry." Hizashi breathed. "Where's Shouta?"

"She had to give a statement about catching the robbers." A stern voice cut into the room and Hizashi's mother turned to where Aizawa Takeshi passed into the room. Hitoshi hugged his grandfather and took Hizashi's mother by the hand to tug her out of the room as relieved tears streamed down her cheeks.

"Hey." Hizashi greeted. Takashi lifted a cup and motioned with his hands. A spoonful of ice chips served to douse his mouth and refresh him. "Thank you."

"Thank you, for protecting Hitoshi." Takashi said and this stern silent man, who thoroughly enjoyed Hizashi's awkward suffering, looked completely destroyed for a moment. It was like glimpsing the depressed man who haunted Shouta's stories. "But fuck you too."

"Deserve that." Hizashi closed his eyes. "She cried."

"We all cried." Takashi sighed. "Got a voice that can bring down buildings but let yourself get shot five times. Honestly, what kind of hero are you?"

Hizashi snorted and then groaned as his whole torso smarted through the pain meds. "Shit."

"For a few hours she was me. All the pain I felt in having to take Shizoka off of life support, I saw it in Shouta. Losing her nearly killed me. And I saw it for the first time from the outside." Takashi sighed and fed Hizashi more ice chips. "That can't ever happen to her. Hitoshi needs her, he needs you. She needs you. I need you to promise me you'll never let this happen to you again. You-You brought the sun back to this family."
Hizashi blinked in shock. The sun...

"You came to me...hero kid who looked at me like I was some scary mountain to cross to get to my daughter. I liked that, she's so snarky I thought her choice would be some asshole. But it was you." Takashi wiped an eye and sighed. "The day you came running into the hospital after she got hurt, I knew. I knew it would only ever be you. I only ever wanted it to be you. Then you two went out into the world and brought me a grandson. You're my son kid. Don't die on us, we need you."

Hizashi blinked but nodded resolutely. "I won't."

"Good, now when she comes back you set her right. She took off as soon as she got here to capture those bastards that shot you. She did it too. Now the police are blasting her for excessive force." Takashi scoffed. "The media is talking like a hero went rogue. The police will clear it up but she's been bothered about it."

"How bad?" Hizashi frowned. Shouta broke noses and jaws when she interrogated. This must only be getting attention because it was him.

"She dislocated the shoulder of the big guy. Nearly kicked the jaw off of another. One guy might have a concussion because she hit him so hard." Takashi chuckled. "They got off easy, no one was bleeding."

That was true, they got off easy.

Hizashi cursed, he was feeling tired already. He looked at Takashi who nodded and got up to usher Hitoshi back in. Hizashi looped his free arm around his son's shoulders. "You weren't hurt?"

"No. I'm sorry, it's all my fault." Hitoshi looked down with so much upset emotion on his face. Hizashi huffed.

"I'm a hero, occupational hazard." Hizashi breathed. "But I'm your dad yeah? Anything to keep you safe."

Hitoshi started to cry and Hizashi urged the boy up onto the bed. His seven year old was trying so hard not to jostle him but Hizashi just hauled his kid against his side. Damn the pain. Hitoshi clutched the gown he wore and stayed tucked against him as Hizashi started to drift off again. But this time it was okay, his son was with him and he was going to be alright.

Healing sucked. Hizashi complained to anyone who would listen. At this point he was very coherent, and his pain needs did not need to be so high anymore. The holes in his leg were now shiny scars. The ones in his chest would need maybe one more session. But the one in his stomach had gotten infected and they were cramming him full of antibiotics to fight it before he got healed again.

If it kept up a special call to Recovery Girl might be necessary. Hizashi didn't want to be subject to a lecture. He was an adult man, and she scared the day lights out of him with her disapproving grandma tone. So he was behaving so far.

Hitoshi ended up going home with Takashi, Shino, and Akio. They visited every day of the week hed been stuck in the hospital. Tensei and Nemuri came to visit regularly. Often to drag Shouta out
of the room.

Shouta drew Hizashi's mind as it had the past few days. She had been looking terrible the entire time she'd been stationed in the seat next to him. She never left except when Hitoshi or Nemuri managed to bully her out to the cafeteria.

She slept in her sleeping bag and wouldn't leave if no one else forced her. They didn't talk much unless Hizashi started up conversations. He saw the way she just rolled her head back and let him talk. As if just hearing his voice was a comfort. He emerged it was like this right after she'd blown her quirk out in America.

She was dutifully keeping vigil, and it speared him every time he woke up to see her holding his hand. Every time his fever spiked and he got delirious she was there. When he was lucid she was right next to him. When he went got healing and tests she stayed at his side.

Love so powerful it nearly burned him confined to grow for her. And it didn't have any sign of abating. It only got worse when he had his first sit down with the doctors and they told him just how much damage had been done to him. That he'd needed immediate blood transfusions upon arrival because he'd bled too much. He almost died.

Almost dying scared the shit out of him. Nothing mattered then, not his hero instincts, not his righteous pride that the robbers were going to jail. He almost died. Everything was put in perspective. Hitoshi almost lost another parent. Shouta almost lost him.

Everything Takashi had said was correct. He couldn't afford to leave his family. He didn't want to. Any and all questions and fears he'd had were gone. All that dwelled in his mind were snap decisions and finalized intention.

He settled into his pillows as he finished lifting his bed into a good angle to see the television telling a story about the elusive hero Eraserhead. Some reporter had written an article about Eraserhead as Present Mic's best friend. That heroes looked out for each other and an attack that took one of them out, it would fall to another to make it right.

It was all true of course. Heroes would pick up the slack another would leave. He just hoped this wouldn't spark more rumors. He might need to stage a media break up to get some peace from it all. He didn't want to end up sleeping on the couch. Not again.

The door opened and Shouta walked in carrying a large cup of coffee. As she sat down she unearthed a bubble tea from her scarf and Hizashi squealed in delight. The nurses were brutal in telling him no.

"Seriously, if anyone asks that's on Nemuri." Shouta pointed and looked to the TV. "Huh, he works fast."

"Who?" Hizashi asked.

"Reporter who Shino picked to help me on a case." Shouta answered. "He's alright."

"If you say so he must be." Hizashi smirked around his straw. She hated reporters.

"Hmm." Shouta smirked at him. God he was so in love with her.

"Hey, did they keep my stuff?" Hizashi asked and Shouta got up to ruffle through a basket that sat on the single table in the room.
"So, you want your phone?" She asked. "It's dead but I have a charger."

"No...I mean yes!" He chirped taken off guard suddenly. "But I need my pants."

"You're not going anywhere." She looked up at him with a dark glare. As if she were one to talk, she'd be sprinting out the doors at this point. Double standard with this woman he swore.

"I'm not going anywhere." He shuffled in his bed and got to his feet. His leg muscles ached despite how new they were. His chest was remarkably quiet, and his abdomen was a deep pain no matter what.

"Get your ass back in that bed." Shouta stomped over and thrust his pants into his hands and started to herd him back.

"Shouta, babe I'm good! Let me just -!" Hizashi backed up a step and glared at her unimpressed face. He sank his hand into one pocket and it was the wrong one just some coins inside.

"Hizashi if you don't get back into that bed this instant-!" She threatened and Hizashi grinned broadly when he seized his prize from the other pocket.

With a triumphant grin he dropped to his ass on the floor. Shouta yelped as she tried to catch him but he didn't care, he was where he wanted to be. "Settle the fuck down, I'm fine!"

"Your leg just gave out!" She argued and started to reach for the call button. No doubt to rat him out to the nurses. Hizashi rolled his good knee under him and lifted his weak one up so he was kneeling instead of sitting. He dropped his pants and lifted up the little box he'd carried around ever since he'd bought the ring.

Shouta faltered and looked at him in shock. "Hizashi?"

"Aizawa Shouta you are the best thing that's ever happened to me. I don't deserve you, and you sure as hell don't deserve the shit I put you through." Hizashi pressed a hand to his chest. "I almost died and that scared the hell out of me because I'd never have gotten to tell you how I felt. I can't imagine spending another day not asking. Will you marry me?"

She stared at him in wide eyed shock. He screamed internally as she stared at him without answering. Then she moved, dragging him up of the floor and pushing him onto the bed. "Uh, Shouta...babe?"

"Hush." Shouta narrowed her eyes. She walked to the door to the room and closed it. Then she walked back and cupped his face before she kissed him. Hizashi breathed the kiss in and his stomach unclenched. It wasn't a no.

She plucked the ring from the box and saw it was attached to a chain. She ran the material through her fingers and smiled. Hizashi desperately needed an answer or he might literally implode. "This is the same metal alloy they use in my scarf."

"I got a special order for it." Hizashi answered. "I know your fingers need to be free to fight with your scarf."

"How did you get the ring without anyone knowing?" Shouta asked and fingered the layered band.

"I sent Toshinori to do it. As punishment." Hizashi smirked and she unstrung the necklace. She slipped it onto her ring finger and it fit perfectly.
"Its beautiful." Shouta took it off to look it over and saw the engraving. "Shadow Kitten?"

"My Shadow Kitten." Hizashi intoned. She looked up at him and her eyes were shining with so much emotion. It stole his breath away. "You cried over me Shouta. You told me to never leave you. I should have asked the day I got this thing. I should have asked every day after. But I pussed out every time."

"Wh-Why me?" Shouta asked. "I'm a mess on a good day."

"Maybe, but if you think I'm not a mess right alongside you, you're crazy." Hizashi cupped her cheeks and brought her back in for another kiss. "I never want to be without you."

"Hizashi..." Shouta started to cry again and he panicked.

"Oh shit! I'm sorry! I'm sorry!" Hizashi scrambled to wipe her tears, kiss her forehead and yank her against his injured torso. Shouta had enough sense to keep him from injuring himself further. "I did this all wrong!"

"No, you did it just right." Shouta chuckled. "It's fitting. Last time I was the one making a big confession."

"We really need to stop having moments in hospitals." He groaned. They did confess in the hospital after she'd lost her uterus. Then again in taking in Hitoshi. They even reaffirmed their lives after the America raid.

"Yes." Shouta said and a deep awkward blush burned across her cheeks.

"Y-Yes?" Hizashi blinked in surprise.

"Yes I'll...marry you." She looked aside totally embarrassed. Oh, that was too precious. He couldn't stand it.

"Yeah?" Hizashi drew her to look at him and impossibly her face became a little more red.

"Yeah." She breathed and he seized her mouth like he hadn't been able to for a week. He tangled his tongue with hers and she groaned into it.

That was it then. She said yes, she said yes! She would be his wife! He would be her husband! He drew back and Shouta all looked embarrassed. He could fix that though. He threw himself backwards into his bed and drew in a deep breath.

"HELL YEAH!" His voice boomed and she startled. "SHE SAID YES!"

"Hizashi!" Shouta snapped and glared through her glowing eyes, ready to erase his voice if he shouted again. Harried knocking came from the door and she sighed. "I'm telling on you for that."

"Worth it." Hizashi smirked. "Everything is worth it to have you."

She blushed again and he reveled in it. Then she pulled the door open to a worried nurse. "He's been walking and falling all over."

The team of nurses who had gathered immediately started in on him with stern lectures. They physically tucked him in and started checking his vitals over. But he couldn't take his eyes off of her. His Fiancé.
Chapter End Notes

There won't be much of a time skip after this leading into the next arc. But...expect lots of smut and fluff.
Break Up

Chapter Summary

Hizashi comes home and a real discussion about the future happens.

Chapter Notes

Thank you everyone for the comments!

This has truly been a journey and we're about half way there. I only say that because we've still got a while before we reach Canon events.

In the days following Hizashi's proposal, Shouta adjusted to the idea that they were going to get married. She was very used to the way things were in their lives, a big change like this was something to digest. When the idea had first been pitched by her friends, she'd been too shocked to really comprehend it.

As she watched Hizashi bounce back from his wounds, she was able to really see their life taking on that new dynamic. But then it raised questions. Things they would have to do to make it work. There was her identity, their son to protect.

Shouta settled into a chair as she waited for Hizashi to finish getting dressed and slump into the waiting wheelchair. She was looking forward to getting him home where she could glare him into submission. While he was healed of infection and deeper injury, he still had aches from where the scars were.

So he was off active duty for a week until his scars settled. Shouta would ensure his continued obedience to his doctors orders. It felt a bit hypocritical, but she honestly didn't give much of a shit. He'd been shot five times.

A text popped up on her phone and Shouta frowned. It was Hideo, warning her that the hospital exterior was swamped with reporters hoping to see Present Mic okay.

"Hey," Shouta looked at her fiance.

"Yo," He grinned as he danced into a pair of jeans she'd brought for him. His long hair fell in a curtain to the side as his green eyes blinked at her. She held out his glasses and he padded over with a light limp to take them.

"Reporters are outside." She said. He groaned and shook his head.

"Think anyone can sneak us out?" He waved to himself dramatically. "I'm not presentable enough for the public."

Shouta snorted and started to text a few of their friends hoping for someone who could help sneak them out. She was still dressed for hero work, she'd gone out the night before because Hizashi
insisted.

Thankfully Tensei was nearby, having anticipated such a call. Nemuri was even poised to take some of the heat off of them. Shouta explained it to Hizashi and he looked thoughtful for a moment.

Before he could say what was on his mind though, a nurse knocked and entered. He had black hair and a kind expression. He'd been a regular with Hizashi so far. Shouta took the bag of Hizashi's old clothes and waited while he flopped into his wheelchair like it was his radio chair.

"Thanks for treating me right." Hizashi said and the nurse chuckled.

"We're just all glad you were able to recover. We all listen to your radio show on Friday." The nurse grinned at them both.

"We're going to have to leave from the back." Shouta said as Hizashi got settled. "Our ride will be there."

"Of course Eraserhead-San," The nurse nodded and took control of the wheelchair. They ventured out to the secluded and abandoned entrance. There were other patients and nurses smoking off to the side. Tensei was waiting with a plain dark blue car.

Shouta threw the bag into the back of the car and watched the surroundings as Hizashi climbed into the back seat. As soon as they were all piled in Tensei drove them sedately out of the lot.

Shouta looked in the rear view to see the mass of reporters still clustered at the front courtyard of the hospital. Dodged a bullet for now. This was going to be a problem.

"Everything okay?" Tensei asked.

Shouta looked at her friend. If anyone dealt with this alot it was him. Tensei was extremely private about his off duty life. The press never got wind of what he was doing. It wasn't like they knew either, Tensei had never mentioned being in a relationship or even just sleeping with anyone. Maybe they just were flings off and on? Tensei never seemed to have much time to date anyways.

"Just thinking." Shouta said as Hizashi leaned between the seats.

"Hey Sho, I've got an idea." He said with a wicked grin stretching under his mustache.

"Oh, about the Press? They can't know about you proposing." Shouta spoke.

The car screeched to a stop suddenly and Shouta blinked in shock before she looked at Tensei. Her friend's arrow shaped eyebrows were lifted and he gaped at her in shock. "He finally did it?!"

"What?" Shouta frowned.

"Oi, Tensei, people are starting to line up behind us." Hizashi mentioned as he looked out of the back windshield.

"Shut up!" Tensei snapped and started to tilt his head this way and that to look at her hands. Ah, Tensei would have been in on the pre-proposal. That explained his reaction.

"He did." Shouta pulled the necklace from deep in her capture scarf. Tensei's eyes went from elation to utter devastation.

"No!" Tensei wailed just as horns started to blare.
"Oi! Weren't you just telling at me to nut up?!" Hizashi screeched in affront.

"When did he do it?" Tensei demanded and Shouta flinched back at the intensity. He even chopped his arm like little Tenya always did. He hadn't done that since high school when he decided it was an embarrassing habit that was affecting his younger brother too much.

"Three days ago." Shouta answered. Tensei cursed and stomped his foot on the gas. "Why is this important?"

"They bet on when I would do it, then on how I would do it." Hizashi said from the back. "They even got Hitoshi in on it."

"And who exactly is included in 'they'?" Shouta demanded as her eye twitched in irritation.

"Everyone." Hizashi chuckled. "Shino put money down that I would hurt you in the process of proposing. Like a max level clutz."

"Hmm." Shouta decided she needed new friends and family. "So who won? He made me hand him his pants where the ring box was. He stood up despite just being healed to kneel and ask me."

"She didn't even answer right away, scared the shit out of me." Hizashi heaved a long suffering breath. "Then she ratted me out to the nurses."

"I guess... Hitoshi won the how. He did put in for you making Hizashi squirm." Tensei answered awkwardly. "That means you passed me up by one freaking day. We had to re-bet after you ran out the time in the first place. So...All Might."

"All Might?!" Shouta snapped as Hizashi made a choked sound of surprise.

"Well, he wasn't part of the original bet. But after he found out about it, and we were anteing back up, I thought it would be funny to let him in on it." Tensei rubbed a finger over his nose nervously.

The car turned down the street towards their apartment building. Once pulled up in the parking garage Shouta climbed out. She watched Tensei help Hizashi out before she tilted her head and Tensei winced when he came to stand in front of her.

"So, because we bet on you? Or for getting Hitoshi in on it?" Tensei asked sheepishly.

"What do you think?" Shouta lifted an eyebrow.

"All of it?" He asked.

"All of it." Shouta nodded. Tensei slumped and Shouta grabbed a band of her scarf. It whirled around Tensei and yanked him forward, right into her fist. He bent double over the gut punch and blew out a heavy breath.

She set him back on his feet and he nodded in apology. Good enough, she'd dish out fitting punishments to everyone else as well. Hizashi limped bedside her and Tensei brought up the rear as they made for the door that led into the lobby.

The apartment itself was busy when they entered. Everyone excited to see Hizashi on his feet again. No one more than Hitoshi who bum rushed Hizashi and almost knocked him off his feet. Judging by the happy look on her fiance's face, he didn't mind at all.
She turned her gaze to where her family, Hizashi’s parents, and Nemuri were standing. "So, I'd better get a good explanation as to why you all saw fit to teach my son to gamble on my love life."

She decided she rather liked the raw terror everyone got all at once. Even Hizashi’s parents, and nd they were so pure. Her glare darkened and she kicked off her boots. Hitoshi gasped behind her, but she’d deal with him later. Maybe cut him off of coffee for a few days.

Everyone scrambled away from the entry way but she just smiled wide and terrifying. They were going to regret betting on her relationship.

Hizashi hummed as he relaxed in Shouta’s lap. The news drowned from the TV but he was just relaxing as she brushed his hair. "Why do you have so much hair?"

"You said you liked it long." Hizashi grinned up at her. She rolled her eyes and looked up to the TV where his story was up again. Hitoshi was sitting on the floor near him so Hizashi ran his fingers through that purple hair.

This couldn't go on, hopely All Might would do something interesting soon. Our he'd need to go onto his show and turn up the excitemt. Then everyone would stop.

'And according to sources who interviewed inside the hospital, Eraserhead never left Present Mic’ s side. There was no reported sighting of Present Mic's girlfriend, the daughter of famed artist Taka-Ai.' Hizashi stiffened and tilted his head to see the TV.

A picture of Takashi was on the TV, and one of them at a charity function. Taka-Ai the only picture of Eraserhead they had was that old security camera one. "Shit."

"You didn't change that entire time did you?" Hitoshi asked. "Even wrote the scarf huh?"

"I don't want to hear it from you." Shouta scoffed and looked away. The embarrassed clutch on her cheeks made Hizashi tilt an amused look to Hitoshi who just looked away grinning.

It all reminded him of his idea. The things he thought might appeal to her. She'd always wanted her identity to be a secret, but she'd given him her civilian persona to kept questions at a minimum. Now it was time to let Shouta and Hizashi fade off into civilian obscurity.

"Hey Shouta," Hizashi turned on his most Present Mic voice and she looked at him in confusion. "Let’s break up."

Her eyes widened for a moment before a mischievous light filled them. Her lips parted too respond when a small fist cut her off. It buried into his arm weakly.

"Break up?!" Hitoshi screeched. "Why would you want to break up?!"

Hizashi turned to look at his kid in shock. Tears were already welling up in angry purple eyes. Hizashi rolled himself to the floor, ignoring how his abdominal muscles pulled on new skin painfully. He grabbed Hitoshi’s flailing fists and yanked him into a tight hug.

He looked at Shouta in a panic and she sighed. "It's your own fault for saying it without thinking."

"Are you trying to leave us?!" Hitoshi grabbed onto Hizashi’s shirt tightly. Sobbing like only a
seven year old who's world just ended could. Damn, Hizashi really needed to work on his verbal filter. This whole hero civilian dating game had been a funny way for him to play the media. Shouta got it because it had been her idea originally. Hitoshi did not know about that though.  
"Don't leave!"

"I'm not going anywhere." Hizashi said and pressed his face into Hitoshi's hair. "Sorry, that wasn't what I meant at all."

"You're not leaving?!!" Earnest purple eyes lifted all red rimmed and wet. Dammit, he was an asshole.

"No of course not." Hizashi said and smiled. "I love Shouta very much."

"Then went did you say you wanted to break up?!" Hitoshi demanded.

"I meant that Present Mic and Shouta should break up." Hizashi said, and at the dark confusion he elaborated. "How can Yamada Hizashi marry Aizawa Shouta? Especially now that the media thinks there's more going on between Present Mic and Eraserhead."

"He means we're going to do a public break up so that we can get married without the public knowing." Shouta added in, and Hitoshi looked at her. "We're not actually breaking up. We just want everyone to think we are."

"Okay." Hitoshi nodded. Hizashi tilted his head down to look into his son's eyes.

"Want to listen to the music we bought?" Hizashi asked. Hitoshi nodded and Hizashi grinned. They padded to Hitoshi's room so they could get into the bag Hitoshi had kept hold of during the shooting.

After a few hours and coaxing Hitoshi went to bed and Hizashi tracked Shouta down. She was looking over some files on their bed and he laid down next to her. She tugged at his clothes and he stripped down to his underwear. He let her put healing cream on the still red but healed scars dotting his body.

"I could've handled that better huh?" Hizashi winced as her fingers probed the stomach wound. His abs were going to suffer until that wasn't tender.

"Yes, but it'll be alright." Shouta replied. "You've got a week to make it better for him."

"Yeah, so real talk. Breaking up?" Hizashi started. They would need to be nonchalant about it.

"I'd say we wait a few weeks. The you announce on your show that you're now single." Shouta suggested.

"The press is going to want to hound you about it." Hizashi looked at her seriously. *He* could handle it, he'd trained for this level of publicity. Madam Glitz had run him ragged on how to keep his public persona so docent from his civilian one.

"I have that covered, that journalist I'm going to be working with will cover my interview. I'll even do it on video and maybe cry a little. Then you can field it all after." Shouta waved a hand. "No one knows where dad lives and his PR representative won't give in to it. If we explain the plan, he'll follow it."

"You're actually pretty good at this." Hizashi grinned.
"I have to be." Shouta said wryly. "I'm marrying you."

"God, I love that." Hizashi grinned as his insides fluttered with delight. They were getting married, married! "Oh, wait...if we're breaking up how long is a good enough amount of time to wait to actually get married?"

"Hmm," Shouta frowned in thought and looked aside at the files she was reading before he'd come in. "Enough time for Aizawa Shouta to meet and fall in love with Yamada Hizashi?"

He nodded, but what seemed like a good enough time to do that? "Let's plan the wedding for after we both turn twenty five."

"So like two and a half years?" Shouta looked at him seriously. "Are you okay with that?"

Him?

Hizashi tried to figure out where her mind was on that. Two and a half years should be fine to plan and keep up their lives without rushing towards a wedding. Not to mention he was now the head of a hero agency. He wanted to have a honeymoon and he'd be sure to give them that vacation. They needed time to get everything situated.

"Yeah, it's feasible for the narrative. And I think we could plan it right with that much time."

Hizashi grinned. Shouta tilted her head at him.

"You think I'm going to freak out aren't you?" Shouta asked and rolled her eyes.

"No!" Hizashi denied and looked away. Two and a half years should adequately warm her up to being married to him.

"We could get married tomorrow and I wouldn't freak out Hizashi." Shouta said gently and stood up to go wash her hands of the cream for his scars. When she returned she gathered up her files. "I'm taking on a case that's not really a case."

"Dangerous?" Hizashi asked.

"Most likely. I don't know." Shouta sighed. "It's like a side project. I'll let you know if it becomes something."

"I trust you." Hizashi rolled to his side and she shed her leggings to slip into a small pair of shorts. As soon as she got back into bed she froze. "What is it?"

"I just realized...I have to go shopping." Shouta cursed and Hizashi chuckled. They were going to have to shop for a lot of things. "Can't we just hire a planner?"

"You think Nemuri or Akio would allow that?" Hizashi snorted. "Just wait until the Pussycats hear about it."

"Ugh, a simple paper signing?" Shouta suggested.

"Nope," Hizashi tugged her up against him and he knew the whiny complaint was half hearted at best. "I want a real wedding. I want to walk up in front of all our friends and family and say my vows. I want everyone to know we're going to be husband and wife."

She was quiet for a long time before she just melted into him and sighed. "You win." Like she was actually against the idea. She was so transparent. "A private party, no press for any of the heroes
who come."

"Deal," Hizashi buried his smile into her hair. She nuzzled his neck and he chuckled. "You can admit you're excited for it. It won't change that you're still the hardest badass hero ever."

"Well that would defeat the purpose of being a hard badass wouldn't it?" She snarked.

"I love you." He laughed.

"Love you too." Shouta answered him with warmth in her voice.
"So you guys are planning some huge press break up?" Hideo smirked around his iced coffee. Shouta just nodded from where she stood looking out over the evening sky.

"Have to at this point. I didn't go to the hospital in plain clothes." Shouta was really beating herself up about that. Rookie mistake, she was better than that. "Do you want the exclusive from Aizawa Shouta?"

"Yes!" Hideo exclaimed and tried to draw back on his excitement. She'd already seen it though.

"Good, I saw you had already spoken about it when they were talking about excessive force." Shouta said. "That was good reporting, I was actually impressed by the article. You have some clout outside of your underground work."

"Well, have to pay the bills somehow." Hideo said with a shy scratch to the back of his head. "I assume you've thought of what you want to say?"

"I'll be honest, you can ask me questions on why the break up is necessary. I just need to keep my identity quiet. Especially once you and I start investigating." Shouta sighed. "So much work to do."

"It never ends, not in this day and age." Hideo nodded. "So how is this going to work?"

"Mic is going to announce the break up over the radio. He'll deal with that." Shouta said. "We'll wait a week, then you can do your interview."

"Nice, that will let me cover what he says, what the others are guessing. Then I get the scoop." He grinned suddenly and Shouta scoffed with a smirk. "About the case though, I've cast my net out for any leads. I'll let you know if I find anything. We're going off of something small though."

"That's fine, it's better if we're careful about it." Shouta had a bad feeling about the case entirely. She had for a while. "You especially need to be careful. I won't get there in time if you go off on your own."

"Don't worry, I might be an investigative journalist, but I'm not going to put my life on the line just to die." He waved a hand.

"Good." Shouta made for another side of the roof they stood on. She still had to start her patrol. "Keep in touch."

"You too!" Hideo called after her. Shouta just tucked her chin into her scarf and started to leap onto another roof.
Hizashi spent fifteen minutes hugging his sound board. He should have been briefing everyone about what was happening. But he was just too happy to be back at his station.

"Were they good to you princess?" He murmured to the electronics.

"Good God, we didn't damage anything." The other host shouted from outside. "You're the one who got shot!"

Hizashi laughed and stood up to walk out to his office. Sure enough he got the memos and restructuring that would be going on in the rest of the station. His show partner, Satouru, was going to take over his own talk show during the days. Hizashi was going to have interns run his show at night, though Fridays were still going to be his to do himself.

There were already side kick applications. Hizashi wouldn't be able to take any of them yet. But soon he would. Until then he needed to address the stack of tabloids and news articles slapped onto his desk.

"We need to clean this up." Hama Yui, his manager said. Coming in behind her was his producer Mishima, and Satouru his radio counterpart.

"I keep getting questions over the air." Satouru said and Hizashi winced.

"Sorry." Hizashi sighed.

"The staff has been warned not to bring up your personal life to reporters or fans. The higher ups sent down non disclosures to everyone. As far as I have heard, everyone signed. You're one of ours, we don't do gossip here." Mishima informed with a grin. "Besides, Madam Glitz asked us all to look after you."

"She's pushy, sorry about all this guys." Hizashi scrubbed his hand over his neck. "I can't tell you everything, but Aizawa and I are broken up."

"What?!" Satouru exclaimed.

"Yeah, the shooting I think was too much for her. She knew I was going to be a hero, it's been tough. But civilian relationships don't always work out. It's fine though," Hizashi was sure to keep his smile sad. And predictably they didn't doubt his story. But there was still a question in their eyes. "No, I did not cheat on Aizawa with Eraserhead."

After he explained that he would clear everything up on his show they left him with Hama. She knew about his identity and she frowned at him. The door closed and she fixed him with a demanding look.

"We both know that danger is not a factor in your relationship with Eraserhead." She lifted an eyebrow.

"Yeah, she was really upset about the shooting. That was how her mother died. She didn't even think to change clothes when she got there," Hizashi admitted. "It's really my fault for getting shot. But I could care less about it all. It happened and now we're cleaning up the mess."

"By staging a fake break up?" She frowned curiously.

"Well it fits the timeline I need." Hizashi grinned. "We're getting married."
Hama's face showed a myriad of emotions. Excitement, irritation, anger, then acceptance. "You really don't do anything by halves do you?"

"Nope. I couldn't not ask anymore." Hizashi smiled softly.

"Well, we'll have to do more singles events, set you up with dates to make it believable." Hama lifted her tablet and started going over his no doubt hectic schedule. "You obviously won't go home with any of them. But if they say you did, well it helps the narrative all the more."

"That's the plan." Hizashi shot finger guns.

"Will Eraser put out a civilian interview? I know she doesn't like cameras." Hama asked with concern.

"Yeah, it'll come out in a few days, maybe a week." Hizashi answered with a huff. "It's not like we're some kind of darling couple. Any heroes who know us will get it from just her interview. The public though, they'll just think I'm single and won't look twice after she's finished it. Better for her hero career, and better for our civilian identities to get married."

"I'm glad you're at least aware of the situation." Hama said and started for the door. "Good luck with the show, I'll deal with the blow back. And Present Mic?"

"Yeah?" Hizashi asked.

"I'm glad you're alive," She said softly, "And congratulations, you two deserve to be happy how you want."

She smiled warmly at him and he returned it. His team was pretty great. He looked at his phone and decided it was time to start his show.

Hizashi got up and tested his legs and muscles now that he had privacy. At least this way Hitoshi wasn't fussing, and Shouta wasn't watching him for even the tiniest twinge if discomfort. Nothing hurt anymore, just a bit of tightness. That would loosen up with some yoga and a few gym days.

The seat behind his sound board was like a throne. He was the king and the live air was his kingdom. From the window across from him his producer and the night interns gave him their thumbs up. A laptop was opened for his live chat, and the phones were poised to take calls.

Hizashi took control of the playlist and launched into a forlorn playlist that would fit with a broken up Present Mic. He was expressive, and music had always been a part of how he conveyed his feelings. His chat feed blew up immediately and once a few songs ended he tugged on his headset and greeted brightly.

"Hello listeners! This is Put Your Hands Up Radio, I'm Present Mic and I live!" He laughed loudly. "The villains weren't good enough to take me out this time!"

He looked to his chat and grinned. "I was shot five times! Five times! Can you believe that?!" He blinked at the speed of the chat as it whirled too fast for him to pick any other questions out. "You guys are so wild, I'll take a few calls."

He looked up and a few calls were picked up outside the booth. One came through and Hizashi activated the hands free call. "Alright, you're on Put Your Hands Up Radio, thanks for calling!"

"I'm so glad you're alright! You're my favorite hero ever!" The female caller gushed over the line.
"Aww thank you! Me too, pretty sure I saw the light!" Hizashi laughed.

"What happened to the boy? He was in the ambulance on the news with you." The female caller asked. "Did you know him?"

"He was just a kid in the restaurant. He was so cool though, tried to help me." Hizashi felt a soft smile streak over his lips. It was a lie, but he'd do anything to protect his son. "I told him to stay with me, that the police would find his family. And they did, he came to visit after too. Thanks for calling."

Mishima threw him a huge thumbs up and Hizashi nodded. "How about another caller?"

"Hi Present Mic, so glad you're still with us!" A make voice came through. "Rumor had it Eraserhead caught the guys who shot you. How do you feel about the excessive force claim?"

"Great question!" Hizashi boomed emphatically. "Not many people know what it's like to be on our side of things. The police look after each other, sometimes they're all they have to watch each other's backs until one of us heroes can get there. In my case, I was alone, and the villains I fought had guns. It's dangerous like that."

Hizashi paused and inhaled deeply, it had scared him to know Shouta went after them. But he'd have done the same. It's just who they were. It was why they loved each other, they always had each other's back.

"Eraserhead is an awesome underground hero. She's the kind of hero you never see coming, but that's why we need heroes like that. Because we're friends, she went after them. My other friends would have gone as well had they been in the area. But when Eraserhead is on the case, you'll never know it. She likes it that way." Hizashi frowned as he explained delicately who she was. "As for excessive force, as I understand it there's no case. But if you remember my voice can rupture ear drums. If she fought effectively, then yeah there's gonna be some wounds. They should be glad they're in custody, cause I would have deafened them."

He laughed it off as a joke, and it seemed everyone took it that way. He signed off of that call and Mishima gave him a so-so hand signal. That was fair, excessive force wasn't something anyone talked about. Not when All Might could punch holes into metal and concrete. His punches could level cities. Shouta getting rough with a villain was really weak compared to that.

"One more question guys! Make it a good one!" Hizashi called with a playful tone.

"Hello?" An excited girlish voice came through. Maybe a teenager?

"Thanks for calling!" Hizashi greeted. "Do you have a question?"

"I do!" She exclaimed. "Everyone was talking about how Eraserhead captured the guys who shot you. There were even rumors she was at the hospital with you. But no one said if your girlfriend was there. Are you actually in a secret relationship with Eraserhead?"

"You know, I thought I made that clear a few months ago. Eraserhead has always just been a friend. As for why Shouta wasn't there. We've had some issues lately, mostly with how dangerous my job is. So when I got shot everything kind of, came to a head. She couldn't handle watching me get hurt like that. I really love her, but I'm a hero first. So we split on good terms."

"Y-You're single?" The girl sputtered. And it was good enough, he made the cut off and the call ended. There bomb dropped.
"Well that's enough questions. Here's some music!" Hizashi turned on the playlist and took off his headset. He leaned back and looked at the chat. Everything was on fire judging from how fast the chat was going and the level of text screaming going on.

That was alright though. The ball was in motion. Now he could plan their wedding in peace and they could get married quietly. He texted Shouta and she sent him a cheeky and amused reply.
Wedding Date

Chapter Summary

In which a wedding date is picked.

Chapter Notes

This was absolutely supposed to be up last night. But let me just say... Kingdom Hearts 3... nuff said.

Btw is amazing and I'm only two worlds in. Like there is nothing inherently wrong with it yet. Just... Questions... There's always questions!

Shouta waves from the stoop of the apartment building as Hitoshi left with Tensei and Tenya for a sleepover. With it being summer break it was good Hitoshi was getting out. She worried he would become reclusive now that he was home schooled.

Shouta turned away once Tensei's car was out of sight and headed back in to the apartment. Once inside she found Hizashi still at the couch working on his teaching license.

Ever since he'd taken over the agency, he often brought his paperwork home. That enabled him to do his actual hero work when he was on duty. But he'd finished that and planned to do his study work for his off day.

Shouta made note that Jazz was stretched out on his cat tree and Hizashi was perfectly alone. First time in the middle of this whole mess. Three weeks and he'd finally healed. But he'd been secretive over the past two weeks.

In the wake of coming home and getting that radio show out, he'd been acting shady. The same way he had after they came home from America. Now Shouta had theories on why that was, and it was fine to find out what he was hiding.

Shouta padded silently around the couch and stole Hizashi's study materials. They were dropped unceremoniously to the kotatsu and she turned to him. Hizashi blinked at her with his glasses falling down his nose, hair spilling over one shoulder. "Shouta?"

"You're hiding something." She looked him over, he'd been coming to bed in a t shirt for a while. Which was strange, summer was the time she was lucky to get him into boxers and shorts when he was home. No need to traumatize dtheir kid with Hizashi's lazy home etiquette.

"Wh-What are you talking about?" He looked away shyly with a blush blooming on his cheeks. Shouta felt a smirk steal over her face, this was the guy who could play the media and his fan base like an instrument. Lied perfectly in every hasty interview reporters could get while he patrolled.

"You're bad at lying when you're not in costume." Shouta announced and climbed right into his lap.
"The last time you were this cagey I was blind. Came out off it to find you'd pierced your tongue. So, is there something you want to show me?"

She'd had her theories, there weren't many piercings he actually had. His ears and then his tongue. She'd kept her attention on him in case more popped up. She didn't much care if they did, she just wondered why he kept it secret.

Hizashi pulled his glasses off and tossed them to the kotatsu. Then he pulled his shirt up and off. Shouta gaped at his torso. The scars had faded, they were now a shade darker than his skin tone. His musculature was improving. He'd atrophied a bit after surgery and recovery, but it wouldn't be long before he re-aquired his previous physique.

No, what had Shouta in a state of surprised awe was the piercings that now lay in Hizashi's nipples. Dark blue barbells nestled neatly into his skin. Shouta lifted a finger to touch one and Hizashi hissed. "Hurts?"

"Nah, just really sensitive now." Hizashi leaned forward to bump their foreheads together.

"Why didn't you tell me?" Shouta asked curiously.

"Wanted to surprise you." Hizashi said and Shouta laughed.

"You're ridiculous." Shouta snorted and cheekily rubbed her thumb over one of the piercings. Hizashi hissed again and shifted his hips.

"And you're being a tease." Hizashi groused and wrapped his arms around her and rolled her into the couch cushions. Clothes were yanked off and Shouta cupped Hizashi's neck to pull him down against her. He laughed and nuzzled beneath one ear. "You drive me wild babe."

"Look who's talking?" Shouta snorted and trailed her fingers down his side and flicked over a new piercing. Hizashi reflexively thrust his hips against hers. His erection pressing along her center enticingly. He kissed her and the banter fell away.

They moved together, grinding against each other and measuring how far they planned to go. Shouta gasped as Hizashi's ring covered fingers cupped a breast and tipped her head back so he could mouth hungrily along her neck and collar.

Shouta ran a bare foot up Hizashi's leg and arched into the next grinding thrust that pushed the head of his cock up against her clit. She writhed and tossed her head back. "I got you Kitten."

Shouta gasped, her eyes flying open to see Hizashi's smug look as he hooked her leg over his elbow. After America, he'd tried out just about every endearment under the sun, he even added chsn to her name before. She had allowed it unless they were blatantly stupid nicknames. But he'd...he'd never called her that.

The ring that lay between their chests said it though. Shouta shivered and he pressed a deep kiss to her mouth. "Got a good one there huh? My kitten?"

"Hizashi...shut up." Shouta gasped as he rolled his hips and pressed inside her. Thankfully she was wildly turned on. Her embarrassed flush was replaced with one of immense pleasure.

They rolled into a matching thrust and twin moans echoed. Shouta threw her arms around Hizashi and arched into him. The couch weirdly cradled them both and kept her at just the right angle.

"Fuck," Hizashi cursed and planted one of his hands on the arm rest behind her to angle himself up
enough to push his hips faster. Shouta saw stars as he angled even deeper.

Choked off groans escaped her. She raked her hand down to his chest where her fingers crooked insistantly into his piercings. Hizashi shouted and dropped her leg to cover his mouth. Shouta grinned even as white gazed in on her vision.

She wrapped her legs around his hips and yanked him tighter against her. Hizashi shuddered above her, orgasm pushing his twitchy grinding hips into her clit. And it was the last thing she needed to cum as well.

Pleasure spiraled through her, stealing her voice, cutting off her air. She lifted her hand to Hizashi's neck and he leaned down to pepper her with kisses. "God, I knew it would be intense. But damn."

"Hizashi." Shouta blinked while she regained her breath. "Your piercing habit...I don't have a problem with it. If that's why you kept it from me."

"You don't think it's weird? Like I need to erase the memory of bad wounds with one's I give to myself?" Hizashi propped up on an elbow and Shouta lifted a brow.

"Sure it's weird, can't be any worse than me ignoring I'm hurt." Shouta rolled her eyes. "You know I'm a mess, why would I think any less of you for your habits?"

"I love you." Hizashi blurted and nuzzled her neck. He looped her ring with his finger and lifted it to look at. "I'm so glad we're together."

"I'll remember that the next time you threaten to leave me over giving Hitoshi coffee." Shouta snorted and Hizashi reared back offended.

"You're a terrible influence on him." Hizashi laughed. "We both are. We just fucked on the couch. He sits here."

Shouta started to laugh. Hizashi joined in and it was good. This was their little world, a place that was so safe for the two of them. A place that welcomed Hitoshi when he was with them. Shouta lifted a hand to lace with Hizashi's while they played with her ring. She loved him too.

"You sure you're still up for this?" Hideo asked.

"Yup, after this, I'll never do another interview." Shouta vowed as she adjusted her hair and looked at her make up one last time. She looked nothing like herself on a normal day. This was the glamorous, artist's daughter who was really just a mask.

They were inside her father's gallery on a day where they were moving in the newest paintings. On the ground floor her father and his gallery manager were orchestrating the placements. Shouta motioned to the table away from the railing and Hideo set about putting up his tabletop tripod.

The lighting was always perfect in here, it had to be so her father could utilize his quirk properly. For many years she'd run this building as a kid. With her mother walking after her while her father did much as he was currently. People would see it as a comfort space for her. But it was really a place that had always cradled the love of her family.
Shouta shifted the gauzy green top Akio had thrust at her, it would do. Her necklace was even pulled off to tuck into her pocket. She didn't want to give anyone something to speculate about. This was a publicity breakup, it had to be clear and concise.

Shouta sat and settled her hands on her lap. Hideo fished out a tablet and notepad. He grinned at her sheepishly and turned on the camera. Shouta felt distinctly uncomfortable being recorded, but squared her shoulders. It was only Aizawa Shouta, not Eraserhead.

"Thank you for taking the time to meet with me Aizawa-San." Hideo began, his tone was much less timid and far more assured.

"No, that's quite alright." Shouta said sweetly. "I don't mind clearing the air."

"Present Mic has spoken publicly about your break up. All of that was true? You split up mutually?" Hideo asked.

"It was more my decision. Present Mic understood how I felt and we talked for a long while before we agreed we couldn't keep going like we were." Shouta said. The lie was a little too close to home. The whole incident hit her too close to home.

"You're referring to his recent hospitalization after the shooting." Hideo asked.

"I've always known what it meant that he was a hero. I knew that he would put his hero work first, I expected nothing less." Shouta answered. "It's not easy dating a hero. Dates get interrupted, he gets called out, sometimes I don't hear from him for days if he's collaborating with other heroes. That was fine, I could live with that. He gets hurt, and that's what I had trouble with."

"Surely you knew injuries in the line of duty are common place for heroes? Present Mic saved that entire restaurant." Hideo pressed.

"I did, and I managed to handle it these few years. But this time...this time it was too much for me." Shouta looked away and dredged up how she felt when she got the news. When she wasn't sure if Hizashi would make it.

"How so Aizawa-San?" Hideo pressed. As they discussed, but it still rankled to feel pressed for answers.

"My mother was a police officer, she died from injuries sustained during a shootout. Similarly she was also protecting civilians." Shouta's voice wobbled and she lifted a hand to her mouth to gather herself back up. Too many similarities. "My mother was shot in the head. The bullet was lodged in her brain in such a way that removal was impossible. Healing was impossible. She was in a vegetative state and we had to pull the plug or let her live like that. Stripped of everything she was with no hope of recovery. I couldn't bear it if that was Present Mic. I can't be part of that again."

She let a few tears slip and took the offered tissue to collect herself. "It takes a special kind of person to be in a relationship with a hero. Especially if you're a civilian. I thought I was fine with it all. Until I wasn't."

"Are you and Present Mic still in contact?" Hideo asked.

"We decided to stay friends, I still care about him, but it might be best if we stay apart for a while." Shouta answered. About as apart as a room when she got home and he turned into a hug monster.

"And what do you think of the Eraserhead rumors? She was seen at the hospital. Or even the excessive force claims?" Hideo asked.
"Honestly, I'm glad she caught those villains. They deserved what they got, anyone who wanted to hurt Present Mic, or even that boy, deserved whatever fury she rained down on them. And no, I don't think it's excessive force." Shouta said, she was still angry. They didn't get to claim excessive force if she was the one who got called in to interrogate.

"And what about the hospital visits?" Hideo asked.

"Eraserhead has always been Present Mic's closest friend. Honestly if I hadn't been dating him I would have thought they were together." Shouta said with a soft smile. "Maybe one day they will be. Who knows?"

"Thank you for your time, is there anything else you want to say to the public who sees this?" Hideo asked.

"Yes, Present Mic has always been faithful to me. Despite those rumors he was the model partner. He never cheated on me." Shouta said and nodded. Hideo closed off the video and he deactivated the camera. Shouta then brutally leaned her head back to put some eye drops in.

"That was very good Eraser." Hideo said. "This will put an end to the media hype over your relationship."

"Hope so." Shouta huffed.

"Shouta!" A female voice called from below. Shouta got up to look over the railing. Nemuri stood there wearing a long purple sun dress and a flouncy hat over her unstyled hair.

"Stop yelling." Shouta hissed.

"Well come on there so much to talk about now!" Nemuri grinned excitedly. Ugh, wedding shit.

"That's my ride." Shouta said. She pulled a piece of paper from her pocket. "I've also got a lead."

Hideo lifted the paper and smirked. "I was going to tell you about this one too. You're good Eraserhead."

"So are you." With that Shouta turned and started to yank the gauzy green thing off to replace with one of Hizashi's cut up shirts. Some American band shirt that had no sleeves and fell just right. She yanked her hair down and felt immediately much more herself.

"So have you thought about what you want to do for the whole thing?" Nemuri asked as she pushed open the door to the Cafe where Tensei and Hizashi were waiting with Hitoshi.

"Ugh," Shouta groaned. "Can't we just do the paperwork and do it at the municipal office?"

"No," Nemuri grinned at her as if that was the stupidest idea she'd ever had. Shouta sighed, that was fair. They ordered ice drinks and joined the others. Shouta even dutifully replaced Hitoshi's empty smoothie with an iced mocha. Hizashi couldn't even be mad, since it was less coffee and more chocolate.

"So!" Hizashi beamed at their friends. "Super wedding planning phase one begins now."
With the way Nemuri and Tensei pumped their fists Shouta was having flash backs to the confession squad days. "Now, ceremony." Hitoshi piped up. Shouta glared at him, he was in on it. "Are we doing traditional or modern?"

Shouta pushed down his notebook to see a detailed checklist mapped out for him. "I see Tenya helped huh?"

Hitoshi stuck his tongue out at her, so she ruffled his hair.

"My parents did it modern." Hizashi said over his bubble tea. Shouta leaned her head onto her hand as everyone looked at her.

"They had a traditional wedding. Shino and Akio did it at the municipal office, but had a party after." Shouta supplied.

"Traditional might be fun." Tensei said then frowned. "Eh, but then everyone would want to come dressed up. What if anyone gets an emergency call?"

That was a fair point, traditional clothing was extremely restrictive. If they had to leave for a fight she didn't want to be too hampered. "Hizashi?"

"I like tuxes." He grinned at her. "Not gonna lie, seeing you in a wedding dress might ruin me. Nothing will ever beat that for me."

Oh, shit! Wedding dress! Shouta's face flamed.

"Modern it is." Nemuri patted her shoulder softly. "Don't break your brain, you have two and a half years apparently."

"What about a time frame?" Tensei asked. "If nothing else we should leave phase one with a type of ceremony and a date."

"Not spring." Shouta immediately vetoed that. She wasn't a big fan of spring, and she don't want to fall into the everyone stereotype.

"Summer is too hot." Hizashi nodded and looked at her. "Fall?"

"A lot of traditional ones happen in the fall." Shouta said. It was like spring in that regard.

"A winter wedding?" Nemuri asked. "How rare."

A winter wedding. That appealed to Shouta immensely, she looked at Hizashi ago was just grinning softly at her. "Do you want to do winter?"

"Kitten, I'll marry you in the rain." Hizashi grinned. "You looked like you liked that idea."

"Y-Yeah." Shouta looked aside, embarrassed.

"Winter it is." Hizashi murmured to Hitoshi. "How about right after the new year?"

She nodded, any time was fine. The decided on January 11th. And with that, nearly three years away, they would get married. Shouta reached across the table to tangle her fingers with Hizashi. That was alright with her.
**Planning Ahead**

**Chapter Summary**

In which wedding plans are talked about.

**Chapter Notes**

Hello everyone, sorry I've been behind on this. My cat had to go to the vet hospital because he stopped eating, started to hide, and had a painful abdomen. Turned out he had bladder stones and needed surgery. Now he's home and I'm so glad he's going to be okay, I wasn't ready to say goodbye to him if they couldn't help him.

Following this I got some kind of stomach virus and holy balls it sucked. I went through phases of scatter brainedness and can barely focus on anything but nausea. Truly terrible, I hate feeling like that, it's like all my ideas are right there but fuck if I can string them together.

Then taxes, cat rehabilitation...its been a hellish two weeks. Sorry.

Anyways, finally in a mood to write. This chapter is themed around how irritating it is to plan a wedding. Which I did myself, my husband was the kind of guy who just nods and says whatever you want babe. Lol.

"Lower," Shouta ordered as she watched Hitoshi’s stance critically. So far they had begun a catch up regimen for gymnastics. His flexibility was the current focus of his training. Easy enough not to stunt his growth, but aggressive enough to start the process towards hero training.

Hitoshi bent until his chest was flat to the ground between his legs. Shouta watched and nodded counting long enough to get him to hold it. "Come up to your elbows, put your weight there and unfold into a plank."

She knelt to steady him as his little arms bulged with effort as he worked one leg and then the other back until he hovered an inch off the ground. She pressed her hand to his back and lowered him to rest. Hitoshi panted on the mat and Shouta smiled.

"You're making good progress." She reinforced. "I started much younger than you, you'll catch up soon."

"Kay." He huffed and sat up. Shouta ruffled his hair and it stuck up everywhere. She rolled to her own plank only with her forearms flat she lifted her body up into the air and slowly raised up to her hands.

Hitoshi watched as her arms flexed as she was lifted into a hand stand before leaning onto closed fists. She lowered herself into a vertical push up and kept her position. She adjusted to keep balanced upside down as she was.
The doorbell rang and Hitoshi looked at her for permission. Shouta nodded and he raced for the door. As soon as it was open three male voices invaded the calm. Shouta continued her workout, lifting one fist from the ground and lifting it up to keep going one armed.

"Your form is good." Shino said as he leaned down to look at her. "Keep going."

And it was so normal to have Shino coaching her she just smirked and continued. She pushed out a number of lifts and switched arms. Hitoshi gaped at her in shock and Akio chuckled. "And how are you doing with your own training Hitoshi?"

"Shouta says I'll catch up soon." Hitoshi quipped proudly.

"Take your time," Her father piped up, "You get to be a kid a few years more before middle school."

"But I wanna be a hero." Hitoshi grinned then looked at the time and scrambled for the TV. Shouta lowered herself into her original plan to cool down. Then she touched her toes down and laid flat. She rolled to her feet and took the towel Shino was offering.

"Want anything to drink? Hizashi made some weird fruit thing." Shouta asked and moved into the kitchen to get out the glass pitcher Hizashi just loved. Bits of lemon and melon floated inside, it was a strange orange drink. But as with most of Hizashi's cooking, it was delicious.

"Ah!" Hitoshi shouted suddenly and Shouta walked back into the main room to settle the tray on the kotatsu. All four of her male family members were looking at the TV. Where Present Mic was fighting alongside a few other heroes downtown.

"Hmm, that's not a good match up." Shouta scowled as she saw the villain, he was rampaging and didn't even look all there. "Hizashi might be able to, if he stays back."

"He can do it!" Hitoshi cheered. The news helicopter was looking over the whole expanse of the city, the destruction was limited, so that was good. Suddenly Hizashi arched back and all the windows around him shattered.

"Idiot." Shouta scoffed. But the villain was staggering. And two physical heroes rushed in to engage. Hizashi had to yell one more time and join into the physical battle before they managed to wrestle the man down. Shouta couldn't tell what his quirk was but it looked like a mutation.

"Yeah!" Hitoshi cheered. Shouta patted his head and turned to her dads. They were all smiling at Hitoshi's enthusiasm.

"So, Shouta," Her father looked up. She didn't like the tone he was using. "Have you guys thought of the wedding at all?"

"We decided to do a winter wedding." Shouta explained and Akio gasped with starry eyed excitement. Yeah, irritating.

"Winter huh?" Shino nodded, "Should be interesting. Private I imagine."

"That's the idea." Shouta answered. "Two and a half years from now."

"That should fit, considering your break up." Her father nodded. "Are you doing traditional or modern?"

"We decided modern, it'll fit Hizashi better." Shouta explained. "He can throw a decent sized
"Well, that means we have to find you a good dress eh?" Akio grinned and tipped his head back. Shouta flushed and looked away. Hitoshi whirled and looked at everyone. "A dress?"

He never seen her wear one before. He was usually off with friends or family the nights she had attended functions with Hizashi. Huh, seeing her in a wedding dress might scare him. Maybe she could use that as an excuse.

"Of course, the bride wears a stunning white dress and all eyes are on her. The most beautiful person in the room." Akio smiled and Hitoshi jumped up to run to his bag in the genkan. He came back with his notebook looking very important. Excitement dwelled in his gaze and Shouta resigned herself, a dress it was going to be. She wanted to see Hizashi's face too.

"Shouta, why didn't you say anything about a dress?" Hitoshi glared at her impressively, he really did look just like her with those baggy eyes.

"It's not time yet." Shouta chuckled. She really didn't have the heart to fight him when he was acting as the wedding planner himself. A tactic it seemed everyone was going to exploit.

"Well, pick a day eventually. I plan to paint it. The moment you know which one you want." Her father said and Shino laid a hand on his shoulder. Akio leaned into his side. This was important to him, she could see that.

Shouta sighed and made a big show of how much she didn't want to shop. It wasn't too far off, but Nemuri had already assured her she could do most of the choosing on the phone and the dress shop would present her with what fit. That suited Shouta just fine, show up, try on, leave.

"But Sho, it's your wedding." Akio sighed with a soft smile. "You'll look so pretty."

"You know what, you think you get to just railroad me?" Shouta lifted a serious eyebrow. She could only be agreeable so far. "Who is walking me down the aisle?"

All three men looked at each other suddenly. Shock and confusion on their faces. As she thought, they hadn't thought that far ahead yet. Good, that could buy her some time; enough to throw the ball back at Hizashi. He was better at this anyways.

Hitoshi shot her a chiding look. Like he was the one parenting. "That's not nice." He whispered.

"It's a diversion tactic." She mumbled back and he shook his head. "Remember, as a hero, you can turn villains against each other. I'm sure that would work out very well with the way your quirk works."

His eyes widened in shock. Then he nodded at the small lesson she'd just shared with him. Shouta snorted when she looked up to see the three men had resulted to a hushed argument. Yeah, she'd bought herself some more time.

Hizashi tilted his head back and lifted his hand palm up before he curled his fingers inwards. Cameras went off in every direction and he just smiled. This would be for the new set of posters
going out for his show. On top of that he had a whole slew of rookie heroes looking to break out of
their sidekick roles.

They could manage, and if all went well, by winter he could take the test for his teaching license to
get them interns. He finished up with the promo photo shoot and signed a few autographs and
slipped into the dressing room. Thankfully empty of people. Lately, if he did a photo shoot outside
the station, there always ended up being someone in his dressing room.

Flattering but thought provoking. So far it had been three women and two men. Shouta thought it
was amusing, they actually had a tally going in their group chat to see if anyone had guessed his
sexuality in the media yet. Many thought he was straight or even secretly gay. Now the online
consensus was bisexual. Honestly gender didn't matter to Hizashi, everyone could be attractive in
their own way.

But it was Present Mic they were all there to entice. So he sent them all off with coy thanks and
worry that he was going to be late to patrol. His manager was right, everyone who snuck into his
rooms avoided embarrassment by saying he made out with them, or slept with them. It was a pretty
good deal. No one was looking at Aizawa Shouta anymore. So their plans were kept totally out of
media's eye.

He got a text and frowned when he saw the mass of questiond sent to him over the wedding. Then
he sighed in fond exasperation. She'd agreed to go wedding dress shopping. Honestly, he'd thought
he'd have to lie and sneak around to get her to go.

There was an entire plan in place to get her to the store itself. Nemuri was even prepared to knock
her out so everyone could pick for her. And she'd go with it too. That's how much she hated
shopping.

But seeing her agree without a fuss made Hizashi warm inside. Then his mind went to seeing her in
a wedding dress. She always looked stunning when she did. This wouldn't be just Aizawa Shouta
he was going to be seeing. It was Shouta, and Eraserhead, all in one. He covered his cheeks with a
hand as he flushed in excitement. He needed to get it together, otherwise he'd be traumatizing
people with an unfortunately timed erection.

A ton of questions flew to him. A location? Music? Hizashi hummed in thought. Somewhere not in
Musutafu would be optimal. It wouldn't do to have everyone know what was going on. He'd have
to think on it some more.

A harried text came through and he frowned. He'd just finished patrol a few hours ago. He looked
at the time and cursed. It was already getting late. He was supposed to be out by now, heading
home to relieve Shouta. She was going to to investigate some murders.

Hizashi hissed and yanked his jacket up and tucked his phone away. Thankfully, all costumes were
made by his support company. Nothing he wore was anything less than his regular gear standards.
He bypassed the elevator and vaulted the stairs in a way Shouta would be impressed by.

He burst out of the lobby and onto the street to see the mess that was the city square. Plenty of the
mess came from earlier. But now it was swarming with what looked like black inky creatures.
Hizashi cursed as he looked around, no one was on the scene yet.

"Hey!"Hizashi shouted at the buss near him. The driver looked at him in surprise. "Pull your bus
out along the street. Create a wall!"

The driver nodded seriously and moved into the clear street to cut off the road between the
buildings. Hizashi planted his boots and inhaled deeply. "**ALL CIVILIANS, ESCAPE THIS WAY!**"

Hizashi glared out across the square as the civilians scrambled past him. He kept waving people through. Still no other heroes. His phone chirped and he ran his finger across his headphones to answer the call.

"**Bring him to the side street across from you.**"

"Eraser, out early are you?" He grinned.

"*Got a babysitter, they can deal since they ambushed me today to talk wedding plans.* " She snorted. "*Anyone watching seriously?*

"No, I was just the closest. The lobby paged my work number as soon as they saw what was happening." Hizashi answered. "No one from the news is here yet."

"**Good, across the street in three. I'll be there.**" Shouta said and hung up. Hizashi grinned in excitement. He didn't get to fight with her often. Not like this at least.

Hizashi shot forward adjusting his speakers. "**HEY!**" His voice blasted out in destabilizing waves. He was right, the ink creatures were liquid. "**I JUST CLEANED THIS PLACE UP!**"

The villain rose up on a lamp post. Covered in that same black substance. Hizashi glared harder and rushed forward. He adjusted his settings again and inhaled deeply. "**YEAH!**"

This shout wasn't to destabilize this time. It was a massive wall of force that knocked the villain away. Right towards the alleyway. Hizashi ran towards it, just as he saw gray tan bands lash out of the shadows. Wrapping tight around the wriggling form of the villain. Hizashi dodged a lash of that inky liquid and ducked a swinging band.

He balled his fist and lunged into a punch. The black peeled away from a lanky man's face and he smirked as his fist drove into the villain's jaw. Just as quickly the villain was yanked up into the shadows. It was really creepy when he knew she was here, she'd given him that opening, and not see her at all.

Suddenly the man dropped to the ground with zip ties on his wrists and knocked out. The ink sloughed off of the man like tar. To reveal a totally naked villain. "**Seriously dude, that's indecent. There are kids that come here.**"

Shouta dropped to the ground next to him and Hizashi beamed at her. "Nice assist Eraser!"

"I was in the area." She squinted at the man with a deep frown. "That doesn't make sense."

"What doesn't make sense?" Hizashi asked. Shouta leaned forward with an intense look at the villain. She checked him over and hissed before she rubbed her mouth in confusion.

"This guy, has a twin." She answered.

"Okay, what does that have to do with what's going on?" Hizashi asked.

"I fought him a few months ago, before Kyoto. His quirk was in ink production." She answered and pointed to his hands. "The twin's quirk was living ink. But that can't be possible. This guy was the first twin, he just used the quirk his brother had."
"That's not possible. This has to be the other twin." Hizashi pressed, his mind rebelling at that notion. "Or they trained their quirks like that."

"Tell the transport people. No one else." Shouta said seriously. "You need to keep the public eye off of this."

"Got it." Hizashi nodded. He didn't want to think of the chaos any idea that quirks could be moved around would bring. There had to be a logical explanation.

Hizashi hauled up the criminal and Shouta slunk off to the shadows. Once at the street he saw the police were already in the area. Once they spotted him they raced over with the cars and transport vehicle. Hizashi knew Shouta was watching when the villain tried to use his quirk again and it didn't work. It was always so helpful to have her nearby when villains got uppity.

Cuffed and done Hizashi waved over an officer he knew. It was Shouta's contact Officer Akira. "Present Mic, thank you for your good work!"

"Just in the area and able to help." Hizashi beamed and turned his back to the crowd. "You saw the villain try to use his quirk. Eraser is in that alleyway. I know she was planning to talk to you."

With that Hizashi waved to the civilians as they clustered at the newly erected lines sectioning off the square. "EVERYTHING IS ALRIGHT! WE'LL GET IT ALL BACK OPEN!"

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Shouta leaned out of the shadows and caught Officer Akira's eye as he walked out of the public's sight. "Oh, Eraserhead, you startled me."

"Hmm, it's better you're here. I won't have to put my work off for this." Shouta sighed. "This is one of the Daiki twins."

"Okay, good that means they're both off the street now." Officer Akira said happily.

"This villain..." Shouta stilled in her statement. It had confused her to see the villain use his quirk exactly like how the other twin did. Unsettling, and terrifying if she wondered about it. "He was using his twin's quirk."

"Like similarly?" Officer Akira asked.

"Like exactly the same quirk." Shouta answered and his eyes widened.

"That's-!" Officer Akira hissed. The thought was terrifying indeed. Quirks could be similar, almost identical. But there were always differences, like the drawbacks, the appearance of a quirk, how it worked, where it could be emitted from. Never the same really.

"I know, keep this quiet." Shouta said seriously and he nodded. "Tell the Tartarus Officers they can contact me. I'm interested in this case. You call me when you get to the station. There are some murder cases I want to look at."

He nodded and rushed off to speak to the Tartarus Official. She frowned then looked down at her phone, this was a weird one. She needed some insight. She dialed her old mentor and decided if anyone had info on the underbelly weirdness he would. Because this hadn't even caught Hideo's
notice.
"Same quirk?" Vanisher frowned at Shouta as she finished relaying the events of the evening.

"Exact same quirk." Shouta answered as she seated herself at his desk. The warehouse was the same. What was concerning was that Fukukado was still here. She'd graduated already, why was she still hanging around their mentor?

"You sure you weren't mistaken? Twins can sometimes have extremely similar quirks." Vanisher's one eye narrowed. "I've fought villains who look like they have the exact same quirk. There's always a difference."

"You think I can't tell?" Shouta asked with a lifted brow. "I fought the brother before we left to Kyoto, it was the same quirk. I looked up this guy while I was hunting his twin. His quirk was supposed to be ink production. Not manipulation."

"So similar, but definitely not the same." Vanisher growled as he rubbed his chin. "I don't have an answer for that."

"Great, thanks anyways." Shouta groaned. It was weird, and she had a bad feeling about it. Much like the murders, but she was sure they weren't connected. They couldn't be. She really didn't want them to be. "So, still got Emi with you?"
"She thought she needed some extra training. I offered to give her a recommendation, like I did for you, but she wasn't too keen on it." He sighed. "I think she's hung up on how easy it's been for the UA graduates to find their agencies."

"I haven't been paying attention." Shouta frowned. She was going to have to once she obtained her teaching license. "High rate of graduates?"

"Yes, more than normal. But competition has always been fierce." Vanisher scowled. "Went to the UA Sports Festival this year. I don't see how they made it."

"Are they just not prepared you think?" Shouta asked. UA had a demanding curriculum, they weeded out those who thought they could make it as heroes. She couldn't speak for the other schools though. She was going to have to look into it.

"Oh, they aren't prepared at all. Hopefully they get in with some decent heroes." Vanisher shook his head. "If she didn't feel confident going out as she is now, I can't blame her. The curriculum is shit right now."

"Is only been a few years." Shouta frowned. "The classes I took were well defined."

"Yeah, some kind of government upheaval happened. Got really involved with the hero curriculum. Mr. Principal has had his hands full fighting to increase the training. Not sure about everything that happened." Vanisher sighed. "UA isn't willing to compromise on the subject matter. Not to appease the public."

"A student got injured during training. Some smaller school." Emi's voice lifted as she walked over. Strangely for once completly calm. "The parents got scared and yanked their kid out. Apparently they threatened to sue the school for doing physical training too soon. The government got heavy handed with the administration and every hero school pulled back and focused more on theoretical training. Even on second and third years."

"Then how many graduates are actually equipped for the workplace?" Shouta demanded.

"If I were to talk in numbers?" Emi sighed. "None of us, I stayed here to keep training. But it'll be apparent soon. The focus was on hypothetical situations without physically going through it to get desensitized. The renewal exams were brutal. I hope no one gets hurt now that they're graduated."

"Nedzu's been working with the other principals and battling the educational board alongside the commission." Vanisher threw in. "Not sure what will come of it, but it'll be an uphill battle."

Shouta scowled, she didn't like the notion of that many rookies being on the street. It was a rookie that had to be bailed out that left Shouta alone with an apartment to protect. She tried not to dwell on it too much, but had Vanisher been with her Hitoshi might have grown with his parents still alive.

But that was then, and this was now. Shouta rubbed her nose and looked at Emi. "You'll be fine if you go to an agency. Vanisher trained you, you shadowed me."

"Think you could recommend her somewhere?" Vanisher asked.

"I could ask around, see who needs people. We're a bit short handed at the moment on the west side of Musutafu. There's not much overlap with the heroes outside the city. I've been working with the agencies there. But I can only do so much."

"And the type of villains?" Vanisher asked.
"It's a good proving ground. Most of the big time villains are targeting Present Mic's patrol areas in the center of town. Death Arms could use the help though." Shouta answered. "I float between the agencies, I'm working with the police at the moment. But I can put in for Death Arms. He'll give you the experience you need."

"Aww Eraser, I knew you loved me!" Emi beamed and rushed her. Shouta sighed and planted her hand on the exuberant woman's face.

"I really don't." Shouta huffed.

"Good one!" Emi laughed wildly.

"Oh, Vanisher." Shouta lifted her eyes to her mentor and he blinked.

"You know anything about a shadowy underground boss that's involved in a lot of underground dealings?" Shouta asked. Tsukauchi had the right idea, his theory and what Izanagi had said led Shouta to believe this guy owned it all. Or was on the way to owning it all.

"There have been rumors. But nothing concrete. I can look around if you want?" Vanisher shrugged but looked bothered.

"That's alright, if I find out more I'll see if I need your assistance." Shouta sighed. This case was getting nowhere and she'd barely started.

After literally prying Emi off of her, Shouta departed back to Musutafu. She still had to make it to the police station for the reports and to the morgue to see the examiner still there. The night was going to be long that was for sure.

Shouta looked down at the files presented to her. All of the murder victims were here. A number were ruled suicides until the autopsy came through on each. "The cause of death on all of these are inconclusive."

"Yup." The Medical Examiner shook his head.

"How is that possible? There's thirteen bodies!" Shouta hissed in utter disbelief.

"You're telling me." He sighed and took his gloves off to put on an all black pair. "My quirk is Before Death. I can see the last fifteen minutes of life a body has before expiration. Each one only saw a blank dark space with liquid all over. None of them showed anything else."

"So no idea what killed them?" She slumped. "Nothing at all?"

"With that much liquid I wanted to say they drowned." The examiner shrugged. "But there was no evidence of liquid, whatever it was. There wasn't even evidence of drowning or asphyxiation. Instead they all had something else happen."

"Something else?" Shouta leaned forward with interest.

"Come." The doctor led her into the morgue proper and despite the thick smell of formaldehyde it was bright and clean. He didn't lead her to the drawers, instead they moved to a separate lab area. He waved to the large counter and she stopped there. "You're average brain is about this big."
The doctor opened an industrial cooler fridge and pulled free two bags. He opened one and sat the brain from within on a silver tray. Shouta grimaced into her scarf but didn't shy from the sight.

"And this is the brain we recovered from the latest victim." She gaped as he settled a brain into the tray next to the regular sized one. It was arguably larger.

"Was it from a mutated person?" She asked.

"Generally, when not extremely rare, even brains from mutated physical bodies do not deviate from the average size." He lifted a metal tool and poked at a few places. "The skulls of each victim were showing signs of fracturing from the strain. These brains were growing right up until the moment of death. Never have I seen or heard of such a phenomena."

"Why are they so big?" She asked in confusion.

"No clue." He shrugged again. "Nothing shows up different from any other brain sample. I've spoken to some of my other colleagues, and they were just as baffled."

"A quirk effect maybe?" Shouta asked and frowned deeply.

"That's the only conclusion left, but there's no evidence of it. Only that it's weird, and we have no other answer. So I ruled cause of death in all of them inconclusive." The examiner shuffled the brains back into their respective bags. "There were no other changes to the bodies. They were all diverse in race and quirk mutations. Male, female, the rare genderless. Nothing to link them together."

"Thank you for your assistance here." Shouta offered her hand as the examiner shed his gloves. She left and waited until she was sitting on a rooftop to call Hideo.

"So, anymore leads?" He asked in lieu of a greeting.

"Not anything worthwhile. Not unless there's a registered quirk that can cause brains to grow." Shouta ran her fingers into her hair.

"Are you serious?" He asked incredulously.

"Yes," She sighed.

"Fuck." He cursed.

"My thoughts exactly." She rubbed her neck and looked up at the night sky. "We're grasping at straws. This lead was mutual, have you shaken anything loose?"

"No, but I'll keep looking." Hideo assured her.

"Alright, I have to patrol now. Keep me posted." Shouta pinched the bridge of her nose.

"You too."

Shouta settled her phone into her pocket and looked across Tokyo. She needed to work her way back towards Musutafu. She arranged her capture weapon and lunged for the other rooftops.

Chapter End Notes
Did anyone else see that little tidbit in the latest manga chapter about Aizawa? That has derailed some of my plans for the future of this fic.

I've been contemplating why Aizawa is so hard on UA students. I've gleaned that it's because of how hero society has progressed. A central theme in BNHA is in how some heroes, aren't heroes. Example being Stain and the number of "Non heroes" he attacked. Or Endeavor before he started his reform (Meh?).

So my conclusion has been that students go into the school thinking it's all going to be easy. They don't do it for the right reasons, or they're arrogant, cocky, and entitled. Who would find that incredibly irritating and distasteful?

Aizawa.

So, I'm going forward with my previous plans. I'll be incorporating a totally new aspect since we now know Shinsou isn't the only student Aizawa has taken on personally. Sweet gods Horikoshi loves to throw me a curveball every so often.

Please feel free to debate these things with me. I love discussing BNHA theories.
Hook Up

Chapter Summary

A wedding venue is chosen.

Chapter Notes

So guys...the movie is online on a site I watch from. Gonna be doing that now. Whoo boy am I going to have fun with adding that to my werewolf AU.

So excited :3

The party Hizashi was attending was in full swing. He nursed the single drink he'd been given and tried to play off that he was more wasted than he was in truth. He was still on duty, these executives and sponsors really should be more responsible.

The night had started out as a meet and greet, his manager had even been convinced to drink a bit too. If it had been any other night he might have drank some more and let loose. But he was on duty tonight; so he had to play the part while stealthily dumping drinks or trading them for empty glasses around the large room. A marvelous job if Hizashi did say so himself.

Someone unveiled a karaoke machine and Hizashi cringed. Thirty super drunk people trying to sing was going to be murder on his ears. Even morw of them trying to convince him to sing was going to be murder on their ears.

He needed to escape, why wasn't there a crime going on that he could intervene on? Why was it a slow night? Any other night he'd be swamped with idiots trying to test their mettle against him. Hizashi sighed as he walked to one of the balconies that was thankfully empty. He didn't think he could handle any more women pawing at him tonight. And that one really ambitious man.

Flattering, but entirely unwanted advances all around. He was getting married dammit!

"Hey." A low voice called from above and Hizashi while around to see Shouta sitting on the roof above him.

"Sh... E-Eraser!" He stuttered in shock. "What are you doing here?!"

"It was a slow patrol in my area tonight, so I slipped into Tokyo." She smirked at him. "I checked the social media for the event, and you looked miserable. Six women and one man huh? That's a new record for these kinds of things. You have it so hard."

"I do." He pouted royally. She chuckled and grabbed one of the bands around her neck. The scarf lashed around him and he was hauled unceremoniously to the roof.

Hizashi rolled out of the slack weapon to see her rearranging the bands. Damn was it a tease to see her like this, knowing they were both on duty. She'd come to spring him though. Talk about
flirting.

"So, feel like skipping out on this thing?" She tilted her head back. Mischief dwelled deep in her tired eyes. He was never going to complain about Shouta's fuck everything attitude ever again.

"Yes please." He whined and she laughed. She motioned to him and took off jumping to another rooftop. Hizashi wasn't as good at parkour as she was, but he was good enough to avoid falling off buildings. He followed her much less gracefully than he was sure she wanted.

The hours of the night wound down as they worked steadily towards Tokyo Tower. They stopped at the base of it on ground level, near Shiba Park. They should make a loop through the park to make sure there weren't any hopeful criminals out.

"Hey," Shouta looked up at the tower, then back at him. "What about here?"

"What?" Hizashi frowned in confusion. There weren't any loitering thieves around. Not even any skulking figures.

"This was on Akio's venue list. Or rather-" Shouta turned around and looked across the street. "That is."

Hizashi felt his cheeks heat and his heart race at the same time. She was asking him about the wedding venue. His mind short circuited in wonder. She blinked at him a few times. Then she took his hand and they scaled the tower a ways up. She pointed to the glass ceiling of the building in question and it would have an amazing view.

Hizashi turned to look at her, his perfect fiance. She had that non chalant, couldn't care less look on her face. Oh he knew better. He'd gotten the same list. There were more glamorous, bigger venues between here and Musutafu. None of that mattered now, not when she'd brought him to a location.

Hizashi was a hopeless romantic. And standing on a level of Tokyo tower they shouldn't really be on, looking at a proposed venue; he was sold. No other location would do now. Hizashi turned and sank his hand right over her scarf to cup her neck and draw her into a kiss. Her goggles bumped his forehead but it didn't matter, not with how readily she kissed back.

"H-Hizashi?" She gasped as he licked over her bottom lip. Her shiver delighted him.

"Sorry, just -... I love it." He said. Sometimes she was just irresistible. He lifted his phone and let out a relieved sigh, his shift was over. A text came through from the station, the next hero was on duty at the party, they were going to be getting the drunks home safely.

"Finally off duty?" She asked and he looked up to see her shifting to put her hand in her pocket. She unearthed a hotel card. She settled it into his hand with a smirk. "Let's give the gossip rags something to talk about in the morning."

Hizashi gaped at her as she turned, what even was she? He was so thankful Hitoshi had left to Tenya's house for a last summer blow out before school started back up for everyone. Dad Hizashi was carefully put to bed and Regular Hizashi could scream silently to himself.

This was shit that happened all the time now. The room cards always got handed to his manager once he recieved them. Then a story would pop up if someone was keeping up appearances. But Shouta-Shouta- had just handed him a room key. When the hell did she have time to book a room?!

Hizashi climbed down and followed her shadow as she crossed rooftops. The hotel in question was expensive, large, well lit. Impressively, he watched her lash a balcony and climb up to it. It was
about half way up and Hizashi just put on his best celebrity face.

He entered the building and everyone scrambled for autographs and pictures. He grinned, laughed, and posed. Then he'd finally gotten into the elevator. He picked the floor she'd climbed to. But which door, the card was blank?

He looked in either direction and just stepped out towards where he'd seen her last. Anticipation boiled in his stomach, what had gotten into her? He liked it a little too much. Just as he was walking a door opened and Shouta stood in the shadow of the room with her jumpsuit opened to the waist.

Oh, fuck.

He turned on his boot heel and entered the room as casually as he could. As soon as it was closed he had her up against the door so he could get a taste of her skin. It was like he'd never seen her before.

"Wait, wait." She laughed and slipped away from him. Hizashi blinked and turned to see her padding into the rest of the room. He ditched his boots next to hers and followed.

She was the tether he was desperately using to guide him. Shouta was a woman who continuously surprised him. She was lazy, and often slept the day away. She hated shopping and avoided social interaction if she could. On the surface she was stern and unforgiving.

But beneath those layers was a woman who suffered from the strain of using her quirk. She relaxed into him so he could give her eyedrops. She would take Hitoshi shopping whence he asked, and if she was left with the groceries she would buy nothing but instant stuff. She vmconfided in Nemuri, and worried about Tensei. She worked harder than anyone to be the best hero she could be.

Shouta was complex, and at moments like this he could tell she'd put in extra effort. Hizashi marveled at the rare gift it was. It showed the vulnerable side of her only he got to see. He coveted that, cradled it in his chest where he could protect it.

Shouta shed the jumpsuit and tossed it to a table where her capture weapon and gear sat. Hizashi watched her as she set her phone into a dock for the room's sound system. His latest home playlist started up and he grinned widely at her.

"I could tell their choice of music irritated you." Shouta laughed. "Someone got your face when you saw they hadn't hired any live music and just went off of their own playlist. You were not impressed."

How did she know him so well? She didn't even have to be there to know just how he was feeling. The music filled the air and he reached up to take off his speaker and headphones. Shouta plucked his glasses off and sat them on the table where his own gear was steadily being left.

"Shouta, did you orchestrate a hook up?" He smirked and she laughed.

"Well, they've been saying you've been hooking up all this time. The press would lose their minds to know you just curl up in bed with ice cream like you've been dumped." Shouta snorted and looked up through her hair at him. "I figured since Hitoshi was out for the weekend, and I had already patrolled today...we could try the hook up thing."

"Shouta, you're amazing." Hizashi gushed as she looked away embarrassed. "Should I try to pick you up?"
"No, you and I both know your pick up lines are shit." She stepped up into his space and ran her fingers over his shirt, gently thumbing his piercings. "You already got me."

"That so?" Hizashi asked and she nodded. Hizashi backed Shouta up to the bed and cupped her side. The soft tank top she wore stretched over her tiny shorts. Damn what just that did to him.

"You've always had me." Shouta lifted her arms to circle his shoulders. They tumbled into the plush hotel bed and he shifted to lean between her legs.

"Fuck Shouta." He couldn't hold off anymore. He kissed her and melted when she kissed him back. Tongues tangled he skimmed his hand up her side and shivered when she clawed his shirt off.

Shouta but her lip when they parted and she smoothed her palms down his abdomen. God he would never get tired of her hands on him. Hizashi lifted his hand to cover hers as it paused over his heart. Their eyes met and lingered for a moment.

There was never going to be anyone other than her for him. That first meeting, as they ran through the UA obstacle course had changed his whole life. Hizashi kissed her again and sucked a mark into her neck. Her soft moan strangely blended with the music as it shifted until the rock section.

It wasn't one of his sex playlists but it was just as good.

Hizashi pushed her shirt up and their abdominal muscles brushed. He ducked down to capture a nipple as soon as her sports bra was pushed up as well. Shouta arched and he got his hands around her tiny waist. Hizashi pushed onto one knee as he pulled her shorts and underwear down softly.

"Zashi." Shouta panted as her fingers cupped his jaw. Damn, his hair was still gelled up. He'd have to live with it until he could wash his hair and feel her fingers in it.

Hizashi dipped his tongue ring across her nipple and thrilled at her gasp. He watched her sharply as he shifted to her other breast and worked his way down her body. "Y-You do this for all the other girls Present Mic?"

"I have never once left my lover wanting." Hizashi grinned at her teasing.

"Think I'll have to pick you up more often." Shouta arched again as he rubbed his fingers pointedly against her core and clit. Hizashi bumped one thigh up over his shoulder and pushed the other wider to the side. Settling at the edge of the bed he licked a long stripe along her delicate folds and rolled his tongue ring over the tight bud of her clit.

Shouta jerked under him and moaned. "Shit Hizashi."

"So good babe." He breathed as he rolled the taste of her over his tongue and leaned down to spear her with it. Her leg flexed on his shoulder and her hips lifted to meet his tongue as he delved deep to where she was sweetest.

He groaned as she let go and moved against his mouth. Fuck, fuck, fuck! Hizashi let her other leg go to unbuckle his pants and gain some relief from the pressure against his cock. Shouta sighed loud and pleased as he returned his hand to smooth over her smooth thighs.

Hizashi gauged his ministrations by her sounds. Watched her strong fingers twist in the sheets as she bucked under his tongue. Hizashi grinned as she seized the moment he pressed two fingers inside her. She cursed and rode his hand. Hizashi leaned up to taste her moans as she orgasmed under him.
She panted as they broke apart and he pulled his fingers free from her with a soft caress. Shouta sat up and shoved him into the pillows. Her eyes were impossibly darker, and her look was predatory. Hizashi froze as she shifted to the side of him.

Hizashi would forever deny the quiet eep he released as she sank her fingers into his pants and yanked them off. He knew she could probably bench him, she was insanely strong, but she rarely pulled it out. She flung his leather pants across the room.

There were times Shouta was incredibly graceful. Often when she was in the middle of a fight, or when she was working out. As she crawled up to him he was treated to the sight of that gracefulness. Like a great and dangerous panther ready to devour him.

Shouta spread her fingers on his abdomen just under his belt button. He hissed as her Blunt nails scratched just right at the trail of hair there. She lowered herself in an amazing angle between his legs to press a kiss to the wet straining head of his cock.

"Oh, fuck..." Hizashi pressed a hand to his mouth to hopefully stave off any overly loud cries. He did not need more of an audience hearing them. Shouta laughed softly before she swept her tongue across his cock to lap the pearl of precum that beaded there.

Hizashi used his free hand to grip the headboard tightly. She sank down and that wonderful heat burned blissfully over his cock. Shouta massaged where her hands were and he whined as fireworks were lit inside him. Hizashi held on while she sucked him. The serene look on her face made his head foggy with pleasure. He fought not to buck his hips and just let her do her thing. He groaned loudly and looked down to see her hair lifting to float above her. Glowing red eyes fixed on him as she went down on him.

Hizashi let himself go. Voice coming out as naturally loud as any persons. Shouta was too good to him. She was always too good to him. The pressure and slick whurl of her tongue became too much. He pulled her up and kissed her before he could lose it. "Fucking love you."

"Hizashi." She snorted as her quirk deactivated.

Hizashi kissed her again and looked at the bed curiously. Shouta lifted an eyebrow and rolled over. Hizashi boggled at the round shape of her ass as she stretched out. He clambered behind her and smoothed his hand across her lower back.

She pushed back as he cupped himself to guide to her soft pink folds. She was still wet from her orgasm and he groaned as he sank into her. Shouta's moan echoed louder than him and satisfaction curled in his heart at the sound of her.

"Feel so good baby." Hizashi bent down to press his lips to the space between her shoulders. He needed to control his voice right now. "Can't believe you're mine."

"Zashi...please." Shouta panted and shifted her hips. He pushed into her movement, grinding them together. The moan they both let out was intense.

"I got it, s-sorry." Hizashi angled himself and pulled his cock back. Thrusting deeply he reveled in how heavy his brain became. He was already so close. Shouta arched under his hand and gasped sharply.

Hizashi flexed his hips and started slow before he started to pick up speed. He washed her hands as they dug into the sheets. "Shit you look great, Kitten."
Hizashi spewed endearments and graphic descriptions in English of how it felt. Shouta gasped and arched into each thrust of his hips. He pumped himself faster. Chasing the orgasm crawling steadily towards his balls.

Hizashi tossed his head back at the exact moment he inner walls clamped around him. He shouted and the windows rattled but didn't break. Shouta cried out and he ground deep inside her as his cock spurted hotly inside her. She was panting and shaking when he came out of his haze.

"Zashi..." She breathed and he smoothed both hands up her sides.

"So perfect baby." Hizashi crooned and pulled free to flop onto the bed and pull her into his arms. "What did I do to deserve you?"

"You must have pissed someone off in a past life." Shouta deadpanned. Hizashi sputtered a laugh and shivered as she dragged her fingers up his abs. "Or maybe I did."

"More like I must have adopted a really moody cat." Hizashi teased back. He nuzzled her hair. "I want to do the venue you suggested."

"We can look at others. It was just a suggestion to spring you from the party." Shouta said and leaned up to look at him with her tired eyes.

"No, out of all the ones on Akio's list, you chose that one to show me." Hizashi said resolutely. "You're going along with us about this whole thing. I know you'd be happier just getting the paperwork done and calling it that."

"I'm just lazy Hizashi. This is a wedding, our wedding." Shouta cupped his jaw and the serious glint in her gaze was as rare as what she'd done tonight. She was so go with the flow this attitude was a shock to everyone. Him must of all. "I want to do this in front of everyone we know. I want to marry you Yamada Hizashi even if it's some glamorous mess. Even if I think the idea of a whole party is irrational."

Hizashi cupped the back of her head and kissed her hungrily. Man he couldn't wait to call her his wife. Shouta hummed into his mouth and grinned. "Hope you're up for round two."

"Babe I'm always ready for round two." He smirked as she rolled over him and walked to the bathroom.

"Good, because they have a standing shower in here." She called and turned the lights on in the tiny room.

The music clicked over into another playlist and Hizashi popped to to his feet. His cock was making a valiant recovery. Maybe hooking up with Shouta could happen more often on nights like tonight. It was far preferable to unwanted advances by strangers.
A Lead

Chapter Summary

Shouta chases a lead.

Chapter Notes

Hello all! As my birthday is today I have prepared a number of updates. So strap in :3 three updates!

Also... Thank you for reading <3

"We need more rice." Hitoshi spoke from next to Shouta. She looked down at where he was walking with a list in hand. She steered the basket towards the aisle he was indicating.

"Hmm, anything else?" Shouta asked and Hitoshi angled the list away from her. Like he didn't trust her to not grab the wrong thing. Which was entirely possible, she usually grabbed the first item she saw upon reading the list. Regardless of price or preference.

If she grew frustrated with looking she give up half way done or not start at all.

"We just got here." Hitoshi said and narrowed his eyes at her. Shouta sighed and gave in. She didn't need to be a total disaster without Hizashi here to supervise the shopping. She was an adult, she could function like one.

Instead Shouta let Hitoshi dictate with all the enthusiasm an eight year old can muster. He likes being the boss, and being in control of a situation. But he's still shying away from his quirk. The school had certainly instilled a block in his mind. All the work they had done to get him comfortable with it out the window.

Shouta could only do so much in building his confidence. This was a road she'd walked herself. The fear of her stealing away quirks even for a few moments. The blunt reality of her being shunted to the side because of it. Erasure had not helped her in the social department. She wasn't even a good role model for friendliness. Her friends and Hizashi had pretty much bulldozed themselves into her life.

Not for the first time Shouta was glad Tenya and Denki were both extroverts. They were helping Hitoshi in their own ways. He was coming out of his shell some, which was good. But he was going to have to learn to use his quirk more. Shouta wasn't comfortable re-enrolling Hitoshi until he could handle the bullying better. Self defense and confidence would help him immensely.

Shouta was so involved with her contemplation she paid for their purchases mechanically and claimed the heavier bags. Hitoshi got to carry two light weight ones, making him feel entirely important. It was domestic, and that was why her focus was divided.
The mugger came out of the alley on the side street they would use to get back to theirs. Shouta was in civilian clothes. Holding groceries with her kid. She must look like an easy target. "Hand over your money and no one gets hurt."

"Shouta?" Hitoshi whispered in concern. Shouta narrowed her eyes as she glared at the mugger. She didn't even have her gear with her. Why didn't she bring her scarf again?

"You've made a mistake. How about you get out of our way and I let you go?" Shouta countered, she was not in the mood to deal with this shit. Especially not in front of Hitoshi. "Get behind me."

Hitoshi edged behind her and part of her racing heart slowed. If this idiot had a gun or projectile quirk she could physically protect Hitoshi. "I said give me all your money bitch!"

"You really couldn't have saved this until later. I hate doing this in plain clothes." Shouta did a mental check and hoped she didn't have anything glass in her bags.

The item in this muggers pocket was pulled out and it was a gun. Shouta dropped her bags instantly and lunged. Her reaction must have been very far from what this asshole expected. She kicked his arm up just as the gun retorted. Hitoshi shrieked and Shouta prayed she'd been fast enough.

The gun was wrested free in an instant and Shouta wrapped the mugger up in a sleeper hold. She lowered him to the ground as he grew weak struggling. As soon as she let go she stomped her heel on his head knocking him out.

Shouta sighed and turned panic bubbling. "Hitoshi?!"

"Is it over?" His unruly purple head popped out from the edge of a stone wall. Thankfully he was unharmed.

"Stay there." Shouta ordered and he ducked back down. Shouta called the police to pick the criminal up. As she was waiting her phone went off.

"Hey." She answered without looking.

"Hey I just got in, you guys aren't back yet?" Hizashi spoke instantly, he sounded like he was struggling to change clothes.

"We were mugged." Shouta informed him simply.

"Are you okay?!" Hizashi demanded. "Hitoshi-?!"

"We're fine, around the corner really, by the store. Can you come stand with Hitoshi while I hand the mugger over?" She asked, she didn't want to have him in the spotlight by curious people.

"Yeah, give me a second to get unrecognizable." Hizashi hung up and Shouta waited. Hizashi came jogging up carrying her scarf and wearing a baggy hoodie over ripped jeans. His boots clomped and upon seeing him Hitoshi streaked to him. Thankfully Hizashi had already put on his glasses and had tucked his loose hair into a beanie. He looked nothing like Present Mic and that helped as Shouta met the police.

She told them they lived nearby, flashed her ID, and handed the criminal over. The pedestrians marveled at the plainclothes hero, but had no clue who she was. With Hizashi carefully keeping Hitoshi away from prying eyes the whole affair was concluded boring to the onlookers.

Their groceries were no worse for wear and as they trudged into the apartment Hizashi turned into
a mother hen. Hitoshi was fused over, and then she was. "We're okay Hizashi."

"Seriously? A mugger in the daytime?!" He rearranged her scarf and she touched his wrists as soon as he finished. Hitoshi had plastered himself to Hizashi's side.

"We're alright." Shouta reaffirmed. Hizashi huffed and looked at Hitoshi, he relaxed.

"Shouta beat him up really fast." Hitoshi's eyes sparkled with excitement.

"Fine, if you're both okay." Hizashi sighed. Hitoshi beamed and ran off to most likely tell his friends all about the mugging. Shouta sook her head, he wouldn't tell them she or Hizashi were heroes, but he now had a story.

"He was small time, an opportunist." Shouta said as she opened the fridge to hunt down a jelly packet. "How was today?"

"Well the press got wind of me at the hotel." Hizashi answered and Shouta smirked. "They have no idea who I was meeting. And no idea who left."

"I was careful." Shouta leaned into Hizashi. Pressing their bodies together and feeling especially playful about their little ruse. Hizashi relaxed and leaned his head down to bite her bottom lip in response.

"Well it sparked rumors because no one knows how I got there." He smirked, his amusement outweighed any annoyance he may have had. "And since no one saw you they think I've hooked up with some other hero."

"I'm not sorry." Shouta snorted and Hizashi tilted his head with a small grin spreading over his lips.

"Me either." Hizashi bumped their foreheads together. "Now out of my kitchen. I need to see what mess you bought."

Shouta dutifully exited the kitchen to pick up a file sent to her from the police. Another case to work until her side one dredged up a lead. Hitoshi joined her a bit later and turned on the news with Jazz curled in his lap.

"So, I have news." Hizashi danced on the balls of his feet as he hunted Shouta down in the apartment in the dead of night. "Big news."

"And this couldn't wait until morning?" Shouta asked with a wry grin. She was slumped into the plush arm chair. An email had woken him up with huge news. He'd turned to tell Shouta but as was the usual now, she had gotten up to roam the apartment some hours earlier.

"No!" He grinned far too excited to just wait. The news was amazing, killer, best opportunity ever! He needed to share it before he spontaneously combusted.

"Alright." Shouta rolled her eyes and leaned her head back to apply some drops she had in her hand.

"So, a producer in America contacted the station. Some musicians are being brought over for a
huge benefit. A few heroes around the world have been invited to attend.” Hizashi said and Shouta stilled. She sat up and blinked her wet lashes.

"You got invited?” She asked.

"I'm the host.” He blurted and she surged to her feet.

"Hizashi!” She gasped. "You're hosting an international event?!”

"I know!” He grinned and fisted his hands. "I got the invite just now."

"You need to go." Shouta said and her dark eyes told him she meant it. "You definitely need to go. Your American following is large."

"It's only for like four days. Then I'll be back home." He worried she would have wanted him to stay. Part of him wanted to, worried about her.

"Hizashi, you go and do your job. Hitoshi and I will be fine.” Shouta insisted.

"You were mugged today!” Hizashi hissed.

"Hmm, and I handled it.” Shouta snorted. Hizashi flopped into her chair and she settled on his lap. Her legs lifted to tuck her feet into the cushion. "You've worked really hard to get this much recognition for your show."

"I did.” He ducked his head and let out a tiny moan when her strong fingers sank into his hair. Shouta tipped his head back and he looked up into her dark glittering eyes. "I'll miss you."

"I'll miss you too. But you deserve to do this.” Shouta said. "You're going."

"Oh, gonna pack for me babe?” He grinned. She was such a tyrant. He knew she wasn't going to let him bow out of it. He support always meant so much to him.

"I shouldn't, you have to much hear now. Who actually has ten different hero costumes?” She shook her head.

"You have two!” Hizashi hissed, mildly offended.

"Yeah, and the second one is situational.” She shook her head. "Don't judge me, you own more shoes than I do."

"Ah...I do.” He blinked and she chuckled. She got up and took his hand.

"Come on, you need your beauty sleep. Gonna have to announce the event on your show this week.” She tugged him towards the bedroom and he followed. Maybe he could get her to sleep too.

Shouta grumbled as her phone sang to life. Hizashi's arm tensed around her stomach and she fished from the blankets for it. She answered and tucked the phone under her head. "Eraser here."

"I have a lead.” Hideo's voice came through and Shouta opened her eyes fully.
"On the deaths?" She asked.

"Tracked it to a doctor who was experimenting on quirks." Hideo said. "He's to the wind, but his research and office stuff was uncovered a year ago. Think you can get in to look at it?"

"Who has control of it?" Shouta asked as she rubbed her eyes and sat up. Hizashi rolled over and she looked at the clock. Damn, she'd only slept two hours. So it had been three since they had talked about Hitoshi's upcoming trip.

"The quirk registry." Hideo answered.

"Hmm, got it. I'll look into it." She hung up and a text came through with the relevant information she would need to follow up on.

She padded to the closet and dressed in a clean jumpsuit and slung her belt on. "Hizashi."

"I heard." He mumbled from the bed. "I got it, I'll drop Hitoshi with my mom before going to the station. Keep me updated."

"Sorry." She apologized.

"S' just work babe." He peeked from the blanket and his wild hair and squinted eyes did little to dim his confident smile. She really just wanted to crawl back in bed for lazy to early in the morning sex. "Be careful."

"I will." She walked over to kiss him and then she was moving. Out the door and in the city in minutes.

She made it to the quirk registry office just as their early employees were entering. After showing her ID they let her in. The registry records were standard and public record. The files she needed to see were technically confidential. While she didn't have a warrant, the registry seemed to have waivers already in place for the files. The good doctor was setting up to present his findings before he went dark. That let Shouta access them.

Settled in an empty meeting room the employees brought her boxes of the materials and flash drives with even more digital work. Shouta started in on it. She frowned at the detailed descriptions of similar quirks.

Doctor Tsubasa had done extensive quirk research. Mostly in mutation quirks, but his official position has been in quirk identification and registration. That however hadn't stopped him from continuing his research. And it was extensive.

The research itself was on how the body reacted to the mutations. Where bodies were effected. How the brain handled the strain of quirk use, disuse, and overuse. Shouta frowned when she saw a few inscriptions telling about treatments to promote balanced use. Some kind of stabilizer.

Shouta shifted through box after box looking for more evidence if this stabilizer drug. She found an order form for a number of chemicals and drug ingredients. A stabilizer he made himself, in house. But why would anyone need such a thing? It had been a long time since quirks just went haywire. Evolution to their quirk affected bodies had weeded that out quickly.

So why were stabilizers needed? Why go off the grid? Shouta frowned deeply and drew a notebook from her pocket to detail what she was learning. She had a ton of questions. Eventually she found the patient list stacked with the waivers.
She went down the list, double checking it all. Every single patient had agreed to have the research released. She frowned as she stopped at a pair of names. It was the ink twins. Definitely connected.

Shouta sat everything down and looked at the wall. So they participated in quirk research. With a stabilizer being made that was keeping organs from failing. She was going to have to look into it further. She wrote down more and more until she'd give through every box and it was already beating afternoon.

Shouta packed everything back up and turned it all back over. If she understood correctly, the stabilizer was for unstable quirks. When used on the average unmutated quirk user the brain swelled, organs could fail in other cases. Untested by the drug commission, he shouldn't have even been testing.

She had connections to the doctor now. But she was lost on how all of this helped with the underground villain boss. She tucked her notebook away, she'd give it to Hideo to decipher further. This was a lead for her case, but it had linked in the ones she had encountered in regards to the twins. That was no coincidence.
It was closing in on October when Hitoshi received his first hero job. Two weeks after the mugging he'd been called to action by Hizashi. Shouta was out chasing leads on the streets and Hizashi had a day off.

As was their usual, Hizashi helped Hitoshi with his home school work before starting in on his agency paperwork. Hitoshi tried to help but he really didn't understand what allotted hero funds were; or how they applied to payroll, or charity funds.

"So, I'm leaving in two days to America for a benefit concert." Hizashi announced and settled his pen on his notebook to level Hitoshi with green eyes over his glasses.

"Shouta said you would be gone four or five days." Hitoshi was still anxious to let him go anywhere. He'd been in Kyoto too long, and then he'd gotten hurt when he came back. What if he got hurt abroad?

"Yeah, I'll bring you some band merchandise. Soon Ravens will be playing, I'll get you some stuff from them." Soon Ravens were a band Hitoshi really liked. Hizashi always made a shout out to his little listener before he played their music on his show. "But I have a job for you kiddo."

"What kind of job?" Hitoshi looked at his foster father in excitement.

"I need you to look after Shouta for me." Hizashi said, and Hitoshi felt his eyes widen, "You're my hero Toshi, can you be the man of the house while I'm gone?"

"I can!" Hitoshi nodded excitedly. It wasn't often that he was put in charge of anything.

"Good, I just need you to make sure she eats, I'll leave meals in the freezer. I showed you how to use the oven, Nemuri will stop by to make sure Shouta hasn't burned the building down." Hizashi smirked at him and Hitoshi nodded. Shouta was horrible at cooking, she only managed if Akio-Oji or Nemuri were there to hover.

"I can do it." Hitoshi smiled confidently.
"I know you can." Hizashi beamed. "You two gotta look after each other if I'm not here. Otherwise you'll both just sleep."

"Sleeping is good for you Hizashi." Hitoshi snorted.

"If that's what you call it." Hizashi rolled his eyes and scuffed Hitoshi's hair. Some of it started stuck up and he shook his head in annoyance. "So, how goes the wedding planning?"

Hitoshi jumped up in excitement and scrambled for his notebook. He showed Hizashi his notes and waited while he perused. "Man you got dates in here too. Are you spying on us?"

"I just listen in case Shouta says something." Hitoshi beamed. He could be stealthy like Shouta, she'd shown him how to sneak around.

"Well, here's a hint." Hizashi leaned forward. "Nemuri made a sneaky appointment for while I'm gone. Takashi and Nemuri are gonna take Shouta dress shopping. Everyone is going to be there, think you can make sure she doesn't get overwhelmed?"

"Like the list?" Hitoshi asked. He liked being in charge of the grocery list, Hizashi even let him have it if they went without Shouta. She had a habit of grabbing the first thing she saw in relation to the list. Most of it was none of the brands they preferred.

"Exactly. Now I'm not allowed to see what she picks." Hizashi looked aside and his cheeks turned red. "But you can tell what she's thinking sometimes. I don't care what the store employees say, or what anyone else suggests. Can you see if there's one she really likes?"

Hitoshi had heard from Denki that wedding dresses were a big deal. His mom raved about it for weeks after she heard Hitoshi's parents were finally going to get married. Nemuri and Akio-Oji had sighed and got excited about it too.

"I'll try, but Shouta hates dresses." Hitoshi agreed. Shouta really liked leggings and lazy clothes. Or her jumpsuit.

"Everyone is working hard with you to help with this wedding. You're doing a good job planning it." Hizashi tapped the book. "But this is big, she said she wants to wear one. But I want her to like it because she chose it, not what everyone thinks looks good and chose for her. So, little hero, can you manage this too? I know I'm asking a lot of you Little Listener?"

"I can handle it!" Hitoshi nodded resolutely.

"Thanks Hitoshi. I knew I could count on you." Hizashi beamed. Hitoshi flushed with pride, he let Hizashi tug him into a hug and promised he would do his best.

"I'll call as soon as I land." Hizashi danced around as he stuffed his feet into his boots.

"Alright." Shouta said and Hitoshi passed over Hizashi's travel wallet and keys. Honestly, what would they do without him?

"Call me if you get sent on an emergency job." Hizashi urged.

"I will." Shouta wheeled the two massive suitcases to the genkan and Hitoshi dragged over the
messenger carry on. Hizashi slung the messenger over his gelled up hair and pushed the suitcases to the door.

"Don't use the oven without Hitoshi or Nemuri present!" Hizashi wagged his finger and Shouta scoffed. "I mean it!"

"I won't let her!" Hitoshi threw up his hand confidently. Shouta sighed and ruffled his hair.

"Hitoshi has a play date tomorrow with Nemuri, she'll be here to collect him." Hizashi looked at Shouta with a serious glint and she nodded. But a conspiratorial one shot to Hitoshi and he straightened. The dress appointment, he could keep a secret.

"We'll manage." Shouta snorted. "Try to loosen up. You're going to host and international event. We'll be watching the livestream."

"Okay, first two days are press tours and interviews. I'll upload it to the show when it's all done. The third day is the concert then the fourth is executive meetings before my flight home." He groaned. "So busy."

"You can do it Hizashi!" Hitoshi leaned over to hug his foster father.

"Oof, you're right. I've got this!" Hizashi pumped a fist and bent down to hug Hitoshi. Hitoshi tried to share all his strength and confidence with the man.

When he stepped back Shouta leaned in to press a kiss to Hizashi's mouth. Gagging at the affection Hitoshi looked away. They chuckled at his embarrassment. Dumb adults, who liked kissing anyways?

"Be careful." Hizashi murmured.

"You too, have fun." Shouta replied. "Love you."

"I love you too " Hizashi said softly and then his gloved hand plopped on Hitoshi's head. "And I love you Little Listener."

Okay, it was safe to look now. Shouta inclined her head and looked at him through her hair. He tucked himself into her side and they watched Hizashi beam at them and slip his glasses on. Hizashi was settled aside and Present Mic swaggered out the door dragging his suitcases behind him.

"He'll be alright Hitoshi." Shouta smoothed her hand over Hitoshi's back. "It's radio work more than hero work."

"Yeah." Hitoshi nodded. His dad would be alright. He was a hero after all.

They carefully cleaned up the remnants of breakfast then Shouta curled up on the couch. Hitoshi climbed next to her and within moments they were snuggled under the blanket while the news droned in the back ground. A few moments later he fell asleep.

Hitoshi had a mission. And it was go time. Auntie Nemuri was dancing around the apartment while she bullied Shouta out of her shorts and tanktop. Hitoshi waited in the hall while Shouta
suffered through makeup and clothing changes.

"Dammit Nemuri, if you pull my hair one more time!" Shouta hissed.

"It's not a big deal." Nemuri laughed. "Don't complain though, you'll just have to trust me."

"If this is how I'm going to meet your new partner I'm going to be really irritated. I don't need to make a good impression." Shouta hissed like an angry cat. Hitoshi peeked thug to see Shouta petulantly letting Nemuri pull her hair into a high bun.

"No, we'll do that with Hizashi present. He balances out your grouchiness." Nemuri laughed and sent a wink to Hitoshi. Ducking back out of sight Hitoshi continued to wait. "Besides, you're incapable of being anything other than tired and surly. I'd rather you not meet him alone. He's not like the others, he gets my hero life."

"Hmm, are we done here?" Shouta demanded suspiciously. Nemuri let her go and Shouta stood up. They walked out and Hitoshi followed out to Nemuri's car. Hitoshi watched Shouta through the drive, worried she'd get too tense before they even got to the dress shop.

When they did arrive they were inside Tokyo and close to Minato. Thankfully Nemuri wasn't in costume or they would have been noticed already. As it stood the group was filled with Shouta's other friends. Hitoshi hadn't seen them very many times, they were a busy hero group. But the Wild Wild Pussycats were on his list of favorite heroes.

"Ugh, can we not? Did everyone have to be here?" Shouta complained. "You could have told me it was dress shopping though."

"Of course, this is the Confession Squad's end game." Nemuri tilted a shoulder with a wicked smile on her face. "Don't worry, Tensei is here to keep the peace."

"Ugh." Shouta sighed but got out of the car. Hitoshi followed and served as the main distraction. Dutifully taking the affection the ladies dished to him. It wasn't that bad, they compared him to a kitten. There was no higher honor.

The dress shop opened up around them and it was thankfully empty. The workers had cleared out the day just for this. Nemuri thanked them and Shouta's dad's pulled her to a staging area surrounded by mirrors. Chairs and a couch littered the area.

Hitoshi watched as a worker spoke softly and encouragingly at Shouta. With a tired roll of her eyes Shouta looked at everyone. "You get three picks. So make them good."

The ladies of their group scrambled out into the store. Hitoshi looked at Shouta and she sighed. He watched her as she vanished into the dressing room. Sosaki and Nemuri came back with a worker carrying a number of dresses a few minutes later. Hitoshi looked at each before he frowned. He clutched his notebook and promised himself he would watch her expression. Hizashi had tasked him with making sure Shouta got something she liked.

Within moments everyone was settled and taking champagne from the employees. Hitoshi was anxious, it was so quiet. Shouta was pretty vocal about hating shopping usually. Clothing shopping especially. So why wasn't she saying anything yet?

The door opened and Shouta walked out wearing a long trailing creamy dress that looked like shiny silk. Her arms were bare and it fell in a flat line across her chest. Hitoshi felt his eyes widen, she was so pretty!
"Aww, so cute!" Sosaki gushed.

"Hmm," Takashi-Jiji tilted his head. "I think it's too plain."

"Me too," Nemuri agreed. "You just don't shine in it."

"Aww, but its so pretty." One of the other girls sighed behind Hitoshi.

"How do you feel in it?" Akio-Oji asked.

"Tired." Shouta huffed. She was flushing as she looked at herself. It was more embarrassment than anything. She left and came back in something with a gauzy look. It was beaded and the top was heart shaped. Everyone gasped, it was very pretty.

Shouta looked unlike herself in it. It highlighted how thin she was, but it framed her arms wrong. It made her muscles stand out. While everyone gushed and praised the dress, Hitoshi angled his head to see her expression. He could see the uncomfortable press of her lips. She didn't like it.

"Yes?" The employee asked hopefully.

"No." Shouta said curtly and stomped back to the dressing room.

"Damn," Shino-Oji leave back and Tensei patted his arm. "That was a good one."

"She has to like it or she won't wear it." Tensei said. "It'll be better if she's hair with the choice."

"Question is, will she like anything in this store?" Chatora asked as he crossed his large arms.

"We'll go to as many as needed to find her the right one." Takashi-Jiji said seriously.

The next dress was some kind of halter, it hugged Shouta the right way. But Hitoshi could see it was still too plain. She would fade into the background in it. He saw the irritation in her eyes. Hitoshi watched her turn on her heel before anyone could comment and stomp into the dressing room.

Hitoshi jumped up and grabbed Nemuri's arm. "What's up?"

"She hates them all." Hitoshi said with a worried frown.

"Yeah, my pick might not go over well at all." Nemuri winced as a string of profanities echoed from the dressing room. The woman winced and looked at Hitoshi. "You have an idea? Hizashi said it was your show of we all failed. You're the big guns kiddo."

"I-..." Hitoshi bit his lip. He hadn't gotten this information in any way other than by spying on Shouta. He didn't want to upset her further.

Shouta stomped from the dressing room with a dress that was thin and shiny with a low back and a cut that dipped near her belly button. "Kayama! I know this was you!"

"I'm sorry! I love you! Please don't kill me!" Nemuri threw her arms up in a prayer. It was bad when Shouta stared calling anyone by their family name.

Shouta scoffed. She vanished back into the dressing room and the attendant escaped looking harried. Hitoshi remembered what Hizashi said. Something Shouta would want. That was what mattered.
Hitoshi has stalked her pretty consistently after everyone forced dress catalogues on her. For a week they had sat untouched until one day while Hitoshi napped on her lap he saw her go through them. It had taken all of his stealth skills to find the one she lingered on the most. The one she went back to every day, if only look.

Hitoshi ran over to the attendant and opened his notebook to the choice Shoura made when she was just looking through the magazines. The ripped out page was nestled safely inside the pages. "One more, before she quits."

"I don't think she'll like anything." The woman lamented. "But we do have this one. It's certainly worth the try. We want her to find her dress after all."

Hitoshi nodded and followed while the woman hunted down the dress. It was white and he could tell it was soft and lacy on top. He marched with authority to the dressing room. It was quiet when he knocked.

"I'm done, no more." Shouta sighed.

"One more." Hitoshi said and the door was opened. Shouta looked down at him in concern. "I picked."

She squinted before she sagged and nodded. Hitoshi might only be eight, but he knew Shouta. She hadn't liked any of the dresses. She liked to go with the flow and might have settled for something just to get it off of her faster. Not on Hitoshi's watch, not when he knew she'd put real thought and interest on this dress.

Hitoshi wakes back to the group who watched curiously. He settled on Takashi-Jiji's lap to wait. His grandfather tilted his head, "Think she'll like this one?"

"I think so." Hitoshi answered. He smiled, he had a good feeling about this one.
Bride To Be

Chapter Summary

In which Shouta feels overwhelmingly like a bride

Chapter Notes

When I got married I loved my dress but damn did it bother me that I didn't even think to include sleeves to what I wanted. However, I wore a hooded scarf over curly hair. I looked a little mystical lol. Which totally fit, since It was a Halloween wedding. I'll drop a link to the dress I used as reference for Shouta's.

Hitoshi is such a sweet little purple fluff.

SHOUTA'S DRESS:

Shouta was at the end of her rope. She allowed Nemuri to bully her out of the apartment and to the dress store. Seeing all of her friends and dads gathered almost made her get back in the car to go home. It was awkward and a little much honestly.

As she let the store associate dress her in a slew of picks she lost a bit of the enthusiasm they all expected her to have. Shouta didn't mind dressing up, she went to a number of charity galas with Hizashi before they split their public personas.

It wasn't that she minded looking feminine. She was skilled in her own make up, in her hair, she had worn a number of things to bed that enticed Hizashi. Shouta could be girly if she wanted to.

She'd agreed to shopping a while ago. Nemuri had been exceedingly considerate in that regard. Something of this magnitude was just not something Shouta could put effort into. Perhaps it would have been different if her mother was alive.

Everyone was working hard to help her get excited. Marrying Hizashi was never going to be a problem, a public ceremony however pushed her comfort limits. And a wedding dress that drew all eyes to her served to push it further. Shouta had spent her entire life trying to be invisible, unnoticed, and unrecognizable.

Hizashi noticed her however, always had. She hadn't lied to him when she said marrying him was something she wanted to. She wanted to walk down the aisle to him. She wanted to see that stupid besotted look he gave her when she went that extra mile just for him. To know he was doing the same just for her. But how the hell was she supposed to convey all of that with a dress?

She'd been clueless when Nemuri had shoved a ton of magazines at her. She'd dutifully looked through and saw some rather pretty options. Things she knew would look good on her, but she had
no clue what to pick when in the middle of all that white and ivory fabric.

Panicked she told the associate she'd let her friends pick for her. The confession squad hadn't failed her yet. But as each option was presented and slapped on her, she lost a bit of faith in the whole process. Hizashi would tell her the dress didn't matter, that he loved her. But she wanted to make it special for both of them. Something to blow him away, something that was both her and her feelings at the same time.

Shino’s dress was plain, something Shouta liked but didn't feel screamed wedding day. Her father disliked it immediately. Ryuko and Tomoko had pitched a nice bead embroidered option, but she didn't like it. It highlighted her arms wrong, showed off the bulk in her shoulders and biceps. Using her capture weapon required a lot of muscle strength. Unflattering.

Chatora’s pick was next. A plain halter that she might have liked if it didn't remind her of how she carried herself. Any normal day she would have chosen this one on the spot. Simple, tasteful, and pretty. But this was her wedding day, she didn't want to look unremarkable.

Shouta was losing patience in herself. What was wrong with her? Why was this so hard? Didn't normal women know exactly what kind of wedding dress they wanted? The exact cut, color, and designer? Shouta turned away from her friends and family to have a minor crisis in the changing room.

Her glare must have scared the woman off after she tried on what was obviously Nemuri’s pick. In no way was Shouta showing that much back and chest at the same time. The dress fell like satin, entirely too revealing. Everyone wisely kept quiet and held their opinions about it.

There were no more options and now it was going to fall to her to pick something or let them all go again. Shouta did not have that much patience in her. A tentative knock came and she opened it to find Hitoshi with the associate worker.

The earnest look in his eyes was all Shouta needed. Denying Hitoshi wasn't possible for her. He taken to the wedding planner role so seriously. With her dad's and Nemuri carefully leading him in Hizashi’s shadow planning route. It kept him involved and included.

She given everyone a chance to pick, Hitoshi must have decided he wanted in on it. Shouta ran her fingers through his hair and pulled his hands back to nod at him. His purple eyes were so sure, so confident. How could she ignore that? She took the dress bag and the associate moved in to help strip her of the skimpy dress.

Her eyes widened as soon as she saw the dress. It was one she'd earmarked and looked at while she was trying to get into a wedding mood. It was stunning in the photos and she'd liked it then. It had escaped her today entirely. Hitoshi had been watching, putting his observational skills to use. Pride and emotion welled up inside her. Hitoshi was such a perfect son.

Shouta put the dress on and the associate explained it was in ivory. Which was a little bit off from white. The gaps in the lace were covered by an almond colored sheath. All of her knife wounds were covered and it blended perfectly to her skin tone.

It had long sleeves that started below the shoulder, hiding her muscles and making her arms look slim and feminine. The dress itself cupped her breasts and gave the illusion of a larger cup size. But rather than putting her cleavage on display and making her self conscious of falling out of the dress; the lace overlay fell just under her collarbone. Conservative, but stunning at the same time.

Shouta ran her hand down the front of the gown and shifted where it gathered at her knees before
falling behind in a train. Not a full mermaid cut, it looked great on her though. Shouta looked at herself in the mirror and her eyes welled up just a little. Now that, was the statement she waved to make to Hizashi.

The associate blew out a breath of relief and Shouta squared her shoulders. The door opened and she stepped out to the shock of everyone. Her father gasped at her, Akio and Shino looked like they'd been punched. The girls and Nemuri were suddenly sobbing as the looked at her. Chatora dabbed his eyes and offered a tissue packet to everyone. Tensei was flushed but grinning at her. Hitoshi...Hitoshi looked shocked.

Shouta walked to her boy and planted a kiss to his forehead. "Good pick."

Shouta let them fuss and pick out accessories. She even let them force her into heels. Then she suffered through measurements for the alterations. Her father kept using his quirk to get his snapshots. She was sorely tempted to erase it just to be a shit. But she let them have it.

She let them steer her away from the associate so her father could flash his credit card and be her parent. Then he waved off the jewelry choices. He told her that would be his task and Shouta was all too happy to foist that off on anyone else.

Once dressed in her own clothes and in possession of the invoice for her dress she left with her friends and family. Hitoshi stayed under her hand dutifully. What she did to deserve this kid she would never know. But she was certainly glad he was hers.

Hizashi slumped into a chair in the trailer set aside for him. Jirou Kyotoku laughed from where he was touching up his hair in the bathroom mirror. "Too much for you Present Mic?"

"I just wasn't expecting so many people live." Hizashi grinned. Announcing each act was almost as exhilarating as the shows themselves. He didn't realize he had such an American following. That crowd was a giant seething beast.

The meet and greet was just as overwhelming. From people speaking flawless Japanese to others butchering his native language. He finally just switched to English to tell everyone to feel free to speak how they wanted. They were just so exuberant, he should take part in more live shows.

"Hey, so, why haven't you performed?" Jirou leaned out of the bathroom to lift an eyebrow. "When I heard you were coming I thought for sure you we going to."

"Oh, everyone would go deaf if I sang." Hizashi smiled sadly. He'd only ever gotten to do so in the karaoke booth and only while Shouta erased his quirk. He had a half way decent voice, but he used the same vocal muscles to fight that he did to sing. Too dangerous.

"Oh, you know... There's a studio here that can remove vocal quirks from voices." Jirou said. "I know the producers that own it."

"Oh?" Hizashi frowned. "I don't think anyone's really prepared for my voice. I've had it since birth. Rare as that is."

"Well you never know." Jirou rapidly texted something to Hizashi and beamed. "Think about it."
Hizashi watched the other man start for the door. "All right, gotta go meet the executives. Mika needs to have the best setting to meet her fans tonight!"

"Good luck!" Hizashi waved his hand and watched the man amble out. That man was just as hectic as Hizashi was. But he was also totally in love with his wife. Hizashi appreciated that, seeing them so happy inspired him.

They'd become fast friends over the days he'd been here. Before they had just been names in the industry they both knew. So late night discussions about music had been rampant so far. Jirou got a kick out of how overwhelmed but in his element Hizashi was. Between interviews, photo shoots, and VIP meet ups, Hizashi had really gotten to shine.

But he missed his lady and their kid. Hizashi sighed and leaned forward to look at his phone. He opened a picture she'd sent him the previous night. A rather the tame start of a photo exchange they'd gotten into. In this photo Shouta had taken a drowsy selfie on the couch with Hizashi squinting up like a cat. God he loved them.

Hizashi spent a while looking at his family before he sent them an exuberant text and then went through the sexy photos Shouta sent him. They were all off center, a little unfocused, and terribly rushed. But they'd done their job the night before. He'd untangled himself from the female artists and fans at the party before he'd gotten to his hotel room. Shouta had warmed his bed through text as well as she could at home.

The text from Jirou caught his attention again and he looked at it in thought. He'd always wanted to put some of his music out, most of the songs were all on paper and music sheets. Tested out on his guitars and sound boards. But never recorded or given voice. No one sounded right to pair with his songs.

Maybe... Hizashi bit his lip and dialed the number listed. He dropped Jirou's name but barely needed to as they already knew him. He explained what his quirk was like, why he could never actually sing. They got excited and told him they could totally help.

Hizashi was offered a chance to test the equipment before he left back to Japan. And the chance was too great to pass up. He decided to stay an extra day and let them test his quirk all they wanted. If they could let him put his voice to his songs...that would change everything. He had one specially written that he would love to dance to at the wedding. A song he'd both written and dedicated to Shouta.
There's only a week until the wedding. What do heroes do for Bachelorette parties?

So... In Japan there doesn't seem to be much of a Bachelor/Bachelorette party culture. More of a singles get together.

But Hizashi like's American culture. So we're gonna do it! Woot! How awkward can this get for a group of drunk heroes?

There were a number of things to do in the week leading up to the wedding. Shouta had to dodge Ms. Joke for the millionth time as their agencies were now disgustingly close together. The sooner Shouta got out of that one the better. There was only so much forced flirting she could take from the other hero before she pummeled her junior.

There was pick up of the dresses from the shop that Nemuri was getting overly excited about. They were keeping it simple with one bridesmaid and groomsman for the ceremony. The fight that had ensued between their respective friends had been entirely too wild to deal with.

Shouta had to finish her caseload so that they could take a well earned vacation. Which meant the cats needed to be shifted fully into her father's care. Hitoshi was extremely responsible with them, but he was only ten. He was going to need assistance with them while she was gone.

Which led Shouta to her current predicament. With Emi fully in the hero business it freed up Vanisher to assist her with the investigation she had been on for the past two and a half years. Dead end after dead end and she had finally sussed out a broker who would talk.

The case involving the ink villains had stumped everyone. It was assumed that they had just trained to mimic each orders quirks and to confuse the police. Which led her down an even darker path of investigation. The ink twins had been a distraction. A number of low level villains became distractions systematically.

Distractions for kidnappings and body dumps. The method for the drop off's was presently unknown. But those body dumps were linked to the swollen brain's. Also unsolved. But there was a definite link to it all and that came by way of a single body.

Saiko Ai was kidnapped around Christmas at the time Shouta was really delving into the investigation. Her body was actually found by Hizashi, on one of his patrols just after new years. Her brain was swelled, but something else had been noticeable. She had skeletal changes. Which didn't make any sense, as her x-rays were in her medical file thanks to a broken arm the year before. The bone changes were quirk related. Which also didn't make sense, as her quirk allowed her to create mist from water by touch.
With a body now sporting quirk mutations not linked to her that was the tie in Shouta and Hideo had needed. The ink twins, the disappearance of the quirk doctor and his grandson, the body count. They were all related. And how did all of that tie into her investigation of the underground crime boss.

Well, that one came a little out of left field. Shouta had been pulling her hair out over it. Hizashi had forcefully taken her cases and put them aside and made her sleep for a total of three days. Upon waking she was called out to Tartarus. It was there the guards had played her footage of the ink twins, having been transferred there the day prior.

They were recruiting. Singing the praises of some amazingly strong figure who was going to change the world. There would be no more quirk regulation. No more right and wrong. Heroes would fall. Shouta bore witness to the recorded footage. She left that interview knowing that the person they spoke of, was the same one Izanagi had mentioned.

She had all of her leads, but no name, no identity. She'd spent the past year searching for someone who knew who this guy was. Someone who would talk. Brokers were a flaky bunch. They profited off of drugs, prostitution, smuggling, even human trafficking. But the one thing they profited from the most, was information. Shouta knew this, had always known this. Hitoshi was a testament to that.

But this broker's was name Tonkatsu. He was a thin balding man with all purple eyes and a pair of horns sprouting from his forehead. If anyone looked to be the devils advocate it was him. Hideo worked steadily through the brokers computer and Vanisher rifled through the desk and filing cabinets.

"You're surprisingly organized for a criminal." Shouta said as she leaned over her bound captive. He squirmed in his chair before he sighed.

"Have to be." He turned a smarmy smirk on her. "I haven't done anything to warrant Eraserhead coming up on me. You're usually out in Musutafu."

"Yeah? Well tonight I'm in Tokyo." She tilted her head. "You gonna tell me what I want to know?"

"Depends on what the payment is." He volleyed. Shouta tightened he grip on her scarf and pulled the chair off balance. Only her foot on the chair kept it from toppling this asshole on his face.

"See I've got around three hundred people missing from various cities. And only about a third of their bodies have shown up. All of them with these swelled up brains." Shouta said and looked this broker in the face. There would never be a glare more unimpressed than this one. "I've got some villains using each other's quirks. And these same villains are singing the praises of some asshole crime lord who might as well be a ghost. I want to know who this guy is. He's involved in all of it."

"You're out of your league Eraserhead."

"Oh?" Shouta stepped back and let him meet the floor face first. She stomped on the back of his head and ground her heel down. "I'm not above breaking your limbs for this information. So let me make this clear. You tell me what I want to know, and you just go to jail. If I have to beat it out of you, I'll pull some strings, and you'll go to Tartarus."

"Sorry client confidentiality." He grunted and Vanisher looked at her. His eye narrowed and she nodded.

"Well, you can keep your silence. That's fine, but you'll go to prison either way. I'll change your
choice. So are you going as a rat? Or as some idiot I caught talking to one of my villains?" Shouta asked and lifted her foot to ruthlessly kick him again. "It's really up to you."

"You can't take me in and say I'm a rat!" The broker snapped. "I won't make it five minutes in those doors!"

"How is that my problem? You have information I want and won't share." Shouta shrugged and leaned back to crouch near his head. "I don't have time to deal with your bullshit."

"Alright!" The broker said as Vanisher walked over to hand her a phone. Shouta smiled evily at the broker. "I'll tell you what I know."

"Good. Smart and rational." Shouta walked behind the chair and dragged it back upright. "I like it better when you criminals cooperate."

"He not one of my clients, and the broker who is dealing with him won't talk. Not in a million years or for all the money in the country." Purple eyes narrowed over his scraped nose. "But we all know who he is really. Secret but you go to him when society is real shit to you. The way he talks, the world is right in the palm of his hands. There's nothing you can do to stop him. It's just a matter of time."

"A name." Shouta demanded.

"No one knows his name, he just goes by...All For One." The broker said and winced. Shouta frowned in confusion. That wasn't a name she knew, but by the way Vanisher had stilled, he did know who it was. Good enough for her. She slugged the broker and knocked him out.

It wasn't until they were outside again that Vanisher spoke. "This case needs to go to someone else Eraser."

"I've been working this for a long time-," Shouta started to argue when Vanisher shook his head.

"Look I've been at this a long time. This is a first for you, but I've heard the name All For One before. A number of heroes have died thanks to him. It's all very quiet, but there have been incidents dubbed natural disasters to keep him out of the public eye. Dangerous, far too dangerous for you to take on." Vanisher turned and the intensity in his eye nearly burned her. "I trained you, I know exactly what you can do. This is not something you can do. When you took that hit to save Shinsou, I knew you'd survive. If you take on All For One, you will die."

"So I take it to the commission, form a team to take him down." Shouta shifted plans. If that was the outcome she would swallow her pride and get help. She wasn't going to die. Not with Hizashi and Hitoshi waiting for her. She'd work with others, concede to them if she had to. This guy was dangerous.

"Anyone the commission put on it would die as well." Vanisher shook his head adamantly.

"Even All Might?" Shouta demanded. All Might had his flaws, but he was born to be a hero. He took villains down with an ease that both scared and insulted Shouta. Vanisher looked at her and then away.

"I don't know." He breathed and scratched his chin. "There's an old hero who fought All For One once. I suggest you talk to him. I'll reach out and give him your contact info."

"Who is this hero?" Shouta demanded.
"He's underground like us, Gran Torino." Vanisher said and huffed. "You promise me kid, that you won't go after this guy."

Shouta bristled and scowled deeply.

"Shouta!" Vanisher growled and stomped towards her. He grabbed her shoulders and met her gaze. "Don't you dare go after this guy. In a week you're getting married. I will not accept anything less than watching that happen and seeing you leave for your honeymoon. If I have to drag you there myself I will."

She bit her lip and glared hard into his one eye. Dammit! She could maybe put the case off until she and Hizashi returned. That would be three maybe four weeks from this point exactly until she could do something about it. She clenched her fists and bowed her head in agreement. Pride wouldn't stop this villain.

"Don't worry about it Sho." Hizashi said as he finished straightening his hair into a sleek waterfall of yellow gold.

"It was my case." Shouta glared through the mirror at him and he beamed sheepishly.

"Well, I'm trying to be supportive here." He pouted and leaned into the mirror to pull his contacts out. It was a studious task he took on to keep the public from linking Yamada to Present Mic. It was honestly surprising how a pair of glasses served to completely throw people off. Nemuri had taken to the same tactic. Though lately she'd gotten comfortable enough to just let her lazy side out. No one recognized her anymore.

"I know." Shouta huffed and returned to putting on her make up. She worked on her eyes and didn't do as much to remove the bags under her eyes. She didn't want to get overly made up.

"Honestly, with how much you've explained... I'm glad you agreed to pass it over." Hizashi said and stepped behind her. "I don't want to imagine what could happen to you in a fight against some underground supervillain. One that Vanisher is worried about."

"He did kind of hurl me at obstacles when I was an intern." Shouta sighed. "I trust his judgement. As irritating as that is."

And she did, that was the problem. Shouta sighed and finished her make up and pulled her hair into a more controlled sprawl. Once in the bedroom she watched Hizashi peruse their respective closets. At least a third of his clothing was now in her own closet. She didn't wear much outside of her home clothes and jumpsuit. She honestly didn't know how he knew just where every thing was.

Tonight was going to be something Hizashi had become enamored with when he went to America on business a few times in the past years. Americans celebrated something called 'Bachelor' and 'Bachelorette' parties. Which was essentially a ladies or men's night out. Nemuri and Tensei had jumped all over that idea.

So Hitoshi had headed off to a night with Hizashi's parents and a number of heroes on their invite list had cleared their nights to go out with them. Shouta thought it was silly, but even she wouldn't argue to free alcohol.
Hizashi whirled from the cost holding something Shouta immediately balked at. It was a pale gray long sleeved dress. One Nemuri had given her a year ago at Christmas. "Perfect clubbing outfit."

"How do you know where I'm going?" Shouta huffed and peered at the closet. She didn't own too many more outfits designed for a night like this.

"Look look, you can wear this, and those cute wedge heels you actually chose at the Market day last year." Hizashi said and Shouta flushed. Those shoes were on sale, and she had actually sent Chatora in for them. The flash sale had looked fierce and she was not one to battle over noon hero related things. Chatora had muscled his way in and secured her the ankle boots.

"You don't think the dress is too short?" Shouta asked and when Hizashi looked down her front with a heavy leer, she rolled her eyes. "Alright."

She took the dress and put it on. It hugged her just the right way and despite the short hem it looked great. When she turned from the mirror Hizashi was right there. "Lookin' good babe."  

"Hizashi." Shouta chuckled as he wrapped his arms around her to get a hand full of her ass. "I see, you just wanted to manhandle me."

"That a problem?" He asked with an entirely false innocent look. Shouta smirked and hooked an elbow around his neck to arch up against him.

"Nope." She leaned forward, suddenly intent on making this night a stay in marathon of something much more fun than going out. Of course, that was when the door buzzer went off. "Ugh!"

"Shouta!" Hizashi laughed. "I see what you're doing!"

He raced for the door and Shouta huffed in amusement. She returned to the closet to look over what Hizashi was selecting for himself. She looked around and smirked even she found a thin sweater the same color of her dress. It was strategically ripped and resewn fit the fashionable punk look Hizashi preferred.

"Shouta! Nemuri is here!" Hizashi walked into the room and Shouta offered the shirt. He took it and looked at her in surprise. Then he smiled, soft and small just for her. "You got it babe."

She then took his civilian leather jacket and with a pointed look bent down to select the leather wedge heels that would match. She stood up and reveled in Hizashi's slack jawed expression. She left him like that.

"Shouta!" Nemuri beamed from the genkan. "Let's get hammered!"

When Hizashi had originally pitched the idea Shouta knew the girls would turn it into a huge thing. The girls from the Pussycats, Emi, and a number of female heroes all showed up at what Nemuri was calling the first bar of the night. Everyone was understandably elated to see her or if her lady clothes.

Shouta took in the first bar and its heavy female population. Instead of the beer she usually partook in when they had their nights out, she was handed cocktails. Each one more outlandish than the last. Tomoko and Ryuko laughed loudly, Sosaki and a few other female heroes chatting towards
the end of the table. Emi made a few overt flirtation at her which Shouta rebuffed. Which only elicited Emi's loud laughter.

Shouta smiled and kept drinking with each cheer and ridiculous toast. It was fun to see them all so relaxed. The food delivered was great too. Paired with most of the drinks brought to her with varying levels of congratulation on the wedding day. It was a good start to the evening.

They left the bar and made a show of enjoying the shops and going everywhere on the strip. Shouta stayed snuggled into Hizashi's jacket and let the cold air breeze over her. It was strange to experience the night life as a patron of it rather than a protector. She couldn't help but see the muggers waiting for easy marks. The shady individuals hovering just out of sight.

Nemuri wrapped her arms around Shouta's arm and kept her grounded. Unless an idiot approached them she would leave the work to the other heroes and police officers in the area. They found a nightclub that was boasting of a rave night. Nemuri got them in without having to wait in line. It was a benefit to have a friend that used her sexuality as a weapon.

Heavy music pounded through the air. Shouta looked around and the crush of bodies pressed up against her. Part of her hated it, she did not like being this confined. Anyone could slip a knife between her ribs. But then she was surrounded by her gaggle of female friends. Her fighting instincts quieted and she was able to relax.

They waded to a table where coats were shed and someone pranced off to order drinks. Within moments a huge tray of glowing drinks and a basket of glow sticks was deposited on the table. Nemuri and Sosaki wove glowsticks into their clothes and Shouta decided to go with it. She looped a number to fall around her neck and let the others line her arms with them.

"Let's go dance Shouta!" Nemuri shouted over the loud dance music. She wanted to refuse but this was her party. Might as well contribute to the fun. She let the ladies drag her into the heavy press of the dance floor.

Maybe it was the heat of the alcohol in her system. Far too much of it. Or it was the enthusiasm her friends were infecting her with. Too much to contain. Or it was the way she remembered the dance classes she took with Hizashi. But she let go and danced with her friends.

Shouta was probably better than all of them in a sober light. But as drunk as she was they kept her afloat in the middle of this giant mess of people. One second she was linked with Ryuko, the next Sosaki. Nemuri was determined to make it all look ridiculously alluring. She even started to take selfies that Shouta posed for with her.

Of course that was when it all went to shit. Because nothing Shouta did could be followed by anything other than something stupid. A fight broke out across the club. The music cut off and everyone stilled.

"What?! Come on I love that song!" Tomoko shrieked drunkenly.

"Looks like someone's fighting over there." Sosaki slurred. "Seriously?!!"

"There's gotta be other heroes on duty." Emi said from behind Shouta.

"I don't want to deal with this, what if they see us this drunk?" Nemuri whined. "There goes my reputation. Drunken Midnight breaks up a brawl. I'll never find work again!"

Shouta agreed, they were far too drunk to deal with it. But it didn't look like anyone was intervening. Security looked totally overwhelmed. Shouta sighed and pushed through the hovering
crowd. As she got closer she saw the fight was between six men and at least four women all clawing at each other.

A flare of sparks and suddenly quirks were going off left and right. Shouta activated her own quirk and in the confusion of emitters vanishing Shouta moved in. Her heels made her a little clumsy but she managed to wrestle a large man to the ground.

Sosaki was suddenly in her mind. 'Behind you!'

Shouta rolled with pure muscle memory and smashed her heel right into the jaw of another patron. Ryuko and Tomoko rushed in next to her and started to subdue the fighters. Nemuri punched the other man and pulled her dress collar down to expose her cleavage. The man fell in a heap asleep. Laughter shrieked behind them followed by garbled giggles.

Shouta sighed and sat on her captive, "Call the police please."

A security guard near her nodded and rushed off to do just that. "One night off! Just one!" Nemuri yelled at the gathered group of very drunk and suddenly very sorry people. "Is that too much to ask?"

"You should really drink responsibly. How would you get out of here if there was a fire or a villain fight going on?" Sosaki turned her big sister personality on. "I would have to rescue you. And I'm not in any shape to be of help. I'm very disappointed in all of you!"

Shouta sighed and rubbed her eyes. A number of hands from her friends reached out, all holding eye drops. How did they all have some? Shouta decided real thinking would ruin her buzz further and just took the first one offered. She applied her drops and the police and a few other heroes arrived.

Evened was suddenly looking at her and she frowned. What was wrong? Shouta looked to Nemuri who giggled and pointed down. Shouta looked down to see she was sitting astride her captive's back. His wrists caught in a hold and her legs spread proactively to either side of him. Her dress had ridden up really far and it was only the small mercy of how she was sitting that no one was getting a flash of her panties. Her friends all snapped pictures and she sighed. She was too tired for this already.

"Well Fuck." Shouta got up and smoothed her skirt down properly. They ended up outside where she detailed the situation to the police with minimal slurring. One of the girls helpfully handed her her bag so she and the others could present their licenses.

Every one of the officers were gaping at her in this ridiculous dress. Clearly they weren't connecting eternally scruffy Eraserhead with this look. Nemuri was worried about her own image, but what about Shouta's?! No one was supposed to see her like this, she wasn't a glamor hero.

"Thank you for your hard work ladies." The officer snapped back to attention despite how his eyes kept dipping to her legs. "B-But I should admonish you. You're all far to inebriated to be fighting crime safely. Though...circumstances being what they are and no hero or officer being around, you stopped a fight from getting out of hand. We'll let them sleep it off and cite them later. I'm sorry your...evening...was interrupted."

Dammit, now everyone thought she was a glowstick waving party animal. Just like everyone thought Hizashi was. Only he really was that party animal. Shouta's head hurt and it wasn't even the morning after yet. Why was this her life?!
"Yes well...thanks for coming." Shouta turned to her friends and they blinked back at her. "Let's go unwind at another bar. I'm not drunk enough to acknowledge that this just happened."

Beaming excitement was directed at Shouta and her arms were grabbed before she was steered towards a karaoke bar. Ugh, Shouta was going to need a lot more drinks to make it through that too.
Bachelor Party

Chapter Summary

In which Hizashi's night out is less hectic.

Chapter Notes

Guys...guys... I totally fell into a Lovecraft AU of Bnha. So fucking good. Let me tell you, I finished like 30 chapters in one day from just binging. Eldritch Izuku is like gold.

I've been hunting for a fic that really does that. Not many beyond a few chapters. This one is huge!

Every so often I find a fic on here that's worlds above me in writing skill and I'm humbled and impressed. This fic is called The Dark Below. Check it out if you guys like a bit of lovecraftian horror.

Hizashi checked his reflection for the last time. Unreasonably paranoid that someone was going to recognize him. He tugged on his hair and wondered if he should just put it up in a hat for the night.

The doorbell rang and he sighed before he paced out to let in Tensei. "Still getting ready? I have it on great authority that the ladies out paced you by like an hour."

"Haha, I'm just trying to avoid letting people notice me." Hizashi motioned to himself. The gray long sleeve that Shouta picked out to match her own outfit. Black washed out jeans that clung to him. His glasses sat heavy on his face and his hair was pulled into a half do. "Think I'm noticeable?"

"All on your own? No." Tensei grinned cheekily. "But if anyone asks, just act like a huge fan boy."

"That could totally work!" Hizashi exclaimed. "So where to tonight?"

"Drinks and food first." Tensei smirked. "Let's go."

Hizashi paused as he looked at the table that held Shouta's capture scarf. Peeking from within was the box containing his ring. Nemuri had crowed for days that Shouta had shown him up. He was tempted to look at it. His fingers even twitched to reach for it.

A hand chopped his away. "I have explicit orders from Shouta not to let you look at the ring."

"You've seen it?" Hizashi put off winning and just rubbed the surface of his fingers.

"Of course I have." Tensei said. "She and Nemuri sent me like three options. I totally helped and you're totally going to cry."

"That's supposed to make me not want to look?!!" Hizashi whined. Being giod was for losers. He
was going to be petulant about this. Tensei huffed and steered him right out the door. Hizashi made sure his keys were in his pocket, and his wallet so he could take the transit back.

Hizashi pulled his wool coat on and then his heavy boots. Tensei led him out to one of his cars. Then they drove to Tokyo. That would help some, he was far more recognizable in Musutafu right now. Tokyo proper would be easier to hide in.

They joined up with a number of male heroes and coworkers from the studio who were in the know of his identity. They started their night getting food and alcohol in a trendy spot that bustled with people. Before long Hizashi had loosened up and was loudly sharing stories with the other heroes.

"Okay, now I gotta know." Shinshi, or rather Snipe, asked as he tipped his drink to Hizashi. He was Nemuri's boyfriend, but he'd been a professional colleague for a while. Ever since they'd started to hang out as couples, they had spiraled into friends. "How did you meet Aizawa in the first place?"

"Oh, that's a great story!" Hizashi beamed.

"He's ridiculous." Tensei rolled his eyes. "We me he at the same time."

"**SO,** it was during the sports festival. I was running towards this giant robot when this tiny person just scurried up the thing like a spider monkey." Hizashi leans in and the others leaned forward as well. Chatora chuckled into his beer. "I yell out to her to cover her ears, cause she's in range for my voice. And we look at each other when we get past, and she's so fucking cute! We end up teamed up at the tug of war. And she's able to make the team stop using their quirks so I could deafen them."

"You make it sound more amazing than it was." Tensei snorted. "I pulled most of that rope."

"Yeah, and then in the finals, she kicked all of our asses." Hizashi sighed, he remembered trying to find her after the event, but she'd taken off. It was his immense relief to see her standing in front of his class the next week. "She was pretty hot then. But she's something else when she's fighting."

"Underground heroes huh?" Snipe grinned over his beer. "It's a good story."

"He undercuts how much work Chatora and I put into this whole relationship." Tensei smirked and launched into a long story about how the confessing squad was assembled. How they all worked towards getting the both of them together, and eventually engaged.

"Wait, wait, how did you even get together in the first place?" Hizashi's daytime radio host asked. "I know about the public break up you two did. But how did it even get off the ground?"

"Ah..." Hizashi frowned and looked down into his beer. He tipped it back and finished the mug. "She got hurt really bad in her internship. Helped take down some kidnappers who were part of a human trafficking ring we took down years later. But she got hurt and I couldn't stay quiet, she couldn't either it seemed. Some late night confessions and we were dating."

He would never forget the despondent look on her face. Having to confront real revelations about her new reality. What that would mean for her and her future relationships. Some men were very much about being able to gather their own kids. Shouta would be deficient in that sense without a surrogate. As much as it had pained him to think of her with someone else he'd had to confront those same thoughts.
Hizashi didn't care about not being able to father kids with her. He didn't care that that was out of the question in regards to their profession anyways. They had Hitoshi, and it was terrifying going to work, and fighting crime, to return to their innocent kid. He had his family, and soon he'd have Shouta as his wife. It was more than he'd thought he'd have if he thought back on it.

"At this point, I think we were meant to be together. One way or another." Hizashi grinned happily to himself. "In hopeless without her."

The next few places they hopped to were chosen by each of the heroes. Clearly Tensei had planned this in advance.

Chatora took them to a maid Cafe. After a few words he had every colorful maid in the place swarming him with excitement over his upcoming nuptials. They shared sake cups for the occasion.

Snipe took over and brought them to a bar where they all got drunk. Beer was shifted between them all as they laughed and made a total nuisance of themselves. Snipe was charming and they got away with literally everything.

They bounced from there to an all night casino arcade where Hizashi lost plenty of his money. Tensei lost even more and his upset look ended in tears. "Tenya will be so disappointed in me. Gambling! He'd say it's reprehensible!"

"Aww, that kid thinks you've hung the moon." Hizashi slurred as he walked over. Snipe and the other heroes were gathering everyone for their last stop of the night. "Don't worry about it. I'm the one who's going to get dissaproving leers when I pick up Hitoshi."

"Only because you explained what Strip clubs are to the kid." Snipe snorted. "What were you doing in America?"

"Wah! Nothing bad! One of the guys from that production house was getting married and they invited me along to show me what night life was like there. Americans party crazy!" Hizashi exclaimed.

He lost a bit of time as they were walking, mostly because it was easy to space out. But he found himself entering a huge music venue. His group filed out into a huge dance floor and off to a corner. Hizashi shed his layers and accepted drinks as they were brought to him.

Live music was incredibly special to him. So when a band appeared on stage and started to play Hizashi had a hard time containing his quirk. He yelled with the crowd and joined in on repetitive lines.

He jumped into the crowd with his friends surrounding him. They surged with the people around them and Hizashi threw himself into the music. It was a greater buzz than the alcohol could provide. This was Tensei’s idea, it had to be.

They stayed for hours listening to band after band, and Hizashi was on top of the world. He found himself dragged on stage when he was noticed. Someone caught him totally using his quirk in excitement. Oops.
"Present Mic, what an honor!" Hizashi realized he wasn't wearing his glasses and turned to see Snipe nearby holding them. Smart man. Everything was blurry at the moment, but he was a professional.

"Woo hoo!" Hizashi put on his hero persona with a huge thousand watt smile and flung his arms wide. "You guys are killin' it! You need to call my station so I can bring you on my show!"

The band appeared flattered. When Hizashi sobered up he was sure he'd remember their band name. They started to play again with him on stage and while he didn't sing he still thrashed around with them. He added a thousand more photos to his album from the whole night.

Eventually his friends reclaimed him which was a relief as he was far too drunk to extricate himself. They stayed and enjoyed the music until the whole place closed. Hizashi found their large group spilled out onto the street where taxis idled waiting for passengers.

"A'right partners, time for this cowboy to pass out." Snipe stumbled to a taxi. He waved to them and flopped inside. He dragged his wild green cowboy boots inside and the car drove off.

Tensei waved another one over and shoves Hizashi into it. Then he let Chatora drag him off to another car. Hizashi slumped onto his seat and rattled off his address. The driver was even kind enough to stop and let Hizashi buy a water bottle to hopefully sober up enough to make it into his apartment.

The drive lulled him and the water sobered him some. And by the time they pulled up and Hizashi paid for his ride, he was able to stumble quietly into the building. The elevator opened and Hizashi felt his eyes widen.

Shouta stood in front of their apartment door cursing as she keyed in the security code. Hizashi felt a grin work it's way onto his lips. "H-Hey there Kitten."

She looked over with a red flush on her cheeks from drinking. "Zashi...I can't remember the code...and I'm too drunk to hit the right buttons."

"I got ya." Hizashi walked over and tapped the code quickly without looking. The light turned green and Shouta turned her key and pushed the door open. Hizashi shuffled in after her and locked the door.

"Hey, did I tell you you look great tonight?" Hizashi asked as they made a total mess of themselves getting out of their shoes.

"I-I got the message." Shouta hiccuped suddenly and stumbled as she swatted him on his ass. She rolled on the floor and sighed. "Gonna sleep here."

"Can't do that babe, you'll get sick." Hizashi helped them both out of their coats and hung them up with lazy abandon. He hauled Shouta up and over his shoulder as he lumbered toward their bedroom.

Shouta flopped to the bed like a limp noodle and rolled to the side. Hizashi smirked and stumbled to the kitchen for the water bottles they'd preemptively purchased. He shuffled out some pain medication for the headaches they would no doubt wake up with. Depositing the items on the side table next to their bed he tugged off his shirt and fell into the blankets. Good enough.

It felt like as soon as he closed his eyes he was being blinded by the sun. He groaned into his pillow as Shouta shifted next to him. Her angry grunt was matched only by how swiftly she yanked the curtain that tiny inch closed. One sliver of light was enough to wake them both, the horror.
Hizashi's head poubded and he groaned as his stomach churned dangerously. He tilted his head and watched Shouta as she dropped back into bed. Her sweater dress was yanked off and she sat there in her panties and bra with horribly wild hair and smudged eyes. Her red eyes glared to him without her quirk.

"I'll never drink again." She hissed and reached over him for the water and pain meds. Hizashi just watched her through his smarting eyes. As disgruntled and totally hung over as they both were. He wouldn't change this moment for a second.

Everyone thought Present Mic was this wild rockstar hero that would sweep men and women of their feet. Perfect hair, always stylish, a wet dream. No one knew he woke up with a bird's nest of hair and drool on his chin. No one but Shouta.

And the woman who looked a bit like death warmed over leaned to him and pressed a chaste kiss to his forehead before she rolled to her feet. "Let's go shower."

Fuck was he in love.

Shouta didn't care if his hair was glamorous, or wild. Shouta didn't care that he reeked of booze right now. She handed him the pain medication and passed him her water bottle, already opened and half drained.

*Comfort*, Hizashi's swimming brain supplied. They were comfortable in every sense of the word. Shouta would let people see her asleep, but they wouldn't ever see her relaxed. Hizashi did. The lazy way she stripped and slogged to the bathroom was as perfect as it would be if she'd just finished dressing in her hero gear, or life the party night in a dress.

Hizashi dutifully took his medication and finished the bottle. He joined her in the bathroom to brush their teeth. The mint did wonders for the nausea. They showered each other while the tub filled. And once they settled in Hizashi decided, maybe hung over sloppy sex would be just as good as any other time, so long as it was with her.

He was delighted when Shouta turned in his lap and the water splashed as she leaned to kiss him. He cupped her cheek and delved into freshly minted kisses. "Love you."

"Mmm, love you too." Shouta's hand wove into his wet hair and Hizashi decided he never wanted to be anywhere but where she was.
Days Before

Chapter Summary

In which our little family have some very real conversations.

Chapter Notes

Guess what...wedding is the next chapter. :3

Shouta looked down at the package she been waiting for. She opened the large envelope and pulled free the official paper documents that finalized the adoption of Hitoshi. Tears burned her eyes as she looked down at the finished and completely legal expression of their parentage. No longer Hizashi’s ward, but their son.

Now the world would see it, and it was more official than it had been for five years. She turned from the genkan and looked to the dining room table where Hitoshi was watching Hizashi clean his Directional Speaker.

This was bigger news than when they had both earned their hero teaching licenses. And the subsequent recieved degrees that had earned by testing out of college entirely. That idea had come from Hizashi’s parents with how well they had scored on their teaching exams. Shouta only went along with it because Hizashi, Nemuri, and Tensei had challenged her.

They were now in possession of degrees specialized in English and Literature (Hizashi); and History and Ethics(Shouta). Not even mentioning the Art History degree Nemuri had earned, or the Business Management and Criminal Law degree Tensei earned. She wasn't sure who won the challenge at all.

Hizashi was excited that he could start taking on interns and even pop into the hero schools as a guest instructor. Shouta wasn't interested in any of that. Not unless she saw a student who impressed her. But this was bigger than their completed education. This was the final proof needed to say this is my son.

"So why don't you change the sound?" Hitoshi asked from where he had stopped his homework to watch Hizashi. The blond was carefully cleaning the amplifier nodes from the pressure microphones. Delicate work.

"Hmm? You know I never thought of it." Hizashi paused to adjust his glasses and look at their son. "I don't think a techno tone would fit my image though."

"I think it would be cool if you could sound like someone else." Hitoshi suggested and Shouta paused. That wouldn't be very useful for Hizashi. Covert work wasn't really what he did. Sure he worked with the police and investigators; but Hizashi was like a battering ram, a flash bang kind of hero.
But a voice changing support item, that would fit amazingly into underground work. It would be incredibly useful for a hero who had to rely on someone answering him. Shouta decided she would remember that for when Hitoshi went to high school.

"Hizashi." Shouta spoke up and he glanced up at her. His blond bun was coming apart so a break was going to be necessary before it got in his way. Hizashi’s green eyes flitted up to her and she smiled holding up the stack of papers.

"It's here?!" Hizashi asked excitedly.

"Yeah." Shouta replied.

"What's here?" Hitoshi tilted his head as he brushed his hair off of his forehead.

"A gift for you." Hizashi set his tiny tools onto the rolled out towel where the tiny bolts and screws sat in tiny piles. He picked up another cloth to wipe his hands before he walked around the table to her. "That's all of it?"

"Right on time." Shouta nodded. Hizashi beamed and cupped the back of her head and kissed her swiftly. Shouta returned it in delight. They had jumped through a lot of hoops for this. His caseworker had to go more official this time, but it was final.

"Why am I getting a gift? It's your wedding in two days." Hitoshi frowned and walked over. Shouta pulled the first set of finalized papers out to hand to Hitoshi.

She watched as he looked over the court documents. Hizashi pressed his hand to her spine in anticipation. "Wait... adopted?!"

"Yeah," Hizashi nodded. "We filed last year and had to do a ton of interviews and meetings to make it final."

"I wasn't adopted originally?" Hitoshi looked up at then with wide purple eyes.

"You were Hizashi's ward and foster child. As per your grandmother's last wishes." Shouta answered. "Only because he's older than me by a few months. You have to legally be twenty four to adopt. The courts wouldn't budge on that, our status as heroes couldn't bend the rules there either."

"So, I know we've been a family this whole time. And since Shouta and I are really making official in two days, we thought we'd make this really official with you." Hizashi grinned. "That okay with you?"

"It's great!" Hitoshi rushed them and grabbed them both around the ribs. "Now you're really my mom and dad."

"That hasn't changed." Shouta smiled and looked at Hizashi who had happy tears in his eyes. "You've been my son the whole time."

"Love you little listener." Hizashi murmured and Hitoshi looked up with a smile that blinded them both.

"Love you guys too!" Hitoshi exclaimed.
Shouta stood on the soft mats in the gym she'd spent most of her childhood in. She rubbed her arm and tugged a band from her capture scarf and loosed it with a soft throw to the bare ceiling. For once it was devoid of the air net Shino had created just for her.

She ascended her scarf and built herself a small rig that held her aloft and cradled her suspended. She just let the sound of the building settle inside her very being. Every big moment of her life had happened here. Her first gymnastics session. Her first fighting lessons. Puberty crisis and bullying aftermath. The funeral for her mother. The day she knew she'd failed the UA Hero Entrance Exam. The day she gotten the letter confirming she wasn't in the hero course. And then there were the days her friends had followed her and inserted themselves into her life.

"You know," Shino's voice called from below. He must have followed her here from the house. "I remember the day you were born."

"You were there?" Shouta asked.

"Of course not." Shino chuckled. "I was actually punching some assholes lights out for trying to force himself on Akio in an alleyway. It was actually the same day I met Akio. The same year he was branching out into his physical training job. Just a night out that went wrong. Same night my police officer Senpai gave birth. I saw you the next day."

"Mom was your Senpai?" Shouta grinned amused.

"We didn't go to school together, but we lived in the same neighborhood. She was in the same fighting classes I was." Shino chuckled. "She gave me so much hell when she found out I was a vigilante. She did everything she could to dissuade me from that path when I was in high school and she was finishing college. Not everyone can get into those hero schools. They barely accept you for the licensing exam, I was rejected for three years straight."

"You did good as a vigilante." Shouta said resolutely. "Though I guess I should be trying to arrest you."

"Only if you catch me in the act." Shino smirked, "I was careful not to let anyone see that or connect my two personas as much as I could. Your family meant a lot to me. And now that it's mine too, I feel honored to be at your wedding."

"I'm glad you're part of this." Shouta looked down at Shino as he pulled on his quirk and used the air currents he generated to levitate up to her. He sat on one of the exposed beans and looked down at her. "But you didn't come here to tell me all that."

"No, I saw you were getting that drifty look your dad gets when he's too involved in his head." Shino said with a warm smile. "Your mom was good at getting him out of it."

"So are you." Shouta said and looked away.

"Whenever things get too loud in your head you come here. Everytime that happened I was here." Shino breathed and looked at the ceiling. "Figured I'd be here again."

"Hmm," He was right, Shino had been the sounding board to a lot of things in her life. She'd even relied on him to protect Hitoshi because he was capable. Because when she was a child and even now, he was her hero. "I'm not having second thoughts."

"No, that's just not how you are. You managed to have gotten this far with Hizashi. You were in it
for the long haul." Shino chuckled. "I'm the same way."

"I just..." Shouta sighed, letting the minor fear that had dogged her for the past year come forth. "I'm a workaholic, and I can't cook. I sleep far more than should be necessary. I'm surly...am I going to be a good wife?"

"Are you going to be a good wife?" Shino asked incredulously.

"I worry about it a lot." Shouta sighed. "He never got to go off and be that single guy the media thinks he is. Hitoshi fell into our laps so early, our whole lives changed. Most of that is because of me. Am I going to be a good wife? Can being married to me beat all of that for him?"

"Shouta that boy has loved you from the moment you met. The first day he came here with you I saw it. We all did. I think all of those things you mentioned are so far off his radar they might as well not exist." Shino said. "We knew he was for you the moment we saw him. It was like Shizoka was born again, only he's your age. He fills in what you lack, and you do the same for him."

"That's true." Shouta smiled. "Sometimes I think I don't deserve him."

"Maybe not too you. But I think it's about continuing to do right by each other." Shino said and smiled wistfully. "I'll never think I deserve your father. I'll always feel like I've butted into something your mother had to leave behind. But I love him, as I love Akio. So we'll keep trying with each other until we can't anymore."

Shouta sat forward and looped her legging clad leg through her scarf and twisted to let herself down from the rig she'd created. Shino met her on the ground and she hugged him. "Thanks."

"No problem." Shino said and cupped her cheeks as they pulled apart. "You're going to kill this, as you've done your whole life."

Shouta nodded, she could do this. She could be a wife to Hizashi. She would be that for her family. She looked up to the ceiling then at Shinto. "You should put the net back up."

"It's being laundered." Shino sighed. "All the ladies think I'm expecting you to leave and never come back."

"Well, they've kind of been gossiping for years." Shouta laughed.

"No more, let's go back before your dad has an aneyurism." Shino threw his arm over her shoulders and led the way.

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Hizashi looked at the pictures on his phone for a long time into the night. Tracing his fingers over teenage Shouta, sleeping Shouta, and smiling Shouta. The moments of their life laid bare before him. He sighed and looked at the ceiling of his childhood home.

A soft nudge on his shoulder and Hizashi looked at his father. 'Everything alright?'

"I'm fine. Just thinking." Hizashi mouthed as he signed to his father. The low lamp was turned on and his father sat in the arm chair next to him. "Being a husband. Do you think I'll be good at it."
'Aren't you already?' His father asked with an amused smirk.

"You know what I mean." Hizashi rolled his eyes and smiled. "I'm not worried about marrying her. We've done the family thing all these years. But...Shouta is very serious about her work."

'So are you.' Hizashi's father smiled kindly.

"And that's the thing she always puts a hundred percent into me and Hitoshi, and into her work." Hizashi sighs. "But I worry she won't put that level of care into herself."

'Hmm, you've both supported one another as heroes and partners this long. I think you'll do well together.' The older Yamada looked aside. 'Your mother and I have always made time for one another so that our professional lives could be separate. You both have done your best to ensure your hero personas don't clash with your civilian ones.'

"I'm the one with more enemies now. Shouta's villains all end up arrested." Hizashi rubbed his chin and agreed. As long as he could continue to provide Shouta with the care she wouldn't really provide herself, he could do this.

Hizashi's father left him with a pat on the knee and a proud smile. Hizashi returned to his phone and opened a text to Shouta.

LOUDERTHANLIFE: Hey

COFFEEPLS: why are you still awake?

Shouta as always responded with the energy of an insomniac. Hizashi tucked his hand behind his head and stretched across the living room couch.

LOUDERTHANLIFE: I just missed you

COFFEEPLS: were getting married tomorrow

LOUDERTHANLIFE: can I ask you something?

COFFEEPLS: of course

LOUDERTHANLIFE: I think it's just nerves getting to me. I'm not freaking out really. No second thoughts. I'm really excited for tomorrow...

COFFEEPLS: Hizashi. Just say what you want to say.

LOUDERTHANLIFE: I'm really what you want right?

Hizashi winced as soon as he saw the words. They had gone through this a number of times. He was being self conscious of their relationship so close to the actual day. Stupid, so stupid. He worried that he wasn't going to be the husband she wanted. Everything about the wedding had pretty much been decided with her deadpan stare and nonchalant agreements. He didn't want to force her into things she didn't actually want.

The phone rang and Hizashi fumbled it. "Hey, I'm pretty sure Nemuri threatened me with bodily harm if we contacted one another."

"She said not to see each other. You're across Tokyo and I'm in my old bedroom." Shouta huffed.
"She can kiss my ass."

"Don't say that to her, she'll really take it seriously." Hizashi chuckled. "And Snipe with watch and give us all a thumbs up."

"They're a weird couple." Shouta snorted.

"The weirdest." Hizashi bit his lip to keep from babbling nervously.

"I was freaking out earlier. About not being the kind of wife you deserve." Shouta admitted. "I don't think I'm good enough for you really."

"Shouta-," Hizashi protested.

"No listen," Shouta cut him off. "I know that I'm not the most glamorous woman out there. To the world the kind of person Present Mic would marry would be a rock star, or Midnight. I know that everything you've done with your career has been so you could live your dream. I feel like I hold that back sometimes."

It was honestly the same for him. Her drive and efficiency was unmatched by the underground heroes. She set a standard that even mainstream heroes couldn't match. If All Might was number one on the leader boards, Eraserhead was number one in the underground.

"I foisted Hitoshi on you. I barely sleep and I'm shit in the kitchen. The idea of being a wife really doesn't fit me at all." Shouta scoffed.

"More like the husband." Hizashi snorted and covered his mouth to stifle a laugh. "And I'm the wife."

"It's disturbing how true that is." Shouta laughed. "Whatever, all the things married couples do for each other, I want to do that."

"I want to do that too." Hizashi smiled as he looked at the dim ceiling. "God I can't wait."

"If you can be patient with me, I'm going to try to stop being such a mess and be the wife you deserve." Shouta said and Hizashi flugged.

"Same thing, if you can bear with me Kitten," Hizashi closed his eyes resolutely. "I will be everything you need."

"You already are." Shouta said.
I Do

Chapter Summary

In which Shouta and Hizashi tie the knot

Chapter Notes

Ok, so western style Japanese weddings have a different vow system. I went off of one and kind of tweeked it for the fact that they're off duty heroes.

I put it in English only because I didn't want to break the moment.

Shouta scoffed as she looked around the dingy little building that she was to meet Gran Torino at. With Vanisher having threatened her with bodily harm she was relinquishing her case to someone who had experience with this 'All For One'.

"You're sure this is the place?" Hideo asked as he blew warm air on his hands. She flexed her gloved fingers in her pockets in response. "This doesn't seem like a hero agency."

"Vanisher said this guy doesn't care much for theatrical agencies." Shouta said and shrugged, she could relate. Sometimes she hated visiting Hizashi's station. "Underground heroes don't have time for that kind of thing. We're in and out of any space we use. Long term places like this are usually the places we sleep frequently."

"That sounds like something I shouldn't know." Hideo whimpered awkwardly. Shouta smirked, after the past few years he'd become a bit of a sidekick. Or an assistant. She'd stopped holding back her morbid sense of humor, and she worked rather hard to ruin the glamor of heroes he had.

He'd also met Nemuri on a bad day. Which was entirely his fault. She was camped out in Hizashi's lobby binging on snack foods and wearing the laziest of gym clothes. A dream come true for many civilians, only she was being her off duty gross and lazy self. A number of mental fantasies were ruined for the man. After a long night heroing, no one looked their best. Nemuri cared even less than an average female hero.

"You know what, I'm just going to forget you told me that." He nodded resolutely. Shouta rolled her eyes and tucked her chin into her capture weapon. She walked up to the door and knocked twice.

She didn't wait for anyone to come either before just walking in. An old man was hobbling towards her slow and feeble. Shouta narrowed her gaze on the yellow hero suit and obvious mutations on his legs. "Oh...a visitor...how kind of you to come."

"Cut the crap." Shouta sighed in annoyance. "I've got places to be and not a lot of time to fuck around. Vanisher said you'd try to test me with some kind of act. Let's skip to the good stuff."
"Hmm, Vanisher you say?" The feeble look vanished of of the man and he looked up through his domino mask. Now this was an underground hero. He ran his large hand over his head in thought. "What a jerk, can't let an old man have his fun. Who are you anyways?"

"Eraserhead."

"Is it safe now?" Hideo called and Shouta waved a hand. He'd learned his lesson to let her enter after finding himself surrounded by gang members and villains more times than they cared to admit. "Hello Gran Torino, it's an honor to meet you."

"You wouldn't have heard of me, I'm not mainstream." Gran Torino shrugged and waved to the furnished lounge area. Shouta settled herself on the couch. "You said Vanisher sent you?"

"I'm not happy to be doing this but I have to relinquish a case to you." Shouta scowled. "I've been working on it since the Kyoto Incident."

"I heard about that, good work you and those heroes did." Gran Torino nodded his head. "Look, I'm pretty much retired-...."

"He said you had experience with this underground villain. Tangled with him before." Shouta forced ahead.

"I've taken down a lot of villains in my time." Gran Torino waved his hand again dismissively.

"This villain's name is All For One." Shouta growled. Gran Torino froze as his face hardened. The entire air about him changed again. From feeble to elderly and retired to as capable as her now.

"How do you know about him?" Gran Torino asked dangerously.

"When I was in Kyoto, Izanagi mentioned they acquired information to start their entire operation from him. And that he was trying to prove himself and buy his way into the fold." Shouta informed. "He wouldn't speak with any of the interrogation staff. Not even Vanisher. I would have gone myself but he became obsessed with me. So I'm not permitted to interrogate."

"There were a string of deaths at the same time Eraserhead brought me in. I'm a journalist that investigates the underground specifically. Many of my connections let us piece together these murders with this underground villain." Hideo drew out the paper copies of their investigation.

"Brain mutations?" Gran Torino lifted a brow as he flipped through and noted the post its on each bundle.

"Bodies dumped systematically and across various cities to avoid major detection." Shouta nodded and crossed her arms. "There was no correlation with another case I was dealing with. Two villains that happened to be twins were showing abilities with their similar quirks that the other had."

"Could have been copy cat quirks." Gran Torino countered and Shouta snorted.

"Neither of these two had such a quirk. Copy quirks are as rare as Erasure quirks are." Shouta leaned forward. "I fought them both before the arrest. And they were using each other's quirks. They're so similar the authorities wrote it off. Said they had trained to use similar abilities to avoid detection."

"So how did this tie into the murders?" Gran Torino was testing her, it felt very similar to how Vanisher tested her.
"It took a while for that to be connected. Both cases were on their way to being unsolvable." Hideo said and pulled free the autopsy x ray of the body that changed everything. "Then this body was dumped."

"Her brain was just as swelled but there was something different." Shouta reached over to tap on the skeletal changes. "These are quirk mutations. Which should be impossible, because her quirk was water creation."

Gran Torino's eyes widened. Shouta rolled her shoulders. "I tracked an underground broker down who was willing to talk. Gave me the same redic the villains are giving in prison. A recruitment speech. Some amazing villain who is going to burn the world down to remake in his villainous image. Thought it was utter bullshit. Same old story, but this guy is so underground it's the only link to these quirk mutations, to a doctor who's research leads right to it."

"No, he can do that himself." Gran Torino rubbed his forehead in thought. "You haven't tipped them off yet?"

"No, the only person we were directly involved with was the broker, and he won't talk. Not if he doesn't want to go to jail a rat." Shouta said. "Rumors all say this guy is dangerously powerful. Vanisher wanted me to give this to you. Can you handle this?"

"It's...personal for me." Gran Torino frowned. "But I can take this. Why are you giving it up, you've put in a lot of work?"

"I'm going to be out of the country for two weeks. And Vanisher trained me, he says I won't stand a chance. I disagreed, if anyone can fight someone who's hit some kind of all powerful quirk, it's someone who can erase them." Shouta glared darkly.

"You're young, leave fighting old monsters like him to us veterans. I have a friend who has also fought this villain a few times. All For One has escaped each time." Gran Torino gathered the files together. "Thank you, this has been invaluable."

"Hideo tracked the deaths and the body dumps. As well as supposed meeting spots for recruitment. We've narrowed down possible base locations. I-... I hope I don't hear about this in the news." Shouta clenched a fist. "And if you hold off for two weeks I'll be back. I'll assist with my quirk."

"If we don't move on it and you return, I'll bring you in. You're quirk could be extremely valuable in a long distance situation. But having him close to you would be disastrous." Gran Torino nodded. "You've done good work Eraserhead."

It wasn't enough. But it was going to have to be. Shouta nodded in acknowledgement. She looked to Hideo who only appeared conflicted. "Do you want to help him with the rest of it?"

"It's...it's been my story this whole time." Hideo said and looked at her. "I wanted to be there when it was finished."

"If you can show me the locations you narrowed down it would help. But you need to be discreet. You aren't a hero." Gran Torino said sternly.

"I'm not trying to get into the fight. I just need to see it to the end." Hideo said with a seriousness she wasn't used to seeing from him. She conceded to it, because she understood it. "Sorry, I'll have to back out of my invite."

Shouta shook her head, "If I can't finish the case, you should finish it for me."
"You did all the work Eraser." He smiled at her. Shouta nodded and stood.

"Be careful." Shouta cautioned.

"Dude, I seriously don't have time for this." Hizashi placed his hand on his hip as he stared down a villain trying to hold up the station. Apparently he had some kind of message to the public. Some plan to take over the city, so he needed to yell about it to the public. This guy had a real inflated sense of importance and he was really reaching beyond what he could do alone. And who did this kind of thing alone?!! How did he even get into the news studio?!

Hizashi sighed as the bald man started his monologue again. All about how he was going to bring this city under heel. How dare Present Mic stand in the way of this city's riteous punishment. The nerve!

"Mic, we really need to get going." Tensei spoke from behind the wall of security behind him. And he was right, a quick check at the watch on his wrist and it was nearing noon. He needed to get to the wedding venue and make sure everything was as it should be. Then he needed to get to the salon to get his hair done. Then to the hotel his parents and soon to be in laws had set up to gather at with all of the formal wear.

So much to do. He had no time for this. He was not going to be late to his wedding. Shouta would literally murder him if he left her to play hostess. She would smile like a psycho in every wedding photo just to spite him.

"Wah! I really don't have time for this!" Hizashi shrieked as his panic rose.

"What the hell are you thinking about?!" Tensei yelled in exasperation.

Hizashi punched a few buttons on his speaker, rolled his shoulders, and bent his knees. "You should cover your ears." He breathed and looked at the villain who had stopped speaking. "Time to GIVE UP!"

The shout shattered all the glass around the room but the wave of his vocal attack hit the villain head on. The man glowed blue and held his ground. Reinforcement quirk? Hizashi clenched his fists and rushed in. He planted his boot between the man's legs and swung a huge right fist.

On a normal day he might have been impressed that this guy had blocked such a hit. Not many villains were trained in martial arts. But Hizashi had trained at Shouta's childhood dojos. Regularly she was his soaring partner. So knowing his boxing was telegraphed he shifted seamlessly into a different style.

Opening his palms he caught the fist aimed at him in retaliation. Turning his hips, he dragged the man into a judo throw. Right over his shoulder and to the ground. Hizashi slammed his heavy boot on the guy's chest.

"Of all days you had to choose today. My quirk isn't all I have dude. You could have done better." The security guards rushed over and helped him tie the villain up. "Take the glass and instrument damage out of my pay!"

With that he held escort the guy to the ground for and only had to enforce it once when the villain
tried to deadweight. Idiot. He signed the jerk over and skipped out the back with Tensei. He carefully dragged his hair down and changed out of his hero gear in the vehicle they left in.

They got to the venue and with a careful look he spent an hour making sure the DJ was set up properly. He checked the food and bar situation and recounted the table seating to be sure everyone they invited was accounted for. He spent a long moment just breathing before Tensei patted his back with a bright grin.

"Alright, let's go to the salon." Tensei beamed. "We're meeting Chatora and Snipe there."

"Alright." Hizashi nodded. Everything was perfect and now he just needed to get himself there too.

"You know, this is the most beautiful you've ever looked." Nemuri breathed. Shouta kept her eyes closed as her best friend buttoned the dress up her back. Then the train was brushed back. "Hold still, and I'll put on the veil and hair pins."

Shouta had sat through enough primping and pulling to last very second. After getting her alone time in the hotel room, Nemuri had marched her to a salon. And every woman in there got excited and did her makeup, nails, hair, and made a real attempt at dressing her.

But now she was at the venue, in a separate room with Nemuri waiting through the last hour before the ceremony would start. She was tired and the ceremony hadn't even started yet. Maybe she could nap.

"Alright, all done." Nemuri said and adjusted the lacy thing tucked into the intricate braid that pulled her hair to the side.

Shouta opened her eyes to the large mirror that gave her a full bodied look at herself. Her usual baggy eyes were smoothed away into a normal look. Her lips were coated in a dark dusty marroon lipstick. It complemented her eye make up which was a natural blend mixed with a bit of dark smoke.

Her bangs were pulled to the side to meet the rest of her hair on the left side. The braid pulled her hair to one side and revealed the drop pearl earring in that ear. A remnant of her mother's jewelry. A match to the metal necklace with random pearls that wrapped around her neck and dangled just to her collarbone.

Nestled behind her ear was a white gold pin that swirled against her head like an adornment. Trailing from just above the braid but at the back of her head was a veil that fell to the small of her back. The rest of her hair fell in a bounty of controlled curls that brushed the line of her collarbone.

She looked so much like herself but so much better at the same time. *Bride*, her mind whispered. And it was true, her eyes itched immediately but she fought the tears. No need to ruin her makeup. "Do you like it?"

"Hmm," Shouta allowed herself to smile and Nemuri gasped. "I take it you do."

"I love it!" Nemuri gushed and patted her eyes dry. The off the shoulder, long sleeve, floor length, dove gray dress that she wore was offset by the yellow flowers that her small bouquet would be
made of. But Nemuri looked good in everything.

Shouta spread her hand down her abdomen and for once didn't feel as fit for battle as she always did. Instead she felt feminine and beautiful. This was not how she looked on the regular, but she'd wanted to walk down that aisle and shock Hizashi. She thought maybe he would be shocked by this.

A knock sounded and the door opened to admit her father and Hitoshi. Both dressed formal in suits rather than tuxedo's. Apparently Hizashi had needed reigned in before he went wild with top hats.

What was different was the way Hitoshi had done his hair. The purple locks had been cut and cleaned up from the way he had really tried to emulate her style. It now stood in a gravity defying wild cloud. Was this how her hair looked when she used her quirk? Her father however had pulled his hair back in a fashionable bun. No one looked like a standard Aizawa now.

"Oh Shouta..." Her father smiled with so much loving agony in his expression. "You're mother would be so proud of you."

"And how many snapshots have you taken?" Shouta challenged to keep from getting emotional herself.

"All of them, you know that." He scoffed and came forward to cup her shoulder and kiss her forehead. "You look beautiful sweetheart."

"Thanks." Shouta ducked her head and looked down at Hitoshi. "What do you think?"

"I think you'll K.O. him before you even get up there." The ten year old laughed. "But that's the point isn't it?"

Shouta clicked her tongue at him and he smirked devilishly. This kid was getting to be too much like a fusion of both her and Hizashi mixed in with Nemuri. "How is he doing?"

"He nearly cried in the salon according to Tensei. The lady had a melt down because he wanted his hair to be perfect." Hitoshi grinned broadly. "But once he got here and got dressed, he stopped panicking."

"He was worried there wouldn't be enough time for everything. He had a hero emergency before he could leave his studio." Her father informed.

"Hey! He's not hurt is he?!" Nemuri interjected from where she'd been drying the stems of the bouquets. "I busted my ass this week to drop the crime rate some. I had to enlist Emi to keep criminals from trying to punch Shouta in fights. There will be no black eyes in these wedding photos!"

Shouta sighed, "It would be more real if we were sporting visible bruises."

"You're lucky the ones on your hip and ribs are hidden by the dress." Nemuri pointed one manicured finger.

"And you? Don't think I didn't see that bruise on your shin while you were changing!" Shouta countered and they glared at one another a moment before laughing.

Shouta smiled warmly at her father and son. They'd calmed the nerves that had been building ever since she'd woke up this morning. Foolish nerves, but nerves none the less. A knock sounded and this time it was a staff member calling them.
Nemuri picked up the bundle of flowers and came forward to lay a bouquet of yellow calla lilies into her hands. With that she chuffed Shouta's chin. "You look amazing, he's going to fall even more in love with you than ever. Just walk forward one step at a time and let your dad guide you. Don't trip, don't frown, but feel free to cry. We feed on those tears."

Shoura glared but nodded. It was always thanks to Nemuri that she could go a bit further as a woman than she expected. She never let Shouta fall into complacency in anything. It was as appreciated as ever. As Nemuri turned with Hitoshi to go to the door she called out to her friend. "Hey Nemuri, thanks...for everything."

"That's what friends are for." Nemuri beamed at her before she left the room. Shouta slipped her hand into the cook of her father's elbow and let him lead her out of the room and down a hall to the main ballroom.

The doors were opened and a wedding march was playing. Shouta looked up and Tokyo Tower was lit up in the night sky. Shining down into the room decorated with twinkling bulbs and candles. Nemuri walked ahead with Hitoshi at her side. And when she steeped aside Tensei stood looking as our together as always.

Waiting next to an officiant pastor was Hizashi. His suit was cut perfectly, hugging his thin legs and just touching the tops of his shiny designer shoes. His suit jacket buttoned over a dove gray vest and bow tie. The yellow calla lily on his lapel was a pale comparison to the golden bond hair that was loosely braided at the middle of his shoulders.

But his expression stole her breath away. He wore no glasses so his green eyes sparkled all on their own. His moustache and goatee were groomed. His eyes were wide and an elated smile were the treat she recieved as the music turned to the crescendo that would announce her entrance. They had rehearsed this days ago, but it felt so much different dressed as she was.

She stepped forward as her father's hand cupped the top of hers. The tables of off duty heroes and friends faded to nothing around her. Only he mattered.

She smiled as her heart fluttered in her chest. This was the man who had become her dearest friend. Who had stood by her side all these years. Even when she was trying to push him away. The man who had looked at a 19 year old her, a four year old Hitoshi, and didn't even bat an eye.

She was going to do everything in her power to make sure his life was as perfect as it could be. She was going to be the wife, the partner, he deserved. The flush that came over his cheeks was every bit the reward she had sought with this dress. Today she felt like a bride, and looking at Hizashi; he thought she was too.

That was all she would ever need, just him looking at her like that.

Sucker punches were a stunning force in a fight. There were a number of times Hizashi could say he'd been caught unaware by a stray fist or a calculated strike. But this rocked his foundations. His heart was pounding out a song it had never played before.

He knew all eyes were on her. How could they not be? The shock would be fun to look at later when he saw the photos. But he couldn't look away if he dared. Not when the woman he loved walked towards him looking like that and smiling in such a stunning way. Just for him.
The dress made her look softer and more feminine than any other before it. And the way her expression softened every step she came closer rocked him further. He had to tear his eyes away to nod to her father.

Then he was reaching out and her fingers slipped into his hand. She held out the bouquet and Nemuri took it. Then she let him hold both of her hands as the official began his speech. He might as well have been dead for all he actually heard of it. Then Shouta's smile turned into an amused smirk. She tilted her head and he snapped back into attention.

"Who gives the groom?" The officiant asked and Hizashi saw his parents stand from their table. They signed together with wide smiles, though his mother's eyes were wet with joyous tears.

"They do." Hitoshi translated from where he sat at the same table.

"And who gives the bride?"

"We do." Hitoshi and Takashi spoke with Shino and Akio. They stood and Hizashi noticed the picture of Shouta's mother in Akio's hands. Her blond hair and blue mysterious eyes looked at them. Hizashi vowed to her spirit to do right by Shouta and their combined family.

"I thank you all for bringing these two together and supporting them thus far." The officiant smiled and spread his hands. "Now, Groom, Yamada Hizashi, today you marry this woman and become her partner in all things. Will you- in peaceful times and during unrest, during sickness and injury; love this woman, respect her, comfort her, help her, and be her confidant until death? Do you promise to fulfill all this?"

"Yes, I do." Hizashi breathed and almost used his quirk when he looked into Shouta's dark eyes as a flush burned across her cheeks.

"And you Bride, Aizawa Shouta, today you marry this man and become his partner in all things. Will you- in peaceful times and during unrest, during sickness and injury; love this man, respect him, comfort him, help him, and be his confidant until death? Do you promise to fulfill all this?"

"I do." Shouta said confidently and Hizashi nearly started sobbing right there.

"We will now exchange the rings." The officiant smiled. Hitoshi walked over and passed rings to each of them. Hizashi ran his thumb over the layered bands and engraving. Shadow Kitten.

Shouta offered her hand and he slid the band onto her finger. It was as perfect as he knew it would be. He lifted her hand to press his lips to the ring. Shouta's fingers flexed to express her amusement.

Letting her take his hand she presented him with the ring he'd been dying to see. It was a thick gold band bordered by black on either side. He looked at it and saw an engraving inside. "It says, Freebird."

Hizashi's heart exploded. He bit his lip to stop himself from screaming in utter love. She'd chosen a song name! An old one on his ultimate hits list. And it matched her ring to a tee. "I can't even, I love you so much."

She slipped the ring onto his finger and he grasped her hands tightly. "You may now kiss the bride."

Hizashi's heart was racing with such aching love that he lifted his hand to cup her jaw. Shouta
stared back with as much emotion as he felt. She closed her eyes and stepped into him. Giving herself to him as she'd done ever since they met. He closed his own eyes and kissed her soundly. The love and passion he felt was expressed as a union between them. They were married at last.

Chapter End Notes

Ring then wedding bells ya'll we finally got here. I can safely say this is the half way mark of the entire series. 😊
Just Married

Chapter Summary

Wedding Nights are eventful in a non criminal way

Chapter Notes

Sorry this was late guys, I got entirely wrapped up in a one a month event in destiny 2.

I'm trying to obtain the Curse breaker and Wayfarer titles. Which require a crap ton of grinding in the game. This we'll was the shattered throne and we farmed it. Then I farmed heroic mosaics that rotate per week. On top of the revelry with an event only exotic to obtain. The destiny struggle is real right now. You can't even go into Crucible with infinate grenades pretty much flying everywhere.

Shouta let Hizashi pose them one last time for the photographer and her father. She knew the pictures would look good, Hizashi would be pleased. The last blinding flash left her eyes stinging. Hizashi cupped her cheek as soon as they were waved off.

"You need some eye drops babe." He said and walked them to the table in the main dining are that was bustling with people. He looked her over curiously, "Will it ruin your makeup?"

"No, I always use waterproof. The salon followed my instruction." She answered and let her body fall relaxed in the chair. Hizashi pulled the veil free now that the pictures were done. His sure fingers produced a bottle of her drops from seemingly no where.

The relief was immediate but she wasn't anywhere near as hurt as she might be after a night of work. Hizashi bent over her and grinned as he was done. "You hurt today?"

"Some bruises." She said and he nodded.

"I had an asshole in the station this morning causing some trouble right as we were trying to leave." Hizashi sighed. "I'm glad you weren't hurt badly while we were apart."

"Congratulations you two!" The booming vice of Toshinori drew Shouta from the comforting depths of Hizashi's eyes. All Might in all his civilian glory smiled at them both. "I'm happy to have been invited. You look very beautiful Aizawa."

"You hitting on my wife, Yagi?" Hizashi lifted a brow and bared his teeth. Shouta stifled an amused chuckle and decided teasing Toshinori was a great past time.

"Yeah, you hitting on me?" Shouta wagged her fingers. "I'll have you know I'm a married woman."

"I-No! I'm not -!" Toshinori deflected with all the awkwardness she knew he had in him. Hizashi snickered and beamed suddenly.
"Thanks for coming." Hizashi detached from her to clasp their hero friends arm. The other heroes were watching in amusement. "I'm glad you could get away."

"Well, I had to take a night off sometime." Toshinori rubbed his neck. "I'm very happy for both of you."

"Thanks." Shouta stood to take a flute of champagne as it was walked around.

"Shouta!" Nemuri called. She was at the table with the Pussycats and waving excitedly.

"Ah, excuse me." Shouta smoothed her hand down Hizashi's back and left to her friends. Hizashi immediately started up a conversation that drew in some other heroes.

The buffet was opened up and a number of people rushed off to that. Music started to play and Shouta looked up to catch Hizashi stalled in the middle of receiving congratulations like she was. He smiled small and promising at her. So she returned that smile and wondered how soon they could sneak off to be alone.

Nemuri grabbed her arm and with the entirely of the table they dragged her off to the buffet. Nemuri deposited her moments later at the table for bride and groom. Hizashi slipped into his seat and beamed at her.

The entire room was watching them. With phones out or just speaking with one another. Shouta's face burned from all the attention. Hizashi's hand slipped to the bare skin of her shoulders. "They can't stop looking at you because you're stunning."

"Well they can stop it or I'll punch them all." Shouta sighed and leaned back into the comforting weight of Hizashi's hand.

"I can't stop looking at you either." Hizashi admitted. "You're a vision Shouta."

"So you were surprised?" Shouta asked and looked away from the room to meet his green eyes.

"I'm going to have a hard time not tearing this gown later." Hizashi admitted bluntly and Shouta snorted. "Nothing else could have made you look more beautiful than you already are. This however, does a good job of showing everyone what I see daily."

Shouta flushed for a new reason entirely and bit her lip in annoyed flattery. She really wanted to be alone with him now. "Hizashi."

"I know, later." Hizashi winked at her and started in on his food. Shouta picked up the chopsticks waiting for her and settled her free hand on Hizashi's thigh. The muscle jumped in recognition and a red blush bloomed across his cheeks. Good, he was just as antsy as she was.

The evening was progressing well. Hizashi carried a drink in his hand, happy to actually be able to drink without work popping up. Shouta was checking on Hitoshi who was flanked by Kaminari Denki, and Tenya. Both boys appeared pleased and excited to be at a party. Judging by the plates full of sweets they now held, they were thoroughly enjoying themselves.

Hizashi looked across the room which was a bit more energized now that music was playing and
alcohol was served. Some heroes were dancing and finally coming out of the state they would all stay in when they were off duty. Ready but able to jump into any fight that appeared.

Shouta stood up and trailed her fingers over Hitoshi's wild hair. They smiled at one another before the boys took off together. Shouta was just starting towards him when the DJ announced it was time for the Bride and Groom's first dance.

Hizashi stiffened with wide eyes when he realized what that meant. Shouta tilted her head at him as she walked over. She flipped the train of her skirt up to take the little fabric loop into her left hand. This way no one would step on it, he knew about that had explained the purpose to Shouta when she boggled about it. Hizashi flushed when she looked at him.

"Hizashi, what is it?" Shouta asked curiously.

"Ah, uh...so, I know you said you didn't care what the song was. But I might have done something as a surprise." Hizashi rubbed the back of his neck in a bit of embarrassment.

"Well whatever it is, it's going to be alright." Shouta rolled her eyes and smiled. "Now let's get this dancing mess out of the way."

They walked to the dance floor and he took her into his arms. Shouta arched her back just a little, relaxing like she used to when they took classes together. The music started, and it was slow and soft at first. Shouta let him lead so he started dancing.

Then his voice came through the speakers. *In the shadows...she is there...*

*Watching, waiting, covering me...*

"Hizashi!" Shouta's eyes widened and she gaped at him. "You -...that's you!"

"There's a studio in America I went to to test my quirk. I spent that trip last year recording this." He smiled, he'd explained the trip away as a radio tour, which it was. Two weeks of popping by a number of stations. But each night he recorded and helped mix this track until it was perfect. Lyrics he wrote but couldn't leave anyone to sing. It wouldn't have meant as much if it wasn't coming from him.

*I never knew I could feel like this...

*Complete, I've had to admit defeat...'*

"Hizashi." She breathed and ducked her head to his chest. He just smiled happily.

"It's about how you changed my life. This shadow woman who is as secretive as she is beautiful." Hizashi grinned. "How I long to be with her, and how I know our love can light up the darkness."

"That is unbelievably sappy." Shouta chuckled.

"You put up a good act Aizawa-Yamada San, but I happen to know you like sappy." Hizashi smiled down at her. "I did the mixing for the instrumentals. The band there was so star struck, but they got the job done."

"Everything you make is amazing, Hizashi." Shouta looked up as the song started to wind down. He smiled to her, every emotion that went into this song was understood by her. "I can actually hear you on recording now. You did that...for me, for us. I love you so much Hizashi."
He couldn't handle it anymore. Hizashi stopped dancing and kissed her. Her hand on his shoulder lifted to his neck and she returned it. Tongues tangled, hungry for more. He pulled away before he lifted her up and took off for an empty room somewhere.

Shouta looked up at him in a daze and smiled small and warm at him. Her thumb brushed just under his ear with a promise. He just ran his hand across the lacy back of her dress and plotted how best he was going to get her out of it later.

Hizashi looked up as the song changed and others moved out to dance. Snipe led Nemuri, and Tensei interestingly enough was being drawn to the dance floor by Best Jeanist. Thank everything the man was fashionable and had not come in jeans to the wedding.

Hizashi turned Shouta over to her father and went in search of his mother. The music had been prepared special for this as well. His mother beamed at him and in moments they were both fighting off tears.

Shouta looked up from where she and Hizashi had shared sake cups. Now both had a dessert fork poised over a piece of lemon and almond wedding cake. Some American tradition Nemuri had squealed over.

"okay, let's just feed each other the cake. Nice and slow." Hizashi glared as she lifted a brow and glanced at the cake. She felt like he was negotiating a hostage situation. The point was to share their first bites as a married couple. Much like how their first drink of sake solidified their equal bond as partners.

Often times Americans smashed the cake into each other's faces. Shouta didn't get it. But Nemuri and Hitoshi had found it hilarious. This leading to this standoff between them over a piece of cake and unclear intentions.

Hizashi lifted a sliver of the lemon glazed almond cake on his dainty fork. Shouta mirrored him and speared a tiny corner with a piece of candied lemon on it. She tasted the bite Hizashi gave her. And it was sweet with a tart hint to it. Fresh for the winter season. She fed Hizashi from her fork and while he was busy oggling her lips she swiped a bit of icing onto her finger. Just as swiftly she swiped it across his nose.

"Shouta!" Hizashi gasped, she smirked and walked away smugly. Hizashi chirped and whined like a ruffled bird. But she was victorious from the way Nemuri and Hitoshi were exchanging money with Vanisher and Akio. Emi was dying of laughter next to them.

She noticed for the first time in a few hours everyone was occupied with Hizashi. Shouta took the free second to escape to the outer hallway. She snuck down to the room she'd been preparing in. She exhaled a long breath and walked to the window to look at the cold January night. It had started to snow, she was definitely going to have to put on layers before she ventured back to the hotel. The door opened and Hizashi slipped through.

"Think you're so funny huh?" He was furiously wiping his face off and smiling in amusement at the same time. He blinked at her and tilted his head before his expression softened. "Needed a break?"

"Partially." Shouta answered and looked back out the window. "I was hoping you would find me.
Hizashi...we're alone."

His eyes heated with every bit of promise shared between them. He dropped the napkin from his hand and strode to her in three long steps. One hand came up to cup her shoulder. "We're married now."

"Yeah." She breathed. "We are."

"It shouldn't feel any different than before. But it does." He looked down at the hem of her dress as he groaned. "I'm not going to be able to get you out of this quickly."

"Sorry." She wasn't even paying attention to the dress. She gripped his biceps on either hand and pulled him flush against her. "Zashi."

His mouth was on hers in the next breath and he was right. It was different. The slide of his tongue against hers, the way his arms circled her back. The angle of his head and the press of his lips...it all screamed hers. Hizashi was her husband.

The moan that tore from her was loud and wretched with want. She was halfway to lifting a leg and hiking her dress up just to feel more of him. That was when the door opened. "I knew it!"

Shouta pulled free of Hizashi and they stared locked to one another's eyes. Nemuri and Tensei ended the room looking royally smug with themselves. "Hey, we're done now right?"

"Doesn't matter." Shouta said and let Hizashi extricate himself from her. "You two can accept the gifts on our behalf and give out the gift bags. There's enough pictures to last forever."

Hizashi nodded and turned he dragged Tensei with him. Shouta stuffed the rest of her belongings into the bag and looked at Nemuri. "Thanks."

"You did a whole lot of extra today. The test of the party I can handle. You go have your wedding night." Nemuri grinned. "Tensei and I decorated the suite for you. Have fun."

Shouta nodded and lifted the coat she'd come with to put on. Her hero gear was thankfully hidden in her bag. She excited the room to find Hizashi there doing up his own coat. As they started back towards the entryway the halls filled with the purge guests. All clapping and cheering for them. Shouta lifted her skirt to free her heels up and followed Hizashi with thankful smiles for everyone. They got out of building to find Snipe there with a taxi. "Congrats ya'll."

"Thanks." Hizashi patted the man on the shoulder. He helped her into the cab. As the door shut behind him it hit home. They were really married.

If Shouta thought having an entire wedding venue focused on her was tiring, having everyone on the way to the hotel stare was worse. Shouta tucked her chin into the knit scarf she wore until they got to the elevator.

"Sorry." Hizashi smiled at her. She shook her head.

"No, today is alright. I'm not on duty." Shouta reached out with her free hand to tangle their fingers together. "No one is going to stab me in a hotel hallway as well lit as this one."
"There is so much wrong with that statement." Hizashi sighed and chuckled. The door came to the floor they were on and they walked down the hall. They stopped at a door and Hizashi unlocked it. The door opened to reveal a large suite.

Hizashi took their bags and hurled them in. Then he swooped her off her feet entirely. "Hizashi!" Shouta snorted in amusement. "This is totally unnecessary."

"No way they do this in dramas all the time." He pouted and stepped into the room fully. As he held her he toed off his shoes and settled her down. Shouta used his arm to balance while she finally shed her heels.

The dress dragged behind her as she ended the room itself. There was a couch against the wall and a balcony behind long curtains. A massive bed dominated the room with a television and wardrobe across from it. The entire room was low light with candles spread around to be lit. A spread of yellow and white petals were in a heart across the bed.

"They think they're funny." Hizashi snorted and she turned to see him hold up a pair of handcuffs and a boxed vibrator. This one was all white. He snorted and moved around lighting each candle with a lighter left for it.

"Nemuri put some real hope into me not being indignant about that." Shouta snorted. She shed her coat and tossed it onto the couch. She carefully removed hair pins and the ornament from her head. Her hair tumbled free and she sighed in relief.

Hizashis hands cupped the top of her arms right where the lace stared. "I love you Kitten, so much."

"Hmm, I love you too Hizashi." Shouta inclined her head and used one hand to brave on the table type counter holding the TV.

"I really got blown away today babe. You looked so unlike yourself, but at the same time...this was you too." Hizashi pulled her hair to the side where he pressed kisses to her shoulder and neck. "Everyone got to see you look as amazing as I know you are."

"You're the only one that mattered." She said and he let out a shaky breath. His hands caressed down her arms to guide them fully to the surface of the countertop. She puffed out a breath as sure hands gripped her hips and pulled her flush to his hips.

"I'll never be able to unsee you today. Every time I close my eyes all I'll see is your smile. And the way you looked at me." Hizashi let go of her and started to unbutton the dress with careful but urgent slips of his fingers.

The bodice loosened to her waist bit by bit and slipped down her arms. Hizashi's arms circled her as warm lips pressed between her shoulder blades.

"Shit." Shouta cursed and tensed her hands. Hizashi's warm fingers pulled the bodice down enough for her to tug her arms free. He pulled each catch of the lingerie corset free. She sucked in a breath as he smoothed his palms over her freed skin. One small shift and the dress fell to pool around her ankles. With only the tiny white lace panties on she shivered.

"Oh, fuck." Hizashi cursed and pressed his hips flush to her again. The line of his erection nestled against her and Shouta hissed. "Yep, everything is going to be different isn't it?"

"Just how much it means to us." Shouta dropped her head and turned to look at Hizashi. He'd shed the jacket and vest. His shirt was even unbuttoned at the collar. "Hope you weren't attached to this
shirt."

She grabbed the white shirt in both hands and yanked it open. Buttons flew in every direction. Hizashi gaped at her, stupified for a moment. She looked down every hard chiseled inch of him. "Shit Sho, that was hot."

"Good." She smirked and reached out to brush a purpled bruise on his chest. He mirrored it and rubbed softly over the wild bruises on her ribs. "We're ridiculous."

"You got them though?" He asked and she nodded. She stepped free of the dress and Hizashi led her to the bed. He swept the blanket off with the flower petals.

Shouta watched him strip down and flung her panties back towards her dress. Hizashi's braid was easy to pull apart and when they tumbled into the bed, twin curtains of gold narrowed the world down to just them. "I'm so glad you married me."

"You? I'm just glad you didn't run for the hills." Shouta retorted and smiled happily. "You and me then, forever."

"Yeah, forever." Hizashi looked so insanely pleased by that. Shouta cupped either side of his jaw and pulled him into a deep kiss.

He ran his hands down her body, igniting every place he knew that made her quake. It was every bit as sweet as the first time. But the fire between them wasn't new. It was lasting though.

Shouta wrapped her fingers around Hizashi's straining cock. His moan in her ear was worth it. He levered up onto his elbow and knees to give her room. His other hand drifted down to her center. Moving in time with the way she stroked him, he delved inside her with crooking fingers.

Shouta shared a panting kiss with Hizashi before she edged her head back to let him mouth across her neck and collar. He thrust shallowly into her hand and she tightened her grip on the head as he undulated into her palm. His gasp and shudder delighted her.

Hizashi angled his hand just right to rub his thumb over her clit and stroke deep inside her. She saw stars for a moment and moaned into his questing lips. "Sho, you and me?"

"You and me." Shouta nodded and Hizashi pulled his hand back to tangle both of their fingers together. With their hands splayed to the bed she angled herself and guided him into her with her legs alone.

It hadn't been very long since the last time they'd made love. But shit if it didn't feel like they'd waited years. Shouta arched into Hizashi and he groaned as he pressed tight to her. "Feel so good baby--... always feel so good."

"I know." Shouta roused herself enough to speak before the pleasure swamped her. She dragged her fingers free to wind under his arms and grab handfuls of his ass. "With me now okay?"

"Okay." Hizashi nodded and pulled back. She yanked hishm back with force and they both moaned. He looked her in the eyes sharply and nodded.

Shouta arched into the brutal pace they both started. Letting him pull back to drive into her. Sparks of delicious pleasure seared her from the inside out. Hizashi groaned but kept biting his lip to stop himself from involuntarily using his quirk.

Shouta tossed her head back to get her hair out of the way and activated her quirk. Hizashi glanced
down as she did so. He blew out a hot breath and moaned free and easy. He bent his elbows and shifted his legs to arch up into each thrust. Shouta was spellbound by the feeling of his ass flexing under her hands. Matching perfectly with his hard cock spearing her.

Shouta kept her eyes on Hizashi’s face as the sensations started to soak her brain. It was mesmerizing. His eyes closed and his jar fell loose to exhale soft greedy breaths. His brows knitted close in a concentrated look.

Shouta smiled as she let herself succumb to the sensations as they built and built inside her. Angling her hips to meet his and wring every last drag of his erection within her out. She never wanted it to end. The closeness and harmony with which they existed, it was everything to her.

Shouta's body drew tight and she gasped out high moans that yanked Hizashi's attention to her. His green eyes met her hazy red ones in awe. His pace quickened, deepening and dragging her aching orgasm out of her. Making it last longer.

Hizashi thrust a few times more and buried himself deep as he shouted his release. The noise would have rattled the entire hotel if she wasn't reading his quirk. That alone was immensely satisfying. Hizashi levered up to sit on his heels, still buried deep inside her. His hands smoothed across her breasts and down her abdomen.

"Ooh, Kitten, I think you broke me." He panted and looked down. Shouta blinked rapidly as her quirk deactivated. She looked at him and smiled while her body was swimming in the rush of tingly aftershocks. He licked his lips and smirked at her, "I'll never get enough of you, wife."

"Good, cause I'm not done for the night." Shouta smirked and tightened her hold on his hips with her legs. "You're mine husband."
Get Away

Chapter Summary

In which Hizashi has thought of everything

Chapter Notes

So, I went through like five ideas for this honeymoon. All of which were interesting get aways I wanted to do for myself. :_( I need a good vacation but my little one is too small to take on a plane.

Anyways I liked the idea of a private get away, but still lively. That was hard to put together honestly. So I compromised and went with a little of both. Something both Shouta and Hizashi might enjoy.

See the end of the chapter for more notes

When conversations of their honeymoon came up they had both tried to postpone it. Hizashi had a lot on his plate with his two jobs. Shouta even more so with her work underground. But with how busy they got normally they might not get another vacation. Not one they would truly enjoy.

So Hizashi had researched heavily to get them out of the country. It was generally frowned upon to step on other heroes toes when in their turf. But Hizashi knew as well as Shouta did, that they would be hard pressed not to get involved if something happened right in front of them. That factored into the vacation planning.

The idea of a secluded vacation would minimize the risk of ending up in such a situation. But they had chosen a winter wedding and Hizashi wanted to bask in the sun. So his options were limited. Nothing was truly secluded. So he'd floated the idea of a cruise. While Shouta didn't hate the idea, she'd been concerned with the number of people.

Hizashi had researched until he'd found one large enough to be busy and no one would get in their business. And it was shipping off from a foreign place, so being noticed was low risk. He'd chosen a two week long cruise to the Atlantic carribean.

Somewhere they wouldn't end up unless an international summons called for them. Shouta had shrugged and told him whatever he wanted to do was fine with her. He was honestly excited, he'd planned so many things for them to do.

He hustled Shouta through the airport after they had checked their gear and bags. After a lengthy goodbye to Hitoshi and their parents they were settling in for their flight. Shouta slept against his side and he was so glad Nemuri had snuck the sleeping bag out of the luggage.

They spent a long flight just getting to the American Port that hosted the cruise and the port they would embark from. Shouta side eyed everyone as they made it through the airport. That was when Hizashi realized why she was doing that. He was just as on edge as they traveled as she was. He
was doing it too. They were both worried about something happening and making them jump into hero mode.

"It's okay babe, soon we'll be on the ship, and then we can really relax." Hizashi waved for a taxi to take them to their destination.

"Yeah, but knowing our bad luck something will happen that needs a quirk erased, or stopped from a distance." Shouta glared at anyone cool enough to come close to them. "I told myself that were too hectic back home. This vacation is deserved and I shouldn't mess it up by trying to be a hero off duty in a different country."

"Aww Shouta, you're trying to have a good time!" Hizashi squealed and hugged her as the taxi pulled up. He snapped a selfie and she looked totally bored even while she glanced at the camera with a flush.

They rode in comfortable silence and Hizashi reached out to cup her knee in his palm. Shouta just leaned her leg into his and he grinned privately. It wasn't often Shouta let him openly display affection. It just wasn't something they did in their home country.

Shouta looked out the window and the late morning air shined on her. The long flight, the hectic energy he'd had for days leading up to their wedding, finally ebbed away. It was just the two of them in a foreign county about to go on a cruise. It felt like they were the only two in the world really. He liked it a lot.

The port authority loomed ahead of them as they were dropped off. Hizashi got his first real look at the ship they were going to embark on. It was huge. Shouta looked up at it with a critical eye as they handed their bags over and tipped the valet. The check in process was overwhelming. Especially when he and Shouta had to show they were heroes bringing support gear onto the ship.

"Are you expecting trouble?" The security guard asked as he inspected their gear in a room set to the side of the check in area.

"No sir." Hizashi beamed when Shouta reached out to stop the scarf from wrapping the poor guard up like a mummy. She'd painstakingly taught Hizashi and their friends how to remove the bands in the event she was injured in the field. This guy must have a static type quirk. Definitely emitter type.

"Don't hurt yourself." Shouta glared and her English was still heavily colored by their native tongue. Hizashi just flicked his sunglasses up and eyed the guard who was rubbing red marks off his hands.

"Just on an off duty vacation man." Hizashi smirked. "But you know us hero types. Can't go anywhere without being prepared."

"Well, just don't go using quirks on the boat. I don't know if you're licensed here or not. There are other guests." The guards went for stern and looked at Shouta who just stared him down with an especially dead look. The guard flinched and she closed up the totebag carrying her scarf and utility belt.

Hizashi opened the door and slung the backpack holding his directional speaker onto his shoulder. They left and pocketed the ship cards and room keys. With the guard escorting them they entered the ship ahead of a number of guests. But everyone seemed engrossed in ensuring they had everything they came with.
Hizashi looked at the room assigned to them, the one he'd picked was on the top level of the room accommodations. They took an elevator up to their suite and he opened the door to a lavishly decorated room.

Shouta smirked when she looked at him and dropped her bag next to where their luggage had been delivered. In the center of the room. The room was on the corner of the ship. A curve really. It was decorated with dark wood and stark colors. There was a couch facing a vanity counter with a round backlit mirror.

The bed was positioned behind a slatted wood partition, a television mounted on a stand near the foot of the bed. A bathroom with a bath and a shower stall was across from the bed and television. The balcony doors opened to a swath of deck with two sunbathing chairs and a table with wicker chairs sitting there.

Hizashi opened the balcony door and breathed in the salty sea air. It was a shock to come out of the cold in Japan to the nearly summer warm weather of Florida. It was a treat. Shouta wrapped her arms around his waist and looked out at the dock area they were moored at. "The television says there's a safety meeting before they set sail."

"Hmm, reminds me of our first year training camp at UA." Hizashi tilted his head to look at Shouta as she looked across the channel that led out to sea.

"I can swim better now. And we don't have a teacher dumping us into the water." Shouta said petulantly. Hizashi beamed and Shouta slipped out from behind him to lean on his side. "I wonder if we'd have met outside of heroics?"

Hizashi blew out a breath, this was another of Shouta's hypotheticals. She'd used them to test them both before they earned their teaching licenses. He knew she wanted to be ready for when Hitoshi tried for a heroics course. Their son would settle for no one other than Shouta as his teacher.

"I think we'd have met on the street." Hizashi looked at the sky and decided to delve into the hypothetical with her. If only to see how civilian versions of them could meet.

"I would have been a gymnast." Shouta sighed. "Only so I could hero Shino's gym."

"I might have been a DJ. Something that wouldn't require me to use my voice for anything other than hype." Hizashi grinned at her. "It would have been after high school. In Tokyo."

"I might have bumped into you and been shocked by how blond you are. Like the sun given human form." Shouta cupped his hand on her waist. "Like summer."

"You'd have given me attitude because I never watch where I'm going. Everything just flows around me normally." Hizashi smiled, that was only possible because of how he dressed, how he did his hair even when it was short. "I would have found your attitude sexy, I do already."

"You're a masochist." Shouta snorted. "I never made it easy did I?"

"Nope, it's what made you so attractive." Hizashi looked at her. "You'd be as driven as a civilian as you are as a hero."

"And you'd be just as persistent." Shouta turned to him. "It's an irresistible trait of yours."

"We'd have ended up right here wouldn't we?" Hizashi smiled warmly at her and she lifted a hand to his neck.
"Probably." Shouta answered. A knock sounded inside just as he leaned in for a kiss. Shouta sighed and edged away to go and answer it. Hizashi looked out at the water one more time before he turned and reentered the room. Shouta held out two life jackets with an eye brow lifted. "Safety seminar."

"Gotcha." Hizashi nodded. They had time.

Shouta walked through floor after floor of the cruise ship after the safety seminar. Shouta made conscious note of the life boats, and the exits on the lower floors. She watched the cruise staff and saw they were all calm and eager to assist. Trained most likely for emergencies.

Hizashi ooh-ed and aww-ed at all the stores on one entire deck. They were going to have to find souvenirs for everyone. But that was for later in their trip. It was interesting to walk and have no one look at them. Back home Hizashi got noticed just having long blond hair. And being the prettiest man sauntering just about anywhere. He was getting some attention, but not enough to warrant any death glares from her. Here he was just like everyone else.

They located the bars and restaurants on another floor. Music played everywhere, some American stuff Shouta want familiar with. Hizashi knew the songs though. She knew they would be directing some nights here to enjoy the entertainment. Whatever made him happy.

They found a lavish buffet and Shouta let Hizashi shovel light snacks at her. He was so excited, and it was easy to fall into his rhythm. It would let him lead her to the same emotion.

It was always easy with Hizashi. He'd always looked at her with that same adoring twinkle. Despite anyone prettier fawning on him, he'd only ever had eyes for her. It was a heady feeling, knowing he was her husband now. Shouta pulled her ring from the depths of her shirt and smiled as she played with it.

They ended up with some kind of tropical drinks that were handed out to the adults and made their way up to the highest point they could get to. The ships horn echoed across the ship and the engines roared to life. Shouta looked over the edge of the deck they were on to see the water bubbling with motion next to the dock.

They were pushed sideways out into the water. Hizashi dragged her to the other side so they could watch as the big ship maneuvered into position. They set sail and within twenty minutes, they were breaking away from land. Hizashi wrapped himself around her and they basked in the sunlight together.

Shouta wanted to remember this moment forever. Just being together and feeling this happy. "Hey," Shouta touched Hizashi's arm and he swung his head to look at her. "Take a picture."

He beamed as if startled then he dragged his phone out with practiced ease. He took their selfie and then a sweeping shot of the ship setting sail. It was perfect. Shouta turned in his arms and planted a deep kiss right on his mouth. Hizashi groaned and took another picture before he wrapped her up tighter.

"Room?" Hizashi asked. She nodded and they slipped off.
Shouta shifted at Hizashi nudging her. It was the second day at sea. They had one more day before they made their first stop. Shouta adjusted in the gray light of morning to see Hizashi leaning up from the pillow he'd shoved under his chest in the night. Sometimes pressure on his gunshot scars hurt, the pillow eased some of the weight from them. Shouta has spent some nights making sure he was comfortable, mostly when she couldn't sleep.

Hizashi's hair was a wild spill down his muscles. He rubbed his face with one hand, the other he'd forgotten after shaking her. "Morning Hizashi."

"Hmm, sleep well?" He looked at her. Shouta smirked, she'd slept excellent after they'd gotten the excess energy out christening this bed. Plush and welcoming, she hadn't even been able to feel the ocean beneath them.

"So, what do you have planned today?" Shouta asked, his tired expression brightened as he thought about it. He rolled to snatch the remote from a little cubby next to the bed. He clicked on the ships status channel. The weather predicted high temperatures and a bright sunny day with winds being a little high.

"Wanna hang out poolside?" He asked. Shouta nodded, she was ready to give this tanning thing a shot. But first, they needed to hit the gym for their daily workout. She'd gotten them up early the day they flew out to get it done before they left for the airport.

Dressed and sporting their work out gear they popped up to a floor almost entirely dedicated to the gym and a large spa. Shouta looked at Hizashi and he smirked. They made their way to the outdoor deck where a few women were doing yoga. It was the best kind of warm up.

"Should we do Akio's routine?" Hizashi asked and Shouta smirked. "Oh you want to do the other one huh?"

"We've been doing it since we first met." Shouta laughed. Curious looks shifted to them at the japanese vocal exchange. Hizashi opened his phone case and turned on his yoga playlist. It was mostly just ballads of various languages.

Their mats were ruled out and they smoothly moved into the warm ups necessary before she stood up. He stretched one leg behind him and put his weight onto his knee. Shouta hooked her arms with his and gripped his biceps. She smoothly lifted up into his hold and their foreheads met while Hizashi exhaled as he held her weight.

"You good to hold it?" Shouta asked.

"I'm good." He grinned. She kept her eyes on him as they counted down a three minute hold with long in synch breathing. Then she tipped her legs down and she pulled free of the hold.

They went through a number of complicated poses with Hizashi as the base before they switched and she became the base. When they finished her muscles were singing with exertion. That was when she noticed they had accumulated an audience. A number of women had come out to watch and some men had stopped their workouts to be impressed as well.

Hizashi scrubbed a hand on his neck embarrassed. But he just grinned and introduced them. Shouta brushed her hand over his back and he waved to everyone before he followed her into the gym.

Shouta watched as the others boggled at her spotting for Hizashi. Hizashi smirked at them like it
was a desirable trait that she could lift three hundred pounds. His smirk turned filthy every machine they moved to when whispers started. "I think they're jealous."

"I think they're just trying to figure out what my quirk is." Shouta rolled her eyes from the leg press. "Normal girls don't work out like this."

"Then they don't know what they're missing. I love knowing you can spot me at the gym. Makes me feel less judged than if I go with Toshinori." Hizashi kept his hand on the large press as she pushed it up with her feet. "It's really unfair going with him. It's even worse that he's totally unaware of the way he shames the rest of us."

"Shouldn't compete with him." Shouta lifted an eyebrow. "He's like a unicorn."

"Shouta! Are you making a joke?!" Hizashi was delighted. That was the point. Their weight lifting switched over to cardio that was spent on ellipticals. They returned to the outdoor deck where no one was doing yoga now and Hizashi inclined his head. "Wanna spar a little?"

"Just lightly. No one needs to know we're heroes." Shouta dropped her bag with the yoga mat and sweat towel. She drank some water before she paced away from Hizashi. He shifted his feet and bounced a few times to loosen back up.

Hizashi dashed forward and Shouta batted away his leading jab. A gasp came from the doorway where the other gym visitors had gathered to watch them again.

Shouta acknowledged that no one other than Hizashi could have ever been her husband. He would never have disrespected her by pulling punches. She preferred it that way.

His leg came up and she dropped her elbow to block. Knocked back a step she turned on her heels and punched through Hizashi's block to his abdomen. He took the hit and scrambled back from her. His arms came up in the boxing stance he was most comfortable with.

Shouta adjusted accordingly. When he punched, she dodged. And when his kick flew out, she was ready. She wrapped his leg up and he twisted as she dropped to her back with his leg in a lock. He hissed and tapped the deck twice. Shouta released him and the hungry look on his face returned. Shouta grinned sinisterly and they were at it again.

"Sho," Hizashi's voice caught Shouta's attention from where she might have been dozing off. She tilted the large and fashionable sunglasses up to continue to shade her eyes from the sun. He beamed the moment her grouchy eyes were on him. "You want a drink?"

"Sure, you order." She waved a lazy hand and he got up from his sun chair to order them both something summery. Lemonades were sat before him and he returned to her with them. Hizashi took in her form, he wasn't the only one though.

Hizashi was reminded of a blushing teenage Shouta wearing a yellow bikini with black cats on it. Now she was wearing a simple black bikini with a matching sarong she could wear while swimming. Nemuri had dragged poor Shouta out to shop for their trip more than once. This was the first time he'd gotten to see her in it. And it was tempting.

It took a practiced eye to notice the bullet holes in her shoulder and side. The knife marks in other
places. A swath of burns here, discolored scars there. All anyone else was going to see were her breasts, or her legs as she alternated lifting one or the other. Her neck was especially eye catching while her wild hair was piled up in a messy bun atop her head.

Hizashi ran his fingers over his own wound marks. Anyone who got close to Shouta realized she was covered in scars. But he was never going to be daunted by them. Not when she kissed his, traced them with her tongue and made all of him hers. He padded over and set the drink on the small table next to her.

Her rough fingers brushed his and swept up the alcoholic drink to try. She pursed her lips but still savored it.

"You worried about scaring people with those piercings?" Shouta quirked her lips in amusement and pointedly drank more to tease him with the straw.

"There are children about." Hizashi hissed.

"Hitoshi and Denki have both seen your peircings." Shouta laughed. "I'm sure these order passengers can handle you."

"Alright, but when the old ladies start telling the staff I'm indecent looking, I'm pointing at you." Hizashi pointed at her and sipped his own drink. He shed his unzipped short sleeve hoodie. He settled back down next to her and slathered on his own tanning lotion. Shouta adjusted and her lips spread in a grin.

"It's pleasing to know a number of women and men are looking at you. But you're going to bed with me tonight." She chuckled and Hizashi whipped his head to her.

"Shouta!" He admonished to her melodious laughter. It seemed she wasn't the only one to draw attention. He must be as oblivious as her when he wasn't being a hero. He decided that was a good thing. He unearthed his phone and took a few selfies before he took some candid shots of Shouta as she tanned.

As revenge for her teasing he pulled an ice cube from his drink as she settled onto her stomach to tan her back. He dropped it right between her shoulder blades and took off the moment she shot up with a cry.

"Hizashi!" He beamed and flung his phone at her knowing she'd catch it on reflex alone. He tumbled into the pool and scrambled to the deep end. She jumped in after him moments later. Hizashi slowed down let her catch him. She dunked him and he came up sputtering.

Shouta wound her arms around his neck and they floated while he brushed his wet hair out of his face. "I love you Hizashi."

"Love you too." He pressed a cold kiss to her lips.

Chapter End Notes

Sorry this one took a while to come out. I wanted to dump a lot into this Chapter. On top of the GoT catch up my husband wanted to do. It's been an interesting two weeks.

Also, Happy Mothers Day to any mothers out there.
**Surprise Surprise**

Chapter Summary

In which Shouta surprises Hizashi

Chapter Notes

So I've been on a cruise before. Used a bit of inside knowledge to write this. And I've got a neat story or two to tell outside of this fic.

My grandfather, who has also been on a cruise, told me a story about the safety meeting he went to. That a woman asked a staff member if the pool was full of sea water. The staff said yes, they had an entire filter system in place to pump it into the pool and desalinate it. Before they treated it for passengers. So she says "So that's why there's waves in the pool" needless to say my grandfather died laughing.

My story is, one night my husband and I attended the included banquet dinner (fine dining night). It's in the grand dining room, formal dress code, steak dinners we both had. So we get there, decked out to the nines, and there's this guy with his lady there. Not sure if they were married or just on vacation. She's dressed up, he's in jeans and a stained old a fuck t-shirt with holes in it. He's drunk as hell yelling at the poor staff for trying to enforce the dress code. They eventually get seated two seats down from us. She orders her meal and he gets cocktail shrimp, which they have in the buffet BTW. So anyways he finishes half his meal, throws up in the fake plant next to him loudly. All I could take away from this was that I felt so sorry for that poor woman stuck with him on the ship. I got the feeling she might have financed that entire vacation but idk. If my husband acted like that I'd have gone to dinner alone so he could sleep that shit off.

See the end of the chapter for more notes

It was the third day they were on the ship. Shouta managed to wake herself before Hizashi and dressed in a pair of shorts and a tank top. She wrapped up in a cardigan and slipped out to the balcony to watch the sunrise. She'd gotten a surprising amount of sleep the past two nights. It wasn't that strange that she was having sleep problems now.

But it was nice to settle in a chair and watch the sky turn pink before it streaked with gold light. The balcony door slid open further and Hizashi edged out in sweats and a light hoodie. "Couldn't sleep?"

"I think I got too much in the past two days." Shouta smiled as he walked over to cup her shoulder. He looked out over the ocean and they enjoyed the crisp breeze afforded by the ship moving at such a swift but comfortable pace.

"This was a good idea." Hizashi said and pulled the other chair out to sit next to her. "I'm glad we agreed to come."
"Me too, I resent that I had to leave my case behind, but this is great." Shouta said with a smile. "Who knows when we'll get to do something like this again."

"Well, they might hire me out to do vacation shit." Hizashi crowed like that was some kind of achievement. When they both knew he preferred to actually be a hero. He was plenty famous without even being in the top ten heroes bracket. Shouta was glad she was an underground hero. She didn't have to be so embroiled with her public image.

"So what do you wanna do today?" Hizashi asked and Shouta had given it thought. While she might have liked to laze around here or poolside she wanted to put in some extra effort for Hizashi. He was her husband after all.

"Let's check out the shops again. Then I want to have lunch on that deck we found tucked in the back of the buffet area." Shouta explained and Hizashi blinked in surprise. "Let's catch a show tonight, maybe check out one of the bars before dinner."

"T-The whole day?" His smile was fighting to come out.

"Yeah, maybe we'll order some wine after dinner. We never actually have wine." Shouta suggested and Hizashi flushed. She smiled instead. "I have a surprise anyways."

"A s-surprise?" Hizashi squeaked.

"Yeah, Nemuri made me buy it." Shouta smirked and he flushed. She loved that look on him. "So, we got a plan?"

"Y-you got it babe." He lifted a thumbs up and she kissed his cheek before she headed into the suite to get dressed for their morning workout.

Watching Hizashi interact with the other passengers was rewarding. She got to see Hizashi in his element. At his core he was an entertainer with a very heroic disposition.

As they had breakfast he joined the staff in a guided exercise that was more dancing than anything. Shouta watched him as old ladies, women, and teens joined in. It was the radio host in him. And it was exceedingly cute.

They went shopping and perusing the other attractions on the ship. They found a few things Hizashi plucked for souvenirs. They even had lunch on that secluded deck where she could lounge and look across the ocean behind the ship. It was companionable, which was the entire point of the plans she'd had.

Staff members went around the ship and announcements went out about a show happening in the afternoon and they decided to check it out after they walked through the casino and arcade. Hizashi managed to get destroyed by a teen at an arcade game they had back home. Shouta avenged him, and she only managed to do so, because of her days chaperoning Hitoshi and his friends at their local arcades.

The show ended up being a comedy set. Some of the jokes went over her head as it pertained to current events in America. But The general talk of relations with other countries she did get. And it was humorous. Hizashi understood all of it though, and considering part of his fan base was in
America, it made sense he had more of a grasp on their current trends.

But he was happy, and that was the goal. By the time the comedy show was over he was practically glowing he was in such a good mood. They returned to their room to get dressed for dinner and Shouta spent a bit of time in the bathroom perusing the selection Nemuri had packed for her.

So far they'd been too excited and hasty to put any extra romance into their nights on this ship. But tonight Shouta was going to wow Hizashi. She selected the tiny black dress that had a halter top and her cute black wedge heels to wear. She put her hair up into a stylish bun and put in actual earrings. She left the bathroom to Hizashi and sat down to do her make up.

As she finished her makeup and the shower started she looked at the other thing Nemuri had bullied her into getting. She was supposed to wear it the first night on the ship. But honestly they barely got the door open before they stumbled in yanking off clothes and getting to skin as quickly as they could.

Tonight Shouta was going to surprise him with it. She was usually too lazy or tired to put forth the extra effort in such a thing. But she was going to do it for Hizashi. He did so much to make her feel special, now it was her turn.

Hizashi excited the bathroom in a towel so she zipped her bag up and sat it next to the vanity. She got up to let Hizashi take the hairdryer to his hair and watch him put himself together. He even put in contacts rather than wear his glasses.

When he straightened and put his shoes on he looked at her on the couch with a heated gaze. "You look great Sho, ready to go?"

"Always." She smiled and took his offered hand. That was when he noticed she was wearing her ring on her hand. He looked at her with such a pure smile she was glad she'd decided to.

As they left the room she saw their room attendant and split from Hizashi to ask him to do a favor for the room when he went in to tidy up. With that in place and her ignoring Hizashi's curious look they set off to find dinner.

Hizashi was loving this vacation. Mostly because no one here knew who he was. If anyone in other countries knew Present Mic it was from his English broadcast. They had no clue who he was on site. So being his civilian self was extra rewarding. It was a rare day when no one noticed him. Those days were usually reserved for Hitoshi.

They chose a restaurant that was an American styled steak house. Hizashi got to be spoiled often thanks to the station and his trips to the American production company. Shouta didn't often care for extravagant food. She preferred her energy and nutrition pouches.

She kept drawing his eyes, wearing a flowly black dress with her buckle wedges. Her hair fell in cute splashes from her bun. As always she was as pretty as ever. He wasn't sure what had gotten into her with planning the entire day, but he was liking it.

Once they were seated he was pleased to note it wasn't busy yet. Shouta squinted at the menu as she read and pointed out what she wanted to him so her English wouldn't trip up the wait staff.
Once they were ordered and neat cocktails were delivered Hizashi covered her hand with his.

"So, you gave up your case." Hizashi looked at her and she pursed her lips in irritation. They'd talked about it a lot, leading up to the wedding.

"I know Vanisher is right, and Gran Torino can handle it." Shouta sighed. "I'm sure the doctor factors in somehow, all the leads point to him being an accomplice."

"Well, if this case is that big I'm glad you aren't in it." Hizashi shook his head. "As selfish as that is. I much prefer being here."

"Its alright, I like it when you're honest." She smiled and looked at him. "Sometimes I need you to bring me back before I spend weeks out and can't seperate myself from the work."

He knew that she struggled with that. If Hitoshi wasn't with them, she would spend more time on rooftops than in bed. He rubbed her calloused knuckles and nodded.

"I heard some stuff before we left." Hizashi mentioned. "Some whispers going around that might be more along your wheelhouse than mine. Drugs are staring to pop up. Gangs are all over the city carrying them."

"Any big fish?" Shouta asked curiously.

"Not that I've seen, but I only got a bit of info, you'll do better if you talk to the police once we get home." Hizashi tilted his head and she nodded in thought. Their starters arrived and Shouta fumbled with the fork a moment before she started in on her salad. Hizashi watched her eat feeling as smitten as he did when they were teens.

"We should go to the sports festival this year." Shouta said and looked at him. He smiled as anticipation surged, he totally wanted an intern. His current sidekicks had their eyes on spots in his agency, and they were a good balance to help teach an intern. Maybe he'd find someone surprising.

"You'll have to compete with other heroes, that will be interesting...again."

"Shouta! My beef with Snipe only happened because he got the best employer award!" Hizashi gasped affronted. Snipe had crowed about that for weeks. Asshole friend that he was, he kept leaving that damn magazine article in places he had no business being. Which meant he'd enlisted Nemuri and Hitoshi into planting them everywhere.

"Hitoshi will probably help you pick. You know what he's like." Shouta smiled soft and far away a moment and Hizashi went there with her. Their ten year old son, and he was theirs in every way that mattered now. He would be totally into the sports festival.

"Did he tell you he was thinking of going back to middle school." Hizashi asked as their steaks arrived. Shouta's gaze lingered on him until they were alone again.

"I'm not saying he can't handle it. He was handling it before we got involved back in his elementary class." Shouta sighed. "But beyond getting him to test his quirk limits he won't really use it in training."

"I'm not worried about him using it on the other students, obviously." Hizashi started in on his food and watched Shouta as she did the same. "I'm worried about the others using their quirks on him."

Shouta's look of murder mirrored his own. They had both dealt with their fair share of bullying. He had always been outgoing, he'd had his friends and girlfriends in middle school. But there were those people who went out of their way to act like he couldn't control his quirk. Hysterical and
mean-spirited jibes that he'd deafen them like he had his parents.

The idea of Hitoshi dealing with that soul crushing shit in middle school made him want to say no. Protective flares of parental affection made him want to shout the world to rubble. Shouta's hand settled on his and that was when he noticed he'd been furiously cutting his steak.

"I don't like the idea of him dealing with the same shit. But I've trained him in hand to hand. I'll keep training him. But we can't coddle him. We agreed to let him guide us when he got old enough to make the decision to go back to school." She said and that calm reason and rationality was what he needed. He always needed her to be the rock that kept him from flying too high.

He flipped their hands to tangle their fingers together before he pulled back so they could finish eating. "He can decide." Hizashi acknowledged. "Hitoshi is a tough kid. If he thinks he's ready, we'll believe him."

"He's going to be a hero one day." Shouta looked at him with that same sure fire she'd looked at him with the day she beat him in the sports Festival. She known without a shadow of a doubt that she was going to fight her way to the hero course. Hitoshi was Shouta's second coming.

"He is." Hizashi agreed.

They walked around the ship after dinner and Hizashi relished having Shouta's hand on the crook of his arm. Other couples looked at them before they looked away. Staff members were aware of them and nodded to them in acknowledgement. They passed across deck after deck in comfortable silence. Just being together was rewarding enough.

The night club was packed, the bars were filling up, and the casino was nearly bursting with all the adults inside. They walked through the open air deck that housed a large stage with a band playing gathering a large number of people there as well. While it was thrilling to catch the notes and tunes of each place, they didn't stop walking.

And then he discovered why. Next to a closed dairy bar, was a lounge cut out next to the large staircase that led to the grand dining room. A piano was in the lounge and a staff member was there playing for a number of older couples and elderly passengers. Hizashi looked at Shouta when he saw the open space where an elderly pair of women danced together.

"Shouta..." He breathed.

"We go out as a group enough to dance to faster music. But you and I don't do this nearly enough." Shouta tugged him out and they drew amused gazes from the other partners who were sitting around. Hizashi saw Shouta drop some money into the tip jar. "Something romantic please."

The pianist smiled, understanding Shouta's heavily accented English. The pianist swiftly moved the notes into something slow and lilting. Hizashi breathed in the smooth song and let Shouta pull them to the tiny dance floor. "I knew I liked you ever since we met. But that summer when you showed me how to dance...I knew I was in love."

"Me too." Hizashi grinned and pulled her a little closer than was totally appropriate in public. Shouta adjusted and laid her arm across his shoulders and slipped her palm into his. The moved together, a simple to step that let them exist in their own bubble.
Shouta's gaze lifted to him and they spent a long time just staring into each other's eyes. He was blown away by every step she'd taken this night. Shouta was always capable of romancing him, and she always hit him with how sweet and small each gesture was. That was what made each moment so sweet and special.

Moments like these were just for him. And he treasured them for what they were.

Shouta smiled suddenly and shifted to lay her head on his chest while they danced. Music flowed around them song to song. He watched a number of people smile as they watched them. Like Shouta and Hizashi just exuded the kind of love that people noticed. He caught sight of the two women who were dancing together again. And the love in their eyes reminded him of how he looked at Shouta.

He wanted them to last as long as that elderly couple did. And if their hero work didn't kill them, they just might. He brought Shouta's hand up to his mouth and pressed a kiss to her knuckles. Her fingers tightened on his and he felt in his heart that all of the emotion welling in him was answered.

Shouta pulled back and he met her gaze before he tipped his head down. She met him for a chaste kiss that seared him down to his soul. Companionable warmth, knowing love, that was what Shouta had conveyed to him with this day. And fuck did he love every second of it.

"Can we go to bed now?" Hizashi asked and Shouta smirked. She nodded and they dropped another tip into the jar that the staff member smiled about.

They didn't even stop for drinks but Hizashi's whole body was strumming with a buzz of another kind. He was anxious to peel Shouta out of that dress. He wanted to feel her eyes on him as he unveiled every inch of her skin.

They arrived at the room and Shouta stopped him from putting his card in the door to unlock it. "I had something set up for us. It's a surprise for you."

"For me?" Hizashi gawked at her. She just inclined her head and let his wrist go.

He unlocked the door and was surprised to find the lights were on and glasses holding tea lights suspended in water were waiting to be lit. Pale butter yellow petals littered the bed where a heart was folded out of rolled towels, catching his eye. The curtains were pulled open and the clear night sky was showing through the balcony. Shouta pulled him into the room and he blinked at her.

"Alright, who are you and what have you done with Shouta?" He squinted down at her and she snorted.

"Light the candles, I'll be right back." She slipped out of her heels and strode to the bathroom after grabbing a bag from the vanity seat.

Hizashi shed his outer layers and unbuttoned his shirt half way. He left his shoes, belt, and accessories aside. Then he padded around and lit each candle until the room was bathed in the soft glow of the candles. He turned the light off and opened the balcony door to let the ocean breeze blow over the room.

The bathroom door opened and Hizashi turned and stepped around the TV. He froze as he looked at Shouta. She'd washed the makeup off and the tired bagginess was back. It was so endearing to see the real her. Her hair was tumbling around her head but not in her face like normal.

But he was shocked at what she was wearing. When he'd seen her in her wedding dress he'd been
speechless. She'd been a vision. Everyone got to see her looking as stunning as he saw her normally like that. And when he'd gotten to take her out of it, it was a gift.

But this...this was for him alone. This was a sinful gift.

Shouta had one arm on the bathroom door that she pulled closed behind her. The bra portion of the entire ensemble looked like it was made of fabric strips that began between her breasts, stretched over to the shoulder straps. Long bands fell in varying lengths from the underwire in a waterfall of fabric that dangled just above her bellybutton.

Shouta wore a tiny black thong made of the same material that dangled those fabric tendrils down the top of the ensemble. Ooh, Nemuri had a hand in this. He knew Shouta didn't give one shit about lingerie. This was a wedding night gift they had never managed to get to.

"Ooh, sweetheart." Hizashi's voice warbled as he yanked hard on his control. He was not going to use his quirk right now. No sir, not while his wife was looking like that just for him. In an outfit that treaded the line of his punk clothing choices, and her minimalist styles.

"Do you like it?" Shouta asked and looked around to avoid his gaze awkwardly. She meant everything from today, and he did love all of it. But nothing else existed while she was standing there wearing that. His pants had become unbearably tight so he blatantly unbuttoned them. That drew her sharp gaze.

"Shouta, every moment today has been perfect." He said and she flushed when she met his gaze again. "Even when you surprise me, it's fantastic."

"You deserve to be surprised." Shouta said and he stepped towards her.

"Oh, this was a surprise alright." Hizashi breathed and instead of reaching out to where he wanted to, he cupped her elbow and ran his palm up her arm. "I love you kitten. With everything I am."

"I love you too." She looked away shyly and he tipped her head back to seal their lips together for a deep sucking kiss. When they parted for air their eyes met and he sank to his knees.

"Fuck Shouta, how are you real?" He trailed his fingers up her bare legs and pressed a trembling kiss to the skin just above her abdominal scar. Shouta trembled under his lips and he glanced up to find her watching him.

"I ask myself that about you a lot of the time." Shouta answered and trailed her fingers into his hair and pressed her thumb to his temple. "Then I remember you married me. So something like dress up is easy... if it's for you."

Hizashi made a strangled noise as he gripped the backs of her thighs. And it was his workout regimen that let him lift her right into his arms as he got to his feet. Single minded determination got him to turn with her pressing a hungry insistent kiss to his mouth.

"I love you too." She looked away shyly and he tipped her head back to seal their lips together for a deep sucking kiss. When they parted for air their eyes met and he sank to his knees.

Hizashi stayd still while she smoothed her hands along his sides and traced his abs with her thumbs. Electric sparks went off everywhere she touched and heat burned in his blood. He leaned on one arm to let her remove the shirt before he shifted to the other.

Hizashi lowered his free hand to the center of her abdomen. He savored the steady beat of her heart
and looked into her eyes. She tilted her head in response and took his hand into hers. She lifted his palm to her chest and he realized that the bands that swept over her breaths weren't a solid piece. Each band was separate and he could slip his fingers between them. The smirk Shouta sent him was filthy and triumphant. It seemed knocking him off kilter was how she wanted to play this. That was fine, he could play that game and win.

Hizashi teased a pert nipple to life and eased his arm to the elbow. He pressed slow open mouthed kisses on her neck and collar. Lavishing every bit of skin he could reach with attention. Shouta shivered when he licked over a scar on top of her cleavage. Hizashi leaned up to look at her and licked his upper lip before smirking triumphantly when her eyes cracked open to look at him. There were differences in the way the black of her eyes spread when she was enjoying herself.

Hizashi reached under the bands to lower his mouth to the nipple he'd teased. Shouta arched into his tongue and he grinned into her skin. Perfection. Hizashi snuck his hand up under her and unhooked the lingerie. He pulled it free and Shouta flushed. He flung the bra across the room and watched it flop against the bathroom door handle. Shouta angled one leg up to smooth over his hip. She reached down for his fly and he angled to let her. As he rose up to his knees she slid his pants and boxers down his thighs. He put one foot down to awkwardly get his pants off.

Hizashi watched Shouta as she ran her thumbs up his hipbones and looked up to meet his gaze. They surged together into a kiss that was deep and exploratory. He slipped his hands from her neck to her shoulders, then further to slip the thong off. He tossed it away and didn't even bother to see where it ended up.

Shouta was always such a sight when she was naked. A vulnerable side of her came out when they were in bed together, a part of her that wasn't a hero, a mom, or even a grumpy grouch. Hizashi had no illusions about her, she could probably fight totally naked and still be as terrifying as she was in full hero gear. But like this, he got to see the Shouta that wanted.

Hizashi pressed kisses to her breasts, cupping and rolling each nipple under his tongue. Shouta's small sighs of pleasure fueled the inferno building in his blood. He smoothed his fingers over new scars and soft new skin. The knowledge that she was his was a thought hanging in the back of his head. She was his.

Hizashi parted her strong thighs and without preamble laid his mouth on her. Lapping her folds open and tasting the sweet wet evidence of her arousal. He pressed fingers on either side of his tongue to massage her and watched her head tip back and her back arch. He teased her open and delved his fingers in to test how tight she'd gotten and if they needed to find the lube that was buried in the pillows somewhere.

Shouta came alive under him and he decided if they pushed beyond one toss in the sheets, he'd find the damn bottle. He flicked his tongue ring over the tight bud of her clit and Shouta nearly shrieked. Her wide eyes flew down to him and he smirked as he retracted his tongue. He always delighted in the reactions she had when he used his piercing during sex. She only let him wind her a little more before she nearly kicked him off of her. He leaned up and watched Shouta roll to the floor.

She bullied him to the open doorway on the balcony and he leaned into the open door as the ship moved. The warm ocean breeze blew over him and he looked out only a second before he felt her push him against the door frame. When Hizashi looked back Shouta had dropped to her own knees and was angling his straining cock to her mouth.

"Oh, fuck-!" Hizashi choked on his words.
Hizashi threw his head back as she sucked him deep into her throat in one go. She rolled her tongue along the base of him and he sucked in a tight breath. She bobbed her head, never releasing the suction on his erection. Hizashi panted and looked down, meeting the glittering black gaze of his wife. The hot pleasure that had suffused all of him shot down to his balls in an instant. He was so lucky, so goddamn lucky to have her!

Just as he felt like it was too much, and the electric surge of his orgasm was creeping too close Shouta pulled away and yanked on his knees. He nearly fell over her as she shimmined back to the bed. He chased her and caught her half onto it. She twisted just as he climbed over her and she smirked at him. He trapped one of her legs between his and she arched back to push her wet folds tight to the hard ridge of his cock.

"Shit," He hissed and Shouta tossed her hair out of her face to press her hand to his chest. He lifted her other leg up over one arm and leaned forward, planting his other hand for leverage behind her shoulders. Shouta watched him closely and smiled small and soft at him. He brushed a kiss to her mouth before he got back to his knees and adjusted his hips. "Ready babe?"

"Hmm," Shouta tilted her head and in one second he sank deep inside her. We lcoming and tight, warm and his.

Hizashi felt his breath get punched out of him and it wasn't as if anything was any different between them other than their new status as husband of wife. Every touch seemed electrified, bigger than they had ever been. So he thrust his hips and reveled in the small cries he wrung out of Shouta. Testing his angle to determine which thrust excited her more. What drew the most noise from her. Those things were his goals.

He viciously beat down his body's response to the wet heat he buried himself into. Not until she'd reached her end with him. She'd dressed up for him, she'd planned this whole day for them, everything she did this day was for him. His head was swimming in pleasure, his heart thundering. Shouta gripped the sheets and arched, he hitched her leg higher and drove his hips to chase that expression on her face.

Hizashi bit his lip as he watched her, her eyes were closed, face tense as her body siezed muscle by muscle. She was close, his awareness was so keen he could practically taste the moment she broke. Shouta gasped loud and sudden. Her inner walls clamped around him. Shouta choked on air and flung her head back.

Hizashi huffed as he pushed deeper into her, the pressure of her orgasm was nearly too much. But he pushed through and watched as a second orgasm built from the over stimulation. Shouta scrabbled on the bed before she cried out and surrendered to the second orgasm.

Hizashi gave up after that. His teeth ground into his lip to keep his voice in, it wasn't about him right now. Not when waves of pleasure surged in his blood. Not when he was buried deep in Shouta helpless to the way her body dragged each last twitch of his cock to empty in her. It was mind blowing, he was sure he shorted out a moment.

He let his lip go and panted heavily. He became aware of a gentle hand slipping up his sweaty abs. Ending its path right over his thundering heart beat. Hizashi eased he leg down and matched her touch. Shouta's heart was frantic, pounding with the exertion and emotion from sex.

Like this, with her heartbeat telling him she was so alive, he'd never felt closer to her.

Chapter End Notes
Sorry this took so long guys, I wanted this chapter to be lengthy. Also that GoT ending. Omg.

Not at all what I expected. But kind of at the same time.
Destinations

Chapter Summary

Island stops for Shouta and Hizashi's honeymoon

Chapter Notes

Thank you all for the comments everyone, they make me smile.

Sorry this was late, but let me tell you, I put in some serious time in video games after my kiddo went to bed in the past few weeks. The game I play had a season turn over and my good raid team got back together, we got so much shit done. And frankly, I procrastinated this.

Partly because I got into other things including this lovecraft inspired, non Fanfiction, novel I'm writing...and partly because I kind of didn't want the honey moon to end. I wanted this thing to go on forever, the romance was so pure. But with all things, and the amount of ideas I have it needs to reach it's end soon enough.

See the end of the chapter for more notes

The next morning the ship was scheduled to dock in St Croix. Shouta woke up with a lot more fight than she had previously, she was delightfully exhausted. Hizashi had to resort to picking her up and putting her in the shower. They did their morning routine on the balcony before going to breakfast.

They watched the island come into view and run the coast before docking. Hizashi was excited as they packed up a bag to go ashore. Shouta tucked her capture gear into a large beach bag underneath some casual beach gear. Hizashi stuffed his directional speaker into a back pack and grinned at her.

They joined the masses of passengers moving lower to a hatch that opened to the port dock. Shouta studiously watched Hizashi snap photos and selfies of everything. The area they opened into was a tourist spot. Bustling with activity, there were two other ships docked next to theirs.

Hizashi led them to a boat, listed as a catamaran. They boarded and were excitedly welcomed. A number of other passengers joined them and they filled the boat quickly. Music flowed over the wind and Shouta relaxed where Hizashi placed their bags. The wind blew against her and felt great against her skin. She let Hizashi pose them in a number of cute selfies and even smiled in them in ways that didn't make her look like a serial killer.

They arrived after an hour of sailing and Shouta watched a number of the passengers leap into the ocean to swim to shore. Shouta looked askance at Hizashi and he beamed at her. "I'm getting flashbacks from our summer training camps."

"Aww, but you can swim so much better now." Hizashi chuckled and leaned against her back where she stood. Shouta let herself relax into his familiar form. Warmth bloomed inside her and
she decided she wanted to savor every moment with him. Who knew where their hero lives could take them? But for the duration of this vacation, they had each other alone. "Oh hey! They've got that rum punch everyone was raving about online."

Shouta shook her head as Hizashi padded over to the boat's crew and collected them both a decorative glass. He came back to her and she dutifully sipped the drink before she blew out a shocked breath. Too strong! "Hizashi!"

"This thing is amazing!" He gasped with delight like the celebrity drinker he was. Shouta snorted and swatted him. This was the kind of drink you could light on fire. Oh well, she was on vacation.

"Come on Shouta!" Hizashi called as Shouta followed him across a number of the outer decks of the ship. She was amused by the red tint he was getting to his skin the longer he spent in the sun despite how much sunscreen she was shoving at him. After the day before with their catamaran sailing and enjoying buffet food when it got dark as they were sailing away from the St. Croix port. Now he was all excited for something he'd wanted to keep a surprise.

He led them to the deck that housed the gym and she curiously followed him as he steered to the spa instead. Shouta watched Hizashi speak with the staff members and grinned when he turned to her. "So, massage first or hot tub?"

"I shouldn't really be surprised, you and Nemuri do spa days all the time." Shouta smirked at him and he flipped his hair in a way she knew Nemuri had taught him.

"It takes work to look this good." Hizashi spouted proudly and Shouta snorted.

She took his arm and led the way to where the staff member was waving them towards the back. Shouta entered the locker room and changed into the bathrobe and slippers they provided. She made sure her hair was pinned up high and joined Hizashi in a facial and pedicure.

The spa staff slathered some kind of revitalization mask on her face with a heavy amount over her eye bags. She knew it was a result of her quirk but she wished them well regardless. Fruitless battle it was.

The ladies tutted at her nails and hands. She had heavy callouses thanks to her capture weapon and the amount of parkour and free running she did for work. It didn't help that it had only been a few days since Nemuri had made her sit still for her wedding manicure. She'd broken three of her nails just carrying luggage and holding herself up in the shower stall while Hizashi ate her out and made her legs turn boneless.

Yeah...delicate little acrylics didn't stand a chance. But the staff removed them and cleaned her nails up to a natural state with just a protective clear coat.

Once the facial was done and all touched up nails were dry they were ushered to a room with two massage tables. It was a little unsettling to let anyone see her skin bare outside of hot springs or the bedroom. But Shouta relaxed with how professional everyone was. Hizashi flopped onto his table and the massuese adjusted his sheet. Shouta relaxed into place and the woman turned on a soft playlist of music. Some kind of oil was poured onto her back and within seconds Shouta melted. Every knot and tense line of her back and shoulders ebbed away under sure and precise hands. Hot rocks joined the massage and the heat rolled through her muscles.
An hour flowed away as her arms and fingers popped with careful ease. Her leg muscles were left buzzing after being smoothed into new life. Hizashi grunted every so often. Shouta finally had more than her hunch that his directional speaker was hard on his neck and shoulders. Once everything was done and she was guided into a sitting position Shouta felt like sleeping immediately. Instead they headed to showers and changed into bathing suits before relaxing further in the hot tub. Shouta took Hizashi's hand in the water where they sat side by side and smiled gratefully at him. "Good idea Hizashi."

"Glad you thought so. I figured you would need it." Hizashi dropped his head to hers and they just relaxed in the warm bubbling water.

Their arrival to Aruba was busy. Hizashi led Shouta in excitement to the shuttle that took them to a diving company's business. Their diving licenses were required and Hizashi flashed them proudly. They seperated from the rest of the passangers who were looking over gear in a pack. Hizashi joined Shouta in picking out their gear and they climbed onto the boat that would take them to one of the two sites they were going to be diving at.

Hizashi zipped into his suit and clipped his tanks into place. Shouta swiped her hair into a tight bun and braided his to keep it from getting in his way. Hizashi pressed a kiss to her mouth before she zipped into her wetsuit and marvelled at the flush that elicited. He liked it when she got embarassed. He looked up as they arrived at their destination and the instructors directed them all into the water. A party boat was on the other side of the site and Hizashi waved at them and grinned when he got some waves back.

Shouta slipped her goggles on and slung the scuba mask over to her collar. Hizashi mirrored it and they hopped into the water. With fresh oxygen to breathe Hizashi dove down quickly. Shouta swam next to him and they linked hands. He was glad he'd packed his underwater camera and had hooked it up to his chest already. They would get good snapshots from this. The Antilla shipwreck was in two huge pieces on it's side. Coral growth and fish had taken over the entire thing. Shouta tugged and adjusted herself to dive lower.

Once more they split from the pack and swam along the surface of the deck. Hizashi angled to take pictures of her diving and moving near the coral growth, the way she angled as fish moved around her like she wasnt even there. Their colorful bodies caught the sunlight streaming from above. They slipped through clustered hallways inside the ship, the flashlight on his rig and Shouta's illuminating the interior places they could get into. Shouta looked back at him and there was a smile in her eyes. Hizashi felt exhilarated when he saw it. He'd chosen the right excursion for this trip.

Hizashi just watched his wife as she marvelled at the beauty of this underwater dive. A light returned to the parts of her he knew was run down from how dark their jobs were. He knew there were only so many rapes, murders, and abuse cases they could get involved in without having it stain their optimism some. Hizashi reveled in the bright looks Shouta kept sending him as she moved along the second half of the ship. He was going to hold this silent moment forever, because it would battle all the evil they saw and dealt with on the daily.

When they surfaced and settled into the ship for a trip to the next location Hizashi felt like his heart was unimaginably full. Shouta's excitement was infectious and he could only mirror it with his own. Convincing her to take the diving class after their near death by flash flood in Kyoto had
truly paid for itself. They might not have had to use it once in Japan for anything, but for this...Hizashi had reaped the benefits fully.

The next day they arrived in Curacao. Hizashi hadn't planned anything beyond just walking around the tourist city to take pictures and visit the local businesses. Shouta seemed relieved for a reprieve after their day of scuba diving and the rather acrobatic night they'd both had. He took pictures as Shouta walked around in a rare dress. She didn't often wear one, but the verdant green fabric was eye catching. Her tote bag with her capture scarf was a casual comfort since he'd left his speaker back on their ship.

Hizashi heard music halfway through their store hopping and packed their souveniers into his own bag. He found live bands on a number of different streets and jumped into dancing to the caribbean music. Shouta laughed as she joined him, their ease with each other startling a number of people around them. He loved doing this with her, he was going to endeavor to make sure they danced more. Shouta's black hair caught the light as she turned into his arm and she grinned happily at him.

They danced at a number of other places while the day wore on and they caught lunch while watching the sea. Sitting together on a bench that over looked the water was companionable. He loved it, and Shouta laid her head on his shoulder. He took a few pictures with his phone and savored each one.

They shopped a little longer and continued to walk a curious map of the city. The buildings were so bright and colorful, Shouta said it seemed like the whole city was made for him. He could see that, the amount of color was different.

They found dinner at a lavish restaurant reserved for the ship's passengers. They dined on more of the local cuisine and watched the sun set. Hizashi found Shouta's hand on his as they looked out across the sea while golden sunlight. He rubbed his thumb over her knuckles and drank the wine he'd ordered. This was an excellent tour day. Shouta stared out into the sunset and he took a quick perfect picture of her. He grinned when he saw it, that was definitely one to have his father in law create a painting of. He was going to put it in his work office.

Shouta enjoyed the next day at sea by sunning herself on the adult only serenity deck. Hizashi sunbathed on a deck chair while she connected to the wifi and called Hitoshi for an update on how he was doing. He gave her the general answer that told her nothing at all. Her father updated her that they were doing fine. Hitoshi had visited both Tenya and Denki. And they were getting into all the trouble boys could get into. It was a relief to know her son was doing fine.

Nemuri updated her about the crime going on. Nothing out of the ordinary, but she had busted a violent prostitution ring that was robbing the idiots that were hiring the prostitutes. A nice job done by Nemuri.

Shouta filtered through the emails from her usual police contacts and she directed them to other
underground heroes. It hurt to pass up work, but she was enjoying her time with Hizashi. She finished and shut her wifi back off to see Hizashi going through some business on a video call. His side kicks were doing well enough on their own, and his producer was handling the radio show with proper management.

Hizashi abandoned his chair to drag her to a massive wicker two seater with pillows. They sat together and she let him take more pictures of them. It wouldn't be often she would be wearing a bikini for him to marvel at. Once he finished being a diva she tangled her legs with his and took a nap in the sun.

Barbados was less sunny than they had been experiencing, but it was still as hot as their trip had been. An open air bus deposited them onto a beach and Shouta slipped her flip flop sandals off. Hizashi bounched ahead with an ecited gleam in his green gaze and a whipping blond pony tail. He planted his hands on his hips with an assessing gaze. There was a bar near the middle of the beach and umbrellas staked into the sand.

With her eyes on a pair of beach chairs and an umbrella, Shouta made her way there. Her long beach towel was tossed onto the seat and her bag tucked between the two chairs and a low table. She settled to relax as Hizashi shouted polite greetings to everyone they encountered. He was always to personable, like a bird garnering attention at every turn. It was cute.

Hizashi produced a speaker dock and slipped his phone into it, his playlist blasted out some general music of various genres. Ever the DJ, he selected only the most popular across a number of countries to compile his list. Shouta relaxed for hours as it played and Hizashi bopped his feet and mumbled words to keep his quirk in control. Eventually he got up and vanished, he returned with a pair of beers. Shouta accepted it with a smirk and they toasted to the excellent time.

As the day wore on, Shouta tugged on her beach cardigan and led Hizashi to the water’s edge. They walked along the beach as the cooler water washed over their feet. Hizashi smiled as they walked and chuckled as their feet left prints in the wet sand. He took pictures that were frankly too perfect. Before they lost the light to a sunset Hizashi traced out the characters for their names in the sand side by side. Then he traced out the last name they had agreed to take for each other before they were married.

Aizawa-Yamada, for both of them.

Shouta pre-emptively pushed her foot into the wet sand and left her foot print there, Hizashi mirrored it and took a number of pictures of it pristine, then half washed away before the writing was gone entirely. Shouta laced her fingers with Hizashi's and turned into his arms, they kissed deep and warm. His fingers sank into her hair and they breathed in everything that they were together. Her husband, her partner, her soulmate. Shouta would honestly do it all over again, so long as it all led to him.

St. Lucia was going to be a more rugged desitation. Hizashi bullied Shouta into her athletic shoes
and leggings with a tank top. He decided to match and Shouta stayed amused at it the entire trip through the town and out to the heart of the rainforest. The Rainforest Adventure Park was at the base of a mountain and the trails were easy and well marked. Hizashi took pictures as they walked and listened to the guide as he explained the history of the forest, and pointed out key features of the trail.

Shouta mostly ignored the guide as she made note of what he was indicating but contented herself with just looking around. It was hard enough for Hizashi to pay attention to the English the guide spoke with his own native accent, and Hizashi was a bit of an expert with language. Shouta was able to understand, but she was really just along for the ride here. If it was work oriented she'd have paid near laser focus level attention.

Hizashi was content to ooh and aww at all the cool things they were seeing. Taking pictures of the wildlife they saw and the scenic places they visited on the trail. Shouta made for a good subject. Despite her aloof nature that the guide was quietly sweating over, she was impressed with what she was seeing. He could see it in the subtle smile she gave the canopy as the sun shined through above. The way she lingered as she looked at the small stream they walked over. The calm air she had as she assisted an older woman who was huffing through the walk with her husband.

Shouta was as amazing as she always was. Hizashi was pleased to get pictures of it and he decided when they returned home he was going to scrapbook this entire trip. Shouta would scoff at the whole thing but certain pictures would make their way into it like the one he did of their UA days did. Or the first few years with Hitoshi. Their trip ended and Shouta helped the older hikers to their transport because they weren't passengers from their cruise.

She returned to him with an apology. "Sorry, I couldn't just let her stroke out in the middle of a mountain."

"No, you did the right thing." He kissed her forehead and smiled at her. "That's what I love about you."

St. Kitts was their next destination. And while Shouta knew Hizashi had planned the excursion she was feeling skeptical on his behalf. Hizashi generally hated the outdoors unless it was as well planned as possible. The rainforest trail was easy enough, there was not a plethora of insects to terrify him. But this day he'd picked a horseback tour of the countryside in St. Kitts.

Now, horses wouldn't be the problem. Shouta could see how gentle he was after their instructions from the guide. He and his horse had a princess movie level moment of communion and they were already best friends. No, the issue came after he was up in the saddle. Shouta had already made note of the flies that were interested in the horses, as was nature. The problem was that Hizashi had not noticed them yet, they weren't yet flying around him and his tawny brown horse.

Shouta settled into the saddle and dutifully clipped the helmet onto her head. Of course, that was when a single fat black fly swept for her horse's flank. The animal stamped it's leg and swatted the insect with a pale tail. That fly was slung through the air right into Hizashi's face. His shriek of utter terror and disgust echoed across the entire paddock. Shouta's quirk activating was the only thing that kept the others from being blown off their horses and coming up half deaf.

His horse was startled but she was a veteran trail horse. She didn't even budge after Hizashi had
shrieked his soul out of his body and almost threw himself off of her. Shouta sidled her horse over to him as he swept at his face and shrill whines escaped him in his terror. She was so glad she hadn't deactivated her quirk yet, that tone was piercing when his own quirk was active.

"Hizashi!" Shouta shouted and he jerked before looking at her. "You're fine, it's gone."

"It's gone?" He gasped as he looked up into her glowing eyes.

"Yeah, it was just a fly." A giant fly, but he really didn't need that horror for his nightmares.

"Just a fly, okay," Hizashi breathed and visibly inhaled and exhaled. Shouta blinked and rubbed her eyes. She was thankful most of the flies had gotten the message the moment Hizashi's quirk went out before it was cut off by hers. If it had been a swarm Hizashi might have fainted, while hilarious, that would have been a worst case scenario. "I'm good babe."

Shouta patted his leg and he smoothed his hand on his horse's neck. He crooned praise to the large creature and Shouta pulled on the reigns to direct herself to the group. They were amused but thankfully kept the commentary to themselves. Their tour was much less eventful and while Hizashi was twitchy he managed to take a slew of pictures and selfies. The plant life was the real highlight and Shouta took in the colors and breeds of every bit of fauna in sight.

She took a few pictures for herself of the 'Flamboyant' flower. Properly named as it was bright red and bloomed on trees. It looked like a beautiful cross between a poinsettia and a orchid. Hizashi made a good subject as he and his horse crossed under the boughs of the tree. Shouta snapped a close up of his face as he reached into the branches. It was perfect. Shouta smiled as she made it the screen saver on her phone. Yeah, this whole trip had been perfect so far.

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Hizashi would admit the horseback riding had not been his finest moment. He'd thoroughly embarrassed himself in front of Shouta. Which would have terrified him as a teenager. As an adult, he was just bummed out about it. He really hasn't done anything that ridiculous since their high school days. But thankfully, their twelfth day on the cruise and their next destination afforded him a much better chance to show his wife he was cool and amazing.

Shouta joined him with an amused smile as they settled on the port docks in San Juan, Puerto Rico. While this was a location still hit regularly with storms and even high levels of crime, it was a tourist location rich with local heroes. Hizashi had made note the entire trip of a number of heroes he wanted to look up when he got home. But this trip wasn't going to involve them giving to this community in the way a number of passengers were doing as they joined various guides. Hizashi was going to throw additional money at the local businesses after they completed their fun.

They met with a few bartenders that joyfully took their sizeable group through a city tour that was energetic and right up his alley. Shouta was amused and followed along with his energy as he fell into the excitement. They stopped at a bar where they learned how to make Mojito's. Shouta was adept at making hers under direction. Hizashi decided he was going to shock Nemuri when they returned home by making her a drink. She would be so shocked she might actually lose her mind. Tensei would be speechless.

They finished their drinks after switching and drinking each others concoction and joined in while the guides showed the passengers how to salsa dance. Hizashi and Shouta didn't need instruction
and thoroughly left everyone speechless as they moved through the steps with ease of practice. He remembered when they learned it as teens just freshly experiencing their first summer as a couple. It had left them both blushing and the resulting teenage romp had been as heated as this dance was.

They finished their dance and ate some skewers with amazingly seasoned meat. Their next stop was a rum bar where they learned and tasted some of the different rums. Hizashi ate it up and Shouta hummed through the flavors. They bought some of the local rums from the stores around the excursion and would have to check them with customs when they landed back in America. But it would be worth it if Hizashi could take home a taste of this vacation. Memories for them both to share with their friends and family.

Amber cove was their last destination. Shouta had asked Hizashi in the comfort of their room as the ship docked what the plan was. His answer had been that they were going to a cabana on a hill side. While interested she hadn't expected the little shack size house with lavish furniture and shuttered windows. There were two sunchairs with a hot tub settled into the floor of the porch deck.

There were complimentary passes to a zipline and Shouta endeavored to make sure they did that before they left. However, the moment they were left by the staff, she was entranced by the space that could easily house six people. "You rented it for just us?"

"That's right." Hizashi answered and Shouta turned to look at him in silent question.

The windows were closed frantically before she was climbing into his lap on the couch and dragging his t-shirt off. She gasped as his mouth closed onto her neck. She arched into it and helped him get both of their shorts and underwear off. She wasn't pressed with foreplay, far too turned on by the privacy of a hill side cabana on the last destination of their trip before they sailed another day and landed back in America.

Hasty fingers tested her before she growled and seized Hizashi's hard cock. Clearly he was into the sudden public privacy as well. She braced her knees on the plush couch and sank down onto his erection. It was a tight fit, and the sting of sudden intrusion only seemed to heighten the mood. "Damn Babe, you blow my mind."

"Good," Shouta smirked and thumbed both of his nipple piercings. His intake of breath was matched by his hips bucking up. Shouta groaned as he jostled her center and it pressed him up into a spot that made her want more from him. "Gonna kill me one day." Hizashi growled and grabbed her ass and jerked her tighter against him. "It'll be worth it."

"Hizashi." Shouta chuckled and arched her back and planted one hand onto the back of the couch. They moved together as one and it sent shocks of electricity burning through her. Hizashi closed his eyes and dropped his forehead to her chest.

Shouta panted and shifted herself against Hizashi with every thrust. His free hand slipped down to thumb her clit whole the other that was cupping her ass slipped to where he stretched her open. The sensation of his flexing fingers drove her over the edge.

Hizashi pressed his mouth to hers and they both reached their end together. It was quick, and they both laughed as the sweat rolled down their skin. Hizashi melted into her arms.
"Love you." Hizashi panted.

"You planned an amazing trip Hizashi." Shouta said and kissed him softly. "This has been amazing."

"Glad you liked it." He beamed at her and with a bit of awkward fumbling they got to his bag. A couple of wipes and redressing and it was like they hadn't just had sex in a semi public cabana.

The zipline was included and they took advantage of a few runs. Food and drinks were delivered to their cabana after they ordered and changed into their swimwear. They relaxed in the jacuzzi and tanned on the sun chairs. It was a nice close out to their cruise tour.

The day wore on and eventually Shouta and Hizashi returned to the ship. They watched the boat sail from the aft deck high above. The ship blasted it's departure horn and Shouta laughed while Hizashi complained like he wasn't louder than that horn without trying.

They had one more day of this. Shouta smiled and watched the sun set as they broke out to open sea and left the mainland behind. Then she saw something approaching the aft in the wake of the churned water behind them.

"Hizashi." Shouta called for his attention and he turned back from where he'd looked out across the deck. "You see that?"

"I do." Hizashi growled.

"We there reports of crime out on the water near here?" Shouta asked as she glared at the all black boat speeding towards the cruise ship.

"Not enough to have caught my attention. And I looked too." Hizashi huffed and sighed. "I can't even hear the thing."

The boat moved effortlessly to the door on the port side that was an emergency exit that used to get on and off at the port docks. The door was ripped open by someone with a strength quirk. She couldn't see how many there were.

"Any chance security can handle that?" Hizashi sighed.

An alarm very reminiscent of their safety class went up. And that was a mistake because this wasn't a result of damage to the ship causing it to sink. There were intruders, and with the alarm going off now there were hundreds of passengers moving around the ship like hostages waiting to happen.

"Dammit." Shouta sighed and reached into her bag. "I wanted this to be something I just had with me. I didn't want to actually use it."

"I have to get back to the room." Hizashi huffed. "I can't use my quirk without hurting anyone...or sinking this thing."

"Head back then. I'm going to check on the security team." Shouta said and slung her scarf around her shoulders. "Be safe."

"You too." Hizashi smirked and put his blue sunglasses back on. "Honestly, can't we go anywhere?"

"Nope. But it was great while it lasted." Shouta kissed her husband and swatted him once on the ass. "This is more our speed though isn't it."
"At least it'll be memorable. Like who has actual pirates attack their cruise ship in this day and age?" Hizashi smirked with an immensely pleased look.

"Not pirates." Shouta huffed.

"Oh no babe, you'll not take this from me. I'm going to fight pirates." Hizashi pumped a fist. "Fuckin' pirates! Nemuri and Tensei won't believe it!"

Chapter End Notes

1st day- Sail  
2nd day- at sea Gym  
3rd day- at sea  
4th day- St Croix  
5th day- At sea  
6th day- Aruba  
7th day- Curacao  
8th day- at sea  
9th day- Barbados  
10th day- St. lucia  
11th day- St. Kitts  
12th day- San Juan  
13th day- Amber Cove  
14th day- At sea

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