Convenience? I think Not!

by Beribits

Summary

A blog run by 4 quirky teenagers that live in a pretty weird town
Featuring: Blowing shit up, Near death Experiences, Regrets, Things that should not exist, Scummy fathers, and possible murder.
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Some of this story wi be in first person, the other parts in 3rd person.

Notes

This is my first time posting something on here
Seemed like a good idea at the time
Enjoy!!
My name is Izuku Midoriya!

I’ve only been working in this store for about 6 months, and just now I’ve decided to start writing down all the freaky stuff around here.

My phone is currently at three bars, 4G, and 72% battery.

It’s currently 5:23

I’ve been locked in this small supply closet for about an hour or two. I honestly have no idea, I had no idea what time it was when I was hit with what I’m going to assume was a bat and dragged away. I just woke up a few minutes ago with an aching head and a bruised cheek.

Next to me, is my friend who is still unconscious. He has a pretty nasty head wound that’s stopped bleeding and a swollen eye. Eijiro Kirishima, one of my coworkers.

I don’t think I’ve ever regretted opening a locked door more than right now. Because as of right now, I can’t open the door and I think I hear screaming and yelling in the store.

Oof, I think the shelf holding all the old cooking oils has been knocked over.

I just heard an explosion and now the room has gotten cold, Shouto and Kacchan are probably dealing with the problem as of right now. Whatever it’s supposed to be.

My name is Izuku Midoriya, 14 years old; and currently working in a shitty dead end Walmart knock off nobody can remember the name of.

Heck, no one can even remember the name of our town! Literally, like nobody can’t. We don’t really show up on any map (for some reason), and the town sign was stolen years ago. A lot of people just have the tendency of calling this town “Dead End” And leave it at that.

Said town is nestled in a wide expanse of beautiful green forests, and almost completely surrounded by mountains save for the main road that goes through said mountains. There’s only one gas station, two barber shops, an arts and craft store, a city hall, and an old run down school.

Now quick context, yes usually a 14 year old like me should be in school with his friends and small amount of kids in the town. We were in school for like three weeks until there was a small accident, well small is being very generous, in the basement near the boilers.

Let’s just say that a curious, Quirkless kid with a tendency for interesting theories and a good friend with Half Cold and Half Hot he does not have a crush on, decide to test out a theory in the school basement plus an angry, over reacting, explosive friend catches them in a fit of rage.

Fun things happen.

Also who knew that the school had a clan of raccoons living in it?

So, with nothing but free time on our hands, and the fear of facing consequences we all applied for a job at the same place and decided to never speak of the incident again.

Surprising to all of us, we were accepted on the spot, the owner of the store didn’t even want an interview. He just asked our names, left the room for like 30 minutes, then came back in and threw the name tags at us.
Our boss, who we found out his name is Mitch Robbins, has been working in this place alone for years on end. The minute we put on our name tags and kind of settled in he just walked out the back door that faces the large forest and said “Don’t die!”

Okay, I know how bad that sounds. To those of you who might think it’s like a “don’t work too hard!” OR “Don’t get crushed by old machinery!” It’s a lie. That isn’t what he was talking about.

He’s talking about the weirdness of the store itself.

Like I said earlier I said it’s a knock off Walmart. It’s pretty big, about 40-50 aisles I think? I lose count, then again new aisles tend to appear overnight. And in this big store we’ve made a few rules, or discovered them is a better way of putting it.

We have the aisles of course, and then we have the ones we do not touch at all costs. Those ones will restock themselves, despite nobody ever going down there. Those aisles, almost are never lit up, that’s like a good third of the store.

Especially the gun aisle, dear god we are to never go down there.

Like any other Walmart (despite this one being a really, really weird and shitty knock off) we, of course, have an aisle specifically for weapons.

We, and by that I mean me because I get the short straw every time, have to feed something down there every once in a while. Now, we all learned this the hard way. First, with the destruction of the gate we didn’t even know existed, second, with the accidental exploration of the place, and third, one of us was almost killed after being chased down by the speed demon.

The only way to feed it is to actually go in there and dump a bunch of raw meat and candy bars in the aisle, like we (I) actually have to go down there and lure the thing out while the others go in and dump the food and make sure there aren’t any clay dolls.

Oh my god, I almost forgot about the clay dolls.

So every day we’ll find either old, misshapen clay dolls, old rotting wooden puppets, rusted copper dolls, or even moth-eaten little cloth dolls. They look really familiar yet I can’t seem to put my finger on where.

Oh well, I’ll remember when I have to. Not really something to worry about now.

So, what else to talk about, what else to talk about…

Oh!

The layout of the store, not sure if I’ve already covered that. But at the moment I will take anything to distract me from the smell of gasoline ablaze at the moment. At least I think that’s what it is…

Or maybe Kacchan’s quirk, no it can’t be that. His nitroglycerin sweat or whatever it is is supposed to smell really sweet. Maybe Todoroki set something on fire? Maybe. Possibly.

Oh, I’m rambling again. Who knew it was possible to ramble on text?

I didn’t.

Anyway, enough of my scatterbrained-ness. Back on topic.
So like I might have said earlier there are at least 50 aisles. There are the basic aisles and stuff. Food, necessities, cleaning supplies, office supplies. Even a big area dedicated for old school movies where there are a few old TVs and DVD players where we’ve also set up a few lawn chairs and a very comfortable recliner we managed to snag from the dark side of the store.

There’s a dark side of the store where weird stuff happens on the daily. We usually make a rule not to go down there unless absolutely necessary. Like cleaning out stuff, and chasing down a local that decided to go into the unlit part of the store.

Like a lot of big stores, we have two entrances. But the main one is in the front, where everybody comes in from. They’re usually greeted with an aisle full of what is probably stale bread. Unless it changes to flat sodas, it depends.

The other entrance, is one that nobody uses. Save for our boss, who walked out that way. Out that door was nothing but the large, dark, green expanse of the forest that surrounds most of the town.

There are things in there, things that none of us really understand or want to understand. There’s always this cold fog that rolls in every other month and stays for a week or two, adding to its general unsettlingness. My friends and I would go out there when we were small, it’s a wonder how we’re all alive considering the things that are in there.

We’ve found things in there that should have killed us on the spot, things we somehow didn’t notice when we were younger. Things we notice now, because we have better common sense, and an actual sense of self preservation.

I’ve only seen those things in the forest, they never come into town. Although sometimes I swear they stand at the edge of the forest.

There is a general rule not to walk too close to the forest, but people usually think that the rule is there for wild animals.

Ignorance is bliss I guess.

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6:05

Two bars, LTE, and 52% battery life.

Well the fighting stopped, and it sounded like a lot of stuff was broken. And I thought I heard glass shatter, well that’s what woke me up initially. I had started to doze off after a bit, still thinking of things to write about.

The glass shattering didn’t wake just me up, Kirishima actually started to stir. He’s still woozy, he might have a mild concussion from the looks of it. He’s trying to stand up, but I try to keep him sitting down, he has no balance whatsoever.

There’s also a bit of chattering outside, I think it’s Todoroki and Kacchan.

And from the sounds of the talking (It’s escalated to screaming) it didn’t end in a nice and neat way. I just hear ‘burnt’ and ‘overboard’ and incoherent yelling.

Oh boy.

Oh well, looks like another mess we’re gonna have to clean up. I should probably let them know
we’re in here…

I might post this on some sight, I dunno.

If I do, I might actually post more, maybe talk more about the stuff we’ve been through and are currently going through. Who knows.

Feel free to ask questions you guys.

(If I post)
Kirishima Eijirou Here!

Chapter Summary

I've got nothing better to do, so why not add to Midoriya's blog?

Chapter Notes

*Insert eternal screaming here*

Well I'm glad you guys liked the first chapter!

See the end of the chapter for more notes

So,

Apparently there’s a blog now about our lives. Or rather, about the weird stuff in our lives.

I found this out after getting spammed with emails upon emails of people commenting stuff, asking what happened and why. And who these people are that are mentioned.

Well, since I’ve got nothing better to do other than lay in bed recovering from an concussion, I figure I may as well spend time on this.

My name is Eijiro Kirishima!

Nice to meet ya blog readers.

So it turns out my good friend Midoriya accidentally made this account with our shared email. I have no doubt that Bakubro and Todoroki are writing stuff too.

(Though with different stories I’s sure)

So, what to talk about...hmm…

Oh!

Okay, so maybe I should tell you guys about us.

So, fun fact, all of us are from Japan. But we all ended up here to America when we were young. (Yes we can speak Japanese and English fluently thank you) I know Midoriya and Bakubro’s families moved here for work reasons, and they just never left.

The Todoroki’s moved here after a custody battle I think. From the obvious looks of it, Ms. Rei won. I’m glad, apparently her husband was a scumbag.

Me?

Well, I guess way to put it is that I’m just kinda stuck here. My folks brought me here to visit my
aunt who lives in this small town. Well, the day we were supposed to leave stuff happened.

One minute they were here

One rainy night and slick road later I’m in a hospital bed with my aunt crying at my bedside.

It took a while, to adjust. To recover.

The doctors said that I had instinctively activated my Quirk, and that’s what saved me. I still have that nasty scar that runs over my right eye.

But, it’s alright. Honestly, I’ve made the best of my situation. I have some really awesome friends and a pretty good aunt. I honestly have to wonder though, what kind of life I’d be living if we made it back home…

Hm…

Well, enough about that. Maybe I should tell you a little more about us!

You guys probably wanna know what we look like, but I’m not gonna post a picture on here. At least not with their permission. And I’m too lazy to text them right now.

So I’ll just describe us and our quirks.

I’m about 5’7”, with angry red hair I usually have spiked up. Though half of the time I have it down since the rain will ruin my spikiness anyway. So what’s the point?

I have a hardening quirk, I can make my skin hard as stone. I’m pretty durable, although it really works against me when I hit my arm on something even harder and I nearly snap my arm off. I’m still working on it.

Todoroki is a bit taller than me, standing at about 5’9”. He’s got awesome red and white hair that split in half. White on the right, Red on the left. He’s also got gray and blue eyes, respectively.

He’s got an awesome quirk, half hot and half cold. I’m pretty sure which side is which is obvious. One of the cool things about his quirk is that his body is always different temperatures.

Cold rainy day where you’re freezing your butt off cause you forgot your jacket? No worries, just stand next to his left side and he’ll warm you right up! Got a bad fever you can’t seem to cool down from? Lay your head on his right shoulder and he’s got you covered.

Although I notice he mostly accommodates for Midoriya, offering to put a layer of frost over him when he’s sweating up a storm or warming up his coat before he heads out.

Midoriya though man. He’s a pretty neat guy, standing at a small 5’5”. He’s the shortest, and youngest out of us. He’s got this curly green hair that’s a constant mess. Yet somehow it never gets in his way, I always have to wear a headband. He’s got these freckles on his face that somehow arranged themselves into little diamonds. I’m not kidding I swear.

But the ones on the right side of his face are kind of covered up by a nasty burn. Midoriya has had that burn ever since he was four years old. I still remember that day when he came to class, all bandaged up.

He refused to talk to any of us, even Bakugo. His best friend. He was quiet for the longest time, and no matter how much we would say it would be okay he wouldn’t talk. It took a few weeks for
him to finally come out of his shell.

We found out what happened a few years later, and why.

You see, Midoriya’s Quirkless. Unlike the rest of us he doesn’t have a quirk he can use. Let’s just say his dad wasn’t too happy about it and leave it at that.

Now I know what you’re all thinking.

Don’t pity him. He’s a strong guy who’s made it through what was probably the worst of his life. He’s always smiling and he’s always got our backs, and we have his. He might not have a quirk, but he’ll be damned if that stops him from doing anything.

I mean, out of the four of us, he’s the only one who can make a weapon with whatever’s on hand. He’s also really good at using a broom to fight someone, even Bakubro. Heck he’s even good at making up plans on the spot.

(Also lies, but no one has to know that)

And then we have Bakugo, one of the most manliest person of all! To describe him, I would say just picture a screaming dandelion. He’s got spiky, ashy blond hair and these dark red eyes. Constantly burning with determination and competition.

He has explosions for his quirk. He secretes nitroglycerin like sweat and can blow it up from the sparks he creates. It only works on his hands though, but imagine if he could blow everything up. That’d be pretty neat...maybe...I dunno he’d cause a whole lot more destruction that way. He’s always so competitive, challenging anyone and anything. Currently, his biggest challenge is Midoriya. Midoriya may be Quirkless, but he’ll always go head to head with Bakugo. It can range from moving the most boxes, to who can scream the loudest. We usually settle it over Mario Kart...which they both suck at.

That last one usually ends in a tie, and let me just say, Midoriya might be the skinniest and least muscled out of all of us but DAMN can he move stuff around almost as fast as Bakugo.

It’s pretty entertaining to watch.

Let’s see, what else should I talk about.

Oh!

So, a lot of you wanted to know what the heck was going on in the last post.

So, bear in mind that we’re a small town, like 30-40 people. There’s like 6 students in each class, and there’s only two. Those two teachers teach everything, from math, to history, to science, you name it.

(I might tell you guys more about our school a bit later)

So there’s this guy named Michael Marrows with a strength quirk, he’s never really been a fan of us. He’ll give us shit for the most trivial things.

One time Midoriya had taken the last carton of milk, the guy went ballistic. If he had been left alone with the guy he would have dragged him to the school roof and threw him off. Apparently the secondary reason was because of his Quirklessness.
He tried to kill Bakugo for the sole reason he made an offhand comment about the weather.

Heck he’s even gotten mad at me because I ran past him in the hall.

We’ve chalked it up to him being a certifiable psychopath.

It would be fine if he just got mad at us and didn’t do anything…

But he actually acts on his anger. He’s followed me home so many times, or tried to at least. I usually take a back road through the safer part of the woods and lose him there. (Ha, ‘safer’)

He tried to follow Todoroki home once but that didn’t end well. I have never seen the guy so angry before…wait! Yes I actually have.

You see Midoriya has this really bad habit of getting too far into his thoughts, he usually doesn’t pay attention after a while. He’ll mutter to himself and won’t realize it until someone tells him. It was rather unfortunate at the time.

We all usually meet up for ice cream at the end of the week as a celebratory ‘we made it through the week’ kind of thing. We all have this agreement, we head home and get cleaned up and meet at the gas station at 5.

Midoriya is the one who will always be there first, rain or sunshine he’ll always be waiting. When he wasn’t there when we all showed up it was a cause for concern. We headed over to his house, and apparently he hadn’t made it home yet. Even Mrs. Midoriya was starting to get concerned.

We started looking for him and ended up finding one of his notebooks on a path that led to the woods. Bad sign #2. Little guy never leaves his stuff around, especially his hero notebooks. Not to mention there were a few small droplets of blood on it.

Bad sign #3, the loud panicked scream that echoed in the woods.

We sprinted towards the screaming and they were pretty far into the woods. By the time we got there the screaming had stopped so suddenly which made us panic even more.

Wanna guess who was there, standing over Midoriya’s unmoving body?

Yup, Michael. He followed Midoriya home and ended up catching him off guard. He went on a whole rant on it, saying he was making something right in this wrong world. Going on about how quirkless people shouldn’t exist and people with useless and villainous quirks should be purged.

(I honestly think he’s part of a cult)

Michael didn’t stick around for long, because the minute he stopped talking we all went ballistic, more so Todoroki than us. If Michael hadn’t left when he did, the entire forest would have been set on fire.

Thankfully Midoriya had just passed out from pain. His right shoulder was dislocated, right wrist broken. 6 stab wounds, multiple cuts, and some bruises.

Now, you might be wondering how on earth he isn’t in jail.

It’s easy, he’s the sheriff’s son. And he’s the golden child in his father’s eyes so yeah. And we’re the troublesome immigrants (I’m not kidding the sheriff called us that once when we got arrested—another story)
Okay, getting back on topic, man Midoriya is right it is possible to ramble on text.

So, we had actually heard some weird noises coming in from the storage closet. The two of us thought that Heffer the Raccoon (Yes we name our raccoon guests) had gotten in again via the vents. Because it was Wednesday, the vending machines would be restocked by Maria (another raccoon, we make a point not to get in her way because she gets really mad when we grab something without paying) until Friday.

So, Midoriya opened the door and we found nothing but boxes. A little unsettled, we closed it. He forgot to lock it and well, chaos ensued.

I had gotten back to work while he went to go check on something, when I heard the door open. I barely had any time to react as a raging Michael practically flew at me. I had been able to put of a fight, but a guy with a strength quirk and a solid bat versus a startled, disoriented guy with a hardening quirk?

Yeah, didn’t end too well. I guess Midoriya hadn’t heard us because he didn’t come running or yell out anything in surprise. I mean, we made a lot of noise. I guess he had his headphones in.

The others were on the other side of the store, and they were probably dealing with something else.

Apparently he said he was hired by a higher being to take care of us. That cult theory is looking more and more plausible.

Anyway, so Bakubro And Todoroki ended up taking care of him, and setting half of the store on fire. The shattering glass that woke me up was Michael getting the hell out of there after he was cornered.

The school nurse (the closest thing we have to a doctor in town) just said I have a concussion and told me to get plenty of rest. Then again she probably just said that to get us out of her house. Before you ask...yes, yes they broke into her house rushing to get out of the store before midnight, just to get me a diagnosis.

Why before midnight? Well, you see...

Wait, hold on.

I’ll tell you guys later, Bakugo is actually stopping by. I might add more onto this later, this is actually pretty fun!

Later guys.

Chapter End Notes

Honestly feel free to comment questions about this fic. Whether it be questions towards the characters or towards me the author.

Have a nice day/night everybody
Chapter Summary

I think it’s about time I add something onto this blog.

Chapter Notes

See the end of the chapter for notes.

It seems this blog has become a bit more popular since the last time I’ve checked on it.

If you’re curious, the person writing now is Todoroki. It’s been a slow day, and I figured that since I have nothing better to do, I may as well add something on this.

It seems that with this blog, filling in the blanks has become a bit of a theme.

Although I must apologize on behalf of the other two as they leave you with more questions than answers.

Also, to address a few things in Kirishima’s last post. I appreciate him as a friend, I really do. I knew he meant well, but honestly all that was a bit too much information.

(Edit by Kiri- come on man, how else are our blog readers supposed to get to know us? :3)

Also, he was wrong about our population. It’s more around 50-70. A few people have started coming into town as of recent. I think they might be construction workers.

(Edit by Kiri- How was I supposed to know that?)

/Edit by Mido- Kirishima it’s like 3 in the morning and I’m getting notifications about someone editing the blog. I stg Kiri…and I KNOW you see this you have this thing on a favorites tab!)

As to why they’re here, I have no clue. My oldest brother heard a rumor about them building a diner. My sister on the other hand said she heard they were looking into an old building somewhere in the woods.

I have no idea, and it’s none of my business. And I don’t intend to let the others make it their business. Because last time we poked our noses into something that wasn’t meant to involve us, we nearly died.

But knowing them, and myself, we’ll probably get curious. I won’t lie.

So, I’m not sure you any of you readers remember the dolls Midoriya was talking about, but that’s what I’m going to talk about right now. I honestly can’t believe he doesn’t remember…

So, there’s this very nice old lady who lived down the longest road in the town. Her house is surrounded by trees and old roads that nobody takes anymore. We’d usually be dropped off to her house, or we’d walk there when we were young.

Her name is Mrs. Bezelwum, but we either call her Grandma or Gammy (Midoriya). She’s has
what seems to be cotton for hair and very thick glasses in front of her brown eyes. She has dark, wrinkly skin, and would often wear the kind of clothes you’d expect a stereotypical grandma to wear.

She has children, but they apparently left town as soon as they could. They didn’t want to stick around a place like this. She supposedly has grandchildren, but she’s never seen them.

I guess in a way we’re sort of her grandchildren.

She’d babysit us and she’d let us play out in the woods. But before we ever went out she’d have us choose one out of four dolls.

A soft cotton doll, it looked like a little ghost with a happy face stitched into it.

A brass doll, I was never sure how but she always had on hand.

A wooden doll that was more reminiscent of a puppet.

And a clay doll, that would become more misshapen from the heat of hands as time went by.

I would always choose the brass doll, the cool metal was always smooth under my hands. Midoriya would choose the cotton doll. Bakugo would choose the clay doll, and Kirishima would take the wooden one.

After taking them she let us run around in the woods, playing our own little hero games. Back when the dream of being heroes was still alive.

When we came back, hungry and wanting to rest she’d take the dolls from us and feed us. Her food was amazing, whether it be a simple PB&J sandwich or her signature gumbo.

I’m not sure why she had us choose the dolls, but we didn’t question it at the time. It had just been another toy to play with, and it was something she made for us I assume it just had been more special.

Who on earth would break into a store just to place dolls? Especially with the rumors that surround this place, about what happens after midnight.

I will be the first to say it though, the rumors are true. There is always something strange in the store from 12-3 in the morning.

These things can either range from completely harmless, to wishing we were dead on the spot. Half of the time we must be there all night in order to clean up and restock. The other half of the time we’re lucky enough to finish early and get out.

Last week Kirishima and I had to pull three all nighters in order to make sure everything was set up for the next day. Now, the least dangerous thing that happened in those three nights was nearly being decapitated.

But, it’s always worse when the fog is in. The most dense part of the month fog always hangs heaviest over the forest. It’ll come into the streets but it’s not as bad, there’s nothing on the streets.

I still remember when I was a child and I made the mistake of running into the fog the day we were playing in the woods.

Time had frozen, and the world went silent. It felt like I was blind, only seeing gray. Then, the
whispers came. They had started out quiet, but if you stood still it sounded like a mob of people were barreling towards you, yelling and screaming!

I had been paralyzed with fear and as soon as the screams hit me it felt like invisible hands were tearing into me. They were pulling me apart, gripping my flesh in a painful way. It felt like they were going to rip my skin off.

I think I screamed, and if anything that encouraged them more. I wanted to run away but the invisible hands held me in place as the voices screamed into my ears.

It felt like an eternity of slow death until someone grabbed my hand and pulled me out of there.

Midoriya had pulled me out, and as soon as we were out of there, I collapsed. I had woken up to crying and someone shaking me.

I had only been unconscious for a short time, but it was enough to scare the other that they were in tears. Save for Bakugo, who has actually run off to get Grandma. (He was probably crying too)

I had suffered a rather serious nosebleed, and most likely some mental trauma, but from then on we were forbidden to play outside whenever the fog was in town.

From then on my memory is a bit fuzzy. It felt like I was living in a daze for a week or two before coming back to reality.

To this day I am terrified of the fog, and I will do anything in my power to stay away from it.

There is something in there, and whatever it is. It is not friendly.

And there was only one other time I went back in there. And I saw it, there was something in the fog.

To this day, that THING haunts my dreams. I feel like it’s always watching me whenever the fog is in town.

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I’m going to have to leave it at here, Midoriya and Bakugo are wrestling again and they ended up hitting me. I think it’s about time I teach these two how to actually fight.

Chapter End Notes

I'm really glad you guys are liking this story. Feel free to comment questions you might have towards me the author or towards the characters.

Have a nice day/night!
Chapter Summary

You fuckers wouldn't leave me alone until I posted, so here I fucking am!

You fuckheads just wouldn’t shut the hell up until I posted would you?
You asshats just kept commenting
‘When’s Bakugo gonna post?’
‘Is ExplodoBoi gonna write anything?’
‘I hope we hear from Katsuki!’

Well I’m here now fuckers so get off my ass!

(Edit by Mido-Be nice Kacchan. They just wanna hear what you have to say)
(Edit by Baku-STFU DEKU!))

So, you all are just what hanging around to see what kind of stories I have to tell? Well I have like one I can remember off the top of my head but first I’m gonna go get some ice because damn Icyhot is a bastard!

( Edit by Kiri-Insert commercial break here lol :3)

Anyway, so a few of you were curious about how the fight yesterday went down. Yeah, Deku and I were stacking some shit and he bet he could be me in an arm wrestling match.

I told him I’d kill him and we set it up, propping ourselves on boxes. We said start and the little shit slapped me and slammed my arm down. If you assholes can’t guess what happened next you’re dumber than the stupid raccoon that tried to bite me.

And before any of you get confused, Deku is Izuku. The last part of his name in kanji or whatever spells out Deku and it just stuck. Icyhot or Half n Half is clearly Todoroki, and Shitty Hair is Eijirou.

( Edit by Kiri-One time he called me Kirisunshine)

So yeah, we ended up wrestling. So while we were tustling we ended up hitting Icyhot. And he joined the fight. Asshole decked me good and now I have a bruise on my cheek. He and Deku aren’t looking any better.

Deku is sporting a mild black eye and a few bruises here and there. While Icyhot has a few burns and bruises too.

I really hate to say it, but Deku actually knows how to put up a decent fight.

Right now I’m sitting in front of the cash register, playing music on my headphones because Shitty
hair is blasting some kind of electro song, I think it’s by some guy named Alan Walker.

No clue, but whatever it is it is NOT catchy. And Deku is dancing outside the break room, yelling something at an annoyed Todoroki.

Oh yeah, Shitty hair is back. Didn’t take him too long to recover, but yeah. He’s back and he’s made working in this shitty place bearable again.

We’re also getting a few things ready since we have to feed that speed demon thing tomorrow. Deku drew the short straw again. So ha!

We’ve only had like five customers drop in today. One of them was the shitty sheriff saying he was making sure we weren’t causing trouble. Two of them were my parents, picking up stuff for dinner. And the other two were Fuyumi (Icyhot’s sister) and Ms. Rei (his mom).

They dropped off some lunch for us and asked how we were doing. After some chit chat they reminded us to be careful and try to get home before dark, then they left.

The fog is rolling in again, I can see it over the mountains. It looks thick and as if it’s pulsating with a heartbeat. It makes me sick to my stomach to even look at it.

Speaking of shit I’m sick of, all of you fuckers keep asking why I blew up the school when I got mad at Icyhot and Deku!

I didn’t get mad at them! I couldn’t give less a shit about them! Shitty hair and I heard something in the school basement and we went to check it out.

It wasn’t those two idiots that made me freak out.

It’s what was standing behind them.

Our school basement actually has three levels. The ground level where the boilers are, and the other two levels below. We don’t know what’s down there but I’d rather not know.

On the ground basement level, there’s a tiny two panel window that looks out to the forest. Mind you, we are really fucking close to the forest. It’s only big enough that Deku could fit through it with effort. (Yes he’s that small)

Well, I don’t know how, but that thing got in somehow. And god knows it’s a lot bigger than Deku.

It’s a tall lanky figure, all black. Almost like it’s made out of tar. It has two large white dots that glow for eyes. It’s hand are huge and clawed, and it has a mouth. It’s almost like it forced its mouth open and some of the skin still sticks to its nonexistent lips in strings.

I ended up freaking out and just detonating on spot. Whatever it is, I scared it away with my huge ass explosion. The four of us were at the heart of the explosion, and the only reason the four of us are alive is because of Icyhot and Shitty hair. Half n half set up ice around us, but wasn’t fast enough to get enough to me and shitty hair.

Kirishima ended up grabbing me and hardening himself enough to take the brunt of the force. Needless to say we got out MOSTLY unscathed.

Why did I freak out from that thing in the basement?
Well that’s the story I’m about to tell you.

It was one of those days where we woke up late. Kirishima ended up staying over at my house for some half ass study session.

Well the power ended up getting cut out from the night before because of a storm. So we woke up late (my phone didn’t charge all night so it died). We don’t skip out on school much, so honestly my mom couldn’t give a shit if we were late or ditched for a day.

Because of how late we woke up, we opted to ditch. I still remember that day crystal clear. It was a cloudy day, promising rain later in the day. The air was bitter cold.

Kirishima bundled himself up while I only put on a sweater, scarf and gloves. Not that much compared to Shitty hair. He had like, a jacket, a sweater, scarf, gloves and beanie.

So we ended up just dicking around for a while, walking around the town and looking through a few shops. Looking at things to save up money for. We ended up getting through the stores that interested in us in no time and that left us bored out of our minds.

Then we made, the most idiotic decision that could possibly be made. With nothing better to do, we decided to head into the forest. Our little group of four usually likes to explore the woods all together, so if anything happens we can watch each other’s backs.

Well, the two of us had nothing fucking better to do and we were bored out of our damn minds. We picked up a bag from his house and put in water, snacks, and some first aid shit. Then we headed out into the woods to the west of the town, we had to walk through the main road that leads out of town but the road is never busy. So we didn’t have to worry about getting run over or some shit.

Bear in mind, this was like a year ago or so. Because we were so fucking stupid.

So, we went to the woods, walking through trails that we’ve already marked. We didn’t speak through the majority of the walk, just a comfortable silence. It wasn’t until we started to walk into fog that we started talking to each other.

Nervous, we were really fucking nervous. We knew the fog had rolled out of town earlier i the month, so this was natural fog. But it still left us on edge.

We always looked from side to side, the simple rustle of bushes made us turn our heads. Most of the time it was only a fucking rabbit or…I don’t know what to call it. It looked like a deer, but

It’s neck was twisted, bones jutting out in all directions. The mouth hung open, tongue lolling out. All purple and swollen. The fur was black and matted, as if it was just dragged out of a tar pit. Patches were missing, the fur looked like it was pulled out roughly, rough enough to actually pull out flesh.

It had no eyes, but gaping holes where part of the antlers poked out.

Neither of us thought it was real at first. Because the moment we blinked or pointed it out it just disappeared. No trace, no noise. Just nothing.

At first, we didn’t care. Just chalking it up to exhaustion, or just fucking around.

It hadn’t shown up again after the third or fourth sighting. It gave us some kind of shaky relief.

And no, we weren’t going to turn back, we aren’t fucking pussies!
Shitty hair marked a tree with a deep X, made by his hardened hands. We kept moving forward, the creepy deer soon forgotten as the idiot just kept chattering away.

We walked for like another hour or two, the fog got a bit thinner. So that either meant it was clearing up, or we were close to another town. Which was a fucking stupid idea.

We finally came up to a sort of cleared out area, there was a large tower in the center of the empty field. Rusted cable wires and old stilts that held a wooden shake on top. There were stairs, upon stairs, upon stairs that lead up to the high tower.

“Woah! What’s that?” Shitty hair asked me, a big grin on his stupid face as he looked up to the tall tower.

“It’s probably a watch tower or some shit. Come on, let’s keep moving.”

He grabbed my arm and tugged.

“Come on, just a peek? Maybe there’s some cool stuff in there, and plus we can go home afterwards. School might be over soon and then all of us can come exploring.”

“No, let’s keep going.” I huffed, and before I could walk forward the bastard jumped on top of me with a hug and a plea.

“Please! Come on, if we bring the others here we won’t get first dibs on any cool stuff. And from up there we can see how far from the town we are, and maybe there are other towers!” He begged, a sharp toothed smile in my face.

I ended up huffing out a fine and pushing him off me.

We started our trek up the stairs, the metal groaning under our weight. It grinded my nerves, irritating me. My hearing aid was making the noises louder than they should be.

The tower was about 100 feet up I think, maybe 125. That’s my best fucking estimate so don’t get on my ass about it.

It started to rain by the time we made it to the top, the rain would have flattened Shitty hair’s hair if he didn’t already have it down. And it pissed me off how it made mine heavy and droop down. It was fucking annoying!

We ran inside and slammed the metal door shut, desperate to get out of the rain. We just stuck around the entrance for a good few minutes before walking around.

It was a lot bigger than we thought it would be, and there was a lot of stuff there. Stuff we would have thought would have already been stolen or something. Old radios, a few set of keys, some spare change, old school headsets, and a few consoles. The old wooden shack was a watchtower, but was also equipped for radio communication.

There was like two other rooms, one was a kitchen with an old mattress and raggedy blanket in the corner. The kitchen was empty save for a can of coffee ground and tons of cans of ravioli and refried beans. Surprisingly, they weren’t expired, according to the label they wouldn’t go bad until at least another year.

Neither of us were willing to eat it though, and we left it as is.

The other room was a large closet, with a few boxes. The cardboard had some water damage to it,
but not enough to make them unusable.

We ended up pulling out the boxes and looking through them. There were a few cassette tapes of old bands, and what looked like movie titles. There were some documents of old employees that used to work there. We would have read through them, but they were blacked out. Like they were meant to be forgotten.

We didn’t find anything else of interest, just a few pins, broken keys, screw bolts, and old board games. The only thing we really found, was an old leather bound journal. Shitty hair got bored a while ago and busied himself by fucking with the console. There was no power, so there really was no point.

By the time I was able to get the damn journal opened with my teeth, Kirishima was hanging out by the window, munching on a sandwich and chips, and drinking some water. He was sitting on an old rolling chair that looked like it was going to fall apart at any minute.

I couldn’t read the journal, and yes I’m literate you assholes. The shit stick that wrote the journal was writing drunk or some shit. I was only able to get a few things from the writing.

The guy who wrote is was some prick named Ranger Greg...I swear to god I’m not making this shit up. And he was stationed at the tower on late nights, keeping an eye on things. He said some shit about monsters, and old mines further west that connect to the eastern ones. That’s all I could make out before it just turned into even worse chicken scratch. I had decided I’d give it to Deku since that idiot writes the same way.

I still haven’t given him that book, and I don’t think I ever will.

I’ve been wanting to burn it.

I had been trying to decipher what it said when all of a sudden Shitty hair choked on his chips and nearly hacked up a lung. Through his coughing he was trying to get my attention and was frantically pointing to the window.

“What is it you idiot?” I asked him before tucking the book into the bag we packed.

He finally managed to swallow down whatever he had in his throat and pointed outside.

“What is that?” He asked, pointing outside to the ground.

I looked down to the ground with a raised eyebrow, there was nothing but green grass and the rusted cables that kept us balanced. I looked up and saw nothing but tall trees and dark clouds that was dumping out rain

I didn’t see any other watch towers, which was a bit worrisome. Either this was the only tower, or the other ones, if any, were torn down.

For some reason the first option seemed the most unsettling to me.

I ended up asking what the fuck I was supposed to be looking for and turned to him. He told me about some kind of guy that was staring up at him from the ground.

I called bullshit because there was no way anybody would come this deep into the woods. Even Marrows isn’t that fucking stupid.

We stared out the window for a bit before returning back to what we were doing. It started raining
harder and if anything that pissed me off even more.

We decided to wait out the rain, and if it didn’t stop in an hour we’d suck it up and run through the
forest back to town. We should have left right then and there.

I ended up eating my sandwich and chips a few minutes after the small incident while Shitty hair
looked through more of the closet. He found an old, thick blanket and laid on the floor with up. He
would occasionally get up and stare out the window before laying down again.

I actually tried to be fucking productive and look through more the journal. The writing is so bad,
it’s like the asshole was drunk!

After more teeth grinding and yelling at the damn thing I threw it into the bag and sat down on the
blanket laid out on the floor. It was surprisingly comfortable and didn’t smell as musty as I thought
it would.

“Finally tired yourself out?” The redhead asked with a grin on his face after he came back from the
window.

“Shut up.” I pushed him over and laid down on the blanket, starting to to feel tired. That’s another
reason I hate the rain, it always makes me tired.

I don’t know how long we laid there, staring up at the ceiling and listening to the rain hit the
creaking tower. It couldn’t have been too long though, because we ended up falling to sleep.

I ended up waking up to Shitty hair’s panicked voice, he was shaking me awake and kept looking
over his shoulder before looking back at me.

It was a loud clap of thunder that finally startled me awake and made me sit up.

“Bakugo we need to go, we need to go NOW.” He said, running over and grabbing the bag.

“What the hell are you panicking about idiot?” I asked him, just thinking he was overreacting.

“There’s a-”

He didn’t get to finish his explanation before there was a really fucking loud thud against the metal
door. I looked to the door while Kirishima backed up, looking around.

There was a loud creak, like an extra weight was being put on the already strained tower. There
was another, louder thud and a groan from the door.

We stood there for a while, the door silent again. Lightning flashed and thunder clapped, the two
alternating in what second like 30-second intervals. By the time the thunder roared for the 3rd time
I already had enough and started to head towards the window. It was angled in a way that we could
see the door and the forest floor.

Kirishima screamed at me not to go to the window and like a fucking idiot I ignored him. I went to
the window, and looked to where the door was. There wasn’t anything in from of the door, just a
few dents. But what ended up getting me, was the trail of grass, broken twigs, and the imprints of
footsteps in the now warped metal, coming towards the window. But nothing outside.

Before I could get out what I was thinking, there was a loud screeching noise and a crash as a large,
black, tarry fist slammed through the window and nearly caught me. It ended up scratching my
face.
“Oh fuck!”

That thing that I saw in the basement, that was where I first saw it. In the damn woods, crashing through the windows screaming at me. I managed to get out of reach before it could grab me. It had gotten a claw through my coat, partially tearing it, but at this point I couldn’t give a fuck!

At this point, we were already on a time limit. That thing was cutting through the window, glass going over where and cutting into it. If it bled, I couldn’t tell.

I felt beads of sweat run down my face, I fucking hate to say it but I felt myself starting to panic. There was only the metal door, the large window and a smaller window on the other side of the room. It was nowhere near as big as the one that thing was trying to get through, but it was big enough to fit us through it.

“Break the window.”

“What?”

“Break the fucking window!” I yelled, pointing at the much smaller one. He was going to ask me why, but there was another loud crash. More glass and then the dizzying swaying of the tower.

We were fucked.

I threw off my gloves and started rubbing my hands together, I had a half assed plan and honestly I wouldn’t have been surprised if we died.

By the time that idiot finally broke the window I grabbed his collar and dragged our asses through the tight squeeze. Behind us the monster screamed again and finally stepped into the room.

We got cut up with the residual glass, but panic was dominant and didn’t let me feel any of injuries. We fell out the window and the tower swayed away, wind whipping my hair around and almost blinding me.

There was loud crashing below the tower and we looked over the edge to see herds, fucking herds of those malformed deer crashing into the rusted metal legs.

Running was out of the option, we couldn’t go down the stairs because that thing would follow us and those weird, creepy ass deer were at the bottom! We’d have to run through them and that option was highly fucking unlikely.

Jumping? That was the only option we really had. But 100-125 feet up, yeah of course we’d fucking die. But like I said, I had a half ass plan.

I had worked up a bit of a sweat already, but the cold made it hard to maintain that heat I needed. I kept rubbing my hands together, trying to keep that sweat going while looking at the general direction we needed to go.

We couldn’t see the town, even with how high we were.

The monster was busy trying to get through the window to us while all of this was happening. And then we heard it, the loud, screech of metal and the groaning and snapping of the wires.

I grabbed shitty hair and ran to the edge of the tower as it fell, as if luck had been on our side it was falling in the direction towards town.
“What the hell are you doing?” He asked as I took off my jacket and wrapped it around my waist.

“Get on my back, and fucking hold on!” I screamed at him, the wheels in his head turned for a minute before he finally figured out what the fuck I was up to. He jumped on my back and wrapped his arms around my neck, and his legs around my waist.

I jumped off the tower, and then I set off one of the biggest explosions I have ever made. The explosion fucking drowned out the sound of the tower crashing to the ground and sent us flying. Shitty hair nearly fell off my back once or twice.

We flew over the trees at a really fucking fast speed, it was a wonder how the hell we didn’t get to town sooner. I had to slaw our fall and get us lower to the ground so we wouldn’t fucking die when we got to town. Our luck ended up running out a few feet away from the tree line. I was fucking freezing and I could generate anymore sweat.

So we ended up falling about 8-10 feet from the air, and I hit my head on something. Those few minutes were a blur, My vision was blurry, and I felt something warm running down my face. I think Kirishima either picked up up or helped me to my feet.

I figured we were about 20 feet from the tree line, the main road would be just up ahead. When we were about halfway there my vision started clearing up and I could see a bit better.

Eyes.

There were fucking eyes everywhere, all of them bulging from the shadows. They didn’t blink, and they just kept staring. I didn’t get a word about them out before a loud, high pitched shriek was heard. The idiot nearly dropped me when he covered his ears, I ended up tearing out my hearing aids in pain and nearly falling over.

I looked over my shoulder to try and find the source and I ended up seeing that THING from the tower racing towards us.

I grabbed my aids and Shitty hair got to me my feet and we practically threw ourselves out of the forest and into the road. We scrambled to get further away from the forest and ended up in the middle of one of the lanes.

I looked back to the forest and saw that thing standing at the edge of the tree line. It stared at us, unmoving. The eyes were still looking at us, still unblinking.

It was a silent stare down until we nearly got hit by an old, shitty car that looked like it should have been scrapped 5 years ago. The guy barely stopped in time and got out in a panic.

He was a tall, lanky blond guy with bushy hair. I couldn’t really see his eyes, just blue dots that looked us over. He asked us if we were okay, and Kirishima confirmed that. I started to get back on my feet, I needed medical attention and at least Deku is good at first aid.

He asked us if we lived in this town, and if so what on earth were we doing in the forest.

Kirisima, being the idiot he is just told him that yeah, we live in the town and that we were just looking around a few paths before running into a bear.

What he asked next made my blood boil, and a chill run down my spine.

“What do you know if an Inko Midoriya is in town?”
Kirishima froze at that question, and I picked up where he left off.

“Fuck off! Get the hell out of here you ramen noodle bastard!” I screamed at him before nearly falling over. Kirishima caught me before I fell, and apologized before helping me run off.

We ran to Deku’s house and thank god Aunt Inko was at work. Kirishima ended up telling him about the blond guy while Deku patched me up. And when we told him about going into the forest alone the little fucker purposely slapped, literally slapped, a bandaid on the cut on my face with a loud smack. I have a scar on my cheek where the thing scratched me, the piece of shit.

And then shithead Deku didn’t give me any ice for the swelling from my cheek until a few minutes passed and he figured I was in enough pain. He went to go make some food, and while he did that I asked Shitty hair about the eyes. Whether he saw them or not.

He didn’t see them. He said he had no idea what the hell I was talking out, and that the hit to my head probably made me see things.

I didn’t see things, I knew for a fucking fact that they were real. I’ve seen them around, watching me when I’m alone, and staring me down. I’ve made the mistake of making eye contact with a few. I see things, things nobody should ever have to see at all in their damn life...

Hey guys, Midoriya here. Sorry Kacchan couldn’t end it off, he ended up running away from the registers and started puking in a trashcan.

I honestly don’t know why, he was just staring at the wall for a few minutes. Looking like he witnessed the most gruesome murder.

He’s not looking too good, I’ll let you guys know how he’s doing next post.
An Upsetting Discovery

Chapter Summary

Things didn't go so well today...

Chapter Notes

See the end of the chapter for notes

Hey everybody, Kirishima here!

So it’s been a few days since Bakugo had gotten sick. He’s back now, he just took a few days off of work.

He yelled at me to get back to work when I came over to greet him, so he’s doing just fine.

Sometimes you need a day or two away from this store. It can wear down on your mental state after a while, especially with everything crazy here. Midoriya knows this better than anybody.

Speaking of Midoriya, he came in really early today. And it’s one of those days.

He came in with new bruises, burns, and scratches. I think he sprained his ankle too. There was red handprint on his swollen cheek and a few burns on his arms. He was the first one here, and he didn’t say a word to us when we came in.

He just gave us this look and once he got his job done he went to the break room. He’s still in there, I was going to head in right now to see if I could bandage him up. But Bakubro said he’d take care of it.

And you know what, I’m glad I let him do it. Because damn Midoriya is ready to box. Todoroki and I still hear yelling and various curse words.

I didn’t realize Midoriya could swear so much.

“Get away from me you explosive-” I am not going to put that word on our blog.

“Shut up and get over here you stupid broccoli bitch!” There was a loud crash and a a few things falling over.

There was a loud yell and a thud.

“Get the hell off of me you stupid dandelion!”

“Shut up, and this is going to sting and just know you that if you’re going to make this hard, then deserve it you piece of shit!”

There was a loud yell and the sound of a slap and a loud grunt. We heard something tear, wrapping tape, the medical kind. Todoroki and I stood outside, nervous. There only a few times that Midoriya was this hostile, but even then he wasn’t usually this bad. Other times it’s a quiet sulk, and a refusal to talk.
It was quiet for a few minutes

Then Midoriya got his second wind.

The yelling was even louder and I didn’t need to see the fight, but I knew Midoriya was going at it. There was the sound of punches landing, and Bakugo’s growls and grunts of pain. I never heard Midoriya scream in pain unless his injuries were being sprayed with disinfectant or Bakugo brought him to the ground too hard with a loud thud.

“Let me go you fucking porcupine!”

“Nice to know your insults are getting more creative Deku, been taking lessons from me?”

Midoriya yelled in frustration and after a few seconds Bakugo was shoved out of the room, I saw he was on the verge of crying before slamming the door shut.

“Your welcome!” Bakugo yelled.

“Fuck you!” Midoriya’s voice cracked as he kicked the door.

Katsuki stood there for a moment before huffing in frustration and shoving the kit at Todoroki.

“Can you do first aid dipshit?”

Todoroki stared at the door before nodding and taking the kit and sitting down in one of the chairs by the registers.

I know why Bakugo did it, out of all three of us he was the only one willing to be rough like that with Midoriya. And, he kind of needed it. Little guy had to take out his anger on something, and I guess he got a lot of it out with Bakugo.

I know for a fact I couldn’t have done that, I would have tried to talk him down but I don’t think he was ready for calming words. Todoroki would have wrestled with him for a bit before leaving him be. It’s not that we can’t fight him, it’s that we don’t want to hurt him.

Bakugo and Midoriya have this strange unspoken understanding between them. I don’t know how to describe it, but it’s there.

Bakugo ended up with a bruised cheek, a bloody nose, and a few scratches. Not bad with his little wrestling match, that was mostly focusing on getting Midoriya bandaged up. I think I would have ended up worse.

I’m currently sitting outside the break room, listening for Midoriya. At least one of us have to do that. Midoriya is pretty open about his emotions, via his facial expressions. You can tell when he’s upset, sad, happy, etc. He has a serious lack of a poker face.

But, he has a hard time with putting his feelings into words, especially when he gets like this. And his mind is going a million miles a minute and his thoughts are all over the place. He tends to be self destructive, he wants to take his anger out on something, but he doesn’t want to hurt anybody or mess anything up. (Unless you piss him off like Bakubro just did)

And when that mindset goes out the window and he ends up trashing a room, hurting himself in the process. Whether he does this intentionally or not, I can’t really tell. But I do know, that we can’t
let him take it that far. So one of us always keeps an ear or an eye out for him when he’s in his sulking mode.

When his emotions boiled over, it was our job to bring them back down to a small simmer. Then he would finally be able to talk, or rest. Either one depended on how he was feeling.

How did it get to this point?

Well, his dad is back in town. And Midoriya didn’t find out until he went home.

Midoriya never really stays at his house. He has a week’s worth of clothes at both Bakugo’s and I’s houses, at least two at Todoroki’s house.

Well, he sometimes he takes the clothes home for laundry since he doesn’t want to be a bother to us and feels he should at least wash his own laundry. I for a fact, don’t have a problem with it. And I know the Todoroki family doesn’t have a problem with it at all. I don’t think the Bakugo’s mind either.

Despite this he still does laundry at home. He spent the night at my house, (and yes he also has his own toothbrush at every house too), and picked up his clothes and headed home in the morning. He dropped off the clothes and started a load before heading to work, he usually stays up all night to finish all his laundry too.

Well, he went home after work and his dad was there. And what happened after, well it’s not that hard to figure out.

I guess Hisashi (There is no way in hell I am calling him Mr. Midoriya, he doesn’t deserve that kind of respect.) found out about Izuku not being home a lot or was just in a bad mood.

I’m glad he at least came to work, and didn’t disappear like he did when he was 11. He was hiding in the woods for two days, and he freaked us, and his mom, out at the time.

We found him hiding in a small, abandoned tree house with the names of the original owners carved into the walls. Old residents of the town.

He had a concussion, and suffered a few burns on his back and arms. He hadn’t eaten or drank anything in those two days. We brought him home, not to his house his dad was still in town, but instead to Todoroki’s.

They took care of him until his dad left, and then we brought him home. His mother was relieved but also angry at him for running away. I think that’s when Midoriya started to feel distant with Auntie Inko.

That’s also around the same time he started staying at our houses.

Hold on guys, I’ll be right back.

Okay, I’m back. Midoriya finally snapped and he started wrecking things in the room. I got in here as soon as I heard the first few crashes. I tried talk him down before I actually restrained him. (RESTRAINED, not FIGHT)

I hooked my arms under his, dragging him away from anything breakable, and I let him flail about, and try to kick me until he calmed down. We were like that for about 15 minutes, until he finally
settled down and started to cry. He’s okay now, not as mad or chaotic as before.

We’re on the couch, and he’s currently hugging a pillow and laying his head on my lap. He’s not saying anything, just sniffling quietly. Todoroki stopped by and cleaned a few things up before checking on Midoriya, who just shook his head and didn’t want to say anything.

Todoroki ended up reaching into Mido’s pocket and took his house keys.

“I’m going to head over to your house, and pick up your clothes. Do you want me to get anything else while I’m there?” He asked, his voice quiet.

Mido, lo and behold finally spoke after two hours of crying and silence.

“You don’t have to...” He muttered, his grip tightening on his pillow.

“Yes, I do. Now, do you want me to pick up anything else while I’m at your house?” He asked again, pocketing the keys.

“Todoroki, really you don’t. I don’t wanna be a-”

“Izuku.” He said firmly, taking no argument.

That was all he had to say to make Midoriya quiet down, after a minute.

“My 15th hero notebook. It’s in the box in my closet. The first cardboard one right by the door. A-And the backpack I keep packed with my charger and books...i-it’s by the bed...”

“Ohh.”

He ruffled Midoriya’s hair before walking off. Todoroki is pissed off, and I already know he’s not going to go through the front door. He’s probably going to sneak through a window, and grab everything. I think he might have taken the keys just to key Hisashi’s car.

I won’t lie, I would do it too. We all would.

Midoriya went back to just staying quiet, finally stopping his crying. He was tired, and was muttering softly to both himself and to me.

“Tell Kacchan I’m sorry for hitting him...I didn’t think I hurt him that much. I’m sorry...”

“I hope Shouto doesn’t do anything drastic while he’s over there. I don’t want him to get hurt.”

Little things like that, that left his mind as soon as he said it. Except for the apologies and the worrying, but they faded in and out.

It was one of the last things he said that caught my attention.

“My mom is starting to give up on me.”

I nearly dropped my phone when he said this, and I guess he sensed my confusion and alarm because he elaborated.

“She’s...She’s doesn’t care as much as she used to. She got mad at me, since I’ve been staying at your guy’s houses.”

“...Midoriya.”
“She’s been drinking.” He said, burying his face in the pillow. “I found a bunch of empty bottles of wine in the trash when I went home. And she has a whole stock in the pantry, and her breath smelled awful when she was yelling at me.”

My hand settled on his shoulder as I rubbed it, looking at him.

“Before I came to work I told her…” His voice shook. “I told her, that I was going to stay at Todoroki’s or y-your house. And she started screaming at me?” His voice cracked, he was crying again.

“And she slapped me. And she started to yell at me t-to change my last name to Todoroki if I loved being over there so much. A-And she started t-to blame me...f-for ruining everything? I don’t...I don’t know how I d-did or why she t-thinks that but…”

He whimpered and shook his head.

“She s-slapped me again...before I left.”

No wonder his cheek was red and swollen. I had just assumed it was his dad, and that the slap was so bad it was still red and never went down overnight.

I heard his phone go off, and I grabbed it. I don’t think he wanted to see the messages, or be bothered at the moment. So I took a look at them, and it was his mom.

She was trying to call him, and sending him text message after text message about how sorry she is, and it wasn’t her fault, that she was drunk. She was saying it wouldn’t happen again, and she shouldn’t have said what she did.

“It’s my mom isn’t it?”

“Yeah…” I muttered, setting the phone down and sighing. I heard him let out a shaky sigh before whimpering. He started crying again.

“Real bad day huh?” I asked him, seeing him nod.

“It’s gonna be okay Midoriya.” I told him with a sigh.

It took about a good hour or so but he ended up finally falling to sleep. Which is good, because I don’t think he got any sleep last night.

I’m not sure what to talk about now. Uh, I can’t move right now. Since a piece of broccoli is sleeping on me and I don’t want to wake him.

Oh!

Okay, so a lot of you were asking about something on Todoroki’s post.

Questions about why we lost our dreams to be heroes.

Well, I guess the simplest way of putting it is that we just had a reality check. Midoriya found out he was Quirkless, but we looked over that. Figuring he could be a strategist and a great analyzer. Working behind the scenes.

Then, people just kinda told us that our quirks weren’t suited for heroes. Mine, it’s kinda useless compared to others. I can only harden my body, like a rock I’m not that strong. Others can make themselves steel, or iron. I’m kind of at the bottom of the caliber here.
Bakugo was told his Quirk is too destructive, he can use it well. But it would just end up getting people hurt in the process. Even himself, I mean he ended up needing hearing aids only a year or two after getting his Quirk.

I guess the only one who could actually be a hero is Todoroki, but he didn’t want to go down the path his father went down. And he didn’t want to leave us behind, so he stayed.

Not to mention, the closest school that can give us hero courses is like 10 towns over. And we’re pretty isolated.

So yeah.

Being heroes, just doesn’t make much sense anymore.

But we’ve settled down for now, we’re actually pretty okay here. But we have made a plan, as soon as we graduate we’re leaving. We’ll come back to see family of course, but we’re going to save up money and we’re going to leave this town.

Explore other places, see other towns. Meet new people, maybe not have to look over our shoulder because there’s something following us in the woods. No freaky things showing up in the store at like 2 in the morning and just following us around until it gets bored.

No local residents we know that want to kill us (*cough cough* Marrows *cough*)

You know, normal stuff.

Or at least, what we might think is normal.

Heh.

Great, I hear the vents rattling again. I think Heffer might be back, he’s been stealing chips from the displays more and more often. Todoroki tried to stop him the other day, and...it was actually pretty funny to watch. I still have the video recording.

(Edit by Todo: 2 days after original post- Kirishima, I will give you until the next time I see you to delete it. If I find out it’s still on your phone, there will be consequences.)

(Edit by Baku: 2 days- Send it to me.)

(Edit by Todo: 2 days- Don’t you dare.)

(Edit by Mido: 2 days- Don’t you people sleep?! Kacchan it’s 4 in the morning why are you awake?)

(Edit by Baku: 2 days- Says the little insomniac, I can hear the medical drama from up here loser. Did Derek die yet?)

(Edit by MIdo: 2 days-I am literally downstairs, do you want to do this right now? I am in the same house as you Kacchan, and I will not hesitate to use that to my advantage)

(Edit by Baku: 2 days-Come at me bitch)

So yeah, Heffer wants his food, and I am currently in no position to fight him off.

Wait.
Oh my god he has a five dollar bill…

Where did he get the money? Why did...whose wallet did he steal!

He literally just hopped on the couch and put it on Midoriya’s head, and walked out the room.
Okay, just why?

Thank you for paying, but why?

He just came back in with like 3 bags of chips, one big and two small. And they're all Doritos, why am I not surprised. Heffer you heathen, at least throw some cheetos in there.

He’s back in the vents and I hear Bakugo screaming something very obscene. Something I choose not to put on this Christian blog thank you.

I ended up falling asleep, and I woke up just in time to see Todoroki walking in. He was gone for a long time.

I realized why a minute later when I saw the smirk on his face.

“What did you do?” I asked.

“His father may have trouble finding his wallet.” He grinned.

“Todoroki.”

“I hid it in the attic in a box way in the back. It’s not like I fed it to bear Kirishima.”

I only stared at him in disbelief as he raised an eyebrow and took the five dollar bill off Midoriya’s head. I thought Bakugo would have come in and taken it after he saw Heffer come in here.

“Todoroki.” I said simply.

“Yes?”

“Did...Did Heffer happen to be around when you snuck into Midoriya’s house?” I asked him.

He thought about it for a moment before stopping.

“Hold on, why would you assume I snuck in there?” He asked, crossing his arms.

“Because I know you, and I know, that you know, that coming in through the front door while Hisashi is home is like suicide. And that he would have noticed, also I think you just took the keys to key his car. And you didn’t answer the question, was Heffer there?” I asked.

He just gave me this look like 'are you fucking serious right now?'

“I didn’t key his car, first off.”

“Okay good.”

“I just scratched his car windshield.”

“That’s still keying a car dude!”

“Semantics. Anyway, yes. I think I saw Heffer in the trees when I snuck in through the window. I know he was hanging out by the window when I finally finished getting Midoriya’s things…” He
paused. “I may or may not have left the window open…”

I bit my lip, I could feel myself shaking as I tried to hold it in. I didn’t want to wake up Midoriya, but oh my god, the five dollar suddenly made so much sense now.

“Kirishima?”

I covered my face and shook my head. Before letting out a wheezing laugh and pointing at the dollar bill.

It took a minute for him to put two and two together before he snorted and started laughing.

The two of us were laughing really loud, and we ended up getting Bakubro’s attention and he barged into the room.

“What the fuck is so funny you fuckmunches!”

It took us a few minutes to calm down and I told him what happened with Heffer and the wallet in tears. He didn’t look amused as he snatched the fiver and went to go put it in the cash register. Honestly that just made me laugh even harder.

After my second laughing fit, Todoroki told me the second reason he had been gone for so long. He had stayed home and done Midoriya’s laundry. We all know Midoriya stays up all night when he’s doing laundry, and he doesn’t really need that right now.

“Thanks…Todoroki…” Midoriya mumbled, half asleep. He sounded exhausted, he lazily opened his eyes before sitting up with a groan. His head fell back and rested on the couch. His stomach growled a minute later.

“Have you eaten anything today?” I asked.

“Does a bottle of water count?” He asked, a half smile on his face.

Todoroki sighed before rubbing his eyes. I just stared at Midoriya before shaking my head.

“Come on, let’s go home. I think we might be having Katsudon tonight.” Todoroki said.

“Katsudon!” Midoriya sat up quickly, mouth watering before letting out a groan and holding his head.

“Headache?” I asked.

“Yeah…” He hummed.

He ended up buying a bag of chips to take with him on the walk home.

I’m glad he’s a bit better, he didn’t look that upset anymore. Just exhausted if anything.

And Midoriya, don’t think I didn’t catch what you said before you fell asleep. I’m not an idiot.

I know out of the three of you, you’re the only one who is going to read through this entire post. Even if it takes you a few days.

Midoriya, you are one of my best friends. I think of you as a brother Midoriya, but please, please promise me that you’re not going to do anything you’re going to regret.
Chapter End Notes

(Edit by Mido: 1 week after original post- I don’t know if I can keep that promise Kirishima...)
Chapter Summary

A few things have happened, two monster have shown up. And one of them is far more terrifying than the other...

Chapter Notes

See the end of the chapter for notes

I don’t think I’ll ever get used to the fog, I also don’t think I’ll ever get used to the fear and worry my mother showed the other day. I hope I never have to get used to that.

Todoroki is posting, and it is currently 2:15 PM on a Thursday, raining, and I’m watching Midoriya beat back something from the dark side of the store with a broom. Screaming ‘Begone thot’ repeatedly. Kirishima just came out of nowhere and threw a box at it, and now he’s screaming because the creature is taking the box away.

Bakugo is currently taking his break and napping in the break room.

I’m not sure what the creature is supposed to be, all I know is that there is nothing natural about having ten arms, five heads, and 12 spider legs with a stretched human torso. Even in our world of quirks, I don’t think any human would ever turn into that kind of monstrosity.

Midoriya was sweeping up the dust and that thing tried to take the broom away from him.

I offered to help, but Midoriya insisted he was alright. I just decided I’d keep an eye on him just in case. Kirishima just walked in and saw what was happening, and most likely freaked out.

We call that monstrosity, Jeff. Why Jeff? Why not? (Kirishima won at rock-paper-scissors and got to name it)

Anyway, so about my mother.

I’m not sure if I’ve ever spoken about my family.

I’m the youngest out of my siblings. I have two brothers, Natsuo and Touya, (3rd oldest, 2nd oldest), and one sister (The oldest) Fuyumi. We live with my mother, who won a custody battle when I was very young.

My father, if you don’t recognize my last name, is…

Actually no, I’m not even going to say his name on this blog. I absolutely refuse to even give him that kind of recognition here.

For the sake of names, we’re going to call him Scumbag.

So, Scumbag apparently went to the courts, and there was a big argument. Apparently he’s been trying to do something for about a year or two. And he also got his way, granted with a lot of resistance.
Through the powers that is shitty luck, he now has visitation privileges. Only 1 week every month. And apparently my mother just found out.

She had repeatedly apologized again, and again in tears. My brothers and I were furious, while Fuyumi had done her best to comfort mom.

Apparently, one of the main reasons he wanted visitation rights was because he wanted to see me. I have a feeling he only wants to see me, and force me down the path of a hero. After all, my siblings told me that he had called me his ‘perfect creation’ when I was born.

Ugh.

Even typing those words make me want to either vomit or slam my head into a brick wall. Either one is fine. I can feel myself simultaneously heating up and cooling down just at the thought. It pisses me off to no end.

I’m tempted to not use my fire when he’s here, just to spite him.

I don’t care if it’ll piss him off, that would actually fill me with the utmost joy.

Rthjpn

...

Speaking of shitty fathers a certain someone had walked into the store a while ago and Midoriya literally just dove into me to hide behind the register. He was hiding under the desk, one hand clinging to my pant leg. I could feel him shaking.

I reached a hand down and planted it into his curls, I could actually feel my arm trembling with his shakes.

Hisashi approached Kirishima and put on a fake smile. His voice is loud, as if he was letting his presence be known. I had just hoped he hadn’t seen Midoriya.

“Hey there bud, Kirishama right?” He asked, looking around.

“It’s Kirishima.” He corrected, his answer curt and simple. He grabbed the broom abandoned by Midoriya and started sweeping stuff up.

“Right, sorry. It’s been a while. Hey, is Izuku here? I’ve got to talk to him.”

I glanced down when I felt the hand leave my leg and he was covering his mouth with both his hands. He was terrified.

“Uh, no. He hasn’t come to work yet, I think he slept in.” Kirishima said.

Hisashi chuckled and put his hands on his hips. “Are you sure? I swear I just saw him. You know, he’s my son. I’m worried about him, and it’s been a while since I’ve seen Midoriya.”

Kirishima’s grip tightened on the broom, I was gripping the edge of the desk and gritting my teeth. It was starting to ice over on one side and smoke on the other. I was able to stop myself when I felt Midoriya hug my legs suddenly, an unspoken ‘please stop!’

I sighed as knelt down to look like I was tying my shoes. I looked at Midoriya, who was pale with sweat pouring down his face. His breathing was rapid and shallow, I afraid he was going to hyperventilate right then and there.
I spoke softly, telling him to get to the break room as soon as he could. That I’d let him know when Hisashi had his back turned or was in an aisle away from the register.

The breakroom was a few feet across from my register. Well, maybe saying few is being generous, because honestly that distance felt infinite at the moment.

He nodded wordlessly before I stood up. Making myself look busy as I focused on organizing the till. I looked up every once in a while.

“Well, he might be here. But I doubt it, he doesn’t come in early very often and I think I would have seen him or he would have at least let us know he’s here.” Kirishima sighed, walking in a different direction.

Hisashi followed. “Ah, well if he’s not here do you know where he could be?” He raised an eyebrow. The nice voice he had earlier was gone.

“He might be around the town, or looking at the construction. Apparently they’re building a small hotel, a diner, and a few new shops.” He sighed. “Or he’s in the woods, a walk in there is usually calming in the day.” I noticed how he left out the rebuilding of the school.

“Oh? Is that why one of the roads is blocked off? For construction?” Hisashi was looking around, looking for Midoriya. He was just playing dumb at this point.

Kirishima bit his lip, his sharp teeth dug into it before he sighed. “Sir, if you’re not going to buy anything please leave.” He said, staring straight ahead as the man stared at the back of his head.

Hisashi put his hands up and backed off, walking around the store. I saw him head into the aisle of snacks and small sweets.

As soon as I was sure he was at the far end and wasn’t going to come out anytime soon I nudged Midoriya. I saw him scramble to his feet as he speedwalked to the breakroom. His hands clenching and unclenching. He looked like he was ready to drop dead right then and there.

“I take it you guys are out of—oh hey kiddo!”

I tensed as Hisashi came out of the aisle, his eyes on Midoriya

I saw the gears turning in Izuku’s head, unsure whether he should sprint to the breakroom or just turn and face his father. The decision was made for him as Hisashi closed the distance quickly.

He turned around stiffly, clearly faking a smile.

“H-Hey…” He said meekly.

“Hey there kiddo, it’s uh...been a while since we talked huh?” He said, standing a bit too close and towering over him.

“Yeah...y-you've been gone for a while…” Izuku refused to make eye contact, trying to keep his gaze trained on me. Which was hard with Hisashi right in front of him. I could barely see Midoriya.

“Well I’m here now. Also, I’ve heard you haven’t been home in a while?” He asked, I could tell Midoriya was downright horrified.

I motioned Kirishima over and told him to watch the register while I took the broom from him. I half assed swept while I made my way over to them.
“Y-Yeah...l-lots of a-all nighters. I-It’s just us so w-we’re pretty understaffed y-ya know?” He stammered, fiddling with his hands.

Hisashi leaned closer, and I swear to god I saw a few flames appear from his mouth. I could see both of them now. I was on the right side of them.

“You’re not looking too good kiddo, you’re sweating up a storm there, awful pale too. You feeling okay?”

Before Midoriya could get a word out Hisashi continued. He obviously didn’t notice me, because the flames grew brighter and brighter. Licking at Izuku’s skin.

“Maybe you should head home, Inko’s pretty worried about you. Apparently you haven’t been talking to her lately.”

“I-I’ve been b-busy and I-I keep forgetting to take m-my phone off s-silence…?” He said it more like a question, he was scared to set Hisashi off. Even in here.

He had stopped trying to look away from the man, and instead Izuku was stuck in eye contact with the man. Even more terrified to look away, as if Hisashi would pounce the moment he looked away.

“Oh. Well, that’s understandable.” Hisashi put a hand on Midoriya’s shoulder, digging into his skin, through his sweater.

“Be sure to come home tonight, I’m going to pick up some food later so your mom doesn’t have to work so much. I think it’s time we caught up, you know?”

The flames grew brighter for a moment before they finally died down, and he patted Izuku’s shoulder, and stepped away from him.

“I’ll pick you up later kiddo.” He grinned and started to walk away.

I shot him a glare as he passed me, he either didn’t care or didn’t notice. I watched him walk out of the store, scowling at that dark look in his eyes.

When he was finally gone I turned to see Midoriya still standing there, paralyzed. He was violently trembling, I could see his sweater was damp with sweat. His usual fluffy curls were droopy, and matted.

“Midoriya?” I dropped the broom and walked up to him, even Kirishima was quickly making his way over.

I was about to call out to him again, but as I opened my mouth he collapsed. He would have hit the ground hard if I hadn’t caught him.

“Midoriya!” I yelled, adjusting him so his head was resting on my right side.

“Is he okay?” Kirishima asked, a bit of panic in his voice as I pressed two fingers to his neck. I sighed after a minute and picked him up.

“He just fainted, he should be okay…” I muttered as I picked him up. His body was like a ragdoll, limp and useless, dangling limbs.

“You sure?” Kirishima asked, I nodded.
We looked up to see the break room door open, Bakugo stepped out with a yawn. He stopped as soon as he saw us.

“What the fuck did I miss?”

Midoriya woke up a few minutes later, he was out of it for a minute or two; he couldn’t remember what happened, and was confused as to how he got to the couch. Then everything came flooding back and he was sent into a panic.

He sat up quickly and nearly collided into Bakugo when he was trying to get up. Bakugo sat Midoriya back down and slapped him to bring him out of his panic. It wasn’t too hard, just enough to quiet him down. I shot him a glare before he spoke.

“Cool your shit Deku, what happened?” Bakugo said.

Midoriya had stared at him for a moment before he started crying.

“Damn it Deku!”

“Shut up Bakugo, you should have figured slapping him would only end so well.” I snapped.

“I didn’t even hit him that hard! Will someone just tell me what happened!”

“Hisashi was here.” Kirishima quickly filled in, looking at me as a prompt to fill in the rest of the blanks.

“WHAT?!”

“Long story short-”

“I’m going to die…” Midoriya said suddenly. We looked at him, he was staring straight ahead. He sniffled a bit and just let the tears spill.

“You’re not going to die Midoriya.” Kirishima said, trying to put on a smile. “You don’t have to go over there, you can still stay at my house if-”

“Your aunt is gone!” He screamed, taking us aback. “She’s in the one of the next towns over and that’s like what 10 hours? And what if he decides to break into your house. What the hell are you going to do against him? Harden yourself and hope he doesn’t burn you to a crisp?”

“What about-” I began.

“I’m not dragging you two or your families into this! I don’t want any of you getting hurt…” His voice fell into a hoarse whisper. He hugged himself, biting his lip as he bowed his head.

“Bull-fucking-shit. You’re staying at my house tonight nerd. You and I both know for a fact that my mom will fuck him up before he gets to even look at you.” Bakugo growled.

Midoriya only shook his head. “He said he’s going to pick me up, what am I supposed to do about that?” He asked.

I felt a bit angry. Not just at Hisashi but also at Midoriya. He doesn’t give up this easily, he normally wouldn’t just let himself be dragged into these cruel circumstances. If anything, I was actually expecting him to get up and bolt to either of our houses, most likely Bakugo’s or
Kirishima’s since they live the closest.

“Then we’ll blow off work early. You what, finish your shift in like three hours?” Bakugo asked.

“Yeah.” Midoriya shrugged.

“Then we’ll leave at like 5 and if you want, I can drop your ass off Icyhot’s.” He huffed.

“Midoriya, you know my family wouldn’t let anything happen to you.” I told him, my mother was an ice user. As was Fuyumi and Natsuo; they’d be able to cancel out Hisashi’s quirk easily. Although I’d rather my mother not be confronting him. I honestly think that Touya would turn him into a charred corpse the moment he saw him.

He shuddered and brought his knees to his chest, staring off into space.

We could see the gears in his head turning, over and over. As if he were contemplating something.

“Alright, let’s give him some space.” I sighed, stepping away from him. “Let’s just leave him be. Once 4:45 rolls around we’ll come and get you, okay?” I asked him, and I got no response. He just kept his gaze focused on the peeling paint on the wall.

We all walked out. I would have lingered, but Kirishima was already doing that. He looked worried, like he wanted to say something to Midoriya but gave up on the idea. I feel like he knows something, I’m not sure but there was something with the way he was looking at him. It was a mixture of concern. Of course for Midoriya’s health, but also...as if he’s afraid of him doing something.

He followed us out after a moment and he went back to the task of sweeping things up, while I went back to the register and started to reorganize the money again. Bakugo was in charge of restocking the shelves today.

Normally, it’d be Midoriya’s job to either help him or check the vents for any of our favorite little intruders, Heffer and Maria. They like to hang out in the vents, even though they’re not supposed to. And more often than not, he has to wrestle with one or the other and throw them back into the woods where they somehow survive.

Speaking of the woods, the fog is back. Don’t know if any of the others or I have mentioned it yet, but it’s back. And it’s denser, and more disturbing than ever.

I was walking home one night, Bakugo and I were on the ‘night shift’ and thankfully we finished before 12. Barely getting out at 11:55. This was the day Midoriya had his breakdown, I had to go back to work since I was gone for most of the day.

We split off from the street he goes down to get to his house. I live about a little while from him. I would say about three blocks or so. So, I have the houses on one side of me. And dense, foggy forest on the other side, only separated by small road.

As I was walking, I heard something. You know that feeling of dread, when something is watching you, and you can tell you’re being followed?

Take that, and multiply it by at least 100, and you have the same level of dread I had when I heard the large growls from the fog. They were different from the thing that I know lives in there, which was unsettling. I tried to chalk it up to my imagination as I put in my earbuds, keeping the music at a low enough volume, and keeping one ear out.
Well, once I made it to my street I decided to do something foolish and look across the street at the fog. I had seen something in my peripheral vision and I noticed it was following me, but always staying by the tree line.

At the edge of the forest, was a large creature. It was tall, I’d have to say at least eight feet long as it was on all fours. It had wide, white eyes I couldn’t see the pupils of, and a wide sharp tooth grin from ear to ear. Pale, grayish skin was stretched tight over it’s almost skeletal frame.

We stared at each other for a moment before it blinked and started running towards me, snarling and panting. Saliva flying from it’s open mouth.

I took off and sprinted down the street, I could hear it’s nails clicking rapidly against the concrete as it ran to catch up with me. I could hear little giggles escape it’s throat as it toppled over trash cans and empty boxes.

The thought of that thing trying to get into my house had finally crossed his mind when I saw my home just up ahead. I had stopped and whirled around, and that thing was a lot closer than I realized. It was right on top of me in less than 3 seconds. Leaping up and reaching a hand towards me.

I ignited my left side and shot a large flame at it, I had the advantage of being on the ground so it didn’t get the chance to touch me as it writhed in sudden pain and let out an ear piercing shriek as it fell onto the ground.

I watched it for a moment before it scrambled to its feet, it looked up at me with angry eyes and hissed at me. It spit at me and started creeping away, scuttling back down the street and across the road.

Before it crept back into the fog, it looked at me one more time with another grin.

Needless to say I ran the short distance to my house from where I was and I slammed the door shut. Locking everything up.

I hate the fog

And I honest to god think whatever’s the fog hates me just as much.

Well, 4:45 has finally come around, and I’m heading over to the break room. And Midoriya is currently pacing back and forth, fiddling with something in his hands.

He noticed me after a few minutes and pocketed whatever and had. I honestly just think it was his phone. He was probably trying to distract himself.

I hear Bakugo scream from the otherside of the store, I think Jeff came back with a vengeance, because I hear explosions and Bakugo is screaming-

“Get the fuck away from my box you spider hybrid fuck!”

He is very loud, I honestly wonder how he doesn’t blow out his hearing aids half the time. I sigh and look at Midoriya, who still looks scared out of his mind.

I hold out my hand and he takes it, honesty I’m glad he doesn’t have a strength quirk because I think if he did he would have broken my hand.
“Alright, let’s get you home.”

He nodded nervously and kept looking around. He was scared, and I hated seeing him like this. His usual smile was gone, replaced with fear and anxiety. His fluffy curls just drooped down sadly.

I heated up my hand a bit, a small comforting warmth for him. He thanked me softly and kept his eyes trained to the ground. He was still lost in thought, his muttering was starting up again. I couldn’t really understand what he was saying, but if it kept him from worrying more than he already was then it’s fine.

Kirishima looked up and saw us walking away, he opened his mouth then closed it, then opened it again. He stared at Midoriya for a moment before sighing getting back to his job. Deciding to put it on hold and help out Bakugo after more explosions were heard.

We made it out to the store, and I was honestly just readying myself to make a mad dash to my house, and if I had to carry Midoriya then so be it. He seemed a bit more relaxed now, his grip not as tight and desperate, but instead a firm affectionate hold.

That moment of bliss ended as soon as we exited the store, he suddenly stopped in his tracks and lost color in his face. His grip became tight again, and I saw the reason why.

Parked in the lot right outside the entrance was an old, black car with one window rolled down. The engine was still running, ready to go. At the driver’s seat was Hisashi.

His black hair was slicked back, his dark eyes watching the entrance. Once he spotted us a grin spread across his face.

“Oh, hey kiddo! I was just gonna go in to see if I could pick you up early.” He stepped out of the car, leaving it running. “You weren’t looking so good earlier so I picked up a little bit of medicine and I was coming to see if I could pick you up.”

“I-I would have been f-fine walking home.” He said, trying his best to keep a straight face. “A-And I’m feeling better so yeah…” I glared at Hisashi, who had his eyes trained on Midoriya.

“Well, don’t worry about it. Come on Izu, I’ll take you home.”

Midoriya violently shuddered, he hates that little nickname. He always has. He also can’t stand being called Zuku, which is what his mother would call him sometimes.

“I-I’m fine...really. I have to pick up some st-stuff from Todoroki’s…” His hand was sweaty and clammy.

Hisashi chuckled before putting a hand in his pocket, and rubbing his eyes with the other. He let out a long, drawn out sigh. Like he’s begun to lose his patience.

“Come on Izu...get in the car. We gotta go.”

I held his hand tighter.

“I’m going to walk him to my house, he has to get a few things. And my mother is already treating him with medicine, he’ll be fine.” I said, trying to keep my voice even. “She’s probably going to have him rest at my house.” I growled.

It was as if he saw me for the first time, eyes widening.
“Oh, little Shouto is that you? I hardly recognized you.”

My temper was close to snapping, if the indication of the rapidly changing temperature was anything to go by.

“Yes, it’s me. Nice to see you too. Come on Midoriya.” I started to walk with him in tow. Until Hisashi spoke up.

“How’s your mom Shou-Shou? Is she doing any better?” He sauntered over to us a cocky grin on his face. “And your sister, Fuyumi? I heard she was able to secure a job at the diner, when it’s done she’ll have a nice paying job right then and there.”

I swear to god, I could practically feel Izuku’s blood turn to ice.

“You know, that diner is gonna be pretty close to the forest. They say it’s so any people stopping by can enjoy the calming view. Although, I’m not sure you can see much in there. It’s pretty dark, and thick in there.” He hummed, walking in a circle around us.

“It would be a real shame if somebody, who doesn’t know how to navigate through the forest, were to get lost in there right? A real shame, who knows what kind of things could happen to a young woman in there.”

“Is that a threat?” I snapped, feeling flames starting to rise. I heard Midoriya whimper in pain, and I cooled myself down. I was burning him, and gripping his hand too hard.

“No, a threat would be if I said I was going to hurt someone in your family if you don’t leave my son be. If you don’t let him walk away with me, and be where he’s supposed to be.” He stopped right in front of me looking over a small knife in hand.

“Is it true your one of your brothers works at the townhouse? Filing the town records? Doesn’t he work with someone else? What are their names again? Oh, that’s right, Touya and Natsuo they’re always out of the house...aren’t Rei and Fuyumi so lonely in that house?”

I snapped. I let go of Midoriya’s hand and I let both sides of my quirk loose for a split second, a tornado of ice and fire.

Before I could even do anything Midoriya screamed.

“Stop!” He grabbed my arm, despite the hot flames and icy blizzard he reached through and grabbed me.

I hate what I did, I hate how I whirled around at him and growled at him. Demanding why he stopped me, why he would do that. I didn’t mean to come off the way I did, he was...scared. Not just of Hisashi but in that moment he was scared of me.

I burned his hand a bit, and his sweater sleeve was a little worse for wear. I felt my anger somewhat dim when he looked up at a direction past Hisashi. And I saw it.

Hidden next a few broken, abandoned cars in the lot was Sheriff Marrow’s car. And he was staring me down, ready to arrest me if he had to. Most likely for misuse of my quirk, and assault.

I sniffed my powers out, putting a lid on them as I looked back to him. He had put his head down quickly, not looking at me. Shaking and cradling his burnt hand.

Even now, I can’t get rid of that damn pit of guilt in my stomach. I can’t get it out of my head, the
way he looked at me when I yelled at him. He was afraid I was going to hurt him to, and the fact that the mere thought crossed his mind hurt me. But in the end, I did hurt him. I only added to the collection of burns that decorate his thin, pale body.

“I think... I sh-should head home.” He muttered, letting go of me and stepping away. He slowly walked over to Hisashi. The man planted a hand on his head and laughed.

“See? I told you, you should spend some time at home. Recuperate, maybe take a day or two off.” Hisashi smiled. Izuku was tense under his touch, he looked ready to pass out again at any moment. “Come on kiddo, let’s go home.” He patted his head and got back into his car.

I watched Izuku walk around the back, and get in the back of the car. Right behind his father.

Before he got in, he gave me one last weak smile. Strained and fake.

“I’ll see you later Todoroki...” And then he got in.

I only stood there for what felt like an eternity. Watching them drive away, staring at the back of the car. After a few minutes, the Sheriffs car pulled out of the lot and drove away. Leaving me alone with the abandoned cars.

Kirishima found me a short while later, crying and setting everything around on fire or icing it over. I cut up my arm after I punched a car window in anger, so honestly that didn’t help my situation at all.

I hate this, I feel like I failed. I failed in keeping him safe, I failed in getting him home. I hate, that I have such a powerful quirk, but I can’t use it for anything! I can’t use it to protect the people I care about so what good is this damn power!

Bakugo here, Icyhot just threw his phone across the room in anger and surprisingly the thing didn’t break. He’s currently having a hissy fit again and he’s setting the fucking register on fire!

He’s burning everything up! Holy shit, I am going to beat the shit out of him!

Okay, Kirishima here and currently Todoroki and Bakubro are fighting. It’s honestly probably the best way for them to get their anger out. We’re all really tense and worked up about this, but I would honestly appreciate it if they didn’t knock over the displays I just worked on.

I’m going to have to leave it off here, someone’s gotta break up the fight.

Later guys.

And, we’ll see you later Midoriya.

Please, be careful.
Feel free to leave any questions for the characters or me, the author!
He's Gone

Chapter Summary

I feel like, being in the woods for too long does things to you...

Chapter Notes

I was gonna save this for Friday, but I decided not to.

Enjoy!

Midoriya is...gone.

He’s been missing for 4 days now.

And it’s put a real strain on everything...and everyone. Todoroki is barely holding it together, constantly looking like he’s on the verge of a nervous breakdown. Bakugo is real pissed off, like he won’t talk to anyone. If you try to talk to him, he’ll scream at you to fuck off and get the hell out of the store.

I was barely able to ask him what he wanted for lunch, it was hard to make out with all the profanity. He wanted a ham sandwich with spicy mayo, with a pepper jack cheese. He also screamed about soda, which I was able to decipher as wanting cola.

Todoroki didn’t want anything, he just shook his head and kept working.

You know, the other day he told us about the freaky thing that chased him down on his way home. And he told us that he thinks god hates him because both the fog is still in town and there are things in there trying to hunt him down.

You know, I kind of have to agree. Because a few days after we confirmed Midoriya was missing Todoroki’s dad finally showed up to town (Yesterday). He apparently doesn’t approve of his workplace or us, as his friends or coworkers.

We ended up putting Todoroki outside in the back entrance, the one that faces the forest, and we let him take out his anger. He literally evaporated the rain around him, and made little ice droplets fall from the sky.

He was out there for a good hour or so before coming inside and drying off. He and I blew off work to go look for our friend, but we didn’t find him that day.

Or the day after, when it was Todoroki and Bakubro. Or the day after, and the day after that.

It’s Kirishima by the way blog readers...sorry I forgot to mention that earlier.

I’m worried about him, Midoriya.
I’m holding it together. I kind of have to. Midoriya and I are usually like the tape and glue who try to keep things together and find a way out of the problem. We’re also the ones who can manage to keep our heads most of the time…

Most of the time.

It’s just me now, and I have to be the tape and glue at this point. I know Midoriya would be upset if he found out I let the other two fall apart. I won’t lie, I would probably be the same way.

We already tried going to the Midoriya household, to see if Izuku maybe was just resting after he didn’t show up to work the first day. (It was wishful thinking)

Hisashi’s car was gone, which was a bit of a red flag. Then we tried to talk to Auntie Inko, who wouldn’t look at us and would refuse to talk about either of them.

This led to the worse case scenarios that struck us almost immediately.

Either A) Hisashi kidnapped Midoriya for some odd reason.

Or B) Hisashi killed Midoriya, and flew the coop as soon as he hid the body.

 Needless to say none of us said those things aloud, because if we did one of us would surely break. We were able to pry a bit of information out of her, granted it took like an hour on her doorstep. And it was raining which made the whole half ass interrogation process better.

All we know is that Midoriya ran out of the house the night he went home with Hisashi and Hisashi was after him. Auntie Inko had been out of it, and couldn’t remember most of the conversation at the table. All she could really register was the anger from Hisashi and the panic from Izuku.

We’ve been staying at each other’s houses, I usually stay at either Bakugo’s or Todoroki’s, moreso Bakugo’s, I’ve been having those nights again, the ones where I can’t sleep…

Usually Midoriya, the little insomniac (it’s like he knows when to stay awake and when to sleep), stays with me on those nights. Needless to say, he’s not here to help me out, and my Aunt left early Sunday morning. Her job is in the next town over which is about 10 hours away. She's stays with a friend over there and comes back on the weekend.

And she’s usually so busy that, she’s just out of it in the middle of the night. I don’t want to wake her up, and make her tired for the next day. Midoriya would stay up with me all night, and on those days we’d usually skip out on school or work.

I’m so angry, and I’m so upset. And as much as I want to scream and yell about it, maybe run into the woods like a madman by myself looking for him; I can’t. I have to keep it together, I have to help the others keep it together.

And before any of you get the idea, no, I don’t think he’s dead. There is no way he’s dead, Midoriya is a fighter and my current theory is that after he ran into the woods; Hisashi lost him and gave up. Leaving the town all pissed off.

And maybe Midoriya got hurt, or is stuck somewhere. Or maybe he’s lost in the woods, not having paid attention to where he was going in a panic.

Honestly, I’m not sure that theory makes me feel any better. Because the fog is out there, and that means he’s in there somewhere. I know for a fact that gives Todoroki serious anxiety, especially
since he’s the only one who’s been in the fog.

He’s the only one who knows what’s in there and he refuses to talk about it. He’s been in there twice, once when he was a kid. And the other time because his brother was dragged in there by something.

Which one?

I think it was Natsuo. He can’t stand the fog, just as much as Todoroki and he always stays inside whenever it’s in.

Hold on guys, I’ll be right back. Something is in the vents again, probably Heffer.

5 Days since Midoriya’s disappearance.

I honestly don’t think I’m going to finish this post in one day. There’s...there’s a lot of stuff to unpack.

Bakugo and I stayed at Todoroki’s house last night. We finished work as quick as we could and dashed out of the store. We spent a while looking for him, all the good that did us because the fog just makes it harder to see everything.

After about an hour we had to give up because something was chasing us down. We made a mad dash to Todoroki’s house, and then that’s when I met him.

And let me just say on behalf of all three of us.

Endeavor’s a dick!

You know I can see why Ms. Rei left him, because honestly he is not deserving of the love she has to give. She is like our secondary mother (except for Todoroki, that’s his mom) and she puts up with all our crazy shenanigans! No matter how insane!

She’s always there for us, whether it to be to comfort us from nightmares, patch up our injuries, or just talk us down from an intense emotion!

I don’t feel manly saying this at all, but he can go jump in ditch for all I care!

I think Todoroki would rather shove him into the fog and hope for the best, but I think even that’s cruel…

Maybe…

Okay no I would probably do that too.

I decided I hated him after the quick conversation we had when we ran to the house last night.

We just barreled into the house, panting and trying to catch our breath. We all leaned against the door in case that thing decided to try and bash the door down. I looked out the window and instead it found interest in a small cat.

I feel so bad for that poor kitty.

Anyway, so he heard us coming in like crazy people and walked into the foyer. (The Todoroki’s
have a pretty big house) And he just looked so disapproving of us. We were leaning against the
door, and trying to look out the window, I had the best view which I wholeheartedly regret.

“Shouto, where the hell have you been?” He growled, his deep voice actually causing a spike of
fear of me for a minute. Or maybe I was just a bit scared because I saw a poor kitten being dragged
away by that thing Todoroki saw the other day.

“Who the fuck are you supposed to be?” Bakugo asked, staring at him.

“And who are these vermin?” He asked. I felt Todoroki’s ice starting to cover me and I had to
nudge him so he could knock it off.

“We’re his friends. And coworkers.” I answered, standing up straight once I was sure that thing
was long gone.

The guy only scoffed and rolled his eyes. He looked over us or a moment, probably deciding
whether he likes us or not.

Before he could ask the question again, Fuyumi came into the room along with Touya who glared
at his father. If looks could kill, Endeavor would be splattered on the wall

“Did you find him?” She asked, biting her lip as she already knew the answer. Bakugo shook his
head and Todoroki looked away.

“We’re going to look in the Northern part of the forest tomorrow.” I said, managing to keep a
straight face. “The fog should be out of town tomorrow, or at least clearing up so we’ll have an
easier time looking for him.”

“I’ll go with you guys if you want, I should be getting off of work early tomorrow.” Touya said,
we nodded. More people meant more ground could be covered. Which meant he could be found
sooner.

“Who exactly are you looking for?” Endeavor questioned again, growing irritated that he was
being ignored. The room started heating up.

Shouto began to let off more of his ice as he thought of Midoriya.

“We’re looking for our friend.” He said simply. “He’s been missing for a few days, and so far we
haven’t been able to find any trace of him.”

Endeavor raised an eyebrow.

“He went missing after his dad came into town, he ran into the woods and hasn’t been seen since.”
I added, seeing his frown deepen.

“Then why are still looking for him?”

We all looked up at that.

“Why are you wasting your time? You all are acting like children, blowing things out of
proportion. He’s most likely with his father.” He scoffed and rolled his eyes.

Shouto spoke first, before Bakugo and I had any time to retort.

“He wouldn’t just up and leave!” He yelled, his emotions activating his quirk. My arm began to ice
over, and his fire was starting to burn Bakugo’s jacket. Not that he minded at the moment, he was
just pissed.

“It’s not just leaving if he’s with his father. Perhaps he’s getting out of this town, maybe getting a more meaningful job than a...what even are you? A store clerk?”

I had to hold him town to keep him from murdering Endeavor. Shouto was looking up to him and yelling that Midoriya would never leave like that, he didn’t even have anything in his house to take. Everything was in our houses, and he would never willingly go with his father. Then proceeded to say that he would never even consider going with Endeavor.

Ms. Rei came in and separated us. She sent us to Shouto’s room to help him cool off, and while she got us out of that spot, Touya yelled at Endeavor for saying such things. Saying he doesn’t understand how close we are, and that he has no idea what has happened; and that he especially has no right to say stuff like that.

There was a lot more but we didn’t hear it. He slammed the door as Bakugo glared at him.

“Cool your shit Candy Cane, getting pissed off isn’t going to solve anything.” He growled, his hands smoking.

“That’s rich coming from you, you explosive brat. I see the smoke coming from your hands.” Todoroki muttered.

“Alright both of you that’s enough!” I said loudly, not too loud just enough to get their attention. They looked at me, both of them were tired and angry. I was tired and angry too, but I had to keep those two in line.

“Listen, it’s been a long day. And we’re all tired, and hungry...but we can’t lose our heads. We’ll eat in a bit, clean ourselves up, and go to sleep. Things have been pretty chilled out in the store, so one of us can stay behind and the other two can get a head start and look for him. Then later we can all meet up, and Touya will help us.” I said, my hands up as a calming gesture.

Bakugo huffed and looked away.”Then who is going with Icyhot? Because we both know the Canadian flag isn’t gonna just sit in the damn store.”

“I’ll go.” I sighed. “You and Todoroki are on the edge of your seats, and I don’t want you two fighting out there when there’s already plenty of stuff that wants to kill you. I’m sure Midoriya wouldn’t want that either.”

The two said nothing, the only indication of anybody hearing me was the fluctuating temperature and the sweet smoke filling the air.

“He’s out there. He’s out there and we’re going to find him. He’s probably making his way back here.” I added, trying to ease their anxieties as well as mine.

Todoroki huffed and went over to his desk, grabbing a pencil and scribbling away in a notebook. Bakugo sat on the floor and started to scroll through his phone. I ended up sitting across from him and tapping away at a game.

I hate this, so much.

I can’t help but feel guilty, because he’s out there either hiding or running for his life and we’re just sitting around. Too much of cowards to go out there and help him.

I ended up hardening myself and nearly cracked my phone.
A few minutes later Ms. Rei called us down for dinner, we got our food and sat at the painfully tense dinner table. Listening to Endeavor going on and on about how Shouto should join him. He could get into UA on recommendations and be the ideal hero.

I have to give credit to Shouto for not losing his shit again, and doing nothing but glaring at him. He would only give simple answers.

“You don’t even have custody rights you flaming bara.” He muttered at one point, taking the last bite of his meal and getting up to gather the rest of the plates of those who were done. He and Natsuo washed the dishes while Fuyumi and Touya gathered the dishes for them.

I only stared out the window, the forest a few houses down. Hoping to see any kind of indication of him suddenly appearing from the treeline. Bakugo was looking at something on his phone with an expression of anger.

We all took short showers, just enough to wash off the events of the day. Bakugo and I borrowed some of Natsuo’s clothes. I noticed that Todoroki was using one of Midoriya’s shirts as a pillowcase.

He probably misses him the most.

I ended up crashing on the couch, the cool air of the living room helping me cool off. Bakugo ended up taking the spare bed in Natsuo’s room, he and Touya used to share a room and they just never got rid of the bed.

I’m not sure when I fell to sleep, it wasn’t good by any means.

It felt like I was half awake and half asleep, running through the woods. Even with how fast I ran, I wasn’t getting far; desperate to get away in a futile attempt. The trees loomed tall over me, everything seemed so much bigger. There was something chasing me, and I had never looked over my shoulder to see it. I was too scared.

The large, heavy footsteps made the earth quake. The trees creaked and groaned loudly as they were bent under the weight of the thing moving through them. It could hear the deep, rumbling breaths it took in, every time it felt like their air had gotten a little bit thinner.

I had no idea where I was going, I was just panicking.

It wasn’t until I had fallen down that I realized how much pain I was in. It felt like my bones were barely held together by ligaments and tendons. Blood ran down my face, some head wound I got somewhere. I was exhausted, my eyes felt heavy.

My eyes.

Everything was blurry, my depth perception was off. Like I had messed up one of my eyes somehow. I think I had been crying too, something wet was coming from both of my eyes.

I got up as quickly as I could, a whimper escaping my throat, only...I didn’t sound the same. No, I sounded different.

That sound was so familiar, so painfully familiar. But in the fogginess of my mind, I couldn’t remember who it reminded me of. God everything had felt so warped, like it was all real, but it was also just a dream.

I found what looked like a tree line, and raced towards it. Safety was close at hand. I’d be okay
soon, I’d be home!

Before I reached the treeline, involuntarily sobbing in relief, something dug into my leg. Long, hooked fingers that tore mercilessly through my flesh.

I screamed.

My heart broke when I heard that scream, I knew who it belonged to. I knew that voice.

It suddenly felt like I was in free fall, as I was suddenly torn from the body I had been looking through.

From the treeline, I could only watch as Midoriya was dragged away further into the fog.

I saw him struggle and writhe, trying to free himself from it’s grasp.

For split second he had freed himself and was trying to drag himself towards the treeline. A moment later I saw his eyes widen as he stared at me.

As I hit the ground, a loud thud, I heard him.

“Kirishima?”

He had reached out his hand to me, about to beg for help until the creature had grabbed a hold of him again, ripping into him again.

I watched in paralyzed horror as he spit up blood, a look of confusion crossing his face before he was dragged away, one last scream tearing through him.

I woke up screaming, apparently I had been yelling in my sleep for like half an hour. They couldn’t wake me up. After he figured they exhausted all their options, Bakugo dragged me screaming and writhing from the house, and blew me up.

I had hardened myself to a painful degree while I was in my nightmare, so I was able to take that blast with no injury. Natsuo’s clothes though are a different story.

It’s been 7 Days now…

I went to where I think I saw him in the dream. Hoping and praying it was all just some twisted nightmare...

I ended up finding a bloodied sleeve of his favorite sweater.

I haven’t slept in days, and I don’t think I can fall asleep again.

I can’t face sleep again, I can’t be in a dream like that...not again.

I’m not sure how any of that happened, my quirk isn’t even close to doing something that I had just done...and Midoriya is quirkless.

I’m scared.

Midoriya, I swear to god you better be alive...
It’s been 9 Days since Deku’s gone missing.

It’s Bakugo here, and I’m fucking exhausted, Half n half is starting to lose it...

And Kirishima looks like shit.

He’s been staying at my house lately, unless we all end up and Icyhot’s house on one of our panicked runs.

He hasn’t been sleeping. It’s that time of the year again, and he usually has nightmares galore. I’ve been waking up at like 3 in the morning to check on the spiky bastard, only to find him staring blankly at the TV, refusing to fall asleep.

I’ve stayed with him, thinking that it would help him. But he never sleeps, he looks...haunted. Like he’s seen something he shouldn’t have. He’s never gotten like this, forcing himself to stay awake and depriving himself of sleep.

Hell, he’s hardly even eating!

He’ll eat like a small sandwich made out of nothing but bread and a pathetic piece of cheese for lunch. And only eat like half of his food at dinner. He skips out on breakfast, my old hag is lucky if she can even get him to take a bite of fruit.

It’s pissing me off, seeing him like this!

He’s fucking killing himself, he’s forgetting to take care of himself and instead focusing on keeping fucking Icyhot and I from killing each other! I should knock him the fuck out just so he can get some kind of rest.

Right now, we’re all chilling out in the store. For some damn reason I can’t bring myself to get up and do the shit I’m supposed to. Icyhot is just fucking with the register, staring off into space. Kirishima is just looking at something in his phone, probably reading comments or some shit.

He ended up dropping his phone on the table and just put his head down. He sighed and shook his head.

We’ve tried calling, or texting Deku. Doing everything we can to contact him, and somehow find him. But, it looks like his phone is either lost, broken, or dead. The first messages said delivered, and the ones after that were never received.

He had to be close to the town those first few days, those first messages. He’s probably running
around the forest like a fucking idiot with no service.

The fog is pretty much gone, there are still wisps of it hanging around but they’ll be gone soon. We’ll have more time to look for him now, and less things to hunt us down. Things we can actually put up a fight with.

Shitty hair said we should look in the Western part of the forest again, saying he has a feeling Midoriya might be there. It’s on the farther side of town, near the destroyed school. The construction workers actually started on the place, then gave up after they put down a some of the foundations.

Apparently a few near death accidents have happened in that area. Machines almost crushing people, metal nearly impaling workers, shit like that. They decided they’d focus on that place last.

Hell, I think I’d rather them not finish that place. There’s a bunch of freaky shit we’ve spotted in there. The school originally had three levels, both up and down. The first floor is the gym, second is a bunch of empty classrooms; and the third was where the offices were. The ground basement level had the boilers.

There are two other levels, and we never got to go down there and see what it was. I say are, because I’m pretty sure they wouldn’t have been destroyed in the explosion. I know there was something down there, maybe it still is down there.

I’ve been down in the basement before, to eat lunch or to get away from the stupid mumbling and chatters of the others. I usually chill out by the old stacks of yearbooks or by the window.

I remember one time I was hanging out in the basement, when I felt a bunch of pounding. I had music playing at the time, and just thought it was the music making vibrations of the room. I heard it again, and turned off the music.

I heard the banging again, even louder. There was the sound of terrified wails and screams, someone was begging to be let out.

It was coming from a metal hatch way in the back, hidden by a bunch of old boxes and shit. I shoved it out of the way, and I swear to god the thing, or person down there heard it and started sobbing in relief.

“Whos out there? Who are you!”

I was a stupid 6th grader (Yes our fucking school teaches kinder to 12th grade this is a small town what do you expect?) And I was a fucking idiot.

“The name is Bakugo Katsuki! And I’m gonna be the next big hero!” I gloated, back when I thought I could be a hero.

“A hero? Oh...oh thank god! Please! Please let me out of here!”

I rolled my eyes, and I was about to make an attempt to open the door when suddenly one of the teachers grabbed my ear and tugged. I yelled in anger and tried to kick at her.

“Katsuki! What are you doing down here? And who on earth are you talking to?” Mr. Kettles, the science and history teacher asked me. He was mad at me since I ditched out on the supervised lunch period.

“There’s a person down in that stupid hatch! I was gonna let them out!”
Kettles glared at me before letting go of my ear and smacking me upside the head. “What hatch Katsuki?”

I growled at him.

“That one!” I yelled, looking down to where the hatch should have been, where the loud pounding was still happening.

Only to see nothing and hear no screaming. I was confused for a moment before the teacher sighed and patted my head.

“You getting enough sleep there Katsuki?” He sighed, his mood doing a quick 180.

I was too stunned to really say anything at the moment, staring at where the hatch should have been. I was really light headed all of a sudden, and then everything felt like a blur afterwards. Even when I was walking up the basement steps, I swear I heard muffled shouts, and felt violent vibrations beneath my feet.

I don’t remember much after that, the rest of the day felt warped and unreal. I heard the others talking to me, but they all sounded muffled. Like they were underwater. I still think that bastard used his quirk on me, whatever it was supposed to be.

Now how do I know there are three levels and not just that extra one with the hatch?

Easy, I stole some records from the principal’s office. Because why the fuck not, she pissed me off.

They were unmarked rooms, just put down as B2 and B3. There was more to the paper but it had been ripped off. I didn’t do that, I found it like that.

Hold on, some shit is happening. I’ll be right back fuckers.

To say I am beyond pissed, WOULD BE A FUCKING UNDERSTATEMENT OF THE YEAR!

So I’m sure you fuckers already know about Michael Marrows, the son of the fucking sheriff. The guy who nearly killed Deku a few times. And tried to make attempts on our lives.

Lo and behold, that stupid fuck decided to show up out of nowhere, waltzing into the store like he owns the damn place.

None of you know what he looks like, but I do and you fuckers have to suffer with me too.

He’s about my height, 15 years old. He took after his dumbass dad a lot. Same short brown hair, except he has an undercut that looked like it was done by an amature. He has pale skin, he’s in desperate need of a tan, or like 5 minutes in the damn sun.

He has dark brown eyes and some kind of tattoo on the back of his neck (I stg it’s a cult symbol)
He hides it with a jacket, but the dumbass was walking around in a tank top and shorts.

He was fucking cold as shit and the fucker failed in trying to hide it. It was drizzling outside and, and the idiot didn’t bring a jacket. Just a tank top, shorts, and boots. At least he got one thing right so he’s not a complete moron

“Hey there guys.” He said in a sweet saccharine tone. The minute he walked in I wanted to deck him in the face. He was tracking mud inside and dripping water all over the damn place.
“What do you want Marrows?” Icyhot sighed after closing the till. He counted the money for the 4th time today. He wasn’t in a worse mood yet. I already was, I think Kirishima was too out of it at the moment to really know what was going on.

“Wow, real nice customer service.” He chuckled, shaking some of the water off. Another mess to clean up, asshole.

“Just trying to keep our store free of filth.” I muttered.

He looked at me and shrugged. “I just thought it’d be nice to talk to my good friends, maybe talk about the tragedy.”

We all tensed up at that.

“I found something pretty interesting in the woods the other day.” He hummed, grabbing a bag of chips.

“And we care about this why?” Kirishima muttered softly, half asleep. Finally, getting some kind of rest.

“Because what I found might interest you.” He grins, Icyhot and I looked up at that. He looked a little too delighted to have our attention.

“I was meeting up with a few friends of mine, near the Eastern mines, and I found something over there.”

“Marrow…” I growled, my hands smoking.

Icyhot was steaming over where he was.

“We were walking around, talking about things when we found what looked like a body.” He smiled.

Half n Half’s breath hitched, he narrowed his eyes and glared at him. I grit my teeth, blood roaring in my ears.

“We didn’t get too close to it, but we could see quite a few things on it.” He waited a beat or two before adding to his comment. “Dark, messy hair. It was hard to tell the definite color with all the dried blood on it. It was buried under a little bit of soil and some leaves. From where we stood it looked pretty short, pretty small. We would have gone over there, but it was twitching a bit. Rattling breath, and garbled words. It wasn’t going to live for long, especially with the thing that was starting to come out of the trees.”

I slammed by hands on the counter, waking a now startled Kirishima who gasped in surprise and fell over.

“It did respond to Midoriya though.”

We fucking launched ourselves at him, I got a hold of him first and slammed him into the wall.

“And you didn’t think to fucking help him!” I screamed.

“It didn’t seem like my problem.” He shrugged.

Before I could blow his ass up the icy bastard took the chance to get a punch in. And in the damn moment his fucking fire prick father decided to walk in. He walked in on his son about to beat the
shit out of a shitty local and his explosive friend ready to blow his remains to bits.

“Shouto!” He yelled, narrowing his eyes as he stared at us. Kirishima groaned in the background, I think he hit his head on a chair. Dumbass.

“What the hell do you think you’re doing?” He growled.

Icyhot glared at him before letting Marrows go and shoving him away. Making him fall to the ground.

“Get out of here Marrows.” He muttered. “And take your bullshit with you.” He turned around and walked to the break room, ignoring the yells of his father.

Marrow walked away with a smug grin. I’m going to fucking kill him one of these days, and I swear to god there will not be mercy.

We ended up kicking the asshole out, telling him we’re closing early. He left after the Canadian flag didn’t come out for half an hour.

We did decide to close early, Mitch (our boss) could get angry later; we had important shit to do. Besides, it’s been a while since we’ve had an early closing.

We ended up going to my house, packing a bunch shit in our own bags. Water, food, first aid, flashlights, two small knives, and a flare gun.

I ended up getting a fucking knife, so did Icyhot. Kirishima got the flare gun since his Quirk only works in close range.

I started raining harder, and quite frankly none of us gave a fuck.

And then we were eating an early dinner when it happened.

Just some chicken and rice, something simple since my old man has to wake up early and head into the next town for work or some shit. Apparently the old hag is going with him.

The idiots and I were shoving food down our throats so we could leave. Shitty hair was actually eating something so I felt somewhat better. The idiot is finally taking care of himself.

Probably helped that the old hag threatened to tie him down to a chair if he didn’t eat.

Just as we were about to finish up, Icyhot’s phone started to ring.

My old hag has this no phone policy when we’re eating.

“Shouto, you know the drill. Turn off your phone and tell them you’ll call them later.” She said to him.

He nodded and narrowed his eyes. We all had the same thought as to who was calling him, his shitty father.

He got up and walked over to the small table that had the phones. He picked it up, and he fucking froze. We all heard him gasp, like he was choking on the damn air in his lungs.

My old man stood up.
“Shouto? Is everything all right? What-”

The bastard fiddled with his phone and hurriedly pressed a few buttons, putting the call on speaker. Before he could say anything, we heard him.

“Todoroki!” He screamed. We all looked up at that, Shitty hair and I stood up at that. Eyes wide and muscles tensed.

“M-Midoriya? Midoriya where-”

“I-I’m in the forest!” He yelled through his guttural sobs. “I-I don’t...I’m...” We heard a loud, wet cough. I could only guess what he was coughing up.

I ran over and snatched the fucking phone, Icyhot wasn’t getting anywhere with this shit!

“Deku, where in the fucking forest are you!” I yelled. Icyhot and Shitty hair snapped out of it and scrambled to get their jackets and bags.

“I-I don’t know! I don’t-Agh!” He yelled in pain. We heard him fall, and his desperate gasps to get back on his feet. Through the thunder that echoed through the phone, we heard a loud, rumbling roar.

“Deku! Fucking think! Landmarks!” I screamed.

“I-I...A tower! A fallen tower, I see a fallen tower!! That’s all I know, that’s all I know!”

“Listen you fucking idiot, you see the direction the tower fell? Run that way, it leads to town. We’re coming to get you!” I yelled.

“I-” He didn’t get to finish before the call cut off.

“Fuck!” Half n half yelled as he threw my shit at me.

“Boys! What are you-”

“We’re getting him back old hag! You know the sheriff aren’t gonna do shit!” I yelled as I slammed the door.

We fucking sprinted, for most people in this town running halfway across the neighborhood with fucking wind them. None of us fucking gave a shit as we crossed the main road and ran straight into the forest.

It was deafening in the town compared to the forest. The sound of the rain and thunder was muffled as soon as we ran in there. And the only thing we heard in there, were the echoing cries; the rumbling footsteps, and the colossal growls that fucking shook me to my core.

If strolling around took us like two hours to get to the tower, then our sprint should have gotten us in a third of the time. We ended up pulling out our flashlight mid run to make sure we didn’t crash into the fucking trees.

Soon enough we saw a small figure in the distance, sobbing as he ran. He sounded winded, his raspy breathing echoing everywhere as he ran.

“Shouto! Kacchan! Kirishima!” He screamed, over and over. He was looking for us. He must have seen us, since he yelled in what sounded like relief and made a fucking beeline towards us.
“Midoriya!” Icyhot yelled, speeding up as much as he could.

“Sh-Shou-” Something slammed into him before he could get another word out. We heard wood splintering and a loud crack. All of us cringed at the mere thought of what that could have been.

A large arm, long and spindly came from the darkness. It looked like it was covered in tar, the ooze dripping from the cracks in its skin.

And then they all appeared out of nowhere. I felt myself freeze in place, because they were fucking everywhere.

The eyes.

They were all looking around, rolling around like they were loose in their sockets. They were rolling around until they all landed on me, it felt hard to breathe while I tried to avoid looking at them. I felt fucking helpless, I couldn’t even fucking run!

They all started to close in on me until I felt Shitty hair grab me and drag me while they ran.

“Get your shit together Bakugo!” He yelled before he almost dropped me, almost all the eyes were gone. Except for the glowing ones above us, a sickly yellow that watched every movement.

I made myself look back forward, I clenched my hands; I didn’t have enough sweat to make a big explosion, but enough to probably stun that fucking thing.

Deku was pinned to a tree, struggling to breath as a hand wrapped itself tightly around his neck and choked the life out of him. He was weakly clawing at the hand, already too weak to even make the smallest wound to the thing.

I heard Icyhot yell, and everything lit up. It was a fucking blessing it was raining because with what he fucking pulled he would have started a goddamned forest fire.

There was a loud wail of pain, and a sickening snap. Deku ended up falling to the ground, unmoving and unresponsive.

There was a few more snaps, and a fuck ton of long arms came out of nowhere, all of them reaching towards the four of us. Icyhot got Deku, picking him up like he weighed nothing and started to run back towards town.

“Fuck off!” I yelled, I fucked up my arms with how big I tried to make that detonation. I’m pretty sure I almost blew out my aids, since they started ringing loudly.

A bunch of black shit ended up splattering on me as the arms were blown to pieces. As soon as they were fucking gone, I didn’t wait for shit.

Shitty hair and I started running like bats out of hell. Half n half was slightly ahead of us, he gave up on his flashlight, dropping it. I nearly tripped over the fucking thing!

There was a loud, roar that echoed around the forest. Whatever was in the woods, it was pissed and it wanted us fucking dead.

We were starting to get winded by the time we could see the tree line. Not that it was even easy to see in the first place. That thing was chasing us, I could feel the rumbling in my chest, my heart was pretty much beating along to the sound. The eyes came back again, all of them surrounding me as I ran.
I tried to ignore them, but it’s a lot easier said than fucking done. They were everywhere. Every glance I made, every little look over my shoulder they were there. Watching me, and taunting me, hungry for something.

The moment I looked back to what was in front of me I ended up slamming into a tree.

I saw stars in vibrant color, something warm ran down my face as I slammed into the ground. I heard someone yell before I felt hands grabbing onto me. The long fingers wrapped around my arms and neck, the cold skin sending violent shivers throughout my body.

Long nails dug into my skin and more warm stuff was starting to run down my arms and torso.

It felt like a fucking trial to pry my eyes open.

I wish I kept them shut. The giant glowing yellow eyes were wide open and staring me down. It felt like I was suspended in midair.

I stared at the eyes for a moment, a pressure building up in my head. It felt like it was about to burst, like too many things were being stuffed into my head.

Voices.

Multitudes of voices, all of them were screaming at me, filling my head. I had only freed an arm for a solid second and I tore out the aids.

They didn’t stop, not for a single fucking second.

I think I started screaming at some point, but I can’t be too sure.

I ended up blacking out after an eternity.

The last thing I had heard was someone yelling my name, and a loud boom. Something warm splattered on my face, and from there everything went black.

I ended up waking up three days later.

I was drifting in and out of consciousness for those three days, waking up for a few minutes at a time, screaming and in a cold sweat. Then slipping back to unconsciousness.

I actually managed to wake up, not screaming, with Kirishima standing over me. He looked like absolute shit. His eyes were dark with exhaustion, and he looked really pale.

He looked surprised for a second, like he was unsure what to say.

“Shitty hair?”

He started bawling and he fucking threw himself on top of me! Listen, I love him to bits and pieces but he’s really fucking heavy!

(Edit by Kiri: 3 days after original post- ( ٩ ̄ω̄ ̄)۶)

(Edit by Todo: 3 days after original post- So he finally admits it…)

(Edit by Baku: 3 days after original post- STFU!!!!)
So after listening to him bawl for like a while, I got him to fill me in on what happened.

Apparently I fucked up my arms, with how I blew that thing up in a panic I ended up overdoing it and right now my right arm is still kind of numb. Kirishima caught me before I hit the ground, so I have him to thank for the lack of any more damage. I got a concussion from how hard I hit the tree, so that explains that raging headache I still kind of have.

Deku isn’t doing any better, he was like half dead and running on pure adrenaline the entire time. I think he ended up going into shock. Not too sure, it was hard to tell from Shitty hair’s sobs.

He hasn’t woken up yet, not like me. He’ll gain consciousness for a few minutes and then lose it soon after. He’s not screaming, so I guess that’s a bonus.

It’s been 2 days since I woke up, by the way and Shitty hair won’t even let me get up to go to fucking work! The most he’s let me push myself is walking to Icyhot’s house just to see how Deku is doing.

He looks like death. Pale, clammy skin. Every time he breathes it looks like he’s going to break. Ms Rei was able to stitch him up, and stop his bleeding. Which, in all honesty, only did so much to help him. Half n half and Touya have been switching off to help keep him warm, since he can’t seem to generate heat on his own very well.

It’s also good practice for Icyhot’s brother, who needs help keeping his quirk under control sometimes. Again, even that only does so much.

Whenever he’s awake, they try to get him to drink water or to at least take a bite of something. He’ll only stare at them blankly before turning away and slipping back to unconsciousness.

Fuyumi said it might just be his mind trying to process everything now that he wasn’t in danger. That he might be repressing his memory to avoid remembering any of what happened. She wasn’t too sure though, just guessing.

We’re still waiting for him to wake up.

I’m finally back at work, I’m still tired but at least I can stay awake for hours instead of minutes now.

Deku still isn’t awake, awake in the meaning of awareness and him being...him. He’s recovered enough that Touya and Icyhot don’t need to keep him warm, and he can just wrap himself up in a blanket. He still won’t eat or drink anything.

He’s not going from consciousness to unconsciousness anymore either. But he won’t do fucking do anything!

He just stares straight ahead, whether it be the wall or the TV. Whenever one of us is talking to him he’ll stare at us in confusion. Then the idiot won’t say anything, he’ll just look down and shake his head.

Icyhot stays with him every night, refusing to leave him alone in the dark.
This is all a bunch of fucking bullshit! We got him back, we fucking saved him and yet we still lost him!

We still lost him.

It was a late Saturday night, all of us were too lazy to head to our own houses and went to Kirishima’s house. Deku can walk around, his leg isn’t as messed up as it was a few days ago. Deku’s always been a fast healer.

The three of us played rock paper scissors to decide what to watch in what order. Shitty hair (how the fuck are you so good at RPS?!) ended up winning and put on some kind of old movie. Count of Monte Cristo or some shit. Saying it was manly as hell.

It wasn’t. But it was a decent watch.

Half n half put on My Little Mermaid, fucking nerd.

I was half awake at the end of the movie. I think Deku was too, wrapped up in his blanket; heading leaning on Icyhot’s warm shoulder.

I put on an actually good movie, Shrek 2.

(Edit by Kiri: 3 days after original post- You have awful taste!)

By the time the movie ended we were all exhausted. I’m pretty sure Deku fell asleep through the movie, he was quiet with even breathing as the only sign he was alive.

We milled around, watching late night television for a short while before deciding to give up on TV and go to sleep.

Kirishima ended up grabbing a bunch of spare pillows and blankets and threw them on the floor before setting them up to a comfy sleeping area.

While i was checking stuff on my phone, I saw in the corner of my eye that Deku was shaking. It was hard to notice at first, since he was so subtle about it. I was going to get up and check on him until Icyhot walked past the couch and Deku’s had suddenly shot out and grabbed Icyhot’s wrist.

We were all surprised at that, even Half n half was shocked.

“Midoriya?” He asked.

We heard him whimper something before weakly standing up. He said it again before nearly collapsing into Icyhot’s arms. A sob coming from him.

“Woah, woah hey what’s wrong?” Kirishima got up and walked over, putting a hand on his head.

“What is it nerd?” I asked, walking over.

Deku hugged Icyhot tightly before slowly looking up at us.

“I’m home.”

I nearly dropped my phone, and Kirishima choked on the water he had taken a sip of. Hell even Icyhot nearly dropped the nerd out of shock.
“I’m home.” He said again, louder with another sob.

Todoroki slowly nodded before running a hand through his hair. “Yes, you are. You’re home.” He muttered, making the nerd cry even louder.

Deku lost his footing and Icyhot helped him by lowering him to the ground so that they were sitting there on the floor. Shitty hair started tearing up and joined them on the floor, joined in the the hug.

I rolled my eyes and stayed standing up before Deku looked up at me. He smiled through tears and held out an arm.

“Come here Kacchan.” He smiled.

“Fuck off.” I said, I couldn’t help but smile.

“Come on Katsuki.” Kirishima said, looking up at me.

“No.” I huffed. I turned around to go get something from the kitchen when I was suddenly tackled to the ground and dragged to the stupid group hug by none other than Shitty hair himself.

“Come on! Hug the green bean!” He laughed.

“No fuck off!”

“Stop making this hard on yourself Bakugo.” Icyhot muttered, a smirk on his face.

The two idiots, Deku and Shitty hair ended up hugging me, even damn Icyhot was hugging me. I struggled against them for a while, but stopped since I didn’t want to hurt the nerd.

I sighed in resignation as they laughed at me.

“Welcome home nerd.”

Chapter End Notes

He sits himself up, forcing himself to take in shuddering breaths.

The old rusted irons chafe against his wrists as he reaches forward, a whimper of pain escaping his lips as he weakly grabbed the needle and thread.

It was now or never, either bleed out and dye alone, or go through the agonizing pain and live another day.

With shaking hands he manages to pull the string through the small needle. He knew, if he did it right then it would hurt like hell. If he did it wrong...well the pain would be even worse.

He shakes as he readies himself, biting down on a piece of his shirt. He breathes in sharply as he squeezed the skin and forced it to align.

‘I’ll only help you, if you help yourself.’ He had said, before tossing the items over to him.
He swallows hard, piercing his flesh with the needle.

Again, and again, and again.

Nobody heard his screams.

Nobody heard his sobs.

He was completely, and utterly alone.
New Residents

Chapter Summary

Well, a few new people have shown up in our town. Amazing what construction workers can do in a month of panic...

Chapter Notes

See the end of the chapter for notes

You guys need to chill out.

It’s not like we dropped off the face of the earth, it’s just things have gotten pretty busy.

Kirishima here, and sorry we haven’t posted anything in like a month. A few new families have been moving into Dead End, for some reason, and a lot of them keep stopping by for various necessities.

I have had to rescue three new locals this week. This week!

They don’t listen to us, like they refuse to listen to us when we say not to go in the dark side of the store. And what do they do?

They go to the dark side of the store! The speed demon nearly killed Midoriya when he saved this kid.

Oh my god, let me tell you about the new residents. We all met them, whether it be looking the new shops or seeing them in the store.

Mr. and Mrs. Nudins, and their son and daughter Neville and Nora. They’re the ones Midoriya had to save from the speed demon. And no, we haven’t named it because I don’t think any name of any kind can capture the terror he causes us to feel when we see him.

So this kid Neville has this quirk that raises his intelligence, but I guess as a trade in it lowers his ability to be a decent person and not a pretentious ass! His dad has the same quirk, and they like to act all high and mighty about it! Nora is a little speedy troublemaker who pulls a bunch of malicious pranks all the time.

Mrs. Nudins though is a bit more down to earth. She has the ability to move quickly, speed. How she ended up with that guy we’ll never know.

Neville took after his mom, with her ashen skin and orange hair. Although he needs glasses with his father’s blue eyes. He likes to wear turtlenecks and khakis. Nora is a spitting image of her father, and is more a fan of sweaters than anything

I’m sorry if I sound like a grouch I’m just really tired. I’ve had to stay at the store all night because we’ve had a bunch of setbacks. At least Todoroki or Midoriya stay with me to help me out.

Why not Bakugo?
Well, he’s been sick for a while and he hasn’t been feeling too good lately. I think he’s getting the flu, not too sure. But Midoriya has been staying with him to make sure he’s alright. I also stay over to help him out if I can, since Midoriya isn’t completely recovered yet from those events.

He fell down the stairs the other day and nearly broke his arm. I found this out after nearly tripping over him in the morning.

I think Bakugo will be back by tomorrow, I hope so.

So continuing on with the new residents.

There’s a small family of two, a father Mr. Pearson and his daughter Kayla. Kayla is a moody 16 year old who hated all four of us on sight. Her black hair dyed purple at the ends. She has a dark, gothic style of dressing. The complete opposite of her cheery father who actually bought us cookies when he visited. His way of saying hello. He’s nice, I like him.

He’s actually the new town doctor, his quirk is mending bones. Only bones. Stitches and stuff like that? He learned that, you know at medical school. He owns the small clinic that was built over by the barber shops. It’s small, it can probably only hold like 5 patients at a time. It’s not equipped to do surgery, well extensive surgery. Maybe something as extreme as taking out tonsils.

His daughter’s quirk? No idea.

The third family we’ll be talking about on the Kirishima channel are the Rodriguez’s. Mr, or rather, Deputy Rodriguez is the new deputy. Apparently he got stationed here in Dead End (I thought no one knew this town existed. Ha what a pleasant surprise) after getting in some trouble with his superiors when he tried to defend his father because apparently he shot someone dead when they approached his property.

Turns out it was just a delivery guy at the wrong place wrong time. (It was night time, what the hell was a delivery guy doing there at night time?)

Well, needless to say his daughter and sons, weren’t too happy about it. His kids, oldest to youngest, are Salem, Oscar, and Richard.

Salem is 21, planning on joining her dad on the force (that’s pretty manly). She’s nice enough, although I would her rather not go snooping around the store. Oscar is 19, saving up to be stable enough on his own and not live with his father. He clearly wants to leave town. And Richard is 15, he’s pretty nice. A little quiet, but he’s cool. I think he’d probably want to go with his siblings out of town.

Their quirks...I think Salem’s is manipulating shadows, Oscar’s is making copies of himself with shadows, and Richard can make copies of items.

Their mom, is the owner of the new diner that was built. She actually hired Fuyumi, so yay! They’re pretty nice. But I’m sure that they might not stay here too long. At least Salem and Oscar. (Maybe Richard)

Then there are the Mayfaires, two newlyweds who are just temporarily moving in. They said they might just be here from 6-18 months. They just wanted to have a house of their own, why they chose this town?

I kid you not, their answer was ‘The small town aesthetic’

Like….no! No! This is a bad small town! People die here! There are monsters in the woods! I
mean like just a month ago we saved Midoriya from only god knows what that thing was! They
drew the shortest of short straws choosing his town.

They asked us what this town is called...and I told them Dead End. And they didn’t believe me. We
told them about how the town signs were stolen a long time ago, and they just never got replaced
so now this town is called Dead End.

They called us a bunch of stupid kids and left with their beer and stuff.

When we asked them what this town was supposed to be called...they didn’t answer. Honestly I’m
surprised that even in his sick state, Bakugo didn’t go off on them.

The final family we will be talking about today are the Abdales.

A gay couple that stumbled across this town one drunken honeymoon night (I think we were in the
woods that night) and decided to move here. They’re pretty cool. One of them actually owns the
small hotel that was built. (It’s more wide than it is tall. So like 2 stories and 15 rooms on each
floor.

The other one owns a small sandwich shop that used to be the closed down gardening shop…

Like, I wanna say how bad of an idea that may be...because I think it’s haunted? We’ve walked
past there and more than once something chased us down the street with the intent of murder. I
mean, I think it killed Mrs. Glories! The old owner of that building!

Well, the sandwiches are pretty good. I can’t lie.

Oh! And they have a daughter named Helen, she keeps more to herself. She likes to look in the
small book section we have and at the old movies we keep. She has a teleportation quirk, but she
can only warp someone if she’s been there before.

Her dads’ quirks are...I think one of them stretching? And the other one is sleepless, where they
don’t need sleep.

Grandma isn’t too big a fan of all of them, saying they make too much noise and there have been
more than one occasions where Nora has knocked on her door and torn up her flower beds with her
running. We had to go over and help fix everything up, and chase off the kid when she was going
to ding dong ditch the door.

I’m not sure why she says they’re so loud. She lives away from everyone else, liking the quiet of
the forest.

I’m starting to get worried about her, she seemed kind of nervous and suspicious when we went
over there. Like she knew something, but was afraid to say it from the fear of possible
repercussions.

I noticed how she kept an eye on Midoriya, watching everything she did. At first I thought she was
worried about him, since we did tell her about the events of last month. But, I’m starting to think
that that wasn’t the case.

I know she meant to tell me something, but Midoriya caught her staring at him. He looked
confused for a moment before she looked away. She said something about being cold and walked
inside.

I watched her walk inside, and I thought for a split second when I turned back around, that
Midoriya had a nasty scowl on his face. His green eyes laced with a special kind of fury, I don’t think he’s capable of.

I think I imagined it, because a second later he was back to fixing up the yard. A carefree look on his face.

We fixed up her yard in about two days

During the time, Midoriya looked on edge, and kind of nervous. If not a bit irritated.

I guess he’s still a bit nervous being so close to the woods…

You know, we’ve tried asking him what happened out there, once we were sure he’d be kay to talk about it, we asked.

I think we may have asked too soon. He froze up, tension taking up his body.

“I-I’d…I think…” He had coughed and shook his head. “I rather not talk about it…okay? I still…a lot of it is in pieces. Stuff, happened…” He said, he shrank into himself and started to shake. We ended up giving him space and left him alone so he could gather himself.

I’m worried about him.

He...just hasn’t been the same. We’ve seen him staring at the forest a lot, paranoid. We told him about the blog, and he seemed confused. He hasn’t been writing anything, he’s just...kind of there.

He’s been staring a lot, at all of us. Like he’s unsure what to say, or how to say it. He’ll read through the posts, again and again like he’s never read them before.

Todoroki said that he’s been staying up late at night, sifting through his things like he’s desperately looking for something. Midoriya will say he’s not sure what he’s looking for, but that he feels like something is missing.

I know it’s only been a month, but I also know that he knows that we’re here for him. He knows he can tell us stuff, I mean, if he didn’t think that then he wouldn’t have told be about Aunt Inko.

Speaking of Inko, Midoriya doesn’t want to see her. Even though she’s worried about him, he won’t say anything to her. His phone will go off again and again and he’s always silencing it and ignoring it.

“I know that you two are growing apart...but Midoriya you should talk to her.” I said to him the other day, we were carrying a few boxes over to a few shelves.

“...I don’t want to.” He said softly.

“Midoriya.” I said firmly, my brows knitted into a disapproving look. “She’s your mom. At least let her know you’re okay. She stopped by again and again to see you when you were in your dazed state.”

“Dazed state?”

“Yeah, when you weren’t talking or doing anything. It’s like you had just shut off, you would stare straight ahead and if you did look at us it was just a blank stare. You wouldn’t eat or drink anything, speaking of which, Midoriya have you eaten anything today?”

“Uh, no.” He had thought about it for a minute. I sighed and shook my head.
“I think it’s Todoroki’s turn tp get lunch today. Roast beef sandwich?” I asked as I pulled out my phone, Midoriya kept unpacking the box.

He nodded quietly. He was staring straight ahead, like he was looking at something I couldn’t see. I shot Todoroki the quick text, a roast beef for Midoriya and a teriyaki chicken for me.

“Again Kirishima?!” I heard him yell, I couldn’t hold back my snicker. Even Midoriya was chuckling softly.

“Be sure to ask for mayo!”

“You are disgusting!” He yelled from across the store. There was a loud growl that echoed loudly. “Shut up Jeff!”

There was a loud crash and the store got cold all of a sudden. Midoriya was laughing, there he was. The Midoriya I knew, there for a split second before he faded back to wherever he was hiding.

I’m not sure what happened to him out there, but I just hope he’ll let us help him through it.

And before any of you say anything, yes. We told the new residents about the woods or at least as much as we figured they’d believe. We told them not to go in the woods when the fog is out, since there are ‘wild animals’ that take advantage of the limited visibility of humans.

The Rodriguez’s took us seriously, saying they’ve had their fair share of stalkers in the woods. (We said nothing about stalkers or monsters)

The Abdales were kind of skeptical, but with a little bit of nudging and showing them a few injuries that we got out there made them a bit wary and open to the idea of not staying out of there.

The Mayfaires said that we were making things up just to scare them. They took a stroll in the woods a while ago and said it was lovely.

The Nudins didn’t believe us. They were saying it’s ‘illogical’ for any animal or person to be out there when it’s such a small town. Except for the mother, she saw Midoriya and when the others left she asked what happened to him.

“He got lost in the woods.” Was all we said.

Dr. Pearson heard about what happened and forbid his daughter from going into the woods alone. Saying she’d have to have us with her since we seem to know the area well.

He’s not a strict dad, and I get wanting to give his daughter freedom. But I highly doubt we are the most responsible people to be giving that trust to.

These new residents are pretty neat, if not really annoying sometimes. I think they’ll add a little bit of excitement to the town, as if we don’t have enough.

Alrighty, it’s almost closing time. I’m tired, and I’m going to head over to Bakugo’s. Midoriya and Todoroki are already locking up the doors.

I hope Bakugo’s feeling better.
How long had he been here?

It was hard to tell. Reality and dreams were blurred together.

One moment he was chained to a wall, the next he was pinned to a tree. Staring ahead to see figures walking around, their shadows growing ever larger and larger as they stepped away from him.

He would startle awake at times, still unsure whether he was dreaming or not. Sometimes that man would be there, standing over him. Other times he would be sitting across from him, watching him.

'I'll only help you if you help yourself.'

His throat was raw, why?

'All you have to do is tell me the truth.'

That's right...there was no truth to tell. He screamed and yelled at him. He can't even remember what he said, not anymore. It was hard to remember anything through the throbbing pain and the bitter cold that had been consuming him for a long time.

He hissed in pain as he slowly made his way to his feet, the sutured skin stinging painfully as he strained himself.

He felt something warm blossoming from the center of his chest. Something that made him shake terribly.

A loud, pained, angry wail escaped him as he began to strain against the chains. Pulling, again and again. The chains rattled, and the cuffs bit into his wrists even more.

"What are you doing?" A voice echoed.

"I'll only help you, if you help yourself...what a load of bullshit! What the hell have you done for me? Other than sit there, and watch me suffer!" His furious gaze set on the smirking man.

"More than you realize." He murmured.

"Bullshit!" He screamed.

An animal, he was becoming an animal. He was already chained up like one, so why not? If it meant getting the hell out of there, then so be it!

He screamed and yelled as he raged on and on. Tugging and thrashing around, he would break free. Somehow, someway!

"...Rage." The man said, smiling as he stood up. "Good, you're going to need it."

His remark went unheard as the figure spiraled further and further into his frenzy. Screaming at the top of his lungs.
It's Getting Worse...

Chapter Summary

I've been feeling like shitty lately...

Chapter Notes

See the end of the chapter for notes

I feel like shit.
Like...absolute shit.

It’s hard to even get up, it’s hard to even wake up.

Bakugo is posting, because I have nothing better to do.

I’ve been stuck on either the damn couch or my damn bed. I can’t really move that far.

I don’t know what to fucking talk about, I’m fucking sick. Let me complain…

I’ve been like this since the week after we got Deku back, like actually got him back. When he stopped acting like a little shit robot and started talking to us. He came to work the day after he ‘woke up’.

It started out with headaches, they were manageable. It was a slight pounding in my head, something I could ignore because I’m not a fucking wuss. Then came the aching. It was like my body was taking an internal beating, it hurt to move. First my arms, then my legs, now it just hurts in general.

I ended up getting a fever a soon after.

I hate this, it feeling like I’m boiling alive! I have my fan on, and the AC is at like 60. I think I ended up kicking the blankets to the floor. Who fucking needs them anyway.

I think the worst part of all this shit, are the eyes.

They’ve been getting worse. Like, they would show up out of nowhere at random times. I’d be able ignore them.

Now, I fucking can’t ignore them. They’re everywhere, all the damn time.

They’re here right now, all of them staring at me. Bulging and straining to look at me. They’re on the walls, they’re on the floor...on my skin.

My parents ended up running in on me scratching at my arms, face, and chest one night. It’s like an itch I can’t scratch. I fucking feel them moving around on my body.

I try to fucking scratch or stab at them, anything to get them to leave. I usually miss, they crawl across my body just to avoid injury. But the times I do get them, it’s like popping a disgusting balloon.
There’s a loud squelch, and the they start to ooze this thick black shit that I can’t wash off. I usually have to fucking scrub my skin raw just to get that shit off of me.

They’re moving around again, it feels like I’m going insane.

They mostly disappear whenever I’m with someone, usually Kirishima or sometimes my parents. And sometimes they fucking still around, moving and shifting all over my body; rolling around in their sockets that somehow imbedded themselves into my flesh. The ones on the walls aren’t any better.

I tell Shitty hair and Deku that they’re there, that they’re moving around and all of them are looking at me.

Shitty hair is fucking worried, he’s not very good at hiding it. Deku just says that it’ll pass over time. My parents think I’m losing my mind and that I’m in a constant state of a mental breakdown.

Icyhot usually has no say in it, like he’s trying to figure some shit out. OR he’ll look at me like I’m insane, either way he’s been pissing me off.

Fucking Deku, he’s been staying over at my house even though the shitty nerd isn’t even healed himself. He still has a bit of a limp, and he’s not all there half of the time.

He scared me shitless the other night.

I’ve been having nightmares lately. They’re all the same, it’s almost like a memory burned into your eyes. You can’t get rid of it, and whenever you have an idle minute it’ll come back in full force.

It starts with darkness, and I’m walking through it. The ground always feels shaky and unstable, like it was about to give out under me at any point. There were metal rails on the wooden pathways.

The path was kind of wide, it split off sometimes; but for some reason I always stay on the one path. I’ll look over the edge of the railway, and see an endless darkness. Like it was ready to swallow me at any given time.

There would be loud roars and a high pitched screeches that echoed below me, and as much as I wanted to look down I never did. I always felt an eerie sense of calm, despite the pounding of my heart.

Once I passed through a few tunnels, I started hearing a loud rattling and clanking noise. Ragged breathing and low growls. The clanking was rhythmic, like a timed tug. I would always stop in my tracks, an open area waited ahead. The source of the rattling and clanking coming from the shadows. I saw a figure there, clawing and biting at its chains. All the time I’d just stand there, watching until something grabbed me and I woke up screaming.

Until one night something different happened.

For some reason I took a step forward, and the thing heard me. Eyes full of rage and hatred turned up towards me. An angry yell escaped its raw throat, it sounded almost sad, and pathetic.

I could hear its teeth chattering, small sounds almost like words escaped from it. It was different every time. But the usual words I can make out at all times is ‘No’, ‘Stop’, ‘Leave’ and a few other things.
I remember one time, a chain snapped off of it and it fucking launched itself at me. It didn’t make it but a few feet from its original position. It clawed at the ground, reaching for me.

I was about to fucking book it, when I turned around and that thing from the forest right behind me. The one from the tower.

I started to back up in the opposite direction, thinking I’d rather take my chances with a chained monster than the free and wandering freak in front of me. I had figured that there had to be some kind of exit somewhere, some other railway I could take.

The chained monster had gone quiet, fading from my mind as I was panicking as that thing stomped towards me. An inky hand reaching towards me.

Until the chained monster grabbed me and pulled me back. A guttural yell and incoherent words escaping its throat as the first monster rushed towards me.

Before it caught me I woke up in a panic, managing to choke back a scream.

My mind was going a million miles a minute. I had heard a creak, and when I looked up that monster was standing over me. It was then I had screamed, it grabbed me and started shaking me.

A few minutes later when I finally snapped out of the dreaming daze I was in, Deku was there. Shaking me and trying to talk to me.

I think I socked him in the shoulder and kicked him out of my room. He looked upset at that, but at the moment I couldn’t give a shit.

It took me what felt like hours to fall back to sleep, I didn’t dream again that night.

That scar I have on my cheek, there’s something wrong with it.

The veins around that part of my face are turning black. It stands out against my usual skin tone. It fucking hurts. Even the veins on my wrist are starting to turn black.

It feels like I’m rotting from the inside out, and it hurts like hell.

I should be freaking out, but I can’t really bring myself to. I’m too fucking tired.

I haven’t had a good night’s sleep since that one night, always in between the dream world or reality. It would all blend together.

I’m so fucking tired…

Kirishima is coming over at 6, it’s 5:50.

I think 10 minutes is good enough for a nap.

Chapter End Notes

He was right there...in his grasp.

He had unknowingly been running away from that thing.
That ting that trapped him here, held him here.

Was that even real though? Was it just another dream?

He shuddered as he looked to his free hand, the chain had broken off. A few links remained on the cuff, but he couldn't give a shit. He was getting there, slowly freeing himself.

He growled, until it escalated into an angry scream. He began to tug at the remaining chain. He had to get free, he had to find that thing and kill it.

"You better hurry. He's not going to survive for much longer." That familiar voice, that grating 'helpful' voice.

There was a loud clatter as he threw something to his feet.

Eyes flickered in recognition, he stopped his angry frenzy for just a moment and grabbed the bloodstained axe. His eyes darted to the remaining chain, old and rusted. But surely it couldn't withstand a hard blow from an axe. A grin found his face.

Freedom
A Visit

Chapter Summary

We went over to grandma's today

Bakugo’s in the hospital.

It’s Kirishima here and, it just feels really hard to function.

It happened a few days ago, I found him in his room. He was barely breathing, and sweating up a storm. He was also writhing in pain, clawing his chest, arms, and face. He sounded like a strangled animal trying to scream for help.

His veins were all black, especially around the scar on his face.

He’s in the next town over, after they were able to get him stable enough in the clinic they transported him to the next town’s hospital. I already called for today, he’s still stable but they don’t know for how long. Apparently his heart almost stopped a few hours before.

I’m pretty sure it goes without saying, but I haven’t slept at all. I can’t close my eyes without seeing him like that. Without watching him writhe in pain and let out strangled screams as he struggled against whatever force caused him distress.

Todoroki and Midoriya are holding up alright. Todoroki hasn’t been sleeping much either, he’s been keeping an eye on Midoriya who’s been acting a bit off lately. He’s more quiet, and standoffish. He won’t answer us when we’re talking to him, and he’s actually been more hostile.

I mean, he yelled at me yesterday because I kept him from walking into the woods. I didn’t want him getting lost in there again, and getting hurt. Let alone that thing from that night, god forbid it catch wind of him and come after him again.

He hasn’t been sleeping either, but he still looks a hell of a lot better than all of us. I think he just knows how to function with little to no sleep.
There’s not much we can do at the moment, but take care of things while the Bakugo’s are gone. We’re still hoping for the best, and preparing for the worst. We’ve actually been trying to figure what happened to him. Like, what caused it.

We’ve actually been thinking about it a lot.

I think it either had something to do with that thing from the tower, the one that scratched Bakugo and has been following him almost everywhere. Or the thing that grabbed him that night we got Midoriya back.

We’re going to visit Grandma when we can, I think she might know something. After all she’s been in this town her entire life, and I’m pretty sure those things have been here longer. She’s bound to know a thing or two about them. Right?

The three of us were mostly in agreement, save for Midoriya. He just seemed, kinda irritated about it. He didn’t really want to go over there.

He seemed kind of anxious about it.

Todoroki practically had to drag Midoriya out in order to get him to come with us. This was after spending an hour or so trying to get him to eat something. Apparently he only downed a bottle of water and a protein bar.

First Bakugo, who is barely alive and hanging on by a string. And now Midoriya, who won’t eat that much and refuses to talk to us. I think he might feel guilty about it, what happened to Bakugo. Again, we’ve tried talking to him about it, but he’s just put up this wall that’s getting harder and harder to break through.

By the time we were halfway down the long road to her house he finally stopped his grumbling. He went quiet and glared at the tree line for a while, like he was looking for something.

We went out at like the buttcrack of dawn, so we’d be in the safety of the day but also early enough that we’d be able to get to work on time. When we finally saw her house, we saw her outside watering her garden.
She had caught sight of us a lot sooner than we thought she would have been able to, and started to wave at us and call us over. I broke into a run, because she’s my grandma and quite frankly I was just so happy to see her.

She looked just as happy to see us walking out from her yard and meeting us halfway.

“Shouldn’t you boys be at work?” She asked as she ruffled our hair. Midoriya backed up a bit before she could touch him.

“Not for another two hours!” I answered.

She hummed before looking around for a moment. “Where’s my favorite foul mouthed blond?” She asked, turning back to us after a moment.

I felt myself frown as once again the heavy weight of reality came crashing down on me again.

“That’s what we came to talk to you about.”

We told her everything, Hisashi, how scared Midoriya has been. From him being lost in the woods, to the monsters that chased us, to Katsuki getting snatched and almost killed by the giant beat that was chasing Midoriya. We told her how the two had been out of commission for days. Katsuki’s screaming and nightmares, and Izuku’s unresponsiveness.

Finally we moved to how Katsuki’s been sick for a while, how he just started getting worse and worse until I found him that day.

I hate that we didn’t pay that much attention at first, that we just thought it was another bout of his usual sickness. I mean, for almost a year he’d been like this. He’d get weak and suffer from exhaustion for a while before bouncing back. It’d happen at least once or twice a month.

When we finished telling her everything, she just looked worried. She had stood up wordlessly before going into the kitchen where a timer was going off. The three of us looked at each other nervously as we waited for her to come back.
She was in there for a while before she came out with a tray of brownies and some tea. She had us take some before talking to us.

“Something similar happened to my brother, a long time ago. He was about your age.” Grandma took a long sip before setting her cup down. “He never saw the large beast you saw. Never, but he would always spot a certain monster.”

She has a brother?

Todoroki and I sat up straight with anticipation.

“It never came into town, not until my brother wandered too far into the forest one day and came out hours later in a sheer panic. He always kept an eye on the treeline or any dark spaces. Always scared it was gonna get either of us.” She fiddled with a small doll she was focusing on making. A cloth one.

I tensed a bit, there was that one day where Katsuki and I wandered too far in. When the tower collapsed and that thing scratched him.

“What did it look like?” I asked. “A-And did he say where in the forest he went?”

She shook her head. “He never said where he went, but he did tell me what the monster looked like. I would catch glimpses of it sometimes. Black, tall, looked like it was made out of ooze.”

I felt a harsh jolt go through me.

“It took a short while before he started to get sick, getting worse and then better for a time. Then getting worse again. All this happened a few weeks apart.” She let out a long sigh. “Then what happened to little Katsuki, it happened to my brother.”

I heard Todoroki choke on his tea. Midoriya grit his teeth, averting his eyes with a blank look on his face.
“There was little we could do for him, medicine, hospitals. Nothing helped, only prolonging the inevitable.” She furrowed her eyebrows as she cut the thread to the doll.

“Are you saying there’s no way we can help him?” I yelled, I think I started to cry.

“I couldn’t help my brother. Because I didn’t know how, not then. I found that thing, I was a tiny little thing back then. I didn’t care, I was angry and upset. I wanted to kill it.”

She gave the doll a tight squeeze before sighing softly. “Clearly, I didn’t.” She looked up at us though. “But I did find out more about it. It’s sentient, not like the other beasts in these woods. It can talk, act, mimic. I tried to kill it, and I failed. And that bastard told me, all about the suffering of my brother.”

There was an edge to her voice. She was angry, which was scary in itself. We’ve never seen, or heard her when she’s angry. We weren’t even sure she was capable of that emotion until now.

“It acts like a parasite, infecting a person through the smallest wound. A scratch, a nasty gash, anything.” She was knitting another small cloth doll angrily. “And then it feeds on its victim, and bit by bit their health begins to fail. Until it gets impatient, like it did with my brother and Katsuki. On death’s door and fighting like hell to survive a parasite they can’t fight.” She huffed as she nearly snapped her knitting needles.

We were quiet for a moment as she trembled for a bit.

“S-So we...can we help him?” I asked hesitantly.

She waited for a moment before nodding. “How do you think you can help him?” She asked, looking me in the eye.

I swallowed hard, and looked to Todoroki and Midoriya before looking back to her.

“It’s a parasite…”

“Yes.”
“...We have to kill it.”

The room was quiet for a moment before Midoriya started coughing and gagging, he got up and ran to the bathroom. He looked sick by the end of the conversation, probably reliving something from when he was lost in the woods.

We finished our brownies and tea a few minutes later. Todoroki helped a wobbly Midoriya out of the house. He had refused to eat or drink anything else after getting sick, just glaring straight ahead and looking away whenever Grandma glanced at him.

Before I followed the other two out of the house Grandma stopped me, she grabbed my arm and tugged on it lightly. I went back inside and she had a really serious look on her face.

“Eijirou, who is that boy?” She pointed to Midoriya.

“Grandma, that Izuku.” I said, giving a small chuckle, thinking she was kidding. Trying to break up the tension.

Her grip tightened, and what she told me sent violent shivers throughout my body.

“Eijirou...that’s not Izuku....”
A Journey Through Hell

Chapter Summary

It's time to get Midoriya back, and put an end to that sorry bastard...

Chapter Notes

An extra long chapter for your reading pleasure

(My hands are killing me pls send help)

I don’t want to believe it, I really don’t want to.

I would like to believe that the cold bundle that has been living with me is one of my best friends. I would like to believe that the person that we have spent this past month is the one and only Izuku Midoriya. The clever, cheery boy who had done nothing but help and support me ever since I met him.

But deep down, I know it isn’t him. The dull eyes, quiet demeanor, uncalled for anger…

The Izuku I know and love is still out there, and we have been doing nothing but sitting around. Complacent with the sorry bastard that took his fucking place!

Kirishima told me what grandma said, and the one fucking minute we turned our backs the damn imposter ran off. I ran out in the rain to look for that thing, I almost ran into the forest after that things when Kirishima grabbed me.

Before I could yell at him, I saw why. There was that all too familiar monster, the one that tried to chase me down that night. The one that crawls on all fours. It’s teeth were chattering in anticipation, fucking *daring* me to go in there.

There was a high pitched screech, and the monster turned its head. It slowly skittered away.
As it crawled away, I saw it had a few deep gashes, and it was limping. It moved slowly, like it was in pain.

I don’t know who, or what did it. But that thing took a beating, and from the looks of it, it lost.

We went back inside after a little while, just the two of us. One of our friends in a hospital, and the other one still lost in the forest somewhere.

We were on a time limit. Bakugo would die soon if we didn’t kill that thing, and Midoriya might die if we don’t find him soon enough. A month of exposure, lack of food, and water. And possible untreated injuries.

Midoriya can do first aid, and he’s always been able to improvise. I’m not sure what he’d do for food and water though, I’m sure anything and everything in that damn forest is toxic to some degree.

“What are we going to do?” I growled at Kirishima, even he looked pissed. He thought it over for a few minutes, pacing for a bit before stopping.

“Fuck it, we’re going to leave the store. Close it down, we have to run to my house. We’ll grab supplies and then go out there.” He said, rummaging the keys out of his pocket as he ran into the breakroom for a minute.

He came out with the first aid kit we restocked the other day. We quickly ran out of the store, locking the doors and dashing down the streets.

With every passing minute, the rain came down harder and harder. From the light sprinkles it started out as in the morning, to a hard drizzle by the time we got to Kirishima’s house. It would be surely be pouring a few hours later.

That thing knew we were hellbent on killing it, so it was probably going to try to avoid us. Or, its waiting for us. It might want to lure us in deep the woods where it’ll have the advantage, both knowing the terrain and having other creatures on it’s side.

“We’ll head to the tower.” Kirishima said as he stuffed a few things into his bag. The first aid kit, a small blanket, a few knives, matches, flashlights, and some food and water.
I put another first aid kit in my bag, food and water, a knife, and the flare gun we never used.

We locked up his house and started to run. “Why the tower?” I asked as we sprinted past houses

“That’s where Bakugo and I first found that thing.” He answered. “And that’s where we found it, as Midoriya. I have a feeling that’s where we’re going to find it again. I also...have a feeling where it might have come from.” He said.

“Please elaborate.” I told him as we stopped, we were at the tree line. We had to think before we did anything, we couldn’t just run in there like madmen.

“Well, one time I was at Bakugo’s house. It was after we initially met that thing, and he had taken a journal from the tower that day. I ended up taking a look at it, and it was pretty hard to read but after a while I sorta understood more or less a few things the Ranger had been saying.” He said, slowly stepping forward, a quick gait.

Quick, careful, and wary. That’s how we were taking this.

“Oh?” I asked him.

Neither of us said anything for a moment as we stepped into the forest.

It was deathly quiet, even the rain sounded like it was distant. Despite the water droplets crashing down on us, the calming sound of it all was silenced.

The only other sounds we heard was our breathing.

Nothing else.

It felt like anything, and everything that could possibly be in the woods was waiting for us. I was the first to take that hesitant step forward, nothing. Not even the crunch of dirt and leaves beneath my feet.
We looked at each other before setting into a quick paced jog. Not too fast that we won’t be able to stop ourselves if we ran into something, but not slow enough that we weren’t covering a lot of ground.

“The journal said some stuff about the mines.” Kirishima said in a low voice, his red eyes glancing around. “Apparently back then there were a lot of people who would work in the mines.” He went on.

“How far back are we talking?” I asked.

He shrugged. “Clearly before we were born, there are no dates. I almost wanna say maybe when grandma was our age.” He muttered. “Well, a lot of people who were in the mines always said they saw, or felt something in there. Watching them, stalking them. At night, those who would stay in the small shared houses at the mines would usually call the ranger in a panic.”

I raised an eyebrow, looking around. Even Kirishima had stopped talking to take a glance around. Something was off, we weren’t alone. We felt ourselves stop in our tracks.

In my peripheral vision I saw a deer like creature, except it was grotesque and misshapen. It looked like someone tortured the poor thing to death, and further mutilated its corpse.

I slowly turned my head towards the thing, only for it to disappear from my view completely.

I felt myself shudder a bit as I caught another one in my sights. That thing just did nothing, the eye sockets dark and protruding with the horns from its head just stared straight ahead at us.

Kirishima stepped a bit closer. “We saw these things on the way to the tower.” He muttered, his voice quiet. He was afraid to set these things off, he didn’t know what they could or would do.

“How come we didn’t see any of them that night?” I asked as I looked around, a few of them disappeared; new ones appeared in different locations.

“I think we were in too much of a hurry, not to mention we didn’t have the visibility we have now.” He whispered.
We started to walk forward again, feeling that moving was our best choice when they started to walk towards us in slow, janky movements. As soon as we stated moving they began to either back off or they froze themselves.

God, Midoriya would probably be having a field day observing these things.

It hurt, a lot, to think about Midoriya. My mind couldn’t help but race when I thought about him. He was probably angry, bitter towards us. He probably thought that we had forgotten all about him or we’re just fooled that easily.

Honestly, if he hates us I wouldn’t hold it against him. Never. He deserves that kind of anger.

It was about 12:26 when we reached the toppled tower. If I had to be honest, it was the first time I was seeing it in person. It looked like it was tall, a good scouting point.

Shattered glass, rusted railings, snapped wires, scattered items that were mostly either decayed or faded. This was the thing those deer brought down, how the hell, and why?

“Now what?” I asked, taking a look around. The forest had gone quiet again. The rain was coming down even harder now. We couldn’t see the deer anymore, they just disappeared.

“Well, now we gotta look for the mines. I know it’s further in the forest, but I’m not sure in which direction through.”


He gave me a look before sighing. It was a feeble attempt at humor. We were starting to realize how feeble our plan really was.

A wild guess, as to where this thing might be. And it might not even be there, and then we have to kill it. We don’t even know how it fights, how strong it is. Hell, we don’t even know what it’s going to look like. If it can shift its form, then how do we know it’s going to look like Midoriya? Or is it going to take its original form?
“It’s 12:30.” He said absentmindedly, checking his phone.

“And?” I asked, starting to run forward.

“Are we going to stay out here all day and night? Todoroki your family doesn’t even know we’re out here! My aunt won’t know I’m out here!” He said, keeping pace with me.

I hadn’t thought of that. Grandma told Kirishima that the person with us isn’t Izuku, we made it to work. He told me and then...well then we just ran into the woods with no plan. Like a pair of desperate fucking idiots.

“We’re going to have to.” I told Kirishima, he nodded. Almost like he was hoping I’d say that. “We only have so much time, and we can’t waste any running back just for sleep or food. We’ll just have to make do.”

I’m putting my phone away now, it’s 2:21 and we just took a small break. Something was chasing us but gave up after a bit. We ended up hiding in a tree.

We’re going to get going now, and we’re going to hope for the best. I have a feeling the mines aren’t too far.

We found the mines, it was actually a pretty big area outside of them. It kind of looked like a miniature settlement. There were large, single story houses that had a bunch of different rooms with two beds in each one. There were about five of them with either 20 or 22 rooms each.

Yes we did go through the buildings.

It was weird, it was just abandoned. Not like people left in a hurry, leaving nothing but a mess behind. No, the beds were made up, tools were still hanging where they should. Hard hats, belts still holding tools, even the gas masks were left behind. They were the kind that just covered a person’s mouth, not their entire face.
There was nobody in any of them, it was like they just got ready for the day and disappeared. There was even food set out, granted it was pretty much dust at this point. It looked like about 90-120 people would have worked there.

We found a shed in between two of the large houses, it was made of rotting wood, and rusted metal. The lock to the door had been busted a long time ago, clear to see. When we looked inside there was nothing but dust, expired canned food, and a few dead rodents lying next to the canned food.

There were a few spiders hanging out on the ceiling, their webs decorated with a collection of dead insects.

There was even an old first aid kit. Now usually, we would disregard is seeing as we both had our own kits. Except this one was opened, and when we went to look at the contents; they were mostly dust free. It was opened a while ago.

Antiseptic, bandages, and a bottle of alcohol were missing. So was some thread and the pack that held suturing needles.

“Todoroki, this was opened a while ago. Not like years but maybe days...you don’t think…”

“Midoriya.” I said. “He probably came through here.” I added, standing up. If anything, we were on the right path.

“But why hasn’t he gone back to town? There’s a faint trail, but I’m sure even he’d be able to see it.” He asked.

“He might not have seen it, and he might have been to weak to be thinking clearly.” I answered.

“He grabbed supplies to patch himself up.” Kirishima argued.

I honestly didn’t have anything to retort with. Because, the next possibility my mind went to made me even more scared for Midoriya’s safety than I already was.
Something was chasing him, and he wouldn’t have been able to take the trail. He would have run in a different direction. Either further in the woods, or in the mines. But which direction to go was the real question.

Further in the woods, where Midoriya might be? Or in the mines where that monster probably is, and maybe Midoriya?

“I think we should head to the mines.” Kirishima started, looking at me. “That thing is probably down there, we have flashlights and we can grab a gas mask from one of the houses. I’m hoping Midoriya is in there, that way we can find him…”

“And if he isn’t?” I hissed, I felt my left side flare up.

“…If he isn’t I’m just gonna hope and pray he’s somewhere nearby. Or at least he’s stumbled upon a campsite.”

“Kirishima who the hell would be insane enough to camp out in this hell?” I asked.

He shrugged. “Urban explorers?”

I huffed, and rubbed my eyes. It was about 4, and the sky was already getting dark. The rain let up for a bit, but it was going to start coming down soon. It was thundering and the clouds were growing dark.

We ran over to one of the houses and snatched the gas masks, they were in relatively good condition much to our surprise. I guess the people who worked here didn’t have that much time to really wear them down.

From there we ran over to the entrance of the mines, it was in between all the houses, two on one side and three on the other. There were a few tracks coming from the darkness of the entrance. They led to a few different structures that were all broken down by either time...or what looked like a violent tantrum of something big.

“Alright, so…” Kirishima stopped for a moment to put on the mask. “We go in there, we go as far
as we can on one path. We can use your ice to leave a trail in case there’s a branching path, and if that leads to a dead end we turn around choose another and keep going.”

“And how will we be able to differ between the ice trails?” I asked, putting my left hand on him to warm him up a bit. We were heading in the mines, and it was probably cold down there. Not to mention we’re pretty damp ourselves. I can’t use my flames down there, there might be some unstable and/or flammable chemicals down there. I’m not going to put us at risk for the sole reason of warming ourselves up, when I can do that now.

He relaxed slightly at the heat. “I’ll cut a bit of ice off the trails, sorta like breaking a link. We’ll use that to let us know that that path is a dead end.” He answered.

I took a deep breath as I looked at the entrance. The more I stared at it the more I felt dread building up. There was something telling me to run away from that place, to run away as fast as I can.

I ignored it, because surely...surely that meant what we were looking for was waiting in there.

Before we walked in I grabbed Kirishima. He looked at me in confusion for a moment.

“Ground rules.” I stated, grabbing his full attention. “We tread carefully, some of the support beams might be unstable. And we don’t know if there’s going to be an endless chasm at some point, and if there is the support is probably aged. I don’t use my fire, don’t ask me to, don’t even fucking think about it. There are probably flammable gasses down there, and we won’t be doing anybody any good if we’re dead.”

He watched me for a moment before nodding. “Anything else?"

I thought about it for a moment before looking back to him. “You remember what that screech sounds like?” I heard that thing earlier in the day, but I hadn’t quite committed it to memory.

He shuddered and nodded. “I don’t think I can forget it.”

“Good, if we hear that thing, or we hear any sound of Midoriya; crying, screaming, muttering, yelling, we head towards it. We don’t know it it’ll still be disguised as him, or if he’s down here, the real one.”
“Alright. Be careful, no fire, listen for that thing.” Kirishima said, he turned around. We got our flashlights from the bag and we headed inside.

Instantly, a few feet in and it was already pitch black. Like the light from the outside world never even existed. Our flashlights did little to nothing to cut through the darkness; our visibility was very limited. We could see probably up to five feet in front of us, granted our eyes hadn’t adjusted yet.

The supports were made out of timber, it honestly gave us some really bad anxiety. They looked worn down, and rotted away. There were a few claw marks on a few of them, and a few deep intentions in others.

Almost like someone tried to cut them down.

Whenever they groaned from strain the two us moved faster. For a long time, it was mostly just a straight shot, we opted to follow the rails and avoid the carved out veins that were on either side of us. They were all quite a few feet apart.

A few had rails leading into them, but with a quick glance we saw that the rails didn’t go that far in. They were just there to lead in carts to load in supplies. Sure, the area inside was probably big, but we couldn’t really get off track at the moment.

We lost sight of the outside world when we started hearing the noises. It wasn’t anything major. A few skittering noises, a bit of clicking; but whenever we stopped or turned around to try and find the source it either froze and stopped or the sound faded away.

We started to see a few diverging rails, two paths to choose from. On either side of the main tunnel, we saw a few overturned carts, rusted and dusty with age.

There were even a few wooden boxes with lanterns and candles on them. I think I saw a few playing cards on them too.

Nice to know they could have fun in this deathtrap.
We stopped for a moment, looking between the rails. Both of them looked unused, undisturbed. Except for the support beams, on the right there were more knicks to it. The left had no damage except for time.

Wordlessly we headed right, but not before more clicking was heard. It sounded different than the ones from before. This time it sounded louder, and closer, and bigger.

Kirishima stopped for a split second, we were at the mouth of the right cavern when he was about to turn around when I grabbed his arm.

“Don’t.” I muttered softly. We walked for a short while before we froze up when he heard another set of clicking, like nails against stone. It wasn’t coming from in front of us, but rather behind us. Heavy breathing, and foul breath, it grew faster and more erratic as it got closer.

Great, probably less than an hour is this fucking mine, and we’ve already pissed something off. But, we followed the nicks, someone’s been through here. They made themselves a safe path.

“Kirishima.” I looked at him, his lips were pressed tight. He looked like he was struggling not to look behind him, trying to keep his eyes forward. I saw the thing in my peripheral vision, one would think that in this pitch black mine one wouldn’t be able to see anything.

Well you’d be right. We wouldn’t have been able to see it, except it was right at our faces. Unmoving, staring at us with hollow eyes. The tiny white dots within those pits black were darting between the two of us.

It had long, scraggily, greasy hair that was stained with something. It’s face was sheet white, like it hadn’t seen sunlight in ages. Probably because it hadn’t. It had no lower jaw, it looked like it had been broken off, or rather ripped off might be a better way to put it.

I shuddered as I felt something hot, wet, and sticky run over the right side of my face. I nearly gagged at the stench of the breath. There was no hiding it at this point, Kirishima and I were fucking shaking; and already fucking cornered.

I don’t know how long we stood there, that thing staring at us. It would inch closer to my face with every passing second. It was waiting for us to do something. I slowly moved my hand from grasping the red-head’s arm, to his hand. He flinched a bit, and the monster swiveled it’s head towards Kirishima.
I say swivel, because it’s not like it just snapped it’s head in a different direction; it’s head fucking swiveled, a full 360 before turning to Kirishima.

“Turn your light off.” I whispered.

His eyes darted towards me as a silent scream of ‘Why!’.

I let the light click, turning mine off. The area grew darker, but my eyes were starting to adjust. I looked to the other side of me, looking for another knick somewhere. I swallowed hard as I was barely able to spot another one. Right at another divergence, it was hard to see but I was sure it was there.

I felt the thing stare at me now. It took every ounce of self control I had to not book it when I felt a few talons wrap around my shoulder, something began to dig into my shoulder as Kirishima hesitantly turned his light off. It was struggling to get through my jacket, but I could feel the cloth beginning to rip.

I gripped his hand tightly as a shoddy plan formed in my mind.

I braced myself to act on it when a cold, raspy voice spoke to us.

“Thank you...that light was beginning to bother us…” It stunned me, that the thing could even talk; and then without a jaw it still spoke so perfectly.

“Todoroki…” Kirishima muttered.

I felt another set of talons scraping against my neck, sending shivers up and down my spine.

I waited for a moment, feeling a talon running over my throat as the air around us chilled.

“Run!” Was all I could say as I made spikes of ice appear. I felt a sharp pain on the back of my neck and shoulder as we tore down that cave. There was a loud, deep bellow of rage and pain as
the ice tore into that thing.

I pulled him in the direction of the nicks that were in the support beams, my eyes hadn’t quite adjusted, and neither of us could see a damn thing. All we knew is that we were starting to head down a steep hill, we were on one path so far.

There was another loud bellow that echoed far, far behind us. That thing was pissed, and if I didn’t know any better I’d say the loud echoes that had been coming from behind us were coming from it, and what might have been other creatures similar to it.

It wasn’t long before I ended up slamming into a wall, and I fell back for a minute; stunned.

“Fuck! Get up get up get up!” Kirishima grabbed me and dragged me to my feet while I was trying to blink the bright spots out of my eyes. A bit of light appeared from the flashlight he turned back on. Four paths this time.

Two of them looked worn down, and almost ready to collapse, while one was in pretty good condition. The fourth one though, the rails were hardly there. The wood that would be there to help hold it in place was in splinters, smashed to all hell.

Of course the knicks were in that one.

I finally managed to stand on my own, we were about to sprint down that way when we heard a loud, shrill, high pitched shriek that made me double over in pain.

I felt it reverberate through the caves, through the ground, through my core.

We stopped and turned to the other three passages. There it was again, making my ears ring and my entire body tremble.

Pain.

It was in pain.
It was coming from the one of the farthest left, one of the unstable rails. There was more echoing and pounding behind us; and I think it was then we threw caution to the wind and bounded down that tunnel. The old metal creaked and groaned under our weight as we raced down there.

My mind was going miles a minute. If that thing was in pain, something had to be fighting it right? Was it another monster in the mine that it pissed off? Was it pinned and struggling under a collapsed area?

Or…

For a split second, for a damn second I let myself imagine it.

At the end of the tunnel, with another path diverging off of it that led to the outside world, was Midoriya. Fighting like hell against that inky black monster with whatever he had on hand. He was winning, and he was looking for us.

And once we made it further down we’d be there. We’d help him kill off that monster, and everything would be okay. He’d be a little roughed up, but maybe luck would be on his side and he’d mostly okay. We would find our way out of the mine, and we’d bring him home.

Maybe a few days later Bakugo would come back, all healed up and swearing as usual. Midoriya would still be recovering, but overall he’d be okay. He’d spend a lot of time resting and trying to find out what happened in his absence. Maybe he’d be mad at us for a while when he found about the month we spent with the fake; but he’d forgive us.

Everything would be okay.

Or at least, that’s how I would have liked for it all to play out.

Instead, we ended up falling quite a few ways down a small ledge because the tracks ran out, they had broken off.

We fell, we landed hard on something. I know Kirishima didn’t suffer any injuries from it, I heard something crash into his hardened skin. I thought I heard something break over where he was.
I wasn’t able to hold back a scream of agonizing pain as I felt cold, sharp metal dig into my right side. I felt something hot beginning to seep into my clothes. I tried to lie as still as possible, only to feel someone drag me off the twisted metal.

I think I screamed again, my vision went white for a moment before the darkness returned.

Breathing *hurt*. It made me shift the slightest bit, and it sent waves of pain rolling through me. I didn’t even care about the headache splitting my skull apart as we heard another high pitched screech.

I heard someone talking to me through the loud ringing. When my vision finally returned I saw it was Kirishima. I saw his lips moving but I couldn’t quite make out the words, not for a little while. He was rummaging through his bag, grabbing the first aid kit before trying to sit me up, which I protested to greatly.

“...patch you up. It cut pretty deep though I don’t know if these bandages are going to be enough.” I hear him again. He sounded like he was trying to keep himself from panicking. It was just then I noticed his mask was gone, a quick glance around and I saw it was at his side, broken.

“What?” I asked him.

“You’re bleeding out!” He screamed, growling as he managed to take off my jacket and he started to cut up my shirt. He loud out a hiss, I flinched when I felt him tenderly touch the area around it.

I’m not sure what I was thinking when I said it, I feel like an idiot for even suggesting it.

“What if I closed it?” I muttered, it hurt like hell when I tried to reach my left hand over to my side.

“What if I closed it?” I muttered, it hurt like hell when I tried to reach my left hand over to my side.

“What do you...Todoroki!” He grabbed my arm before I could do anything. “You said not to use your fire! God, what if you blow us up!”
“I won’t.” I muttered, straining against him to put my hand on my side.

“Do you really want to take that chance?” He asked.

That’s about the time when a wave of clarity hit me.

“How well can you do stitches?” I asked him, glaring. He was about to answer, then stopped.

“Exactly. Let me cauterize it and-”

“What if you ice it over instead?” He asked, tearing up a bit of his shirt and pouring something on it. I felt myself raise an eyebrow as he muttered a ‘sorry’. I was about to ask what he was apologizing for, and then I felt it.

I yelled in pain as he pressed an alcohol soaked piece of cloth to my side.

“Son of a bitch Eijirou! Warn me next time!” I yelled.

“I said I was sorry!” He yelled back.

I huffed as lifted the scraps of my shirt left to see how bad it was. It was deep, I could feel it, and it was about 6 inches long.

“Fuck me.” I muttered.

“You have to ice it over. Remember you said not to use fire. I’d say we’re pretty deep in the mines and I don’t wanna risk us blowing up.” He said.

Right, that’s right. That was one of the ground rules I put down.

“Alright, fine.” I muttered. “We gotta find them.” I added as I started to ice over the wound, I
hissed as I pressed a finger to the wound. I groaned as I felt the ice spread over, I made sure to make it thick.

Fuck, speaking of ice.

“Kirishima, I stopped making an ice trail a while ago…”

“Fuck Shouto!”

“We have the knicks in the beams.” I said, gritting my teeth to stand up. I struggled to get my jacket.

“We strayed away from those when we heard that thing…” He trailed off before slapping his forehead.

It was quiet, that was bad. That was very bad. Even the things we were sure were chasing us were gone. Or probably lost us. No idea.

“So…it’s either dead.”

“Unlikely.” I put in.

“Or, it got away.”

We were quiet for a moment while I steadied myself. I was still in pain, but once I got moving I’d be okay.

I sighed and looked at him. “That thing is still probably down there. We’re on the right path, we heard it coming from over there. If we keep down this way we might find it again, it can’t have gone too far.”

He nodded softly. “Yeah, okay.” He shook his head and looked up.
“Flashlight?” He asked, and I nodded. I grabbed mine and turned it on, lighting up the dark cave just a little bit more. We were standing on what used to be tracks, and what instead were now torn out metal and splintered wood.

We took a moment to take in our surroundings, we weren’t exactly happy with what we found.

There was the signs of a struggle, a pretty bad one. There was some blood splattered on the wall, a mix of red and black. As well as a bunch of different claw marks on the stone, like the monster had been using the wall to regain its footing, or it made a swipe at it’s target.

I think that’s also how the tracks were torn up. There were large footprints, either imbedded into the stone of the cave or faded black ooze on the surface.

“Shit…” Kirishima muttered.

I took a moment to look up at the ledge above us, from where we fell. Honestly I was surprised we survived that fall, especially with the twisted metal that was waiting for us down below. We could probably get back up there with my ice, but we weren’t sure of what would be waiting for us if we did.

“Come on, we gotta go.” Kirishima said, looking at me. I nodded and started to walk, my side flaring up in a bit of pain. Thankfully most of it was numbed, most of it.

We tried to keep to the side of the tunnel, where the ground seemed most stable and where most of the claw marks led to.

It was quiet for the most part, again. We were straining our ears to hear any tell tale signs of the monster, or other monsters ahead. All we could really hear was our footsteps, breathing, and the occasional creak of something far ahead.

It was Kirishima who broke the silence first.

“What are we gonna do if we find Midoriya first?” He asked softly, keeping his voice low. “And he’s...he’s in really bad shape? Are we gonna still go after the monster, or are we gonna get him
“...If we can patch up any injuries he has we’ll do that. If we can fill him in on what’s happening then we’ll do that. If he’s conscious and stable enough, we’ll keep after the monster; but I’d rather leave that decision up to him.”

“You already know what he’ll say, regardless of his condition.” Kirishima huffed, he looked worried. I got that feeling again, that Kirishima knows something that I don’t; something about Midoriya.

We stopped talking again, not sure what to really say. When I had checked my phone, it was already 7:21.

3 hours, we’ve been in the damn mine for 3 hours! And just now, we were on the trail of that thing.

It wasn’t long before we came up to another fork in the road. This time there were three tunnels. All of the tracks looked relatively worn down. Rusted, old, like it all could crumble to dust at any minute.

“Which way?” He asked, looking around, shining a light down each tunnel. There was nothing much to see ahead, just a few more tracks.

There were no knicks in the beams, nothing to tell us which way was safe and which way wasn’t.

Right, middle, or left.

“Let’s try the left one.” I offered, getting no argument. We did a quick scan of it, our flashlights offering little to cut through the darkness. Once we figured there wasn’t anything of immediate danger we started making our way down it. I made sure to leave a trail of ice this time.

It started out wide, then steadily got more and more narrow. The tracks stopped a when it began to get too narrow. It got to a point where instead of being able to walk side by side, I was walking in front of Kirishima; who made sure there was nothing behind us.
“I think we should turn back.” Kirishima huffed after a bit, he took another glance around the area.

Unsettled, we were both unsettled. It was far too quiet, something that had been close to setting the two of us off for a while now.

“It might open up again.” I argued, hearing my voice echo a bit. “And if it doesn’t and we get to a point where it’s too narrow for us to continue then we’ll turn back.” I said.

“The tracks stopped a while ago.”

“Well there is the possibility they kept going on foot.”

Kirishima shrugged, coughing a bit. “Yeah...maybe.” I looked over my shoulder as he let out another loud, wheezing cough.

“Are you alright?” I asked, stopping, and turning around.

I waited for him to finish his coughing fit before he shook his head. “I’m just a little lightheaded, and…” He took in a deep breath. “It’s like I can’t catch that breath, like I can’t breathe in enough.”

I started to feel a bit worried, I’m not really educated on the effects of poisonous gases on humans, or how much one can take. But I was afraid Eijirou was starting to hit his limit, he had dark circles under his eyes; and he looked deathly pale, even his breathing was starting to get ragged.

I waited for a moment for him to shake himself out of his thoughts.

“Kirishima, sit down. Drink some water and take a minute to rest.” I told him. We hadn’t broken out our food yet, or waters. I’m glad he did as I asked and sat down, leaning against the wall. He spent a minute or so like that before grabbing his bag and rummaging through it, looking for his water.

While he did that I took off my mask.
The air was bitter, and kind of sour; rancid. I coughed a bit as I took in another lungful. He downed almost half of his water when he finally looked up at me.

“Todoroki! What the fuck!” He yelled, standing up. “What are you-”

I shoved it into his hands. “Put it on. I’ve had it on for a while, and you’ve been breathing in only god knows what’s in this air. I’ll be okay.” I promised.

He waited, then hesitantly put it on. I heard him taking deep breaths of filtered air, probably a relief to his lungs.

“Thanks Todoroki.” He said, with what I’m sure was a smile under that mask.

I shrugged, and turned my flashlight back to the path in front of us.

Black. Endless, churning blackness that appeared out of nowhere. Even the flashlights didn’t cut through the black air.

“What the-”

“Todoroki!”

I didn’t even get to finish my inquiry when Kirishima grabbed me by the back of my shirt and practically threw me to the side. I yelled when I landed on my side, groaning when I tried to get up.

I was glad he did, because right when he pulled me a long, black spindly arm had been where I was. It had three clawed fingers. It clawed at the ground, looking for me.

A moment later the arm retracted back to where it came from, in the churning black air, then it started to shift until it seemed to retract, revealing a horde of monsters.

They all had human figures, but their limbs were much thinner and skinnier than a normal person’s. The knuckles were down to the ground. They were all black, almost like they were covered in soot.
The torsos seemed so much thicker and heavier than the rest of their bodies. I was surprised that the twig like legs were able to support it.

The faces, they didn’t seem like faces. More like barren white skulls with dark hollow eyes.

When I say a horde, I mean a horde. There 30 of those things easy, and probably a hell of a lot more behind the ones in front of us.

The bigger one stepped forward a bit, groaning and creaking as it moved jaggedly towards us. It looked at us for a moment before opening its mouth.

We both expected a loud, ear piercing shriek of some sort, and instead a thick, dark cloud started to come from it. The other ones started to follow suit, spewing the foul clouds.

I don’t know what that air would have done to us if we breathed it in, but we didn’t stick around to find out. It was mere inches from us we took off running. We made it out of the tunnel when we started hearing loud groans and strangled whines as loud footsteps were heard following after us.

“I told you we should have gone back!”

“How was I supposed to know those things were down there!”

We rounded the corner of the tunnel. It was there we found out that there were actually a total of five tunnels. One came from the same wall of the other one we came from.

“The middle one!” Kirishima yelled, about to round the corner when we saw more of those things, another large group. “Oh fuck!”

We ran around that entrance and barreled down, thankful there wasn’t any. I don’t know how thankful we really could be though, when we found out we were stomping over old brittle bones of their old victims.

We still kept running, even though we heard the loud stomps, eerie groans, and the snapping of old bones.
Up ahead, we heard it again. A loud, piercing screech.

If anything that made us run faster. We found it again...or it found us. Either way if we found it we’d be able to carry out what we had to do.

We kept running, focused on staring straight ahead, not daring a look back. Up ahead, an exit from the tunnel. Wide open space!

We sprinted towards it, and we kept going and going until dared a look down. I yelled as I grabbed Kirishima and made us halt in our tracks. We fell over, nearly falling into the dark chasm down below.

“Todoroki what are you-”

“The tracks!” I yelled, my voice echoing loudly. He saw what I meant when he looked down.

If we kept running we would have fallen into the darkness below, surely to our deaths. They had cut off, but started again a few ways ahead, too far from a jump.

That’s when we saw it.

That *thing* had pinned someone, something down. We heard it talking, but it was too low to make any sense of the echoes.

We looked back when we heard loud rumbling in the tunnel, those things were coming for us. We looked back to the thing when we heard a loud screech, followed by an angry incoherent yell and then came the sound of something tearing.

“We have to get over there!”

“Can you use your ice?” Kirishima asked, bracing himself, he looked back to the tunnel behind us. He was ready to fight, so was I.
With the rumbling, came the shaking of the tracks we were on right now. Old wood groaned and began to splinter under the violent trembling. Those things were shoving past each other, nearly tearing each other apart in order to get to us, they were almost here. Almost to the tracks.

“I’d need a solid surface!” I answered, looking down. There was a thin railing that bent downwards, it wouldn’t support the weight of us or my ice.

“Then we jump.” He said decidedly.

“What!” I yelled.

“There are supports below that right? I can dig into them and then you can freeze some of it over and make us platforms!”

“We can’t make that jump! And they’ll break under our weight!”

“Won’t know if we don’t try!” He yelled, he stepped back and before I could voice any other arguments he fucking grabbed me and threw us off the tracks, jumping as far out as he could.

We fell for what felt like forever before there was the sound of stone shattering and a loud yell. My face smacked into something solid and by instinct, looking for something else to hold onto I dug my hand into stone. At the spark of a different pain I activated my quirk, and everything began to ice over.

Our falling had slowed to a stop, bits of ice and stone fell on top of us.

“See? We did it!” A grinning Kirishima looked down at me, I felt myself scowl at him.

“When we get out of this mess I’m going to kill you.” I muttered, before daring a look at my hand. My hand was badly cut into, the surface layer of skin was completely shredded, leaving a bloody mess.
“I think there’s a platform over there…” Kirishima said, looking in the other direction. It took a moment, and I had to squint my eyes but I saw it. There was a faint light, the glow did little to reveal much but I swore I could see a few tracks.

“Can you make a platform of ice?” Kirishima asked.

“I can try.” I muttered.

“Please hurry, my arm is killing me…”

I huffed, putting my hand to the wall again before beginning to ice it over. It took a lot out of me at the moment, I could feel my body cooling down more and more as I concentrated. I was able to make ice for us to stand on, which we both gladly took the chance to.

“You okay?” I heard him ask me. I looked at him in confusion, and gave him a look before he asked again.

I don’t think I said anything, I just nodded. I had begun to feel lightheaded and a little dizzy. The frost beginning to cover my already cold body made it pretty hard to focus. I had made a small path to the tracks, it wasn’t the most stable thing, but it worked for the most part.

We slowly made our way over to the tracks, where we found the source of light. It was one of our flashlights, or at least it looked like one of ours. It was the same kind we sell at the store.

I grabbed it and looked it over, it wasn’t mine or Kirishima’s. Mine has white tape on it while Kirishima’s has red. This one was unmarked.

“What the hell?” I muttered.

“Looks like someone dropped it…” Kirishima answered. “Todoroki you don’t think…”

“But where would he have gotten a flashlight?” I asked him.
Kirishima shrugged. “I don’t know...maybe someone helped him?”

I gave him a look, which he just shrugged at again. Who? Who the hell could have helped him? There was nothing but bloodthirsty monsters down here. Unless he had a stroke of luck and there was actually a good monster?

Unlikely.

He sighed as he looked down either side of the tracks. Another choice.

“Let’s move forward a bit, maybe a more open area and then we’ll wrap up your hand.” Kirishima looked down either side.

“Sounds like a plan.” I muttered, and started heading down one direction. Wordlessly Kirishima followed behind, holding his own flashlight and shining it around occasionally. I would dare a look over the edge of the tracks at times.

It looked like an endless abyss, ready to swallow us at any minute. I couldn’t shake the feeling that there was something else, far more sinister down there, waiting for us. I swear, with everything that makes up my being, there was something down there; aware of us; watching us in that very moment.

I couldn’t help but keep my eyes trained on the chasm below, only shaken from my worried trance when Kirishima clamped a hand on my shoulder.

“Look!” He pointed ahead, to where there was a large, open area. We hurried along the tracks and made it there. Surprisingly there was a lot of light in the area.

It wasn’t that well lit by any means, but there was enough light that it longer felt like we were blind without a flashlight. There were a few stones of to the side, where there was what looked like a lantern and a few unused candles.

I raised an eyebrow and picked up the lantern, it had a burnt out candle in it. Nothing but remains of melted wax.
Kirishima was shuffling around a few feet away when I heard him suddenly come to a stop.

“Oh my god…” He muttered.

“What is it?” I asked absentmindedly, while still looking over the area I had chosen to look over. There were a few bottles of water, half of them empty and the other half were mostly full. There were also a few wrappings around, remnants of either sweets or one of the badly wrapped sandwiches we usually sell.

“Chains.” Was all he said. “And some blood…”

I looked up. “What?” And walked over to him, I shined my light to where he was looking, adding more light and I saw them.

There were chains connected to the stone wall, they were a decent length. Hardly enough room to let someone move far away from the wall. They could probably make it halfway to the tracks before being stopped.

What really alarmed him thought, were the cuffs. Or rather lack thereof. The bloodstained chain had been broken off, and whatever had been held here was loose. On the floor were a few splatters of blood, tiny pools. Maybe what had been a steady trickle before it either stopped or the creature left the area. A few feet from the chains was some kind of ripped material.

“Fuck.” Was all we could say. Because not only were we farther from the surface, now there was something else to deal with!

Before I could tell Kirishima anything harsh coughs began to wrack my body. A painful burning started in my chest, my lungs while I tried to take in air that I felt deprived of. A harder bout of dizziness hit me and I almost fell over; he caught me.

I heard Kirishima yell something at me before setting me down and pulling stuff out of his bag. There was some more words; but they were hard to pay attention to while the world spun harder and harder.

All of a sudden my right hand was on fire as something was pressed to it. I can’t remember if I screamed or not; but I blacked out for a short amount of time. When I came to shortly after I was on
my feet, I was leaning on Kirishima as he kept talking. I felt something on my face, something to help ease the burning inside me.

He was half dragging, half walking me down the other tracks.

“This is bad, this is really really bad!” He said, before a loud shriek resounded. It wasn’t as loud as before, or maybe it was but I couldn’t really register it over the dull roar in my ears.

I know he switched languages, and if I remember right he kept switching between English and Japanese with various swears and promises to no one in particular.

I nudged him to let him know I was conscious, and strong enough to walk on my own.

“You sure?” He asked, his voice sounded so distant.

“I think...help me.” I said in a low voice, standing up straight with an arm still drapes over him. “How long?” I asked.

“You been unresponsive for a few minutes, but you still managed to get up. We need to get out of here.” He said.

“But we still haven’t found them.”

“We won’t do Katsuki or Izuku any good if we’re dead. I think we’ve been exposed to the gases in these mines long enough; if we don’t get out we’re going to die!”

“You don’t know that.” I huffed quietly.

“It’s a reasonable hunch if you ask me.” He argued. “Now shut up and focus on breathing so we can get out of here.”

“You sound like Bakugo…” I muttered softly. I felt him stiffen up for a moment before laughing sadly.
“I kinda do huh?” He murmured.

“What time is it?” I asked.

“Last time I checked it was about 10 or so.” He sighed. “We’ve been in here for too long.”

“Maybe.” I mumbled, still walking forward. I began drifting off when I felt us stop. For a split second I thought I was in the forest; I had felt the cool rain on my face.

“What is it?” I asked, trying to look up as I heard him cough loudly.

“There are two paths. One leads to a tunnel, and the other...well it kind of looks like one of those vertical shafts with a ladder. But that way was boarded up, but something broke them. Some that came the same way we did, from over there.” He answered, he was stressed. We were running out of time; and one wrong decision could lead to a detour and that could mean death.

“The vertical shaft.”

“Why?”

“If that thing that was here was--” I paused to cough. “T-trying to get out...then it was probably what broke those boards.”

I felt him look at me.

“You really wanna gamble on that?” He asked, his voice serious.

“Do we have any other choice?” I asked.

He paused for a moment before sighing. “No.”
We moved forward, and those steps felt almost impossible to make. Kirishima shifted me and had me leaning against the ladder.

“You think you can make that climb?” He asked.

I looked up, gauging the distance. Inside my mind was screaming ‘no no no!’

“Yes.”

My body felt like lead as I pulled myself up the ladder. I made myself keep going, even though my legs gave out under me a few times. I felt myself starting to slip away when Kirishima was talking again; coughing loudly in between his words.

I yelled as I felt something dig into my leg.

“I’m sorry Todoroki but you can’t pass out!” Kirishima said, letting my leg go. I grunted in response, the pain keeping me awake.

The old ladder creaked and groan with every step we took. I was afraid it would give out at some point.

Thankfully it didn’t. I made it to the top and collapsed to the side. I had crawled a few feet away to give him room to get up. I managed to sit up and take in our surroundings.

There were more broken items. Dust was disturbed and a few things had been knocked over. Off to the side there was a metal box, a bunch of different levers and buttons. Right next to the box was a large, rusted metal lever. The handle was one of the kind that had a trigger you had to squeeze in order to made the thing move.

There was a large, gaping space a few feet from the box and lever. There was a broken; old chain link metal fence that was the only thing to keep you from walking of the ledge and most likely a fall to death.
“...Well looks like you chose right Todoroki.” Kirishima said as he finished climbing up the ladder. He took a moment to catch his breath before walking around. While he was looking around for another way to go I started slipping away again.

I almost passed out when I was rudely awakened by a harsh and loud screeching of rusted metal. I felt Kirishima help me up again. My side started to feel warm again; the ice was melting. I tried to ice over the wound again; I could barely manage a frost.

“What are you doing?” I asked.

“It’s an elevator! Todoroki it’s working, it’s coming down! It sounds like it’s far up, so maybe it goes to the surface.” He sounded excited, his voice cracking with relief.

“But...Midoriya.” I muttered.

I felt his grip on me tighten, he was worried too. But he was the one making the call; we wouldn’t find them, not today. We would just have to hope Bakugo could hold out another day, as unlikely as that seemed.

“...We aren’t going to find them are we?” I asked.

Kirishima was quiet for a moment before sighing. “No...” the harsh truth. “No Todoroki, I don’t think we’re gonna find them in time.” He said softly.

I can’t remember if I started crying or not, I probably did.

I felt like hell.

My lungs were still burning, my body was lead, I was going to start bleeding again too.

I felt defeated.

I could only imagine how Kirishima felt.
I passed out as the screeching of the elevator got louder, the last thing I had seen in that moment was the old rusted doors closing before we started moving.

When I opened my eyes I was in the forest, it was pouring and lightning lit up the sky as loud thunder clapped over me.

I was running, my lungs were on fire and my body felt like it was ready to fall apart at any given minute.

I don’t know why I was running. I don’t think I was being chased, no...no I was chasing something! A loud screech resounded, it made my ears rang but through sheer will alone I kept running.

There was something gripped in one of my hands, I tried to look at what it was but I couldn’t. It was like my body wouldn’t obey me. Like it wasn’t my own.

It was then that I realized I was alone.

I tried to call out for Kirishima, my voice didn’t ring out. Instead it sounded like a strangled growl. It was then that I realized how dry my throat was, like I hadn’t had anything to drink for days.

I felt a spike of anger run through me and I threw what was in my hand, there was a loud screech of pain and what sounded like garbled swearing. I huffed as I tried to speed up, one of my legs almost gave out under me from the strain.

After a few more steps it did, there was a loud clatter from up ahead. I fell, and yelled as I hit my head on something and I felt a warm liquid run down my face.

I strained myself to get up, yelling out something incoherent. The voice sounded really familiar.

I gasped awake, a loud clap of thunder startling me out of my fitful slumber and...really fucking weird dream.
“Oh thank god you’re awake!” Kirishima was sitting me up, starting to stand me up.

“It’s raining…” I muttered, hearing the creaking start as the elevator begin to slow. We started walking as the doors slowly slid open. As I’m sure Kirishima started counting his lucky stars I ripped off the gas mask and threw it to the side of the small tunnel.

There was only lightning from the outside that lit up the cave a bit, letting us know how deep we were in the cave. We weren’t that far in, before long I felt a harsh, cold wind slap me in the face.

“Yeah.” Kirishima muttered.

“...It all looks the same, like the dream.” I muttered mindlessly.

I felt Kirishima stop.

“What?” He asked.

“The dream...you weren’t there but...I was running.” I answered, the memory already starting to fade from my hazy mind.

He was about to say something when the two of us heard a loud scream. It wasn’t the loud, piercing shriek that had been echoing in the mines.

This one was loud, angry, and desperate. I felt my heart stop in my chest, looking towards the tree line.

“Midoriya…”

“Todoroki don’t!” Kirishima yelled as I pushed off of him, adrenaline started to pump through my veins as I heard that scream again. It was a little farther away.
I heard him racing after me as I plunged into the dark forest. I weaved through the trees and did my best to keep myself from tripping over tree roots and various other items.

“Todoroki stop!” Kirishima yelled after me, he was right on my tail.

“He’s here!” I yelled. “He’s been here this entire time!” I had stopped seeing reason, not thinking about the possibility of that familiar voice being that sorry mimicking bastard.

With another flash of lightning I saw a figure up ahead, leaning on a tree. He looked ready to collapse.

“Midoriya!” I screamed as loud as I could. I couldn’t even hear myself over the sound of the thunder. I still kept running, closer; and closer!

“Todoroki?” I heard him call from ahead, he slowly started to make his way towards us.

I began to bawl as I raced for him, tackling his cold, rain soaked body into a tight hug. He nearly fell to the ground, but I managed to keep us upright. I heard him sobbing loudly, clutching my clothes.

“I found you!” I yelled, my heart pounding. “We found you.” Lightning cracked again overhead, lighting up the area a bit more.

He didn’t say anything as Kirishima came running into the area, still calling after me. I ran a hand through his messy, tangled green curls and held him tightly.

“Todoroki, get over here!” Kirishima yelled, stopping in his tracks as soon as he saw Midoriya.

Midoriya said nothing at first, before he looked up to me. I looked down to him, confused at first. He looked unharmed for the most part, save for some rough scratches and a few bloodied patches on him.

“You really do love him don’t you?” He asked, catching me off guard.
“What?” I asked.

Before I could really register his words a sudden pain exploded from my injured side. I screamed, and out of instinct I flared up, both ice and fire surrounding mr as he quickly backed away.

Kirishima yelled something and ran over to me, keeping on my feet as I put a damper on my quirk.

The Midoriya in front of us had a twisted, malicious grin on his face. What was once a human hand, was a black claw dripping with my blood.

“Wow. Just...wow.” He started, raising an eyebrow. “You fell for it once, and you fell for it again? God how desperate are you?” He laughed.

“Where is he you bastard!” I yelled, I couldn’t focus enough to ice it over or cauterize the wound. I wasn’t quite ready to put myself through more pain.

The mimic rolled his eyes and shook his head. “He’s running around somewhere I’m sure, probably on death’s door. I’m actually surprised he got out of there, crafty little shit.” He hummed seeming irritated.

“What do you mean, ‘got out of there’?” Kirishima asked, nudging me.

The mimic huffed, still using Midoriya’s voice. “What does it matter to you? You’re not gonna see him ever again...or that little blond.” A smirk.

I gripped Kirishima tightly to keep him from outright rushing at the thing, he was currently supporting me, keeping me on my feet ice I finished icing over my reopened wound.

“He’s so, so close to dying you know? I can practically feel his heart starting to stop. Let me tell you, there is nothing else as satisfying as that.” He grinned. “And then there’s your little loser friend, like I said he’s on death’s door even without me feeding off of him.”
We had to buy a little more time, just enough to catch that thing off guard.

“Why?” I asked, pushing off of Kirishima and standing on my own. “Why do you need to act like a parasite to humans? Why can’t you feed off of anything else?”

He shrugged. “Humans tends to last longer. After all, we are known for being pretty resilient…and tasty.”

The two of us stopped short. I had to replay what he said in my head again a few times before I was able to form word again. Kirishima beat me to the punch though.

“What do you mean…’we’?” He asked, raising his arms in a defensive position.

The copy stared at him dumbstruck for a moment. Before he started to laugh, it started out low and quiet before rising in volume and pitch. He sounded like a maniac.

As he laughed we watched his body begin to shift. The sound of bones snapping and breaking apart to rearrange themselves was louder than the thunder ringing out overhead.

We saw the Midoriya before us grow taller and thinner, pale skin turned into black ooze while the green eyes rolled back to show white spheres.

“What the hell did you mean by ‘we’?” Kirishima yelled, repeating his question.

“You think we’re all just monsters?” He asked, his voice deep and gravelly. I shuddered.

“What the hell else are you supposed to be?” I said. “That thing that crawls on all fours that chased me down that night, the beast that chased after you that night when we were after Midoriya, those creatures in the mines! You’re all monsters!”

“Where exactly do you think we come from?” It grinned at us.

“All pit of hell you all decided to crawl out of.” Kirishima huffed.
It chuckled again, putting its non-bloodied claw over its face.

“You two are awfully naive. Almost to a point of being arrogant with that attitude.” It sighed before running a long tongue over the blood on its other hand, shivering slightly.

“Hm, kind of bitter. Then again I’ve never liked people with cold quirks.” It rolled its shoulders before letting loose a long breath.

“Finally out of that form. I can’t tell you how cramped that kid’s skin feels.”

We didn’t say anything as it watched us for a moment, daring a step forward. We forced ourselves god stay where we were, to not back down.

There was a large flash of lightning, so close and bright it nearly blinded us for a moment. That sorry bastard took that chance and raced for us. Kirishima tried to drag me away, but that thing was faster and before I knew it I was slammed into a tree.

E

That thing had one claw wrapped around my throat, lighting digging into my neck. While Kirishima was right next to me. He clawed at the oozy hands with hardened hands as the air was choked out of him and I.

“I’ll let the two of you in on a little secret.” His muttered before squeezing harder. I couldn’t find it in me to activate my Quirk, my world was starting to spin again as lightheadedness returned. I almost thought I heard footsteps, and a loud scream before there was another bout of thunder and lighting.

“You’ve come this far, I think you two have earned this much at least. Most of us in this forest? We used to be-“

Before he finished I saw something appear behind the monster. I heard Kirishima and I scream before something was swung and buried itself in the monsters neck.

My ears fucking rang as that thing let out the loudest, angriest, shriek I have ever heard in my life. It dropped us as it reached for its neck, a gray liquid spewing from it.
We coughed and tried to catch our breaths as we watched that thing stumbled back. A flash of lightning revealed that it was an axe, it grabbed the weapon and threw it to the ground as someone came over and picked it up.

“You little bastard! I thought you were dead!” It screamed.

“You thought wrong asshole!” A tired, dry voice yelled. The sky lit up again, and I almost started to cry all over again when I saw who it was.

Izuku fucking Midoriya.

He looked awful. He was deathly pale, his clothes were soaked in rain and blood, black and red. One of his pant legs was torn to reveal a wrapped up injury that had begun to bleed again. One of his sweater sleeves were gone. I saw that he had two cuffs with a few dangling links clamps onto his wrists.

His hair was longer and messier, it was almost down to his shoulders at this point.

I would have been filled with pity for him, if I wasn’t fucking terrified of him at the moment.

When I think of Izuku, I usually think of warmth and happiness. A curious little nerd who loves to analyze heroes and the people around him. When I look into his eyes I usually see encouragement and a brightness nobody can ever hope to compare to.

I never thought he’d be capable of a rage so raw and so violent. When I looked into his eyes, I saw nothing but hellfire.

Kirishima and I could only watch as they fucking tore into each other like there was no tomorrow. Or at least the monster tried to. After a month of what must of been hell I was surprised he even had the strength to swing that axe as hard as he was.

The two of us flinched as another loud shriek was heard, he had cut off an arm of the thing, and brought it down with a hard swing to the knees.
We flinched again as a worn red shoe slammed into the monster’s head. There was a loud crack as it screamed again.

“As much as I’d like to make you suffer, I’m afraid I don’t really have the time to do that.” Midoriya growled, an unrecognizable cruelness in his voice.

“For the month you kept me down there, for Kacchan...for impersonating me…”

He lifted the axe up, a smile playing on his lips like he was waiting for this moment his entire life.

“Don’t…” It wheezed, one claw still clamped around its bleeding throat.

“I’ll make sure we have plenty of fun in hell!” He screamed. We couldn’t bring ourselves to look away as he brought down the axe again and again on its neck; like he was having a hard time cutting through it.

The pained shrieks and screams turned into strained gurgles and pathetic wheezes. Until it all stopped.

The sky lit up again as we saw him standing there, almost like he was dazed before he suddenly looked at us.

“M-Midoriya?” Kirishima asked, hesitant. He took a step forward.

Izuku slowly began to walk forward, limping with ragged breathing; like it was the hardest thing in the world. He dragged the axe in one hand while the other was reaching forward.

“Sh...Sh…” he gasped, nearly falling forward. I stepped forward to catch him, only for him to grab my shirt and barely steady himself.

He look up, haggard and at the end of his rope.
“Shouto…”

“Yeah?” I asked.

“I...I think I n-need a hospital.” Was all he said before he collapsed.
Recovery

Chapter Summary

Our accounts of temporary hospital life, it's good to have Midoriya back

So

Kirishima here, and I am so tired…

We’ve been in the hospital for a while, ever since we got Midoriya; the REAL one, back.

How did we get here?

Well, that’s a fun story in itself.

After Midoriya collapsed, half dead and barely alive we ended up picking a direction and running. We ended up coming from the forest area that’s near the school.

We...actually weren’t too far in the forest in that area. Which is a mixture of good luck and very unsettling knowledge. Todoroki was starting to lose his strength by the time we made it to one of the neighborhoods.

By the time we made it to a house, I was the one carrying Midoriya while Todoroki did his best to keep pace.

We found out where Dr. Pearson lived after he asked us to take a few supplies to his house while he was doing some minor repairs and renovations. That knowledge, actually came into play; and I was really glad to have it when we were fucking pounding on his door and screaming.

Thankfully he was awake, and so was Kayla and Helen. Apparently the two had made nice while we were fretting over imposter Midoriya and sick Bakugou. I still thank whatever god is up there that Helen was there that day.
He opened the door, and was stunned to see the three of us standing there, sopping wet and either bleeding or hacking up a lung.

“What the...what the hell happened to you three!” He yelled, pulling us inside.

“Stuff! Stuff happened!” I yelled, I was at the end of my rope mentally and physically. “Midoriya is half dead, Todoroki and I have been running around in the mines to find him and the thing that had taken him...a-and then we found him and just help us!”

“Dad? What’s going—oh my god!”

Kayla had come down the stairs with Helen who was shocked to see us to say the least.

“Did you two just say...did you have protection in the mines? And there are mines here?” He asked us, somehow keeping his calm. I don’t know how because I was freaking out.

“Do you mean fucking gas masks? Yes we had gas masks! But one of them fucking broke and Shouto gave me his and Izuku didn’t have one and holy fuck just help us!” I screamed.

“Okay, easy. Eijirou, I need you to calm down. Adrenaline is currently keeping you two conscious and on your feet, but I think you two might be deprived of oxygen and might have inhaled other toxic gases. My clinic isn’t too far and—”

“We need a hospital! Not a damn clinic!” Todoroki yelled, he was bleeding again and trying to ice it over.

“But there isn’t another hospital for...what next town which is 10 hours?” Helen squeaked.

I looked up at her.

Helen.
We owe her big time.

“H-Helen...y-you can teleport people right?” I asked, stepping towards her.

“U-Um yeah...but only to places I’ve been.”

“Have you been to a hospital?” Todoroki asked, he was struggling to stand up. Dr. Pearson was trying to keep him awake. Meanwhile one of the only signs Midoriya showed of being alive was a weak cough and a rattling breath.

“Yeah in the next town...b-but I’m not sure how well I can do with long distances. A-and I’ve never t-taken more than two people…”

“Can you try?” I asked.

“Hey, back off.” Kayla stepped forward.

“Izuku is fucking dying and Shouto is going to bleed out! Can you take them!” I yelled. It was getting hard to breathe.

I blacked out for a moment, and when I came to Kayla was helping me stand. I still had a tight grip on Midoriya who was still unconscious.

“Are you sure you wanna do this?” I heard her ask.

“Yeah, I just hope that they can make the trip.” I felt a hand rest itself on my shoulder and saw another one on Midoriya’s arm.

I can safely say, I never want to teleport ever again.

It felt like an airless vortex, that I was being ripped apart in before being messily put back together. Before long I slammed into hard concrete, giving me a few new scrapes and a really bad headache.
I heard a tired voice and then a loud pop and woosh. I tried to get to my feet when I heard a loud yell.

I know I got to my knees when I felt someone pick me up, my vision was going dark when I felt someone try to take the limp body in my arms. I yelled something before there was another loud pop and woosh.

“Dr. Pearson? I thought you went to the next town over...when, how-”

“No time! Just get these kids in I’ll explain what I know in a bit.”

A different set of hands were trying to take Midoriya from me then. I started to lose consciousness as I yelled something in slurred words.

“Kirishima we want to help you, and Midoriya and Todoroki. But we can’t do that if you don’t let him go okay? Can we help him?” A bodiless voice.

“...Jus ta..tak care o’ hm...” I said before letting him go. A second later I fell to the ground, and the last thing I remember from there was someone standing over me with two fingers on my neck.

I ended up waking up three days later, choking on a tube down my throat.

Yeah, I can’t particularly say this has been a very good morning.

Touya and Ms. Rei drove over when they found out about us. And then the Bakugos found out (turns out we came to the same hospital, so I get to see Katsuki soon!) and they spent the past few days watching over us and taking shifts on who watches who.

I’m the first one to wake up, Todoroki and Midoriya are still unconscious. I haven’t been allowed to see them, since I’m still under observation and bed rest. Not to mention they have me connected to oxygen still so I have tubes pushing oxygen into my through my nose.
Not the best feeling, especially since I’m kinda fidgety without someone to talk to or something to do. Especially with the others a few doors down.

Mrs. Mitsuki told me that Katsuki has been doing a lot better ever since we came, granted we were in really bad shape. He’s been making a good recovery from whatever was plaguing him (we know very well what that was), but he’s been spitting up some black stuff for a while.

But he’s been waking up, a few hours at a time. He found out about the three of us being here, and his mom told me he started to cry. (I know for a fact he will deny it) He came by to see us, ignoring advice from doctors, and sat with us for a while before falling to sleep. The longest he’s been able to stay awake so far is six hours.

Todoroki is still out of commission, and he hasn’t been able to breathe on his own yet. At least that’s what Mrs. Mitsuki told me. He’s actually been in two surgeries in the span of three days.

When I asked about Midoriya she only shook her head.

Before I could really ask anything else I ended up falling back to sleep.

That was two hours ago and I am still exhausted. I wanna fall back to sleep, but I also wanna stay awake. I wanna see Bakugo, I wanna see how he’s doing.

I’m gonna go check on him. The doctors can kiss my ass.

He is such a dumbass, when we get out of here I am going to kick his ass.

Yes fuckers take a wild guess who it is.

My favorite sharp toothed shitty hair got out of bed and tried to come over to my room; only to lose consciousness in the middle of the hall. I saw him before he fell, he had been shuffling his way over using the wall in order to stay up.
When he fell over my old man and I were the first ones at his side.

That idiot had a stupid happy grin on his face even in unconsciousness.

The doctors ran over and took him back to his room, before they guided me back to my room. I ended grabbing his phone and bringing it with me back to his room. I plugged it into my charger since my phone is pretty much fully charged. His was at a risky 5%.

And regarding something said earlier by Shitty Hair- I WAS NOT CRYING! FUCK OFF

I’m too tired to really type anything else, I’m going to take a nap and hopefully I’ll be able to see that idiot later. Hopefully later they’ll tell me something about Midoriya and Todoroki.

I ended up sleeping the rest of the day away, fuck!

Nothing much has changed, unless you count Kirishima being awake again and taking things a bit slower now. My old man took my phone over to him, since I’m still writing shit on his phone.

We’ve switched between texting and facetimeing each other since we can’t leave our rooms quite yet. We’re both still really weak.

I actually found out about a few of the things they that three suffered from. They inhaled some kind of toxic gases from the mines (How deep did they fucking go? And why?? He hasn’t filled me in on those details yet.) and they couldn’t get the oxygen they needed and that ended up fucking with them quite a bit.

Icyhot had been bleeding out and lost a lot of blood, despite icing it over. Oh by the way, they all have fucking hypothermia! They were out in the rain, the dumbasses!

Anyway, his mom gave quite a bit of blood to Icyhot, she’s currently in Deku’s room since his mom hasn’t shown up. I don’t know where Auntie Inko is...
None of the adults will tell us how Deku is doing, whether he’s able to breath on his own, or he’s woken up.

But, I did hear a few interns talking about him. They were louder than they thought, and they thought I was asleep I guess.

“What the hell happened to that kid?”

“I don’t know, but my money is on him not making it. I mean, a collapsed lung, blood loss, a half ass stitched up leg that’s borderline infected, and internal bleeding? Please, and we’re not even getting to the hypothermia.” Some guy doctor who’s too big for his britches, he actually almost killed a guy the other day, thank god he’s not assigned to any of the others.

It took every bit of my will power not to fucking throw something or yell at them.

“Don’t say that!” One of the female doctors, I think her name is Helen. “I mean, we don’t know the whole story, but he made it out of what must have been a captive situation! I mean...those cuffs on his wrists…”

Cuffs?

“What the hell are you doing!” Oh boy, they were in trouble. Dr. Etarno, my doctor, came walking over. “Don’t you all have anything better to do other than gossip about a patient? You’re doctors for god’s sake get to work!”

I was unable to hold back a snort as he walked into my room with a long sigh. He stopped for a moment.

“I take it you heard all that?” He asked.

My humor had been quickly dampened as he asked that.
“Yeah.” I muttered.

He didn’t say much as he checked me over again. My breathing, pulse, shit like that.

He wrote a few things down before I ended up asking.

“Is he really that bad?” I asked.

I guess he’s used to the question because he answered without missing a beat.

“We’re doing everything we can, at this point we just need him to fight.” He sighed.

“That doesn’t answer my question.” I growled. “Stop treating me like some stupid kid, and just tell me how bad it is!”

“If I do, what good is it going to for you and your friends? All I am going to tell you is that he is fighting like hell, and at this point all you can do is try to be there for him and have faith in him; and us. We’re doing everything we can.” He wrote something else down with a sigh before his pager went off.

He quickly pocketed before running out, telling someone they’re in charge of his patients while he heads down to the OR.

Before I could really process what he just said, I saw a group of people rushing a bed down the hall.

From where I sat, I saw him.

There was Deku, his eyes open yet unseeing; unseeing in this reality. His skin was an unsettling gray, like he hadn’t seen sunlight in ages. He had no reaction as the doctors around him called for blood, hadn’t reacted as he spit up a mouthful of blood; making the others around him panic.

For a split second, we made eye contact.
For a split second, he saw me.

His eyes had widened in the slightest bit before I couldn’t see him anymore.

Katsuki has a bit of a concussion.

Yes hello everybody it’s me, Kirishima. I went to go get my phone back because I had some stuff I wanted to write down and I found him unconscious on the floor with a bruise on his temple.

I called the doctors, and they managed to wake up him long enough to diagnose him with a concussion. Apparently he fell over and hit his head on the small chair that someone would sit in to watch over him.

He tripped over a wire connected to one of those sticky things on his chest.

Katsuki I love you, but that was a bit of a dumbass move.

(Edit by Baku-3 weeks after original post: SHUT THE HELL UP SPIKY HAIVED BASTARD!)

(Edit by Kiri-3 weeks after original post: I love you too.)

So, I read what he put down.

Midoriya’s in surgery.

Todoroki actually came out of surgery a short while ago. That gash on his side needed to be fixed up again after he reopened it when waking up in a panic. He had been yelling about how he had to get there fast enough, he sounded scared. That’s what Touya told me anyway, he had stopped by to offer Mr. Bakugo some coffee.
I’m planning on talking to him once he wakes up, just to make sure he’s...mostly okay. Although I don’t know how well he’s going to take hearing Midoriya had to be rushed to surgery.

Probably not well if I had to guess.

I’m still really tired, but I’m glad I got up to get my phone back. I had worn Katsuki’s phone down to 2% and I didn’t have a charger so yeah.

I left once Mr. Bakugo had gone to get some coffee with Touya.

I’m back in my bed and I got scolded by my doctor. Dr. Rodners, who told me I was on bed rest and it was bad enough that I had tried to get out of bed three other times already to wander around.

She’s nice, even though she’s yelled at me three times, four now. She’s nice.

Anyway, so yeah.

Where we last left off I tried to go to Katsuki’s room and I ended up collapsing. I saw him, and I had been so happy that he was doing better; and then it was like all my energy had been sapped away with me about to cry.

Yeah.

I’m feeling a lot better now though!

I don’t need any oxygen assistance anymore; I’m fine on my own now. They said I should be able to be discharged soon enough. Just be sure to get plenty of rest and to stay out of mines. (I don’t think we’ll be able to keep that promise though).

I don’t really plan on leaving here unless all the others are coming with me. I know my aunt is probably worried, even though she’s unable to visit I know she cares. I also know that she probably won’t be able to drive me home, so I’ll catch a ride with the Bakugos.
And I know they probably won’t be willing to leave until they see all four of us get out of here.

Todoroki sounds like he’s waking up, I can hear him talking loudly in slurred words next door.

See you guys later.

I stole Kirishima’s phone, if not to delete the video he had of me in my drugged state then to...yeah no that was the only reason.

Todoroki here.

It’s been three days since Kirishima has updated this, and I have been planning this theft for about two.

I am in a bit of pain, but it’s dulled down thanks to the amazing properties of painkillers. I had reopened my wound after waking up in a panic. I thought I was in the mines, surrounded by all those monsters. All of them.

The ones that breathed out that horrible smog, the one that ran its disgusting tongue over my face. I had even seen the one that scuttles on all fours in my dreams.

I thought I was trapped down there, we hadn’t found Midoriya, we hadn’t found that thing. We were too late, and we were paying the price.

I had woken up as they had begun to tear me apart.

My heart rate is going up, just thinking about the dream.

I’m cold, even with this blanket. Even though I could theoretically use my fire; I was told not to. Incase it would come in contact with the oxygen tanks against the wall they didn’t want an accident.
I just slightly warm myself up, constantly aware of the tanks. Then a doctor usually comes in and tells me to stop and let myself naturally heat up.

This is my quirk, it is natural you fucking nimrod.

The only reason I didn’t set him on fire or ice him over was because I was still groggy and I knew the risk was too great.

And yes I’m a little irritated, I’m not sure why. My mother said it might be because of the painkillers.

Anyway, Kirishima and Bakugo have been stopping by. Bakugo did seem bit angry though, Kirishima told me about his concussion and how it happened. (He had a headache at the time)

What a dumbass.

(Edit by Baku-3 weeks after original post: YOU CAN FUCK RIGHT OFF ICYHOT!)

But he was okay enough that we were able to tell him about the mines, what we found, the chains, the monsters, how Midoriya killed the beast.

He was surprised it was Midoriya who killed the beast, then unsettled with what we told him what Midoriya had screamed.

We had been quiet for a while, mulling over the words.

“I’ll make sure we have plenty of fun in hell…” Bakugo muttered, thinking for a moment. His face fell, as he seemed to come to a realization we hadn’t.

“Deku wasn’t planning on coming out of there alive…” He said.
Kirishima and I stopped, looking at him.

“What?” I asked.

“Deku had been through hell, he’s been chained up somewhere and only god knows what happened to him in that place. He probably only had revenge on his mind, or if not that then to get rid of a threat so we wouldn’t have to deal with it anymore. He knew the severity of his injuries, and he had figured he would make it home.”

“But, when he saw us he walked up to me and said he needed a hospital! Why would-”

“He had a split second of hope, he saw you and thought survival was a possibility. It still is...but it doesn’t mean he was necessarily planning on it.” Bakugo cut me off.

That knowledge, sat really heavy on us.

I’d like to say I know Izuku as well as Bakugo does, but I don’t. Those two have always had this strange understanding, in a way they could figure what the other was thinking through their actions or emotions; even without definitive proof at the time, the claims they’d make were usually right.

We sat there for a while, until my brother came in.

“Hey you three, how are you doing?” He asked, frowning at our tense silence. “What’s wrong, what happened?”

I was the first to speak up.

“Nothing, just a bad track of thought. What happened Touya?”

He grinned.

“It looks like Izuku might wake up soon, we thought you three would like to see him first.”
I did end up finding out about Midoriya’s surgery, and though a few threats of throwing some dirt on one of the doctors over a conversation I heard I was able to find out what happened.

They had hoped his collapsed lung wasn’t as serious as it seemed, and decided to give it a bit of time to see if it could resolve itself. Apparently that can happen.

Well, Midoriya used up all his luck that night, and it got worse. And as if that wasn’t enough he began bleeding internally, something that he must have gotten with the scuffle with that monster.

Ever since he had come out of surgery he hadn’t woken up, or been able to breathe on his own. But he’d been stirring a bit before Touya came to let us know.

We ended up scrambling over each other and pushing past each other as we ran to his room, number 243. (Touya told us).

A few doctors scolded up as we ran down the hall and pushed each other into walls. We couldn’t give a shit, not when we were finally; really getting Midoriya back.

I burst into his room first, but Bakugo and Kirishima ran me over and we wrestled for a moment before Kirishima won and sat on the bed next to Midoriya.

Bakugo and I ended up having to sit in the uncomfortable chairs in the room. We moved them so we were sitting on either side of him.

From there, it was just waiting again. We didn’t talk, didn’t look at each other.

We just watched Midoriya, watching for any of the stirring Touya had said happened.

It was really subtle at first, we hadn’t quite noticed it. It started with his fingers twitching slightly and moving a bit like he was trying to get used to his body again.

We did notice when he shifted a bit, trying to move his arm. It almost seemed like it weighed a ton
as he shifted it to rest on his chest. He tried to lift it but he failed.

He took a deep breath, breathing over the vent they had kept him on.

“Midoriya?” Kirishima spoke up first.

We watched him scrunch up his face a bit as he took another breath, seeming confused for a moment. He lifted his arm a bit, and his fingers fell on the tube.

We were able to shake ourselves out of our surprised stupor, and Bakugo ran out of the room calling for a doctor.

His doctor, a woman named April had rushed in with her intern. The doctor who nearly killed someone the other day. Bakugo and I yelled at him to get the hell out while Dr. April attended to Izuku who coughed as the tube was removed from his throat.

The intern waited outside as the two of us rushed back to his side, watching him finish his coughing fit.

I smiled as I put a hand on his shoulder.

“Hey Midoriya.” I said softly, watching him shift a bit more before going still again.

The doctor looked between the four of us before sighing. “I’ll give you a few minutes, but I’m going to have to take his vitals soon.”

We all grumbled an agreement as she left, closing the door a bit.

He groaned as he slowly opened his eyes, his green eyes a little glassy.

“Hey buddy.” Kirishima smiled.
“Come on, wake up Deku.” Bakugo huffed.

“He’s trying, shut up Bakugo.” I muttered, humming softly as I nudged him a bit.

He let out a shaky breath as he looked over us, then the room. He seemed to scan the whole room before his eyes fell on us again.

We waited for him to speak, to cry, to yell, to do something.

But he did nothing.

His lips just drew into a thin line and he looked away. He muttered something softly before closing his eyes again.

It wasn’t long before the doctor walked back inside, and made us get out. We protested but we were dragged out by my brother and Bakugo’s mother.

Midoriya isn’t okay.

I got my freaking phone back from Todoroki, about time.

It’s the next day by the way.

Physically he’s doing pretty okay, from what I’ve been able to gather he needs to eat more (he is a friggen stick) and drink more. Thankfully he does eat and drink whatever they put in front of him, granted it took a little nudging to get him to eat at first.

Mentally...I have no idea. He won’t really talk to anyone, it’s like he’s nervous they’ll lash out or something.

I would like to tell you guys about a conversation we had yesterday, but I can’t. Because he won’t
He drifts in and out of consciousness, he’s woken up in a bit of shock at times, but was otherwise just quiet. He looked so unsure of himself, like he was afraid everything was going to crumble underneath him.

His sleep was always fitful, he would wake up like he just ran a marathon, but he never screamed, never yelled in fear, just a choked sob and then silence.

Except for this morning.

Bakugo and I are officially discharged, thankfully the Bakugos brought more than just one change of clothes. So yeah. Todoroki might be discharged tomorrow.

I had been down the hall, gathering whatever I could of my messed up clothes before I heard a loud scream.

One I was all too familiar with, one that had haunted me ever since that night.

I dropped whatever I had in my hands and ran down the hall and into his room. Todoroki had just beaten Bakugo and I there.

Midoriya was flailing and clawing at the air as loud, angry, desperate screams escaping from him. His eyes were open, but peering into another reality, one we couldn’t see.

He clawed at his wrists a few times where the cuffs were and screamed louder when Todoroki stopped him.

“Midoriya stop! You’re dreaming!” He yelled, sitting over him and pinning him down to keep him from harming himself. He struggled with the little midget as he tried to thrash and flail to get free.

He yelled something incoherent and fought harder,
“Midoriya! Knock it off!” He yelled louder, pressing his weight on him. “You’re dreaming Midoriya! Wake up!”

A moment later, it was like Midoriya had finally registered the words and stopped fighting. He was panting, sweat running down his face as he looked over the scared Todoroki.

He started to cry.

It shocked us to say the least. Todoroki slowly got off of him and sat beside him as he sat him up. We slowly walked over as Todoroki gingerly hugged him, almost scared of him shattering into pieces.

A doctor tried to come inside and I ended up throwing a shoe at him and yelling at him to get out.

I felt the eyes of the doctor, Bakugo’s parents, and the Todorokis on us as we sat around the sobbing Midoriya. He would mumble something every once in a while, gripping tightly to Todoroki’s gown.

It felt like forever until he stopped crying, lulling himself into a somewhat peaceful sleep.

We all stayed with him, soothing him whenever he started to become troubled again. We ended up skipping lunch, and my shoe was left in the hall.

We all started to watch him slowly wake up again, being roused from our own naps. He shifted a bit, trying to throw the blankets off. That was hard with Todoroki weighing them down.

He opened his eyes, and looked around like he seemed lost again. Like he was once again in an unfamiliar environment. He shivered a bit, changing his mind about the blankets and welcoming them. Todoroki shifted a bit and wrapped his left arm around his shoulders.

Midoriya flinched, and looked up to him. He sighed softly and seemed for force himself to relax as he looked over to us.

“Alright... go ahead.” He muttered, looking at Bakugo and I, before looking at Todoroki. “Do your
worst.”

He sounded awful, his voice was dry and cracking. He sounded exhausted and hopeless. He sounded scared and broken, trying to put on a brave facade.

“What the fuck are you talking about?” Bakugo broke the silence first.

“Cut the shit, and get to the point. Go ahead, become monsters and rip me apart or taunt me that nobody cares!” His voice rose in volume and pitch. He started to cry.

“I get it! I fucking get it you don’t have to sugarcoat it! I’m not getting out of here, I’m not ever getting out of here! I’m going to fucking die here alone because my friends don’t care enough to try and find me I fucking get it! So cut the shit!”

I swallowed hard before speaking.

“Izuku…”

“What do you think I wouldn’t rather this be the reality?” He asked, staring forward and addressing all of us. “You think I wouldn’t like to wake up in a hospital room, safe and warm and not in this hell? I would! But I can’t, because I’m never getting out of here, so damn you just fucking get it over with and-”

Todoroki slapped him.

It was not a nice small slap, no it was fucking hard and he left an imprint of his hand on the dazed Midoriya.

Todoroki didn’t give him the time to recover from before shifting and grabbing his shoulders.

“Listen you little shit! Kirishima and I did not risk our fucking lives to find you and kill that thing just to lose you again damn it! You are here, you are real! This!” He made Midoriya look around the room. “This is real. You have been gone for a month, and I am so, so sorry we were too stupid to realize that imposter was not you.”
We watched in shock, we never expected Todoroki to hit Midoriya. He would never do that...until now I guess.

“You killed that monster, you fought your way out of the mines. You saved us for fucks sake! And now you’re here, you’re safe now. You nearly died, but you’re here.” He trailed off, crying himself as he stared at our friend.

Midoriya was crying silently, tears pouring from his eyes as he seemed to process it all.

We watched Midoriya run a pale and shaky hand over his wrists where instead of cuffs there were clean bandages. He swallowed hard as he began to sob, breathing shallow and fast.

“This is real…” He muttered through his sobs, it almost sounded like a question.

“Yeah, this is real.” I answered.

Bakugo and I moved towards the two and we all wrapped Midoriya in a hug as he began to cry louder and louder; weakly hugging us back. His grip was tight though, whatever he grabbed onto he made sure to hold tight.

An anchor to reality, an anchor to us.

Bakugo huffed as he lightly smacked Midoriya upside the head.

“Welcome back nerd.”

He cried harder.
I'm back!

I'd like to say I'm better than ever but...

So...

I'm back!

Hi everyone, I've been gone for a while now haven’t I?

It’s Izuku if you guys are wondering.

Yeah.

I haven’t posted anything since that first time, it’s nice to see the others have picked up on it though, and have actually put their accounts on there.

It’s also kind of a good way to see how much I’ve missed.

Speaking of seeing…

Uh, I can’t see out of my right eye anymore. It’s my burnt one. I used to still be able to see out of it, granted most of what I could see from that eye were blurry objects but it was manageable.

Now?
It’s gone completely dark.

How?

I’m not too sure when it happened, everything has been kind of a blur lately. Considering that I just noticed, it must have happened some time in the last month. I had gotten used to it quickly, which honestly I think I had to. I wasn’t exactly in the mindset to be able to worry about something small like that.

Yeah…

Uh, other things to talk about.

Well, I was finally discharged about five days ago from the hospital. My leg is still healing and I can’t put too much weight on it without hurting myself so I have crutches. The drive back to Dead End was long and really boring.

I rode in the car with Ms. Rei, Todoroki, and Touya.

Ms. Rei ended up riding in the back with me, staying with me when I fell asleep. I woke up two times in a panic, and both times she was able to calm me down within a few minutes.

If any of you are wondering, yes.

Yes, it was the nightmares of being back in the mine that sent me in a panic.

In a way, I’m still kind of chained there...

I’ve had a really hard time telling the difference between reality and dreams for a while now. The line feels too thin for me, and one little misstep and I’ll be sent free falling into one or the other. My body might be grounded in what seems like reality, but my mind will always be stuck in the hellish place that’s become the home of all my thoughts lately.
One way I can tell where I am, if I manage to wake up calm at first, is by feeling my wrists. If I don’t feel cold metal then I’m half convinced I’m in reality, I could always be dreaming that they’re gone. Then I could spend god knows how much time just sitting there, wondering if I’m imagining my freedom again or if I’m really home.

Hallucinations(?) are indeed a powerful thing.

Kacchan, Kirishima, and Todoroki have kind of helped me ground myself whenever they find me sitting up awake at night. Especially Todoroki who I’ve been staying with, we kinda share a bed now.

I remember one time I accidentally slapped Todoroki.

In a way I guess it was unintentional payback.

He grabbed my wrist with his right hand, and I felt the cold and my mind imagined the metal and before I knew it I had slapped him and yelled at him to get away from me.

I guess I should just say it here and now, get it over with because if I was able to admit to my friend through a series of tears I think it’ll be easier to say here.

I’m not too sure if I’m okay.

It’s pretty difficult to tell the difference between dream and reality.

Because, well everything is flipped.

For what felt like an eternity, my reality was being chained to a wall hoping for one of the others to find me and save me. Stuck in the cold, given the bare minimum needed of food and water in order to survive. And my dreams consisted of waking up in hospital beds, or on couches with the others sitting around me waiting for me to wake up. Half of the time the air I breathed in was suffocating and thin, and never felt like enough. The other half, it was clean and pure…

I know it was pretty deep in the mines, I think it had something to do with that guy’s quirk.
Whenever he was gone doing who knows what it would start to get hard to breathe again. I remember one time my lungs felt like they were on fire, and it felt like I couldn’t breathe. I ended up blacking out.

When I woke up the air was pure again, and I had been taking desperate gulps of air before screaming at the guy.

I know, some people might think that I shouldn’t really think back to my….imprisonment...but I can’t help it.

I can’t go to work, not yet. I’m not cleared to go until my leg is fully healed.

When I don’t have that much to do other than drift in and out of sleep, watch TV, and make sure I eat, it leaves a lot of room to think.

I’ve only really sorta talked about it to Ms. Rei, who takes care of me while everyone else is at work. She doesn’t pry, she doesn’t push. All she does is sit with me, and check on me every once in a while. She lets me get things on my own unless she knows I can’t handle it, or I’m in too much pain. I’m glad she isn’t treating me like glass, it makes me really happy to be honest.

It was on one of the first days that she sort of found out, granted more like pieces of it. I had been mumbling, trying to put it all back together again. From there she kind of pieced together something was wrong, and she listened to me mumble.

I know what happened, I have all the pieces. But being back in safety, when I’m sure I’m here, I always find myself going back there. I can put what happened back in order, but with everything that’s happened I find that it’s all become jumbled one way or another.

I put it all back together, again and again.

From when I was chased by my father, to when I was dragged off, to being hauled through the mines. Chained up and in a daze.

I still remember what that thing had said as I watched it morph into me, shifting injuries onto itself and clamping those cold, tight, suffocating cuffs on me.
“Don’t worry, I’ll take care of them.”

He had such an ugly smirk and thinking about it now makes me so mad, and gets me really worked up. I want to get that thing and beat the hell out of him all over again.

But at the time, I was already beaten and bruised so I could only stare in horror. I know I screamed before blacking out from the pain and exhaustion.

Speaking of pain, Hisashi…

I don’t wanna talk about that too much, all I wanna say is that he chased me into the woods, and then he lost me. I thought he had gone, it turns out he was driving by the woods in his car, so when he spotted me he jumped out and started chasing me all over again.

After a while he gave up and got back into his car, driving out of town.

I think it was then I might have lost vision in my right eye. I did have a pretty hard fall. One bad enough that it cracked my phone.

Oh!

So, here’s a thing I also wanted to address while I write.

So, I don’t know how or who...but someone sent a package to us.

Yeah.

It had a pretty nice laptop (what I’m using to write with now) and a few other things. One of you sent a cool 8-inch survival knife, some kind of salve for burns (thank you very much by the way), a few cool knick knacks, scarves, gloves, and a letter which I’ll transcribe here.
Okay I’ll transcribe it now, I kinda drifted off and ended up falling to sleep a little while ago.

_Holy crap!_

_We’re so glad you guys are okay, but honestly what were you all thinking? You could have gotten killed in those mines, and you should have brought a spare. But we’re glad you guys are okay!_

_Anyways, we’re real big fans of your blog. We actually stumbled on it around the time all were about to go on break for the semester. We’ve been keeping up with it and considering everything just kind of settled down we knew it would only be a matter of time before you all go on another adventure._

_So we sent you this stuff, the laptop might feel redundant but we’re betting on of you breaking a phone somewhere along the line._

_We also sent some salve, our friend made it, it’s supposed to ease burns and I think make scars fade? I dunno, she didn’t quite specify except for the burn part._

_Hopefully this package finds you in good health, and hopefully the knife will come in handy if ever you’re in danger again. Hopefully that won’t happen, but it’s pretty clear you guys won’t stay out of trouble for long!_

_Greetings from Japan and temporary farewell to the Holy Trinity and the Screaming Dandelion,_

_From_

_Stun Gun, Eye Bags, Soy Sauce, and Bubblegum._

Thanks you guys, and honestly yeah the laptop really does come in handy. Because I broke my phone and lost it soon after.
I’ll get a replacement later.

Also, it’s nice to know our blog has even reached a few people in Japan. I never really expected it blow up like this.

But I really am curious how you guys got our addresses...

It’s really cool, but also kind of freaky no offense.

Uh, other thing to talk about…

My mom.

I haven’t seen her yet, and apparently that mimicking son of a bitch hadn’t talked to her at all. I wanna see her, but I want to get better first.

I know my mom and I haven’t been on the best terms as of late, but I do want to see her. But I’d rather her not see me still battered and bruised. Soon enough I’ll be able to walk on my own, and then I’ll head over to my house and talk to her there.

I know she didn’t come and see me, I think maybe she was too busy? Maybe she couldn’t make the drive safely?

I know we’ve been kind of distant...but she wouldn’t just purposefully forget about me right?

No, no of course not.

Uhm, different train of thought please.

Uh…
Well, I guess I could share a conversation (If you can even call it that) I had with the others.

Things are a bit tense, not in the way that anybody is angry but sort of in the way that they’re scared…

I know why, I can sort of tell.

They know...They know I wasn’t planning on getting out alive. I wasn’t, I really wasn’t. At the time I just wanted to get rid of that thing, that guy who was down with me told me about that monster and how it preyed upon people it marked.

Honestly, at the time I had wanted to die. I was so tired, and so angry, and in so much pain. I had figured, after I killed that thing I would be able to rest. Finally be able to rest, no longer cold and hurting,

When I had been drifting in and out of consciousness in the hospital, before I started coughing up blood and needed surgery, I had convinced myself that getting out of there was all just another one of my vivid dreams and I had never escaped. And that now I was forever stuck in my mind, an endless hellish loop of what could have been…

It hurt to think of that, and that I couldn’t trust anything...I still can’t. Not entirely...I can’t help but doubt it all...

You know what?

I can’t, I fucking can’t.

I’m going upstairs to Shouto’s room to sleep, I’m tired of thinking for today.

My mind is all over the place, I’m too tired, I’m worn out, I can’t focus, I just can’t.

I’m sure sleeping now will leave me staying up all night, but if I can get out of this thought loop
then I’ll be okay.

Bye guys.

Yesterday Ms. Rei found me curled up asleep in the hallway upstairs and a few feet away from Shouto’s room. She ended up waking me up and guiding me to his room, where I fell asleep again.

They couldn’t wake me up to eat dinner.

And you know what?

I was right about being unable to sleep at night, I woke up in the middle of the night. (I was actually calm this time, how nice)

I couldn’t really move since Shouto was hugging me and I didn’t want to wake him up. I was on his left side, which I find myself to prefer over the cold...for obvious reasons.

I ended up laying there for a bit, still trying to fall back to sleep before finally giving up. I squirmed out of his hold which woke him up for a few seconds.

He looked exhausted, I guess he had a hard day at work.

I ended up wandering around for a bit before settling down underneath the window. Just because I don’t like the cold most of the time doesn’t mean it doesn’t feel nice sometimes.

I started playing a few games on the laptop before I thought I heard something outside. We’re on the second floor, and Shouto will always keep his window open the tiniest bit in case me or one of the others call him in the middle of the night.

Or if we have to talk to him and we decide to scale the house.
I thought it was Kirishima or Kacchan at first, they’ve checked on me sometimes since they know I stay up sometimes.

So when I heard the sound of rustling bushes and something bumping into a trashcan I had stopped assuming it was one of the two.

I had stood up, my leg isn’t *that bad*, grimacing in a bit of pain. I had did my best to ignore it before looking out the window.

Shouto doesn’t live too far from the woods, and he told me about the Crawler (That’s what I’m calling it, I’ve started naming the monsters.) and I assumed it was that little bastard again because even Kacchan and Kirishima are sneakier than that.

I fought with him once, sorry bastard messed up my leg and helped the Shifter catch me, and he lost.

Ugh, I hate feeling angry. Even when it comes in its short little bursts, it’s kind of draining.

Anyway, I had looked outside and saw a silhouette standing a few feet from the window, looking up. It didn’t do anything for a bit, just sitting there an watching me.

I was kind of annoyed, because I thought it was something that followed me from the forest, and it wanted a round 2.

I wasn’t sure why I felt terrified when it held up a small item in one hand, it shook it as if to say ‘look what I have…’

I watched it drop the small rectangular item on the ground and slowly lumber off. Turning around once to grin at me.

I don’t quite remember slamming the window shut and stumbling back, on the verge of a panic attack. I *do* sorta remember Todoroki grabbing me and me freaking out.
I definitely don’t remember passing out.

I ended up making Todoroki late to work, apparently I had been hugging his arm and I wouldn’t let him go. He ended up sleeping in until he answered a phone call half awake and we were both woken up by Kacchan’s loud screaming.

So yeah, and even though I’m not supposed to be at work I headed over there with Todoroki anyway, despite Todoroki’s protests.

“You should wait until your leg is healed Midoriya!”

“I can support a little weight on it, enough to walk a bit without crutches. It’s not like I’m going to sprint over there.”

“Midoriya-”

“Shouto, listen I love your mom and yes being here is nice but I am going to go fucking crazy if I don’t have a change of environment!”

He ended up stopping his argument after that, and I was even able to convince him I’d be fine without my crutches.

Did I make that entire walk to the store with a still healing leg?

Yes, and it still kind of hurts so I’m currently sitting at the cash register. I’m at the one that’s not working, so I’m just watching the counter while the others are restocking and running around.

Yeah, so our boss found out about our hospitalization and had to take over which he wasn’t too happy about. Especially because he had gotten a lot of calls complaining that the store wasn’t open.

Yeah, he has it out for us. He like, cleared out all the shelves before he left just to make life harder for us. Or rather them, because I can’t work yet.
Before we headed out I did go to the side of the house where I was that thing, I had hoped I was seeing things but I found out I wasn’t when I found that item it dropped.

It was my phone.

The one I broke and lost.

It had something scratched onto the back.

Hello

I’ve been thinking about it all morning.

And it seems reality is actually blending into my dreams again..

I can see that thing, standing a few feet away. Shrouded in shadow while the tunnels rumble and the tracks creak far ahead.

I don’t feel the cuffs, so...I’m trying.

I mean, am I even really writing this?

How sure can I really be that I haven’t been imagining all this?

Nothing is lining up.

It’s cold.
My wrists hurt.

It hurts to breathe...

Kirishima here.

Yeah I kinda took his laptop after he threw the thing.

I grabbed it before it hit the ground, and before I could ask Midoriya what’s wrong he just took off. Or, he tried to.

He made it halfway through the store in a full sprint before his leg gave out and he fell over. We all heard him let out such an animalistic, angry yell that it kind of left us stunned for a minute before we tried to approach him.

That look in his eye was back, that fiery rage that was used to fuel his hate and survival.

He was back there, in his mind.

He back in his head again, in the mines.

He struggled like he couldn’t move that far, like he was still bound.

And right now he’s wrestling with Bakugo who has him pinned and is trying to bring him back. Right now if anything he’s struggling harder, not calming down.

Oh, oh god things are getting really violent now.
Uh, later guys we gotta break this up.

Chapter End Notes

Hello friends!

I'm glad all of you are enjoying the story!

Yeah, there is going to be waaay more than 20 chapters, if anything I'd say we've just gotten started.

Enjoy and have a nice day/night!
Back on Track

Chapter Summary

Everyone's good, for the most part!

We're back on track!

You know it’s going to be a somewhat good day when two of your friends come into work yelling at each other.

“You should see someone!”

“I’m fine!”

“Just because your leg is recovered now, it doesn’t mean I’m going to let you run from your problems Izuku!”

“I’m not running from them, I’m dealing with them!”

“Shoving them down and bottling them up doesn’t constitute as dealing with it! You hardly got any sleep last night! You have to talk to someone!”

“I don’t need to see anybody about it! Whatever you think it is! Besides, what if I don’t? What are you gonna do, make me sleep on the couch?”

“You know what I just might!”

“Kiss my ass Shouto!”

“God help me I will lock my door!”
It was kind of funny to watch them arguing like an old married couple, but also kind of worrying.

Midoriya does have a problem, we all know that. Deep down he knows that too…

He’s never been one to deal with his problems, not all the time. Well...it’s not like he could. Living at our houses and trying to avoid getting hurt at a place he used to call home. His mom knew how horrible Hisashi was, but she could never bring herself to leave him.

I know he would only hurt Midoriya, never Inko…

I actually saw her the other day, when Midoriya was still at Todoroki’s house resting. She wouldn’t talk to me, hardly even looked at any of us.

I had asked her if she had heard about Izuku, and she shook her head.

“...He’s doing a lot better. He actually wants to talk to you, but...well you know him. He doesn’t really want you to see him while he’s still at his worst.”

She stayed quiet while I bagged her items.

“Why didn’t you come see him?” I asked, the silence killing me. “He was on the edge for a while, wouldn’t you have wanted to see him if he had...well…”

“I...love my son Eijirou, don’t doubt that. But there are some things a mother doesn’t want to see.” It sounded forced, and the way she said it almost seemed like an excuse.

Before I could ask her anything more she took her things, paid, and left.

I didn’t tell Midoriya, I don’t think he would really benefit from that in any way. He’s got enough things to deal with, I don’t think he needs to worry about his mother’s refusal to see him.

We’re actually planning on doing a small exploration, maybe this weekend when the store can close early. Just a small something, nothing too intense.
I know Midoriya might be itching to do something, but we all agreed that maybe we should ease him into it again. I mean, he was in there for the longest time; in the mines. We’re not sure how he might react or feel being in the woods again.

I’m also kind of worried because he’s been a little more reckless and agitated than he usually he. Don’t get me wrong, he still has his calm and quiet moments where he can be still and just relax. But those have been kind of rare lately.

He’s always moving, always doing something.

I mean, we had him working the register his first day back and he just could not sit still. He had to be standing up and doing something, whether it be pacing or stacking things it didn’t matter he just needed to be moving.

I remember we used to fight over who got to work register since it kind of is the easiest job. Then again, when certain people come around (Neville, Michael, Nora…) it can be hard.

I mean, the guy looked like he wanted to murder Neville one of the last times he was here.

Then again Neville would have it coming. He had just come in to buy a pack of batteries and a soda. Then when he came to the register he had watched Midoriya who said nothing and was just doing his job.

“Well, looks like you’re finally being useful, compared to the last time I saw you here. Did getting hospitalized set you straight or something?”

Oh my fucking god, I nearly threw the jar I had in my hands at him. I do have to give props to Midoriya though for just handing him the bag and telling him to get out with the calmest voice.

Two minutes later he took the broom from Bakugo and started sweeping.

(Edit by Baku-2 days after original post: Fucker nearly broke the damn thing in half with how tight he was gripping it.)
I’m thankful he hasn’t had an episode at work again. It doesn’t mean he’s okay, I just think he’s able to hold himself together a bit better. I do know that he’ll go through them whenever he’s at home.

I mean, he stayed over at my house the other day, and I found out the hard way he is terrified of the dark. Especially when there’s no background noise to distract him.

He went into a frenzy trying to flip on the lights, panicking when it started to get cold. (My house lost power again, and the heater went down. Why? Well, I might have accidentally left a fork in the microwave.)

I turned on a few flashlights and my phone light and that seemed to ease him a little. I noticed he was vigorously rubbing his wrists, trying to ground himself.

It took a few hours but I was able to calm him down after he lashed out at me twice, thinking I was a monster. He might be a little twig now, but damn his punches can hurt sometimes.

After he quieted down and finally went to sleep I called out neighbor who for some reason, is always awake, and he fixed up my house no problem and yelled at me for leaving a fork in the microwave again.

So yeah.

I’m worried about him. I’m also still worried about how he feels about us.

It’s all something we wanna talk about, but at the same time it’s kind of a taboo topic. Something that we all feel we shouldn’t bring up.

With him being a tad bit more aggressive, and irritable than usual, I can’t help but feel he’s mad at us. Honestly, if he was I don’t think I’d be able to hold it against him. I mean it took us a freaking month to realize the real Midoriya was never even with us.
I kinda want to wait to bring it up to him, but then again I wanna wait for him to bring it up.

Uh, I’m gonna have to check in with you later guys.

Jeff is back and he’s currently fighting with Todoroki and Midoriya, and let’s just say it’s kind of a back and forth at this point.

Later guys.

The fog is going to roll in soon, so we figured now was a good time as any to start exploring. Since it’ll last about a week and I’m pretty sure Midoriya will combust from sitting around for another week.

We’re going to be starting over at the diner, by that cluster of the woods. From there, we’ll see where it all takes us, we’ll come back either when it starts to get dark, Midoriya starts to go into a panic, or one of us gets hurt.

Should be simple enough, easy in and out.

Midoriya certainly seems excited, I’m not sure whether that worries me, or makes me happy. It’s one of most positive emotions he’s had for a while.

So we’re spending today getting supplies ready. First aid kits, flashlights, food, all that good stuff.

I’m also teaching Midoriya how to deal with long hair since he only knows how to deal with short hair. His hair is very curly, and very soft. It’s down to his shoulders, and he has no idea how to make a ponytail.

It was pretty funny when I found him awake at the buttcrack of dawn, trying to make a ponytail.
We all met up at the diner and grabbed something to eat. Let me just say, their fries are sooooo good. So is their iced tea, some of the best I’ve had in awhile. Way better than the canned stuff in the store.

We also almost got kicked out when some business travelling guy kept bothering Fuyumi. He kept asking her for her number, and tried to touch her a bunch of times. Todoroki nearly set him not fire, Bakugo blew up his food, I told him to leave her be, and Midoriya gave the most terrifying glare, I can’t believe he’s capable of such a thing.

So we paid and left after almost getting kicked out, the owner wasn’t happy about us threatening her customers.

The woods around that area, are kind of dark, especially in near the treeline. Not dark enough that we can’t see, but enough to make us uneasy despite being so close to the treeline.

Speaking of uneasy, we only walked maybe 60 feet into the woods before we came across something all too familiar.

Midoriya had suddenly stopped in his tracks, stopping his conversation with us and just freezing.

We all froze too, and watched him.

“Deku?”

We watched him shudder and walk forward, leaning down and picking up a bloodstained axe. He didn’t say anything to us, he didn’t even go on one of his muttering bouts again. He just stared at it.

“Izuku, are you-”

I stopped when I heard rustling up ahead, startling us. From out of nowhere that thing that
Midoriya calls the Crawler, came from the bushes. It stared at us, and dared another step forward.

It’s teeth started to chatter as it looked over at Midoriya, a dark grin creeping over its face.

Midoriya seemed to snap out of his daze and looked up at the Crawler.

“You son of a bitch.” He growled, startling all of us. He sounded so angry, so hostile. “You came back for round two didn’t you!” He rolled up his sleeves and started walking towards the thing. Much to our surprise, it actually let out a screech and started to scramble away.

Todoroki actually ran forward and stopped Midoriya from chasing that thing down after it ran away into the bushes.

“Izuku stop!”

He actually stopped, much to our surprise. We watched him stand there, collecting his thoughts before he sighed and shook his head. He looked over at the axe before tightening his grip on it.

“This...could come in handy.” He said softly, letting his arm fall to his side, axe still in hand.

“You sure you wanna keep that Deku?” Katsuki asked him, raising an eyebrow. He seemed...somehow okay with it??

I mean, like it’s something Izuku had at the time of, that, so wouldn’t it be bad for it to be around? It would be a constant reminder, so…

I dunno, I really don’t. But, he seems content with keeping it, so...is that good or bad?

Well, after that incident passed, we treaded carefully through the brush, looking for any kind of faded trail or some kind of natural path.

It was quiet between all of us, until we started up a conversation.
“So, how far are we planning on going?” I asked.

“Until we find something interesting shitty hair.” Katsuki said, blowing up a small branch in his way.

“Was that really necessary?” Todoroki asked, looking over his shoulder.

“Anything unnecessary is necessary for Kacchan.” Izuku joked, earning a yell from Katsuki.

“Well it’s true, I mean you did laundry and the clothes I folded for you. Then you get them, unfold them, and fold them again.” I said, earning a mild explosion from him.

“That’s because you fucking suck at folding clothes!”

“No I do not!”

“You like to steal my shirts!”

“I do not!”

I most certainly do, but he doesn’t have to know that.

(Edit by Mido-3 days after original post: Twould be a shame if a certain someone told Kacchan where his favorite skull shirt went…)

(Edit by Kiri-3 days after original post: You wouldn’t dare.)

Every couple of meters I would make deep indentations in the trees, a small trail to help us get back.
“Hey.” Midoriya said after a bit, catching our attention. “Wasn’t there a rumor about those construction workers? Something about them trying to find some kind of building?” He asked.

“Yeah, there was. Though I guess it really was just a rumor though.” Todoroki answered. “Since they ended up just abandoning construction. They didn’t even finish the school, they just up and left.”

“Ok…but here’s a thought.”

“Oh no, Deku don’t go on one of your word vomits again.” Katsuki groaned.

“Shut up Kacchan, just hear me out.”

“Like you were gonna give us any choice.”

Midoriya stuck out his tongue and grinned. “What if there was a building somewhere in these woods? But what exactly is the building they were looking for, and how important is it? If it was important enough for someone to be contracted to find it, then it must have something valuable in there.”

“You do realize the building is just a rumor though right?” I asked him, raising an eyebrow.

“Yeah, but there’s always some kind of truth in a rumor.” He argued. “It might be worth it to actually try looking into this.”

“So we’re going to wander around the woods until your curiosity is satiated?” Bakugo asked.

“Yup.” Midoriya grinned, starting to go at a light jogging pace instead of the stroll we had put ourselves in. He’s not going to make it very far, I don’t think his endurance is what it used to be anymore.

“Oh Midoriya...” Todoroki sighed, shaking his head before he followed him.
I’m gonna pocket my phone for now, it’s starting to sprinkle. And I wanna watch out for Midoriya in case someone has to catch him or remind him to take it easy.

The four of us are hanging out in a tree at the moment, no not because we were chased by something. But because we figured it might be safer than hanging out on the ground.

So, we’re actually doing good so far. Nothing concerning happening so far, Midoriya is doing pretty good. He’s actually waking up from a small nap, leaning against Todoroki who’s haphazardly holding him so he doesn’t fall or startle himself. We convinced him to leave the axe on the ground.

I ended up crashing for like 15 minutes before writing again.

We’re pretty far in, the trees are getting denser and denser. It’s not too dark, but we like to keep our flashlights on hand.

Honestly, I feel kind of unsettled that we haven’t seen anything...or at least the others haven’t. I keep thinking I see some of those deer, except they look bad. Like, even worse than they usually look. Like they’re rotting away, and falling apart.

But, when I blink or look away they just disappear.

I might just be paranoid, maybe a few flashbacks from that night.

“Oi, Shitty Hair. You good?” Bakugo looked concerned, looking over me for a minute or two.

“I’m okay, just kind of lost in thought.” I answered, letting out a sigh as I swung my legs to and fro.

He grunted in response as he let off tiny sparks from his hands, bored out of his mind. He yawned a bit before letting out a sigh.
“You finally awake yet Deku?” He asked, looking across to the next tree where Izuku was sitting up on his own and stretching out his arms.

“Yeah, you sure you don’t wanna sleep a bit before we head out Blasty?” He grinned.

“Fuck you Deku, at least I don’t have to sleep like a wuss!”

“Hey…” I muttered.

He scoffed and made his way down, I followed. We ended up following soon after, stretching out our legs and regaining balance.

“You okay?” I asked Midoriya who nodded and grabbed his axe again.

“How much farther should we go in?” Todoroki asked, looking at the sky. It was late afternoon. The sun would be going down soon. If we were going to get out before dark then we’d have to start heading out now. But if we keep going, and decide to head out we’d have to go at a sprint. And I’m not sure if Midoriya can do that.

“Just a little further in, another 30 minutes or so and then we can go.” Midoriya said, looking around. He seemed a little more alert, gripping the axe tightly.

“We’ve been in the woods for like 8 hours, I think we should head back.” Todoroki argued, putting a hand on his shoulder.

“What’s another 30 minutes?” Midoriya asked, looking at him.

We all looked at each other, before looking back at him.

“You sure?”

He nodded.
“Midoriya, the fog is going to roll in, you sure you wanna stay out here?”

“Just a little more, we might find something!”

Well, he’s still as curious as ever.

Todoroki grumbled to himself.

“30 minutes, that’s it.” Bakugo growled.

Midoriya nodded, before aligning himself with the marks we made in the trees and walking forward again.

We try to keep ourselves in a mostly straight line, to avoid getting lost and if we are lost than we have a way home.

“You know, I’ve been thinking…” Midoriya startled, putting a hand to his chin.

“Knowing you, that’s very dangerous.” I laughed, getting a light shove in response.

“I’m serious.” He started again. “You know...I uh...I’ve been thinking it over a bit.” He shrugged. “And it seems reasonable from what I’ve seen…” He started to pull at his hair a bit.

“And what might that be?” Todoroki asked.

“Well...uh...you know the mines?” He asked, sounding like he was going to choke on his own words.

We all went quiet with that question.
Like I said, it’s kind of a taboo subject. It’s just something that we feel we shouldn’t talk about. You know, dredging up bad memories, thoughts, and...yeah.

I coughed as I looked away, staying quiet. Bakugo and Todoroki said nothing, biting their lips. Midoriya quieted down, frowning to himself. He was pulling at his hair a bit more now, a new nervous habit.

“...So...w-who’s gonna be on stocking duty?” I asked, trying to break the new awkward tension.

“I will.” Bakugo answered, a bit too quickly. “I was on cleaning for the past few days.”

“So...Todoroki and I are-”

“Todoroki and me...a-are on cleaning duty.” Midoriya muttered, cutting me off. “You can be on register.” He said.

I nodded, and watched him. He switched to biting at the nails of his free hand.

We spent a while walking in silence. The only thing that cut through the quiet was the occasional cough or yawn, until Bakugo stopped, checking his phone.

“Oi, Deku. It’s been 30 minutes.” He said, looking over the nerd who suddenly stopped walking.

“What? No...come on guys just a little further.” He asked.

“Deku…” Bakugo growled, stepping forward a bit.

Midoriya opened his mouth, and shut it again before looking around. He looked at us and let out a sigh of defeat.

“Fine.” He muttered, shrugging. He had a bit of a pout, I would have laughed at him if he didn’t have an axe and didn’t have dark bags under his eyes.
“We can head out again when the fog rolls out of town.” Todoroki said, watching him.

“Yeah, that’s true.” He said, perking up a bit.

“So we heading back?” I asked.

Todoroki nodded as we started to turn around, ready to go back home. It was almost dark, and I honestly had half a mind to grab Midoriya and run back.

And you know what? It would have been a nice jog/run back if we hadn’t heard something breaking behind us.

“What the fuck?” Bakugo turned around, pulling Midoriya so he was behind us. He actually looked a little offended.

“Is it one of the deer?” Todoroki asked.

“No, they don’t usually make noise…” I muttered.

“Hold on.” Midoriya stepped forward a bit, squinting at the trees ahead. He got his backpack and pulled out his flashlight.

“Really De-”

“Shut up.” He clicked it on, walking forward a bit. Todoroki and I stepped forward with him, looking ahead as the trees ahead were illuminated a bit.

All of us stiffened up when we saw something shift from the light. It was a dark silhouette that looked a bit familiar. It moved forward, jerking and twitching violently as it took a step forward. Like it wasn’t used to its body.

“Okay...time to go.” I said, pulling Izuku’s hood a bit as he took another step back.
He was still looking at the figure, I saw his grip on the axe tightened.

It moved through the trees, slowly and jerkily.

It looked like a man, but...withered. Like he had been rotting away.

We couldn’t make out any details as we stepped back, more and more.

It stopped right at the edge where the light couldn’t reach. It let out a low, raspy growl before lifting an arm and pointing at one of us.

“Y..Y~ou…”

None of us realized that Midoriya had already bolted away until the three of us were already running in the opposite direction.

Midoriya had thrown his flashlight into a cluster of trees, and you know what I’m glad he did. Because when we passed the area where the flashlight was there was a bunch of small, ragged figures gathered around it. They probably come up to my knees, but if their claws are anything to go by, I say they’d probably be able to rip me to shreds within minutes.

All four of us almost smacked into trees two or three times, having to pull each other out of the way as he raced through the woods. Midoriya had to help me get back on my feet after I tripped over a tree root and fell over.

It took a while, and I’m pretty sure a few things had started to chase us halfway through but we had made it out. Granted with a few scrapes and scratches from getting smacked in the face with some branches or getting caught on some thorns.

I ended up looking back before making the sprint to my house.

We were being chased, and not by just some monsters that had decided to crawl out of their crevices. I saw a whole horde of them standing at the edge of the forest. Some of them were short, and rabid looking. Others were tall, at least 9 feet tall. Disproportionate limbs, shredded skin, and
just an aura of anger around them all. One of the tall ones actually dared a step forward, a three toed claw stepping onto asphalt.

One second later a wave of thick, vision obscuring fog consumed them all.

A low, eerie roar reverberated through the air and shook me to my core. Rattling around inside my being until it finally faded away.

Bakugo ended up grabbing me and pulling me out of my stupor.

We ended up staying up all night. Watching through the window as wisps of the fog started making their way through the town. That was the only thing from the forest that entered the town.

I’ve never seen so many of those things in one place. Hell I didn’t even think there were many at all, and that was probably just in that area.

And then that thing, the one that had pointed at us…

It makes me nervous just thinking about it.

A lot of things are going through my head right now. I mean…those monsters. They probably used to be people right? If I’m remembering right from what that thing said.

They used to be people…

But, seeing a cluster of those things in one place it made my head spin. What happened? Why? How? Why do they act like mindless monsters? Are they even aware?

Oh great, I’m starting to turn into Midoriya.

Actually, speaking of Midoriya…
That thing that we saw in the woods, the one that had been creeping around in the trees. It makes my stomach churn, because it wasn’t just pointing at anyone.

It was pointing at Midoriya.

The sun is coming up, I think now is a good time as any to sleep. The others are already getting ready for bed. Bakugo already claimed the couch.

Later guys.
Chapter Summary

The fog is in town for the week, that'd usually put me on edge enough as it is but...

I've been hearing chimes as of late.

Chapter Notes

I wanted to post something akin to an intermission before we dive right back in, enjoy you guys

See the end of the chapter for more notes

I’ve been hearing things lately.

No, they’re not like whispers, or haunting moans, or terrifying screams.

It’s...it’s more like...I don’t know how to describe it. It’s soft, almost soothing in a way. Almost like melodic clockwork chimes.

But I only hear it in one place.

It’s Todoroki by the way.

Things have been pretty good, or as good as they can be when the fog is in town. The dark side of the store has been a bit more active as of late. The monsters always tend to get agitated when the fog comes into town.

The one that we have to keep behind a gate is roaring, we just fed him. Honestly his roars have been echoing all over the store and making the customers unsettled. We have no idea why he gets upset when the fog comes in, and frankly we’d rather not know.

Speaking of agitation…

Midoriya, not a big fan of the fog. He’s always staring at it, afraid that something is going to creep out of there. I can’t exactly blame him, he probably spent a while in there.

He’s been a bit more jumpy since the fog came in, preferring to run to places instead of a nice walk to and from.

His sleeping schedule is also out of order, which means my sleep schedule is out of order. I can stay up with him anywhere from 3-5 hours in the night. He has been able to settle down near morning though, when the sun is about to come up.

He’s only slept through the night twice, and I don’t think that had much to do with me. I honestly have no freaking idea how he can function so well with such little sleep. Or Bakugo! He ended up
staying with him last night, and the two of them look exhausted but function just fine!

But, his mood seems to improve whenever he’s working, or with us. I mean I think I just saw Bakugo start to chase him down, after he was singing some kind of nonsense.

“Yo ho, yo ho, near the fog I never go. Yo ho, yo ho, Kacchan’s a b-”

“Don’t finish that sentence Deku!” He had yelled.

Izuku had a sly grin on his face before mouthing a small word, and yelling something in Japanese before laughing and running off.

Katsuki yelled something back once again in Japanese and started to chase him down.

If you want a rough translation, Izuku said something about a spider, a coffee pot, and a shovel.

Then Bakugo’s words are basically a string of curse words.

I like seeing Midoriya when he’s like this, happy and carefree for the most part. But even in a single idle moment I see his mind starting to backtrack, then starting on some arbitrary task to keep himself busy. I sometimes feel like he hasn’t told us everything from what happened, and I think that eats away at him sometimes.

Also, from the comments I know what you’re asking.

Yes, I did make Midoriya sleep on the couch. And yes I did lock my door, at least until 2 AM rolled around and I found him pounding on my door and crying his eyes out.

He had had a nightmare, and when he woke up with no one there and in almost complete darkness he started to freak out. At least he was able to pull himself into reality somewhat, not going into complete panic mode.

He stayed up a while longer before going back to sleep. He wouldn’t tell me what the nightmare was about.

I won’t make him sleep on the couch again. Ever.

Speaking of sleeping on couches, a certain someone is heading into town again. I told Midoriya about the arrangement of Scumbag, but told me he already knew a bit about that. I forgot I had addressed that in a post I made.

He offered to sleep at either Kirishima’s or Bakugo’s house for the week to help keep me out of trouble. I told him he could stay, that it wouldn’t be any trouble.

I know that Midoriya’s mere presence might piss him off, and I also know that after 2 minutes of interaction with him, Midoriya might take absolute glee in annoying the hell out of him.

Although...it might not be the best idea though. He does tend to have an issue with fire sometimes, and knowing Scumbag he’d probably let his flames flare just to prove his dominance.

A few things to think about.

Hold on, I’ll be back. Kirishima and I have to break up the fight between Izuku and Bakugo, it’s starting to get out of hand.
“You got games on your phone?” Kirishima asked Midoriya quietly as he scrolled through the new device. He cackled as Midoriya gave him a ‘really?’ look.

“No, but there are only three things I need in my life when it comes to phones. “Gardenscape, Insta, and Spoofy.

“It’s Spotify you dumbass!” Bakugo came in with a bunch of chips, water, and sodas.

“Spoofy.” He said back, firmly.

“That sounds like something you’d name a dog.” I said scrolling through my own stuff. “And don’t lie, you know you wanna download Tumblr.” I was hanging upside down on the couch.

We were hanging out at Bakugo’s house, watching some Netflix. We ended up wrestling with each other for the remote, we nearly broke a window and the couch.

Mrs. Mitsuki came in, broke up the fight, and had us play rock paper scissors. I won, and put on some kind of cooking show.

“I’m not subjecting myself to that hellhole again!” He looked at me, letting out an annoyed whine when Kirishima made him tilt his head a certain way again.

“Knock it off.” He grumbled, looking at something on his phone before doing something with Midoriya’s hair.

“Just because I have long hair now doesn’t mean you get to use me as a styling dummy all the time.” Izuku muttered as Kirishima grabbed a hair tie

“Yeah, but you need to learn how to do hair and I’m glad to no longer be alone in my love for long hair.”

“Until Shouto’s hair is long enough?”

I looked up at that.

“Excuse me?”

“Your hair is getting some length there Todoroki.” Kirishima held out his hand. “Join us!”

“No, I’m planning on getting it trimmed later.” I lied. I had been wanting to grow my hair out for a while, but they don’t have to know that.

(Edit by Baku-2 days after original post: It’s pretty fucking obvious at this point IcyHot.)

“How long is later?” Midoriya asked, looking over at me with raised eyebrows before his head was corrected again.

“Uuuuhhh, later.”

If you’re wondering why we weren’t at work, it’s because Mitch had come back into town and wanted to close the store for a bit. He is still, far from happy with us, but he’s not as angry. If anything he’s more annoyed.

If you asked me to describe Mitch, I’d say he resembles the reckless, irresponsible cousin who always knows what to do no matter what’s happening.
We actually asked where’s he’s been the past few months, and he responded with ‘Nunya’. He doesn’t look as rough as he did when we first applied for the job that used to be his, he looked like a well dressed hobo who only runs on 30 minutes of sleep and twelve cups of coffee.

Nowadays he looked like he actually had a decent wardrobe, and ran on 4 hours of sleep instead of 30 minutes.

When we were kids he actually would watch us sometimes, and by watch I mean we showed up at his store and he let us run around as long as we didn’t cause trouble. He kicked us out three times.

Once when we were either 6 or 7, and Bakugo and I got into a fight and destroyed a display of breads. Then I think when we were 9 or 10 Midoriya ventured too far into the dark side of the store after losing the ball he was playing with, and he scared the hell out of Mitch when we couldn’t find him.

Something (We haven’t seen it in the store since) ended up chasing him through the large maze and almost followed Midoriya out into the safe side of the store. At the time Mitch said it was something like a big dog. Which he supposedly chased off.

His quirk is something along the lines of enhanced strength. Although when he uses it in a certain limb it starts to turn an ashy gray. Apparently it has something to do with the combined effects of his mother’s and father’s quirk.

And the third time was Kirishima’s fault. We dared him to use his hardening quirk to cut off some of the sleeping Mitch’s hair. He had to pretty long at the time. Well, a few things went wrong and Mitch spent the rest of his teenage years with a half shaved head.

The fog has another few days before it leaves, and I think we’ll probably do another exploration that weekend. Especially with how Midoriya is talking about it.

“We go always straight, but what if we went at a slant?” He asked, having switched places with Kirishima. His hair was up in what looked like a complicated braid. Although Kirishima had pulled out some hair and it looked like how All Might’s two antenna hairs would look is they were down.

“We’d still be going at a straight line, we wouldn’t have a much different destination than the one we’d have if we just went straight.” Bakugo argued.

“No but, ugh! You’re not listening Blasty!” He yelled. “Oh, Kirishima, can you turn your head a bit? Thanks. Anyway!” He pointed a finger at Bakugo.

“I mean we go, in a different direction other than straight ahead and we actually look for something like a trail. Even if it’s faint, we should take it and see where it takes us.” He frowned to himself as his fingers kept slipping from where they needed to be.

“Besides, it might be easier to follow in case we get lost. Sometimes it can be hard to find the marks we make in the trees that are actually ours. And not a monster’s.” He shuddered a bit.

Kirishima shuddered a bit as well. Apparently he had seen a cluster of those things at the edge of the forest the night we came back.

“Yeah…”

We went quiet for a moment before the TV suddenly stopped, asking us if we were still watching.

“It paused, it’s my turn!” Midoriya called.
“No way Deku!” Bakugo dove for the remote and Kirishima rushed forward, ignoring Izuku’s angry yell of the ruined hair do he had been struggling with.

I recorded the five minute fight, and Bakugo came out on top. Putting on some trash Netflix original.

“No! How dare you put that in front of us! Agh!” Kirishima saw the title and scrambled for the next room. “I thought you loved me!”

“I had to watch this shit the other day, you are going to suffer with me!”

“No!” Midoriya yelled, covering his eye. Yes we found out about him being unable to see in one eye, he couldn’t hide it forever. Especially when he kept turning his head at certain points in order to look at us. We also read his post so yeah.

“Who made you watch this?” I asked. “Who hurt you?”

“My mother!” He yelled.

It was bad, and he locked us in the room to make us suffer. We tried to throw ourselves out the window, and that didn’t work.

Meanwhile fucking Bakugo pulled out his hearing aids so he didn’t have to hear the stupid teen drama.

We screamed at him to change it, since we have a rule about the remote. If it’s not your turn you don’t get to touch it or you forfeit your next turn. We couldn’t even turn down the volume or turn off the TV.

After about two horrible forty minute episodes he let us off the hook and chucked the remote at Kirishima.

“Don’t put on garbage Kiri, you are literally at my mercy.” Izuku looked down at him, trying to recreate something he was looking at on his phone.

“You’ll get your turn when you get your turn, also you’re too nice to really do anything bad Mido.” He grinned.

“Ya got me there.” Izuku muttered, huffing as he once again failed a step.

Kirishima stopped the show and put on some animated nonsense I knew Midoriya and he would enjoy. They’ve always been fans of cartoons.

(Edit by Mido-3 days after original post: They. Are. ART! Except for a lot of modern ones, they suck.)

(Edit by Todo- 3 days after original post: I think the only non-animated show you’ll watch is your damn medical drama. How many times has that thing sent you into tears? And also no, documentaries don’t count.)

Okay, Okay, so I kinda hijacked Shouto’s phone, because I wanted to record all this because I doubt Shouto is gonna put any of this down.
Alright so, I’ve read a few of the posts on the boys’ blog and I gotta say a few things.

One of them being- I KNEW THERE WAS FREAKY SHIT IN THE WOODS! I KNEW IT!

Oh, if any of you wanna know, it’s Natsuo.

Yup, Shouto’s older brother, and quite frankly the more reliable of the two if you ask me.

Alright, so I skimmed through his post a bit. And yeah, a certain someone is heading into town today, a matter of fact he actually came in earlier this afternoon.

So, for some reason Mitch my old buddy, old pal, closed down the store for a bit. Saying something about wanting to give the four a well deserved break. And yeah, they have been taking it easy. Hanging at each other’s houses, and sleeping in. All the good stuff I wish I could enjoy.

So, it’s raining. And fun little fact, Mido gets kinda tired when it rains hard like that. He and my little brother were hanging out in the living room, watching Mido’s medical drama when they ended up falling to sleep. Now, I wish I could upload a picture of the two, because I did take a picture of the two.

I did it as an embarrassing something I’ll hold over Shouto’s head.

Ever since he was small he said he didn’t have a crush on the broccoli, absolutely refusing to admit it. He grew less resistant to the accusations as he got older, but doesn’t mean he wouldn’t still fight with us when we teased him.

You guys wanna know how many times we’ve had to repaint one of the hallways?

A LOT.

So I had a picture of the two, Mido was laying on top of a half asleep Shouto. Both of them hung one arm over the edge of the couch, almost holding hands. Fuyumi ended up smacking upside the head and making me leave the sleeping pair alone.

Okay, so here’s the thing.

Mido has had his days where he’s really, REALLY irritated. Something usually rectified by either sleep, or sweet sweet coffee. And he’s not always aware of what he says, because his mind is not running at full capacity so things tend to just tumble out.

So, the asshole I call my father just BARGED into the house. He ended up scaring the shit out of the two sleeping on the couch. Izuku nearly fell over, but Shouto actually did fall over and he took the green bean with him.

So I was grabbing a snack when I heard the loud thump and the tired groans. I walk into the living room, and I see Scumbag with his back turned a few ways ahead, locking the door behind him.

“The hell was that?” Izuku muttered, still half asleep as he sat up.

“Midoriya, get off of me.” Shouto mumbled, trying to sit up.

“No, you’re warm.” He huffed, before getting pushed off with a chuckle. The two sat back up with a few chuckles between them when he stepped into the room.

“What is this?” Scumbag asked, his voice raised.
The two had suddenly stopped their chuckles and looked up to him. I saw a scowl reach Shouto’s face, and a frown reach Mido’s. He read the atmosphere well, sensing by brother’s discomfort.

“Hey.” I said, walking into the room while the other two stood up.

I ended up going ignored as he focused on Shouto and Mido.

“I see you’re just lazing about. As usual.” He narrowed his eyes.

“We were given the week off by our boss.” Shouto answered, his tone icy.

“And who the hell is this?” He gestured to Midoriya.

“I’m Midoriya.” He answered, frowning at the man. “I take it you’re Shouto’s father?” There it was, that little irritation.

He raised his eyebrows, looking over the still lanky figure that is Midoriya. “So, this is the friend that went missing?” He asked, seeming unimpressed. It was an unspoken This is who you waste your time with?

“Yeah, that’s me.” He continued, as if egged on.

“Hmph. And what exactly is your quirk?” He asked. I felt the temperature drop and rise a bit, Shouto wasn’t having it. But Mido still held his ground, although I did see a slight flinch.

“Luck.” He said simply. Oooh boy, I thought. You see Mido is good at lying to people who don’t know him, like really good. He can even fool us sometimes if we don’t watch the signs that he’s lying.

His shoulders tense up, and he’ll start to chew on his lip if it goes on for too long. And if his hands are empty he’ll usually fiddle with them or clench and unclench them in quick succession.

“And what exactly does that constitute as?” Scumbag asked, sounding unimpressed.

“I could theoretically slap you and I’d get away uninjured and scot free. I am a really lucky guy.” Mido gave a shit eating grin. I heard Shouto snort a bit, covering his mouth.

I saw a few flames flicker on him, and I saw Mido pale a bit.

“Are you sure you want to test that?” Scumbag asked.

“Maybe not today, but certainly later.” Mido answered, a malicious grin on his face.

“My god Midoriya.” Shouto muttered, rubbing the rest of sleep out of his eyes.

Scumbag was about to say something else when our mother walked in, a basket of laundry in her arms.

“Shouto, Izuku would you mind...oh.” She stopped in her tracks, looking over all of us. I gave her a look that let her know that I was kind of unseen here. She cleared her throat and got the attention of the other three.

“Would you two mind starting dinner for me?” She asked, looking at the two youngest. “We’re having soba tonight.”

I heard Shouto mutter a small ‘yes’ as he grabbed Mido’s arm and pulled him into the kitchen. I
heard them muttering to each other, switching between Japanese and English mid sentences.

“Natsuo, come help me fold laundry.” She said, nodding her head towards the next room.

“Got it.” I answered, looking forward. I could feel the room heat up from how far away I was. There were a few words exchanged, and Scumbag raised his voice before being told to quiet down by my mother.

So yeah, and then dinner happened and sdkl;dmsfdflmnvcax,nnm;lds,.m’m,nsdnmnmksdm,csv m,.s m,skmlsdkmdfnnksm;kljdflfjsa

I finally got my phone back, I’ve been looking for it for hours. It turns out Natsuo had been hiding on the roof to avoid my wrath. Now he’s frozen to the wall next to his room and I’m gonna keep him like that until I’m told otherwise.

Shouto is typing by the way.

I see my brother took the liberty of telling the story of what happened when Scumbag barged into our house. He was about to tell the story of what happened at dinner, but I think I’ll save that for another time.

My brother not only typed out that story, but he wore down my battery by using up all my lives in the games I have. I’m at 7%, and it’s about 3 AM.

I have to get to sleep soon, Midoriya is already settling down, and the chimes are starting to ring out again.

I ended up asking Midoriya is he’s heard any chimes before he went to go lay down.

He said he hasn’t heard anything like that.

Nothing at all.

Chapter End Notes

Shouto: The wild creatures of the forest can be really aggressive, so it’s important to take all necessary precautions before entering their territory

Izuku: *Blows airhorn* GET FUCKED!
An Old Abandoned Town

Chapter Summary

Walking through the woods, a lot can be found. Of both things that should, and shouldn't be discovered.

Chapter Notes

See the end of the chapter for notes

“Have you ever considered...maybe not blowing up the table when you get angry?” I nearly blew up Shitty Hair’s stupid face right then and there.

It was an hour after we got off of work, opting to head to Icyhot’s house since we decided it’d be a good place to just start, head to the diner, and go into the woods.

We actually made sure nobody would need anything from the store, we’ve started doing these stupid house delivery option shit things, and it is a pain in the ass! But it’s the new store policy, and I like my job, and I don’t feel like pissing off Mitch any more than we already fucking have.

We finished all the deliveries, thank god, and we headed to Icyhot’s house. His scumbag of a father was no longer there so we grabbed the Uno cards.

“Mom, we’re playing Uno.” Icyhot peered around the corner of the kitchen and she looked up so fast.

“In the backyard.” She said firmly.

“Yes ma’am…” We all answered immediately, walking past her and into the backyard.

Ms. Rei is a really nice woman, she is. She’s like the second mother to three of us. But she is a woman to be feared when the wrong button is pushed, or you have to be reminded to a rule she’s firmly placed before.

Now the reason why we gotta play the damn card game in the back, is because we get very
destructive when playing the game.

Deku has the shittiest luck when it comes to the game, Icyhot and I are pretty good. But you wanna know the true king of the fucking game?

FU**KING SHITTY HAIR!!!**

(Edit by Kiri-1 day after original post: Aw, don’t be mad Katsuki. I promise I might consider letting you win next time. <3)

(Edit by Mido-1 day after original post: Oh fuck you and your damn stacking +2’s!!)

(Edit by Kiri-1 day after original post: Dish out and ye shall receive Mido, ye shall receive.)

(Edit by Todo-1 day after original post: You’re pissing him off again. Please stop, I’d like the two of us to get some decent sleep tonight, and I don’t want him running to your house in the middle of the night, breaking in, and smacking you over the head with something.)

(Edit by Baku-1 days after original post: Be sure to take a video of the fight you frozen hotpocket.)

(Edit by Mido-1 day after original post: I stg Kiri I will go over there with my notebooks in hand just to hit you!)

(Edit by Kiri-1 day after original post: Dew it!) 

So yeah. Touya and Natsuo learned the hard way not to play with us. The last time they played with us they either had charred clothes from fire or explosions, or frozen down by ice. They were lucky not to be sitting next to Deku or Kirishima.

So yeah, we get competitive, and pissed off at each other real easy when we play Uno. You wanna know how many fistfights we’ve had over the damn game? A lot more than when we play CAH.

You wanna guess who ended up watching us play?
Icyhot’s older siblings will grab popcorn and watch us play when they have the time to. That’s how long our damn games can go on.

We ended up getting through like 6 rounds before we all started fighting with each other.

“He doesn’t have red!” Icyhot had yelled, two fucking cards left. At the time I had three, Deku had like 12, Kirishima had one left. I had placed a wild card and was deciding on a color.

“No he does! He has red, don’t do it!” Deku yelled at me.

I should have listened to fucking Deku as I said red.

“Let’s go!” Shitty hair yelled and placed down his last card.

“What the fuck?” Icyhot looked stunned. I ended up flipping the table and standing up to yell at him.

“Shouto you dumb bitch!” I yelled.

“I thought he had yellow!” He didn’t get much else to say as I tackled his ass and started to fight with him.

“I had yellow!” Izuku yelled, showing his hand. He had two fucking skips, a reverse, and a +4 in his hand. He could have turned the fucking tables. “I told you he had red!”

“I still remain, the King of Uno.” Kirishima grinned to himself.

“Oh I’m gonna…” those two started fighting, we ended up all fighting each other for the most part and it was broken up by Touya and Ms. Rei. We ended up with a few bruised cheeks and nasty scratches.
My damn shirt was burned a bit, especially at the sleeves.

“I’m going to end up banning cards from this house at this rate.” Ms. Rei huffed as she gave an ice pack to Kirishima. Deku had forgiven Icyhot enough to lean his cheek on his shoulder to ice it.

So yeah.

That was the day before I’m currently writing this.

We’re planning on heading out today. Like I said, we did the deliveries yesterday so nobody can pester us with their shit.

We’re just packing up our shit so we can head out. First aid kits, water, food, flashlights, matches, flare guns, stuff like that. Deku was looking over his axe with a frown, I don’t know why he doesn’t just get rid of it if it makes him upset to look at it sometimes.

He’s been able to handle himself fine before without the thing. And now because of all that shit that happened he just likes to have it on him...

Whatever, he’ll let go of it when he’s ready to.

Speaking of Deku, he actually came up with a route for us. We’re going to head off the path we’ve made with the marks in the tree. And we’re going to look for a trail or something, any kind of path we can follow.

I actually don’t have much to object with, it’s not the worst plan he could have come up with. Also we won’t be running around aimlessly like a bunch of idiots. So it’s a start dammit.

It’s like 8 in the morning, the fog is gone, and the sky is mostly clear. (Not sure how long that’ll fucking last though). We’re gonna go eat in the diner, and then set off.

Later losers.
So about two hours have passed, and the somewhat clear sky didn’t last. Icyhot owes me a dollar.

It’s all cloudy, but the sun can kinda be seen shining through the clouds. It’s barely enough to light up the darker patches of the forest we have to walk through. We’re about 2 hours in, and we’re about to start heading off the little trail we made ourselves.

“So what, we just take off in one direction and hope for the best?” I asked as Deku looked around. There was a slight rustle, but it soon stopped, then started again. We had stopped in our tracks when he heard it, looking around in panic.

It had kept going for a solid minute before it went still again.

“Yeah, we’re just going to head in one direction though.” He added, slowly turning to a different direction. “We’re going to just head in one direction, look for a trail and follow it if we find one. But we look out for small landmarks to take note of just in case we have to make a quick dash back and we won’t get lost.

“But which direction do we start?” Icyhot asked, looking around. There was dense greenery on one side, we could go through it but we’d probably rip up our pants. Straight ahead was a no go.

“How about there?” Shitty hair pointed out, it was past a few trees and was a pretty open area in a way. Sure there were trees all around, but it seemed like the best direction at the moment.

Fucking Deku only shrugged.

“I guess, I mean I only really planned this far.” He said

“Of course you did.” Icyhot hummed.

“So what now, we just go?” Kirishima asked, looked over at us.
We all shrugged as a ‘yeah I guess so..?’

I ended up taking the first step forward and the others followed.

You see, going off faint trail WE make is like throwing a baby on bike and hoping it’ll end well. It’s probably gonna end in injuries, chaos, and insanity.

It’s new territory, and honestly it doesn’t make any it any less terrifying that it’s day time since the trees block out a lot of the damn sunlight. We ended up getting in some kind of formation, it was pretty stupid.

Icyhot and I were on the right and left, then Deku was ahead of us while Shity hair was behind us.

Yeah, not the best formation in the world, but at that point we were a bit tense. There’s something following us...I think. I don’t fucking know. I’m pocketing my phone now.

“This...This is bad…” Deku muttered, staring straight ahead.

“No, really. You thought so?” I hissed quietly.

“I didn’t think that thing would actually do it. Like...I was joking!” He whisper yelled.

“To think that you were actually right. I don’t know where to be amazed at you prediction or horrified that something like that would even cross your mind.” Kirishima whispered.

“I honest to god thought that they just...LEFT.” Icyhot muttered, looking sick.

If you’re wondering what happened, here it is. And it is pretty fucked up.

So, we actually did end up finding a path. Much to all of our surprise.
We walked through the forest, extremely fucking paranoid. We felt like there was something following us the minute we stepped off our usual path and into the thicker part of the forest. The thing is, we didn’t see anything, but we kept hearing something.

We kept hearing footsteps, and creaking branches and shit. But whenever we turned around to look there wouldn’t be shit around us. I swear to god, I kept hearing whispers. I couldn’t make out anything, just voices.

I know the others heard it too, because they kept looking around every once in a while.

So either something was hunting us, or just fucking with us out of boredom. I wouldn’t be surprised if the bastard chose the latter.

Did we find that thing that kept following us?

Fuck no.

Did we find a path shortly after that thing left us alone?

Yes.

It was Deku who noticed it. He was on one of his muttering rants, looking around and trying to spot any landmarks when he saw it past a few trees.

“And then if we can-OH!” He had yelled and I nearly punched his fucking lights out with how loud he was. Scared the shit out of us, I thought something had seen us and he was trying to warn us.

“Guys!” He grabbed Icyhot’s arm and pointed in a direction past the trees. “Look.”

I looked in the direction he was pointing at and saw what he was talking about. There wasn’t just some trail, it looked like the remains of some half ass paved road. There was a large, wooden pole
that had something hanging off of it.

“...Uhhh no thank you.” Kirishima muttered before looking in a different direction.

“Why not?” Deku asked.

“Mido, look at that trail and tell me that doesn’t scream bad idea. Look me in the eye and tell you don’t think it’s a bad idea.”

Fucking Deku looked him in the eye and said exactly that.

“Look, our options are either to keep wandering like idiots-” Icyhot started.

“Which is what we’ve been doing this entire damn time.” I added.

“Or we can take that trail, and see where it leads us. If anything it’ll probably be some kind of checkpoint for rangers that used to stay in the forest.”

We all gave each other a look, then Shitty Hair relented.

“Fine, I guess.” He looked at his phone. “It’s like 12, we just gotta be out of here by the time the sun starts going down.” He reminded us.

Honestly none of us need a fucking reminder. We know how dangerous it is staying out after dark. I mean we’ve all nearly died in here over a dozen times.

“So we’re taking the trail?” Deku asked.

“We’re taking the trail.” Icyhot nodded.

So yeah, we took the fucking trail. And it was fucking weird.
When I said it was the remains of a half ass paved road I meant it. A lot of the ground was still dirt, and there was some kind of cobblestone in a few places sticking up and nearly making me stub my toe.

There was some kind of little wall broken and disconnected in so many places. It reached up to my mid calf. It probably used to reach higher.

But, like, the fucking trees. Obviously the damn trail had to have been abandoned for decades, but it was like the trees just stayed the fuck away.

I’m not kidding, we had probably walking on the trail for a few minutes before I noticed. Trees, grass, any kind of fucking plant just stayed away from the trail. Like a good 5-10 feet away. The ground was dead and barren around the trail/road.

I didn’t point it out, what exactly are we supposed to do about it? I’m fucking serious, what the hell are we supposed to do with this shit?

So, we kept walking, and much to our dismay it started to get a bit foggy. We knew it wasn’t the accursed fog we have to avoid for a week, that shit is dense and hard to see through. No we could see through all this.

I saw Icyhot starting to get a big nervous, while Deku looked like he was on the verge of bolting. He was shifting the axe from hand to hand and looking around almost frantically.

“You good Deku?” I asked, getting only a grunt in response as he stared in one direction for a bit.

We kept going forward, deeper and deeper into those damn woods. And then we stopped dead in our tracks.

The little paved road just stopped abruptly, like it jut cut off. There was just the dead ground below us to jump down to. Like 2-3 feet below us. We all just stopped, staring at the dead ground. I guess that’s when they noticed all the dead shit around us.

“...Well...so much for a ranger’s station or something...” Kirishima muttered, looking to and from.
“Should we keep going?” Icyhot asked, grabbing a small stone and tossing it onto the ground. There wasn’t anything that came running after the quiet thump of the stone hitting the ground.

Deku shifted a bit as he looked around, he needed to keep moving, he couldn’t sit still. Wordlessly he jumped down from the trail we were on and kept moving.

“Deku!” I growled.

“Let’s just keep going. No use in standing still right?” He looked over his shoulder, still walking forward.

I heard Kirishima mutter something in Japanese, basically a string of dammits and prayers as he goes down and follows the nerd. Icyhot gave me a look and started following them.

It was easy to see that Deku was getting more and more nervous with each step, he was still shifting the axe from hand to hand. Doing it faster now.

“You good Mido?” Kirishima asked after a while, breaking the silence.

Deku fucking stopped all of a sudden, making all three of us worried.

“S-Something’s wrong…” He muttered, looking around. He kicked at some of the dirt. “Everything on this trail is just...dead.” He muttered. “And then, there’s no more noise. Usually we would have heard a bird or something by now but…”

We looked at each other, realizing he was right. I knew about the dead shit. But I hadn’t realized all the birds went silent. There wasn’t even the rustle of bushes, which honestly made it all so much worse.

Then there was just one giant, dead trunk of a tree. There were spiraling, bare branches far up ahead. There were a number of red stains on the bark.
Limited visibility, silence, and freaky tree. Fuck.

It was all just a recipe for fucking disaster.

And what a fucking disaster it is.

“So, what do you think? Should we head back?”

“I don’t think we’re gonna be able to shake whatever is probably following us…” Icyhot muttered.

“So what, we keeping going forward and probably get fu-”

“Shut up!” Fucking Deku had the nerve to slap his hand over my mouth, making all of us go quiet.

I was about to grab his arm and twist it, and give him an earful before we heard it. In the trees away from the dead ground, a loud fast-paced clicking started high up in there.

We looked at the trees all around us, slowly seeing a bunch of large, insect like things crawled down from there. They almost sounded like what I think cicadas would sound like.

They ranged from pale greens, yellows, and browns, almost blending into the trees. The only thing that gave them away was their movement towards a few lower branches that faced away from us.

“Oh...fuck…” Kirishima muttered.

There was a loud sound of something snapping, a guttural growl that sent us running in a different direction. We hid behind a tree we were sure didn’t any anything living in it and looked around to the dead area where something started to walk into the area. Coming from the fucking trail we literally just came from.

It was tall, it had to be at least 7 feet tall. The damn thing moved stiffly, yet so fluidly. It stomped loudly, and it sounded like it’s knees creaked with every step. It looked like it’s body was made of some kind of mix of tree bark and skin. It had what seemed like twine wrapped around the arms, as
if to hold it together.

You know, those fucking deer that looked like they’ve been raised from the dead are pretty fucking creepy.

It’s a hell of a lot worse when some kind of patchwork freak has one of their decapitated heads as a fucking head!

It literally looked like it took the head of one of those deers, let it rot for a bit, and shoved pieces of antlers on the top of the head.

“Oh what the fuck…” Icyhot muttered, watching the thing stop a few feet from where the trail ended. It had just stopped there, looking at the trees where those monsters had come down from and watched them.

The longer it stood there, the louder and louder the clicking got. It started to become a shrill sound after a while, leaving the four of us to cover our ears. It sounded like they were everywhere.

They came to a stop when the weird, deer headed think let out a this deep, powerful roar that silenced everything around us. Those creatures went quiet, still perched on their trees, looking at him expectedly as they waited on their perches.

“What the fuck…” I muttered.

Deku watched him, raising an eyebrow. I could see the gears turning in his head, trying to figure out what that thing was up to.

“What is it doing?” Kirishima asked quietly, watching it stomp off in a different direction.

“No idea…” Icyhot whispered.

“What, is it getting something to eat?” Deku asked quietly, getting a look from all of us. “I mean, with the way those things just seemed to look at him it’s like they want him to feed them or something.” He crossed his arms as he stared at the things.
“What, do you think he’s gonna come back dragging some kind of deer or some shit?” I snapped.

“I don’t know, for all I know he just impales them on the tree or something and then the thing goes to town.” He shot back. “I mean, I’m just spouting stuff. For all we know he just dumps it on the ground and lets the things have at it.” He huffed.

“You really think he’s feeding them?” Kirishima asked, peering around the tree, looking out for that thing.

“I mean...what do you think it’s doing?” He asked.

“I don’t know, entertaining them? Watching them?”

“Okay but why?”

“I don’t know!”

“Shut the hell up.” I snapped. The two gave me a look and looked forward when we heard a loud scream.

We were attentive then, hearing the footsteps walking back. They seemed a bit hurried, and irritated.

There were two figures in the things grasp as he dragged them. One wasn’t moving, either unconscious or dead I couldn’t tell. The other, he was screaming bloody murder. He was trying to flail and slip out of the grasp of the thing. He was begging to be let go, to go home. I recognized him.

He was one of the construction workers, the ones we thought left town!

You know, we almost had worked up the nerve to jump in, and try to save him. And then that thing let out another large roar that just fucking paralyzed us. It was different from the one before.
This one was angry, and brutal. It sounded like it would have done a number on its own lungs, or at least another person’s ears. I had to turn down my hearing aids just to be able to tolerate it, even then it was so loud that I still fucking heard it like it was at full volume.

It stopped after a minute, and the guy had gone limp. Probably fainted for some shit.

We weren’t any better, it left me holding onto the damn tree to stay on my feet. Kirishima was on the ground, trying to get up. Icyhot was just lying on the ground, like he was trying to process what the fuck just happened. Then Deku couldn’t move at all. He was just paralyzed. He couldn’t even fall to the ground, or move. He was just there.

The four of us just shut down for a hot minute before the loud stomping started again. We were barely able to look up to see what the hell was happening. Kirishima grabbed Deku, snapping him out of that stupor and scaring the shit out of him. He flailed around and fought with him for a minute before we stopped him from pulling some stupid shit.

By the time Deku had gathered himself to start watching what was going on, Icyhot was getting to his knees.

“What...what the hell just happened?” Icyhot gasped, struggling to get to his feet.

“Don’t...don’t know.” I answered, we watched the thing drop one of them as he took one of the limp men and move towards one of the red stains on a large tree. It let out a low growl before slamming the guy onto one of the red stains of the tree. The man only grunted in pain, before it had escalated into a scream.

The fucking tree, just started growing a large branch through the guy’s chest! The only thing louder than the chittering, and screaming was the sound of the tree branch breaking and cutting through bones and organs.

The minut the branch had been fully formed, protruding from the guy’s chest, a few of those things had leapt over to the tree. They started to eat at the barely alive man.

I looked away and nearly lost my lunch as his wails quieted down into messy gurgles and silence. I heard another slamming noise, so he took the second guy. There was more chittering before the sound of flesh being ripped into was started again.
“This...This is bad...” Deku muttered.

“No really. You thought so?” I hissed at him.

“I didn’t think that thing would actually do it. Like...I was joking!” He whisper yelled.

“To think that you were actually right. I don’t know where to be amazed at you prediction or horrified that something like that would even cross your mind.” Kirishima whispered.

“I honest to god thought that they just...LEFT.” Icyhot muttered, looking sick.

We stayed silent before looking at each other.

“We gotta go. We have to fucking leave.” I growled.

“Agreed.” Icyhot nodded. At least the shit didn’t fight with me on this.

“Let’s go.” Kirishima nodded.

“What if that thing follows us though? I mean...what if that thing was what was following us?!” Deku whispered.

“It fed it’s freaky pets. It shouldn’t want anything else.” I argued.

“And if it does?” He asked.

Of course, leave it to fucking Deku to think up the worse case scenario of anything. I swear to god I was ready to get that little shit and just drag him back to town.
“Well we’re already heading to the town, so we’ll be heading to safety. That thing may not be able to move very fast through, considering how it looks.” Icyhot said, taking a bottle from his bag and taking a swig.

“So we just make a mad sprint?” Deku asked, slinging his backpack over his shoulders.

“Yeah, we need to take a break. Climb up a tree, hope and pray that thing can’t climb.”

Deku stared at me for a moment before opening his mouth.

“You’re stupid!” He said. “You saw what that thing did with that tree. What if it can do that to other trees?”

“You have a better idea dipshit!” I raised my voice.

He faltered for a moment before scowling at me. “N-No! But you really think that thing won’t-KACCHAN!” He screamed loudly, and I whirled around.

I felt the moist dirt before the pain radiating from the side of my head.

I heard voices, and everything went cold and hot for a moment. That was probably Icyhot, before a pair of arms grabbed me and dragged me to my feet. Before I knew it was I was being dragged further into the forest while those three idiots panicked.

There was another loud roar, and I think that’s when my adrenaline started to kick in. I started to panic too, as everything started to become painfully clear.

I can’t remember when I started running on my own, all I know is that Icyhot kept icing some shit over and there was a loud shattering every few seconds.

We ran past more and more trees, and it started to get darker. I don’t know whether it was because I was blacking out, or because the trees were getting denser. I think it might have been both.
I knew Deku helped to keep me from smacking into trees, and keep me from falling flat on my face over tree roots and weird stumps.

It felt like for fucking ever until we came to a stop. Stopping came in the form of falling to the ground because I tripped over something the others leapt over I guess.

I braced myself for the fall, almost hitting my head again. I tripped over what I think was...railroads? I only got a minute to try to process it before there was another roar and a yell from Kirishima.

I looked behind me and saw the monster stomping over to me, and it looked pissed.

“Fuck off!” I yelled, it tried to grab me. I wasn’t braced right, and even in my current position I still blew myself back a bit after letting off an explosion. It backed up a bit, and I scrambled to my feet.

I think Kirishima grabbed my arm and dragged me across the tracks.

The monster was about to follow us, until it reached the tracks.

It just stopped, freezing before it could take another step. It looked down, then at us. It let out a low growl before slowly backing away, then turning around and running away. Like it was scared.

“What?” Deku muttered, walking the thing run away. After a minute he looked back to me. He was about to ask if I was okay, but I took the liberty to punch him in the face.

“Bakugo!” Icyhot yelled at me, I honestly couldn’t give a fuck at the moment. If Deku hadn’t been running his mouth we would have been able to get home. But no, now we’re wherever the hell we were and probably screwed over if it made that thing turn tail and run.

“Ok...Ok, I may have deserved that…” He muttered, looking up at me with a new bruise.

“No shit!” I yelled at him, I guess it was then that my stupid body figured it had enough and I ended up falling down. Shitty hair helped me sit up as Deku looked over me.
“Well, there is a little blood.” He muttered, tilting his head. “That was a pretty bad hit.”

“No, it was real fucking gentle.” I snapped.

“For all we know, it might have actually been ‘gentle’.” Icyhot muttered, getting a first aid kit out.

“I’m scared to say it was.” Deku huffed, grabbing some gauze. “I’d say you’ve got a concussion. But considering you’re still conscious...it might not be that bad.” He cringed as I hissed in pain.

“Man we really messed up.” Kirishima muttered, standing me up after Deku finished with me. “You’re injured, and we’re really deep in the forest. We’ve got a monster we have to get past, and we’re probably in the middle of something else’s territory.”

“Territory?” Icyhot asked as I started to look around.

“Yeah, I mean what else would that thing run away from? This is probably the home of something bigger.” Deku muttered, getting some water from his bag.

“I don’t want to hear shit from you until we get back to town dipshit.” I told him.

Yeah, I know I might have been an asshole. And I think I had every right to be at the moment. So fuck off.

Deku gave me one of his glares and huffed as he packed away his stuff.

“So what? You think it’s safe for us to leave?” Shitty hair asked, looking at the others. I decided I could stand on my own (I almost fell a few times, but they don’t need to know that.)

“Probably not.” Icyhot sighed. “It’ll still be waiting for us at this rate. Probably hoping whatever is here is going to chase us off.”
“So what, we go ahead and see what’s here? If so, are we heading up the hill? Or following the tracks?” Deku asked.

“What did I fucking say Deku!”

“Kiss my ass Katsuki, you don’t wanna hear me, then take out your hearing aids or ignore me like a normal person ya dink!”

“Enough!” Icyhot cut us off. He actually looked pretty pissy at the moment. He shot a glare at the two of us before sighing. “We won’t follow the tracks. We’ll end up getting lost and lose the general direction of town. We’ll go up the hill, wait a bit, an stay out of trouble.” He glared once again and Deku and I before starting up again.

“Then after a bit we can head back down and make a mad dash back. Nightfall might hit us sooner than we think, but if we’re smart about it we can get home unscatched.”

“You think you’ll be able to make the run home?” Shitty hair asked me.

“I’m fine Shitty hair. Fuck off.” I was probably going to collapse at the tree line or something. I was still kind of dizzy and my vision kept blurring, probably bad.

We grabbed our stuff and started to make our way up the hill. We couldn’t really see anything from where we stood. Just the green grass and the incline.

None of us were ready to see what was on that god forsaken hill.

When we reached the top, we nearly dropped our bags.

What we found, was an old abandoned town.

“You find anything worthwhile?” I asked as Kirishima came out of an old shop. Somehow the
wooden door wasn’t falling apart. It was clearly on its last legs, the wood was damp and splintered in some areas. The glass of the windows was cracked, but not broken.

“Nope, nothing but a bunch of old candies and wet newspapers.” He answered.

“Did the newspapers say anything?”

“I couldn’t read them. They fell apart the minute I picked them up, and if there were any dry ones they just turned to dust. You?”

We split up to look around the town, agreeing after some time we’d meet where we first came in.

This place is fucking crazy, and by that I mean it’s old as shit. Like...are candy stores really still a thing? No! They’re not!

This place is a bit smaller than Dead End, it’s not as spread out, but it till has a bit more of a selection than our town. It’s more like clustered, especially the houses. Surprisingly the houses were all wide open, not locked or blocked off my anything.

I found a bunch of black and white pictures, they were all ruined by time though. Hardly anything salvageable. Yet in each house I noticed there was a bunch of religious paraphernalia, a lot of it sounded almost cultish.

Now don’t get me wrong, I don’t have anything against religion. But I think there’s an issue when it starts to seem like a cult. Telling people how to think when, how and where; reminding there will be punishments if a single person is out of this ‘dress code’.

“No, nothing useful here.” I grumbled.

Kirishima let out a long sigh before grabbing my arm and helping me further through the town. So far it’s like a giant circle. There’s a bunch of old broken down fences a few feet away from the small backyards of the house. Makeshift town borders I guess.

“Should we start to head to the otherside with the others?” He asked. “I think you and Mido are
cooled down enough to be in each other’s presence again.” He tried.

I gave him a look, and before I could tell Shitty hair that I still didn’t want to see Deku he started to drag me towards the town center.

This place just feels unsettling overall. I’m not a pussy, but this place makes me want to make the run to the town.

With every step we take further and further into the town, it just feels like something is waiting. Afterall, isn’t this shitty place supposed to be the territory of something?

“How much longer are we gonna have to stay in this shit hole?” I asked.

“We’ve been here for like...an hour, maybe hour and a half?” He answered, checking his phone. “No idea, but hey, maybe we’ll find something worthwhile...preferably within an hour or two.” He added.

That’s right, we wanted to get out of this damn place before night hits. Who knows what the fuck is here? If it only comes out at night and we’re not gone by then, then we’re fucked.

We passed a couple of old apartments, a bunch of old paint peeling from the wooden buildings. There were old broken, wooden stairs that went from floor to floor of certain windows. A lot of the windows were left open, the doors we COULD see from where we were through the windows were actually wide open. Nothing was closed.

The only doors that were closed were the doors of shops and small stores. Any place of residence, those damn doors were wide open. Every. Single. Door.

Closets, pantries, bathrooms, back doors, front doors, anything in the damn houses.

I would have thought more on it, but before I could even get the chance to do that I heard Deku going through a word vomit again. I could hear him from the other side of the fountain in the town center.
More shops, more official places. But the biggest things of note, was the large fountain in the middle of the town. Stone, it looked like a group of angels with these small vases where the water presumably came out from. The second thing?

The big ass church. Or would it be a cathedral? Small cathedral, big church?

Whatever you would call it, it was pretty damn big. Like, I think the whole town was made just to build this thing. And all the houses were built last, clustered all together.

“Woah…” Kirishima thought it was pretty cool...which it kind of was.

“Kirishima! Kacchan!”

Seems that Deku wasn’t as pissy anymore. Little shit.

(Edit by Mido-8 days after original post: No u)

(Edit by Kiri-8 days after original post: Uno?)

(Edit by Mido-8 days after original post- NO!)

“Hey Mido.” We walked over to them, and they didn’t seem to be cheery about looking around. “Ya find anything?”

“A lot of empty houses.” Icyhot muttered, looking over his shoulder. “Open doors.”

“Yeah, it’s weird. It’s like...everybody just got up grabbed their things and left. Almost in a hurry. Like, there was a lot of stuff that was knocked over. Like someone tried to grab it, and whatever they couldn’t get quick enough they just left.” Deku started muttering again, and pacing. I had to grab his sweater to keep him from crashing into the fountain.

“Does the thing that owns this ‘territory’ have something to do with this? If so then where is it? How did it do it? Why? How old is this place?”
“Maybe that place might have some answers.” Icyhot looked at the church. “There has to be some kind of plaque, or maybe records.”

“What makes you think that?” Kirishima asked, looking at the large building. It towered over us, and surprisingly, it looked a hell of a lot better than the other buildings. At least the exterior.

“Well…” Deku looked at the church. “This place seemed to be very religious based...maybe they keep main records and stuff in there?” He tried.

“If we’re even entertaining the idea that the shit in there isn’t destroyed from time.” I added.

“Either way, we have some time to kill.” Icyhot looked around. “We can look in there, and if we all feel alright, then we’ll head back to town. Preferably running the first half. Think you’d be able to do that Bakugo?” He looked at me.

“Fuck off Icyhot.”

“I’ll take that as a yes.”

Deku was already making his way towards the church, looking around the walls and stuff. The glass from the windows had a few cracks in them, small but noticeable. It looked like if you were to press against it, it would shatter on the spot.

“Izuku…” Icyhot muttered, and we followed after him.

As we got closer to that place, I started to just feel...shitty. I think the other 3 started to feel the same way, since the closer we got the slower we went. Like we were dreading what we would find in there.

I don’t know how, or why but I was the one who ended up in front of the large doors. Damp wood, musty stench. Above the door, carved in the stone wall. In God we trust. Although, it seemed eerily worn down where the ‘God’ was.
“Well Kacchan? Open it.” Deku gulped, gripping the axe tightly.

“Shut up nerd.” I snapped, putting my hands on the doors. I grunted and opened the doors, it felt like hell to open them. The doors seemed hesitant to open, and they let out these loud, painful creaks.

After a minute of pushing they just fucking SWUNG open, and we were hit with a disgusting, rotten, musty smell mixed with something else foul. No idea what it was, and I really didn’t want to fucking know.

We walked in after gagging a bit. It looked a hell of a lot better on the outside than the inside.

Everything was torn up inside. The pews were all over the place. Flipped over, torn in half, pieces of them were buried into the stone wall. Splinters were scattered about the entire area. There were no candles lit, no lights, just the sunlight that was able to stream in through the dusty windows. The carpet that would be rolled out between the pews as all ripped up and torn in some places, but looked whole overall.

Wordlessly we grabbed our flashlights, and started to walk forward.

We didn’t say anything, we didn’t even look at each other. We did nothing but look around the room, trying to see if there was anything hiding in the shadows the light couldn’t touch. There were a few books lying to the ground, torn up and and scattered.

“What the fuck?” I muttered after a while, my whisper echoing.

“Whatever was...or IS in here...was pissed.” Deku responded, slowly walking over to a large cabinet. It was somewhat untouched, save for a few heavy dents in the metal. He started to turn the handle of the cabinet. When it didn’t budge he started to jiggle the handle harshly.

I noticed Icyhot actually started going over to some kind of desk in front of where the pews would be. That thing was teetering on the legs, like one was shorter than the other.

Kirishima followed Deku, and since Icyhot was probably going to do something stupid I ended up walking over to him.
“Oi, Bakugo.” He said, looking over to me. He held up his flashlight and handed it to me. “Hold this.” He muttered.

I just took the stupid flashlight and watched him push over the little desk a bit. There was a bit of broken wood underneath it. He muttered something like ‘well, well well…’ and some other surprised shit. I saw him coat his hands in ice and start to pry at one of the floorboards.

Just as he was able to free the board, he fell over when there was a large metallic thud. He scrambled to his feet, and I flashed the two flashlights to where the other two lights were and saw Deku standing in front of the cabinet.

He was panting, and Shitty hair looked a bit stunned. Deku let go of the door and was about to walk away, when it opened it a bit from the lack of pressure and being closed properly. This little shit whirled around and punched the hell out of that damn door and made sure it stayed closed this time.

“You good Deku?” I asked, Icyhot quickly kneeled down and pulled some shit from the floorboard before looking over to him.

He was quiet for a moment, he just stared straight ahead for a bit. I guess it took him a minute or two to actually process what I said. Or maybe he was just thinking about how he wanted to answer.

We heard him swallow loudly. “M-M... I t-think we should go…” He muttered. I noticed he was starting to itch at his wrists.

Icyhot shoved whatever he pulled out of the floor into his bag and started to make his way over to Deku and Shitty hair who was trying to tell him something. Deku told him something and Kirishima immediately stopped talking.

Icyhot was like halfway over there, when he tripped over something under the carpet like the dumbass he is. I couldn’t help it, I laughed.

Deku was jolted from what I’m going to assume was the beginnings of a new episode, and ran over to the cold hot pocket.
“What the hell did you trip over?” I asked, toeing at the carpet.

“I’m not sure.” He answered, kneeling next to the carpet.

There was a lump, but not one of those lumps that happened with the carpet when it gets bunched up. No there was something solid under there.

Kirishima noticed I hit something solid and helped me move the carpet. I tossed Icyhot his flashlight, after we saw what was under the carpet. There was a door in the floor, and that solid thing was a handle. Somehow brought up from its groove in the floor.

My stomach dropped when I saw that thing. It felt like a final ‘turn back’ kind of drop.

We stared at it for a minute before daring a glance at each other, then back to the door.

“One last thing before we go?” Kirishima asked, still staring at the door.

“...Should we?”

“W-What’s the chance of us c-coming back?” Deku stuttered, I saw him look a bit frustrated at that.

“Probably not, we don’t want to risk running into that deer headed freak again.” I said, reminding everyone about the whole reason why we’re here.

“...Alright. So who’s opening it?” Kirishima tried. We all gave each other a look.

We ended up playing rock paper scissors and Kirishima lost, so he got to open it.

He swore as he knelt down and started to open it. It clearly hadn’t been opened in ages, it didn’t budge at first. But the sound of wood against wood was grating. We ended up helping him out and prying the door open.
It opened with a large puff of old dust, leaving the four of us a coughing mess. The echoes bounced around the walls, and into the dark door in the ground.

There was a set of stairs that led from the door down into a deep darkness that just seemed so out of place in the church.

We went down those stairs, and I’m still wishing we hadn’t. It still makes me fucking sick just to think what was down there.

We made it down there, and the further we went, the colder it got. And the more suffocating it was to take another step. Like the air was too thick, or rather, there was hardly any air at all.

By the time we reached the bottom I could feel myself shivering, and trying hard to take in whatever air was down there.

“Why would a church have a hidden door like this?” Icyhot asked quietly, moving around slowly. The flashlights only seemed to go far, like it hardly cut through the darkness.

None of us answered his question, because honestly none of us had any answer for him. We couldn’t think of any at the moment, especially when the sound of rattling chains started.

We stopped cold when we heard that. Once, twice, and then dragging.

It was hard to tell where it was coming from in the darkness. It felt like it was all around us, surrounding us. The sound of ragged breathing filled the air, and it felt like something was right in front of us.

We had pointed our flashlights down, in fear of what could have been there.

The ragged breathing stopped right in front of us, hot air hit us in the face. Almost rhythmically.

I slowly put up the flashlight.
Staring us in the face, was a large creature. It’s arms were bound in chains around itself, the skin looked more like black feathers. That thing didn’t touch the ground. Its face...It looked like a silver skull of a...I don’t fucking know a crow?!

It doesn’t matter what it was, because once that thing took in one deep breath, it let out such a loud, agonizing wail that sent us screaming back up the stairs as it tried to chase after us.

I don’t remember much else other than the four of us dropping the flashlights, and scrambling to get up the stairs. I don’t remember much else than the howling that rattled around in my skull even after we made it past the tracks.

My ears rang the entire way home.

We made it home by midnight. We went to Kirishima’s house, and after that we refused to talk about it. We didn’t say a single word to each other that night.

I think about that scream, every single fucking night.

How desperate and angry it sounded.

For some reason…

It makes me think of Deku.

Chapter End Notes

I know you guys are all asking about Dad Might, and Dadzawa. I really am sorry, I thought I’d be to put them both in around this time of the story, but let's just say teh pacing of that seemed really bad.

We’ll get a bit of Dadmight in the next chapter, that I can most certainly guarantee. And lets just say that Dadzawa is gonna come barreling in after the boys find a certain something.
One last thing to let you off with.

Dead End, is a lot bigger, and a lot older than you think.
I've been through such a rough week...but what's one more day?

So I'm back.

Yaaaay.

It’s Izuku by the way.

It’s been a while since any of us have posted, I know.

We’ve all been busy, not to mention we kind got flooded with a lot of house delivery orders as of recent. Now if you’re curious, the way we get orders is through our phones. Who ever wants to order stuff from their house just texts one of us what they want and we deliver it.

A lot of them are from the Mayfaires (I got to deliver a majority of them...I didn’t like them.) Who are just too lazy to really leave the house to go to the store but see no problem to go down to the diner.

Yeah, when I went to deliver the box of food and house supplies like paint and stuff, they weren’t there. I had no idea what I was supposed to do, so I just left the box on the porch because I had better things to do, and a lot of stuff to restock. (They were none to happy about that, lemme tell ya.)

So I get back to the store, and I see Mitch in the store. He’s setting up what looks like a house phone next to the register. There’s something funny about seeing a 20 something year old struggling to set up a house phone. He had the manual and all and he absolutely refused to let us help him.
“I am a grown ass man, I hang out in the woods on a daily. I’m pretty sure I can manage to set up this damn thing!” It took all of my will power not to laugh as he furiously untangled a few wires. I don’t think they were even necessary.

“So, you’ve been hanging out in the woods?” Shouto asked, finished filling out a shelf of a bunch of jams that tend to disappear overnight. “Is that where you got the phone?” He asked.

“I’d like to see this store where they sell phones in the middle of the forest.” Kiri chuckled.

“Smartasses.” Mitch grunted as he still struggled.

The four of us stopped what we were doing just to watch him for a bit, I mean I finished my delivery for the time being so...yeah.

It took like 30 minutes before he gave up and looked at Shouto, dead in the eye.

“Call Touya.” He grumbled.

I don’t think I’ve been able to laugh that hard in a long time. It was great.

It took him like half an hour I think to jog over here and he just showed up to see four laughing idiots and an irritated adult covered in phone wires, still trying to detangle them.

“Oh how the mighty have fallen.” He grinned, pushing me over gently to get to Mitch. I fell over, but I couldn’t really be mad.

You see, you have to remember that Mitch is this usual calm and collected kind of person who can deal with the monsters without blinking an eye. He knows how to deal with drunk, angry customers with hardly lifting a finger.

I mean, this is the guy who probably lives in the woods! With all those monsters!

And he can’t even deal with a house phone.
It took like an hour or so for Mitch to finally set up the phone and another half an hour in order to get everything put away. He stashed the box in one of the corners of this break room, and told us not to touch it unless we needed the manual or something.

This was last week, and so far the box has started to rustle and rattle around sometimes. We stay true to our word and don’t touch it. We even put a small fence of cardboard around the thing just to keep it out of sight and remember to stay away from the thing.

Then Mitch let the customers know that we have the store phone now and to stop texting his employees in the middle of the workday.

He did this after I was bombarded with calls and text messages of absolute fury.

Yeah so the Mayfares got home and found their cardboard box of food and supplies torn to shreds. Turns out something may have decided to come from the forest and eat what was in there.

Well, I got a bunch of texts from the married couple (2 separate numbers- calling and texting me!), and when they called I picked up and was met with a barrage of yelling and ‘how dare yous’

They blamed me for tearing up the box, and eating the food, and throwing away the supplies because ‘I didn’t like them’.

I really don’t like them now.

Yeah, Mitch heard me trying to yell over them that I put the box on the porch and that I didn’t touch it. They insisted that it was me who messed up their stuff and called me a ‘stupid brat’ ‘useless kid who can’t even deliver a single package’.

They wanted a full refund and a new box of their things for free. They also demanded my manager and that they wanted to put in a request for me to get fired.

Before I could tell them I can’t do that, Mitch grabbed the phone and cleared his throat.
“Excuse me.”

“Oh thank god, are you the manager of this incompetent worker?”

“I’m his boss, and please stop insulting my employee. He did what he was supposed to do, and gave you the box.”

“I’m sorry, but we weren’t home! How the hell-”

“Then where were you?” He asked. “When someone asks for these home deliveries, they should theoretically be home.”

“We went out to eat, we thought the box would be delivered later. Instead we come home to a-”

“Do not put the blame on my employee thank you.” He cut them off. “Anyway, you had his number and should have requested that he deliver it at a later time, or left special instructions for where to put it, if you weren’t aware what time you’d be home. So do not blame him for your own incompetence.”

“Excuse me? How dare you speak to me and my wife like that! We are-”

“Customers that live in a small town, where you are complaining about something that can be remedied by another, how much was it?” I told him $40

“$40 dollars, now that is very cheap compared to what others have lost.” Now that much was a lie. “And this is the only real store in town, so unless you would like to drive 10 hours to a town just to pick up stuff, I recommend you stop complaining and either put in special instructions and use your brains next time.”

And just as he was about to hand the phone back to me we heard one of them say something, that I do not think I should put on the blog but it had something along the lines of ‘low-bred bastard’ and mentioning his mother, and he lost it.

I think this is the first time I have ever seen him as angry as I have. It’s a rare phenomenon, as
terrifying as it was. It was something I think I can check off my bucket list.

(I’m kidding it’s not on my bucket list)

(Edit by Kiri-3 days after original post: Jeebus I hope not dude)

Either way, it was unsettling and I’d rather never see or hear him angry again.

I had the unfortunate luck of being right in front of him as he grabbed my phone again and listen to him bring the phone to his face, and let out a loud, ear piercing roar that sounded like they could only come from the depths of hell itself. It lasted for a good few seconds before it came to an abrupt stop and hung up.

It didn’t sound like something that would come from the forest, it wasn’t that angry, mindless kind of scream. No this one felt more controlled and a lot less savage and hostile than the other things we hear.

I have no idea what his quirk is, and I’m kind of not wanting to know.

(Edit by Anonymous-1 day after original post: Even if you did I wouldn’t tell you kid.)

(Edit by Baku- 1 day after original post: How the fuck?!)

(Edit by Anonymous-1 day after original post: I have my ways. Now stop mentioning me on your blog you little shits.)

So yeah, everybody wiped our numbers from their phones, and now they have to go through the store phone.

I don’t like it.

I really, really don’t.
At least twice a week if I’m on night shift we’ll get a random call. And whenever I answer it, I always hear this raspy breathing on the other end. I’ve tried blocking the unknown number, but every time I try it just won’t go through.

I don’t think it happens to any of the others, I’m not too sure. Maybe it does, I mean I’ve seen Todoroki pick up the phone and a few seconds later just slam the phone down to hang it up.

So yeah, maybe it’s something we’ll get used to, maybe it isn’t.

So that was last week’s dilemma, which I’m glad is mostly over, so I can focus on my stupid ongoing dilemma that’s been keeping me up at night.

I’m running on like 5 hours of sleep over the course of 8 days, I’m gonna crash sooner or later and I’ll be damned if it’s sooner.

I’m pulling an all nighter tonight, as well as rolling into the next day-er. Why? Well we have to do all nighters to make up for frequent closes, and I figured I may as well just help get them all out of the way so we don’t have to do anymore for a while. With the week long all nighters I think we’ll be fine for next month and maybe half of the one after.

Kacchan, Todoroki, and Kirishima are sick. Well, Todoroki isn’t sick yet but he’s acting like a human cooler/heater from the other two, and it’s only a matter of time before he gets sick.

That’s how it usually works, three of us will get sick and one of us will be good. The last one of us to get sick will get hit the hardest and be out of commission for a while. So I have that to look forward to.

It’s fine, I’ll catch up on the rest I need while I’m sick. Just give me NyQuil and I’ll be in a coma for a few days and I’ll get all caught up. Hopefully I’ll have no nightmares.

So yeah.

Not sleeping really lets your mind work, and gives you time to think.
You know, I was actually rereading a few old posts, and I found my first one.

And I feel...I don’t know how to put it...not myself?

Like, I think that’s the best way I can put it.

I used to be so optimistic, and happy back then. Like, back then I was actually a normal functioning human being, and now...I mean I look in the mirror and I just look like a broken mess who can’t even get through a night.

It just feels like I’m supposed to be that kind of person and now...now I can’t. I mean I can try, but it’s exhausting. It feels kind of hard to be happy without some kind of external stimuli like seeing the others and...uh some other stuff I guess.

And when I have nothing else to really distract me I just feel kind of empty. Like there’s some kind of void in me that suffocates me. Something that has no way of being filled.

It feels like it gets worse and worse with each passing day, the nights are the worst. I can maybe get either a few minutes to an hour of sleep before I wake up. I can’t fall asleep.

I always feel like this pit of emptiness just gets worse at the night. It doesn’t help that I’ve started to get paranoid around windows in the nighttime.

You know that figure I saw a while ago? The one that had my broken phone?

I keep seeing him whenever I look out the window. I thank whatever lucky stars I have left that I’m on the second floor, and not on the first. It’s also one of the reasons why I haven’t been spending any nights at either Kacchan’s or Kirishima’s house.

When I’m at Kacchan’s house I usually sleep on the couch in the living room, it’s actually pretty comfy. I can’t use the spare room since it’s Uncle Masaru’s study, and he’ll usually sleep in there on his busy nights.
And Kirishima’s house only has one floor, and when I sleep over there we set up a bed of blankets and pillows in the living room and crash on the floor. Both of their living rooms have windows, and I don’t even want to consider what would happen if I was on the same floor as that thing.

So yeah, I’m kind of exhausted but once I get sick I’ll crash and all that jazz.

Alright, I gotta go, I have a few customers.

So.

Remember once reading Kirishima’s post and him saying that we owe Helen big time? After reading his post, yeah I agree.

She’s one of the reasons we’re alive, so yeah we owe her.

And she came in to cash in the favor.

I had just been chilling at the register after the rush, texting the others before she just ran in and came up in a panic. I did not have a chance to prepare myself before she ran to the register out of breath and clearly in a rush.

“Midoriya!” She raised her voice, surprising me and making me fall out of my chair. She waited until I stood up and righted myself before she started talking.

“Listen! Remember a while ago how I used my teleportation to get you guys to a hospital? Remember how I said you guys owe me big time?”

“Uuhh...I was probably either unconscious or recovering at the time but yeah I agree that we owe you.”
“Good, well. What’s your schedule like? I mean I’m sorry this was kind of all of a sudden but I JUST found out. Would you be good tonight?” She asked.

“Uuhhh….” I was about to say no, but I looked past her and I saw a few glimmers of light in the beginning of the dark side of the store. I think I saw a few flying goldish, and there was something standing behind them.

“Yeah, tonight is good. What exactly is it that you need?” I asked her. I needed to get out of here, my mind was starting to become a bit warped. I looked at one of the mirrors and I saw what looked like a replaying memory of…Hisashi.

I broke the mirror.

“I need you to pretend to be my boyfriend!” She said outright.

I think I blacked out for the moment and my head slammed into the desk. When I stood up again she looked appalled at that, not to mention her face was red.

“What?” I asked in disbelief.

She swallowed and said it again, slower this time. “I need you to pretend to be my boyfriend.”

I had to stare at her dead in the eye before I said what I said.

“Helen, I don’t swing that way.”

“Well neither do I!” She yelled, even redder than me. “Listen! My dads have friends that are coming to visit, and they have a son that’s one of those…” She fiddled with her fingers. “Lesbians just need a good boyfriend and…”

“Alright, alright, I get it. But why me?” I asked. I was starting to think I’d rather take my chances with my shaky sanity.
“It’s bad enough I had to explain it, I’d rather just get it over with with the first one of you four I saw and if the first person I asked said no, one of you could explain it to the other. But either way, one of you kind of have to do this since you owe me!”

I put my hands up, my head was starting to hurt. “Alright, alright. Well, luckily for you I’m saying yes. And I’m the only one here so...yeah.”

She looked confused. “You’re the only one? Where are the others?”

“Sick.”

“...How long have you-”

“A week.” I answered. “A week of all nighters.”

She gave me a look. “Maybe you should wash up before you come by?”

“Yeah, I can do that.”

“How?”

“Kirishima doesn’t live too far from here and the house is vacant at the moment.” Yeah I’ll probably owe Kirishima at some point.

(Edit by Kiri-5 days after original post: It’s no problem dude. I told you, my house is your house.)

“Well, okay. As long as you get there by 8 or so. Oh! Also, I almost forgot.” She dug a hand into her pocket and pulled out some change and handed me a list.

“You still do deliveries right?”
“Uh, yeah but most people call them in.”

“But, no one said anything about not being allowed coming up and ordering right?”

Okay, fair enough. I actually didn’t think about that loophole. I don’t think either of us have...mostly because it’s kind of a useless loophole.

“Yeah, but you’re already here.” I told her.

“Midoriya, if my dad gets his hands on the seasonings this early, he’s gonna over season everything. He’s a maniac. So please, do not deliver this stuff until around 8-ish.”

I took a look at the list and saw that most of it was actually utensils like plastic forks, spoons, napkins, and very few food stuffs. Just garlic, salt, a few other seasonings, as well as a pack of sodas.

“Alrighty, easy enough.” I muttered.

“Great, ok see ya later!” She ran out without taking the rest of her change. I figured it’d be fine and I could give her the rest later. Reasonable enough.

So I had like 2 hours to burn. I set up the box really quick and and put it off to the side. And thus, I was left with the madness of the store.

I’ll leave at like 7 or so, jog over to Kirishima’s and shower, and then head over to Helen’s. It’s a small jog over to her house, so it should be fine. It’ll probably be dark, so I should probably make it quick.

I don’t feel like being in the dark longer than I have to be. Because that figure that likes to follow me around might be around, and I’m even less of a fan of the dark after seeing that thing in the basement of that church.

What, you think that thing wouldn’t cause nightmares? Ha! I wish.
I really do.

That Crow Demon, which I’ve so lovingly named Crow Demon, scared the hell out of us, my ears were ringing the entire run home. It was wrapped in those chains. Tightly bound, like it wasn’t meant to get out.

Yeah...I found those chains in that metal cabinet. And they looked exactly like the ones I had been in. For those of you wondering why I was freaking out, there’s your answer now leave me alone about it.

That Crow Demon though, if I had to guess it’s probably been there for a long time. Certainly seemed to be. I mean, maybe I really am kind of messed up in the head for thinking this.

But I felt bad for it.

I mean, I know how it feels to be chained up in a dark place, forgotten and all alone. Just left to die. I get it.

And when it screamed, I didn’t really hear anything malicious and ill intent from it. No, to me it sounded more angry, desperate, begging. I don’t think it meant to come off as a murderous monster, but it did.

I’ve actually been thinking about going back, but I know the other three might not agree to it. I want to go back, and I could probably do it in a day, I could move faster on my own anyway. It’d probably piss them off though.

I dunno, maybe I am messed up, or maybe I’m not. I probably am, and I’ll deal with that when I have to.

Alright, I should go pack the box and head out.

See ya guys later.
“Midoriya! You’re here.” Helen said, a bit too loudly.

My hair was still wet, but in a messy braid. I used one of Kirishima’s muscle shirts, and a sweatshirt. I’m glad I still had a few clothes over there because his pants are a bit too big and he had no belt whatsoever.

So yeah.

Sorry Kirishima.

She quickly pulled me in, and my mouth started watering. I haven’t eaten a real meal for a few days, so yeah. I was starving. And the smell of REAL food was heavenly.

“Oh, is Midoriya here? Does he got the spices!” One of her dads cried excitedly from the kitchen. It was Mr. Benji, he who owns that sandwich shop.

“Yes dad, he got the spices.” Helen answered as she guided me to the kitchen.

“Yeah! Now I can make the steaks!” He sounded so happy as I placed the box on the counter and started to open it for him. As soon as I got it open he thanked me and grabbed the spices and ran out to the backyard.

“Hey there Midoriya, nice to see you again.” Mr. Nathaniel greeted me.

I only nodded in response, not really sure what to say.

“Hey, maybe you should go with Helen and meet Zach, unless you’re on call?” He asked.

“I’ve been in the store for a good week or so, I’m good with spending some time out of there. And I haven’t been able to eat well for a few days, mind if I stay for dinner?” I asked, I saw Helen giving me a thumbs up behind him.
“It’s no problem, I’m pretty sure we might have made too much food, so an extra mouth to feed is no problem!”

I was about to walk away in the wrong direction when Helen grabbed my hood and pulled me to the other room as I heard maniacal cackling from the backyard. I looked out and saw him with a bunch of steaks as two other adults who watched him season the steaks very thoroughly.

“I take it those two are Zach’s parents?” I asked as she pulled me to the living room.

“Yup.”

The living room was nice, there was a large TV playing some kind of teen drama in front of the brown leather couches. There were two large bookcases on either side of the room, one held a myriad of movies, and the other was stacked to the brim with books.

“Well now I see where you get your love of movies and reading.” I muttered.

“Yeah, helps to pass the time ya know. Other than the online courses I take.”

I gave her a look. “You take online courses?”

She shrugged. “Yeah, well my parents want to to have an education. I thought there was a school here? Did something happen?”

I looked at her for a moment before shrugging. “Ya got me.”

“Oh don’t give me that, you’ve lived here all your life haven’t you? What happened?”

“Stuff you do not need to know about.” Was all I said. She didn’t have to know about Kacchan blowing it all up out of a panic. She didn’t have to know about that monster that was right behind us. She didn’t have to know about that thing that used to live in the woods…”
“Who the hell are you?” I looked to the side to see this guy getting up from the couch. He was taller than me, maybe about as tall as Shouto. He wore a jacket rather than a sweater and had a pair of baggy jeans. He had the beginnings of a mustache on his face. He had two large curved ram horns on either side of his head.

He had this cocky, yet hostile smirk on his face as he looked me over. Maybe it was sleep deprivation, or maybe hunger, I don’t know but I just wanted to deck him right then and there. It felt like he was literally looking down on me.

I frowned at him as Helen looked between us.

“Zach, this is Mido. My boyfriend.”

She turned red, and I could feel myself warm a bit when she said that.

He stopped. “Oh.” A look of irritation crossed over his face before he scoffed. “So what’s this guy’s quirk supposed to be?”

There it was again.

What’s your quirk?

As if that dictates my own worth. How decently I should be treated as a human being.

Don’t worry asshole I already know how little I’m worth. No need to rub it in.

“His quirk is…”

“Analyzation.” I lied. It was better than nothing.

“Oh.” He sounded unimpressed. Oh god with each passing minute I could just feel that void starting to nip and burn at my insides. It pissed me off!
“And what are you supposed to be? A billy goat?” I asked.

“A ram.” He corrected me. He glared at me for a minute before he looked at Helen. “Come on Helen, you could do so much better than that. I mean, look at him, he’s got that-”

“Zach, come on. Don’t be like that.” Helen cut him off, and I felt that ugly scar on my face burn. “There’s no need to be rude to Mido, I made my choice. And you as my old friend should respect that.”

“Just seems to me that you made the wrong choice.”

I know I blacked out for a minute, because I don’t quite remember punching the wall and leaving a small dent in it. I guess the all nighters were finally catching up to me.

“Bro what the fuck.”

“Warning one.” I muttered. I ended up leaving the room and going to the kitchen, grabbing a soda and downing half of it. I was just hoping the caffeine would carry me through the rest of the night.

“Oh, who is this?” A woman asked. I looked up and saw a woman with curved horns looking at me, a wine glass in her hand.

“Ah, this is Midoriya. A friend of Helen’s.” Mr. Benji piped up, a tray of hot steaks in hand. “He works at the big store nearby.” He placed it down and grabbed an oven mitt. “You on call tonight?”

“Uhh…” I wanted to say no, but honestly I think it was probably for the best. It was better to just eat and leave before I go too far and do something I might regret. “I’ve left it alone for a bit, I think I should head back after eating. This is supposed to be my last all nighter for the week.”

“The week?” The woman looked appalled.
“Uh, yeah. We’ve had to close down the store a lot recently so we do all nighters to make up for it.”

“We?”

“There are three other kids that work there. I haven’t seen them all week, where are they?” Mr. Benji pulled a tray of cut up potatoes from the oven.

“They’re out sick. They’ll be back either tomorrow or the day after.” I answered, taking another sip of my soda. I stopped when I heard the buzz of my phone, and looked down.

It was Shouto making sure I was okay, I told him I was fine. He said that he and the others were doing a lot better and they might be able to come to the store tomorrow. If not then then the day after.

I assured him it was okay, and to get some rest and put away the phone.

I was okay with one more day.

I could do another day.

The food was really good, the steaks, the asparagus, the potatoes. Yeah, it was the best I’ve been able to eat for a while. I ended up taking seconds, and by the time I finished that it was almost half past 10 and I had gotten into 5 silent glaring matches with Zach.

“Jeez kid, you act as if you haven’t eaten in a month.” Zach’s dad, laughed at me. I wasn’t scarfing food down my throat, if anything I was taking my time. It was probably because I had so much on my plate.

“I haven’t, in a week.” I answered.

I kept my head down as I felt all their eyes on me. I guess they wanted me to elaborate or something, but since I didn’t they just carried on the conversation.
So the family that was visiting the Abdales actually came over from across the country to see them. They’ve known each other since high school, and they’ve just stayed in contact with each other. They like to meet up with each other at least twice a year, and they figured it be perfect to see the new town they moved to.

I wouldn’t doubt that they felt it was underwhelming.

They would talk about how they should go back to their hometown and open up businesses there. Helen seemed against it, I was surprised she liked this town in all honesty.

As the conversation went on, I just felt more and more isolated, I was a stranger in this place.

I stuck out like a sore thumb, I wasn’t supposed to be there. I was there as a favor, but one could still only go so far for one. I could feel that messy void starting to nip at me again, making me feel sick.

I pretended there was something to check on my phone and I got up, excusing myself and getting my plate to clean it. I heard them still talking about the town, and whether it really was a worthwhile move.

I put the dish on the rack and walked back into tell them it was time for me to go. It was 11 by then so yea, I had to go.

I went back in to tell them it was time for me to leave.

“Hey, I gotta get back. So I’m gonna take off and-”

“Hold on.”

I muttered an ‘oh fuck’ under my breath as Zach looked at me.

“Helen says you like to go into the woods? Why ya like to do that?”
“I usually have nothing better to do.” I answered, I was about to walk away when he started again.

“What do you even do in the woods? Just walk around like an idiot?” He smirked at me like it was such an easy task. I kind of wanted to take him in the woods just so he could see what kind of shit we have.

I watched him for a minute before shaking my head. “I gotta get back to work. See you later Mr. and Mr. Abdale! Later Helen!”

“Hey!”

I walked out, and shut the door behind me. I heard a loud yell and ignored it.

I walked away from the house as quickly as I could, and started making my way back to the store.

I left my earphones at the store, so I had nothing to distract me. So I just listened to the sounds around me, the wind blowing, the creaking branches, the occasional meow.

The wind felt nice, against my hot skin. I just started feeling like shit, and I ended up taking off the sweater. I stopped at one of the stop signs and tied the sweater around my waist. By the time I had been able to tie it I felt myself sweating up a storm.

It felt too hot, it was nighttime. And our nighttime temperature is kind of cold. Everything just felt so hot. I thought I was starting to burn from the inside out.

I leaned against the stop sign and looked at my phone to check whatever messages I might have.

I opened the chat app and saw a bunch of texts asking how I was doing, and whether I had gotten sick.

I assured them I was fine, and that I had indeed eaten. They would always get on me for that, not eating properly. They didn’t have to know that I ran on protein bars and water bottles.
While I was texting them there was a large gust of wind that came out of nowhere. The street lamps around me flickered for a minute before both them and the wind stopped.

I looked around for a minute before sending the last text message and pocketing my phone. I started to cross the street when there was a loud crash behind me. I almost stopped walking, but I’m glad that I didn’t.

There were loud footsteps behind me, starting to get faster as the seconds past. I crossed the street, and the footsteps didn’t stop. They were getting faster and faster.

I started to go at a jog, hoping and praying that whatever was following me was just one of those monsters that was bored. That thing started going just as fast, and I could feel its eyes on me. I was about to start running when it sped up, and I felt rough, calloused hands grab my neck.

It pulled me back, and nearly sent me falling to the ground as it tightened its grip.

I will not ever forget the rough, scratchy voice as it breathed into my ear, I could practically feel it grin as it spoke.

“Thought you could get rid of me?”

Suddenly the air was cut off as it started to squeeze, before long I was clawing at the rough hands, my lungs burning and aching for some kind of relief.

It suddenly stopped and the thing told me one last thing.

“I’ll give you 10 seconds.” It gave me one more suffocating squeeze, making me feel dizzy. I think I started to see stars. After a moment it shoved me forward, and I almost fell over. I coughed and gasped for air, and then it started counting.

“10...9...8...”
The fogginess hadn’t even left my brain when I made a run for it. I don’t know I didn’t run for Todoroki’s house, or Kacchan’s. Instead I ran for the store, tearing down the street and on the brink of tears.

After a few painful seconds I heard the sound of a second pair of footsteps running after me at a dead sprint. I let out a yell, and I started to knock over whatever I could, trashcans, random boxes, anything.

I heard him let out this sick cackle as I rounded the corner and saw the store up ahead. I ended up jumping over the old abandoned cars in the lot and trying to get away from whatever that thing was as fast as possible.

I wanted to look over my shoulder and see how close it was, but at the same time I was too scared to see what was chasing me.

I crashed into the store and tried to run for the break room to lock myself in their when I fell over in my rush.

I don’t remember much of what happened from there, other than a loud crash and hot breath. I couldn’t breathe, something was wrapped around my neck and it seemed to take great pleasure in cutting off whatever air I had left in my tired lungs.

I heard something talking, but it had all started to blend together with the dark spots in my vision.

I ended up waking up to something slapping me lightly, I opened my eyes to see Heffer sitting on my chest slapping me with his little paws. As soon as I opened my eyes he stopped slapping me and chittered lightly before getting off my chest and running away to whatever dark corner he likes to hang out in.

And that’s how I’m here right now.

I woke up at like 2 in the afternoon to a bombardment of text messages or worry and telling me things like ‘please answer’ and ‘what are you doing’.
Turns out they kind of got worse, overnight and need this last day to continue.

They asked if I’d be alright watching the store for one more night…

I would have screamed if they were right in front of me, that no. I was not fucking okay! I was tired, and angry, and scared. I’m pretty sure my damn throat was bruised because it hurt to even breathe! No matter what I do, my skin feels like it’s on fire!

I was alone!

I am all alone!

What the hell else am I supposed to do? Beg one of them to come over and help me out for the rest of the day? Why?

They’re still sick so what right do I have to really ask them to come over?

Touya and Natsuo have work, so does Fuyumi. Ms. Rei, and Auntie Mitsuki are probably taking care of the others. What am I supposed to do? Ask them to take their own important and needed time to come deal with me?

I just told them that I was fine and ended up crashing in the breakroom.

I already looked over myself, and I am covered in small scratches and bites all over my arms and shoulders. I don’t think they were from Heffer, but I guess I was lucky if that’s the only thing that happened to me while I was out in the open all night.

It’s like 9 now, and I haven’t had a single customer.

But I have been seeing things all over the place.

The goldfish are back, and they’re not in the dark side of the store anymore. No, they’re flying around my head, I learned that looking down is better than looking at them. You’ll get dizzy real
In the past few hours I have seen a dancing bear, a cartwheeling cardboard box with arms and legs somehow. Some guy who came out of thin air, has been walking around the store for a bit.

He’s big, like 8 feet if I had to guess. He wears some big raggedy blackish cloak with what I think is a necklace of mini skulls. Like three lines of them. He has some kind of lantern that hangs at his hip, it lets out weird noises and glows every once in a while. I haven’t seen his face, there’s just a black hole under that hood.

He’s still here, and has a bunch of boxes floating around him. I didn’t even know we had those brands.

I’m starting to question whether any of this is real or not.

I mean this thing hasn’t even approached me, but it’ll stare at me like it’s never been seen by a person before. And like, a moment later it’ll slowly slink away from where it’ll be watching me and disappear for a while.

Meanwhile more goldfish have appeared, they’re smaller than the three initial ones, but they’re a lot brighter.

The goldfish sound weird, the more there are the more it sounds like they’re singing. Humming, little bit of chiming. It sounded nice, a lot better than the silence of the store. It made me feel a lot better, since the whole...attack.

I’ve had to swat a few away from my phone, and stop them from tugging and nipping at my hair. They already swim through my hair when they can, I don’t need them biting me, even if it’s just a little nip.

They’ve even tried taking my headphones, which I pocketed a while ago.

They only dispersed when a long, bony hand, like made of actual bones, found itself in front of my face and waved away the goldfish. They didn’t disappear, they just floated away. I could see a few still trying to fly around me, and a few others wandering into the aisles.
It was that guy, he towered over me and just...watched me I guess. It was hard to tell with just darkness for a face.

He said nothing and just set down a couple of boxes of snacks and like two packs of cigarettes in front of me. I had to take a minute to process what he wanted.

I had totally forgotten that I was working, and just stared at the boxes in confusion before remembering why I was there, and started to ring him up.

While I was bagging his things, he started to talk to me.

“You’re beginning to tread too far.”

It was weird, it was like his voice had its own echo. It was deep, and had such a weird calm to it.

“Getting lost in the depths of these nightmares will only bear so much fruit for people like you.”

I stopped bagging his things and looked up at him.

“What?”

He looked at me for a moment before pointing at his things, as if he was reminding me to do my job. I took a minute before finishing packing his things. As soon as I finished I held out the bag for him and he took it.

I don’t know why, but I asked him a question.

“Is any of this real?”

He had silently taken the bag and gazed at me, even though he didn’t have eyes I still felt eyes on me. It felt like a bunch of bugs were crawling all over me.
He leaned down, right in my face.

“I don’t know...is it?”

He snapped his fingers and I was slapped with a harsh gust of wind, it ended up knocking me over and a minute later I heard the slamming doors of the shop.

I laid on the ground for a bit before I was able to actually make a coherent thought.

“What the hell was that?” I asked. A few seconds later the goldfish were back and were floating around me again.

I got back in my chair and from there the weirdness just kept going. And the guy didn’t even pay in dollars, he just left some kind of gold coin and a tiny skull on my desk.

I mean, I don’t know how long ago Mr. Darkcloak Mcwindy came in and flew away, but yeah. I just saw a march of tiny gremlins, marching to the beat of some imaginary drum and heading into the dark side of the store. I can hear Jeff growling from here.

I think I do anyway.

It’s like 11, and some weird guy walked in.

I don’t think he’s real. I think it might be another hallucination from the store. I’m not too sure.

Just a few minutes ago I had to break some more of those mirrors that have been appearing out of nowhere. They were replaying more of those...things. I cleaned up the glass a while ago, it seemed the shards were already there before I even broke them.
My hand hasn’t stopped bleeding, I’m not too sure why it doesn’t bother me. Or why occasionally little droplets of it that are supposed to fall down, somehow fall up. When it falls upwards the tiny goldfish usually catch it and they turn red. They stay red for a little while before turning back.

I let them hang around my hand, it’s always the small ones, and after a while they’ll go back to floating around my head.

I feel like I should be more worried about it, but part of me nags at me to not care. At this point I’m finding it hard to really do anything else other question that much other than which thing is real and which isn’t.

The three big goldfish won’t go near my hand, which is kind of weird.

Oh yeah, I said there was a weird guy that walked in.

The best way I can describe him is...uh...

Think of a skeleton with a sunflower for hair. He wears really baggy clothes, right now he’s wearing these green pants that seem too big for him. He has an oversized white shirt over his even more oversized yellow coat.

I don’t think he’s seen me yet, he just walked in and looked really confused. He looked around, and I heard him mutter something before starting to walk.

I don’t know why, but it made me laugh. How lost and clueless he looked, as he wandered away. It didn’t help the goldfish were tickling my hand, it just made me laugh harder.

I put my head on the desk, and muffled myself with my good hand to quiet my laughing. For a while it was the only thing I could hear, and all of a sudden I stopped.

I looked up in a hurry, to see nothing. There was absolutely nothing.

There was only my desk, my chair, and myself. The goldfish were gone, all the shelves were gone...even the noise was gone. Only only thing left were the lights of the store, which felt so far
I felt so alone...and so isolated. The silence killed me, nothing to hear and distract me from the overflowing barrenness. White walls, clear tiles. Nothing.

I felt so...alone. So isolated.

I was alone, again.

It felt stupid, I felt stupid. I felt like a little kid who couldn’t do anything to protect himself. Helpless and powerless. Just like I’ve always been.

I started to cry, and I hated it. I furiously wiped at the burning in my eyes and felt something sticky on my face, I couldn’t really care at the moment.

I couldn’t really care, because at the moment the lights had started to flicker, and buzz loudly. I could hear wind howling in the nonexistent outside world. The store went dark, and lit back up, then went dark again.

I stood up, hearing the slamming of doors again and again, and again. As everything flickered the store seemed to start to return to normal, everything coming back. But in a more decrepit form, rusting, rotting, as if a thousand years had passed.

After a while everything had stopped, the lights were dim and made the shadows around me even more menacing than they already were.

I flinched as I heard the loud slam of doors, and looked up. I couldn’t see what had come in, it was too dark. But I heard the footsteps.

I felt nothing but dread as the footsteps grew louder, and louder. They were getting closer. But before they stepped into whatever radius of light I could see from, it suddenly stopped.

“H-Hello…” My voice echoed loudly in the store, carrying further than I thought it would.
I was about to step away from the desk, to try and find the break room when there was a loud slam on the desk. Something splattered onto me as a low groan was heard from whatever monster decided to show up.

“Nice to see you again.”

I felt the blood drain from my face as that thing from last night returned. I stared at his ugly, mangled face as he spoke. His twisted grin made my stomach drop as he leaned forward. Hot, rotten breath on my face.

“Miss me?”

I ended up tearing away from the register and blindly running into the darkness, just trying to get away as fast as possible. I heard laughter echoing all around me.

I crashed into a rusted, yet solid shelf. I chose a different direction and continued to run.

More and more I kept crashing and turning to try and get away from the maniacal laughter that followed after me with every step. I thought I had reached the doors when I actually slammed into something hard, and sending a painful rattle through my skull.

I fell down hard, and my head spun as he approached me.

“Did you really think you could get away?” He mocked me. I was too terrified to be angry, or hurt by that tone. I yelled loudly, desperate for someone to hear me as I tried to back away.

A fist slammed into me, knocking the wind out of me. It sent me reeling back, to a place I didn’t want to be back in. Hardwood floors and stinging pain.

I did the only thing a helpless kid could really do. I screamed, I yelled, straining my throat and emptying my lungs of whatever air they had left. I tried to scramble away, but my body felt so heavy. I couldn’t get very far before my limbs gave out on me.
I could only clench my eyes shut, and wait for the next blow.

It never came, instead I felt two hands on either of my shoulders gently shaking me.

It heard a muffled voice telling me something, a bit of time went on as it got louder and louder. I opened my eyes, expecting a monster in front of me in a dark store. Instead I was met with the sight of that stranger from...how long ago?

“Hey. Hey! Can you hear me?”

After I opened my eyes he stopped, and smiled like he was relieved.

“Hey, how you feeling?” He asked.

Part of me wanted to get mad, and ask him how did it look like I was doing.

Instead I burst into tears. I couldn’t do anything else, it felt like the only way I could convey anything. I heard my loud sobs echo in the empty store as I felt him sit me up. A long arm wrapped around my shoulders to support me and a cool hand pressed itself against my forehead.

I was sweating up a storm, my shirt was damp, and my hair was plastered against my face. Everything felt strange, and warped in a way.

And I felt like an idiot.

It took me what felt like hours to realize that I was just a sobbing mess in some stranger’s arms. By the time I was able to stop crying enough to actually form some coheherent thought, he had decided to start talking.

“What are you doing here kid?” He asked me, he sounded tired, but worried. Like he’s done this before.

“H-Huh?” I looked at him, it felt like a stupid question.
“What are you doing here?” He asked again, patient with me. “Shouldn’t a kid like you be back home, asleep? It’s late.”

“I-I-I work h-here.” I answered.

He frowned. “Alone? And shouldn’t you be off this shift?”

“A-All nighter…” I muttered. He only grunted in response as I went quiet. Did he want me to expand on that or something. I sighed shakily before I started to stand up.

The stranger was hesitant to help me, but stood up with me and gently let me go.

“D-Did you need something?” I asked him as I looked around. I hadn’t gotten very far from the register, I wasn’t even halfway to the breakroom. I was going to try and walk back to the register, when suddenly the world whirled around me violently.

I stumbled, and felt myself start to fall forward until something hurriedly caught me.

“Alright, that’s it.” I heard him say, helping me stand up. “There’s a clinic in this town isn’t there? I know a lot has changed since I’ve been here, but I thought I saw it while driving through the town.”

“W-What?” He wasn’t making sense.

“You’re ill young man, you’re not well enough to keep working.” He muttered something about putting kids on night shifts and irresponsible employers as he started to walk me towards the entrance. I know I probably should have felt scared, maybe panicked that a stranger was trying to take me out of the store; but honestly I wanted nothing more than to get out of there. Not to mention...somehow I could tell he didn’t mean any harm.

“H-Hold on...Hold on what time…” I couldn’t speak. My mouth was dry, and felt like it was full of cotton.
He gave me a look like ‘are you serious?’. He pulled out his phone and raised an eyebrow. “It’s 11:59. Why?”

I looked at his phone and watched in horror as that time changed from 11:59, to 12:00.

Before he could pocket the phone there was a loud howl that tore through the air. It sent the two of us reeling and covering our ears. Well, me anyway. He stumbled a bit, but I felt him push me behind him hurriedly.

The blond stranger watched in horror the lights started to turn off one by one, starting at the far end. Near the dark side of the store.

“What’s going on?” He asked a bit of fear in his voice, watching the lights turn off.

I paled as I saw something standing at the edge of the darkness, waiting for the next set of lights to turn off.

There was a shrill giggle from across the way, where a long hand reached from the darkness. More monsters waiting.

This was a bad night, a really really bad night. They tend to get more excitable when there’s a stranger in the store.

“It’s midnight…” I muttered.

He gave me a look.

“They aren’t exactly happy with a stranger in the store, and they’re not very happy with me staying here for a few days straight.” I added.

“Who is they?” He asked, looking like he was getting ready for a fight.

There was a loud roar that sent everything on the shelves shaking violently. A few things fell from
them, a few jars could be heard shattering.

“Them.” I looked forward, stepping back. I tugged on his coat, making him step back with me as a few more figures appeared at the edge. Some of them tall, some short, there were a few large bulky ones.

The first figure laughed loudly, the deep gravelly voice sending shudders up and down my spine.

From there the lights started turning off, faster and faster. I didn’t give the man that much time to process anything as grabbed his arm and started to run towards the breakroom. It took him a minute to straighten himself up and he started running alongside me.

I heard a shrill laugh as the store almost went entirely dark, the darkness right on our heels.

I heard him try to ask something before coughing violently, I saw a bit of red when I looked at him. Although I didn’t get that much time to see why when I slammed into the door of the break room.

My head spun as the last light went off. I threw the door open and ran inside, the stranger following me.

As soon as he got in I slammed it shut and locked the door. I didn’t even get a chance to step back before there was a loud slam against the door that sent me falling back. The pounding on the door got louder and louder, yeah they were pretty mad.

I could also here some fighting outside, a brawl. They wanted to be the first to get the newcomer and the annoying kid.

The stranger helped me up, and looked at the door. “What is happening out there?”

I chuckled, looking at him. “Welcome to Dead End.”
It’s like 2, and the noise stopped a while ago. There will be the occasional scrape against the door, a knock, maybe even a growl, but that’s the loudest it’ll get. If you put your ear to the door you can hear them slithering, walking, dragging themselves around the store.

Although I highly advise against it, since somehow they can tell when you’re close to the door and won’t hesitate to scare the shit out you.

I found out the man’s name is Toshinori Yagi, and he’s pretty nice. And no, I haven’t told him my name.

I mean he made me sit down after a bit to patch up my hand, I tried to tell him that I didn’t want to because of the goldfish; but he looked at me like that was a bad thing to say.

So far I’ve had to explain to him that this is a usual occurrence at this store, at midnight of course. And he just looked at me like this entire thing was ridiculous. Which it kind of was.

“How often do you have to stay overnight?” He asked, grabbing a water bottle from a box we keep by the couch.

“Uuuhh...we just pull all nighters to make up for closing the store in the day time.” I told him, I was a shivering mess somehow. Sweat was pouring down my face, but I was so cold at the same time.

“How on earth does keeping the store open at night make up for daytime closes? Would people come in here past midnight?”

“ Nope. And to be frank, I have no idea. Store policy.”

He seemed a bit unhappy with that answer, what did it seem preposterous for someone to work overnight or something?

“How long have you been working the overnight shift?” He asked.

I was about to answer, and tell him a good week, before I stopped.
“You seem so keen on asking me so many questions. How about I ask you a question!” I pointed at him accusingly and he gave me a look, before he started laughing at me! It wasn’t mean, it was like I said something funny, which I didn’t!

“Alright young man. Fair enough.”

Yeah, it is fair enough.

By that point I had started to toy with the idea of him being a figment of my imagination again. Or some influence by the store...did the store take pity on me and decide to give me a companion or something?

“What is someone like you doing in Dead End? And why did ya get here so late?” I asked.

He was quiet for a moment, before letting out a long sigh.

“You call this place Dead End?”

“I’m asking the questions here!”

He chuckled before shaking his head. “Sorry, it’s just that someone I knew would call this place Dead End too, said they forgot the name of the town!”

“Well yeah, nobody knows the name. I think the town sign was stolen, and nobody really cared to replace it. Then it just got called Dead End, and it kinda stuck.”

“Ah, I see. Well, to answer your question I’m actually looking for someone in this town. It’s been awhile since I’ve seen her.”

“Who are you looking for?” I asked. “I grew up in this town, I might know them...unless it’s one of the newcomers. I don’t know all of them very well.”
This guy smiled, and looked to the ceiling as he answered. “Inko Midoriya.”

I regret having taken a sip of water as he answered because as soon as he said my mother’s name I started to choke and trying to spit out the water. He looked alarmed and pat my back in an attempt to help me out.

It took me a bit of time before I stopped choking, and I looked at him in shock. Mind you there was still some water dribbling down my chin and onto the sweater I put back on.

My tired brain almost threw all reason out the door.

“Why are you looking for mmmmmmmMs. Inko!” I said it a bit louder than I meant to. I almost called her my mom, but I don’t need this guy to know he’s talking to her son.

“Oh, I take it you know her?”

“Yeah, I do! Now why you wanna know about her?” I asked.

Toshinori held his hands up as a way to calm me down, I hadn’t realized that I had stood up and was borderline yelling. He stood up and sat me back down before I did anything else.

“Easy young man, I don’t know your relationship with her but I do not mean her any harm.”

“Then what do you want with her?” I snapped.

“If you calm down, I’ll tell you.” He muttered, after I sat back down on the couch he sighed. I drew up my knees to my chest and glared at him as he rubbed his eyes. There was a bit of silence before he let out a long sigh.

“I’ve known Inko for a long, long time.” He leaned back, looking at the ceiling. Neither of us paid any mind to the knocking on the door. “We met each other in Japan, some time before my life had gotten really, really busy.” He chuckled.
“We ended up becoming really close at some point, and then one day...she left. It was just out of the blue. One day she was there, and the next she was gone. I’ve spent so much time, looking for her and trying to find her.” He frowned. “It’s been almost 15 years since I’ve last seen her.”

I watched him for a moment before sighing. “So what, you wanna find her and you think it’ll all just be so hunky dorey? Maybe she ran for a reason.”

He shook his head. “It’s not that I want her to be with me again, I respect her choice. If she wanted to leave she wanted to leave. I just want to know why.”

“...Closure?”

“Exactly.”

“...I get it.”

He looked at me with a bit of surprise.

Well, I DO kind of get it. I’m actually looking for some closure myself with my mom.

I AM still upset, and hurt. I mean the last time I actually talked to her, she was drunk and slapped me and yelled at me that everything was my fault. How shitty everything was, and just placed all the blame on me. I haven’t seen her in over a month, and...well I want to talk to her one more time. All I want to do is just let her know I’m doing fine, and that she DID hurt me. I also want to know why she let me get hurt for so long...and why didn’t she come to see me in the hospital.

That’s it, that’s all I really want.

Whenever I think of my mom, I don’t really think of someone warm who I would go to for comfort and protection. No.

When I think of her, I think about a door that’s been open for too long. I just want to close it, and
lock away and take my leave.

We may not be on the best terms, but I think we should see each other at least one more time. I
know we live in the same town, but considering she hasn’t tried reaching out to me, never talking
to her wouldn’t be the hardest thing in the world.

“I get it.” I said again. “It’s kind of the same...with my mom.”

I guess it might have been then, that I fully decided that he was just a hallucination. What other
kind of stranger would be nice enough to hear you out? None that I can name.

And it felt nice to say some of this stuff, to someone who could disappear as soon as the sun rose.
Without being fretted over and worried like I’m going to fall apart. I may be a mess, but I don’t
think I see myself falling apart anytime soon.

“You…”

“We’re...we haven’t talked to each other for over a month. The last time I was face to face with
her...she hit me. She yelled at me...and blamed me for a lot of stuff. Ever since I’ve just been living
at my friends’ houses.”

“It sounds like you got out of a bad situation, what on earth would you need-”

“I wanna know why.” I cut him off. “I wanna know why she...why she felt that way. Why she let
so much shit happen to me for so damn long. Why she didn’t come to help me when she saw me
getting hurt. Why she didn’t come to see me in the hospital…”

“How on earth did you end up in the hospital!” He was alarmed.

“...Stuff.”

“Young man-”
“I don’t wanna talk about it! I’m dealing with it, I’m not as bad as I used to be okay? I’ve gotten better at telling what is real, and what isn’t. But that’s something I don’t want to talk about, so just leave it alone!”

He was quiet for a moment, and I stared at him for a bit before I felt hot tears running down my face. I got mad and started to wipe at them, only for more to replace them. I was roughly rubbing at my eyes with the sweater sleeves, probably fucking up my eyes more than they already were.

I only stopped when I felt him grab my arms, and lower my hands away from my face. He was saying something, but I couldn’t hear him over the sound of ringing in my ears. I fought with him for a bit before this skeleton of a man somehow got me to keep my hands on my lap.

“Alright, alright that’s enough. You need to stop, hurting yourself isn’t going to help you.” He was firm about it, like he was taking no shit. I didn’t care, he was just a hallucination! Why the hell should I listen to him!

I had felt something snap in me, losing whatever bit of patience I had left.

“Oh why do you care!” I screamed. “You’re just another one these hallucinations inside this damn store! I don’t know why you seem to think that whatever you say is gonna have any kind of impact because you’re not here! You’re not real! So what’s the point!”

“Excuse me?” He sounded shocked.

I growled and stood up, and I started to pace. “Don’t act dumb! You know exactly what I’m talking about! As soon as 6 comes rolling around you’re just gonna disappear and leave me all alone. And I’m gonna have to walk my sorry ass over to Shouto’s house and act like I’m good like this hasn’t been a hellish week of monsters, hallucinations, and absolutely no sleep!”

I started tugging at my hair, and I gave a swift kick to the door, hearing a loud, angry chittering from outside.

“Shut the fuck up!” I kicked the door again and I heard something scattering away.

I was out of breath by the time I heard the outside go quiet again. I was still tugging at my hair, and I felt myself get angry again. I felt everything go everywhere, my thoughts kept jumping from one
spot to another, and just switched between whatever subject it could get to as quick as it could. It made the headache I already had even worse.

The guy put a hand on my shoulder, making me look at him.

“Young man I can assure you that I am real.” He said it slowly.

“Sounds like something a hallucination would say.”

“Heh, I guess it does huh? Come here, sit down.”

“I don’t wanna.” I told him, hearing him laugh lightly. I sat down anyway, and he had me sit back a bit. He was quiet for a moment.

“You said you haven’t slept for a week?” He asked me.

“Yeah, I guess I did.” I muttered.

“That’s not good, you know that right?” He sat next to me, watching me.

I shrugged.

“The others are sick...and someone had to keep the store open.” I huffed. “And I was fine with it...I don’t really like sleeping...” I leaned to the side and felt something warm.

“You’re sick too, I’m sure that it would have been fine to close down the store for your own health.”

“MEh…”

“Don’t ‘meh’ me, you have to take care of yourself.” He huffed, and was quiet for a moment. I
couldn’t help but feel like I was in trouble, it was a kind of shame that only Ms. Rei, or Auntie Mitsuki could really put on me.

“You actually remind me of one of my students.” He chuckled. “He doesn’t like sleeping very much either, and he tends to refuse to go to sleep. He ends up crashing a few days later, I think his record might be a week and a half.”

“I will defeat him.” I slurred. “I can beat that easily…”

“No, no you can’t.”

“Wwatch me!” I huffed.

“I’d rather not.” He sighed.

“Well I’m gonna…”

“No, I think you’re probably going to go to sleep.” He chuckled.

I furiously shook my head and I hit his shoulder or something. “Ow…”

I heard him chuckle and I let myself settle down, I really was tired. Everything felt heavy, it felt hard to even think. Closing my eyes for even a second felt like some kind of relief. I leaned against something warm, which felt good with how cold I was.

“Hey...hallucination…” I muttered, feeling myself starting to shut down.

“I’m not a hallucination, I’m real. And I told you what my name is young man.” He sighed sounding distant.

“Yeah...Yagi or something like that. Hey Mr. Yagi…” I started over. “Do you really think...that talking to my mom is...is a good idea? I mean...it feels kinda stupid to be scared ya know?”
I felt a hand ruffle my hair, which actually made me feel...happy I think? Or at least some kind of comfort.

He waited a bit before he answered me, I think it actually made him think over his own situation for a moment.

“I think deep down you know what you know is right. Facing something like that takes a lot of resolve, but if you feel it’ll help you move forward and put a bad chapter behind you...then maybe it is.”

“Ah…”

He went quiet for a bit, before I started again.

“Hey Mr. Yagi?”

“Yeah?”

“How do I know you’re real? And not just lying about that?” I asked.

“...I’ll tell you what kid. When 6 rolls around, I’ll wake you up. I will still be here, I’m not gonna disappear on you.”

“Mmph...my name isn’t kid.” I huffed.

“You never told me your name young man.” He sighed.

“My name is Izuku Mr. Sunflower Skeleton.” I huffed.

I heard him say something else, but I think I ended up falling to sleep while he was probably either scolding me or asking me about that new nickname.
It was weird falling asleep leaning against next to this stranger, but he made me feel safe in a way. I didn’t feel as scared as I usually did in the nighttime hours, it felt like right then and there nothing could touch me, and nothing would be able to hurt me.

It was the best sleep I’ve gotten in a long, long time.

Chapter End Notes

He yawned and blinked away the sleep in his eyes as he heard a small chime from his phone, shaking him from his sleep. He looked down to see an email from one of his coworkers.

He decided to look at it later and looked at the time, seeing that it was 7. He let out a sigh of relief and looked down at the young man that had taken to clutching at his coat like a lifeline overnight. He looked calm, the complete opposite of how he was in the night. He was shivering a bit, but other than that he looked peaceful.

He recalled the promise he made before the boy he drifted off to sleep. He placed a hand on the boy's shoulder and shook him lightly. Whispering, and trying not to startle him awake. After a few tries he got a response in the form of irritated grumbles and low growls to leave him alone. Toshinori sighed, and watched him settle down down again.

There was no harm in letting him rest for a little while longer, he looked like he needed.

He watched the young man shift slightly in his sleep, muttering something about katsudon. He sighed and looked over the features of the young man, it had suddenly clicked why he seemed so familiar.

"...Is this why you left all those years ago Inko?"
Hey there guys, it’s ya boi, Kirishima.

And right now I am bored out of my mind, and slightly worried.

So, Todoroki, Katsuki, and I are finally back at work. And man, Midoriya looked rough.

When we found him, he was fast asleep in the breakroom with some kind of stranger. He looked familiar, but I couldn't quite place where I’ve seen him.

Midoriya was clinging onto the guy like he was his lifeline, he was shivering a bit but sweating up a storm. And the guy, who looked like he’d been through hell, sort of had a protective hold on him to keep him from falling off the couch.

We were in a kind of stunned silence when we walked into the breakroom, looking for him. We weren’t sure what to do, but apparently Katsuki did because he took one look at the scene and started to yell.

He scared the two awake, and poor Midoriya fell off the couch and ended up falling over trying to run from the yelling. He ended up crashing into me and nearly falling over, and the man was getting yelled at.

Midoriya didn’t stay awake for too long, he just ended up falling back to sleep after a hot minute, and I had to carry him. None of us could wake him up, he was just gone.

“Listen here you Ramen Noodle Fuck, who the hell do you think you are! What the hell are you even doing here? Didn’t I tell you that if I saw you back in this town I was going to kick your ass!”
I remember him now. He was the guy that almost hit us with the car way back when. When Katsuki and I ran out of the forest after finding the tower. He had been looking for Auntie Inko for some reason.

Todoroki thankfully stepped in and held Katsuki back and told the man to get out while he can. And get out he did.

Meanwhile I started to walk away to get Midoriya to Todoroki’s house so he could get over his sickness and finally get some rest. Did he not sleep at all?

(EDIT by Kiri: 1 day after original post- I found out he didn’t sleep at all.)

Well, while I was walking away I heard Midoriya groan and he shifted a bit. He looked over my shoulder and he gasped lightly.

“Oh...Mr. Yagi was...real...” He mumbled, he immediately fell asleep after that.

I was just confused, figuring there was a story behind this. I figured there was also a story about his wrapped up hand the little bit of blood on his face, most likely from his hand. I think there also might be a story behind the broken glass around the store.

Yeah, Mido has got a lot of explaining to do.

I took him over to Katsuki’s house, since almost everyone in the Todoroki house is sick. Yeah, one look at Midoriya and Mrs. Mitsuki kind of had a fit. I have no doubt she’d be scolding him about not calling it quits and going home when he got sick.

He’s in good hands, he’ll be okay. But since he’s the last one to get sick he’s getting the worst of it, he’s gonna be out of commission for a while.

So yeah, he’s just out cold. I checked on him a while ago with Mrs. Mitsuki, and she said he’s fine and to not worry. I don’t think she’s gonna really tell us anything until it’s time to head home.
“What the fuck did Deku do!” Bakugo yelled as soon as I got back. He was angrily sweeping around, trying to get all the glass. There’s something funny about someone sweeping angrily and yelling incoherently. Especially if it’s Bakugo.

(Edit by Todo: 1 day after original post-I think that might just be you…)

(Edit by Mido: 1 day after original post- Yeeeee, gotta agree with Shouto)

(Edit by Baku: 1 day after original post- GO TO SLEEP DEKU!! GET OFF YOUR DAMN PHONE AND GET BETTER!!)

There was some blood on the glass which we cleaned up real quick. There were a few random things knocked over, a few misplaced things, but we cleaned it up. It’s all good.

From there, it just feels like another normal day, a boring normal day, but considering everything that’s happened lately I think a normal boring day is good.

So, right now all that’s really going on is that I’m restocking a few shelves, Katsuki is working the register, and Todoroki is walking around, seeing nothing wrong.

It’s days like this where I’m glad that nobody wants anything delivered, or anybody really wants to come in. As usual it’s cloudy, and it looks like it’ll rain but it probably won’t.

Now that I’ve finished stacking the shelves, I’m currently laying on the other side of the register on the desk and I’m tossing popcorn to Katsuki and Todoroki while we sit around at the moment.

“…You think Mido is gonna be alright?” I ended up asking.

“Deku’s fine. He’s just sick, not like anything happened.” Katsuki rolled his eyes.

“Yeah but he looked pretty bad, you think something might have hurt him? And who was that guy? I think he might still be in town.”
“We’re not closing down the store, and using one of the free days Midoriya worked his ass off to get for all of us. That guy will probably have to stop by this store again, all out of towners usually have to stop here a few times to buy things they’ve either forgotten or to snack on.” Todoroki snapped.

“They have the gas station for snacks.”

“We have a better selection.”

I groaned and let myself fall off of the counter and roll on the floor for a bit.

“Is there any other mess Deku left behind that we’re going to have to clean up?” Katsuki sighed.

I was still rolling away until I hit one of the racks and a bag of donuts hit me.

“You didn’t make it very far.” Todoroki called.

“I know…” I took the donuts and started to open them.

“Pay for those first Shitty Hair!”

“How much are they?” I asked.

“Which ones are they?” Todoroki asked.

“The coconut shavings ones.”

“Uuuuh, $5.”

“Nevermind.”
I just laid there for a bit before getting up, and walking back over to them.

“...So you think that guy is actually a friend?” I asked after a while.

“Why are you still talking about that guy?” Katsuki asked.

“Because he’s bored.” Todoroki answered for me. “And because he was with Midoriya. Considering he was in the break room with him, he was probably here all night.”

“Why would he have been here all night? Wouldn’t have Midoriya kicked him out if it was close to midnight?” I asked. It was true, if we’re pulling an all nighter and someone comes in at around 11:30 or something we usually kick them out.

Then again, he looked pretty bad when we came in. He either didn’t see him or wasn’t feeling well enough to kick someone out.

“Yea, that’s what we’re supposed to do.”

“Deku looked shitty, so he probably felt shitty. Locking himself in the breakroom was a better move than trying to run out the front door. You idiots know that.”

We went kind of quiet at that.

It is better to lock ourselves in the breakroom. Because if you try to take either of the entrances after midnight but before 6, then you’re either going to end up right back in the store from the opposite entrance or in a warped version of the town you can’t get out of.

If you don’t get back into the store within those six hours then you’re going to be stuck there until the next night.

Yeah, we went through that, never again.
It’s kind of weird though. I know it happened, but I can’t really remember it. There are pieces, little flashes, but nothing concrete.

And if it was bad enough to shake us up really bad for the first two months working here, then I don’t want to remember.

We stayed quiet for a bit, until a deck of cards smacked Todoroki in the face.

“Bitch!” He yelled at Katsuki.

“Shuffle them, and yeah. We’re playing Bitch.”

“Isn’t it called Queens?” I asked.

“It’s called Bitch!” They yelled at me.

I guess a card game would be a nice way to pass the time.

“I am going to murder Deku.” Katsuki growled, sweeping up the area around the register that I was working. It's been like a week since Deku got sick.

“Why?” Todoroki asked, over the phone. He was on the other side of the store tidying up some other stuff.

“Little shit wouldn’t shut up all night. I ended up turning the AC on high, it was fucking cold. Then he shut up for a while, no big deal. Then that mother fucker comes barreling into my room yelling about someone being in the window!”

I looked at him, he had not only accumulated a bunch of dust in a pile, as well as some of the straw from the broom.
“Okay? He was probably seeing things.” Todoroki sighed, cursing after a minute after I heard something fall.

“Yeah, I went down and there wasn’t a damn thing. I even checked outside, there wasn’t anything!” He yelled.

“How long did it take for him to calm down?” I asked.

“3 hours.”

“Oh.” That certainly explained a lot. It explained the bags under his eyes, and how angry he was.

“I almost decked him just so he’d sleep.” He muttered.

“He’d probably punch you back once he regained consciousness.” I told him.

“He would.” Todoroki confirmed.

“Mmph.” Katsuki grunted and swept everything into a dustpan to put into a trashcan. We actually had a few customers, just getting some groceries, or sweets.

Why is it so dusty? Well we were cleaning a few things out of one of our storage closets, thankfully there wasn’t anybody in the closet this time. I literally took a baseball bat with me this time just to be safe.

And there wasn’t much else but dust this time around. Heffer was hanging out in there, and when I turned on the light he hissed and ran out.

That is about as eventful as this day has been. Except for the phone. I see Todoroki pick it up and everytime he does, he listens for a second or two and then slams it down.
I answered it short while ago, and I didn’t hear anyone on the other end. Instead I heard a bunch of scraping noises, and some wheezing breaths. I was about to ask who it was, when there was a loud snap, splash, and the line went dead.

I don’t know where Mitch got that phone, but I want him to take it back. I want him to take it back so, so badly.

Katsuki answered the phone the other day, thinking it was someone calling in an order. I saw him stand there for a few minutes before hanging up and sitting down at the register silently. I asked him what he heard.

“I have no idea what the fuck just happened.” Was all he said, and left it at that.

I seriously am thinking about getting that phone and just shoving it into the closet. I would, but we actually need it to call in our orders. So yeah.

Oh, hold on. There’s a customer, he looks like one of those. Clearly an out of towner, kind of pissed off.

Yeah, I’ll see you guys in a bit.

“You three want to explain why you were brought here in the back of some stranger’s car?” Dr. Pearson asked as he stitched up Todoroki who was biting down on his shirt. I hate stitches, so much. It doesn’t hurt, the pulling sensation is just really uncomfortable and it just makes me squirm.

So I get Todoroki’s pain. He’s just trying not flinch or anything.

“A rough customer.” I answered, wheezing. I think I had a broken rib, or bruised. I don’t know, but I do know that it hurt like hell. I think I might have a hairline fracture too on my wrist.

“How rough? Oh, sorry Todoroki.”
“That asshole has issues.” Katsuki muttered, pressing the cloth to his arm.

“Serious issues.” I agreed.

“Kirishima please don’t talk, or move too much, I can deal with your ribs in a bit. Right after I patch up Bakugo.” He said, stepping back and letting Todoroki get off the table, before moving onto Katsuki.

I groaned, and Todoroki is coming to

I took his phone.

Yes, Shouto is here, and Kirishima is currently giving me a glare. It didn’t last long as he just sighed and looked to the side. Probably trying to relax.

I have stitches on both of my arms, there long gashes wrapped around them. The ends weren’t too deep, it was the middle that was the problem. Now before you get concerned, the parts that needed stitches were on the outer parts of my arms.

Bakugo had a pretty mild wound on his arm, 5 lines on his right arm and a small scratch on his leg and cheek.

Meanwhile Kirishima got out of that situation with what is either bruised or broken ribs, and a few scratches.

How did this happen?

Well I’ll tell you.

A crazy drunk, pissy customer, looking for someone who we don’t care to know where he is.

So I had come back from the other side of the store after finishing cleaning up and stacking stuff. I also had to feed some of the monsters down in the dark side of the store. There was a bit of trouble
where some of them tried to nip at my ankles.

I had come by when the guy had half stumbled, half stomped right to the register. He just sat there for a few minutes, twitching and staring off into space before looking down at Kirishima and Katsuki.

I had chosen to stay a few feet away to dust myself off of the mess I made, just listening in. At the time I thought it would have been something funny to look back on.

“Hey...you two. You kids live here right?” He spoke in slurred words and looked like he had a hard time keeping his balance.

“Uh...yeah?” Kirishima looked confused.

“What’s it to you?”

“Looookin’ for someone.” He slurred, slumping forward. He put a hand on the desk, trying to stay upright.

“Uh, okay? You’re looking for someone from this town?” Kirishima stood up, which was a good idea in retrospect.

“Yeah, Yeeaah. He’s been gone for while now. We’s gettin’ mad at him. Like where hell he’d go?” He started to sort of wave his arms around.

“You think he’s looking for one of the residents who moved in?” I asked, peering over the rack I had been hanging by.

They shrugged.

“No...no no no no. He been here for a while now. Like...yeaars.”

The three of us looked at each other before looking at him.
“Who you looking for?” Bakugo asked, putting the broom down.

“Eeehhh, ‘Sashi. Good ‘ol Fire breath. Ya see him?”

I ended up dropping my phone, and the other two looked stunned at that. Hisashi.

God it’s been forever since we’ve talked about him. Mostly because we didn’t want to talk to him. Just a bunch of bad stuff there.

Izuku gave us a minimal rundown of what happened that night, and we left it at that. He left town that night, his car is gone, his presence is gone. There’s nothing left of him here. Save for the drawer of clothes I’m sure he has at the Midoriya household.

“He’s…” Kirishima started.

“That asshole left town a couple of months ago.” Bakugo said. I grabbed my phone and I had actually thought about texting Izuku. I decided against it…

“Huh?” The guy looked a bit irritated at that. “What you mean? We haven’t seen ‘im in months!” He raised his voice. “He gotta be here!”

“You’re drunk sir.” I ended up stepping forward. I placed my phone on the counter for the other two to see. It was a text to Mitch.

Yes he’s probably somewhere in the forest, but considering we saw him not too long ago he’s sure to be nearby still. It was just a text that read ‘Trouble’.

“We’re going to have to ask you to exit the store, and come back later. Preferably when you are sober.” I moved to the other side of him, so that one of us was in front, and on his right and left side.

“No! Where, teh fuck! Is Hisashi!”
“He’s out of town sir.” Kirishima put his hands up, looking down at my phone.

“Fucking liars!” He yelled. His first coherent sentence. Nice.

I think one of the other two were about to press the send button, but once one of them reached towards the phone. There was a loud yell, and a slicing sound. That was the end of my phone.

You know, when you live in such a small town like this, it can be easy to forget that there’s an outside world. With heroes, and villains, and just other people in general. It just feels like this town is all there is sometimes.

So this guy’s Quirk. It was something like elongated fingers, but it was a lot more dangerous since he had a natural set of claws. Think of chains with knives at the end.

Yeah.

Well, he started flailing his arms around, tearing up a few things around the area. We ducked down and avoided that, I tried to freeze him over but he managed to slice through the ice.

It felt like we were dealing with something that might have been out of our league. So at this points it was mostly a scramble of screaming and quirks. We ended up getting backed to another side of the store, trying to stay out of the darkside.

I continued to try to freeze him over. Kirishima kept hardening himself and trying to tackle him down. Katsuki couldn’t do much other than burn his fingers with his quirk whenever that guy got too close. That’s where that gash appeared on his arm.

Kirishima didn’t too much done with that strategy, he kept getting knocked back and his hardened skin would get a few knicks off of it.

Well, with all the chaos the monsters from the darkside started to get a bit excited. I actually thought about throwing him down there, I really did, but I didn’t. Still kind of wish I did.
We ended up going all around the store, and ended up right at the entrance when we came face to face with no one other than Ramen Noodle man. We were surprised to see him again so soon, but he seemed more surprised at the mess of the store and the guy causing it all.

Well, this was our issue, and we didn’t anyone to get hurt.

Kirishima had yelled at him to get out of there, but no sooner that he had yelled that. The guy had grabbed one of the more heavier racks and managed to throw it at him. I had been too busy yelling at that guy to get out too, that I wasn’t able to make a wall between Kirishima and that rack soon enough.

It fucking *slammed* into him, and pinned him to the wall. There had been a loud crack, and I am so glad he just has mostly bruised ribs. Just two of them were broken, thankfully nothing was pierced.

Well Ramen Noodle man still hadn’t moved out of the way, and I guess that guy saw him as a threat. He was about do god knows what to him, but I had been able ice over some of the floor around the drunk guy, I had *just* been able to get in front of him.

His claws had wrapped around my arms, and from there I had been able to start icing him over, and burn him.

This caused him to start to panic, and he screamed, and just ripped his claws off me. Yeah, it hurt like hell, but I had given Bakugo the opportunity he needed to close in. The loud boom he made with his explosions to stay midair, so he didn’t slip, got the guy’s attention. He was only able to swing his slightly frozen claws at Bakugo.

He got his arm, but that didn’t save him from getting an explosion to the face and being slammed into the ground. I iced him over, making sure he couldn’t move his arms.

After he was restrained Bakugo and I had to take a minute to breathe. We were about to go over to Kirishima when we saw Ramen Noodle man was already there. He managed to get the rack away from him and lowered him to the ground.

We ended up running over because, he’s still a stranger, and we don’t trust him.

“Is it always like this in this store?” He asked before we could yell at him. He hesitantly looked
over Kirishima who was somewhat conscious. He was out of it and stunned, but it wouldn’t take him long to get back.

“Like what?” I asked, lightly pushing him to the side. I iced over his chest a bit, to try and ease the pain. Listen, there’s a reason why I do BASIC first aid. Izuku is the one who is better versed in all this.

The man looked unimpressed. “The monsters that seem to live here, and...villains from other towns.”

“The monsters are a usual thing, don’t like it then get out. As for people like these, this asshole is the first we’ve had in…” Bakugo looked at me.

“Last time it was Michael.” I said. “That was...that felt like ages ago. When he locked Izuku and Kirishima in the closet.”

“We set half the store on fire.” He chuckled.

Ramen Noodle man looked very, very concerned.

“Listen, there’s a clinic not too far away. You three should go get patched up, I can drop you off and call authorities here.”

“We can walk.” Bakugo growled.

“Please drive us…” Kirishima groaned. “I think I broke my ribs...and messed up my wrist.”

Bear in mind, that Bakugo and I have blood dripping down our arms while this entire conversation is going on.

Long story short, it was Deputy Rodriguez who arrested the guy, and told us we were in the clear for our Quirk usage since it was in self defense. And Ramen Noodle man drove to the clinic in a small rental car. I also found out his name was Toshinori Yagi, and that he had been coming to the store for some pain killers. Specifically Advil or something I guess.
He ended up making an offhand comment about something like ‘Seems my job is never over. I come over to see her, and then villains and kids seem to be everywhere.’

I think he might be a teacher, he certainly has that look to him. Maybe an unlucky teacher who just has a hard class that lives in a villain riddled area.

He speaks English and Japanese fluently by the way, which is a neat thing. I feel like I should mention, that while he was looking over Kirishima we had that whole conversation in Japanese.

So currently I he’s hanging out in the lobby, I can hear him pacing. Kirishima is all good, Dr. Pearson’s Quirk works to heal bones. But it drains both the energy of him and his patient. Sort of meeting in the middle so one person isn’t totally exhausted.

“I take it you have to get back to work?” Dr. Pearson asked as he put away his things. Disinfecting his tools and putting the rolls of unused bandages away.

“That guy left the store a mess.” Bakugo muttered.

“I recommend maybe you and Todoroki going back, I don’t think Kirishima can pull that off until he gets some rest. But don’t strain yourselves so much.”

“I’m good Doc! Todo, gimme my-” He got up and tried to take his phone back. He only succeeded in walking two steps before falling over.

“...Uh…”

“He can crash at my house.” Bakugo muttered. “Can’t fucking believe this, this is the second time Icyhot and I have to deal with this.”

“You want to bring in Midoriya and make it JUST like last time?” I asked.

“Fuck no!”
Dr. Pearson let us out, and Bakugo ended up helping Kirishima walk out. Yagi had looked up at us when he got out. He looked so anxious, I seriously think he’s either a teacher or dad. It has to be one of those two things.

He offered to drive us, which Bakugo yelled at him to get lost, until Kirishima begged him to just please take the offer because he didn’t want to walk to Bakugo’s house.

Once again we were in the back to the car, Kirishima still trying to grab his phone, but giving up every few minutes. He made some stupid comments about random things, but overall nothing really concerning.

“You kids act like this is just another day.” Yagi sighed after a while. “My students would probably freak out with the stuff I’ve seen...some of it.” He hummed.

So he was a teacher.

“This is just another day. Just had some crazy guy mixed into it.” I told him.

“Least it wasn’t Marrows.” Bakugo muttered.

“Actually...where is Marrows?” Kirishima mumbled.

“Probably hanging out with his freaky cult buddies...you think they rebuilt that barn?” I asked.

“After how badly we burned that shit down? Fuck no.” Bakugo snapped.

That is a story we will get to one day, I promise.

“Maybe they found a new hiding place?” Kirishima tried.

“You have a cult here?” Yagi asked in alarm, slowing down a bit.
“Yeah, but they’re pretty bad at their stuff. They bothered us for few months then left us alone. Michael sucks, he nearly killed Midoriya!” Kirishima mumbled. “Jerk gave me a concussion…”

“I nearly killed him.” I growled.

I looked over to Yagi through the rear view mirror, and he looked ready to send us to an asylum. Or a therapist’s office.

“…You’ve been in this town for a while.” Bakugo muttered, looking at him. “About a week. Most visitors only stay a day or two then book it.”

I heard Yagi swallow hard as he slowly came to a stop. “Which turn do I take?” He asked.

“A right.” I answered. At the moment, it suddenly realized that this was a good spot to interrogate him. Why was he still here? And what the hell did he want with the Midoriya’s?

“Last time I met you, you were looking for Auntie Inko.” Bakugo growled, he started to rub his palms together. “You nearly ran Shitty Hair and I over, then I told you to get lost. Remember that?” He asked.

“…You seemed familiar.” Yagi murmured, coming to a stop again.

“Take another right.” I said, Kirishima was pretty much asleep now. Occasionally waking up every other minute, just to fall asleep.

“Yeah. And you are painfully familiar. And I see that not much has changed, still looking for her?” Bakugo raised an eyebrow.

“…I am…”

He ended up stopping, and Bakugo’s house wasn’t too far ahead.
We sat there for a short while, and it was just growing incredibly uncomfortable.

“So...where-”

“We’ll get off here.” I said, opening the door.

“Oi, Eijirō, get up.” Bakugo muttered, waking him up and getting him out. They started to head towards the house, and I stopped by Yagi’s window. He was gripping the steering wheel tightly, staring straight ahead.

I tapped on his window and he rolled it down. After a moment he gave me a hard stare, and I didn’t know whether to be scared or to keep going. I just sort of stared at him for a moment before starting.

“We’re not saying that you can’t go near her.” I put my right hand on the door, where his window was rolled down. “But we’re saying that if you hurt any of the Midoriya’s we will give you hell. You think what you saw in the store was bad, you haven’t seen shit.” I slowly froze over some of the door.

“You care about them…”

“I care about one person in particular.” I stared at him for a moment, and I know I’m not the most menacing person, but I like to believe I can always follow through on threats I make.

After a bit I stood up and thawed the ice I made. “You’re a stranger, and we’ve been through some stuff. It’s hard to trust out of towners, especially when they want to get close to someone we care about.”

“Oi, Icyhot! C’mon let’s go.” Bakgo walked out, and looked over his shoulder. “I’m going back to work you old hag. There’s a fucking mess left behind!”

I jogged over and saw Izuku step out. His hair was a mess, and he looked exhausted. But he looked a lot better than how he did a week ago.
“Ah, Shouto. What’s going on?” He asked as I looked inside to see Kirishima on the couch. Explaining what happened to Aunt Mistuki and Uncle Masaru.

I just pulled him into a hug, and gave him a small layer of frost. He shuddered and smiled, I’m sure it was a relief. He was wearing a muscle shirt, and he was still hot.

I heard his car drive by, and I will be honest I sincerely thought about about giving izuku a small peck but…

(Edit by Kiri: 5 days after original post-I can’t believe you wrote this on my phone)

(Edit by Baku: 5 days after original post-Fucking coward!)

Yeah, so we’re going to head back to the store. I’m going to have to borrow Kirishima’s phone for a bit, since my phone was destroyed. Shit.

We’re heading back to the store, we’ve got a lot to clean up. I’m sure Izuku will be back in a day or two, and Kirishima will be back tomorrow.

Meanwhile, there’s still a lot to think about. I’m still uneasy about that Yagi guy. And the fact that some guy came looking for Hisashi, if one guy came then someone else might come. But it makes no sense, he left town. We all know this.

I’m going to go now, let my family know I’m short of a phone. Hopefully Yagi will be out of town by the next time one of us posts.

Chapter End Notes

Izuku: What if I were to get an undercut?

Eijiro: No! You committed yourself to long hair club, you STAY in long hair club.
Izuku: Fair enough.

Eijiro:

Izuku:

Eijiro:

Izuku: But what if-

Eijiro: Stop talking you have a fever, you're making nonsense.

Izuku: No u

Eijiro: No u!
Chapter Summary

I made up my mind

Chapter Notes

Sorry not much happened in this chapter, I just kind of wanted a small buffer before we kinda get right back into the swing of things.

“Maybe I should go see my mom.” I muttered, looking to the side as we looked through stupid magazines that showed up just a few minutes ago. Kacchan got back from taking a package to his own house, one he bought himself. Auntie Mitsuki and Uncle Masaru are out of town for a job. He took my cat magazine and just started flipping through it.

You know like an asshole.

“What?” Shouto looked at me.

“Exfucking scuse me?”

Kirishima didn’t really bat an eye. I told him about it yesterday when they came in from the attack on the store. I told him about how it just wanted to put this nagging feeling to rest and just tell my mom about the entire shitstorm she kinda put me through and just leave it at that.

If anything he encouraged it. In his...weird exhausted Kirishima way. But yeah.

“I think I should go see my mom.” I said again, keeping my eyes down.

There was a moment of silence before I heard a slap of magazine on a desk.
“Are you serious?” Kacchan looked at me.

“It’s not like I’m gonna move back in an say ‘Hey mom, long time no see. Can I crash here I want to fix our relationship!’” I threw my water bottle at him.

“Watch it Deku.”

“Why do you want to see your mom, I mean. I thought we all kind of mutually accepted that we may or may not have just kind of cut her off.” Shouto looked at me, sliding over a magazine about some stupid celebrity stuff.

“Well...yeah but.” I groaned and sat up, I had been laying on one side of the desk. “I mean, she’s my mom. And yeah I’m pretty sure our mother-son relationship is nonexistent, but there’s just some stuff I want to put to bed. You know. Just...stuff…” I said.

“...Does this have to do with the mirrors?” Kirishima asked.

“I’m not talking about the mirrors!” I snapped. “That’s that, he’s gone!”

I told them about the mirrors, I kind of had to. Why I broke them whenever I saw him. He was just replaying memories of him. Maybe I wasn’t in the right mindset, maybe I was seeing things, but it doesn’t change the fact that I really really just felt the need to get rid of him. Out of sight out of mind.

I haven’t been sleeping well since my whole week long lack of sleep thing. I’ve been having a bunch of weird dreams, mostly about that...thing that chased me to the store. That made the lights flicker.

Once or twice I may or may not have woken up in a panicked frenzy and attacked Shouto. My half asleep brain assumed whatever humanoid figure was in front of me was that thing and I just put myself into overdrive.

Once or twice Shouto has had to ice me over or pin me down until I shook myself out of my nightmare.
“...Alright.” Kirishima muttered.

“What prompted this sudden desire to actually talk to her?” Kacchan asked, throwing my water bottle back at me.

I shrugged. “Dunno...just...wanna.”

I feel them looking at me, before a warm hand runs through my hair.

“When do you plan on seeing her?”

I shrugged. “No idea. It’s just a thought.”

We settled into a small quiet for a bit, before Shouto spoke up.

“The fog is probably going to come in soon.” He muttered, shuddering.

“Hopefully Ramen Noodle Fuck is gone by then.” Kacchan growled.

Yeah, Mr. Yagi is still here. I’ve seen him hanging around the sandwich shop on a laptop, doing a bunch of work. He even has a bunch of papers. I found out from the other three that he’s a teacher, which is kind of cool.

I guess he’s building up courage to talk to my mom, or something like that. Still, I’d want him to be out of town when the fog hits. There’s a reason why we get no visitors from outside the town for a week of that stuff. People either know better, and stay away-superstition. Or the people who do try to come by are taken out by something.

We’ve seen two or three abandoned cars, with nothing but nasty dents, broken glass, and a scattered belongings. We stay away from those places, because whatever is ballsy enough to take out a high speed car won’t have any trouble in coming after us.

“Maybe we should warn him?” I offered.
“You seem to have taken a liking to him.” Kirishima noted.

“We all have our favorite out of towners.” I defended. We do, sadly we never really see them again. If we do it’s a damn miracle.

“Why, that fucker is looking for your mom?” Kacchan huffed.

I shrugged. “I dunno...he’s just nice. He’s one of the nicer ones that stopped by here so yeah.”

Blasty rolled his eyes and I threw my water bottle at him again.

“Deku!”

I started laughing as he tackled me to the ground and we started fighting. It kind of turned into a brawl after we dragged Shouto and Kirishima into it. Bear in mind, we’re not trying to beat the crap out of each other, it’s more of just roughing around. Open hand, preferably no Quirks, but it happens since some of us refuse to die like men.

(Edit by Baku-1 day after original post: FUCK OFF!!)

So I tried to run to get a bit of distance to recover only to be grabbed by Shouto and dragged back into the fray. The fighting continued for a while, none of us letting anybody get away from this. The only reason it stopped, was because of a group of five had stepped into the store. We saw them, and immediately stopped.

We stood up, and I was about to give my usual ‘Welcome to Dead End, how can we help you’ shpiel when I saw who it was. I stopped myself before I could say a word, merely watching them.

“Michael.” Kirishima muttered.

“And friends.” Shouto hissed.
They looked kind of rough, but not like ‘been through hell’ rough. More like, running on a few hours of sleep and just got out of a good fight rough.

Michael looked a bit different. He cut his hair pretty short, had some stubble. On his face. A more muscled figure than I remember, but that cocky smirk was still on his face. He wore stuff similar to the other four of his friends who were looking around the store. They kind of looked like robes, but also just normal stuff. Like someone messily sewed stuff together and tried to make it look cool.

He looked over us, his smirk faltering a bit when his gaze fell on me.

“The fuck, Green shit here is still alive?”

Ok, those guys just came in and I’m already done. I honestly had no idea what they were talking about, it might be referring to something while I was gone.

“Yeah, he’s alive fucker.”

“What’s that supposed to mean?” I asked, glaring at Michael.

“We found your goddamn body in the forest, even responded to fucking ‘Midoriya’!” He yelled at me. “Buried under a bunch of leaves. You had to have fucking died, something came after you after we fucked off.”

I felt myself freeze in place.

I heard a few more words, things along the lines of ‘cult’ and how they’re still looking for ‘villainous’ and ‘useless’ Quirks. Then more stuff about how they have to leave the store if all they were going to do was cause trouble.

I only snapped out of it after there was a loud crash off to the side where one of the small racks was. It had been knocked over by one of the quiet lackeys.

“I’m sure you wouldn’t mind it if we perused around here, right?” Michael asked, smirking again.
“Fuck off.” Shouto muttered.

We ended up retreating over to the register, and just watched them. Some of them looked like genuinely looking for something to snack on. While Michael and two other assholes just knocked stuff off the shelves.

“Who the hell are the newbies?” Kacchan asked.

“Dunno, maybe some of the kids from town?” Kirishima answered.

“Shitty extras.”

“You ever wonder where they go?” Shouto whispered to me.

Yes.

“I don’t care.” I growled, I started to tug at my sweater strings. I just felt really angry right then, I really, really wanted to hit something.

Shouto gave me a look, but did nothing and just stood beside me. Stopping me from tearing off the strings or pulling them too tight. At one point we couldn’t really see the group of five, but didn’t want to risk getting cornered and hauled off, so we stayed where we were.

“You good there Mido?” Kirishima asked.

“Fine.”

I know I wasn’t the only one pissed, I saw that Kacchan was using every ounce of willpower in order not to blow something up. So I wasn’t alone in this. I think the problem was that I have an axe lying around somewhere.
It’s in the breakroom.

But still.

“Oi.” We looked up at one of the lackey’s. He approached us, with boxes of snacks in his arms.

“How much is this?” He asked. He was about as tall as me. He had messy black hair and pale skin. I saw a few scales on his arms.

“All of that, about $10.” Kirishima answered. He started to get behind the counter. I’m glad at least one of us was able to keep our cool and act somewhat civil.

“$10. You think you can give us a discount?” He asked.

“I like my head on my shoulders. No.”

“Come on man, we’re cool enough to get a discount. I mean, we are technically savin’ the world and all. Pur-”

“Laurence, shut it.” Michael suddenly came up behind him. Startling him. He glared at us as he started to pull out some change.

“So, what are your Quirks?” Someone else came up with a small basket with off brand Oreos. I kid you not, that was the only thing in his basket.

“None of your business.” Kacchan snapped.

“Come on man, friendly conversation.” He teased.

“This conversation was never friendly to begin with.” I hissed.
“Oh…”

The other two showed up with some stuff. Rope, bleach, paint brushes, buckets, and a few other things. Yeah, fuck exploring for a while. I don’t want to run into these maniacs.

“Is that it?” Kirishima asked, watching them. The four of use stood to one side, while they stood to the other. But if things went bad I had a clear shot to the breakroom.

“How’s life treating you, wastes of space?” Michael chuckled as he handed over a bunch of cash. Asshole couldn’t even count out money. He always did this.

“I don’t know, how has life been for you; you psychopathic cultist freaks?” I snapped.

“Hey, we’re actually-”

The Laurence kid got slapped upside the head and stopped talking.

“Bold stuff coming from the biggest oxygen thief in the room.”

I felt my blood begin to boil. It was bad enough that my fuse was already pretty short, but now that he’s actually instigating it? This asshole had the gall to come into our store, and harass us?

I felt Shouto start to heat up and cool down, just glaring at them.

Of course, it all circles back to having Quirks. That’s how your worth is ranked. I hate it, so fucking much.

I felt like two of the asses were looking over me, trying to figure out what he meant by that.

There was a moment of silence between all of us before Kirishima passed them the bag of their things.
“Now get the hell out of here.” Kacchan growled.

Michael hummed and herded them over back over to the entrance. He flashed us a grin before leaving our store again.

“...Again I can’t help but wonder where they go.” Kirishima muttered, dropping his ‘customer service’ voice.

“What are they up to with all that?” Shouto added.

“Fuck if I know, but whatever they’re up to it can’t be good.” I huffed.

“So are we going to be following them or not?”

“No...not today. We’ve got enough to deal with, especially since the fog is coming soon.”

Shouto was quiet for a minute before talking again. “How do you think they survive out there? In the fog? There’s no way they’re not surrounded by monsters...”

We all stopped. That...actually was a good question.

“Underground bunker?” Kirishima asked. We gave him a look. “What? They’re a cult, they’re bound to have SOME kind of bunker. Especially since we burned their barn down.”

Okay, not that much of an unreasonable thought. But the question is, would they have actually dug it out or was it something they found? Either way, they’re probably gonna die from something in the forest.

“You good?” Shouto asked, taking my hands away from my sweater strings.

“I’m fine.” I huffed, letting him lower my hands.
I’ve nearly choked myself with my own sweater strings once or twice before, usually happens when I’m too lost in thought, or I’m too upset to realize it’s happening.

We sighed and sat back down, settling down into a good kind of quiet again. Kirishima sat back in his chair and laid his legs across Shouto’s lap as he leans his head on Kacchan’s shoulder.

I was just sitting on the desk and looked over Shouto’s shoulder. He let me see the magazine he was reading, which was just some celebrity stuff that was probably months old.

“You guys ever wonder how we get updated stuff in magazines when nobody comes to drop it off?” Kirishima asked.

“I’d rather not think about it.” Shouto supplied.

“There are a lot of things you’d rather not think about.” I laughed.

“Yup, and with good reason.”

“Fair enough.” I huffed.

Shouto laughed and just let me be.

We would have just hung around if Jerry hadn’t decided to get all pissy and start wreaking havoc.

We gotta go, so much for a nap.

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“Close the door, close the door, close the door!” Shouto yelled at Kacchan as he fumbled with the keys.
“Shut the fuck up Icyhot! I’m working on it!”

“Work on it faster!” I yelled, holding the damn doors shut with Kirishima.

“Katsuki, please. Come on!”

“Alright got it, get off my ass!”

We jumped when a loud bang hit the doors and a loud scream sounded out. We just noped the fuck out of there and ran away.

Midnight ladies and gentlemen!

Gotta absolutely love it.

“Staying over at my house?” Kacchan looked at Kirishima who nodded.

“Alright, see ya losers!” Kacchan flipped us off in his own goodbye fashion.

Kacchan and Kirishima left us alone, walking away.

Shouto then looked at me and hesitantly put a warm arm around me. It’s a nice contrast against the cold air.

We walk for a bit down the road, and I felt him playing with my hair. He counted each curl that he touched.

It was nice, it felt nice.

Really nice.
We were about to turn down the road to head to his house when I just stopped in my tracks.

He froze with me and looked down at me.

“Izuku?”

I ended up hugging him and starting to walk towards my house.

“Izuku!”

“I’ll be fine.” I promised. “It’s just a quick visit. I’ll see you in the morning.”

That thought honestly kept me sane as I got closer and closer to my house, spotting two cars.

I’d see him in the morning.
He's Gone, Again

Chapter Summary

He left, I mean...we have some kind of word of him but he left

He’s gone.

Again.

I shouldn’t have let him go alone.

Shouto here, and, I’m not exactly in the best mood.

It’s a bit past noon at this point.

He said I’d see him in the morning, and I waited. And I waited.

I ended up hanging around until 8 or so before letting the others know what happened. We all raced to his house, and there were no cars.

That’s already a red flag, where’s Mrs. Midoriya?

Another thing that ended up sending us into a panicked frenzy was that the door was unlocked. We didn’t even need the key under the potted plant. Kirishima ended up circling around and we found out that a window was open.

“You good Icy-Hot?” Katsuki asked me as I nearly tore the door off the hinges.

“What do you think?” I asked him. He backed off a bit, which in retrospect was a good idea. I think I was close to combusting.
There was a lot missing from the house. All the family photos were off the walls, towels and
jackets were gone. Inko’s at least. Izuku’s was still there. Kitchen utensils were still there, plates,
bowls, even the fridge was stocked with a bunch of long lasting food. There were a few clean
dishes on the rack.

I know it was probably not the best thing to do, but we looked around their rooms.

Invading privacy is imperative if you want to find out what happened to your friend.

Turns out his mom’s clothes were all gone. Everything that belonged to her in the bedroom she
shared with her husband was gone. One of the suitcases were missing too…

Hisashi still has a few clothes there actually. Not too many, and surprisingly a briefcase of his is
still there. Honestly thought that was something he’d take with him. Whatever, may as well throw
it in a ditch just to piss him off.

When we looked through Izuku’s room, everything was still there. All his books, his clothes, his
one or two posters or action figures were still there. His room is bland, yeah. I have no doubt that if
he had been allowed he would have made his room an All Might shrine, but...his parents weren’t
too keen on giving him hero merch after he turned four.

He has a worn down old school TV in the corner of his room he’d usually pull out and use for
either tracing stuff or watching black and white movies/cartoons if he had ever gotten the time. We
used to play video games on there when we could. I remember when he was about 10 or so and he
dragged it from next to the school dumpster to his house. We helped him out whenever there was a
hill we had to go up.

Even though he hadn’t been in his room for months, I could still smell him on his pillows and
blankets. Faint, but there.

“What the fuck is going on?” Bakugo huffed, we ended up sitting down in the living room. Where
the couches and TV (much better than the one Izuku has) were still there.

“It’s like Mrs. Midoriya just up and left.” Kirishima pointed out.
“But Izuku’s things are still here. But if his things are still here then where is he? He wouldn’t just leave, and one suitcase is left and it’s still packed tight in the closet.” I told them.

“Maybe he’s hanging around at one of our houses?” Kirishima tried with hope.

“I think he would have texted us.” Bakugo pointed out.

“His phone isn’t here either.” I muttered.

“So it’s on him.”

“Or dead…”

We were quiet for a bit before Kirishima stood up. “The store! Remember he hangs out in the break room when he’s in a mood!”

I heard Bakugo let out a spiel of expletives as we ran out, locking the door behind us.

We made it down there within about 10 minutes and we already started looking around. Yeah, we opened it late but there was no one waiting for us to show up so they can suck it. It wasn’t open, so we assumed he could have gotten in through the vents, which he’s done before.

We made a beeline for the break room. We know better than to just barge in, so I ended up knocking first. No answer. Again. And once again there was no answer. It was then we decided to go inside.

There wasn’t anybody in there, everything was untouched save for one thing.

His axe was missing.

“Oh fuck…”
So yeah, that’s where we are. We’ve been spamming his phone with texts, and they’ve been received. I found out a few have been read too, but not the recent ones. So that means he’s okay right?

“Fucking Deku…he sees my shit but he’s not answering! I’m going to have to call this little shit!” I hear our favorite blond screaming.

I already tried that, it rang for a while before it went to voicemail. But clearly he still has service.

“Mine say read.” Kirishima let us know.

“So he sees them but he refuses to acknowledge us? The fuck Deku?!” He almost blew up his phone.

“Why isn’t he answering?” I muttered.

Nobody got to answer me, because in walked none other than the Sunflower Skeleton. He looked like he was dressed comfortably, typed away at his phone before pocketing. He actually looked kind of upset, sad almost.

He perked up a bit when he saw us, walking over to the registers.

“Afternoon.” He greeted. Fidgeting with his hands.

“What do you want?” Katsuki asked as he continued to spam Izuku.

The man sighed after a moment. “I’m leaving town, I have to get back to my job. Just came for some Aspirin and some snacks.” He muttered. He stood there for a moment before turning away, only to stop mid step.

“Is...Is Young Izuku alright?” He asked. “I happened to see him last night, and I wanted to talk-”

We all stopped our texting.

Yagi looked confused. “Last night. I visited his house, and right as I was about to knock he threw open the door and crashed into me. He looked upset, but before I could tell him anything he ran away.”

We were quiet for a bit, just as I was about to bite his head off Kirishima grabbed my arm and stopped me from setting everything on fire. “Where did he run?” He asked.

“What looked like straight ahead, I thought he had been taking a short cut to one of your homes through the trees.” His concern seemed to rise.

We stared at him for a bit.

“He never went to any of your houses last night did he?” He asked.

“No, he didn’t.” I muttered.

He looked scared, for some reason. Don’t tell me this guy is already attached to Izuku? The hell?

“He’s probably hanging around the forest.” Kirishima said, looking even more worried. I didn’t blame him, the fog would be rolling in soon. Which was just bad news all around.

“Shit.”

“I can stay.” Yagi offered. “I can help you look for him.”

“Just get out of here, whatever you’re here for it’s done. You’ve obviously done whatever you needed to do if you’re ready to go. Just fucking go!” Katsuki yelled, singing some of the counters.
“We don’t need your help to find Deku, besides, what would a withered old man like you do to help? You’d fucking die out there!”

He almost looked hurt, taking a step back. He looked down before shaking his head and muttering something softly. It almost sounded like, “You don’t realize he’s just as important to me.” I wanted to set him on fire.

After a minute or so he sighed. “I might just revisit this old town.” He said before going on his way and grabbing what he needed.

We checked him out and all but threw him out when there was a new notification on our phones. Just as we were about to check them he my phone started to ring.

Yeah, I pressed the answer button faster than anything. And it took a moment, but the call connected.

There was the sound of wind on the other side, just blowing around in gusts.

“Izuku?” I asked.

There was silence for a bit before we heard a deep breath.

“I’m. Fine.” Two simple words, but by the tone of his voice, he sounded pissed.

“Deku, what the fuck-”

“I. Am. Fine.” He growled.

“You sound angry.” Eijiro pointed out.

“I might be.”
We were quiet for a minute before I tried again. “Where are you?”

“In the forest.” He said simply. “Safe spot.”

“Can we at least come to get you?”

“Leave. Me. Alone.” Short words again, yeah he’s mad. I can hear it in his voice, not as mad as that night but he’s pretty upset.

“...Can we at least know why you’re upset?” Kirishima asked.

“It was your mom wasn’t it?” Katsuki asked.

There was a bit of quiet between us before he suddenly hung up.

“That fucking idiot…”

“Now hold on, Mido is probably mad so before we try and go after him let’s assume that he IS okay. In a safe spot. How else would he have the time to make a call like that?” Eijiro tried to keep us calm.

“What if it was another mimic?” I asked.

“Doubt it, that thing seemed like one of a kind. Thank god.” Bakugo rolled his eyes.

“Yeah, and considering he stopped by here to at least get his axe I don’t think he left unprepared.”

I did take it into consideration. And we ended up finding our proof after a bit of looking around the store. A lot of water bottles were gone, especially from the cooler. We had to restock. A backpack was gone, a first aid kit (not the one from the break room), and a few protein bars, chips, and store sandwiches.
So he had the intent of leaving right off the bat.

Did he not even consider that we would be worried about him? That’d I’d freak out after he said he’d see me in the morning?

Izuku what the actual hell!

I swear to god when you get back I will freeze you to a fucking wall!

(Edit by Mido- 2 days after original post: Ah, yes. Certainly can’t wait.)

Hey, it’s Kirishima here.

Yeah I kind of took Todoroki’s phone. He almost turned it into a block of ice, can’t have that. He nearly went racing into the forest, which Bakugo was able to wrestle him out of. Yeah, I get it.

We all wanna find Mido and smack some sense into him and find out what happened. But I also respect that he needs space, a lot of it apparently if the breakroom, even in the closed store wasn’t enough.

I just hope he doesn’t hurt himself while he’s angry.

I just hope he’s okay.

I ended up shooting over a text to Mido, to ask him to let us know if he needed help. OR if anything happened.

He just said ‘Ok’.
An Unwelcome Visitor

Chapter Summary

Something came by the other night

Chapter Notes

Heyo everybody!

Just wanted to pop in real quick and tell you guys that I have a Tumblr! I’ve had one for a while but I keep forgetting to say it, so here it is.

It’s at silverbit if any of y’all wanna stop by so yeah.

Enjoy this chapter!

The damn fog is in town, and if anything I swear the monsters are a hell of a lot more pissy than usual. We can’t even take one step in the woods without getting our heads nearly bitten off.

Those things are hanging around the very edge, and I swear to god I’ve seen a few more injured than others.

I don’t know whether to think Deku had a hand in that, or they’ve just been fighting over whatever monsters fight over. Now that I look back on it, there were a hell of a lot more than usual. Looked like they all wanted to come out and play.

It’s been 4 days since he ran off, and every morning he’ll text us ‘I’m fine’ at about 9:00 or so. It sets us at ease, just a bit. It still doesn’t quite help the three of us feel better about running around. Where on earth is he even hiding if he has service?

Is he hanging out near the town?

Fuck if I know, but if he is then that makes sense...or not.

I don’t fucking know! All I know is that I’m pissed at Deku.
We try to call him every other hour, but he doesn’t answer. We ended up stopping after a while since we figured we’re killing his battery and he might need the phone if something happens.

This damn nerd…

Anyway, not too much has happened in the four days except for a few things to really note...okay only one thing to really note.

Eijiro ended up sleeping over at my place the day we found out Deku, for some reason he wanted to sleep downstairs instead of up in my room. We argued over who got to sleep on the couch, since my couch is kind of small. It’s better suited for sitting than sleeping, unless you’re Deku who’s a damn twig.

Well Shitty Hair ended up winning and he laid claim to the couch, laughing like a maniac as he piled it with blankets and pillows.

Yeah I slept on the floor, facing the couch. Not the window.

I don’t fucking know why, but whenever I’m sleeping in the same room with Eijiro I always fall asleep facing him. Even if he has his back to me. And it’s weird because he always lies on the right side of the bed, and I hate lying on my left side since it causes aches in my back come morning. I usually sleep on my right side so the fan can hit my face in my sleep.

Whatever, not important.

Anyway. The detail of me facing him is important, because I had my back to the window while he was actually facing it.

We watched some stupid shows and then ended up calling it a night.

I ended up waking to someone nudging me harshly, and I’m not a big fan of waking up in the middle of the fucking night. I would have screamed in anger as I sat up but a hair of hands clamped over my mouth and pushed me down.
“Shut up shut up shut up.” Eijiro whispered, which nearly made me blow him up.

I only grunted to ask him what the fuck was happening.

“Just shut up, and don’t move.” He muttered, putting his head down. I noticed he kept looking past me and at the window behind me.

I was about to turn and look at the window when he stopped me.

“Shh.” He hissed. “I don’t know if it knows we’re here. I don’t think it saw me…” He whispered.

He slowly removed his hands from my mouth. Just as I was about to ask him what was outside there was a grinding noise. Sharp nails on glass, a grinding noise as it travelled down the window. It stopped for a split second before it started up again, no doubt scratching up the window like there was no tomorrow.

It was times like this that I was happier than anything that the TV is set to automatically turn off after about an hour of no activity.

Because I have no doubt that if the thing was on we would have been spotted immediately.

After a moment the scratching stopped after like two or three more rounds. Kirishima kept his eyes locked right over my shoulder, occasionally turning his eyes down. As soon as the scratching stopped, that’s when it started tapping on the glass, tailing from side to side on the window.

It only stopped when there was a large crash from outside, and some kind of noise. I guess that thing turned away because as soon as the crash sounded Eijiro scrambled to get me and himself up and ran to one corner of the room, right beside the window. From where we sat we’d be able to somewhat see it, but it wouldn’t be able to see us unless it stuck it’s head inside.

“Oh, what the fuck, what the fuck, what the fuck…” He started to mutter, removing his hands from my face.
“What the hell was that?” I asked him.

He just shook his head, and we both ended up jumping when there was a loud slam on the window.

From where we sat we could hear some loud, raggedy breathing as it began to tap the window again, then moving onto scratching. Tap. Scratch. Tap. Scratch.

It went like that for a while, the scratching grinding our nerves and making us just want to jump out and run somewhere that wasn’t this room.

I was actually considering grabbing him and running to the bathroom or my dad’s study, that has no windows, and spending the rest of the night in there. My folks wouldn’t have cared, seeing as they’re not in town, they had another big project coming up and had to spend the next week or so in the next town.

When I had been able to gather up some kind of courage, and was about to run from the room; that thing started to talk.

“I know...you know...you know…” It hissed. It sounded like rough sandpaper. But it also sounded familiar. For some reason it made me want to go out and deck it in the face. It made me irritated, but also scared to some extent.

“Come out...come out…” It whispered, face pressed against the window. “No hiding...not anymore...because I know...you know…”

I mouth a ‘what the fuck’ to Eijiro and he just mouthed back, ‘I don’t know’.

“I know you’re in there.” It hummed, clearing its throat. The damn thing still sounded like sandpaper. It tapped on the window twice before slamming against it harshly. “I know you’re in there!”

He sounded angry, and damn if I could describe that thing to you I would. But I can’t, because I didn’t get a good look at it. It slammed again and again, and by then I was sure my damn window was going to break.
It only stopped after a few more bangs. But it was still out there. Even as it idled, there was a bit of the ragged breathing that let us know that it was there.

I don’t know how long we stayed like that, sitting beside the window and trying to stay quiet and still enough to not alert that thing.

We only stepped from our spot when we were sure that thing was gone, or at least away from the window. I ended up closing the curtains in a hurry and running around the house in a rush. Eijiro made sure the doors were locked while I tried to close all the curtains and blinds that weren’t already shut.

By the time all that was done we finally had the sense to check what time it was. It like barely 2 in the morning. We went to bed at like 11.

“What the hell?” Eijiro muttered. “Was that?”

I shook my head. “Don’t know, don’t fucking care.” I told him, getting all the blankets. “But we ain’t sleeping in here anymore. It’s not happening. Come on we’re moving to the study.”

“Why the study?” He asked.

“No windows, and it locks so that’s a good thing.” We dragged out stuff to the room, and locked it.

We did end up falling asleep again, but only after that thing banged on the front door for a few hours.

I don’t know what the fuck that thing wanted, or what it thinks we know, but I don’t care. We don’t know shit.

After that night it didn’t come back, it left us alone for time being. But one of the things that unsettles me to no end, is that I don’t think I see it at the edge of the forest. It’s never there, or at least I don’t think it is.

I’m still not sure how I’m going to explain the fucked up window to my parents.
The fog might clear up in another day or two, three if we’re unlucky; maybe then we’ll go looking for Deku. It’s been long enough.
Hide and Seek

Chapter Summary

We went looking for Izuku, and we ended up finding something else. Something worse

Chapter Notes

Hey guys! Sorry this took so long, I’ve been doing my best to get this one out there.

So, before you guys read this I wanna get your input on something. I'm thinking about making a sidefic for this in Toshinori’s perspective. And possibly another for a certain character in this fic.

Michael was in town again, this time he came with only one person in tow, he was one of the quiet ones.

Looks like he didn’t feel like towing around chatty people. He literally said nothing, absolutely nothing to us. He looked like shit though, like he’d been in a tough fight.

I wouldn’t be surprised, the fog literally JUST left town, and we frankly had no idea where on Earth he was hanging around. But we had a plan to find out.

Kirishima here, and In the morning we ended up packing backpacks of necessities for later, we had a plan to find Mido, especially since we stopped getting messages the day before. We tried to not panic, to reason that maybe his phone finally died. But we couldn’t help ourselves.

Another thing we figured.

Michael, freaky asshole right? Well, obviously he always makes it through the foggy weeks just fine…or mostly fine. Either way, he’s got a safe spot of his own to hide in. And quite frankly, we have no idea where else there would be a safe spot.

We thought about that abandoned town, but I don’t think we got service out there. Can’t really
remember. We were too focused on exploring and staying out of danger. At least, before we came into contact with that...thing. And since we opened that cellar door there is no telling whether that thing is free or not.

So why would he take the chance?

Mido wouldn’t.

But Michael has a safe spot, and for all, we know Izuku might actually be hiding in an area nearby if he has service and enough of a hidden spot to be able to talk to us daily.

So, Michael coming into the store. A lucky break.

“Which fight did you lose?” Katsuki asked as he scanned the stuff that was laid down.

“Shut up.” He growled, narrowing his eyes.

“That bad? Todoroki asked, flipping through a magazine.

“I said drop it you asshats!” He slammed a fist on the desk.

The lackey with him jumped and stepped back. Poor guy and he has to deal with this psycho all the time? Good god.

“Wow, okay. No need to get all pissy.” I said, stocking the little candy aisle next to the register. “Just a question my dude.”

He only grunted and snatched the bag from the desk and started walking away. He grabbed the kid by the back of his hood and started dragging him away, probably choking him.

“That poor bastard,” Todoroki muttered, waiting until Michael left.
“Who cares, he’s with Marrows.” He grabbed his backpack underneath the register. “Come on, let’s go.”

Were we going to follow Michael through the woods to see where he stays?

Oh hell yeah, and we were coming back with Mido.

So after they exited the store we went right to work, slinging the bags over our shoulders and closing everything down before running out of the store. One of us had stayed near the entrance to watch him, see which direction he would start out.

After that, we started to tail him. But we made sure to keep enough a distance that he or his friend wouldn’t notice us. And you know what? I guess Mother Nature wanted to make this harder or something because as we stepped out we saw how cloudy it was.

I mean it’s always cloudy here, but these clouds were dark. Clearly promising a storm. There were the distant bangs of thunder, so we had a bit of time.

We had to bob and weave through the cars while we were in the lot, just to keep a reasonable distance. Once we were out of the lot that’s when it started getting hard.

We kind of had to jump in and out of yards in order to stay out of sight, but still keep an eye on them. Once or twice we landed wrong and almost set off our Quirks or let out a string of obscenities.

Yeah.

Now, while we were following him, we weren’t really sure which way he was going for a while. He just leisurely walked past stores and houses in silence. We kept up with him fairly easily.

And then, after a while, we realized where they were headed once they turned down a long, long road.

They were headed towards Grandma’s house.
Honestly, it took a lot of our willpower to not tackle him down and demand what he was doing heading down her road. But we were able to restrain ourselves (mostly) and keep a somewhat calm about us. For all, we know this is how we get to and from the town and wherever the hell he slinks off to.

And Grandma has been okay this entire time, she hadn’t complained of any intruders or any weird noises. Do they just leave her alone? Seems like it.

By the time we had actually gotten to her house, we stayed behind a bit and checked to see that she was okay. We basically looked through the window and saw her making a batch of soup. We gotta stop by again soon. Maybe when Mido is back.

We made sure to stay out of sight, darting between trees and trying, and I mean trying, not to make any noise. A bit hard when there are small twigs all over the damn place. And that one guy with Michael, he’s always looking around.

Now, to be honest I wasn’t sure if it was because of the noise we were making or the noise of what was in the trees.

Yeah, there was something in the trees. But whenever we looked up, we never saw anything. We could hear it but never see it. There would be times where it sounded like it was around us, circling or just pacing. The other times it would be paces ahead of us, following the other two.

I think the only reason we weren’t caught due to whatever the hell that thing was, was when it had its occasional dart around in a random direction. Something else must have caught its attention before it went right back to bothering us.

This was one of the big problems. Yeah, no doubt we were gonna come across monsters. But then we’d either have to fight them or run. That could either give away our position, making the two we’re following dart away or Michael being the psycho he is might wanna take us out while he can.

Ok, I gotta put my phone away. The two keep having to pull me along or keep me from hitting trees. I’ll update this a bit later
Ok, so.

Problem 1, this is a pretty shitty place to be stuck in.

Problem 2, I think I may or may not have messed up my ankle.

And Problem number 3, we fucking lost Michael.

Yeah, yeah it’s pretty messed up.

Alrighty, so, while we’re hiding for our lives and trying not to get caught; I’ll tell you guys what happened.

So, a while after I had pocketed my phone we had to go sprinting after the two. I don’t know why but they had started running after passing a certain point.

Needless to say, we followed after, trying to stay as quiet as possible.

The area we had run through was a lot weirder than what we’ve run through before. There was a mist, not the fog, but a mist. It was thick like it was hard to breathe it in. It had this neutral smell to it, but occasionally it just sweetened a bit.

The trees were really weird too. They grew taller and taller but bent in these awkward positions. The branches spiraled around each other and intertwined with other trees. Even the leaves somehow spiraled around each other.

From all around, we could hear this weird humming around us, like something was just hanging around us and singing. It was strangely soothing, but also highly unsettling. If anything it made us freak out and run even faster.

Then the holes in the ground came into view.
Holy shit man.

So, I nearly fell down one of the big ones but Katsuki caught me and dragged me along as I got back to my feet. What I think were branches came from the ground and twirled around each other over the hole, meeting a few feet above the hole.

Okay, yeah, with that description you’re probably wondering how I almost fell in. Yeah, the branches over that damn hole were broken.

While running past the tiny abysses we could hear some of the singing coming from a few of them. A few others prompted us to run faster when I swear to god, something came crawling out of them.

Did we turn around to get a look at it?

Oh hell no.

We jumped down from a few elevated edges, hidden by thick greenery. There were a few nets below some of them and considering that we landed on them with no negative consequences they were probably just meant to catch people who fell or landed wrong.

Either way, helped a few times but it made us fall behind.

After jumping down a few more ledges, we noticed that the greenery started to fade away and be replaced with rocky terrain. A bit of moss here and there and a few dead trees and shrubs but other than that there’s nothing.

We started to lose them, especially with the large rock walls appearing here and there. They kept darting between them, moving in strange patterns.

It was then we started to think that they might have realized they were being followed.

With us being unfamiliar in this area, I didn’t even know where we were, to be honest, it was a lot more difficult to follow. We’re better adjusted to the more foresty area, able to jump around and hide better. We can climb trees and we know our way well enough.
I hate that I didn’t realize it sooner, that we were on their turf.

We were screwed.

By the time we had stopped, losing them, that was when we actually took in the area around us. I think we might have been in the beginnings of a ravine? Either way, the walls were high, made of rocks, and we seemed to be in a maze.

“Where are they?” Todoroki had asked, catching his breath.

“No idea…” I muttered.

“Fucking Marrows.” Katsuki growled.

“What are we supposed to now?” I asked. “We lost them, and I don’t think we’re going to find them that easily again. They realized they were being followed and did everything they could to lose us.”

“Yeah, no shit.”

“We’re not at a dead end.” Todoroki said, waving away some of the mist. It was a bit thicker here. “We should keep going, we might find them again.” He sighed.

“You sure man?”

“Yeah, let’s drink some water then get going. What time is it?”

“It’s fucking 5:49.” Katsuki sighed. “Shit…”

“We might have to stay in the woods for the night.” I said.
“Yeah...damn it.”

“No use in getting pissy Icy Hot, let’s get going.” Katsuki shoved his bottle into the bag. “Come on, let’s just keep walking and see what we find.”

Once or twice the path split into a few different sections. We’d reach dead ends, and I’d usually mark the stone with an X. It actually really hurt, it was a bit tougher than other rocks I’ve been able to scratch up.

I was able to make a few Xs and arrows pointing in other directions before I had to start wrapping up my hands. Katsuki scolded me a bit before letting me go.

From there were kind of devised a little system. I’d mark dead-end spots, Katsuki would use his explosions to leave a mark of multipath. Todoroki would use his ice in order to make a trail so we know where we’ve been.

We ended up looping a few times, with that I made a circle with an arrow.

By the time we figured we were actually starting to make progress, it was already like 7 or something. It was starting to get dark, and we were starting to panic. That ravine echoed like crazy, and that didn’t help when we started hearing growls echoing around.

Rough scratching noises, manic giggles every once in a while. A whoosh of wind that absolutely did not belong in that place.

We tried our best to keep ourselves calm, despite the skittering noises and the mist that seemed to get thicker and thicker with each step forward.

We would have gone on if it had just been that and only that.

But then Katsuki and I started freak out at the sound of a familiar, sandpapery voice.
“Where...are you...”

The minute we heard that, we almost went running.

“Oh no...oh fuck.” I muttered.

“Shit.”

“I know you’re there!” It screamed.

Todoroki looked at us with confusion, and before he could ask what that was there was a loud thumping noise.

That thing had been following us.

There was a grinding noise that made the three of us cover our ears. That thing was raking his nails or claws or whatever against the stone. Echoing violently through the ravine.

“Ah...there you are...” It growled from not too far away.

“Run.” I said starting to back up, we could hear slow shuffling. It began to get faster and faster as a bit of time went on.

“What the hell is-”

“Start running Icy Hot!” Katsuki grabbed his arm and we started running.

There was a loud, angry yell and that’s what sent us sprinting away. We heard that thing sprinting after us, a few enraged yells that were too incoherent to really understand.

At that point, we were too freaked out to really care where we were going. We made random turns
whenever we could, trying to lose it.

Once or twice, I swear to god the fog lit up. Just a little bit. I don’t know what that thing did, or what it could do but I sure as hell didn’t want to know.

“Where is he!” It roared, we didn’t give any hint of an answer. “I know you know...you know what happened!”

Who is he? Who the hell is it talking about?

Unless it meant...there’s no way it could mean Midoriya could it?

At the time we didn't think twice on his words, because we ended up cornering ourselves.

The mist was near impossible to see through, and because of that we nearly ran off the side off a damn cliff.

Katsuki, who had been in front of us yelled as he seemed to fall forward, trying to stop himself from falling forward. Out of instinct Todoroki and I grabbed his arms and pulled him back.

“It’s a damn cliff!” He yelled, backing up a bit.

We looked out to the large area before us, the walls of the ravine were gone and gave away to a sea of fog. I thought I saw something in the distance but I couldn’t be too sure.

“Oh no…” Todoroki muttered.

We all looked back at the sound of stomping, that thing was a hell of a lot closer than we actually thought. How was it so fast?

A harsh wheezing noise came from the thing as it stumbled forward, barely louder than the grinding as it trailed its nails along the stone.
“Found...you...” It rasped, walking forward.

It was just a few feet in front of us, we knew that. But the shuffling grew closer and closer, the fog still obscuring our view of the thing.

We had nowhere to run. Honestly, we would have attacked it? Maybe to buy us some time but considering there were other things in that ravine it meant we’d be drawing their attention too.

“Now what?” Katsuki muttered.

“Can you freeze it over?” I asked Todoroki.

“I’m not sure where it is so I can’t get a clear shot.” He shook his head.

“You little bastards...” it grumbled, shutting us up.

From there it had gone quiet again. The wheezing stopped, the shuffling went quiet. All I could head was my own heartbeat.

We grabbed onto each other, no so one would get dragged away.

“Where is he?” Todoroki whispered, backing up a bit.

“I don’t know...”

“Dammit...”

It was me who was tackled to the ground, that thing slammed my head against the hard stone. I saw stars for a minute before I started fighting against the nails digging into the skin around my throat. It’s hands felt like they were on fire.
I heard the other two trying to get it off of me. It let go after Katsuki landed a solid explosion on its head and Todoroki used a few ice spikes to knock it back.

“Get up Shitty Hair!” I was dragged to my feet and they pulled me back.

The ground felt unsteady as they backed up a bit with me.

I don’t mean that it felt like I was gonna fall.

Wait...s-stop we’re…” I tried to tell them, but when I caught sight of the fog lighting up again that’s when it happened.

The ground gave out beneath us.

It was a loud crack that rang around, the ground just shattering under our weight.

We were weightless for a minute, then we started to panic.

I think I started screaming, while the other two were probably doing the same. We thought we were just going to fall all the way down until we hit a steep slope.

It knocked the wind out of me when I first hit it, then I went to desperately digging my hardened hands into it.

I failed, if my messed up hands are anything to go by I failed horribly.

I would have freaked out but then everything started to ice over. Ice spread out all over the wall, catching us and helping to slow our long, long, fall.

It would have been smooth sailing from there, if we hadn’t ended up crashing into something.
“Oh fuck!” Katsuki yelled, the three of us went thumbing into some kind of house. They did, me on the other hand?

Well I hit something and that sent me spinning. While I tried to stabilize myself my ankle got caught between a few rocks and that saved me from a fall. But with how fast I was falling it tugged on my ankle the wrong way and yeah.

I’m sure you can imagine the amount of pain I was in.

I know the other two could, because they could hear me screaming in pain.

I would have kept yelling as I tried to free myself but a hand slapped itself over my mouth and told me to shut the hell up.

I felt like agony as Todoroki and Katsuki helped get my foot free. It felt even worse when they had to...well...set it right.

I’m not sure how long it took, but it was starting to get dark and that did nothing to make us feel any better.

My ankle was swollen, but as long as I had someone to help me I could walk just fine.

“You good Eijiro?” Todoroki asked me, icing it over a bit.

“I twisted my fucking ankle how good can I really be?!” I yelled at him.

I probably would have yelled more unless Katsuki slapped his hand over my mouth again.

“Ei, shut the hell up.” He whispered. “Do you want to draw the attention of something that might be here?” He asked. I shook my head.
He sighed. “Alright then.”

“We have no idea where we are…” Todoroki muttered. “But the mist isn’t as dense down here.”

“Is that a good thing?” I raised an eyebrow.

“It gives us a bit more visibility so yes.”

I grunted as they got me back to my feet, I leaned against Katsuki since he was on the side of me that I had to put my weight on.

We were in some kind of building, it looked like the remains of a house. Everything was trashed, ripped apart or scattered.

There were no noises, just the creaking of the wood under our feet felt like it was too loud.

“We should get out of here…” Todoroki muttered, shaking his head. “We don’t know if what did this is still in here.”

We silently agreed and started to walk around the hall we crashed into. It was a one story house, thank god. I really didn’t want to deal with any stairs.

We found the front door fairly easily, it wasn’t too hard considering it was in splintered into pieces.

I’m not sure what was more unsettling though, the door being in that state or the fact that it looked like whatever was in here had been trapped in the house.

Honestly, the outside wasn’t that much better. It was a lot more open, but yeah, we felt a bit more exposed, and if anything that made us much more skittish. Jumpier.

The outside, the place we ended up in though.
Wow.

The mist wasn’t that bad down here, but in the dark it was already bad enough that we couldn’t see that well. As if the world heard that concern of ours, little lanterns began to light up. Small boxes along a path that shone brightly through the mist. Then above us were small spherical lamps along the paved road.

We could see the lights from afar, lighting up different paths for us to take. It showed us a few buildings, some of them looked like apartments, others looked like run down facilities.

“What is this place?” I asked after a while. The light brought us a bit of comfort.

“No idea…” Katsuki sighed.

“This place is clearly old...but it seems somewhat safe. You think this is where Michael and his cult hang out?”

“Maybe.”

We walked on as fast as we could. It was eerily silent, save for the occasional creak of a wooden door or a rusted metal item trying not to fall over. There was moss and plenty of flora overtaking most of the buildings. I even saw a few trees here and there, growing in places they probably shouldn’t be.

We kept walking for a while, staying on guard and watching the area around us when we heard something. It made us stop in our tracks, first out of sheer terror, then out of confusion.

We had come up to what looked like a plaza, a lot more open with a lot more roads to take. But it felt like the main area, there were huge, and I mean huge buildings around this area. And even from where we stood we saw a giant fountain, there was no sound of running water so I guess it’s all dried up.

We suddenly stopped when we heard a small humming, and light singing. Just nonsense.
We thought it’d be someone or something coming right for us, but it didn’t get any louder or quieter. Just stayed the same, whoever was doing it hadn’t been moving anywhere.

We kept silent as we inched forward, looking straight ahead for the source. It got louder as we got closer.

And what we found…

Was a little girl.

As soon as we saw her we silently deflated as the fear and mild panic left us. She clearly hadn’t noticed us, as she had her back turned to us.

She was small, if I had to guess she was about 6-7 years old. She wore all white clothing, a white dress, white stockings. Then there were her black shoes, they looked worn but still good to wear. She had short blond hair barely went down to her shoulders.

She threw a ball into the air then caught it as she sang her little song.

“Should we talk to her?” I whispered.

“Maybe I don’t know! What if she’s part of Michael’s fucking cult.” Katsuki whisper yelled.

“She might not be, she might just be alone.”

“Why is a little girl all alone in this place?”

“Maybe Michael and his asshole friends are just a bunch of irresponsible assholes!”

Todoroki was about to say something when he stopped, something tugged at his shirt.
“What are you talking about?”

We all jumped back, or rather I fell over, at that. The little girl stood before us, holding her red ball close to her. Bright blue eyes stared at us in confusion, also what looked like concern.

“Damn kid, don’t do that!” Katsuki yelled, making her flinch.

“I’m sorry…”

“Dude.” I looked at him, sitting up.

We just kinda sat there in an awkward silence for a while, looking from each other to the girl. She fidgeted with her ball, lightly kicking at the ground.

Todoroki was the first one to speak up. “Hey.” He kneeled down in front of her. “We’re sorry, you just gave us a little scare. We don’t know what this place is, and we’re kind of lost and on edge. Would you mind telling us your name?” He was pretty good with kids. Gotta admit.

She shifted a bit, toeing at the ground before looking at him. “Victoria.” She hummed. “What are yours?”

“I’m Shouto, this is Katsuki, and that’s Eijiro.”

First names, probably would make her feel less nervous. Not to mention our last names can be a but long.

She stared at us for a minute before pointing at us in the order Todoroki introduced.

“Shou, Katsu, Eiji .”

I nodded. “Short names are good to.”
She giggled after a minute, before holding her ball out to us. “Do you wanna play?” She asked. “My brother hadn’t come back for a while, so I’ve been playing on my own…”

We all looked at each other. Okay, leaving her alone would be kind of a dick move, especially since we just met her and she’s already all alone.

“What game do you want?” Katsuki asked.

“Toss the ball.” She stated simply.

Before Todoroki or I could say anything Katsuki kept going.

“We’ll play with you, on one condition. While we play, you have to tell us about this place. We’re lost, and we don’t want to stay here too long.” He sighed.

“You’ll play with me if I tell you stuff?” She looked confused, which quickly changed to happiness. “Okay!”

God, someone get this kid a friend.

We started it off simple enough, just tossing ball and getting ourselves into a little rhythm. Easy. I leaned against the fountain while the other two at not too far away from each other and we had ourselves a messy square.

I ended up starting off the first question as I threw the ball to Victoria. I really had no idea where to start.

“What is this place?”

She hummed as she caught it and threw it to Katsuki.

“It’s a town, that’s what Papa said.” She started. “He would work in those giant buildings, and he’d come home super tired. I miss when it was bright and sunny.” She sighed.
“Bright and sunny?” Katsuki.

“Mhm, in was so pretty when the sun was awake! A lot of the mist would leave and then you could see everything! The clocktower was always my favorite thing to look at.”

I honestly think Shouto nearly choked on his breath.

“Clocktower?” He asked, hurling the ball at me.

It nearly smacked me in the face.

She gasped and grinned. “Yeah! It was so pretty, and so amazing! Mama and Papa would take me once a day to see the chiming bells. It happened every hour, and everytime it did a floor would stick out beneath where the hands are and people would dance! It was a difference dance every hour, and they’d always be dressed in bright pretty colors and shiny things!”

She was really excitable. Especially about the clocktower.

“I wanted to be like one of the dancers when I grew up! I wanted wear the pretty colors and dance high in the hair with all the ribbons.”

We all stopped for a minute, he ball almost falling.

“Wanted? Do you not want to dance anymore, why?” I asked.

She let out a small whimper. “Because I don’t wanna end up like them…” She shuddered.

We all looked at each other. “Them?”

She nodded. “Yeah...the people who danced. Who got to live in the clocktower…” She shook her head. “I don’t wanna talk about it. It’s scary…”
“O-Okay, then we won’t talk about it. How about instead you tell us about these buildings. There are a lot around here…”

She hummed before catching the ball again and throwing it.

“I actually dunno…my school is on the other side of our town. I know Mama went into that one.” She pointed at a darker building. It almost looked akin to a church, but mixed with something else. I’m not sure what, but it felt…different.

“Then Papa went into that one.” She pointed at one that had its doors wide open. One door swung to and from, the metal barrier barely on its hinges. “I remember I wanted to go in there and look for Papa, but big brother came out of nowhere and told me not to go in there. He calls it the bad place.”

We looked at each other again.

“Who’s your big brother?” Katsuki asked.

“Well, he’s not actually my big brother. But he’s like one. He’s my cousin, Papa never really liked his dad. Said he was a c-cret…I think it was a bad word.” She shrugged. “But big brother is amazing! He comes here whenever he can and plays with me. He also keeps me safe…”

I think we all thought if one person that would hurt a little girl.

“Keeps you safe from what?”

“Mean people. Like this one time, this mean boy came down here! It was super cold and he wore short stuff for some reason, he was stupid. I asked him what he was doing here, and he started to yell at me…even after I tried to tell him about this place and how he needed to leave. Big brother came out of nowhere and threw him out of here! All the way up there!” She caught the ball and pointed upwards.

“Do you know what that guy’s name is?” Todoroki asked.
“I heard someone yell something loudly. Dunno what they said since there was more shouting.”

“Was his name Michael?”

“I don’t know, but he looked like one. All big and stuff, mean face.”

Vague description, wouldn’t doubt it was Michael though.

“Does your brother throw people out often?” I asked.

“Not really...a lot of people who come here for...for i...ini...initi…” She looked frustrated she couldn’t say the word.

“Initiation?” I supplied.

“Yeah! That! They have to come down here for some reason but end up running off. Dunno why...” She hummed.

“Then the other day a scary man came down.” She shuddered. “But big brother wasn’t here to scare him away. Not at first.”

“There was a scary man?”

I instantly thought of that thing from not too long ago. The same one that hung around outside that window. Was it him?

“I tried to tell him that he couldn’t be here, but he started to mutter loudly. He sounded angry. When I went up to him he started to chase me and yell loudly.” She hugged her ball.

“I ended up running out of here and ending up in the field...with the scarecrow thing.” She whimpered.
“Big brother ended up finding me, and dragging that guy out of there and beating him up. Then he threw him out of here into the field. He was super angry.” She frowned, looking down. “He was kinda of scary.” She muttered.

“People can get scary when they’re angry…” Todoroki muttered.

“Yeah…” I had to agree. Back to that night, Izuku was terrifying. I never thought he could reach that level of rage.

“Hm…” She kicked at the cobblestones for a bit until Todoroki stood up.

“We’re going to go look around alright? We have to know where this place is, and what kind of area we’re dealing with. Not to mention it might be good to get a few more supplies since our friend is hurt.” Our dual Quirk buddy started to make his way towards one of the large empty buildings when Victoria yelled and ran over, tugging at his hand.

“No! No no no! You can’t go in there!” She shouted, dropping her ball.

“What?”

“You can’t go in there! If I’m not allowed in there, then you aren’t either! There’s a reason big brother said no one can go in there.” She tugged harder, trying to get him to come back. “There’s something in there, a-and if you go in you’ll be in big trouble!”

Todoroki raised an eyebrow. “Big trouble? Kid I’m just going in to get something to help my friend.” Okay I know that was a lie, he would have gone looking for something on this town. “I’ll be in and out.”

“No!” She shouted. “There are m-monsters in there, and if you go in you’ll get hurt!”

Monsters? What kind of monsters?”

“Bad ones! Big brother had to lock them up in there…or else they would be out here…” She ran a hand over her chest, cringing.
“But what if that’s our way out? What if it leads out of this place? We have to get home.”
Todoroki turned to her.

She shook her head, I was surprised she didn’t give herself whiplash.

“No! There’s nothing in there but those monsters!” She ran in front of him and put out her arms.
“I’m not letting you go in there. If you go in there you’ll disappear! L-Like Papa did!”

We all stopped, looking at her.

“What?” Katsuki looked at her.

She whimpered and stepped back. “M-My Papa, he went in there. One day he went in...and he
never came out. He went in a while b-before all the lights had gone out. I don’t know what
happened, since I ended up falling asleep. But when I woke up, everything was dark still, and the
people here were gone. I was too scared to leave...then big brother found me.” She muttered.

This place looks like it’s been gone a while, shit did people here just not take care of the town?

“How long ago was this?” I asked, getting up.

“A while ago...I dunno.”

“Why don’t you leave with your big brother?” Katsuki muttered. “What does he live here?”

She shook her head. “I don’t think he lives anywhere. He stays here for a while before going to
other places. I don’t go with him, because he says it’s best I don’t. I don’t mind, it’s scary out
there.”

“Like the scarecrow man?” I asked.
She nodded. “I’m just glad he can’t come down here. He got really mad when I went into the field. Even by accident.”

“Are the fields the only way out of this town?” Todoroki asked. I ended up checking the time, and much to my dismay, it was 10:55.

She shook her head. “Big brother goes through this tunnel, I dunno where it leads out to though.”

The mines?

“You think you can show us where this tunnel is?” Todoroki asked. “We have to get out of here.”

“Yeah, I think I do. But why do you have to leave? Can’t you stay a little longer?” She pleaded.

“I don’t think we can kid.” Katsuki spoke up. “Eiji is hurt and we have to get him home.” He sighed.

She frowned. “Oh…” Did she already forget I was hurt?

“Yeah, I guess I-”

She was cut off when a loud ringing filled the air. The very sound shook me to the core, making my teeth chatter. The very ground vibrated from the force of it. It sounded so close, too close.

The ringing ended, only to give way to another bell toll. Then another, and another.

The three of us were on the ground, covering our ears while Victoria stood there in shock and sheer terror. She mouthed numbers, counting the tolls. By the time she hit 10 she looked utterly terrified.

The three of us were even more confused when the toll passed 11, and instead went to 12. It had been 10:55 when I checked my phone, what the hell?
When the thundering, yet very pretty, ringing finally stopped we were able to find our footing.

“How many tolls was that?” Katsuki muttered.

“12, but it’s only-”

“The clocktower runs fast, a-an hour fast.” Victoria simpered. She was looking in a different direction, where I suppose the tower was. “You gotta leave! I thought we would have had more time to play but you gotta leave!” She whispered, running up to us.

“What? Kid what are you on ab-”

“Shhh!” She put a finger to her lips. “You have to be quiet, or they’re find you faster.” She tugged at Katsuki’s jacket. She was about to say something else when there was a loud creaking noise that echoed out all around us. We had no idea what it was, or where it came from.

“The hell?” I looked around.

Victoria froze, and bit her lip.

“W-Wanna play one more game?” She asked, looking around.

“Kid, this isn’t the time for a game.” I said, trying to keep my voice low.

She gulped. “We should play hide and seek.” She jumped at the sound of a grinding noise in the distance. “T-They’re it. Don’t let them find you.” She started to back away. She looked scared out of her mind.

Was that her way of explaining there are fucking monsters in the clocktower or something?!

“Victoria wait!” Todoroki called but she booked it out of there into the mist. Away from the noises.
There went our one way out.

I knew Katsuki was about to let out a string of curses but he was stopped as a loud dragging noise made itself known to us. There was this faint chiming noise, a haunting melody almost.

“What the hell?” Todoroki whispered, helping me up and helping me walk a few feet away from the fountain.

Katsuki grabbed a stray pebble and looked around, throwing it in a random direction. He didn’t use an explosion.

We heard a clatter a few feet away. There was silence for a moment, and then we heard a loud skittering noise from where we assumed the pebble landed. The skittering didn’t stop, if anything it attracted more noises. Other skitters, dragging noises, overall something clearly unpleasant.

“What the hell is that?” I whispered.

“Fuck if I know.”

We started to back away quietly, eyes trained on the area of the mist where the noise appeared to be coming from.

“Where are we supposed to hide, if we’re playing hide and seek?” I looked around. There were those large buildings we could use, but Victoria had seemed adamant we stay away from.

Todoroki saw where I was looking, and I guess understood what I was thinking.

“I’d rather deal with something in there, than multitudes of things out here. Either way it’s limited visibility. We’re going to have to find our own way out.”

Katsuki was about to say something when his shoes kicked at a few loose stones, clattering noises. It normally would have gone unnoticed, but in this place it felt like the loudest thing in the world.
The skittering immediately stopped.

We stopped in our tracks, listening. After a moment it started up again, slowly.

We automatically started backing up, as the skittering started to get closer. I felt Todoroki’s grip tighten on me. I looked at Katsuki and nodded. We were going to run, despite the noise it’d attract.

The skittering got closer, and closer. It was almost visible through the mist, I could see gray hands treading along the ground, dragging something behind it.

“Go.” I whispered, starting to take steps of my own despite the pain. It stopped, twitching before making its way towards the source of noise. We would see a few more figures beside that one, they were starting to swarm.

“Go!”

We took off, much to the rage of the creatures of the mist. Our pounding footsteps echoed and rang around the air, drawing more to us if possible. How many of these things were there?

I honestly had no idea which building we were heading towards, not until Katsuki grabbed me and we started heading towards that one building Victoria warned us not to go into. Before I could say anything we were kind of shoved in there by Todoroki using his ice to give us a half ass blockade.

“Move! Move, move move!” Todoroki said as he caught up.

The moment we ran into this place we stopped in our tracks.

I didn’t like this place, I really didn’t. I felt like a bad place, like something was in here, and whatever it was it already knew.

We only started moving again when there was a snarl and something grabbed Katsuki by the pant leg.
“Fuck!” He drew his leg back and kicked at the thing that grabbed him. It let go, at the cost of some of the denim. This thing prompted us to back up a little further into the oppressive darkness of the building.

Outside of the two wide open doors was a large group of those things. There were a few whose legs seem to not work, they seemed to drag themselves around, judging by the way they looked. Other ones stood on their legs, empty eyes devoid of...life just stared us down. Judging us, watching us, gauging us.

None of them dared to cross into the threshold of this place. To take a step past those doors.

One of them groaned, reflecting no emotion as it stepped forward. It seemed to slump forward, turning its head up as it opened its mouth.

Todoroki and I panicked and stepped back further, expecting it to be like in the mines, and poisonous smog to spew out.

No, instead what came out was an eerie chiming melody. Soothing, and sweet.

Katsuki and I looked at each other were confused, and looked at each other. While Todoroki looked dumbstruck at the noise. For a moment he had a hazy look to his eyes before I grabbed the two and decided to bite the bullet.

I sent us running further into that dark place, pitch black with that echoing melody trailing after us. Katsuki and I grabbed our flashlights after a while, as did Todoroki. We only stopped after we had duked down some kind of hallway and out of the main hall.

Damn, this place was a lot bigger than it seemed on the outside.

Once we were sure that there was nothing coming after us from the outside, we allowed ourselves to sit down and talk after ducking into a side hall.

Katsuki being Katsuki, he started us off so eloquently.
“What the fuck was that?” He said, his voice kind of loud. “What the everloving fuck were those things?”

I gave him a look. “What, you think I know? I dunno man those things were...they looked...”


“Except they were gray, and mangled, and seem to lack the ability to feel pain.”

We were quiet.

“Maybe there’s a reason Michael hadn’t been coming into town very often.” I said after a while.

“What, you think he did this? Him and his freaky ass cult?”

“Maybe. I don’t know, this place has been like abandoned for a while. Did Michael maybe just take up residence here and trying to learn from what happened here?”

“Unless he’s just messing around here.” Todoroki muttered.

“Either way, I think we’ve seen enough of this place. We have to get out of here.” Katsuki huffed.

“What about Victoria. We can’t just leave her here, can we?”

I honestly hated that I already knew the answer.

“We can’t get around this place without getting caught by one of those things. Victoria clearly has dealt with these things before, and she’s still alive.” Todoroki mumbled, frowning.

“For all we know her big brother might come in and take care of her.”
“Might.” I repeated.

We all kind of grumbled at the thought of leaving her alone here. We were scared, and worried. Who knows what would have happened to her in the time we were gone.

“So we leave her?”

“We’re going to have to.”

We probably would have argued on it a bit more if a loud crash hadn’t sounded out and scared the hell out of us. I yelped and backed up from the main hall.

“What the hell was that?” I asked.

Katsuki muttered a shut up, leaning out of the small space we were hiding in. He waited for a moment before inhaling sharply and pulling himself back in.

“What? What-”

“Shhhut up! Shut your goddamn mouth.” He hissed. “Don’t-”

He cut himself off as a loud stomping noise was heard down the long hall. There was the sound of something dragging and clattering around as it stomped forward. There were loud, grunting noises as that beast walked forward.

We all kind of shuffled back a bit until a loud slam hit the wall next to us. We gasped and stopped in our tracks, I looked up to see a large, grayish, calloused clawed hand gripping the wall.

There was heavy breathing as that thing dragged itself forward. We turned our flashlights as it stepped in front of our little corridor.
It was huge, its clothes in absolute tatters. Bandages were wrapped thickly around his eyes and arms. Sharp teeth were revealed to us, as saliva dripped down from his open maw.

Long, broken chains were wrapped around his arms and chest. This thick, black goop dripped from there the chains dig into his skin. Was this one of the things that were supposed be locked up here?

Looks like Victoria’s big brother did a pretty shitty job!

He, yeah it overall looked like a broad shouldered man, leaned forward towards us. Sniffing at the air.

It growled and leaned right in my face, hot, rotten breath blowing in my face.

I swear to god, that thing looked confused for a hot minute, sniffing again and again at each and every one of us.

It grumbled something lowly, something I only caught the tail end of.

“...ell, you?”

‘The fuck is he going on about?’ Katsuki mouthed.

Todoroki and I shook our heads, trying to shuffle away as quietly as we could.

“Ell? Ell!” His broken, raspy voice began to call out angrily.

Alrighty, it was time to go.

We shakily stood up, having a bit of distance from the guy. We’d get lost, but it was better to get away from the threat and get lost than deal with probably two in one narrow area. If those things are still out there.
The guy had devolved into angry snarls and enraged barks by the time we all got up.

We barely made it a few steps forward when he let out an angry howl and began to force his large body in the narrow corridor. The stony walls crumbling from his efforts.

I don’t know what was scarier, the fact that a large beast was coming after us or the fact that this crazy asshole somehow made himself pliable and began to slither and twist through the hall as a large, thick mass.

We screamed at each other to run and went sprinting down the tiny hall. Bottles, empty boxes, and other things went flying down the hall as we nearly ran each other over.

“What the hell is that thing?”

“Shut up and just keep running Katsuki!” Todoroki yelled.

The man yelled out something incomprehensible and flung an arm forward. It missed us, but the same could have been said by the chain.

It swung over us and crashed into the wall before slinging back towards us.

“Duck!” I screamed, since I was in front.

I heard a nasty crack behind me, and saw Shouto stumbling back, a nasty cut on his face.

Katsuki had helped him regain his footing since he was last in line. He shoved him forward and kept him moving while Todoroki screamed out very, very colorful obscenities in pain.

We ended up tumbling out into another large hall. At this point my ankle was on fire, but that was the last thing on my mind.

“Keep running Eijiro!” Katsuki yelled, dragging a dazed, and pained Todoroki with him.
Great, right. Give me the lead.

I just kept running straight, keeping in the main hall. I didn’t dare look behind me as another loud crash sounded. We passed more narrow corridors, there were a few doors here and there, a lot of other wide turns we could have taken.

The further we went in the more a foul, disgusting odor started to become stronger and stronger. Our screams and footsteps obviously irritated the things hiding here. Because as we ran forward there were banging on the doors, howls, enraged screams.

We were not welcome here.

I kept running until I ducked into an open room and pulled the other two inside.

We scrambled inside, not daring to turn on our flashlights. We felt around until we hid under what I assumed was a desk.

And that, is how we ended up where we are right now.

At the moment, that guy who chased us through the halls bursted in not too long ago. He’s thrown a few things around off of tables and crashed a few items.

He’s stomping around, growling incessantly to himself. Sniffing at the air and growling angrily. I think the foul chemical smell of the room is the only thing separating us from death itself.

Todoroki is barely holding in tears as he holds his bloodied face. Katsuki is watching the beast, trying to gauge when and where we could run.

My ankle is killing me, and I feel like it’s a lot worse than it was before.

I spotted a small vent low to the ground a little while ago, barely on its hinges, but I don’t want to risk crawling towards it. Not yet. Because knowing our thinning luck it will creak out loudly and
alarm him of our position.

We haven’t said a word to each other, we haven’t made a single noise.

After Katsuki turned back around to face me and Shouto I nudged him lightly and pointed at the vent. He stared at it for a he’d minute before looking back as me and jabbing a thumb in the direction of the beast.

I pointed at Todoroki and gestured to my right hand.

It was a stupid, half ass plan. But honest to god it was all we had.

“Todo?” I whispered in his ear, prompting him to look up. I withheld a small gasp when I saw him. He hadn’t been just holding his face.

This fucking manic had been cauterizing and icing over the gash on his face. His eyes were watering in barely contained pain. That gash reached from the right side of his face, stretched over his nose and went to his lower left side.

Ice covered the majority of his face, trying to numb the pain.

“Icy hot…” Katsuki murmured.

He nodded. A silent ‘I know.’ I had no doubt that if he uttered a word he’d break out into tears and guttural sobs.

I lightly grabbed his shoulders and looked over to the air vent. He followed my gaze and looked at me. I tapped his right side and after a minute he put a finger to his lips.

I nodded and he shuddered violently.

“Slow. Quiet.” I said softly. He took in a deep breath before crawling out from under the desk. I went second, Katsuki came next. In the darkness I sort of saw the guy standing around. Rubbing
vigorously at his nose, the smell was irritating him. I don’t blame him I felt my own nose starting to burn.

As he slowly crawled Shouto lightly iced and the path facing the guy and had it grow as slowly and quietly as he could. I ended up shimmying past him and going ahead to the air vent.

I felt exposed, and scared out of my mind since I didn’t have the ice wall for myself. It was just behind me with Shouto.

I nearly slammed into the wall above the vent out of shock after I heard a loud clatter from across the room. We all snapped our attention over there, and saw that guy throwing a tantrum. Throwing things around as he clawed at his nose.

I quietly jiggled the vent, it was loose thank god. But too harsh of a yang would alert him, and I don’t think I can crawl in fast enough for the others to be within safe range. Out of his grasp.

“Eijiro…” Shouto whispered.

I shook my head and started turning the loose screws, stopping every time I heard a tiny squeak from them.

“Eijiro.” I heard Shouto mutter again. I flinched as I removed one of the screws and turned towards them.

There was a decent sized wall between us and the angry beast not too far. I could hear him raging away.

Katsuki made a motion of tearing something off.

I shook my head, he was fucking crazy. That would get us killed! And I don’t think Shouto is up to making an even larger wall at the speed we’d need him to.

‘Just do it!’ He mouthed.
‘You’re insane!’

Todoroki smacked my leg and motioned to the vent.

I stared at the two of them, ducking low as something crashed over our heads.

I was about to ask if they’re sure, but honestly yeah I think we were out of time.

I motioned at them to get ready, and grabbed the vent. I could hear loud stomping getting closer and closer, as well as crackling ice. He was trying to make a decent barrier between us, and I guess if anything that was more of a cue than anything.

I grabbed the vent, I didn’t even allow myself a countdown and I just ripped the damn thing off. I tossed it over the wall and went scrambling in. I threw myself in there and heard the other two racing in after me. There was the signature sound of raging, crackling ice; Shouto probably blocked the entrance.

Not that it mattered, because as we crawled through there was angry howling and the sound of our little barricade being chipped away at.

“Where do we go?” I asked.

“Wherever you think we’re gonna get out of this hellhole!” Katsuki shouted.

I groaned and ending up turning at the first fork in the road. Heading left and going straight into... god knows what.

We didn’t hit any other openings for a while, we kept quiet once again. Hearing things all over the place. Tapping, rattling, all sorts of noises that just made us scared as hell.

I swear to god, being in that place took of years off of our lives.
I made a few more turns, occasionally whispering to the others to make sure they were okay. They were, but we were all getting tired. Time check? It’s about 2:32.

I want to leave this place, I want to go home.

I just want to find Midoriya, wherever the hell he is, and bring him home. I just want to smack him over the head, drag him home, and just go to sleep. For a long, long time.

It took awhile before we came to another opening, and I just wanted out of the cramped space. I just kicked it out, it took a few times, but I got it. I slid out, and we were in another long hallway. Off to one end there was more endless darkness, and the other there were a set of stairs and a door at the bottom.

“...Fuck.” I muttered, rubbing my eyes.

“Where now?” I looked at the other two, who looked just as miserable as I felt.

“More halls in a place with locked up monsters, or in a surely cursed basement full of fucked up shit.” Shouto muttered.

“Is there any way out of here?” Katsuki huffed.

I shook my head. “I don’t know man!” I turned to look at him. “I don’t know! All I do know is that we are in a world of fucked over! We’re lost in what is surely hell! Izuku is missing somewhere! And there are god knows what else is here! What the hell are we supposed to do?!"

“That thing from the other night could be in this stupid valley place! That beast that was chasing us is probably hot on our trail, Victoria is god knows where! Those things are probably still hanging outside the stupid building knowing our luck, and for all we know we’re the next meal for whatever might have escaped their so called ‘traps’.”

I was at my wits end. I was tired, I didn’t want to be here anymore. Shouto is hurt, Katsuki is also reaching his limit, I think I broke past mine a long ass time ago.
I want to go home.

“The kid said there is some way out of here. Her stupid big brother takes it all the time. She has to know where it is.” Katsuki sighed after a minute or so, he walked over and leaned on me.

“We just have to get out of here. That bad smell isn’t as strong, so we have to be somewhere near the entrance right?” He tried to reason with me.

“We ran in pretty deep, and we were in the vents for a while.” Shouto spoke up, he sound dead inside. He was shutting down. He winced in pain every once in a while, his new wound that would surely scar, still aching.

“You think that beast guy is trying to find us in the vents?”

“Yeah, so shut up. And start moving.” Katsuki huffed. “We just have to get out of here.” He sighed.


“We’re all a little fucked up. Icy hot, stick to the middle. I’ll stay in the back and keep an eye behind us. Eiji, you think you can lead?”

I nodded and just grabbed Shouto’s hand and started walking.

I set the pace for us, shuffling in the middle of the hall. Staying away from the eerily quiet doors that seemed to rattle every so often. We strained our ears and jumped at the slightest of sounds. Any creak, or bang. A yell, or scream. It always had us on edge.

Which one of these doors were going to break down and reveal a new monter ready to kill us? Which turn are we going to take, and is it going to be the right one? Or a wrong one?

After a while we came up to a dead end, but there were a bunch of corridors around up. All of them heading to another large hall.
“Which way?” I asked, looking at them.

Shouto looked from side to side, before shaking his head.

“We went down the main hall.” Katsuki muttered. “Which way did we go in the vents?”

“I don’t know man.” I told him.

“7 lefts. 2 rights. Straight for most of it.” Shouto murmured.

We looked at him. Had he seriously been counting?

“So what, we go right?” I asked.

He shrugged.

Katsuki sighed, even he looked unsure. He was starting to look stressed out.

Fine. A gamble it was.

I grabbed Shouto’s hand again and headed right, squeezing us into the corridor. We shuffled through the small space, cringing everytime we accidentally kicked whatever littered the floor. The clattering noise deafening and sent whatever was behind the wall in front of us into a rage.

It took every amount of my willpower not to just fall right then and there on the ground. And just lay there. Because honestly, that stupid corridor was where I felt the safest at the moment.

It also helped that Shouto nudged me forward whenever I faltered too much.
It felt like forever until we emerged into the big hallway again.

And so, we treaded the same way we were going before. That painful, dark, straight hallway that was barely lit by our flashlights.

“Time?” Katsuki asked.

I checked, and whimpered. “It’s like 3:57.”

“How much further can we go?”

“I don’t know.”

I kept us moving along, until I heard it.

Chiming, and I counted them.

One, two, three, four, five.

That stupid hour fast clock tower. Its chime echoing through the long hall, ahead of us. That violent ringing sending harsh vibrations through us. It should have scared the hell out of me, but instead I felt nothing but pure relief.

“Oh...Oh thank god!” I screamed.

I started to run forward, pulling the others in tow. I know I shouldn’t have raised my voice but at this point I couldn’t care. We were almost out of here, we could find Victoria and get the hell out of here. She would take us to that stupid place where her big brother got out of here, and we’d be okay.

We’d be okay.
I started to sob as I saw the doors, and the mist was a lot lighter than before. And much to my relief, there were none of those things waiting for us.

We were home free!

We were a few feet from the door, and we hadn’t seen or heard any traces of those things. I honestly thought we were going to get out of here unscathed, until a loud rattling caught our attention.

There was an air vent a few feet from the door too.

“Fuck! Run!” Katsuki screamed.

No sooner had he said that the air vent just shattered. A large, pliable body forcing itself out and reassembling itself into a solid mass of pure and unadulterated anger.

The beast roared loudly and startled barreling right towards us.

Shouto stopped for a split second and made a wall of ice.

That thing broke through it like it was nothing. The force he used to break it sent us tumbling out the doors. We scrambled back to our feet and kept running, that thing clearly not giving a damn that it was out of its territory.

“Where the hell are we going?” I yelled.

“Just keep running you idiot!” Katsuki shouted.

How could I argue with that logic?

We did, we kept running down the lit paths, having no idea where we were going. We passed a lot more buildings, the further we went in the more decrepit they looked. They were falling apart, barely hanging on.
No matter how far we went that guy just never let up, running on all fours like a wild, crazed animal just to get his hands on us.

We were even more lost than before. With each step we were getting more and more tired. My ankle was on fire and something felt wrong with it.

Our bodies were aching.

That thing ended up catching us. In our exhaustion we lost our speed and the monster didn’t waste any time to pounce on us.

Literally.

He jumped at us and slammed the three of us into the ground. I felt an oversized hand grab onto my skull and slam me into the ground. I barely had time to look to the side to see the large hand pinning the other two by their torsos before it started to squeeze my head.

I started to scream in pain as his grip tightened on me, bit by bit trying to shatter my skull. I claws at his hands with my own hardened claws. I heard popping sparks off to the side. Katsuki was doing whatever he could to get the hand off of him and Shouto.

Shouto was caught in a hard spot, his left side was facing Katsuki and setting himself on fire meant an instant detonation. While his right side was facing me. He was panicking and he knew it, if he tried to make any ice attack he’d most likely impale me.

He was starting to freeze himself over in panic, kicking at the beast.

“Get the hell off me!” Katsuki screamed, letting off a large explosion. I could tell from his yells, he fucked up his wrists.

That guy hardly even flinched, not seeming to mind the nasty burns on his hand. He only growled, opening his mouth and letting out a deafening roar. I started to fight harder as he leaned over him, opening his jaw as saliva dripped onto his face.
I started to scream incoherently as the beast’s teeth grazed over Katsuki’s face. Just as he was about to clamp down he suddenly stopped. Freezing in place.

His jaw twitched and it looked around.

The three of us looked at each other, not understanding what was happening before a dark, shadowy figure fucking smashed into the guy. Tearing his hands off of us and sending him flying.

There was a loud crash as it no doubt tumbled into a building not too far away.

The figure stood over us, a dark mist trailing of its form.

“What are you doing here?” It growled, voice distorted.

None of us had the sense to answer.

It grabbed me by my sweater and lifted me up. “Get the fuck out of here.” The white eyes narrowed and shoved me back, as the other two got to their feet.

It pointed in a different direction a dimly lit path.

“Now.” It hissed.

Our heads snapped to the sound of something crumbling. That thing was getting up again.

“NOW!” It roared at us, and that sent us sprinting away in tears. We went down that path, not questioning our savior’s instructions. Not straying from the path, not even daring to look back.

We ended up finding a tunnel.
It was dank, damp, cold, and horrifyingly dark. Every step we made echoed in the endless chasm around us that we couldn’t see. After a while it became really steep, sending us climbing on our hands and knees as we tried our best to get up.

I don’t know how much time passed until we were finally able to run at a normal speed, a straight shot to a light at the end of a tunnel. No more mist, no more of those monsters. We were okay. We were safe!

It wasn’t until we were closer to the light that I realized that there were tracks on the ground, guiding us forward.

And once we emerged from the tunnel, into clean air I realized where we were.

“No fucking way…” Katsuki muttered, looking around.

Shouto shuddered as he walked off the tracks, onto the safe side. Towards the hill.

We were back at that abandoned town.

We weren’t up for a sprint back to town, there was no way we could make it. Not in the shape we were in. We wouldn’t make it past those insect things or that weird tree manipulating guy.

“I-I-In there?” I stammered, now leaning on Katsuki.

“I guess…” Shouto muttered.

We walked up the hill and trudged through the town, an uneasy feeling following us the entire walk through the town. We walked around the place avoiding the haunting, abandoned houses.

We ended up heading towards the center of the town, I guess we could sleep in the fountain. It was dry, and gave us a little protection.

We’d be okay.
I was ready to collapse on the stone beneath me until I saw a figure on the fountain. We stopped dead in our tracks, looking over the thing. It just sat there, seeming to be still as a statue.

Fuck, don’t tell me statues move here too.

“Get it over with?” Katsuki whispered, holding up a shaking hand.

Shouto nodded, trembling himself as he stepped forward.

I just hardened my arm and limped beside Katsuki.

The three of us were ready to jump on the guy until we realized it it was.

And it was then he took notice of us too. Looking shocked at the sight of us, not that he looked any better.

“Izuku?”
Nice to be Home, Huh?

Chapter Summary

We're back, fucking finally.

Chapter Notes

Sorry this is kind of short, I was in a bit of a hurry to get this one done.

So, I'd say we're about halfway through the story. Give or take a few chapters (probably give tbh)

I actually have a few endings planned out for the story, and in one of those endings is more likely to have a sequel for the aftermath

Deku, fucking Izuku Midoriya.

The damn nerd that had been missing for a few days, having run off because of god knows where. Ended coming here.

This is what he considered a safe spot?

I’m gonna kill him. I am going to fucking kill him.

“Izuku?”

Eijiro looked at him just as shocked as I was.

He didn’t say anything, mouth agape and in shock as well.

We stood there for a while, until he finally stood up.
“What are you doing here?” He asked, his voice a bit shaky. Like he just got over a crying fit.

“What the fuck are you doing here?” I yelled, walking up to him. I handed Eijiro off to Icyhot before grabbing the nerd by his shirt. “And what do you think we’re doing? We’re looking for your sorry ass!”

“I thought I told you not to come after me.” He muttered, glaring at me.

“Did you really think we were going to listen you idiot? You scared the shit out of us with you running off, which you shouldn’t have done in the first place!”

“And why not?”

“Because then this kind of shit happens! We get worried, you don’t answer us often enough to not get nervous. The last time you ran off you went missing for over a month you fucking idiot!”

He shut his mouth at that. Yeah, little shit has absolutely NO right to get mad at us. He should have come to us, instead of running away and hiding. We would have taken care of him, none of this would have happened!

“Now look us Deku. We’re all fucked up. Eijiro’s ankle is probably worse than it was in the first place, Icyhot’s face is fucked up, and I’m pretty sure we pissed off something else that lies in these woods.”

He gulped and looked down, not saying anything.

“You know, a lot of that could have been avoided, if you just came to talk to us.” I snapped at him.

He mumbled something, not making eye contact.

“What was that?” I asked.

“Bakugo.” Icyhot looked at me.
“...I’m sorry...” He mumbled.

“You’re sorry for what?”

He said nothing and refused to look at me, the little shit. Before I could call him on that I was interrupted by a loud screeching noise that made the three of us freeze in place. Deku lightly jumped at that and looked around.

“What the fuck?” I muttered, looking around. I couldn’t see anything else but the dilapidated buildings and worn down roads. When I looked back to Deku I nearly had a goddamn heart attack!

That thing we found beneath the church, all chained up and sealed away was coming up from behind him. All the chains were gone, save for a set that seemed to actually be part of the thing as it floated around it!

It let out a screech, and I was about to grab the nerd and book it when he pushed me off of him and turned around.

“Stop! Stop stop, it’s okay!” He held up his hands, making it stop in its tracks. “It’s okay. They’re friends, my friends remember? They were with me that time we found you. Remember?” He kept his voice low, but the damn monster seemed to somehow understand him? The fuck?

“Deku, what the fuck?” I asked.

He didn’t say anything, he just kept his hands up until it seemed to float down a bit. No longer looking bigger than it actually was. It looked at the three of us before giving one more louder, irritated screech and floating away.

It was pretty eerie to watch it just float around, it looked like it was draped in like black cloaks. The arms that stuck out were thin and dark, at the end of those were sharp claws that probably wanted to do us in. It still had that weird bird mask up with the hood up, fucking creepy.

It took a minute before Deku looked at us, a sheepish smile on his tired face. “Guys, meet Eileen. She’s the one that was under the church.”
I hit my limit, I ended up fainting after that.

Fast forward a day or so, and we were back in town. After we got some rest we left that damn place at the buttercrack of dawn, while Eileen was what I presume was her sleeping.

We took Icyhot and Eijiro to the clinic before getting ourselves patched up.

Shitty Hair isn’t going to be working for a while, Icyhot’s new scar is good too. No infection, and the doc said it’s healing nicely. Or at least as nice as it can. He said it might fade over time, but it’s going to be there forever.

Ms. Rei was shocked to see us in our current state. We ended up telling her that we fell off a high ledge and that’s where most of our injuries came from. She doesn’t need to know about the monsters in the woods.

But she does know we were looking for Deku, and when she saw him she was relieved. But don’t think she didn’t rip him a new one for running away. At least she did it gently, and in private so he didn’t have to suffer humiliation like Inko would do.

Icyhot needs some time to mentally recover from that shit. I think he’s still in shock sort of, but not as bad as how it was at first. He’s talking, that’s good. He chooses not to reflect on the shit we saw and quite frankly I don’t blame him.

He keeps Deku close, especially when it’s just them.

I think he’s afraid of him running away again.

We’ll just be sitting around one of our houses or at work and the guy will just come up behind the nerd and hug him. And he’ll stay like that for a long time until he figures he has to do something or Deku starts talking to him.

It’s like 8 at night and we’re hanging out at Icyhot’s house. It’s been a solid week since we finally
came back. Nothing weird had happened, the monsters at the store have been kind of lazy. It’s...fine I guess.

Icyhot is sort of better, he’s been snoozing around more when he’s not working. I’ve caught him looking at himself in the mirror, looking at that new scar.

It doesn’t look bad, really, it doesn’t. In fact it looks a hell of a lot better than that night. Kirishima tried to make him feel better by telling him it’s pretty manly. I’m not sure if that helped him or not, but...it’s just a lot.

I’ve been thinking about that thing we saw, the guy that got super pissed off that we were there. He seemed kind of familiar, I’m not gonna lie. Like we’ve seen him around before.

God I keep thinking about that creep, the one that cornered us against the cliff. He didn’t follow us down, clearly. I don’t know if he’s still fucking around the woods, or if he’s hanging out around the town. None of us have been rudely awakened by a monster scratching on windows so there’s that.

Deku hasn’t told us about what happened that night, and none of us have pushed him that much.

At least not until now. It’s like 3 in the morning and only the two of us are awake watching some stupid show.

“Oi, Deku.”

“What?”

“You ready to talk about what happened?”

I looked over to him, and he’s frowning. He sighed before bringing his knees to his chest and hiding his face.

“I’m still kind of reeling after it, still feel like shit.” He muttered.
“What did she say?”

He shook his head.

“Don’t wanna say or can’t?” I asked him.

He groaned as an answer. Little shit.

“Do you want us to know?”

He nodded.

So he wants us to know and, what doesn’t wanna necessarily speak about it? Fucking Deku, hold on I’ve got an idea.

Kacchan just handed me the phone and told me to type.

I guess this is a better solution than just holding it in. Don’t get me wrong, I do wanna talk about it but...I just kind of feels harder to talk about out loud. I don’t know why.

It’s Izuku if that wasn’t obvious.

So I guess Kacchan just want me to put it all out on here?

Okay then…

So, I guess the best place to start was when I left Shouto on the street and started heading out to my house. When I had gotten there there were two cars in the driveway. One of them I saw was clearly my mom’s. The other was one I couldn’t recognize, but it wasn’t his. So, that made me feel a bit better.
I snuck around the side, thinking it might be a good idea. And, I was kind of right since I saw a figure sitting in the car. His head was down, resting on the steering wheel. Yeah, I didn’t wanna know who it was.

I went in through the front door, quietly announcing that it was me who came in. Something was cooking, and it actually smelled nice.

“Mom?” I called out for her. I didn’t get an answer, which didn’t surprise me too much. When I called out again I actually got an answer in the form of confused noises.

She was drunk.

Not blackout drunk, but like kind of tipsy. She still had her wits about her.

I ended up walking into the kitchen to see her stirring some stuff in a pot. There was a full glass of wine next to her, and a half empty bottle off to the side.

She stopped stirring only to look at me and go, “Oh. It’s just you.”

I stopped in my tracks, honestly what should I have been expecting? I’m not exactly a welcome sight to her.

“Yeah. It’s just me…” I mumbled.

She huffed and turned away, taking a sip of her drink.

“What do you want?”

“...I want to talk.”

“About?” She had snapped at me.
“Just some stuff, when I’m done asking I’ll leave you alone…”

She glared at me for a bit before sighing and shaking her head. She pulled out two bowls and muttered to herself as she started serving dinner.

I was about to get drinks ready when she told me to not touch anything.

Not even welcome in my own house.

It figures.

I just stood off to the side of the table while she set up the table. It took a minute or two before she sat down and pointed at the chair across the way.

“Sit down.” She huffed, and I had obeyed. Not really having any room to argue.

She didn’t even look at me before asking.

“What do you want to talk about?” She asked tiredly.

My mom looked ragged, she really did. Dark bags beneath her eyes, she was a lot paler than the last time I had seen her. She had even lost some weight.

Honestly, I couldn’t help but feel it was my fault she ended up like that.

“Well?”

It felt...awkward. And I hated it. It felt like I was an intruder, like I was going to be thrown out and rejected at any second.
“I just...wanted to know.” I started, I couldn’t even look at her. I just kept my gaze down at the bowl of food. “Why?”

“Why what?” She sighed.

“Why...just why? Why did you let it happen?” I asked.

“Let what happen?” She glared at me.

“This!” I pointed at the burn over my eye. “These!” I lifted my sweater to show her a myriad of burns that had long since scarred.

“Why did you let it happen? For all these years? As soon as it started, you just stood by the wayside and watched him beat the crap out of me! I just wanna know why.”

I know I said I wanted closure. But in all reality I think I just needed a reason to finally leave her behind.

And you know what?

I got it.

She didn’t say anything for a while, just glaring at me and tapping a finger against the table. She hadn’t even touched her food yet. She had just been glaring at me. She was quiet, just watching me before letting out a long sigh and rubbing her eyes.

“You know...you have caused me so much trouble before you were even born.” She shook her head. “It was an accident, and for some reason I decided to keep you. I suppose I thought you’d have some kind of potential considering who he was.”

“Excuse me?”

It felt like my heart stopped.
She never wanted me? Had I heard her right?

“I should have reconsidered once I realized the shit show I was in for. I didn’t want him to find out, because I knew as soon as he found out other people would know and I’d be screwed over to no extent.” She scowled at me, and in that moment I just felt small. I felt helpless.

“I ended up having to leave my home and hide myself away until you finally came around and I had to flee the damn country with Hisashi. Because he found me, my god I should have left you to him. I don’t know why I didn’t.” She took a long sip from her glass and placed it down so hard I was surprised it didn’t break.

“You know, when we got here I actually started to love you. You just, developed this charm with your smile and your optimism. Just like him. And then,” She shrugged. “You turned out Quirkless. Honestly that was one of the biggest disappointments, I thought you’d have a Quirk like his.”

“Like...Hisashi’s?” I asked, I hadn’t quite wrapped my head around what she was saying.

She gave me a look. “No, that’s impossible. Hisashi isn’t your father, Izuku. Aren’t you listening?” He raised her voice at me, but I couldn’t really care about that.

He’s not my father, he never was.

I was...relieved at first, I think. Then it felt like the ground was starting to fall out from beneath me, and then I just felt pissed.

I had tuned out her angry rant for a while, before I slammed my hands on the table and stood up. I was really angry, I will admit that. And I will admit that I was...kind of an asshole.

“Then what the fuck!” I screamed at her. “That just makes it worse, you letting him beat the shit out of me! If that asshole wasn’t even my father, then why did you just let him do that to me? Am I even your kid?”

“Don’t you dare take that tone with me Izuku!”
“No! I have plenty right to be fucking pissed, and I have a right to know! So why don’t you just tell me so I can get out of here since you seem to hate me so much?”

“Why I let him teach you his lessons?”

“Lessons?”

“Because Izuku, a man like him didn’t want who he thought was his son to be so useless, as did I. Besides Izuku, you should have been able to defend yourself, Quirkless or not.”

“So you’re saying it’s my fault? That I was being punished for something I had no control over?”

“I had actually expected something of you, considering who your father is. I guess I placed too much faith in you, considering you’ve been nothing but a disappointment and I’ve wasted years of my life on you!”

I stared at her for a while, in my anger I ended up knocking over and breaking the bowl. I was angry enough to start crying. If anything that just made me angrier, it was frustrating.

“Then why don’t you leave!” I screamed at her.

She stared at me for a moment.

“I don’t need you anymore, I never did! If what you’re saying is true, you fucking despise my existence. So why don’t you leave? Clearly you don’t have anything worth staying for here, so why don’t you just leave?”

“You do not get to talk to me-”

“No, I do. I do get to do this because you don’t care about me. You never did, you never will so why should I give ANY respect?”
“Because I am your mother!”

I can’t remember what, but I ended up throwing something at her.

In retrospect, that probably wasn’t the smartest choice, since I think I threw a wine bottle at her. And if anything, that just made her even more pissed.

We yelled a lot more, getting louder and louder.

It went on like that for a while, maybe an hour or so?

It didn’t stop until I said a few...unfavorable things I’d rather not repeat on here.

After I had gone on that angry tirade she slapped the shit out of me, and before I could recover she grabbed a handful of my hair and pulled really hard. Forcing me down to her level.

“You will never, I mean never speak to me like that again. Do you understand me? You have no right to, none. I am your mother, and you…” She sneered at me. “You are nothing. You’re a useless, waste of space. You’re a powerless, Quirkless disappointment that does nothing but ruin the lives around you. Think about much better everyone would be without you around, my life, Hisashi’s...even your stupid little friends. How do you know they even want you around? You’re a burden, one that nobody wants to carry around. Think how much grief would be saved, if you didn’t exist.”

I ended up blacking out in rage, just for a minute. I remember hearing a loud crack, I think I broke her wrist. I was knocked out of it when I went running and ended up crashing into Mr. Yagi. I was surprised to see him, even more surprised that he had managed to stay on his feet with how hard I ran into him.

He tried to ask me what’s wrong, but I didn’t even give an answer before running off.

I got into the store through the air vents, packed a bag, got my axe and left.

I wanted to go to Shouto’s house, or even Kacchan’s but...would they really want me there? I’d just
be dumping more of my shit onto them, and for the longest time they’ve dealt with me. All the stuff I’ve gone through, all these years.

It just be more of a burden on them.

And you know, I’m starting to see the point she was trying to make.

I just cause trouble for the people around me.

Think about it, if I wasn’t around then they wouldn’t have gotten hurt looking for me. Shouto wouldn’t have that scar, Kirishima’s ankle would be fine. None of them would have gotten hurt while looking for me in that god forsaken mine.

They’d all be better off without me, I’m starting to get it.

I’m tired, I’m going to bed and giving Kacchan back his phone.

I’m just really tired.
An Interesting Week

Chapter Summary

It’s been an...interesting week all around.

Chapter Notes

See the end of the chapter for notes

“You’re thinking about it. Aren’t you?”

“Maybe.”

“Do you necessarily want to be thinking about it?”

“Nope.”

I watched Izuku poke and trace at my hand while we idled at the checkout desk. It’s a slow day. Rain is pouring outside, which is gonna make going home a pain. Bakugo is stocking shelves and Kirishima is laying on the ground snoring,

“What do you want to be thinking about?” I asked him.

He shrugged, frowning as he had to backtrack and make a new path on my hand.

I leaned in and rested my chin on his head. “Wanna hear my conspiracy theories?”

“Do any concern me?”

“Just one.”

“Any but that one.”

“Cool, so you know how we never see any baby pigeons?”

“Uh huh?”

“What if pigeons aren’t real?”

“...Shouto we don’t have pigeons around here...why would you care?”

“Yes we do! I saw one the other day! It was a plant!”

I started to argue with him over pigeons and the existence of them. Then we moved onto aliens.

It was a nice distraction, it really was. I got to see him smile just a bit, which is better than not.

Everything’s been a bit...quiet. Slow.

I’m doing better, really I am. My face hurts with expressions sometimes, it feels irritated every once in a while. As much as I’d like to scratch at it, I can’t. I kept rubbing at it, and Natsuo ended
up freezing my hands to the table at one point.

I nearly froze him over in retaliation.

Yeah, mom wasn’t too happy about that.

She was even less happy when we told her about the whole situation with Midoriya. Mrs. Mitsuki was pissed. They tried to talk to him, but he just kind of shut down and tuned them out.

It’s kind of an unspoken rule between us not to talk about it. No matter how much we wanted to.

We’ve been kind of high strung as of late, because of how quiet it is. There haven’t been any noises from the forest, nothing peering from the edge. No more of that chiming either, that made me kinda nervous.

The only weird thing has been the phone, when we get the strange calls. But even those have been far and few between. We’ve had nothing but rain for the past few days, which has prompted a few more naps here and there. It’s Eijirou’s turn for napping, hence his resting on the floor. We decided at least three of us should be awake in case something happens.

It’s my turn next so as soon as it hits that 30 mark I am going to chuck a magazine at him.

You know I was sort of kidding when I mentioned that ‘conspiracy theory’ about Izuku’s real father. But, I’m also sort of not. And just the mere thought of it being a slim possibility just kind of pisses me off because I really, really don’t like the guy.

The Sunflower Skeleton.

Yeah, I know it sounds crazy, but listen. He has to have some kind of connection to Inko if he was so concerned with finding her. Then there was the way he acted around Izuku. I know he’s a teacher and he’s supposed to take care of kids, but the way he acted around him?

No, no there was a bit more to that. It was like a different level of care.

Not to mention that if they were related, it would sort of explain his wild hair and naturally thin build. Inko has had more of an average, especially when I was younger, but Izuku is like a twig. He always has been.

Not to mention his freckles. The Sunflower Skeleton has a gaunt face, but maybe when he was younger or healthier he had noticeable freckles. Other than that, Izuku was always a spitting image of his mother.

Except when I think back to when we had finally gotten him back. When he was underweight and looked sickly.

Maybe that’s why I don’t like him. Just seeing him reminds me of Izuku back then, and it reminds me how I failed him.

I know it’s speculation, but it’s also a gut feeling.

The 30 minute mark is here, time to throw some magazines.

You know, Izuku is a lot smaller than I thought he would be.
Like, he’s so tiny I can fit him in one hand and it’s adorable. I honestly thought he’d be bigger though, considering his age. Guess not.

For some quick context he turned into a cat. Yeah, so did Bakugo.

Yesterday a family came by to pick up some snacks before gassing up their car. This happened while I was taking a nap by the way, so Izuku filled me in when I woke up.

So with the family there were two kids, and one of them was clearly a trouble maker. She wanted to go running up and down all the aisles and touch everything. She was about to run into the dark side of the store when Izuku stopped her and got her back to her family.

She tried again, and that time Bakugo stopped her.

It went on like that for a while until they stopped her and told her she couldn’t go down there.

So her younger brother tried to do it and at this point those two weren’t having it. They ended up scolding him and told the kids they couldn’t go down there because it was for workers only.

The daughter threw a temper tantrum and ended up blasting the two, but nothing had happened. Scared the hell out of them though.

At the time Kirishima had the displeasure of dealing with the parents who kept trying to haggle on the price. After the two returned the kids and explained what happened the parents paid and left.

Originally we just assumed it was some kind of non effect flashy Quirk. Just something to surprise someone.

No.

No it wasn’t.

Those two ended up conking out at some point, we just assumed they were taking their turns for napping since Eijirou and I already had.

They woke up when it was time to close the store. We all walked home and called it a night.

Imagine my surprise when I wake up to a green kitten sleeping where Izuku should be.

Yup, woke up the whole household in my excitement and alarm. Because A) Where did Izuku go? B) CAT!

It took a while to confirm that it was him since he did not wanna wake up.

Izuku I love you, but come on.

And oh, when he woke up that was a trip in itself.

Imagine him waking up, thinking everything is fine. Only to be surprised that he turned into a kitten. A green blur was running and stumbling around the house for a while until we caught him and calmed him down.

He’s a green kitten, his fur is very fluffy. Save for the areas where his burn scars are. Those are kind of patchy, around his eye and a bit on his back and front legs. I have to be careful how I hold or pet him, I learned that the hard way after accidentally touching one of the patches. My arm is okay by the way.
And then I got a call from Katsuki.

Angry cat screeching was all I heard when I picked up.

So fun morning.

Izuku is hanging out on my lap, so he’s good. Katsuki is just seething in Eijirou’s bag, like he hasn’t taken a step into the store at all.

I’m still caught between finding this hilarious or horrifying to a certain extent.

Eijirou is just taking this in stride and getting a kick out of it. I swear now half of his gallery is just cat Bakugo.

But, it really is weird. Bakugo is a normal sized cat for his age, like about junior size. He’s 16, soon to be 17. So he’s in the normal range comparing human ages to cats. Izuku? Like I said, I can fit him comfortably in one hand. And he’s 15! Granted his limbs kind of dangle off, but still!

He should be about Bakugo’s size!

Let me tell you, he is none too happy about that. The amount of initial screeching when he saw Bakugo was jarring. He ended up getting over it after a while, but I swear he still grumbles about it.

It’s funny to watch them try to walk around, they’re still getting used to it. I have a few videos of Izuku’s failed attempts at being a successful cat.

We’ve made bets on how long this will last. I put down a week. Kirishima said either 3 or 4 days. Winner gets 10 bags of chips of their choice, and the loser has to pay.

Neither of our two cat friends are happy about the bets. They’re just not happy in general.

Bakugo stays in a bag and sleeps, and Izuku will just lie there. He climbed up on the counter and just plopped himself there.

I poked and prodded him, and this little shit just let himself fall! And if I don’t nudge him he just rolls over and falls off by choice.

Izuku, please.

That’s why I choose to carry him everywhere. In my pocket, in my hood. I just don’t want him trying anything.

Speaking of trying something, one of the monsters are starting to get feisty again. I’ll be back.

Izuku hasn’t been letting me sleep. We’re on day 4 and it’s looking like I’ll win this bet.

But he hasn’t been letting me sleep. And I need to.

I mean as a human, normally he does stay up and just lays there. Usually hugging my arm or something until he falls asleep.

But he’s been a lot more...fidgety as the days go by. I hardly got any sleep last night.
I had been dozing off around 1 or so, and I thought he had been laying down next to me. When I was just about to fall asleep I heard skittering.

It scared the hell out of me, since I thought he was right next to me. I relaxed when I recognized the little shape hurriedly creeping along my floor. I didn’t get the chance to say something before he squeezed under my bed.

“Izuku…” I groaned.

I rolled off my bed and hit the floor with a thud. I turned my head to him to see him squished between to shoe boxes. I forgot what I put in them so don’t ask.

He was looking around in panic, like he could see something I couldn’t. I thought he was having another episode, so I had reached for him.

He resisted at first, but I was able to drag him out.

I felt him panting as he dug his claws into my shirt. He kept his eyes on the window.

I walked over after realizing where he was looking, and I hadn’t seen anything. Although my window was slightly open.

I hadn’t considered it weird since I usually leave it cracked open in case one of the others has to come over. I thought I closed it though…

I opened the window and looked around, I got a bit wet with the rain. I didn’t hear anything either.

He’s been hating that window more and more as time goes on. I ended up pinning a spare blanket over the window to try and make him feel better.

It worked for a while, and I got some sleep before the skittering came back. Izuku was creeping along the floor, staying low to the ground.

I watched in annoyance as he crept around the room, bumping into my dresser a few times before leaving my sight again. I was about to get up and grab him again before I felt him nip at my ankle.

“Ah! Izuku the fuck?!”

I swung my legs over the bed and lifted my leg to see him hanging off my pant leg.

“Izuku, what are you doing?”

He growled at me and began to tug. I frowned at him and picked him up, I ended up leaving my room and going to Touya and Natsuo’s. It worked since they don’t have a window.

It took awhile but he finally settled down and let me sleep. I KNOW he didn’t sleep because when I woke up he was sitting at the door half asleep.

Natsuo woke me up while Izuku tiredly pulled at Touya’s socks. My brother ended up picking him up and taking him to the kitchen with him.

Last night was the worst he’s been all week.

I ended up leaving him with my mom today, because he stayed up all night. At least I can nap at work.
Eijirou is looking rough too, apparently Bakugo has been acting out at night too.

Albeit a bit more aggressive. His legs look like a shredder attacked them. They’re all wrapped up, he ended up dropping him off with my mom as well.

Kirishima said this is the first time he really lashed out like he did. But he didn’t start up until later in the night, around the time I crashed in my brothers’ room.

Do they...do they see something that we can’t?

Either way, hopefully they’ll settle down tonight. It’s probably unlikely to be honest, the fog is coming in.

It looks a lot more swollen if that makes sense. Like it’s higher, and a lot more dense. It has a more noticeable ‘heartbeat’, a kind of pulsing.

It’s starting to make me nervous, especially considering what happened about 15 minutes ago.

The phone started ringing, and Eijirou answered since he was closest to it. I hadn’t paid any attention at first, sweeping up some trash.

He ended up grabbing my attention when he dropped the phone. He just stood there for a while, staring straight ahead.

Just as I was about to ask if he was okay he started shuffling forward. He looked like he was in a daze, and he was heading straight for the back doors. The ones that face the forest.

“Eijirou!”

I caught up to him and tried to pull him back to the main part of the store. At the first tug he whirled on me and started to fight with me.

His eyes had a glazed over look to them. Didn’t mean he couldn’t beat the shit out of me.

He slammed me into a shelf and began to tear into me. He tried to, I froze one of his arms to the wall. I didn’t get a chance to completely freeze him over before he head butted me and slammed my head into the shelves.

Stars exploded in my vision, before I got the chance to recover he dug four of his hardened fingers into my hairline and his thumb into my scar.

I remember screaming and blacking out for a while. When I came around I felt blood running down my face. Eijirou was screaming and tugging at his hair. His shirt was burnt, so was some of his skin.

A layer of ice covered half of my body and some of his as well.

I ended up falling over after hearing a scream of surprise.

Fuyumi found us and ended up taking us to the clinic. She had gotten Eijirou to calm down before getting us out of there and into her car.

But not before he smashed the phone to shit.
I’m glad you guys are enjoying the fic so far!

I actually wanted to hear your guys’ thoughts on a possible side fic to this. It’d be something short, not many chapters. But it’d go over Yagi’s perspective in all this.

As well as the possibility of a sequel depending on the ending.

Either way, I hope you all have a great day or night

P.S if you wanna yell at me or ask me stuff I have a Tumblr at silverbit
Two New Strangers

Chapter Summary

I still feel bad about what happened...yeah. But I'm doing okay for the most part. Also, we met two new out of towners.

Chapter Notes

See the end of the chapter for notes

“You okay?”

“I don’t wanna talk about it.”

“Eijirou…”

“I said I don’t wanna talk about it!”

I really don’t. I just refuse to talk about what happened.

It’s been three days since that incident. Katsuki and Mido have turned back to normal, and Mido tried to reach out. Todoroki probably told him what happened. I feel bad for snapping at him, I didn’t mean to scare him off.

I just feel really, really bad. I gave Todoroki a pretty bad concussion and a few nasty gashes. The Doc said he’d be okay, just getting rest and keeping the wounds clean. I apologize every time I see him.

But it feels like excuses, saying I don’t know what happened. But that’s the truth, I really don’t.

I just picked up the phone and…

Ugh.
I hate feeling like this. It’s just this icky feeling in the pit of my stomach, and the back of my head. I hate it. It feels so bad.

It makes me feel nauseous, and just ugh.

I’m not sure how to describe it, really.

(Edit by Mido: 1 day after original post-Yeah I get it…)

I’m stocking the shelves, just kinda keeping away from everyone. Especially the counter. Much to my horror the phone I smashed to pieces is somehow put back together.

It’ll ring whenever I’m around and I just refuse to answer it. I don’t want to hear it, not again. I don’t wanna be in that place again.

Uh, what to talk about…

Storm season is coming, so the clouds have been darker and a lot denser. Rain is more common, a bit harder and lasting longer.

It kinda makes sleep a bit easier to come by, which is nice. Sometimes.

Something has been feeling off lately. Like something is kind of shifting. The forest seems a bit different, the monsters aren’t as active as usual. They’ve been quiet…

Some will stare from the forest, not even bothering to hide themselves half of the time. Then disappear shortly after.

I’ve noticed Katsuki is a bit paranoid at night if it’s raining. He’ll watch the window and check every once in a while if there’s something there. We’ll sleep in his dad’s study sometimes and he gets good sleep.
The other morning I went to get some clothes from his room and saw the window was partially open.

Speaking of clothes, I gotta go get some from my house. The weather is getting a bit cooler here with rain reason and all. And as much as I like borrowing Katsuki’s clothes it’s nice to wear my comfies.

But I don’t wanna go there yet, I’d rather go with the others.

It’s just a hard time of the year okay?

My aunt is still out of town and she’s called me a few times. I know she’s worried but...she can’t do much from where she is.

She might back, just to check on me but still. It won’t change much. Mrs. Mitsuki has been on my butt to make sure I’m taking care of myself. Which I kinda appreciate.

Mr. Masaru has been texting me and Mido a lot lately, checking in on us. I appreciate his concern, he was the one who watched over me when my aunt couldn’t.

Katsuki gives me my space which I also appreciate, but he also gets it when I just come up to him and hug him.

Funny, it’s Mido and I who are supposed to be the tape and glue of the group. Nowadays it’s Todoroki and Katsuki who take up that role.

Speaking of Katsuki I can hear him across the store yelling at something. Fred might be fidgety again.

I can see Mido from where I am, he’s chilling at the counter. He’s on his phone, alternating between texting someone and checking his surroundings. He looks more sleep-deprived than usual.

He’s been taking more naps as of late. He seems upset every time he looks at the forest. Yeah, he’s been a bit more twitchy too.
Mido and I, the disaster duo.

(Edit by Mido: 1 day after original post- Shut up.)

I think that’s enough of an update today. I gotta get back to work.

“Deku! Help me out!”

“Why!”

“Just get a fucking broom or something I don’t care!”

People are so freaking weird. Also so normal.

I’d like to think we might be some modicum of normal, but when we meet out of towners that’s when I realize once again that we’re kinda nuts.

Okay, so it’s been a good three days since I’ve updated. And uh, yeah I don’t wanna go to my house much anymore.

Just a lot of stuff kinda came back suddenly and...yeah.

It didn’t help that I found the window open. Everything was untouched, we even looked around just to make sure there was nothing hiding around. Thankfully we found nothing.

I made sure to lock the windows when I left.
So yeah, I put all my clothes in Katsuki’s extra drawer. (He has 2 for me). And I told them about it, and we collectively agreed to keep an eye on my house.

Speaking of people coming by, we got two new out of towners.

They stopped by yesterday and are staying for a couple of days for this storm front to move out. I’d say it’ll be gone in a solid 2-3 days. It’s drizzling right now, which means it is gonna pour some time later.

Todoroki hasn’t come by yet, but he said he’ll be able to come back to work soon enough. I don’t really think I’m ready to face him yet. I still feel really bad about it.

So, about those two out of towners.

They are like night and day, how one might see Katsuki and me.

So one of them is a radio station host I think? I mean, he has the look to him. He’s got really long blonde hair, I swear he has different glasses for every other day. He had red rectangle glasses yesterday and today he’s got these triangle like glasses.

I think he might have hearing aids, kind of hard to tell since half of the time he has headphones on. He’s pretty loud and energetic, he likes to call us ‘listeners’

His friend, who is kinda moody, also has long hair. His wardrobe is nothing but black sweaters, sweatpants, and pants. He’s kinda quiet and speaks gruffly most of the time. It makes it seem like he’s in a bad mood, which is only emphasized by his bloodshot eyes and somewhat messy stubble.

He’s raided most of our coffee in the short time he’s been here. I don’t know if he drinks all of it, or something steals it.

No idea.

Overall they’re pretty nice. I was able to find out their names.
The radio station guy is Hizashi Yamada, which kinda sounds familiar. And the other guy is Shouta Aizawa.

The number of times that guy has given me an annoyed look for being on my phone or not answering the store phone should be a record amount.

Yeah, I’m on the register today, meanwhile, Mido is lying on the floor half-asleep and Katsuki is trying to find the spare boxes of coffee we carry. It’s really weird, we saw them just a few minutes ago.

The phone has been ringing for a good 10 minutes, and we’ve all just tuned it out. Another five minutes and it’ll go quiet for a while. I already tried unplugging it, so don’t tell me to do that. It’ll keep ringing anyway, and when I check to make sure that I’ve unplugged it; it’ll be plugged back in.

There is no escaping this damn thing, and I hate it so much.

Mido offered to answer it, but I won’t let him. Answering that thing, made me violent and I hurt someone really badly over it. I hate to think about what it might do to Mido or Katsuki. I know Mido is kinda harmless as long as you keep the axe away from him. He can land good hits with his punches, but restraining him wouldn’t be too hard.

Katsuki, on the other hand, I don’t even wanna think about how bad he could get.

Oh, the night and day pair are back. Aizawa looks kinda irked, not gonna lie it’s kinda scary. But not as scary as some of the monsters we’ve seen.

“We can just pick up more coffee, it’s not that expensive here Shouta.”

“It’s not that it’s expensive, it’s that someone keeps taking my damn coffee!”

“Someone? Or something .” Yamada grinned.
You know, I hate how on the nose he probably is. But *how* something got in the hotel? I don’t wanna know. I am kinda curious as to what though, I mean it hasn’t hurt them. It just insists on stealing coffee.

“I am not in the...what the hell?”

Aizawa just found Mido on the ground, lightly sleeping away. He knelt down and raised a hand to start waking him.

“Uh, I don’t think you should-”

I didn’t get to finish my sentence before Aizawa lightly nudged him, Izuku snatched his wrist.

Without looking up he just said. “What do you want?”

“I don’t think that’s how one talks to a customer. Or how one *should* talk.”

Yeah, Yamada just walked away presumably to find the coffee.

I saw Mido look up in surprise, and frown at the sight of Aizawa. “Oh, hi.” He let go of the man and just laid back down.

“Shouldn’t you be working?”

“I am, I’m *at* work. I’m not really needed at the moment, so I’m resting.” Mido curled up, which we have all learned is his way of saying ‘leave me alone, I wanna sleep for once’.

It’s funny, Katsuki kinda does the same thing when he’s ready to settle down and rest, but everyone else around him is bustling. Except unlike Mido, he prefers to be hugging something or someone.

(Edit by Baku: 3 days after original post- STFU)
“On the floor?” Aizawa actually looked amused. Honest to god, I wouldn’t be surprised if he did the same thing. Certainly looks the part.

“Yes.”

“Don’t you have a breakroom to sleep in?”

“Don’t you have coffee to buy and lose somehow?”

“Mido come on…”

“What? Are you gonna look at me and tell me that I’m wrong?” He looked up at me.

“No, I’m going to look at you and tell you to save your sleep for tonight rather than in the middle of the day. To try and get you a better sleep schedule.”

He groaned and flopped onto his back.

“Insomniac.”

“Shut up!”

Yamada came over with at least three of those coffee cylinders in his arms. I’m talking about the big ones.

“Shouta, I got the coffee. But there’s not as much as last time…” He looked back down the aisle he came from.

“Yeah, we’re looking for some in the back,” I said. I glanced over to where the back room was. Katsuki hadn’t come out yet, surprisingly. “Then again you might have bought it all.”
The guy, Aizawa groaned to himself and stepped away from Mido.

He stared down at him before shaking his head. “Problem child.”

“Excuse me!”

I sighed and looked at Yamada, who put down the coffee.

“I see you kids here almost every day. Don’t you guys have school or something to do?” He asked me.

“Well, we’re the only employees here,” I answered, trying to scan the cans. The stupid scanner thing was acting up again. “And, well our school kinda blew up. Yeah.”

“What?!“

“Yeah, this was...god how long has it been?” I looked over to Mido, who decided to get up.

“Uh...crap. Maybe about 9 months now? I think? Hold on…”

“Either way, yeah. We pretty much spend our time here or at home.” I finally got the scanner to work.

“That sounds like such a sad life.” Yamada looked at us sympathetically. “And it’s such a small town you guys have like nothing to do.”

Mido and I shot him a look, then kinda went back to what we were doing. It’s not sad, really. It’s pretty nice. Overall it’s a quiet town, the only thing you really gotta worry about are the monsters in the woods and the crazy locals.

It’s not that bad.
We all jumped as the phone started ringing again. Damn it, I actually forgot it for a minute.

“Are any of you gonna answer that phone?” Aizawa asked, after a minute or two.

Mido and I looked up at the man before shaking our heads. “No, answering that phone is a big no-no.”

“Why is that?”

“Because it’s none of your damn business!”

“Oh, hi Kacchan.”

Katsuki came storming out of the backroom with two boxes in his arms. “Are you gonna try unplugging the damn thing again?”

“It’ll just come back on.” I sighed.

Izuku groaned. “Can’t we just like, put it back in the box?”

“Mitch said not to touch the box.”

“But if we put it on there, we’re not exactly touching it.”

“So what Shitty hair, you just want to toss it in there?”

“Yeah, if it’ll get rid of it!”
“Or you could just answer it.” Aizawa grunted, he glared at the phone. It was, admittedly, starting to get annoying again.

“No!” We yelled at him.

“What’s wrong with answering the phone little listeners? It can’t be that bad.” The man stepped forward and reached for the phone. We all just kinda slapped his hand away.

“Don’t answer it!” I yelled at him. “We don’t answer this phone anymore. We don’t touch this thing!”

Yamada backed up, putting his hands up. “Woah, easy. Okay, okay.”

Aizawa glared at all of us, he looked confused. Which I don’t blame him for, he doesn’t get it. He wouldn’t get it.

After a while I sighed and sat back down. Mido eyed them for a bit before huffing and sitting in a spare chair. “So much for a nap…” He grumbled.

“Oh, shut up Deku.”

Mido sighed and pulled out his phone.

“Hey, I’m gonna get some lunch. What do you guys want?” He looked up at us.

“Sandwiches?” I ask.

“Kirishima what other stuff do we have around here to eat?” He raised an eyebrow.

I grinned. “We can heat up the soup from here.”
“You can eat soup, I’m getting food.” He began typing stuff into his phone. “And don’t ask me to go to the diner again, they don’t do carry out.”

“You already know what I want Deku. But make sure they add extra peppers, it didn’t have the same kick it usually does.” Katsuki walked over, kicking the box down one of the aisles. “Don’t fucking it touch it you damn freak!”

He screamed down the aisles and, yeah we knew who he was talking about. The adults though? No, we probably look crazy to them. Yeah.

Izuku left after a bit and the adults kinda idled around.

“So...” I looked around and saw Katsuki going down the aisle to stock the coffee. “What are you guys doing here? This little town seems kind of out of the way.”

Yamada smiled and waved his arms around. “Well ya see little listener, I was invited to a radio station a while ago to co-host a show! They said I could bring a friend along, and bring a friend I did!” He gestured to the grumpy Aizawa.

“...So why are you heading through this town?” I asked.

“Well, a flight we had booked to that city was cancelled so we opted to go for another close city. Turns out though, one of the main highways we meant to go through closed down because of a bad accident. Then we looked at a road map and found another way to get there. Granted it’s taking a bit longer to get through here than we thought.”

“The next town isn’t for 10 hours in either direction. And you came during the storm season so you guys basically fucked yourselves over.” Katsuki walked out of the aisle with an empty box. “Also there’s more coffee on the shelves if you want some.”

“There’s a big storm hitting around tonight and into the next day. It’ll clear up by the third day. Then, you guys should high tail it out of here. They come and go real quick.”

“Unless the fog decided to come into town.” Katsuki glanced down at me.
“Oh...yeah. If the fog comes you guys should stay here for about a week or so to let it clear.”

“What’s so bad about the fog?” Aizawa asked.

“It’s really dense, and pretty much everyone who’s decided to go through it ends up in an accident. It’s basically a…a…” I forgot the stupid english phrase for it, and it was just in my head too.

“It’s a...what is it?”

“Forget the phrase again?” He grinned. That stupid, cute smug grin when he’s kinda making fun of me but not.

“What is it Katsuki?”

“Do you mean urban legend?”

“Well I mean it’s that too, but if you go in it’s just a…saigai no reshipi ?”

“Recipe for disaster?” Yamada asked.

“Ah, that. Yeah. Going in is guaranteed for bad times.” I nodded. “Wait hold on…”

“We’re...pretty fluent in both English and Japanese. More me than Shouta but yeah.”

“Hizashi.”

“Yes, my love?”

“Shut it.” He glared at him, his eyes turning red for a moment and his hair went up. He idled like
that for a moment before deactivating what we guessed was his Quirk and looked at us. “How do you know it gets that bad?”

“You haven’t seen the damage we have to the crashed cars.” Katsuki rolled his eyes. “Besides, if you do crash the reception is shit out there, so there’s not much hope for calling help. We just find the vehicles all fucked up.”

The two looked at him.

“No bodies?”

Katsuki and I shook our heads. “We just kind of assume they walk to the next town.”

Okay, that’s a lie but I don’t think we should really tell them about the monsters. They’re not gonna be here that long, hopefully.

“How do you kids even find the vehicles?” Yamada asked us, then gasped. “You don’t loot them do you?”

“Fuck no! We don’t even go near them!” Katsuki began to yell. “We see them, then bail.”

Aizawa stared at us for a while, he looked torn between confusion, concern, and suspicion. In all honesty, I kinda don’t blame him. But again, there’s a reason we don’t go near those cars. Whatever is big, strong, and ballsy enough to take out a high-speed vehicle, would have no trouble taking us out. They stay on that side of the line, we stay on ours.

“I’m back! And it’s pouring!” Izuku yelled from the entrance. He ran over, placed down the food and took off his sweater. “I forgot the fucking umbrella again…”

“Dumbass.”

“Shut up Kacchan.”
“Want me to get an umbrella?”

“May as well.” The man rubbed his eyes.

“I’ll be right back.”

He began to walk in a certain direction and I started shouting after him.

“No, no not that way!” Izuku shouted. “It’s in the 12th aisle! Don’t go over to the dark side of the store!”

“Oh thanks, little listener!” He gave a thumbs up and walked off.

Izuku nodded and began digging into his sandwich, he was hungry. Which is good, he’s been on and off on eating decent meals. Not that he’s the only one…

“Another thing I’m rather curious about.” Aizawa crossed his arms. “There are a bunch of cars in the parking lot, but no customers. Any reason why that’s a thing?”

“People abandon their cars here. It’s no big deal, not like anyone can tow them away so they just stay here. And no, before you ask we don’t rob them.” Izuku huffed. “A majority of them are locked and the ones that aren’t are full of random stuff.”

Random stuff like strangely soft blankets, keys that don’t do in that particular car, empty boxes, the occasional rat. Some kind of strange entity that sends us running for the store. You know, random stuff.

“Random stuff? Such as…” He raised an eyebrow.

“You’re awfully nosy for an out of towner.”
“Call it morbid curiosity in a way.”

“Mph.” Izuku rolled his eyes and looked at me. “Even Mr. Yagi knew when to stop asking questions.”

Aizawa kind of heard him and raised both eyebrows this time.

“Excuse me?”

“Shouta, I found an umbrella.” Yamada came walking over. “And there’s also a raccoon following me so…”

We looked over and I’m the one who raised my voice this time. “Heffer, stop it! Leave him alone, you’re not allowed to steal any more wallets. Just the one time!”

“What?!"

“Don’t worry about it,” Katsuki grunted. He grabbed a nearby bag of ships and tossed it at the critter. Heffer dodged it and waved his paws around before grabbing the bag and running away.

“Little shit.”

“You kids name the raccoons?” Yamada asked, putting the umbrella on the counter.

“...Yeah?”

They kinda live here in the store so, why not?

“...Okay.” Yamada paid and grabbed the umbrella. He was about to leave, then he turned around.
“Quick question.”

“Hizashi.” Aizawa activated his Quirk again.

“Where did you get the sandwiches?”

Mido sighed and grabbed a pen, jotted down the address and handed it to him.

“Thank you!”

It wasn’t until they left that we started talking again.

“Pair of weirdos, especially that Aizawa guy,” Mido muttered.

“I dunno. I kinda like them.” I argued.

“...How long until you think they’ll come back?”

“If their coffee is stolen again, they’ll probably be back tomorrow.”

Chapter End Notes

Shouta sighed to himself as he listened to his husband chatter on about the radio station. How he might have to call them again about any further delays. He then began to go on about the kids, how weird they were. Naming a random raccoon.

Shouta only had small hums and grunts of acknowledgment. He heard what he was saying, he just didn't have much to say about it.

It was a nice walk for the two, despite the rain.

Just as they were about to turn a corner, he felt a chill race up his spine. He frowned and stopped in his tracks, whirling around to look behind him.

He involuntarily shuddered as he spotted something at the tree line in the forest. It
grinned widely at him, the pale creature on all fours clicked its claws against the asphalt. It seemed to let out a laugh as it slowly backed into the trees.

"Shouta?"

The man straightened up and shook his head.

"Is everything okay?"

"Yeah, everything's fine." He fixed his sweater and turned around. "This town just gives me the creeps."
“You know we could probably explore the woods right?” Deku asked. “I mean, it’s been pretty quiet.”

“Which way would we even go?” Eiji asked while he passed a card to Deku.

“Well I mean, there’s a lot we can still look into.” He shrugged. “We could probably see what’s on the other side of the hill. You know, the one Eileen lives on.”

We all shuddered at the thought of the Crow Demon Lady. She’s friendly, yeah. But she’s still creepy as shit.

“But she won’t hurt us. As long as you don’t mess with anything she fixes or tidies up. She gets real mad when you do that. Besides, that place isn’t the only place we can look into.” Deku mumbled.

“What other place is there dude? I don’t think we can really handle finding something else big right now. So for now let’s try to stick to what we know.” Eiji glanced over.

“...Uh, that place that you guys went to…”

“What?”

“I uh, read the post. And uh, what about that place, the abandoned town. The one that connected to Eileen’s?”

I ended up choking on my chips and Icyhot, who had been lightly napping, just startled awake.

“What!” We all yelled at him, making him flinch.
“Deku, you said you read the fucking post. Someone or rather, something fucking took out the monster in one go! There’s some freaky shit that came out of what we think was the clocktower, and a building full of trapped monsters. You really wanna go to that hellhole!”

He stared at me for a long time. “Yes.”

“Izuku, do you see the scar on my face? Do you know what kind of shit happened down there?” Icyhot asked. “Oh wait, you sort of do. You read the post!”

“I’m not saying we stay until 11:00! I know the clock moves fast, and I’m not saying we go into that building. What I AM saying is that we look around that weird town or city, or whatever you wanna call it. There’s clearly a lot more to that place. We can leave early, get there, look around, and by 10:30 we head out.”

“How much thought have you put into this Deku?”

“A bit, I’m curious and I’ve been thinking about a lot lately.” He shrugged.

Eiji sighed and leaned back. “How about we look over the hill first? It’s closer, and it won’t be as taxing. Not to mention if something goes wrong, we can always backtrack to Eileen’s town. Not gonna lie Mido, I don’t think we’re ready to go back there. Same with you and the mines.”

We saw him flinch and Icyhot smacked his arm.

We kinda went quiet for a little while, not sure how to continue the conversation.

“Hey you guys, mom’s making sandwiches.” Fuyumi walked in on us. “You want any?”

Yeah we were at Icyhot’s house. My mom and dad are working on a big project so I decided ‘fuck it’ and stay out of the house for a while. They’re good by the way, granted the old hag is still pretty pissed about a few things. But she’s good.

We all said yes and looked back to our card game. Surprisingly we hadn’t broken out into a fight yet, which is why we’re allowed to play inside. Also because it’s raining. It’s been raining all day.
That’s partially the reason we didn’t go to work today.

“So, when do you guys wanna do it?” Deku broke the silence first.

“We can head out tomorrow.” I muttered. “It’s gonna rain hard tonight so tomorrow should be a bit more chill. We leave early, when does the diner open?”

“The diner opens at 7.” Fuyumi walked back in, a plate in her hands. “I hope you four aren’t planning on doing something stupid. Mom’s still on edge.”

We all looked down at that. Ms. Rei isn’t someone we like to worry, and you feel kind of bad after doing that.

“I mean, you guys just got Izuku back. And Shouto, I know your scar has healed nicely but still…”

“Yeah, we get it.” Eiji nodded. “But we’re going into territory we know. So we’ll be fine.”

Kind of the truth but okay.

“Just be careful. And please don’t set someone in the diner on fire. Like last time.” She gave us a disapproving glare.

“No promises!” We all told her.

Yeah one of the last times we went there someone else kept bothering her for her number. Inviting her to the local hotel.

Again.

Asshole is lucky we’re not allowed to kill him.
She was about to leave, and stopped at the doorway.

“Also...if you wanna be gone all day then go ahead and be gone all day. Just don’t get hurt,”

“Our sperm donor is coming back to visit?”

She nodded. “Yeah…”

“Are you and Ms. Rei gonna be okay?” Deku asked.

“Yeah, we’ll be fine. I know Touya plans on taking the week off, so there’s that. And mom kinda makes him stay on one side of the house.”

“One can we-”

“No my folks are working on a project. They’re pulling all nighters then later in the week they gotta shoot out of town.”

“Kirishima?”

“I don’t wanna go back to my house for a while my dude…” Eiji didn’t look at him. He still fucking thinks Icyhot blames him for what happened. Honestly it gets awkward as hell, Deku’s tempted to shove them into a closet to get them to do their whole make-up thing.

“Izuku?”

“...I mean. I haven’t been back in a while. But it shouldn’t be too bad. I guess.”

Fuyumi sighed. “You just want to piss him off, don’t you.”

“Yes!”
“No guarantees that he won’t visit you at work Shouto.” She hummed as she walked out.

“We have break rooms for a reason.” Deku shrugged.

“Let’s hope he doesn’t bust the door down.”

“Hmph.”

“HEY!” We all looked up at the sound of a door opening and closing, Touya walking in, a bunch of papers in hand and a large box. “Here you little gremlins. This is for you. Assuming you guys are the Holy Trinity and the Screaming Dandelion. I already made sure it wasn’t a bomb or something.” He put it on the table we were playing on.

“How so?” I asked.

“I shook it and rattled it around. It didn’t explode. It’s not a bomb.”

“That doesn’t sound too safe.” Eiji smirked.

“It wasn’t. That’s the point.”

“You want time off work or something?” Deku asked.

“Yes. There’s some creepy noises coming from the basement. I think Scary Larry is mad at us.” He actually looked scared. Touya Todoroki, Half n Half’s older brother who has flames so strong they actually burn him. Scared of something called Scary Larry.

“Scary Larry?” Icyhot raised an eyebrow.

“I’ll tell you later. Open your stupid package and leave me alone for a bit. A new episode of Judge Judy is out.”
“Fucking loser.”

“Watch it!”

We were about to open our package when there was loud screaming outside, and the door opened and slammed shut again. This time Natsuo came in like a bat out of hell. He looked at Touya and began screaming at him.

“You left me alone with Scary Larry!”

“You were the one who was taking too long.”

“Something dragged my jacket into the basement.” He whined. “And then he chased me across town.”

“Wow, a monster chasing you across town? My, I’ve never been through something like that.” Icyhot smirked.

“You little shits CHOOSE to go into those woods. I didn’t even wanna be in the stupid basement of the town house!”

“Sucks to be you.”

“Uh huh, at least I don’t come home looking like I got into a fight with a monster. By choice!”

From there a fight broke out, and we nearly broke the coffee table and TV. The walls are kind of damaged but it’s the kind of damage that’s common in the Todoroki household. So, the kind of stuff that’s easily repairable.

We were all stopped after Ms. Rei iced us all over, scolded us, then had the fire boys unfreeze us to go to our rooms. There’s a reason we don’t fuck with Ms. Rei.
So yeah, for the time being we’re kind of stuck in Half n Half’s room. So in the end that’s where we looked through the box. Whoever sealed this thing wasn’t messing around. There was so much tape, like holy shit!

Shitty Hair ended up having to use his Quirk to cut through the stuff.

“Oi, Deku. Didn’t you get a knife in the last package?”

“Yeah, but I left it at the store. I had to open a couple of boxes a while ago and I ended up forgetting it. I’ll bring it back next time.”

“Good.”

“Ha!” Eiji cheered and held up the box. “Opened it! It’s kind of heavy, so…”

“So let’s unload it then.”

These damn people also wrapped up some of the shit in tons of paper and stuff. There were four pretty big packages, all stacked on top of each other. Each one was labelled with our names. At the bottom was a sealed envelope.

We ended up unwrapping our small packages. They were covered in brown wrapping paper and what I guess was twine or something. Either way, we had to find shit to cut it with.

So, after everything was unwrapped we just looked over the stuff we got. All four of us got these thick, heavy jackets. In different colors of course. Mine was orange, Eiji’s was red, Deku had green, and Icyhot got blue. On each jacket someone put these little pins near the zippers. Each of them pretty much corresponded to us in some way. Mini explosion, a rock, an axe, and a half snowflake half flame.

The other stuff varied from person to person. They sent me something for my hearing aids, which I’ll admit is actually pretty helpful. Granted it took a fucking minute in order to get it back down to an acceptable level of noise. It amplifies my aids, and holy fuck did it leave my ears ringing until I fixed it! And, I don’t know if they thought it’d be funny, but these assholes decided to send some fucking eyeliner and an angry pomeranian plushie. You think you’re real funny don’t you?
Shitty Hair got some kind of fancy hairband, looks pretty nice. A small dragon plushie that is admittedly pretty soft. Then the last thing he got was some real fancy red hair dye and what looks like some professional hair dye kit? (I don’t know I don’t dye my hair I just help him with it). That made him real happy, no joke.

Deku got a green and white, koi plush. These people sent him boxes of tea and coffee, along with some kind of pill bottle. There was a small sticky note attached. He looked it over and raised an eyebrow, placing it off to the side.

Icyhot got a cat plush. He also got a pair of binoculars, they’re not the best but they’re pretty good. Pretty useful. He also got a book called ‘How to Deal with Daddy Issues 101.’

He threw that shit out the window.

Well after that whole thing we ended up opening the envelope to find a really, really, really long letter. Printed, and each paragraph was in a different color text. I assume so we would know who was who in this stupid letter.

So I’ll put it down here when I get to it. We’re trying on the jackets right now so yeah. Mine is a bit big, but better it fit looser than tighter. I’ll grow into it.

(Pink Text) Wow, a lot has happened since we last checked on the blog! Our friends showed us this blog a while ago and we started reading it on our own. We hope you guys are doing okay when this package reaches you. Seriously, all that you guys do is just dangerous! Why do you guys do what you do? Well hopefully you won’t have to go back to that dangerous place now that you found Midoriya again. Hope you guys have a great day! And good luck on whatever you guys do next! Hope you enjoy the plushies!

(Blue Text) You four are most likely the most irresponsible, reckless, and insane people I have ever heard of! Now, that is saying quite a lot seeing as there are quite a few strange people in my class. Either way, Hopefully everything that was in this package will be useful to you. We tried to think of things that may be useful to you. I personally came up with the idea of the jackets as I believe that it is getting cold around that time of year in America, and since you all seem to insist on going out in the woods it is not good to have inefficient equipment! As well as Vitamin D, since
you all go on about how the sky is always cloudy! Vitamin D deficiency is no joke!

(Green Text) Ribbit, hope you guys are doing okay. I’m not gonna lie when when I first started reading I wasn’t too keen on believing monsters like that actually existed. Then again, in the crazy world of Quirks we live in maybe some stuff mutated and happened in that forest. Not to mention, we actually know someone you mentioned in the blog. The one you call ‘The Sunflower Skeleton’ or Mr. Yagi is actually a faculty member at the school we go to! We see him around the teacher’s lounge helping grade papers. He seemed pretty shaken up when he came back from his ‘vacation’. We’ve actually been thinking about showing this blog to him if you don’t mind, considering only one of you seem to like him. Either way, I hope you guys are doing okay out there and please be careful. Hope Izuku enjoys the tea, it usually helps me sleep at night. As well as the coffee if you insist on staying awake for a long time.

(Light Purple) Well well well, it’s your old friend Eyebags here. Yeah I showed these guys your blog and they seem to enjoy it. We also have a friend in the Support Department who insisted on sending something as well. Just be careful with it, I can’t promise she won’t hunt down the Screaming Dandelion to see how it works for him. I sent the binoculars and flashlight (be careful that thing is very powerful and bright I nearly blinded myself with the damn thing), Stun Gun from the last gift insisted on the book. So if you visit Japan, you know who to go after....and Bubblegum also wanted to send the eyeliner. Apparently she searched up Bakugo on the internet and found your parents work with some kind of fashion company. Good on your folks.

(Black Text) Be careful out there, and best wishes from us all,

Gravity Girl, Eyebags, Class Prez, and Froppy.

Well, at least we don’t have to get new jackets, that was kind of on our list anyway.

Also…

Who in their right fucking mind decided to dub me the Screaming Dandelion!

Stupid fucking rain. Making everything wetter than fucking water. Fuck!
I’m not in the best fucking mood right now, if you can’t tell. Why?

Well we woke up early, there’s one reason. Another? I walked on the pavement and my ass ended up sliding down the driveway and across the street and into the mailbox. I couldn’t stop myself in time and now, I am in so much pain.

Shitty Hair had to help me walk to the diner because of how much fucking pain I’m in!

Deku ended up putting two and two together when we got to the diner and why I was waddling he started fucking laughing at me. Keep it up you little shit, or I’ll make sure to keep the AC down real low next time you stay over at my house.

(Edit by Mido- 7 days after original post: That’s called abuse. Besides it was actually pretty funny. Of all the people in the world I thought you’d be the last to get your goods slammed into a mailbox.)

(Edit by Baku- 7 days after original post: DEKU!!)

“Are you still up for exploring?” Deku smirked, struggling to keep a straight face.

“Yes, you sorry asshole.” I sat down.

“So, we’re going over the hill. How far do we plan on going?” Eiji asked.

“I think we should just keep going until we hit something. Remember we have our safe space, Eileen’s Town. We’d just have to make the run back.”

“Oh is that what we’re calling it now?”

“Well yeah, what else should we call it?”

“Decent point.”
Someone came over and took our orders before we went back to the conversation.

“You think we’ll find anything interesting?” Icyhot asked him.

“Maybe, not too sure. Maybe, I mean...considering that there’s a random religious based town in the middle of the woods. And another one in a deep valley. What if there’s another town? Or some kind of checkpoint between the towns…”

“I swear, if you go on a muttering rant I’m gonna-”

“What are you gonna do numbnuts, throw me into a mailbox?”

A fight nearly broke between us until a certain pair walked by.

“Woah hey there, what’s going on little listeners?”

“Oh you’ve gotta be kidding me…”

We all settled down as the second of the pair walked up.

“I thought the store would be open by now.”

“Did you lose all the coffee again?” Icyhot asked.

Aizawa gave us a look before shaking his head. “Surprisingly it was still there. But the coffee machine wasn’t working this time.”

Eiji shrugged. “You can’t have your cake and eat it too I guess.”
“I can’t even make the damn cake.” He glared.

They just stood there for a minute before Hizashi started up conversation again. “You all looked all dressed up, you guys going somewhere?”

“It’s not really any of your business.” I muttered.

“Hey you four.” Fuyumi walked up to us with a couple of plates. “Don’t go starting fights again. If you need to blow off steam do it in the forest without doing something stupid.”

We all gumbled and nodded, helping her set the food down before she glanced over at the two adults. “Hello, and welcome to our diner. You two haven’t been seated yet have you?”

“No ma’am.”

“Alright then, you can sit right over there and I’ll be back with some menus.” She hurried off and those two sat in a booth behind us.

We didn’t waste time and started digging into our meals. Occasionally pausing to make sure we were all on the same page with something.

“Oh, so apparently my mom might actually be banning Scumbag from the house overnight and make him stay at the hotel.” Half n Half spoke up. We were pretty much done.

“Oh, that so?”

“He has the money to rent a room for a couple of days. So it should be no big deal.”

“I’d like to see his face when he gets kicked out for the night.” He mused.

“May all his coffee be stolen…” Eiji muttered.
“As long as he doesn’t stop by the store, but I know better than to hope for that.” Deku frowned as he sipped at his soda.

“Technically, we can kick him out for harassment and loitering.” I told him. It’s true, we can. He’d technically be disrupting business.

“Mm, he’d be real pissed off then.”

“He wouldn’t try anything would he?” Deku asked. “I mean, Sheriff Marrows is an asshole. And Scumbag is a hero….”

“I think my mother would murder him first.”

“Yeah probably.”

We all looked at each other.

“So, we have everything right?” I asked, digging in my wallet for money.

“First aid kits, matches, flashlights, water, food…” Deku rambled on.

“Which one of us has the new flashlight?”

Eiji raised his hand.

“Binoculars?” He asked.

Icyhot nodded.

“What about the knife?” I asked. Deku nodded at that.
“I had to chase Heffer from the vents again.” he grumbled

“Is that why you were screaming?” Icyhot looked at him.

“No, I was marveling in being in a cramped space with an unhappy raccoon.”

“...Ah. Sounds exciting.”

We all pulled out money for the food and placed it on the table, leaving a really good tip for Fuyumi.

“You left your axe in the bushes right Deku?”

“Yes, Kacchan.” Little shit rolled his eyes and grabbed it as we walked by. “So, uh quick thing before we head out there.” He stopped us as we came up to the forest edge. “So uh, remember that monster that dragged those two guys to the tree and had those insect monsters eat him?”

“Yeah, what about it Deku?”

Actually, thinking about it, how the hell did he get through that when he ran away?

“My recommendation. Give that area a wide berth, though last time I went through they weren’t as active. Just because the tree guy isn’t there, doesn’t mean those insects won’t eat you alive. If we stay on the outer ring of trees, we should be fine.” He looked a bit unsettled. The hell did he see?

“Do you have any other words of wisdom, o wise Deku of the forest?” I asked him, getting a light punch from Eiji.

“Shut up.” He grumbled, putting his hood on.

The second we stepped over the tree line whatever noise that was made from the diner area left us.
The sound of cars, talking, and opening doors were gone.

Instead, we were left with the eerie silence, the only noises that would ring out were rustling bushes or a few creaking branches.

“Alright,” Icyhot muttered, keeping his voice low. It was just instinct at this point. “Let’s go.”

When I say the forest was quiet, I mean it was quiet. Usually, we’d be used to just a bit more noise. And the feeling of something watching us right from the get-go…

This time we just felt alone, and if anything that was even more unsettling.

We were probably an hour in by the time we decided it was okay to talk.

“You guys see the deer?” I asked.

“I’ve seen like one or two…” Shouto muttered.

“They’ve been pretty scarce as of late…”

“That’s not unsettling.”

“Nope, not in the slightest.”

We settled into quiet again, straining to hear anything. Although, that became difficult when it started to rain a bit. The thunder filling in for the silence.

Not gonna lie, it felt a bit relieving to have some kind of noise around us.

It was then we decided to go on speaking again.
“You know, it’s been a while since we’ve seen Grandma…”

“Yeah, that’s true. Maybe we can stop by when we get back?” Eiji looked at us.

“Maybe we should bring her something, I mean it’s been a while.” Deku shrugged.

“What do you think Grandma would want?” Shouto asked.

“I...uh...that’s a good question.” Shitty hair mumbled.

“We could bring her soup?”

“She makes the best damn stews and soups in the world. You wanna bring her some half-assed stuff from the sandwich shop or the store?” I shot him a look.

“I mean, I like the potato soup. It’s pretty good.” Deku shrugged.

“Yeah, but is it something Grandma would like?”

“...No idea.”

“Either way, it should be something nice.”

“I’d say a flower, but in all honesty, I don’t think we should trust what’s in the seed packets at the store.” Eiji muttered.

We all shuddered. We remember it all too well. For some reason, we wanted to give the seed packets a try when we were kids. I think we were just bored. So we got some pots, took soil from outside our yards, and got the seed packets.
Eiji opened his and a bunch of little spiders had come out of the packet, there weren’t any seeds in there. Icyhot opened his and a bunch of smoke had come out, we as dumbasses encouraged him to plant them.

Deku’s and mine looked normal.

Fast forward a week later and Icyhot ended up burning the plants. They fucking screamed as they burned. It was kind of hard to feel pity for the damn things that nearly killed the small group of 7-year-olds.

My dad was so confused when he saw a group of crying 7-year-olds standing in front of a pile of burning plants that seemed to be writhing.

I mean...they were pretty cool looking until they started moving around and trying to bite your hands off.

Yeah, it fucking sucked.

I remember when we ran to the store and asked Mitch all that was about. He just laughed and drank his coffee before looking at us and saying. “I told you you wouldn’t like what came up. Didn’t I?”

Afterwards, I proceeded to blow up his cup.

He was fucking pissed.

“Well...we can think about that later. For now, let’s focus on getting to the town. Then we can take a break, then head out again.”

“You think Crow Lady will be happy to see us?”

“As long as we’re not trying to take her territory, or mess with what she cleans up we’ll be fine,” Deku assured us.
“...How do you know that?”

“I mean, she made it kinda clear.” He looked at us. “After I broke her chains and she started cleaning things up when I knocked something over. And then she screamed at me and yeah…”

“Hold on, you broke her chains?”

Deku gave us a look. “Uh, yeah who else would have?”

The amount of sheer willpower it took not to scream at him, was a whole fucking lot. I saw Eijirou and Half n Half on the verge of yelling.

Thankfully, I know when to exhibit this kind of willpower.

Did I do such a thing for Deku?

Fuck no.

“You’re a fucking idiot!”

“Well, I couldn’t just leave her chained up in there!”

“Sure you could, how were you so sure she wouldn’t have killed you!”

“I dunno, at the time it seemed like a really good idea. Also given I wasn’t thinking straight, so fuck you!”

“You little shit!”

We probably would have started a fistfight if Icyhot and Shitty Hair didn’t separate us.
“Kirishima, please reel in your boyfriend.”

“Yup.”

My phone is down to 68% already. I’m gonna pocket it, and fume for a fucking bit.

God Deku, you’re such a fucking idiot. Don’t think we’re not gonna talk about this when we get back.

(Edit by Mido- 9 days after original post: And you’re a hothead Sparky Sparky Boom Boom man. Yet you don’t see me calling you out.)

(Edit by Todo- 9 days after original post: I mean...technically you just did.)

It stopped raining hard for a bit, and now it’s just sprinkling, we’re about 3-4 hours in. We’re actually making pretty good time.

We’re back on the path, the one with the paved road that was falling apart.

And you know the thing that was following us from last time?

It wasn’t here this time.

We didn’t hear any more noise, other than the thunder rumbling. Our footsteps, our breathing.

But, I think the four of us can agree that something had been watching us for some time. And whatever it was, it didn’t make itself entirely known.
I’m not sure when we finally noticed it, but it couldn’t have been too long ago. I mean, we just started being careful with our movements. We stopped talking all of a sudden, we made ourselves keep our gaze straight ahead.

I don’t think any of us had the courage to look into the trees. Because if that thing is what’s made the forest quiet, it’s probably best to stay on its good side. Or something, whatever. As long as it doesn’t attack us.

We ended up stopping at the edge of the road, where the small drop is.

“...Remember when we thought we’d find a ranger station around here?” Eijirou asked, looking at the dead ground.

“Heh..yeah…” Deku hummed.

“You know, I’m starting to think we don’t have any more of those things,” I added. “Ranger stations I mean. The towers.”

“Possibly. Or maybe we do have more and we just haven’t gone in the right direction.” Icyhot hummed.

“Or they’ve been knocked over.” Eiji looked at me.

“Or they’ve been knocked over…”

I could feel my hands twitching, violently. I didn’t miss how Eiji began to wring his hands. Some parts of his face hardening and others not.

Todoroki looked over at us. “You two okay?”

“We could ask you, idiots, the same thing.” I snapped.
It was true. Icyhot just gave a grin as the air began to heat up and cool down around him. Deku stayed quiet and stared straight ahead. A faraway look in his eyes.

“We’re in the home stretch.” Todoroki looked at us. “As soon as we get to the town, we’ll rest for a while, then go on our way.”

“Sounds good.” Eiji nodded.

I went over to Deku, putting a bit of space between us when I started snapping in his face.

“Oi, Deku wake up.”

He jolted out of his state of...I don’t know what to call it. I think it took him a minute to remember where he was before he let himself relax.

“Homestretch…” He muttered.

“Yeah, we went over that,” I muttered.

“Kacchan.”

“What?”

“Not now, okay? Just shut up and follow me.” He hopped down and started walking.

Alright then.

We followed after him, and instead of walking straight ahead like last time he took us in a different direction.

“Uh, Mido? I don’t-”
“Shut. Up.”

He hissed at us and basically told us to be quiet while he looked around the area. We walked a bit further before heading toward a group of trees. We followed him around, creeping around trees and bushes.

From where we stood, we could sort of see the giant tee. There were a few sounds of clicking, that chattering noise. They weren’t doing it all in unison, more like just making noise here and there.

“The big monster usually doesn’t come this far away from them,” Deku muttered quietly. “Usually…”

“Yeah, last time it was chasing us.”

“Do you have any idea where that thing even is?”

“No, but if it’s not here than we’re okay. Besides, if that thing even managed to find us we can just book it. The town isn’t too far.”

“What do you think it does when it’s not working on feeding those things?” Icyhot asked as we went around the trees.

“Blends into the forest? Sleep? Do we really fucking care?” I asked.

“No, just as long as we don’t die.” Deku hummed, stepping over tree roots.

Up ahead, we could start to see the tracks. Which was nice, we could take a break soon enough. Drink some water, snack, try not to piss off that Crow Demon.

“You know…” Eiji started. “Remember how all the monsters were once human at one point?”
“That’s something I’m not too fond of thinking about.” Deku shook his head. “I mean it’s interesting, but it never really ends in a good train of thought.” He scratched at his face.

“What do you mean?”

“I mean, everything here used to be a human, most things anyway. You have to wonder what changed them, what made them turn into these mindless monsters? Why? Was it immediate? How long ago was it? How old are these monsters and-” He was cut off as he tripped over the railroad track.

I won’t lie, I laughed my ass off.

I mean I helped him up with the others, but not after laughing a bit.

“Asshole.” he glared at me.

“Your point?”

He growled at me then stood up straight, looking around. He glanced down at the railroads then back up. “These tracks lead to that other place right?”

Half n Half grabbed his hood and started dragging him up the hill. “We’re not going back there. That’s for another day.”

“Fine.”

“But another question that is raised.” He hummed. “Where do the other tracks go? Where do they end?”

“No idea, but it must have been used to help get supplies around.” I shrugged. “Clearly at this place tech wasn’t really a thing.”

“Good point.”
“Maybe it just circles around the town,” Eiji said.

“No, I’ve seen a few split off from the main road. Heading to the forest, granted they’re all rusted and stuff but they’re there.”

“So maybe your hunch about another town being around here is right.”

Deku nodded.

We walked up the hill for a bit before reaching the top and into Eileen’s town. It wasn’t as quiet as the forest was. There were a few bird chirps, the wind could actually be heard. The normal ambiance was back.

It wasn’t until we sat down at the fountain to rest that the crazy bitch came out of nowhere, screeching. Deku stepped in front of us as a dark shadow raced towards us. She stopped right in front of him and floated there, staring at him.

We all watched her before she screeched in his face loudly, bringing her dark, bony arms up before putting them back down.

When she stopped Deku fucking smiled. The little shit smiled!

“It’s nice to see you too.” He said, getting a low hiss in return before she turned around and began floating away. At least she did until she turned around and let out another screech.

“Alright, we won’t I promise!”

She growled before leaving for real, going only God knows where.

“What was that all about?”
“She just doesn’t want us screwing up the stuff she’s fixed around here, and we can’t make too much noise. She says the forest has been feeling off lately.”

“You understand that thing?” I gave him a look.

“Uh...you can’t?” He raised an eyebrow.

We all looked at each other. “Dude, all we hear is screeching.” Eiji frowned.

“...Uh okay…” He scratched the back of his head. “That’s...okay.”

“Did you hear screeching too when we first met her? In the basement?”

“Yeah, I did.”

“...”

Deku was quiet for a while before sitting down and opening his pack, biting into a sandwich.

“So what changed?” Icyhot asked.

“Honestly? I’m not sure.” He shrugged. “I just...understand her?”

“Can you hear other monsters?” Eiji asked.

“Only the ones you guys understand too. Broken words and all that.”

“So...what are we supposed to do with this kind of information?” Icyhot frowned, he leaned his chin on Deku’s head.
“No idea.” He muttered.

“I mean...we have a monster translator?” Shitty Hair tried.

“Someone who can only understand one monster dipshit.”

We all went quiet for a bit, just focusing on eating and drinking. We watched Eileen floating around, reassembling broken things to the best of her ability. No not like using a Quirk, but like, putting it together like a puzzle.

“You think Eileen lived in this town?” I asked.

“Probably.” Deku shrugged. “She seems to know her way around here pretty well.”

We all made noises of agreement as the rain slowed down a bit, just a few sprinkles now. The sky began thundering loud, like really loud. So it would be pouring in a while, maybe a few hours or so.

“We should probably get going, we don’t want to be out here for too long. We’ve sat around long enough.” I start to grab my things.

“Have we, have we really?” Deku asked me.

“Shut up Deku.”

He rolled his eyes and got up with the others, shoving the rest of his sandwich in his mouth.

“So, we’re just going to go across the way? A straight line?” Icyhot asked.

“Or, if there’s anything worth looking into we can ask Eileen. We have a translator right-”
“She can understand you.” Deku cut Shitty Hair off. “You just can’t understand her.”

“Either way, we can ask her.”

“Yeah, I guess so.”

We got our stuff together and packed up our trash, since Crow Lady started watching us from afar. She got a bit closer when it looked like we didn’t pick our shit up.

We put our hoods up and made our way towards the demon lady, she watched us with her arms crossed. It felt like she was judging us.

The four of us stopped in front of her, just kind of staring. Icyhot ended up nudging me forward, I would tossed his ass in front of me but Crow Lady made a noise that made me decide otherwise.

“Hey, is there anything worth looking at around here? Past this town?”

She let out a fucking hiss and turned around, floating away.

“Uh…”

“She just said ‘of course’...sarcastically.” Deku said, following after her.

“Not too happy to hear that?” Shouto asked.

“Not particularly no.”

Eileen led us across the town, stopping at the edge of the hill. We all stood behind her.

She just sat there for a while, looking over the trees on that side of the hill. After a bit she pointed straight ahead, following the direction of railroads that split off from around the hill.
We were quiet for a while, watching her. She went eerily still for a while, just frozen. She looked at the trees until turning around and floating away.

“So...I guess we’ve got a place to go.” I huffed.

“Yeah.” Deku hummed, looking up at the sky.

“We should get going then, come on.” We started making our way down the hill. I’m gonna pocket my phone for a while, we have to focus.

“Damn it!”

“You get stuck again Katsuki?” Eiji looked at me.

“Well, he’s not the only one…” Icyhot muttered, pulling his foot out a deep, muddy puddle.

“I didn’t expect it to be so swampy...marshy...whatever it is!” I heard Deku from ahead.

We had been going at a slow pace for a while, our feet getting stuck in these puddles that don’t that deep when you first see them.

But once you put one foot forward you’re gonna fucking sink, just like that. Damn it!

“You think there was a side way we could have gone?” Icyhot asked.

“Honestly, I have no idea. We could check that out on the way back.” Deku answered him.
We’ve been walking for a bit, and we just hit this place. The air around here has this sort of muckiness to it? It feels thick and cold, and there's just this foulness to it that almost makes it feel like you’re inhaling poison. It just sits in your lungs…

I don’t know how else to explain this shit.

The trees above us have gotten thicker, completely blocking out the sky. We can only see flashes of lightning here and there, and hear the booming thunder.

“Are we going anywhere with this shit!” I yelled as I walked forward a bit more. Just a few feet ahead I saw Shitty Hair climbing out of the field of muddy holes and onto a bank.

“Uh...well we haven’t...quite…” I heard Deku start before trailing off, climbing up after Eiji.

“What is it?” I asked, pulling Half n Half out of the muck and beside the other two.

My question was answered when I saw what they were staring at.

We were standing on a bank with overgrown grass, coming up to our waists. Up ahead was a rocky path, a few small walls here and there. A lot of it was kind of smoothed over, from what I’m going to assume was water.

The path wound around, but was flat nonetheless. We couldn’t really see what was ahead, just the path. It seemed to grow darker as it went further.

“Uh...I guess we follow the path?” Deku asked.

“Do we have any other choice?”

“No...not really.”

Just as we started walking, a loud crack of thunder scared the shit out of us and nearly made us fall over.
“Mother fucker!”

“Stupid thunder.” Deku rubbed his temples.

“It’s gonna rain hard soon, so come on. Let’s go.” Eiji looked up with a bit of worry, not that he could see much. Either way, it was a silent agreement to hurry the hell up.

It was much easier to walk on the path, even with the missing stones and occasional piece falling out from under you. It was a hell of a lot more stable than the holes in the ground.

“What do you think is ahead?” I ended up breaking the silence we put ourselves into. The unsettling silence was somewhat broken up by the faint sound of rushing water. It was distant, but still there. It’d probably take us a few minutes to get to the source, but we’re not here for that, we’re here for some other shit. I didn’t have to turn up my hearing aids to hear that shit.

“Another abandoned town?” Icyhot tried

“Maybe it’s where Michael and his stupid cult are.” Deku rolled his eyes.

“You think so? But...how would they get from that place in the rocky maze to here?” Eiji looked at him, getting a minor look of confusion.

“Through that shortcut?”

“But they’d have to be in the town and they don’t go down there. Usually.”

“And if they did, they’d end up in Eileen’s territory.” Deku muttered. “I think now that she’s free she’d probably leave that town and go down the hill just to fuck them up.”

We all shuddered.
“Would she?”

“Maybe, it’s kinda hard to say.”

We all gave him a look.

“Well, either way let-gah!” Eiji tripped forward and I reached out and grabbed the back of his hood, helping him up. Some of the path had given away from underneath him.

“Agh, damn it. You’ve gotta be kidding me.” He muttered, shaking off some of the mud.

“Well at least we’re...almost...there…” Icyhot paused after a bit and looked off to the side of the path. Just a little further ahead there was what looked like an old hut, broken apart and badly decayed. The roof had caved in what looked like a long time ago, the wood damp and worn down.

“Well...looks like this place will be lively.” He began walking forward again.

“Hmm, hopefully not too lively.” Deku muttered.

We were pretty close to the main part of that place, a few more huts could be seen here and there. They weren’t like Eileen’s town, the houses weren’t built around anything. At least that's that it looked like, they just seemed kind of scattered.

The ground around the huts/houses were all muddy, and seemed to be swallowing some of them.

I’m not gonna lie, I kept looking around at the huts as we got closer and closer to what I assume was the main part of this town. Or...village I guess we could call it. It felt like something was watching us, multiple somethings.

The air began to feel heavy, and we became aware of a few eyes in the huts. As soon as we glanced over to the open windows or the cracks in the walls, they disappear. They don’t have a particular color, for some reason they feel hard to remember.
By the time we reached the end of the path, where it just became all watery and muddy; rain was pouring down hard. Thunder and lighting raging above us, echoing loudly.

At the end of the path, it was just more of a collection of huts and stuff. The water had risen a bit, up to our calves. My legs were fucking freezing.

Surprisingly, a majority of the huts there weren’t submerged. They were all scattered, all of them dark and shut tight. Unlike the houses of Eileen’s town, all these had doors that were closed. Windows were mostly boarded up.

This place looks like it was abandoned too, but maybe the people here just left.

“This place is just like that mining area…” Icyhot muttered.

“Mining...area?” Deku looked over.

“Yeah, that place was abandoned.” Eiji muttered. “While you were in the hospital and Mido was in the mines. It’s like they just up and left, they left food, equipment. Everything was just left as is.”

“It’s where we found a lot of...ugh.” I saw Icyhot graze his fingers over his throat before shivering. “Lot of shit…”

“But there are boards on the windows and some of the doors. It wasn’t just an up and go.” Deku changed the subject back to the village as we walked around a few of the houses.

“Unless they put up the boards, went through some stuff, then left?” Shitty Hair tried.

I caught a few more eyes in the windows and quickly looked away as they disappeared. It reminded me too much of back then when I would see those eyes.

God it feels like ages ago...even so it still gives me nightmares. Sometimes I wake up in a cold sweat, thinking all those eyes are on my skin again. It gives me chills just thinking about it. I hate seeing that thing in my dreams, even if it’s fucking dead.
“Were they trying to hide from- ah!” Deku stopped and growled, glaring down at the water our legs were submerged in.

“What happened Izuku?” Icyhot asked.

“Found a railroad.” He wheezed, standing stiffly.

“Stub your toe?”

He nodded.

“Heh.”

“Shut up Kacchan!”

“I think we should keep our voices down.” Eiji looked between us. “We don’t know what’s here and quite frankly I don’t wanna know.”

We looked at him for a bit before settling down again.

“Where are we gonna go? I mean, we’re walking around like idiots. Is there anything we should be looking for?” I looked at him.

He sighed and stepped over where Deku hit the metal in the ground and looked around. Towering trees, maybe a few croaking noises. Loud creaks and thunder filled the air.

“Uh…”

“Big buildings? Some dry land?” Icyhot turned to look at me.
“No, really….”

“Well you asked Bakugo.”

“Guys.” Deku spoke up.

“Get off my ass Icyhot!”

“Mido what are...oh shit. Hey, guys.”

“What!” We looked at the two and saw them looking at something up ahead.

“The fuck is that?” I squinted at it.

It looked like...lights. In a window?

It was pretty far ahead, up a bit of a hill.

We all looked at each other, before looking up at the lit up hut. Silent agreement between us. Be careful, stay together, don’t do anything stupid.

I went in front, Deku and Eiji were in the middle, and Half n Half stayed in the back.

The further we went into this place, the weirder it felt. It seemed to get darker somehow, and well I don’t know how to explain it this place just had such an off feeling to it. There was one point where everything started to feel fuzzy.

I don’t know if the others felt it too, or if it was just me.

It only got worse as we got closer to the hut, the closer we got the more we heard a weird sound. I think coming from the hut?
I turned up the hearing aids, it actually did come in handy...sort of. It sounded like muttering, and something scraping against a wall. I turned them back down when we got a bit closer. We ended up climbing up a set of submerged stairs and onto a small hill.

From there we were able to get a vantage point of this village, everywhere the houses were scattered. There were some spaces between a lot of them, and what looked like gardens? Either way it was overrun with vegetation.

We were just a few feet from the hut, and connected to that hut was a dock.

And well, where there’s a dock there’s water right?

If I had to guess, I’d say this place is the center of this town. Village, whatever we’re gonna call it.

There was a huge lake, a wooden path along the side of it so someone could walk around. The water was...weird. Like it should have had ripples from the rain, but no. It was completely still. Off on the other side of this lake there was what looked like a river? The water clearly ran to the lake but it was running, it wasn’t still. Until it hit the murky water.

“I don’t like this…” Deku muttered, fidgeting a bit as we got closer to the hut.

The closer we got to the hut, we could see another path. It went uphill a bit, leading to a cave.

We stopped at the hut, the muttering getting louder and louder. We all looked at each other before Eijirou nodded at me.

I knocked on the rotting door, and the muttering went quiet and the lights turned off.

The four of us stood there in silence for a bit, glancing from each other to the door.

“I think...I think it’s time we left.” Icyhot muttered, looking around.
“Yeah…” Another loud clap of thunder sounded out. “We wanna check that out real quick though?” I pointed up the path to the cave.

“NO!” Deku glared at me and we all went quiet. He took a shuddering breath and shook his head. “You can go in there, I won’t.” He was holding the axe in both hands now, his knuckles were white.

“Alright, that’s fair.” Icyhot said to him, keeping his voice low. “We’re not gonna make you go in there. Bakugo and I can-”

“You children. You should just leave.”

We all froze at the new voice, slowly turning to the hut that had suddenly gone quiet.

Shitty Hair looked at me and mouthed ‘What the fuck?’

“Did you hear me, or are you four too stupid to understand me?”

It sounded like an old man’s voice. Tired and angry, but sort of distressed and shaky too.

“Why should we leave?” Icyhot looked at the door.

There was a hitch in his breath, something scraping along wood before he answered.

“The soil is cursed, water poisoned. The air here is tinged with the stench of the past. You must leave. Leave!”

“If this place is so bad, why are you still here?” I rolled my eyes.

“Can’t leave...can’t leave. He’ll find me, he knows where I am. He knows that I know, it’s all their fault I can’t leave....”
“Who’s fault?” Deku raised an eyebrow.

“The Moths, The ones that brought these horrid things here...and cursed us! Bringing living hell onto us!”

I looked at them and made the sign for crazy

Icyhot nodded, while Deku and Eiji looked uneasy.

We began to step away from the hut as the man went on a tangent about Moths, something about hating them and wishing death upon them.

“Okay, I’m checking out what the hell is up there and then we’re fucking leaving.” I muttered once we were a good distance away and a bit further up the hill.

“Is that really a good idea?” Eiji looked at me.

I felt my eye twitch as things got a bit fuzzier, noise felt a bit distant. I don’t think I was the only one because the other three looked a little off too.

I didn’t really say anything as I started walking up the hill, I heard Half n Half call me a dumbass and shuffle forward.

Deku muttered something and turned around to look at Shitty Hair. They started talking about their own thing as Icyhot and I went up the path.

“And any particular reason why we’re going up this hill Bakugo?”

I grunted as we got closer and closer to that cave.

“That doesn’t really answer my question.”
I groaned and rolled my eyes before looking at him.

“We’re not gonna come back here. I highly doubt it, so we may as well get a good look at some shit around here. Besides, I have a feeling that there’s something in there.” I pointed at the cave in front of us. Even inside, it still inclined a bit. “Ugh, I’m starting to sound like Deku.”

Icyhot snorted. “Yeah, you kind of do.”

“Don’t push it Half n Half!”

Surprisingly the cave wasn’t that dark, or big. It was barely big enough for us to stand shoulder to shoulder in there, at least we didn’t have to duck down. The walk was really fucking steep, making us having to climb a bit with the moist walls. That wasn’t difficult or anything.

It didn’t help that it got a bit narrower towards the end, where a soft light shone. We slowly made our way over to it, having to be squished against each other.

“This was a mistake…” Icyhot muttered, crawling ahead a bit.

I only grunted as we crawled forward a bit more to the open mouth of the cave. The two of us stopped dead in our tracks as we found ourselves at the end of a cliff.

I whistled at the sight before us.

We were on...well a cliff with a cave. Still on our stomachs from crawling mind you.

Far, and I mean fucking far below us was an even bigger lake than the one back at the hut. It was hard to see much from far away with the raging storm going on at the moment. There was something big in the middle of the lake, I couldn’t really place what it was but it was huge! I know there was another end of the lake somewhere, there had to be.

“Holy shit…” Icyhot looked around. “I didn’t even know this was here!”
“Yeah I doubt anyone would know about this dipshit! It’s hidden!”

I saw Todoroki look around a bit more before he spotted something.

“Hold on…”

“What is it Icyhot?” I watched him dig through his back, muttering as he pulled out the pair of binoculars.

“Shut up, I’m trying to…” He put them to his eyes and looked in the direction he saw something. He went quiet for a bit before lowering the binoculars.

“Holy shit.” He muttered.

“What is it?” I asked him again. He just handed me the things and helped me look at what he had seen.

“Oh fuck.”

I’m not sure what the fuck I was expecting to see, but I wasn’t expecting a series of houses at the edge of the lake. I couldn’t make much else other than the houses and a few weird looking buildings.

“…I think we might have found Michaels cult…” I said, handing Icyhot back the binoculars. “Yeah, I don’t like this. How the fuck did they get over there if they started out from Grandma’s house?”

“Maybe that’s a different route. Either way you’re right, I don’t like this. We should go, the storms getting worse and we should get home.”

“Yeah…”

We started making our way back, kind of in a hurry. I don’t know why but just kind of seeing that shit kind of made is panic.
We got the hell out of the cave, which was a lot easier than getting in.

When we got back down from the cave and down the hill a bit, we started to call out for Deku and Shitty Hair.

The place seemed kind of...darker somehow. Like something really heavy just settled in the air. The fuzziness came crashing back and I felt my vision blur a bit.

“What the hell?”

We walked forward a bit stopping near the hut before calling for them again.

“Oi! Shitty Hair! Deku!” It was hard to even hear myself, the storm was getting worse.

“Izuku! Kirishima!”

There was a loud crash off to the side in one of the huts, making us turn towards it.

“Shit…”

“Who had the flashlight?” Icyhot asked.

“Eijirou.” I answered.

“Damn it.”

“You don’t think they took off without us do you?”

“No, Deku might be a fucking idiot sometimes, but he’s not that stupid. I doubt Eiji would even let
“Hmph.” Icyhot started to fidget.

“He didn’t leave idiot, they’re around here somewhere.”

“Okay…but which way would they have taken off?”

I looked at the hut before looking around again. I couldn’t see shit.

“No idea…”

While looking around I saw something sticking out from behind a tree, dark and oozing. White eyes bore into me as a mouth appeared on the lower half on its face.

I jumped and did a double take, looking back to where I thought that thing was. It was gone, which was good. It was never there to begin with, it couldn’t have been. It’s dead, Deku killed it.

I looked over to Todoroki and he looked pale as death, glancing around in terror.

“Izuku!” He yelled loudly, just out of fucking nowhere. “Kirishima! We gotta go!” He shouted even louder.

There was another loud crash from another hut, right next to the one that just made its own noise.

We were about to take off from the hut when the old man spoke up again.

“They’re not here…”

“Yeah no shit! Have you seen them, freaky old man?” I looked at the hut.
“They had to run...he was coming...he’s still here…” His voice got a little quieter.

“Which way did they go?” Icyhot snapped.

There was the sound of scratching before he took a shaky sigh, muttering to himself. We could hear him moving around before settling down again. Before we knew it a long, lanky arm that looked too long for a normal person.

He started scratching the outside of his hut before croaking out another response.

“You should start running. Don’t let him catch you, don’t let them catch you. You don’t want to end up beneath the lake…”

“What the fuck are you-”

“You see them too don’t you? Both of you? Your own horrors, nightmares…?” It sounded like he was grinning.

“He sees you.” He lifted a hand and pointed across the lake, where the river was coming from. “Start running…”

“Where are Deku and Eijirou!” I shouted.

I didn’t get an answer before the water of the lake started letting out ripples, and the middle started stretching. As if the water wasn’t water, more like...something stretchable, something solid.

“Looks like they got away...you’re it boys.”

There was a loud pop and crack of thunder before something
Battery Low

Please Recharge
Journal

Chapter Summary

I don't even remember starting to write something

Chapter Notes

*insert said WAH*

My battery is at 59%

I fucked up, I fucked up big time.

My shoulder hurts, I can’t really feel my arm. I think I hit my head on something, my head is spinning a bit but the fuzziness is gone. My head feels a bit...clearer? I think?

I’m not really sure what happened from point A to point B, everything feels blurry. I don’t know where Mido or the others are...did they leave to get help? I’m not sure.

I’m not sure how I got here, I’m in a pretty small crevice, back to the wall, and I think something is waiting for me outside of it. I can hear creaking all over the place, clacking, some heavy breathing.

I don’t really know where I am, I’m not gonna lie. The last thing I remember was walking into that town, seeing the bright light in the window of the hut. Everything else in between is really faded, I remember yelling at something...or maybe someone. I’m not sure, maybe some running?

I’m too scared to turn on the flashlight to look outside of my hiding hole, I don’t know if I want to know what’s out there, waiting for me.

I’m pretty deep in here, I think if I used the flashlight I’d be able to see what’s out there. I don’t think anything can come in here, or drag me out.
I’ve been contemplating for a while, a lot of eerie groans have been happening here and there. But they don’t sound close anymore, they’ve been fading for a while. I’m not sure there’s a lot of options for me, I can’t stay here forever.

I felt around the small space I was in until I felt the cylindrical item. I grabbed it and pointed it at the entrance of the crevice. I made myself press the button and the light came on, shining out to the outside. I didn’t see anything, but the groans stopped.

Everything went quiet, no footsteps, no clacking, groaning, voices, nothing.

I stared for a while, not sure if something was waiting for me to come out. Something had to be, where did all that noise go? They couldn’t have just left right?

I began scooting forward, trying my best to be careful with my arm. If the room was mostly empty from what I could see. If I got out fast enough I’d be able to get up and start running in some random direction and maybe find a way out of here.

I would probably have to get a quick look around, but as soon as I see a good exit I’ll take it. I’m here...wherever here is supposed to be, all alone. I don’t know if someone is gonna find me.

I was probably halfway through the small space when I saw something creep in front of the hole. I flinched and stopped in my tracks.

A large hand crept over and grabbed onto part of the wall before whatever that thing was pulled itself forward and peeked into my hiding space. A black, shadowy substance with burning embers for eyes appeared. It saw me, I know it saw me.

I just sat there, frozen, not sure what I was supposed to do.

It stared at me, not moving for a long time before opening its mouth, like unhinging its jaw. It tilted its head and...smiled? I think.

It didn’t make noise, just staring and smiling at me.
I started scooting back, wanting to be back in my ‘safe’ spot. I was about to turn off the flashlight so it’d maybe leave me alone when something wrapped around my ankle. I looked down to see two large hands attached to black spindly, rubbery arms grasping onto me.

I didn’t get the chance before it started dragging me out of my space, sending me screaming and kicking at the hands. They didn’t loosen at all, just dragged me out faster and faster. My messed up arm got pulled in the wrong direction and sent me into another realm of pain.

The dragged stopped for a split second before starting up again and yanking me out of the hole. I kept trying to fight against it as it held me above the ground, standing up at full height and looking me over. I was upside down, but it only made my headache worse.

The monster stretched its neck to look around me, its face getting too close to me sometimes and sending me into more of a panic. It didn’t make any sound, just looking at me and returning its neck to its normal length.

It removed one of its hands from my leg, still able to hold me up with ease, with its free hand the thing started poking and prodding at me. I hardened my face whenever it tried to touch my cheek or forehead, or whatever. Whenever it tapped me a little noise sounded out, and it seemed to make it more curious about me.

I started getting lightheaded after a while, it made it hard to focus and I couldn’t harden myself as quickly anymore. I could see that it got more and more irritated that the noise didn’t sound out like it wanted, although the irritation didn’t last long as it got curious about my skin and why it wasn’t hardening anymore.

Eventually, it stopped poking at my face and instead focused on my arm, my bad one. It made a weird noise before poking my shoulder. It wasn’t a nice poke, not a nudge, it fucking shoved its finger into my shoulder and made me scream. I yelled and felt myself thrash around as it grabbed my arm and started pulling it. Smiling widely.

“Stop! Stop it!” I screamed at it, feeling it pull harder and harder. It tightened its grip on my arm and pulled even harder.

“I said stop!” I shouted. I was about to yell again only to scream in excruciating pain as a loud pop and crack sounded out. I tried to swing at it with the flashlight and kick at it with my other foot. I shouted as I landed a hard kick to the thing and felt it drop me in surprise.
I hit the ground hard and it knocked the wind out of me. I made myself roll over and get up, that thing was holding its face and made a groaning noise. I looked around with the flashlight and saw three tunnels, no markings no signs just random. I ended up going into the one on the far right.

I heard quick footsteps coming after me while I ran down the tunnel. There were a few knick-knacks here and there in small piles around the place.

You know that would have been fine, just fine if it was just random shit.

But no. It wasn’t!

It was a fucking dead end!

I would have been fine with that if I was quick enough to dash back and choose another tunnel. You know I would have done that if I wasn’t sent into a state of shock at the sight of piles and piles of bones, at the end of the fucking tunnel!

I was about to turn around when I felt something grab my head, and a loud scream sounding out.

I don’t how I got here. Heck, I don’t even remember starting to write anything.

The last thing I remember was...uh…

I don’t really remember anything, well nothing concrete. Just some faces, maybe names? I think they’re names. What kind of name is Eiji? That’s something that pops up a lot in my head, maybe that’s my name?

I dunno.

I guess I started keeping a journal for some reason. I guess amnesia a problem for me or something.
I’m not too sure where I am. I mean I think its a cave. I’m starving. How long have I been here?

Wait hold on I’ve got a backpack on me...and it’s kind of hard to get. My arm hurts, like a lot. I think I might have messed it up like really bad.

Alright, I was able to get the bag off and there’s food! But it’s kinda damp...I don’t think I have that much to complain about right now I just want food. It’s not a lot, some fruit snacks and crackers. Ooh! Half a sandwich!

It’s kind of damp but eh, I’m hungry. I’m not sure how long I’ve been here. For all I know it’s been days...or maybe just hours. Not sure.

I’m not gonna eat all the food, I might need some for later. Maybe I’m going to be here for a while longer than I hope so.

I’m gonna get up and look around, maybe I can figure something out.

Okay, nevermind nevermind nevermind!

There’s something freaky outside of my tunnel! It big and tall and...ugh I don’t know what that thing is. I don’t think I wanna know! I think I saw another tunnel next to the one I’m in. I think there might be another one but I’m not too sure.

Uuhhh, I mean I guess I can sneak by. That thing was just kinda walking around in circles, all lazy and stuff. If I’m fast enough maybe I can get to the next tunnel.

I wish I could see better in the dark. I can sorta see, but not very well. I wish I had a flashlight.

Actually no, that’s probably a bad idea. That thing might see me if I had one.

Okay, uhm this is gonna be all about timing. I don’t know how good I am at that.
It has it’s back to me, and now it's in a spot I can’t see it. I guess this area is a lot bigger than I might think it is. Damn...okay.

I really hope I can make the right choice in getting the hell out of here.

Okay, its sorta facing me, but the distance from me to where it turns isn’t that far. I think it spends more time facing away from me. That’s good, just gotta make sure I don’t make too much noise. It might be easier said than done, I can hardly see jack.

Okay…

Okay! So it's facing away from me. Just gotta creep along the wall. Holy crap this place is a lot bigger than I thought. That thing looks kind far, and I mean I can kinda gauge that by its glowing eyes.

Neato, but also not.

Still creeping, I hate the noises my shoes make. It's like there's gravel beneath me. 

No no no no no no nooooo no no.

Okay!

Uh, I think I got that thing’s attention. I accidentally kicked a rock and that made it look up and look towards me. SO I just threw myself into the tunnel and hid behind a rock.

Oh god, it’s making this weird groaning noise. Is it trying to coo or something??

Ooooh god, it’s getting closer.

I’m pressing myself into the rock and I’m just hoping it won’t find me. Please don’t find me. Please don’t!
Oh...Oh, wait!

LE GASP

There’s a way out! It ran into the tunnel and ran at the end. Oh god, it can stretch its limbs, oh that’s so creepy. But there’s a hole at the bottom of the wall, I think it’s just a boulder or something. Oh, that thing is trapped in here! But as soon as it leaves maybe I can squeeze through that hole.

It’s gonna be hard since my arm hurts a lot...at least it's not as bad as when I broke my ankle!

Wait, hold on why did I write that?

When did I break my ankle? It doesn’t hurt now, so maybe it was a while ago? I mean it's kinda sore but still. I can probably run on it.

My head’s starting to hurt, whatever I’ll deal with it when I’m out.

Mr. Monster please leave I’d like to get out now.

LEAVE DUDE COME ON!

Oh? Has it heard my mental plea?

It has! I guess it assumed I got away, not yet fucker!

It’s walking away, kinda downtrodden but it's walking away. I wanna leave, please.

I waited for it to leave the tunnel, I saw it walk through another tunnel and I started hearing some crashes and angry growls.
I assume I’m not supposed to have gotten away. Well...too bad! Here I go!

I started crawling over to the hole, and it looks like it’s gonna be a tight squeeze. I’m just gonna...push my bag through first. Slowly, and quietly please I’d like to leave this place alive.

Aha! Okay, my turn. Arm I am so sorry.

As much as it pained me I made myself reach my bad arm forward first, just out it was out of the way. Then my good arm, the boulder really made press myself against the ground as I shimmied and pulled myself through. I’m trying not to use my bad arm to pull myself but I kind of have to.

I felt something pop and I gasped in pain, my arm feels numb again.

Again?! Hold on...

I still tried to rush out from under the boulder, I was halfway out and I could see what looked like railroad tracks leading to somewhere across the way. But it was over a huge fucking abyss. What the hell?!

I was almost out when I felt something grab my ankle, and a weird noise came from somewhere behind me.

“Oh fuck! Oh, fuck let me go! Let me go!” I started flailing around, pulling myself out from under the boulder while that thing tried to drag me back in. As if to make matters even worse I could hear something running towards me from the tracks. So yay me and my shitty luck!

I tried to kick and pry the hand off as I sat up, being dragged a bit before regaining ground. I tried to crawl away, but it kept pulling harder and harder, I was afraid it was gonna rip off my leg at this rate.

“Leave me the hell alone!” I continued to kick at it while the footsteps got louder and louder. I was making the arm stretch out as I scrambled away, but damn that thing had a good hold on me.

Suddenly the footsteps stopped right behind me, and I stopped for one minute to see some kind of
crazed asshole raising an ax above their head!

“Oh, fuck don’t kill me!” I screamed, trying to get away from him before the maniac brought it down on the thing’s arm. A loud screech sounded from the cave I was previously in and nearly deafened me. While my ears were ringing I felt my savior grab my collar and begin to tug me down the tracks to the best of his ability before getting up myself and running down.

We ran for a while, still going down the tracks I almost fell off of every once in a while. This guy kept me on my feet and from falling to what I’m sure was certain death.

It was a while before we stopped, only stopping when we hit the solid ground that wasn’t tracks. Once we stopped running, I went to catch my breath. And no sooner after he caught his own...he started to yell at me??

“You are a fucking idiot. When we get out of here I am going to kill you Eijirou, I am going to murder you!”

Ooookay. So...is he, not a friend? I can’t exactly see his face, even though it seems brighter out here. Just a bit.

Wait hold on he called me Eijirou, is that supposed to be my name? And this guy, he sounds kinda familiar…

“Oh...okay. First off, thank you for saving me. Second off...why do you plan on killing me?” I asked him.

I could feel his stare on me before he sighed in irritation.

“Are you fucking serious? Are you serious right now?”

“...Yes?”

I yelped as I heard the ax bury into the wall right beside me.
“Eijirou, I am at my fucking limit. I do not have time to play this stupid game with you. YOU do not get to feign innocence in this you fucking idiot! I came down here to get YOU because YOU insisted on coming down here.” His voice was low but hot damn...I seriously think he wanted to kill me. And the way he said my name...I’d like to be miles away from this guy thank you.

“Easy man! I don’t even know who the hell you are!” I reached out a hand and lightly pushed him away from me.

“Eijirou-”

“I don’t know what you’re talking about!”

He went quiet, going silent. I thought I could see the confusion on his face, but I’m not too sure.

“Give me your flashlight.”

“Excuse me?”

“Give. Me. Your. Flashlight.”

“I don’t have one man!”

“Fucking…” I heard him step forward, and before I could question him one what he was doing I felt his hands on me. Feeling around me.

“Hey! What the hell!” I tried to use my good arm to push him away.

“Shut up and let me find the...oh thank god you still have it. Good. I was afraid I’d have to use my phone. It’s almost dead.”

“What are-”
I felt him pull something out of a pocket I hadn’t felt before. Neat, I wish I had known about it earlier...sort of.

I heard him fiddle with it for a bit before turning it on. I grunted and looked away from the bright light, I looked back to it a couple of times before my eyes adjusted to the new source of light. He placed it off to the side so it was facing us, and I got a pretty good look at his face.

Dude looked exhausted, dark bags beneath his eyes and pale skin. A real nasty burn over his eye. His teeth were chattering and he was shaking like a leaf; on the verge of tears. He was covered in a mix of black, red, and gray which I’m hoping was paint. He looked really familiar. I knew him, I just wasn’t sure from where. Wait! I think I DO know!”

I gasped and that made him jump.

“Wait yeah! I do know you! You’re...you’re...crap it's on the tip of my tongue. Uh...Zeku?” I tried.

He gave me a deadpan look. “You seriously don’t remember me?”

I watched him, before slowly shaking my head no. “I take it that isn’t your name?”

“No.”

“Oh…”

“Your eyes are gray…” He muttered, narrowing his eyes.

“Uh-huh? And?”

“They’re supposed to be red. The hell did that thing do to you?” He raised an eyebrow.

“Know what man, your guess is as good as mine.” I shrugged.
He groaned and set down his ax, rubbing his eyes.

“Fuck...fuck!”

It felt weird hearing him cuss, it just didn’t seem like him.

“Okay, how much do you remember?” He asked, his voice was a bit gentler but I could tell it was strained.

“Uh...not much. I woke up in a tunnel with that thing walking in circles. I remember having a broken ankle, comparing it to my arm as it is right now. Uh...I think my arm has been messed up twice? You seem familiar, so does the name Eijirou which I’m assuming is me.”

He stared at me for some time, opening and closing his mouth. I don’t think he knew where to start.

“T...T-Tell me about your arm.”

“Uh, it’s kind of numb. Something popped while I was trying to get out. It hurts, a lot.”

“Damn it you dislocated it...shit. Okay, we have to fix that.” He grabbed his bag and started to rummage through it. I watched him mutter to himself, which was kinda unsettling but still. I saw him pull out a small kit with a red cross on it.

“Uh, what are you gonna do?” I asked. I saw him pull out some gauze and something else.

“Fix your shoulder.” He sighed. “Here, bite down on this. This is gonna suck but we have to do this.”

“Uh...okay.” I put the wad of whatever that stuff was in my mouth and bit down.
“Alright, I’m gonna pull on your arm and I need you to pull back. Not quickly, no jerking around. We need to do this slow.” He grabbed my hand, and started pulling my arm up so it was directly in front of me. I whimpered a few times, as unmanly as that was, and was clenching my teeth on the item he gave me.

“Alright. We’re gonna start on three. One. Two. Three.” As soon as he said three he started pulling. I started screaming, granted it was muffled, but still. I did as I was told and pulled back, slowly as excruciatingly painful as that was. I heard a few pops before I started crying.

It hurt like hell! I wanted to stop but I had a feeling he wouldn’t let me.

It felt like forever before there was a loud crack and an even louder pop. I could feel my arm again, but holy shit it hurt a lot!

“You can spit that out now.” He huffed, guiding my arm to a position where it was kind of at my chest. Bent at an angle. Surprisingly it didn’t hurt too bad. I used my free hand to take that stuff out of my mouth.

“W-What are you doing now?”

“I’m making you a makeshift sling since we don’t exactly have the proper equipment. It’s made out of gauze but it’s all I’ve got at the moment. There, that should hold for a bit.” He ripped off part of the gauze and stepped back to look me over.

“Thanks.” I murmured. “Shouldn’t you...treat yourself? You look kind of rough.”

He shot me a glare as he packed up his stuff. “I wonder why Eijirou.”

“Yeah, me too. You forget some stuff too?” I asked.

He let out a long sigh before slinging his bag over his shoulder. “No, it’s called sarcasm. Something I thought was universal. Apparently not.”

I watched as gather his things and himself, grabbing his ax and probably some more temperament.
“You know, you’re kind of an asshole Zeku.” I huffed, watching him kneel down and start to pry off the hand that was still attached to my leg.

“Yeah, I can be. But after all this shit I think I’ve earned the right to be an asshole for a bit. And it’s not Zeku you red-head moron it’s Deku. And only Kacchan calls me that. You usually call me Mido.” He grunted before getting it off.

I sighed in relief I didn’t know I needed. “Mido? That short for something? It’s kind of a weird name.” I saw him stand up straight and kick the hand away.

“Short for my last name, and you gave me that nickname dumbass.”

“Hey! Be nice…and what is your last name?”

“Midoriya.”

Midoriya, huh. Sounds pretty cool. It also sounds familiar so that’s a good thing too!

I watch Mido take a step back, looking over me before nodding to himself. I was about to ask something when I saw him turn around and lean against the wall, kind of pressing his head into it.

He just kind of stood there for a bit, talking to himself quietly. I heard him take a few deep breaths, again and again. Repeating this process until he stood up straight and grabbed his ax again.

“Okay, Eijirou?”

“Yeah?”

“We’re gonna go down this tunnel. And we’re gonna find a way out. I need you to stay close to me, and not do anything stupid. You see something, you let me know. You hear something, you let me know. You have to hold the flashlight, and when I tell you to turn it off, you turn it off. Understood?”
“Who died and made you the boss of our little duo?” I raised an eyebrow.

“The old Eijirou.” He snapped. “...Temporarily.”

I...had no response to that...I mean how am i supposed to respond to that? That actually kind of hurt…

“Hey.”

“Yeah?”

“Let me know when you get your memories back, so I can kick your ass.”

Alright, so I’m back.

We’ve been walking for awhile and, you know, I don’t really think this Mido is all there.

Now don’t get me wrong, I like having an ax-wielder on my side, protecting me while I’m in this current state.

But I’d also like my ax-wielding friends to be mentally stable and not unhinged. And...not carrying intent to murder me somewhere along in the future.

Seriously though, Mido kind of scares me. The further we go along, the more unstable he seems to become. He’s muttering a lot, and shaking violently too. Every time there’s some kind of noise he jumped and looks like he’s ready to kill whatever made said noise.
I haven’t tried talking to him, not yet. Again, I’m kind of scared to.

I mean he’s mad at me, so I had to have done something to him. Maybe we got in a fight? How bad was it?

Then again, maybe he wouldn’t hurt me. Afterall he said I gave him a nickname, which must mean we’ve known each other for awhile. And while he’s saying he’s gonna kill me he hasn’t done anything to actually hurt me.

He’s helped me so far, I mean if he actually wanted to hurt me he would have. I mean he has an ax, and I have nothing. If he actually wanted to kill me, I think he would have already.

I’m gonna try talking to him…

“Uh, hey Mido?”

“What.” He snapped, not looking at me.

“Um, you okay?”

“No.” He kept his answers short and simple.

“Okay…a-are you mad at me?”

“Yes.” He frowned.

“Oh. Uh…is there anyway I can fix it?” I asked.

“No.” He hissed.

“Uh ...can you tell me what happened?”
“I’d rather not.”

I stayed quiet, looking down from there.

“Listen, Mido. I don’t know what happened but I wanna fix it. Aren’t we friends to an...ex...tent..” I stopped walking as we turned down a corner where something. Or rather a lot of somethings were lying all over the place. The walls of the tunnel were splattered with gray and black.

So much for paint…

Mido noticed me stopping, and turned around to look at me. “What?”

“What the hell happened here? The fuck is all this?” I looked at him. “What are these things?!”

Mido looked around, glancing at the bodies of the...monsters scattered all over the place. A majority of them were smaller than him, some were about his size, he’s kind of tiny. Maybe one or two that were bigger than him.

“I happened.” He shrugged. “They’re dead, don’t worry I made sure of that.”

I just gave him a look. Sweet Jesus Mido is fucking nuts.

“W-Why did you do this?” I asked. “What the hell is wrong with you?” I raised my voice, walking over to him. “What are-”

“I did it because of your dumbass!” He pushed me away from him, making me stumble back into something squishy. “I had to come after and save you because you’re stupid! Because you wouldn’t listen to me!”

I stopped. “What do you mean because of me?”
“Eijirou, I am not in the mood to answer this. We’ve got shit to do, we need to get out of here. And I’d like to escape alive. So just shut up and keep walking!” He started walking forward.

“Why are you being such an ass? I don’t remember what happened between us but I think you at least tell me. So maybe then I can understand your reaction.”

“You’ll remember eventually and we don’t have time!”

“Why don’t we have time? What is something else gonna come down here? Because it looks like you killed everything you fucking maniac!”

I...I really wish I hadn’t said that.

He’s mad, like even more mad. Like I think he might actually carry out with his threat to kill me mad.

He just kind of bristled for a minute before marching towards me, his shaking getting more and more violent as he got closer.

I didn’t get much time to react before he shoved me into the wall where something was slumped over.

“I’m acting like this, because of you Eijirou! I don’t get to fall apart, I don’t get to cry and be scared right now! I don’t get to freak out because I’m in hell all over again. And I am THIS close to losing it! No, I have to take care of you and make sure you don’t do some stupid shit to get yourself killed! I have to get us out of this, because you’re such an asshole!”

“Well what exactly did I do to you? Why do you have to take care of me huh? It’s not exactly like I’m asking you to.”

“Because you’re my friend dumbass! And whether I like it or not, it’s still my job. Because unlike you, I’m not leaving someone behind!”

“Oh? Like you did to us? You’ve always left us behind Midoriya because you’re a fucking
“coward!” I yelled back, and then I stopped.

He just kind of froze for a moment, staring at me.

I...I had to backpedal.

“Mido...Mido I had no idea where that came from I’m sorry! I don’t know what-” He fucking punched me in the face. I had to spit out some blood before looking back at him.

He shoved me away from him before turning away.

“Just...keep walking. I don’t wanna hear anything from you for the rest of the way.”

I just nodded and followed him.

I don’t know why, mentioning him leaving kinda stuck with me...it made me scared, but it also made me feel kind of guilty.

“Are we almost there Mido?” I asked.

“I thought I said I don’t wanna hear anything from you.” He snapped.

“Well...I thought I’d ask. You seem to know this place pretty well.” I shrugged.

So far we’ve slid down a couple tunnels, he’s made me climb a few things, and we’ve been winding around for a while. I really hope we’re almost out of here because I’m kind of tired and my phone is almost dead. It’s at like 21%.

“...I think so. I think I have an idea where we are...”
“Cool, so where are we?”

He stayed quiet and just kind of stared straight ahead. Seriously is this guy okay?

If he was my friend before, how mentally stable was I? Were we like crazy or something or am I the sane one?

I guess memory loss has its perks?

Some pieces are coming back to me, but I’m not really sure what to make of them. Some phrases, some weird mental images. I’m not sure.

“Uh, Mido? Hello you in there?”

“Yes.” He muttered.

I nodded and looked ahead, so far we haven't seen anything yet, which I guess was a good thing.

“Hey Mido?”

“What?”

“Uh, quick question. Are you...alright up there? You know, upstairs?”

“Are you asking if I’m mentally stable?” He gave me a look.

“Kind of, yeah.”

“No.” He frowned.
I did a sharp inhale and nodded.

“Okay, good to know. Good to know. Just uh..”

“Eijirou.”

“Yes?”

“Shut the fuck up.”

“Right. Understood.”

I think we turned another corner before I started asking questions again.

“Were you always like this? You know, unhinged? Or is this a new development?”

“What did I just fucking say?”

“I’m curious! I don’t know you, well not right now. And besides, asking some stuff might jog my memory.”

“...You know I’m starting to wish it was me who lost my memory. Even for a bit, put some of my suffering to an end.”

“Weird request but go off I guess.”

He groaned he shook his head, a loud, dry cough ringing out a few moments later. I watched him stop and lean against a wall, coughing loudly and retching a few times.
I mean, the air was low quality. It was kind of musty and bitter but still.

“You good?” I asked him, cringing as he threw up whatever he had last eaten. Which I guess wasn’t much if he was left dry heaving for a bit.

“F-Fine.” He hissed, spitting a few times before moving again.

We settled into quiet again before I decided to break it. Yet again.

“Hey, you know where exactly are we going? Like, are we going to a safer underground place? Oh, do we live in an underground city or something?”

“No dumbass, we’re stuck in the mines. Because of you. And I’m trying to get us out. Because of you.”

The way he said that. ‘Because of you’, it just...stung. Why was he so mean to me? What did I do to piss him off? I try and try to wrack my brain but nothing’s coming back.

Why does he not like it here? If he didn’t couldn’t he have gotten someone else to come get me? Why did HE have to come, why couldn’t someone nicer come down here?

“Why are you being so mean to me? I know we probably got in a fight but shouldn’t we try to get along while we’re here? It’s just us, and I don’t remember what happened. And I don’t like you being so mean.”

“Did you already forget what I said earlier?” He snapped.

“Yeah yeah, you gotta take care of me and you can’t fall apart and stuff. But what do you mean by that? It’s not like someone else couldn’t have gotten me right? What are you the only person who knows these mines?”

“I was the only one available to come down here.” He grit his teeth. “I’m the only one that knows you’re down here.”
“...Oh. That’s rather...unfortunate. What about falling apart? What’s all that about?”

He yelled and swung his axe at a wall, hitting rock and makes some of it fall to the ground.

“I don’t wanna talk about it Eijirou.” He looked at me with gritted teeth.

I took a few steps back.

So, I guess something bad happened to him. That’s not good, that’s not good at all. Great, something mentally scarring, my partner just keeps getting better and better by the minute.

“So...where are we going if not an underground city?”

“Back home. Back to town, where I hope Kacchan and Shouto are.”

“Kacchan and Shouto? Don’t you mean Katsuki?”

His step faltered, and he righted himself real quick.

“You call him Katsu-Kats-Kach...you call him by his first name.”

I stopped. “D-Do you not know how to say Katsuki? Is that why you call him Kacchan?” I started laughing, it made my headache a bit worse but it was funny!

“I can say it.” He turned red and glared at me.

“Uh huh.”

“Fuck off.”
“Careful, your Bakugo is showing.” I laughed. I figured out why him swearing so much doesn’t suit him. If anyone should swear, it’s that blond guy. The one with the pretty red eyes and explosives. Though I’m not sure why I call him Bakugo, that doesn’t feel right. Katsuki feels more...at place.

“Figures you’d remember your boyfriend first.” He rolled his eyes. I watched him for a moment before gasping.

“I have a boyfriend?”

“Yes, yes you do.”

“And this Katsuki guy is him?”

“Mmhmm.”

“Woah that’s-WAH!” I had started getting excited and I walked faster, walking into a slippery slope. I screamed and grabbed onto something, hoping to not fall.

I grabbed onto Mido’s leg and dragged him down with me.

He yelled just as loud as I did as we slid down the steep tunnel. Getting scratched up by a few rocks here and there trying to stop or slow our descent.

Well, clearly we failed. Since something made us spin out of control and we ended up piled on top of each other at the bottom of the tunnel. My flashlight had gone flying near an exit, lighting up another path for us to take.

I heard Mido groan as the world righted itself. Just as I started to get up I felt a weight leave me, he ended up on top of me.

“Watch where you’re going next time.” He sighed, rubbing his eyes.
“Everything hurts…”

“Is your arm good?”

“...Yeah I can still feel it.”

“Good, now get up.”

Mido leaned over and grabbed my good arm before helping me to my feet. He looked around until he spotted the flashlight. He looked to the lit up tunnel and hummed, squinting.

While he stood there doing whatever a Mido does, I took the liberty to walk over and get our light source. I stood there and looked out, trying to see what he was staring at. All I saw was a new tunnel, which meant another step closer to freedom.

I didn’t see or hear anything, so I deemed it safe. Maybe Mido did kill all the monsters down here. Then again maybe not, how big is this place anyway? Maybe there are way more monsters than I think…

I didn’t say anything at first as I walked towards the new tunnel, there had to be an exit somewhere.

“Eijirou what are you doing!” He shouted, starting to follow after me.

“It’s safe dude, I don’t see anything. OR hear anything, so it has to be good.” I shrugged, turning into a more open area.

I stopped talking when I saw it, as soon as I stepped out. From our tunnel there was a little something across the way, and coming from the landing of our solid spot were more railroad tracks leading into the darkness.

It looked...familiar?
“Eijirou-” I heard him approach me.

“Shh, I’m remembering something. I think…” I walked over to the railroad, looking over it. “What’s over here?” I looked over to him.

“Nothing, come on there’s a shaft up here with an elevator and-”

“Well I’m sure that can wait, just for a little bit. Come on there’s something down here that’s kinda itching in the back of my mind, maybe it’s a-”

“No.” He snapped.

I glared at him. “I wanna head over there.”

“Fuck you we’re heading to the surface.” He crossed his arms.

“Why can’t we go down there?” I argued.

“Because I said so!”

“Yeah? Well I have the flashlight and you’re supposed to bring me back right? Well what if I don’t wanna go up yet. This place looks familiar!”

“I have an axe, and a pretty short temper, and this place is filled with toxic gasses. Our best bet is to head up now.”

“Well I’m not feeling that bad right now so I’m sure we’ll be okay for like 5 more minutes.”

“I’m not going down there!”
“Fine then I’ll go myself!” I kicked some dirt at him and started running down the tracks.

“Eijirou!” He screamed at me.

I kept the light facing forward, a few images, a few words flashes in my head.

“You really wanna gamble on that?”

“Do we have any other choice?”

I knew that guy with the red and white hair, he was hurt. He was upset, he was sad...but why?

I heard more panicked yelling behind me, but I ignored it. I could see some kind of landing on the other side. It was wide and empty but I’m sure there was something there.

“This is bad, this is really bad!”

Why was it bad. I slowed down and coughed a bit as the air got a bit thicker. It felt like I couldn’t take a full breath, like there was something bad in the air. The toxic gases?

I only slowed down my run when I was pretty close to that place. It was pretty dark, not that much to look at. I kinda jogged the rest of the way, slowing to a walk once I was on solid ground.

I could hear Mido running behind me, he’d catch up to me soon enough.

I walked around the place, seeing a few rocks, jagged stone walls that stretched way high up. It was really dark over here. There aren’t any tunnels anywhere, it’s just a random empty space. The heck is this place for?

Well, I kinda thought it was empty.
Until I saw a broken chain attached to the wall. It looked like part of it was cut off by something.

“Woah, look at this.” I turned around to see Mido slowly walking over. He was holding his ax in both hands, he was shaking pretty bad. I assume from the cold, I could feel myself shivering too. Or maybe he was scared?

Mido stood a few feet away from me. Staring down at the chains.

“Man, there must have been something wild down here.” I went over and nudged the chain with my foot a bit. “Whatever it was it broke the chains pretty bad, whatever was kept down here was kept for a reason huh? Wonder when it got out…”

“A while ago…” Mido’s voice sounded hollow.

“Honestly I’d hate to run into this thing. It’d probably kill us on sight...heh.” I shrugged, trying to add some kind of humor.

I uh...I didn’t get a response. Mido just kind of stood there, staring at the chains for a while.

“Uh, Mido? Hello? Hey, you there?” I scooted over a bit, looking at him.

He didn’t really give a response, but his breathing started picking up a bit.

I dared another step closer.

“You uh, know what was chained down here?” I tried to prod.

He only turned away,

“Mido?” I watched him, trying to get a look at his face.
He muttered something before shaking his head.

“Mido? Hey, dude I can’t hear you when-”

“It is t-time to go.” He said.

I didn’t even get a chance to protest before he grabbed my arm roughly and started marching us back to the tracks.

“Oh! Hey knock it off!” I pulled myself away from him. It’s not that hard he’s a friggin twig compared to me. “What’s your problem?”

“YOU are my problem right now Eijirou! You are! J-Just…” He angrily motioned down the track, holding back a sob. “Just go down the fucking track and up the ladder, get to the stupid elevator and we’ll get out! It that so hard for you?” He screamed at me.

“I thought this place was important, that’s why I came. You didn’t have to follow be around, I was gonna come back, I wasn’t gonna be gone long Mido.”

“And if there was something down here? What would you have done then?”

“I would have come get you of course.”

“Yes because you’d be able to outrun something in your current condition.”

“As if you wouldn’t come and save me.”

“With how you’re acting I might have actually thought twice about it.”

“You’re such an ass!”
“Yeah, I know. I heard you the last couple times!” He shoved me towards the tracks. “But I have to be because you won’t listen! You are just so...argh! Stubborn and annoying and hardheaded! So just stop being a pain in the ass for just one fucking minute and listen to me!” He screamed at me.

“I’ll listen to you when you stop yelling at me! When you stop being mean!”

He yelled in frustration, running a hand through his hair.

“You’re acting like a brat!”

“No I’m not!”

“Yes you are. You’re loud and angry, you get upset and yell when things don't go your way! When people won’t do what you want them to.” I started walking towards him, making him back up to the chains. I’m bigger than him, and even with one bad arm I could probably knock him down with the way that he is.

Shaking and scared like a little coward.

What was he so scared of?

Even with his ax he’s helpless against me. He won’t hurt me, but I can’t say the same for myself towards him. For all I know we grew apart, he certainly seems to resent me. Why even help me then? What was he afraid if he left me Katsuki would hurt him? Is he just down here to get me so Katsuki wouldn’t hurt him? Because he couldn’t face the others if he left me? Just to clear his conscience?

I grabbed his jacket collar.

“You’re a crazy maniac that’s kills monsters without batting an eye. You don’t care about taking another life, and the way you talk about killing me you’ve probably already killed another person huh?!” He almost tripped over the chain, backing up to the wall. “You have no remorse, you’re just a little brat that runs away when things get too hard!”
I stared down at him, watching him shake and cry. Looking up at me with terror. I looked down at the chain, then back at him.

“For all I know, you should be chained down here.”

He didn’t say anything, he was quiet. He opened and closed his mouth a couple of times, but all that came out were sobs. He didn’t look at me anymore, instead he looked down and refused to meet my eyes.

“You’re not such a hardass now, are you?” I pushed him against the wall, which...just felt kind of wrong. I mean I know I was angry...did I go too far?

“Look at you, even with that stupid ax and your bad attitude you’re nothing but a coward. What, you think just because I lost my memory I’d be helpless? Were we even friends before, or were you someone who insisted on hurting the people around you?”

He tried his best to make me let go of his arm, kicking at me and unable to form a single word.

“Answer me!”

All that I got back was a loud yell and he shoved me hard enough to make me almost lose my balance. He shoved past me and was sent sprinting away.

“Hey!” I yelled after him, but he didn’t turn around.

I heard myself groan and I followed after him, though not as fast. I could hear him up ahead, I knew he had to take it slow since he couldn’t see without a flashlight. I caught a few glimpses of him as we made our way back to the other landing.

I could hear our footsteps echoing all around us, an endless sea of black with only god knows what was out there.

I made it to the landing and no sooner than I did, I spotted the little maniac scrambling up the ladder. Great, climbing up that is gonna be hard. I’m pocketing the stupid phone and flashlight,
hopefully I don’t fall.

I fell like three times before I got the rhythm of how to do it, a whole grab-step, grab-step thing.

Waiting up there near some kind of metal box was the little maniac, he had pulled a lever and a loud creaking and groaning was heard from above as something came down.

Cool, I guess we’re almost out of here.

As soon as that rickety old elevator appeared and the door opened I shoved past the kid and walked inside. He followed after and kept to one side of the small space. I glared at him, and he only took small glances at me. If I made even a single move he would flinch and press himself against the weak metal.

He hasn’t stopped crying, but he doesn’t even sob. Not anymore, a small hiccup will escape him and he’ll flinch. He’ll look at me before looking back straight. He just stares ahead and lets the tears fall.

The ride up was silent, as we got closer and closer to the surface I could hear a raging storm. Thunder just booming and echoing down the shaft.

It sounded bad up there. And we’re supposed to get back to town in this?

When it stopped and the doors opened I was the first one out. We walked out to the cave entrance where fresh air greeted us.

As well was freezing rain.

“Alright you little crazy, which way are we supposed to go?” I asked him.

He only pointed in a direction and started going at a brisk pace. I had to follow of course. The sky lit up every once in a while with lighting. It kind of helped, but not much with the trees kind of blocking it out at times.
“How far are we?” I asked him every once in a while when he stopped to take a look around.

He would give me a shrug a few times before walking again, at times breaking into a run. He looked damn near terrified whenever a rustle or a boom was heard. What, were there monsters in the woods too?

“Where are we gonna go once we’re out of this mess? You have a plan for that?” I asked him.

He didn’t answer, he just stayed quiet and stepped over a tree root.

“Hey, you gonna answer me?” I frowned.

He stopped again before walking. He was starting to move a bit faster, I guess we were close. But I wanted to actually hear him.

“Hey!” I grabbed his hood. “Can you not hear me? I asked you what we were gonna do once we get back!”

“Stop it!” He yelled, pulling away from me. It was kind of hard with his jacket zipped up.

“Well then answer me!” He yelled as he tore away from me, leaving me with his jacket and just him with a long sleeved shirt.

“I don’t know!” He screamed.

“There, that’s all you had to say! So I guess we’ll figure it out once we get there then.”

I was about to throw his jacket back at him when I spotted something a few ways behind him. Lying on the ground.

“What the hell…?”
I walked past him and ignored his protest for his jacket. Beneath a few leaves, with a pool of dried up ooze beneath was...a skeleton.

It looked kind of malformed, the limbs seemed too long in a few places and a few bones looked to be missing. But it was clearly human.

“K-Kirishima give me back...my…” He stopped when he saw the thing.

I slowly turned around to look at him, I don’t know what look I had on my face but it was enough to make him shrink away from me.

“What the hell is this?” I looked down at him.

“It a monster...a-a dead one…” He stammered.

“You sure? Because it looks like a person to me! A fucked up one but still!” I stopped before shaking my head. “You killed them didn’t you?”

“I-It wasn’t a person.” He insisted.

“Are you sure? Or are you lying to me again? You just trying to feign innocence? Is that what’s happening?”

“N-No! It was a monster! It was the Mimic!” He began backing away from me.

“Mimic? Mimic?! Do you realize how stupid that sounds?”

“It’s the truth.” He whimpered.

“Uh huh.”
“I-I’m not…” He started, but stopped and gasped when he looked behind me.

“Tch. What is it?” I turned around and saw nothing at first, then I looked up.

“Oh fuck!”

“Move!” He pushed me out of the way as this thing on four legs just leapt from the tree and right at me.

This thin, gray, withered…thing barreled into him and sent them rolling away on the ground.

Mido barely had any time to grab his axe and turn around to keep that thing from clawing into him. He grunted and yelled as he managed to kick it off of him and get up. He panted and looked around wildly, waiting for it to come back.

He looked around, unable to find it. It couldn’t see it either, until it came from the trees again and slammed into him. Pinning him to the ground and clawing at his back.

I heard him scream in pain and yelling incoherent things, but I couldn’t even move. I could only watch as it clawed and scratched at him, laughing and giggling all the while.

“H-Hey! Stop it!” I had barely managed to yell.

It did, it stopped immediately and slowly turned its gaze to me. From there it stepped away from him and began to crawl towards me.

Mido wasn’t moving, he wasn’t even screaming anymore.

I watched the monster giggle a bit as it got closer and closer. It just looked me up and down, like it was deciding what to do to me first.
I felt myself hit a tree root and fall over, I was level with that thing. It’s eyes were empty, just devoid of life.

“N-No! No stop! G-Get away from me!” I shouted as it raised it’s claws. “P-Please just stop!”

Before it could hurt me, it let out a deafening screech as an ax buried itself into its side.

“Get the hell away from him!”

Mido…

I saw a pale hand grabbed the raised arm, and I watched as Mido tore it away from me and brought it to the ground. He got to his feet as it raised its head to scream at him, he didn’t bat an eye as he kicked it in the face.

“I told you to leave me alone.”

I...I didn’t like that voice.

“I told you to leave me alone! To let me go!” He screamed, kicking and swinging at it. Taking a few scratches himself.

“I told you to stay the hell away from me and to just leave! Why couldn’t you just leave me alone!” He struck the thing in the arm, taking it off. “I told you to go away, I told you! But you didn’t! A-And now…” He stomped on it’s remaining arm, earning another screech of pain.

“You didn’t! And look what you made me do!” He was crying harder. “If you had just left me alone this wouldn’t have happened! I wouldn’t have had to do this to you!”

I watched him raise his axe over his head, glaring daggers at the creature on the ground that only stared up at him.

“Why couldn’t you just leave me alone!” He cried, screaming as he brought the axe down. He
didn’t hit the monster, the axe landed off to the side, barely grazing its head.

The creature stared at him for a moment as he fell to his knees and started crying even harder if that was possible.

After a moment the creature hissed at him and he hit it with the flat part of the axe.

“Just. Leave.” He hissed through gritted teeth.

It spit at him before getting on it its three remaining limbs, hissing one more time before scuttling away. Whimpering and screeching as it went.

It felt like forever before he sat up straight and looked at me. I didn’t even wanna look at him he’s just so...he’s terrifying. He’s insane! He’s no better than the monsters around this place!

“You okay?” He asked, he could barely stand up.

He reached for me and I stepped back. He gave me a confused look as I started shuffling away in a certain direction. I knew that place, I started getting an idea of where I was.

I looked down at him, soaked to the bone. Covered in red, gray, and black blood. Shaking and crying, yet still carrying that manic look in his eyes.

“Y-You...You really are crazy. Aren’t you?” I frowned at him before throwing his jacket at him. I watched him for a bit before running off in the familiar direction. Except this time I wasn’t carrying something.

He screamed something at me and I heard him try to follow me before a loud thud sounded out. Before more crying started.

You know, I never did get his first name.
It's All His Fault

Chapter Summary

It's all his fault, what the hell is wrong with him!

Chapter Notes

See the end of the chapter for notes

“Maybe we should head back to town.”

“Shut the hell up Icy Hot and sit still. I need to finish up your leg.”

“You suck at first aid.”

“Fuck off Icyhot! It’s either this or nothing.”

“Fine.”

I’m so cold, so fucking cold. I’m sopping wet and even with my Quirk, I can’t warm myself up.

I know why Katsuki doesn’t want to make that run back, not for a while at least. I have to get to a somewhat normal temperature before we can really go anywhere.

It’s Shouto by the way, and right now we’re at Eileen’s town. Hanging out in the church, or recovering might be a better way to put it. It’s old and might be beaten up, but at least it’s dry and has some kind of warmth in it.

Honestly, I’d feel a bit better if Eileen wasn’t staring at us through a window. Just kind of floating there. She’ll leave, then come back. Just staying near the church.

I’m not sure if it’s a good thing or not, but I think she’s kind of defense mode. I don’t think she’ll come inside.
“Your Quirk helping you at all?” Katsuki asked me, getting up and looking around.

“What do you think?” I asked him.

My body was covered in ice, not frost, *ICE*. I went too far with my Quirk, way too far. I don’t remember too much after what I did, I ended up blacking out for a bit. I regained consciousness after we made it to down, Katsuki had to carry me the entire way.

“You warm yourself up?”

“N-No.”

“Can you even use your ice?”

“No.”

“Shit.”

Yeah, shit was right. It’s like my Quirk just turned off, completely shut down. It makes sense I guess...I’m too cold and my body is probably trying to shut down right now.

I’m tired, really really tired. I wanna sleep, but I doubt that’s a good idea.

Katsuki is looking for something to help me, I can hear him rummaging through a couple of the cabinets over at the far end of the church.

I have to stay awake, so...damn. This is kind of the best way to stay awake for now, it also might help to put everything down somewhere.

Alright, alright where to start.
It might be easier to think if Katsuki would stop rattling everything around and screaming. And if I could stop shaking for just a little bit. I’ve had to rewrite so much of what I’ve put down because the shaking is so bad…

Okay, jeez.

That guy that was in the hut told us to run as something came out of the lake. It was so weird, it was like the water had turned into some kind of stretchable goop. In the center of the lake, it rose from there and instead of the water breaking and just dripping off the thing it stretched over it.

It grew higher and higher, slowly moving forward. Katsuki and I were too stunned to do anything, we couldn’t even run and look away. The sky lit up here and there, but we couldn’t even see what it looked like under the weird water.

It wasn’t until it was towering over us that a loud pop sounded out, and it was like the water had suddenly returned to normal. The water fell around it, falling back into the lake. A rancid smell came out of the water like something had been rotting down there for god knows how long.

Then I looked up at the monster.

It was weird, I had gotten a glance at it. But just a moment after I looked at it my vision had gone weird. Everything went dark, yet bright at the same time. Things appeared in the corner of my vision, familiar monsters I’ve seen before but couldn’t be there!

But the large monster itself, my mind just didn’t seem to process it. It was like it was there but at the same time not. Like it had no solid body, no presence but it did.

Think of a light flickering, then try to imagine being able to see and feel that light just turns itself on and off. That’s the best way I can describe it.

I could hear it. Though it was hard over the sound of rain and thunder overhead, the way the mud squelched under its weight, the occasional crack of something in the ground that snapped.

We were frozen for what felt like forever, time just seemed to slow down as that thing got closer
and closer. Pulling itself out of the water and stomping over to us, stopping and bending over to look us in the eye.

It was close, and my vision seemed to get worse but the monster got a little clearer. I could make out a horn that protruded from the top of its head, there was another one that had been snapped clean in half. I got a better idea of the silhouette, but at the moment I hadn’t cared about that.

It went still for a moment before roaring in our faced and raising a large arm and brought it down towards us.

I was too stunned to really do anything, my ears were ringing from the ear-splitting roar. I hadn’t seen the large arm coming down on us until Katsuki grabbed my jacket and pulling me off to the side, propelling us away with a large explosion.

I fully snapped back to reality as a loud slamming noise was heard where we were just seconds ago.

We looked to where the arm was, seeing a crater in the ground. Quickly getting filled up by mud and rainwater.

“Holy shit…” Katsuki muttered while we scrambled to our feet.

I looked away from the monster, starting to get a headache just by looking at the direction of the monster.

I noticed him look around, eyes darting around between trees and different areas.

“You see the monsters too?” I asked him, still keeping my gaze away from the monster. Even then I could see monsters appearing here and there. Some of them walked towards us, while others just sat and watched.

He forced himself to look down, stepping back from where the stomping sounded out.

“The Mimic is fucking dead! Why is it here?” He yelled at me, growling when I grabbed his coat.
“What Icy Hot?!’

“Either there’s another one or that thing just makes us hallucinate! We have to go, we can’t see it and we can’t fight back!” I yelled at him, looking behind me. I saw a horde of monsters from the mines, the ones that spewed that smog.

“So what the hell do you propose we do?”

“Run dumbass!” I yelled at him, dragging him away.

I hated to leave, I mean I really hated to leave. Izuku and Kirishima are still out there, but as long as Kirishima is with him I know Izuku won’t run away and leave us. He wouldn’t leave us again, not like that.

At least I hope so…

I kept a hold of his coat and led him towards the monsters, I was freaking out. They were getting closer and closer, I could hear the noises they were making. They echoed all around me the noise just getting louder and louder.

I didn’t look at Katsuki, I just assumed he was freaking out too.

We were right in front of them, and I nearly stopped in my tracks and considered just turning around and trying a different direction.

Well, I kind of did.

I stopped and before I could turn around Katsuki shouted at me.

“Icy Hot, the fuck!”

He didn’t let me turn, basically grabbing my jacket and tossing me forward. Running all the while.
He threw me into the group of monsters he apparently couldn’t see. Asshole propelled me forward with explosions and made me crash into them.

I passed through them, but when I did a violent chill run through me. I landed in the middle of the horde, surrounded by the large group with all of them looking at me. They made this moaning noise and crept forward, reaching long arms at me with smog coming out of their mouths.

I couldn’t shake myself out of it, I couldn’t bring myself to get up and get out of there. It felt so real, it sounded and looked so real!

I only snapped out of it when Katsuki just bursted through, passing through them like they were nothing. He grabbed my by the hood and choked me while he dragged me along. It took me a minute to get to my feet, being dragged like that.

“Cut the shit Half n Half! We gotta go!”

I jumped over a piece of wood sticking out of the ground and looked at Katsuki. His eyes were darting around. I saw a few things around us, making their way over or just idling and watching us. The monsters flickered in and out, my head was killing me.

“Did you see them?” I asked Katsuki as we made our way down the hill. “The-The monsters! The big, tall ones that made smog?!”

“The fuck are you talking about?” He shouted, yelling as he jumped to the side. He looked over his shoulder to the spot he avoided. I didn’t see anything, but clearly he was seeing something.

“What is it?” I asked him, grabbing him for a moment and pulling him along.

“You can’t see that shit?”

I gave him a look, I was going to tell him what I thought was going on when my foot got caught on something in the mud.
“Damn it!” I yelled, I didn’t go down alone.

I actually hadn’t meant to go down at all. Katsuki grabbed my arm, and I meant to right myself. But what happened instead was that whatever my foot had gotten caught on just seemed to give away somehow, and gravity dragged us down.

We went tumbling down the hill, getting scratched up by rocks and stray tree roots. It took a while before we stopped and fell into a large puddle with a splat.

I got a face full of mud and dirt water, getting a bitter taste.

“Damn it Icy Hot…”

“I didn’t mean to fall!” I shouted at him, spitting out what I could. I looked up from where we fell, I could see the hut in the distance, it was a faint shape. Right beside it, easy to see was that thing. It was solid for a moment before the shape began changing again, fading in and out before disappearing completely.

Katsuki panted as he looked around. “Where are we?” He asked.

“Find one of the huts, we’ll go from there in the general direction. We have to go I think that thing might still be after us.” I told him. I wasn’t even sure about that, I had just seen that thing off in the distance, and it looked like it was just watching us.

Was it another hallucination? The stomping hadn’t stopped yet, but that thing was far away. I couldn’t see anything else, even the monsters appearing had stopped for a moment.

“We gotta get out of here.” I muttered, the more I thought about how it all just stopped the more I began to feel unsettled. Frightened. There was nothing yet everything was on high alert, I could feel my heart pounding, hear my blood roaring in my ears.

“Icy Hot…”

“Come on, I see a hut over there. And another one, it’s like a half assed path beneath the mud. I can
probably freeze over the-”

I was about to hurry off, but was stopped when he grabbed my shoulder.

“Katsuki I swear to...we have to-”


I froze, standing still for a moment. I slowly looked over to Katsuki who was looking up at the trees around us. I raised an eyebrow and slowly turned to see what he was looking at. I didn’t get very far before he tightened his grip.

It took me a minute, but after a bit I could see it.

There was something in the trees, rustling and creeping around. I couldn’t quite see it, but I was able to hear it over the thunder. There was some snapping, and cracking from above. It was deafening compared to everything else.

“What is it?” I whispered.

“No fucking clue…” He muttered back. “It’s just sitting there, watching us.”

“We still have to go.” I told him. “The stomping is there...it’s heading towards us.”

“I know, but how are we gonna deal with that thing?!”

I watched it, trying to stay as still as possible.

“You think it’s a hallucination?” I asked.

“We’ve been seeing monsters that we’ve seen before. You’ve seen shit I haven’t, is that why you
froze up?"

“Yeah.”

“Is that something you’ve seen before?” He asked.

“…” I squinted my eyes, it was hard to see it since it seemed to be staying just as still as us. But when the lightning struck just right I could see something hiding in there. Something was wound up in the trees and looking at us.

The look it gave us...it looked hungry.

“...Nope.”

“Yeah. What should we do?” He asked. “If we run will it come down for us?”

“No idea…” The footsteps got louder and louder. “Should we risk it?”

“If we do and that thing comes down, it might be faster than us.” He muttered, flinching as the thing slithered around, shifting and crossing around a few trees. It was big whatever it was.

“I can use my ice.” I reminded him.

“Would that be enough to stop the thing though?” He grunted, flinching as a loud scratching noise began sounding from one of the nearby huts. Something was in there. And whatever it was it was starting to go crazy.

“No.”

“So do you have any better ideas? There’s that thing up there and whatever that thing was from the lake is still heading towards us!” My eyes darted around, looking for some way out.

“You want to head towards those damn huts and go through the marsh? Going through these trees and avoiding that mud hell might be our best bet!” He growled at me.
“So you want to head towards that thing? Whatever is in the huts is contained in there! I can freeze over the mud field and we can get the hell out of here!”

Great, no plan or idea on what to do or where to go. We were at odds with each other and if this continued any longer we were going to fucking die.

“If you’re going to be such a-”

“Shh.”

We froze for a moment, that thing from the trees was moving again. This time lowering itself a bit. We still couldn’t make out it’s general shape, but we could sort of tell where it was.

“Katsuki…”

“I know Half n Half!” He hissed. “We gotta book it.”

I looked between the monster in the trees and where the noise of stomping was coming from. I began to slowly shift myself, so my right side was facing the monster and my left towards the stomping.

Either way, whatever happened, I'd be able to hit something. Then again, with how hard it was raining my flames wouldn’t have gone too far.

It sucked...it sucked a lot.

“What are you planning Icy Hot?” He glanced over to me.

I reached around and grabbed his jacket.

“This is really stupid.”
“You usually are.” He grunted.

“But if I do this right it might work…”

“Might?! We don’t have time to be putting up with half baked ideas Icy Hot!”

“Like you have a better plan?”

He went quiet, which said a lot.

“What are you going to do?” He asked. I felt the hairs on my neck rise a bit as a low moan was heard. Whether it was from the huts or whatever was heading towards us I have no idea. And I’d still rather not know.

“I’m gonna make a wall at this...tree thing. And if whatever is heading towards us charges I should be able to hit it with my flames.” I told him, bracing myself. I was already cold, I could feel my body getting colder all around.

“You think my explosions will do anything?”

“We’re not looking for a fight.” I told him, slowly backing up. He caught on and moved with me. “We’re just looking for an escape.”

“And my explosions won’t help us escape?!”

“They’re loud and will draw more attention. Not to mention we don’t need you messing up your arms. Now shut up and get ready…”

The thing in the trees started moving again, and a shadow was cast over us from where we had fallen. My headache was coming back, worse than ever. It was now or never.
I shifted back, little by little so Bakugo could brace himself and get ready to run. When whatever was in the trees came down to our level and a loud roar was heard from above we took off. I let off a harsh wave of ice and heard it collide with something that let out a scream.

The thing above us reached for us but backed away once my flames had raged. It was for a moment but that was all we needed in order to get away. We bolted towards the huts, the scratching getting louder. After a while they were accompanied by cries and shouts.

I tried not to look at them as we passed them by, I tried to just keep moving forward to avoid the monsters. I ended up glancing at them, hoping to see nothing.

Nope.

Through the holes and cracks in the huts I saw a few people in there. People. Gray faces with wide, bloodshot eyes stared at us as we ran by. When I looked at some of them the scratches and shouts became louder and louder.

A lot of the yelling was indecipherable, sounding like random noise with no meaning.

The rest that I could make out?

They were calling us, begging us to come back for them and let them out. Somehow, the further we went away the louder their wails got. We ignored it for the most part, doesn’t mean it scared the hell out of us. Especially when a few loud crashes sounded out. Implying that whatever was inside was now out here. Or in the least they began breaking down the walls.

“What the f-”

“Just keep running!” I shouted, grunting as I nearly tripped over something in the mud.

There was a loud shattering noise that let us know whatever my ice had blocked had broken through. That thing was strong, which is not good.

Then again we didn’t even know how far that thing would follow us.
Everything has a comfort zone, it’s own territory. This thing probably wouldn’t go too far.

At least that’s what we were hoping for.

“We’re about to hit the mud field!” I shouted at him.

“Alright, so?”

I saw it up ahead and began to brace myself, I felt myself cooling down further.

I made both of us skid to a stop in front of the mud fields. If we had just gone through we would have lost whatever ground we gained, and whatever was behind was was bound to catch up.

“Oi. hurry-”

“Shut up!” I shouted, putting a foot atop the mud and activating my Quirk. A loud crackling was heard as my ice spread around the entire field. I watched it go, stretching over in the distance.

“Go!” I yelled at him, putting a cap on my Quirk. It felt like the air was knocked out of me, even without me using it I could feel the frost on my skin hardening, getting colder and colder.

I didn’t think too much on it at the time, just focusing on getting across the ice field. It was slippery, and Bakugo wasn’t exactly a big fan of that. He kept slipping and sliding here and there, doing his best to propel himself forward with whatever little explosions he could muster.

I could run on ice with ease, I didn’t have any trouble. But it did become trouble when something began pounding on the underside of the ice. Muffled banging that began cracking some of the ice.

The stomping stopped for a bit, and for just a second the headache let up. I thought that thing had given up...until I could hear loud shattering from behind. The ground shook and the two of us nearly fell over.
I caught Katsuki and kept him from falling over. We looked over to see the shifting figure, it stomped through the ice, making cracks that stretched all across the field.

It was kind of slow compared to how it was on the hill, but that didn’t mean we were in the clear. Especially as the banging beneath the ice got harder and louder.

It was a big field, and at the rate we were going there was no way we were going to be able to get to the other side. Especially when the rustling came from somewhere around us. It was hard to tell where it came from, but it was moving fast.

“Move. Move move move move!” I screamed, dragging us to a different direction rather than straight ahead, and away from the rustling. Just as we moved from where we were standing something broke from below.

“What the fuck!”

I looked over my shoulder to see something dragging itself out of the mud and onto the ice, clawing forward and looking up.

“Help…” It rasped. It loud out a loud, gasping cough. “Help me!”

I ran faster, especially as more and more ice shattered where we were just a few steps before.

“What the hell is this?” I shouted.

Katsuki grunted as he managed to get to his own feet, still hanging onto me for support.

“Where the hell are we going?” He shouted.

“Away from here! We’re not gonna make it to the other side!”

“So you want to run into the woods? Isn’t what I said earlier shithead!”
“Shut up and keep running!”

“Oh fuck!” Katsuki shouted, he fell over and dragged me down too. I hit the ground hard, like really hard. I heard a crack and I saw stars for a minute. It took me a minute to start moving again, it was kind of easy to do when Katsuki was shouting in panic.

I got to my knees to see something grabbing onto his leg and dragging him back. He screamed and kicked at it, trying to set off a few explosions to get it off of him.

I grabbed his arm and pulled him back, trying to get him free.

“Son of a...let me go bastard!” I went deaf for a moment when he let off a large explosion. He had been saving that one for a while...

We were blasted back a bit, and I saw an arm go flying back into the mud as we rolled away onto more fragile ice.

I could only hear ringing for a while as we got up and started to run again. The tremors on the ground getting more and more powerful, faster.

“Damn it Bakugo!”

“Just run you dumbass! I didn’t see you coming up with any solutions!”

I kept icing everything over to the best of my abilities, but I was starting to slow down. I could feel myself beginning to freeze over, and I couldn’t thaw myself out fast enough. Not without melting the ice we were running on and giving away our location to whatever might be in the distance.

“Keep up Icy Hot!”

“I’m trying…”
It felt like forever before we hit mud again, and before I could freeze it over I felt more solid, stable ground beneath us. There was still a bit of mud and water here and there, the rain didn’t help in the slightest.

The stomping was gone, but the rustling was still there…

I could hear a roaring sound between the beats of thunder. Rushing water, there was probably a river nearby that was flooded.

“Bakugo.”

“What Icy Hot?” He was out of breath too, starting to slow down. Kind of hard when we were heading downhill again.

“We out of the mud field?”

“What do you think?”

“Yes?”

“We are idiot, can’t you see that?”

I elbowed him hard in the ribs and earned a shove.

“The hell was that for asshole? If you’re going to elbow me don’t coat yourself in ice!”

“I’m not coated in…” I slowed down, almost stopping. I held up my arm and looked at it, my jacket was gathering a frost. I pulled down a sleeve and was met with the sight of my arm iced over.

“Oh…”
“Holy shit. What the hell…”

“I overdid it.” I answered him. I tapped on the ice and it was solid, if I pried it off it was probably gonna hurt. I didn’t feel numb, but that didn’t mean that I should’ve stayed like that.

“Are you gonna thaw yourself?” He asked.

I was about to say no when we heard more cracking from behind us, and a loud moan that a chill down our spines. We weren’t safe yet.

We ended up taking off in the direction we thought Eileen’s town was, just kind of running along the mud field that was uphill. But the further we went the further down we headed and the higher the hill got.

I took Icy Hot’s phone away, he’s going to have to finish this little story a little later. His phone is at 19% and we’re gonna have to be taking off pretty soon and

I took my phone back. Yeah my phone is pretty low, and as much as I’d like to get out what the hell happened after we went into the darker part of the woods I think it’s time to go.

I’m starting to get a bit fidgety, I have a pretty bad feeling and I don’t know why. We’re safe here, the monsters won’t come up into the town they know better.

Not that anything can get here from the side we came back from. Not without a decent hike at least. And I highly doubt anything will be able to climb that.

I’m somewhat thawed out, a lot of the ice is pretty much gone. Just a bit of dampness on my clothes. I’m still kind of cold, but I don’t feel as bad as I did a while ago. Bakugo helped with that, using small pops from his hands to help me out.

I still can’t use my Quirk, it’s a bit out of whack. I tried to use my fire but I could only make minimal flames. The ice part of it won’t seem to respond, I guess my body is still shutting down in a way. I’m...not sure how to solve this. I’m still tired, more exhausted than I was earlier but still. I think I have enough in me to get going.
“Can you get up?”

“Yeah…”

Bakugo grabbed my hand and helped me up, my leg felt a bit stiff but I figured it would pass as we headed out.

“It’s still raining.” He looked out the window.

“Yeah, but there’s not as much lightning or thunder anymore.”

Whatever was left of the storm was mostly just a heavy drizzle. There was a lightning strike that lit up the sky every once in a while, a distant clap of thunder.

“We’re probably gonna need your phone flashlight at some point, quit typing you fucking idiot.” He keeps trying to snatch the phone away from me. I’ll put it away when I put it away.

Eileen is at the door of the church, watching us and waiting for us to get out. I think she plans on helping us out of this town. At the moment, I don’t really care. I just wanna get home and find Izuku.

I really hope he’s okay, I mean he and Kirishima must be. They had gotten away before that thing chased us. They probably just took a long way back to town. Their phones might be dead, I tried to text Izuku and I haven’t gotten any kind of message back.

Like I said, their phones might be dead. Or they might be in a dead spot.

I really hope they’re back home. Either resting or getting some kind of treatment for whatever injuries they might have. I just want them to be okay.

Especially Izuku.
I’m glad Kirishima is with him, because as long as he’s not alone he won’t run. He won’t leave us.

Okay, I have to go. Katsuki if giving me the eye, and I don’t feel like having my phone being taken away. It’s like 1 in the morning…I’ll update a little later.

“Crow Lady is fucking creepy.”

“She has a name.” I glared at Katsuki.

“Doesn’t change the fact that she’s creepy.” He grunted, creeping around a tree.

“Yeah, I guess so.” I nodded. I couldn’t exactly deny it, it was true. She was kind of unsettling to be around. She just has this eerie air to her that gives me anxiety whenever I’m near her.

It’s 2:31, the rain has let up a bit. I’m still cold as hell, but I think we’re almost home.

“Do you even know where you’re going?” I asked, leaning against a tree.

“I’m following the path asshat, we’re past the tree bugs it’s pretty much a straight shot home from here.”

“Uh huh…”

I can feel myself dozing off here and there, the thunder helps to startle me awake. Katsuki almost helps, by smacking me over the head and whisper shouting at me whenever I start to blank out. I still hit him back.

“You think Izuku and Kirishima are waiting for us?” I asked.

“Hope so, they may be idiots but they’re not stupid. They probably decided to head in the general
direction of the town after they escaped whatever that thing was.” He huffed, flinching at thunder that rang out.

“That wall is pretty big, you think they’ll be able to get past it?” I asked.

“They left before us, so they had more time to get out of there.” He frowned.

“...And if they didn’t?” I asked.

I ended up getting a punch for my troubles, and Katsuki grabbed up arm and hefted me up.

“Alright, I’m getting up I’m getting up!” I took my arm back and glared at him. “But you know that might be a possibility Katsuki.” I frowned, I had been thinking about it this entire time. It made me want to go over to where it was and melt the damn thing down.

But I couldn’t, even if I wanted to. My Quirk is messed up, and those things might still be there, waiting.

“They got out before us, besides I’m sure there are some other ways to get out of there besides on foot. If they’re not hurt they might be able to climb a tree.”

I could only hum and follow after him.

“Oi Katsuki.” I looked at him. I wanted to keep talking, I couldn’t stand the quiet, it felt like there were too many things around and you know what there might be. But right now I needed to hear something other than my own thoughts and the rain.

“What is it Half n Half?” He looked over his shoulder, making me look over mine. I frowned as I saw a deer, it just stood there, watching us. After a flash of lightning it disappeared, making us look forward again.

“You think Michael’s cult had anything to do with what that guy said?” I asked. “Cursed soil, poisoned water, and tinged air. Sounds like some cult shit.”
“If I had to guess, yeah. Considering what we saw…” I saw him shudder. “What the hell do you think they do over there?”

“Whatever cults are supposed to do I guess, creepy hut guy said something about moths. Which is what I assume they call themselves?”

“Must be a pretty old cult, considering how damaged the buildings were.”

“It kind of makes me wonder what the town looked like in its prime.” I hummed.

“The paths we find were probably carved out better and easier seen back then. If I had to guess some shit went wrong and everyone turned into monsters.”

“You think that’s it?” I asked. “Just so cut and dry?”

He growled and tried to hit me, only to miss as I stepped back. “Shut up Icy Hot! You’re starting to sound like Deku!”

“Please, Izuku would be muttering to himself instead of actually asking opinions.” I snorted.

“You still ask so many damn questions. It’s annoying! And it’s not like we’re gonna find any answers anytime soon. So why bother asking, we should be focusing on getting home damn it!”

“...You think Grandma might know anything?” I asked.

“Maybe, we can ask her when we see her next time. We still have to figure out what the hell we’re gonna bring her.”

“Maybe some new needles, the ones she has now are kind of old.”

“Do we even have those in the store?” Katsuki raised an eyebrow.
“Yeah, I think I might have seen them in aisle 17.”

“...That tells us nothing dipshit. You know the aisles move around.”

“Well I’m just saying it might be somewhere near there.” I almost pushed him off to the side.

“Whatever, we’ll deal with it when we get there.”

“Fine.”

We were silent once again. Trees were rustling, the rain pattering against everything...it was deafening. But at the same time too quiet.

“Hey, Bakugo.”

“What?”

He was starting to get pissy, he was tired. I was tired. I didn’t exactly care, I just wanted to keep talking. I knew we were almost back to town, even in the dark everything was starting to look familiar.

“You remember the plan we made as kids?”

“Which one? We were pretty stupid back then.” He swatted a branch out of the way.

“The one where we said we were going to leave this town once we graduated. We were gonna explore the rest of the country and see what normal towns look like. Heh, kind of funny to consider this our ‘normal’. Monsters everywhere and freaky towns here and there.”

“Yeah, I remember. What about it?”
“You think we’re gonna go through with that plan?”

He stopped for a minute, turning around to look at me.

“What the hell got you thinking that? Of course we’re gonna go through with it. Just, not until we’re older, since the school’s gone.”

“Until we’re what, 18?”

“Yeah, sounds good to me. We’ll have a shit ton of cash then from working. We can go anywhere we damn please.” He started walking again.

“How much you wanna bet that even then, we’d still try to find some creepy shit to explore?”

“Tch, knowing us we probably will. We’ll probably be even more stupid about it though.”

I gave him a look. “I think you mean better. We’ll be a bit more seasoned, and I have a feeling the places we’ll look into won’t have cult shenanigans going on.”

“Or monsters.”

“Or weird towns…”

“Normal…but in a weird way.” He shrugged.

“I guess.”

We stopped as we saw what was ahead. Dull lights in a building just a couple yards ahead. Mrs. Rodriguez was probably doing a late cleaning of the diner.
“So what brought that on?” Katsuki asked, crossing his arms.

“So what brought that on?” Katsuki asked, crossing his arms.

“He stared at me for a minute before shaking his head. “Whatever, let’s go home…”

Just as we were about to walk forward we heard a loud shriek, and the panting of what sounded like a crazy animal. We froze and looked around, not having much light to draw on.

It wasn’t until a flash of lighting lit up the sky we were able to spot what we were looking for.

Just a couple feet behind us, running away from us was the Crawler. It took me a minute to register that it was missing an arm. A fucking arm!

Which meant…

“What the fuck!” Katsuki shouted, putting his hands up just in case.

The thing froze and looked up, glaring at us. Thick, gooey blood dripped from the stump where an arm used to be. It hissed before spitting as us and starting up it’s run again. It ran like a bat out of hell, just as soon as it came it was gone.

“Holy shit…”

“I can only think of one person that can do a number on that thing.” I muttered.

“We looked at each other before breaking into a run, heading towards where the monster was running away form.
“Izuku!”

“Eijirou!”

We dodged past trees, bobbing and weaving around while shouting. We could hear a few things rustling around with an occasional hiss or growl. We couldn’t give a damn, we just had to find them and get to them. Then we could go home.

“Shitty Hair, you’d better answer me!”

I lagged behind Bakugo a bit, my leg was still killing me. I just had to keep him in my sight and not leave too much too much space between us.

“Izuku Midoriya, where the hell are you!” I shouted. I couldn’t hear anyone shouting back, they had to be further up. They couldn’t have gone too far, hell they couldn’t have been too far.

“Eijirou!”

We ended up stopping for a minute, looking around. We listened for something, anything. Any kind of answer.

“Where are they?”

“Shh.” Katsuki frowned, turning up his aids.

He was quiet for a minute, looking down.

He grit his teeth before taking a deep breath.

“EIJIROU!!”
The forest went quiet for a minute, the rain was the only thing we could hear.

“...Bakugo-”

He suddenly looked up in a different direction.

“Let’s go!” He shouted, taking off.

We ran forward, it was the general direction the Crawler came from but more towards the town.

“What did you hear?” I asked as he turned down his aids.

“Someone shouting, I think it was Shitty Hair.” He answered. “I think he heard us, but he doesn’t know where we are.”

“Did you maybe hear Izuku?” I asked.

“...No. He might be unconscious. Or they split up.”

“They’re not that stupid!” I glared at him.

“Something might have happened, and I didn’t say they did I said they might have.” He shouted at me.

I frowned then looked ahead, seeing someone up ahead.

“Izuku?” I shouted, making the figure freeze.

Katsuki growled and ran faster. “Eijirou!”
It wasn’t until we got closer that we heard them respond.

“Hello?”

It was Kirishima’s voice. He was there, which meant that Izuku couldn’t be too far away!

“Eijirou!” Katsuki sped ahead of me, trying to slow down.

I watched him fail and just crash into Kirishima, falling to the ground. I couldn’t help but chuckle as I ran over, standing off to the side while I looked for Izuku.

“Shitty Hair, you fucking...shit.” Katsuki shook his head and hugged him. They stayed like they for a minute until Katsuki started talking again.

“H-Hey...? Uh-”

“Why the hell didn’t you head towards the cave? Why didn’t you come to find us!” He yelled.

“I-I’m sorry! But...”

I drowned out his babbling as they got up, I was still looking for Izuku. I didn’t see him, hear him. He would have run at me, maybe crying or scared out of his mind. Or even both.

“Izuku!” I yelled, stepping away for a moment. Why wasn’t he there? Where was he?

I could feel myself start to panic.

I started to panic for a moment before going over to Kirishima and grabbing his shoulders. I pushed Katsuki away and looked at him.

Kirishima was scratched up and covered in bruises. His cheek was swollen, and there was a bit of
blood in the corner of his mouth. His arm was in a make-shift sling made out of gauze. I could only hope that Izuku looked the same if not a bit better.

“Kirishima. Hey! Kirishima, look at me. Where is Izuku? Why isn’t he with you?” I asked.

He gave me a confused look, looking me up and down. “What? Hold on you’re....wait. Wait, back up. Say that again?”

I groaned and tightened my grip, I stopped when he yelped in pain. His arm was still kind of messed up, I had to keep that in mind.

“Where is Izuku? Where is he, why isn’t he with you?” I asked, my voice rising in volume.

Katsuki looked around, walking away and walking around for a bit. “Where the hell is Deku…?”

Kirishima looked up for a moment, seeming to realize who I was talking about before scowling.

“Oh...OH, you mean Mido?” He asked.

“Who the hell else would we be talking about Shitty Hair?” Katsuki walked over.

Kirishima huffed and shook his head. “I got out while I could, I left that little maniac back there. He’s fucking crazy!”

We stopped, and I stared at Kirishima for a moment.

“W-What did you just say?”

“Hold on, start at the beginning Shitty Hair, and make it quick.” Katsuki stepped towards him.

He shuddered and shook his head. “He saved me from this weird thing in a cave, I don’t remember
how I got there. He kept threatening to kill me while we were in the mines, I think he was on the verge of killing me along with whatever else was in there. He only stopped his shit attitude once I called him on his BS and I guess I scared him straight. But then when we got out this thing came out and attacked us, clawing him up! Then that thing came at me before Mido fucking took it’s arm off and beat the hell out of it, screaming at it to leave him alone. I got the hell out of there before he could turn on me, he’s crazy!”

I could only stare at him while he looked at us for sympathy. What the hell is wrong with him?

I began to tighten my grip on his shoulders again, making my fingers dig into his shoulders. He started to protest but I made sure I held him there.

“You left him? You-You left Izuku, after he saved you, and after he was wounded by the Crawler?” I felt myself starting to heat up and cool down. It hurt like hell, it was like my body wasn’t able to handle it.

“O-Ow! Hey, stop!” He shouted.

“Icy Hot…”

“You son of a bitch…” I grit my teeth and before he could open his mouth to complain I punched him in the fucking face. He yelled and stumbled back.

“You son of a bitch! What the hell is wrong with you! After he saved your ungrateful ass what the hell is wrong with you!”

“Half n Half knock it off!” I fought with Katsuki as he dragged me off of Kirishima. His face was covered in blood and new bruises. I guarantee you I would have gladly broken his nose, even his jaw if given the chance.

“Jesus what the fuck is wrong with you? Agh...He’s crazy! He threatened to kill me! You should have seen him, he probably was going to kill me!” He yelled.
“I am going to kill you! You don’t just leave someone who’s hurt like that what the hell is wrong with you!”

“Shut the fuck up! Both of you! Eijirou we will talk about this later. Icy Hot, cool your shit.” He threw me back. I was about to yell at him when I saw his face. He looked like he was barely holding it together.

“Where did you come from, where was the last place you saw Deku?” Katsuki asked him.

Kirishima raised an eyebrow. “Why do you guys care? Didn’t you hear me when I said-”

“Answer the question Shitty Hair!” He yelled, his hand sparking a bit.

“I came from that way. I doubt the little psycho went anywhere he’s pretty messed up.”

I gave him one last sock to the face before taking off where he had pointed.

“Icy Hot hold up! Son of a bitch...get over here Shitty Hair!”

I couldn’t hear them after a bit, I just kept running forward.

“Izuku!” I screamed. I just hoped he would answer. I didn’t care just as long as he would answer, whether it be a shout or a scream. I just wanted him to answer.

“Izuku where are you!”

I could hear rustling from behind me and some swearing, so I knew it was just Katsuki, probably dragging Kirishima along with him.

“Izuku!” I screamed again and again, running as fast as I could. He had to be here somewhere he had to!
He was hurt, and if he went anywhere it had to be towards town or maybe in the direction Kirishima was heading.

He has to be somewhere around here, he has to be.

I kept running until I ended up tripping over something, falling over and rolling away a few feet.

I groaned and slowly got up, my leg was messed up. I would feel something warm running down it, I knew I reopened the wound.

I got to my knees and looked around, lightning flashing through the sky. I caught a glimpse of a green, muddy jacket on the ground.

I heard the other two coming up as I grabbed the jacket. I looked over the jacket, looking for something, anything. I only found the small pin shaped like an axe…

When the sky flashed again I could see a few tracks in the mud, looking like something was half dragged half walked. Trudging along. Along the tracks his axe was lying there, abandoned. Covered in gray and black blood.

“Icy Hot, what’d you find?” Katsuki asked.

“Is the little maniac still here?”

“...He’s gone.”

I could feel their eyes on me as I stood up. I didn’t look at them as I started to walk forward, following the tracks. I picked up his axe, wrapping it in his jacket.

“He made those tracks?”
“He’s heading towards town, what do you think?” I snapped, I glared at Bakugo as I ran forward. I could only hope he was just somewhere up ahead, maybe still making his way to town. Or maybe he’s already home and getting patched up. Or...hell I’d even take him lying on the ground.

He’d be there, we’d get him back. We’d know he was okay!

“Are you seriously worried about the-”

“Call him a maniac one more time Eijirou and I will burn you to a fucking crisp do you understand me!” I screamed at him. “You don’t get to talk about him, I don’t want to hear another word out of you. Not one damn word, do you understand!”

I looked over my shoulder to see him flinch, he stepped behind Katsuki and looked down.

“He’d better be okay, for your sake.” I hissed, running forward.

I knew this place well, a little too well. We were going to come out by the school, and somewhere around there was the hotel.

Worse case scenario if he couldn’t get to my house, maybe he would go there. Scumbag was probably there, but Aizawa and Yamada were too. They seem to have a good sense of reason about them.

We made it out in what must have been record time, sprinting out of the trees and towards the town.

“Izuku!” I screamed, running in the middle of the street. We were out of tracks, so all that was left was just to call out for him. He has to be around here somewhere.

“Deku!” Katsuki was calling for him too.

Kirishima was glaring straight ahead, not even helping. The hell is his problem?!
We lost our steam as we approached the hotel, panting and coughing.

I was on the verge of tears, I could feel myself losing it. Everything was hurting, we couldn’t find Izuku, and it was all Kirishima’s fault! He should have stayed with him, he should have helped him!"

“Where the hell would he go?” Bakugo asked, looking around.

“He’s killed a bunch of monsters. I’m pretty sure he’s okay.” Kirishima huffed. “I think it’d take a lot to get rid of him.”

I turned around and glared at him.

“Shut your mouth Kirishima, you don’t get to complain.”

“Ugh, you sound like that little mani-”

I didn’t let him finish as I tackled him. He shouted as we crashed through the doors of the hotel and into the lobby.

“Oi!” Katsuki ran forward and tried to separate the two of us as we fought, though it was far easier for me to beat the crap out of him. Katsuki ended up getting punched a few times, and it pissed him enough to fight against the two of us.

We shouted and rolled around, knocking over random things here and there. There were a few crashes and we couldn’t care less.

This went on for a while until there was a loud shout and all of a sudden the three of us were all wrapped up in some kind of cloth. We were separated and I was dragged towards someone while I could see Yamada grabbing a hold of Bakugo and Kirishima.

I looked up to see Aizawa glaring daggers at the three of us.
“It is 3 in the morning, what the hell is going on here!”

Chapter End Notes

I've got a Discord y'all! Feel free to come by!

https://discord.gg/yFZPD5K
I'm...Fine

Chapter Summary

I'm...well I'm alive

Chapter Notes

Discord:
https://discord.gg/yFZPD5K

Hello yes! I am alive!

See the end of the chapter for more notes

I'm tired.

I'm really, really tired.

I'm not sure how long I've been here, but I know it's been a while. I don't remember trudging over here, there are a few pieces missing. But they can't be too important, so I won't bother.

I only remember getting up and then collapsing in a warm place after getting clawed up...and left behind.

My back is killing me, it hurts to move. It hurts even more to breathe. I know my ribs are bruised up pretty bad, and my arms are all wrapped up. I messed those up too, I’m surprised I didn’t pass out sooner from blood loss or pain alone.

I didn’t exactly have a choice, I had to keep it together.

And then what good did that do for me in the end?

Kirishima left me, just like the others had. They leave, they’ll always leave me behind. Why even
keep me around?

I’m Quirkless, so I don’t really bring much to the table in terms of worth. I’m not exactly always okay up there, so there’s that. It’s a struggle to do the simplest things like sitting up or even typing.

Kirishima might be right, maybe I am crazy. I hurt people, and things and I only seem to cause trouble whenever I’m around. I make the others scared whenever I’m gone...but they’re better off without me. I can’t even function properly.

I’ve hurt people...and I hate myself every day for it.

“Izuku, are you hungry?”

“Not really, thanks though Grandma.”

I ended up coming to Grandma’s house. I’m not sure why, but I did. She said I was out for a couple of days. Meanwhile, she was taking care of me. I trust her with first aid, after all she’s the one that taught me the basics.

She frowned at me.

“Just because your appetite isn’t up doesn’t mean you shouldn’t eat. I’ll make something for you, something simple that’ll settle easy.”

“Thanks, Grandma…” I muttered, watching her walk away. She makes me get up sometimes, do a few stretches and sit outside for some air. But other than that she lets me lay on her couch.

I think she knows about me being troubled...but she doesn’t say anything. I’m glad because if I ever were to talk about any of this I’d probably snap…I mean it’s hard enough to write about this as is.

I’d get the usual assurances, the ‘it’s okay’s’ and ‘that’s not true’s’ also ‘you mean so much to us’. I hate it, I hate those words. The only reason they’d say it is probably because they feel bad. But given the first chance, they’d leave me...and I wouldn’t blame them.
I mean, my own mom didn’t want me. I don’t even think of the possibility of my father, whoever he is, would want me either. Especially if he knew what kind of disaster I was.

I’m pretty sure Shouto, Kacchan, and Kirishima are on the fence about me.

I know Kirishima lost his memory, but the few things that slipped out...yeah. That had to have come from somewhere.

Oh, so a lot of stuff happened and I may as well put it down here. I have nothing better to do anyway.

“Izuku, the food’s ready!”

Mm, she made some gumbo. Actually smells pretty good.

“I’d rather you eat at the table Izuku.” She called.

She’s making me get up.

Ugh, Fine.

I’m gonna leave my phone on the charger, it’s at 56% so yeah.

I ended up crashing for like...a day and a half. It’s raining really hard, so that makes me feel even more tired.

Do I feel any better?
Eh.

Would I necessarily like to get up and go back into town?

Hell no.

But Shouto and Kacchan have been texting me...asking where I am. If I get the message to let them know I’m okay and all that jazz.

Then I got a message from Kirishima that read,

“So apparently we’re friends, Katsuki and Todoroki told me some stuff about your trauma. They told me to text you and ask if you’re okay, so yeah. Are you okay?”

I haven’t responded to any of the texts.

Why bother? It’s a cycle, it’s not gonna end. I’m with them, something happens, I have to leave for the better, they talk to me, I come back. Rinse and repeat.

Just give them some time without me, then they’ll be fine.

They’ll forget about me soon enough.

Anyway, I may as well fill in the gaps that are there. I can only imagine what you guys are thinking about what happened. Well, lay your minds to rest because I’m gonna tell you and if you want to know you’ll read.

So...Katsuki and Shouto left. They went into that cave and they just...left. They stayed in there for god knows what...I hope nothing was in there. But if there was then I’m sure they could handle it, they’re tough.
We stood outside near the hut, the guy in the house had gone quiet and didn’t say anything. We tried knocking and striking up a conversation. I wanted to know more about what he had meant by everything being cursed. What the ‘Moths’ were. I could only assume they were in reference to Michael’s cult.

He didn’t say anything, didn’t answer. And since I didn’t feel very good, I started pacing. The cave up the path really unnerved me...I didn’t want to go underground. Ever again, never again.

“Mido, you feeling okay?” Kirishima looked at me.

I shook my head and leaned over the dock, I was feeling really nauseous and there was a headache that just wouldn’t leave. It hurt, a lot.

“I’m not feeling too good, I’m just gonna...ugh.” He came over and patted my back as the world spun harder and harder. I seriously thought I was gonna be sick, even my reflection looked wrecked. All distorted and wrong.

Basically how I feel, every single day.

“You wanna sit down?”

“No. I think moving anymore is gonna make it worse.” I muttered. I groaned out of annoyance when he wrapped an arm around my waist and made me walk away from the water.

“Kirishima…”

“I’d rather you sit down on solid ground.” He said.

“If I throw up, I’m blaming you.”

“Sounds fair enough.”

It took a minute to get to the other side of the dock and sit down back near the hut, we tried to get
to a spot where the rain wouldn’t hit us. But that was a useless attempt since everything everywhere was wet.

“Don’t tell me you’re getting sick man.” Kirishima settled down, looking at the forest. He looked as unsettled as I felt. And I didn’t blame him, there was something wrong with this place and it just...had a bad feeling to it.

“I better not be, I just got over being sick.”

“Yeah, that one was really bad…” He offered me some of his water and I declined. “I mean...dude you wrecked half of the store. Everything made of glass, shattered. You should have called us, you should have told us you weren’t feeling good.”

“I could handle it, and I already got this lecture Kirishima. There’s no need to repeat it.” I leaned back. I reeeaaalllly didn’t want to be talking about that. Especially that monster that chased me down...I still feel his hands around my neck sometimes.

“You handling it nearly got you killed.”

“Eh.”

“Don’t eh me man! Take better care of yourself! How much sleep have you been getting?”

“Enough.”

“What constitutes as enough?” He crossed his arms.

“Like...3 and a half hours.”

“Dude, what do you do all night just lay there?”

“Yes actually.” I nodded. I mean, I do. I don’t wanna get up and walk around, I can’t stand being near windows. I can’t stand the cold either. The only reason I’d get up is if I thought I saw
something at the window, or if I had a bad feeling.

We keep forgetting to hang a blanket over the window, so I always wake up paranoid. Even in the morning.

Besides, even if I did walk around or just sit around at night Shouto would come to get me and bring me back to bed. He always did.

“Dude, drink some of that tea that you got when you get home. And go to bed.”

“I think I can handle another 3 hour night.”

“Insomniac.”

“Don’t call me that!”

“Then get some sleep!”

Before I could have the chance to argue with him there was a loud creak at the end of the dock. We stopped what we were doing and looked up.

“What’s that?” Kirishima stood up.

I slowly got to my feet and peered around Kirishima to get a look at the dock.

We stared at the dock for a bit before a loud crash of thunder scared the shit out of me. I yelped in surprise and looked up, huffing after a minute.

“Damn it…” I muttered, holding my chest for a minute.

“You good?”
“Yeah, I’m fine.” I answered, looking over to the dock. “Ugh…” I turned around and walked away a bit, starting to pace a bit.

“Shouto and Kacchan should be back by now, that cave shouldn’t be too big. Besides, if it goes far, they should know better. They should know better, because they know we can’t exactly go in after them!”

“Mido…”

“What?!”

I glared at him for a minute before realizing what he was looking at. He was looking at the dock, where we were a few moments ago.

We just stared at the dock for a bit before this wave of dread hit us. It was like a crushing weight that was suddenly dropped on us. Everything felt... wrong.

That’s when I started seeing a few silhouettes around us. They shifted a bit, moving around and changing as I glanced around. It’s like they couldn’t keep one shape.

“What is this?” Kirishima looked around at the figures too.

We began to back away, heading away from the dock and the hut in a random direction.

“You’re seeing all this too, right?”

“Yeah.” I tightened my grip on my axe, I wasn’t sure if this was something we’d be able to fight our way out of.

And then we heard it, this weird noise coming from the lake. Something was moving beneath the murky water. Shifting and changing the weird surface, making it stretch and move. A lump appeared in the center of the lake before moving over to the side where we were frozen.
The silhouettes started to close in on us, moving closer and closer but not making any actual noise. Looking at them made my head spin, they were moving too much like my eyes couldn’t actually process it.

It wasn’t until there was a loud pop and the smell of something rotting that we looked back at the lake. A large hand had burst through the water and gripped onto the edge of the bank, just a few feet away from us.

There was a low groan as the hand tensed and something started pulling itself out of the water. The minute I actually laid eyes on it my headache got worse, I felt my vision blur for a moment before coming back to normal.

As that thing in the lake started pulling itself out, the strange silhouettes began gaining shape and started to become solid. They stopped shifting and changing and seemed to gain a solid form.

Various monsters that we’ve seen before...I didn’t get it. Had they followed us? Why would they do that?!

“We gotta go...” Kirishima muttered, gritting his teeth as he started to back up.

“What if they go after Shouto and Kacchan?” I asked, looking around for some kind of opening. I could see one, but it was closing fast and it was in the opposite direction where the others would be.

“They might be a little too focused on us Mido!” He shouted, looking around a few more times.

I figured we would loop around in some way, get back to the area and possibly meet up with the other two.

“Run?”

We froze as a loud stomp caught our attention, making us look back to the lake.
Whatever it was, that monster was big. I couldn’t tell what it really looked like, like the other monsters it just seemed to keep shifting. Like static in a way.

I couldn’t see them, but I felt its eyes on us. It was watching us, trying to decide what to do next…

“Run.”

We took off as the monster let out a loud roar, following after us as we ran.

The lightning lit up the sky and gave us a bit of light to avoid running into a monster, or slipping into the water. The ground between the lake and a higher, harder to climb area, was slippery as hell. We almost fell over a couple of times while trying to get out of there.

We could hear fast paced footsteps and familiar noises we knew the monsters made right behind us. Getting closer and closer.

We just kept going, and the further we went the more of those stranges shapes there were, taking form easily.

Up ahead I saw…that thing. The one that chased me to the store that night when I was sick and out of panic I tried to go in a different direction. I ended up slipping and falling, smacking my face into a tree.

I hardly got a chance to berate myself over that when I saw one of those huge bug things at the tree climbing down from the top. Chattering loudly over the raging thunder.

I couldn’t react fast enough, I was still reeling form seeing him and getting a smack to the face. It was about to bite into me when Kirishima grabbing my arm and hefted me up. Kind of dragging me until I started running on my own.

“Where are we going?” I yelled at him.

“Away from here! That’s where!”
There was a loud crash that only made us run even faster into the dark. We could only rely on the lightning in the sky for light. Kirishima’s flashlight was still in his bag and we didn’t have time to get it. Not to mention it might end up being more of a beacon for the monsters.

I felt my face getting scratched up as we ran through bushes and small trees that had no leaves. Everything was just dead and rotting, almost no real life.

I didn’t like the way we were headed, but we really didn’t get a choice.

Just across the way, off to the side I was able to hear it from where we were running. The river, stream, whatever it was that drained into the lake, was on the side of us. We were going against the water, so heading upstream.

It at least gave us a good idea of what we could look for if we had to backtrack. Just follow the river.

Branches snapped and growling and moans sounded out. I didn’t dare look over my shoulder, I didn’t want to see what was behind us. I didn’t want to know how close we were to death.

I know Kirishima did, because I heard him scream out a series of words and gibberish that made him run faster.

“We gotta go, we gotta go, we gotta go, we gotta-shit!”

It was hard, we were running up a really steep hill.

I finally dared a glance over my shoulder and saw a horde of monsters at the base of the hill.

There were so many, it looked impossible. There was no way there could have been that many, all behind us! My head was killing me my the time I looked away, still climbing up the hill.

Kirishima suddenly stopped at the top of the hill, I was still behind him and I hadn’t noticed at
I looked over my shoulder again to see a majority of them were already halfway up the hill. I felt myself start to panic as a loud ringing started up.

I didn’t know where it was coming from but the sound just sent me into a near frenzy. I don’t know why, it just gave me a bad feeling and made me want to panic. I know Kirishima hear it too, since when I glanced back at him he was shaking his head with his hands over his ears.

I wasn’t sure why he hadn’t kept running, at least until I made it to the top. I was about to take off running when Kirishima grabbed me and pulled me back. I was glad he did, since before us at the top of the hill was a giant, gaping hole in the ground. Across the chasm was another river coming from another hill, though it seemed more like a mountain.

“What the hell…?” Kirishima muttered, staring at the chasm.

There wasn’t anywhere else to run, right or left, there were more trees but we’d still end up in that marshy area we were trying to escape from.

We stood there at the edge for what felt like forever, staring down at the abyss.

We backed up a bit as the ground seemed to wobble beneath us.

“What is this?” I asked, looking down. It was dark, just something else that was gonna swallow us up.

Kirishima didn’t get to answer, there was a loud crash behind us that made us whirl around in alarm.

Somehow those things make it up the hill already, they were right behind us.

“Oi, Mido. What are the chances of water being at the bottom.

“P-Pretty high…”
“You a good swimmer?”

He grabbed my arm and started inching back. I tried to fight back but his hold on me was too firm.

“Decent...why?”

“Good, cause I can’t swim.”

“What?!”

Without another word he wrapped his arms around me and threw us into the fucking pit!

“Eijirou what the hell!” I screamed as we fell. I looked to where we had fallen from and saw all of the monsters gathered around the pit, watching us fall into the unending darkness.

It felt like we had fallen forever, with me struggling and yelling at him with him yelling right back.

I was about to scream at how stupid he was when we were plunged into cold, freezing water.

I gasped, taking in a bunch of water. I felt myself choke and I did my best to drag myself up to the surface. I got one breath of air before getting ragged down by the flailing Kirishima.

When he said he couldn’t swim, he wasn’t kidding.

He was flailing around and kept going under, taking me with him before I was able to drag the two of us up. Again and again.

“Eijirou s-stop-gurh-STOP!” I punched him and got a slap back.

We kept fighting with each other while swimming to what looked like a small slope. It was low enough for me to drag us there and to get Eijirou to stop panicking. I pushed him forward and
watched him scramble to solid land.

I crawled forward a bit before leaning against a rock, half of my body is still in the water.

I watched him retch and cough, crawling further away from the water. He kept going for a bit before rolling onto his back.

“S-Shift!”

I looked up above us, in the distance I could see the giant hole. It's hard to say how far down we were. But all I know was that we were in deep, and we weren’t going to be able to climb that.

“Hey...M-Mido. You good?”

“Just need a minute. Let me catch my breath.”

He grunted and laid back down.

I was tired, and I was spitting out whatever water I had swallowed.

We sat there for a while, just panting and trying to gather ourselves. I made myself crawl out of the water and onto solid land. I ended up falling over to where Kirishima was, laying next to him.

“So...what now?” I asked. “Was getting stuck in a pit of water your plan? Or was there more to it?”

“Shut up, I got us out of there didn’t I?”

“Without a plan B. Now we’re stuck here.”

“No we’re not. There’s gotta be a way out, we just have to find it.”
I glared at him before closing my eyes. I was so tired, I was ready to pass out right then and there. I probably would have if he hadn't kept talking.

“Sounds good, but for now I’d like to catch my breath.” I grumbled.

“Yeah...sorry for using you as a floaty.” He laughed.

“Learn how to swim.”

“R-Right.”

After a while Kirishima got up and started walking around, it was kind of hard to hear him over the roaring sound of the waterfall from the river from above. I heard him slip and fall a few times, of course. The surface here is wet, no way we’d be able to get around as is.

“You good?”

“I’m fine.”

I stayed there for a minute before groaning and getting up. I sat up to see Kirishima looking around, he was kneeling down at the water and squinting his eyes.

“Anything interesting down there?”

“No, just water. I think if anything was in there it would have come up to kill us already”

“Probably.” I got to my feet to get a good look at the area. It was dark, hard to see much of anything.

“You have your flashlight right?”
“Yeah, hold on let me pull it out.”

I heard him rummage through the bag, then with a click we had a light source. I walked over to him as he put the bag back on.

“Alright, let’s see where we are.” He shone the light around. There was only the wet walls that seemed to be unclimbable. Through I could see some ivy reaching down. Maybe with his hardening we could have climbed the wall then got there.

While I was looking at the walls he took away the flashlight for a minute and waved it around.

“You see any way out?” I asked.

“No...no-oh!”

I jumped and turned to him, just to see him looking at the wall. It took me a minute to see it, but there was an opening in the all. Small enough to be hidden if we didn’t have a light to help us, but big enough for us to squeeze in.

It was narrow at first, but looking closer there was tunnel in there that went deeper.

I felt my blood turn cold at the sight of it, a tunnel to the caves. THERE! In that fucking pit! Of all the things that could be there!

We were quiet, listening to the waterfall for a bit.

“Well...there’s a way out.” He looked at me.

“We’re not going in there.” I snapped. I wasn’t having it, I didn’t want to go in there. It was a cave, it was bound to be connected to the mines. I didn’t want to go there, ever again. If he wanted to go in he could kiss my ass.
“Mido, come on. It’s a way out, we might not be in there for that long. We just have to find another opening then get out.”

“We. Are. Not. Going.” I glared at him. “There’s always another way out, we just have to keep looking.

Kirishima watched before shaking his head. “Listen, I know you’re not the biggest fan of the mines or caves in general but we have to get out of here.”

“We can climb the wall with your hardening, there’s a bit of ivy up there on the wall. Once we get high enough we can climb up and then head back to town.” I pointed in the general direction.

He looked to where I was pointing, shining the light on the wall.

“Mido...that’s way too high. I don’t think I’m in any shape to be carrying you, let alone climbing up and carrying you. We’d fall.”

“Trial and error.” I muttered, moving a few things around in my bag. “We’d get up there eventually.”

“Yeah, eventually. Then what? Are we gonna deal with what might be up there? We’re kind of lost Mido.”

“And we wouldn’t get lost in the mines?” I screamed.

“It’s not like you’re gonna be alone Mido. I’ll be right there.” He frowned at me, he was starting to get fed up. He walked over to me.

“What part of I’m not going in there do you not understand? I’m not going! I won’t go into that place again!” I watched the crevice he was planning on squeezing into. There was no way anything good could come from there. There were monsters and bad things waiting there for us.

I didn’t wanna go I didn’t wanna go! I never wanted to go back into that place!
“Fine! I’ll go in, find a way out, then come and get you. Will that make you feel better?”

“How are you sure you’re gonna come back? What if you find a way out but can’t get back? What are you just gonna leave me?”

It felt like my skin was crawling, I couldn’t stop fidgeting.

“I’ll get the others and come back for you. We wouldn’t just leave you here.”

“You sure about that? You don’t exactly seem too eager to come back to this place.”

“Argh! Izuku, I wouldn’t have to come up with a stupid plan like this if you just got over yourself. It’s not gonna happen again, you’re gonna be fine. We just have to find a way out of this pit and then we can get to the town. We just need to be there long enough to find a way to the surface.”

I couldn’t.

I couldn’t do it.

I didn’t want to do it.

“So if I don’t go with you, you’re just gonna leave me here? Are you even going to come back?” I asked, I watched him starting to walk towards the hole in the wall.

“You wouldn’t have to worry about something like that if you’d just come with me!” He yelled. “I’m not gonna let anything happen to you, you’re going to be fine!”

“No! No I can’t go in there! I can’t go back in there and you can’t make me Eijirou! I can’t go back in there!”

“Then I’ll go in by myself and come back for you.”
“Will you?!”

“If you’re so worried about it then just come with me. Or better yet, just wait and see, but we can’t stay here! They’re not gonna find us, for all we know they might be running from whatever was in the lake too!” He yelled at me.

We stared at each other.

In the back of my mind I knew he was right, that was our only plausible way out. But we’d get lost in there for sure, there were no markings or maps we could look for. We’d just be going in blindly.

“I’m not going.”

That was that, I wouldn’t do it. Couldn’t.

“Fine.” He huffed.

He looked at the hole, trying to figure out the best way to squeeze in. I couldn’t move while he shuffled inside without a word, leaving me behind.

It’s his fault.

All of it.

It’s all his fault! It’s all his fault we were stuck in that damn place! It’s his fault I had to go back in there! It’s his fault! Of course he left me behind, why wouldn’t he?

It’s all his fucking fault!
I ended up passing out a while ago, it’s still kinda hard to breathe though.

Grandma ended up finding me in the middle of my panic, she said I was hyperventilating and scratching at my chest. She got me to wind down a bit before I finally passed out.

“How are you feeling?” She came in from the other room with a cup.

I couldn't really muster up the energy to say anything, so I just groaned.

“Is that so?” She asked, setting down the cup on the coffee table. “Would you like to tell me more?”

I let out some kind of noise.

“I see. Well I brought you some tea, it should help you feel better.” She fussed with my hair a bit, it made me relax a bit. “Your hair’s a mess, one side is a bit shorter than the other...how’d that happen?”

“Monster.” I grumbled, I knew that thing cut off some hair while messing up my back.

“Was that the one that cut you up so badly?” She asked, she sat down next to me. I glanced over to see her pulling some bandages out of her pocket.

I sat up and held out my arms.

“...Yeah.” I muttered.

She started unwrapping my arms, they weren’t bad anymore. A lot of the scratches were mostly healed.
“They shouldn’t scar, just don’t scratch at them.”

“Isn’t that what the bandages are for?”

“Partially.” She hummed.

I watched her look over my arms, making sure everything was healing right. She accidentally brushed against the scars on my wrist and I had to keep myself from yelling. I don’t like to touch those, it just...I don’t like the way they feel.

“I’m sorry.” She felt me tense up. “But I need you to relax Izuku.”

It took me a minute or two to let the tension go.

“Thank you.”

She finished up real quick, then checked my back. It still hurts, it’s kind of why I don’t like to move around. Other than, I just can’t muster the energy to get up.

My back is doing good, it just needs a bit more time to heal. I might be left with a few scars where the deeper scratches, but nothing too bad.

She wants me to drink the tea then get some rest, which yeah I guess is best.

Well, while I sip at this tea I might as well finish telling you all this. Then I’ll try to get some more rest.

So, I spent some time panicking. Staring at the hole Kirishima went into, I could only watch him disappear further and further into the hole. After I while I couldn’t hear the footsteps anymore, he was too far in, and he wouldn’t even hear me if I shouted.

I don’t know how long I spent in that place, freaking out and crying. Yelling and shouting, cursing
him out and saying things I probably shouldn’t have.

I knew I wasn’t going to get out on my own, I knew nobody was going to come and save me. Especially with the strange shapes that wandered over and looked over the edge of the pit. Some of them were big, others were vaguely human shaped but obviously distorted and twisted in some way.

I don’t know what I was thinking, I don’t know why I did it. But I started to yell and scream at the monsters up there, fucking daring them to come down and deal with me. As soon as my yelling was directed at them, the smaller ones left while the bigger ones stayed a little longer.

After a while they all left, and it started to rain harder. It just made me angrier and spiral further out of control.

I think I was down there for at least an hour or so, maybe more? I don’t know, I didn’t check the time before all...this happened. I could have been there for hours.

I don’t know, and I don’t care.

I stopped rampaging at some point and just broke down, pacing in front of the hole and eyeing the darkness inside. At some point I just had this...bad feeling. Like a really bad feeling, I wanted to run and hide, but at the same time something told me something was horribly wrong. Wrong in the sense that someone was in danger.

Have you ever felt that? That sinking feeling in your gut? That something was wrong, like _multiple_ somethings?

I felt like I was being watched, something was glaring daggers into me and wanted me dead. I knew were it was coming from, and I was too scared to turn around and look to the top of the pit.

I uh...I didn’t have to.

It’s kind of funny, that the thing up there was the only reason I was able to go into the caves. I didn’t go in there to find Kirishima, well not at first. I was fleeing from the thing above me.
Yeah, I know.

I’m a fucking coward.

I froze when I felt his presence, I knew he was there, and he knew I was there. I heard loud scratches, but he’s not stupid. He wasn’t going to risk climbing down there.

But him being the sadistic ass he is...well.

From the top of the pit I heard loud hacking and coughing, like he was choking on a lung. I stood there for a while, just watching the hole in the wall.

“I found you...y-you little...bastard!”

That’s all he had to say before I sprinted towards the wall, clawing and squeezing to get in there. I heard maniacal laughter all around me, and if anything that just made me more frenzied.

I scratched myself up getting in there, and once I was in my dumbass just decided to throw myself forward and just keep running forward.

The tunnel got smaller before stretching out wider. I was shimmying through the tight walls before falling over into a larger section. Then I figured out where Kirishima went.

I was about to rush forward, when I realized I needed light. Then I pulled out my phone and lo and behold.

A large hole in the middle of the cave, by the looks of it the sides were way too slippery to climb back up.

I’m sorry, I know I’m kind of rushing through this but...I just want to get this down. I don’t want to spend too much time reminiscing on this crap.

I was already in, and I wasn’t even a full minute in and I could already feel myself falling apart.
But with nowhere else to go I went down the only way I could. Down the tunnel.

I slid down, and the damp musty smell of cave smacked me in the face. I went down as slowly as I could, using my axe to help slow my fall.

I didn’t like that there were scratch marks along the walls, old and worn. Kind of run down and eroded. So whatever was down here either resigned itself to stay here, or it died in its attempt to get out.

Either way, it meant nothing was going to get better for me. Surprise surprise, it didn’t!

I stopped sliding down at some point, yelling as I fell into a cave from the ceiling. Fucking wonderful!

I landed hard, landing on a pile of something that just snapped and crackled beneath my weight. I couldn’t bring myself to look down as I got up. I just had a bad feeling as to what it might have been, and I didn’t want to be right.

Once I had gotten to my feet I was met with a series of tunnels, a total of four. One in front, behind, and to the left and right. That left me really...unsure where to go. Kirishima being the idiot he is didn’t leave any markings to follow. So that left me with four ways to go, and more ways to get lost.

I just kind of skirted around the edge of the walls, peering around each tunnel before moving past it. It was hard to bring myself to shine my phone light down the tunnel just to make sure there weren’t any monsters waiting for anything.

Each tunnel was empty, but wasn’t necessarily free of eerie noises somewhere down there.

Each tunnel had some noise of some kind. Long and slow scratches down one, like it was dragging its nails down the wall agonizingly slowly. Two of them had what sounded like dragging noises, a few clicks and taps in the distance.

I ended up taking the last one that had been off to the left of me. I didn’t hear too much from down there. What sounded like a dripping noise and something creaking. Sounded a hell of a lot better than what might have been in the other tunnels.
I waited around for a bit before creeping around the wall and heading inside.

It was my job to get Kirishima and save his dumbass. Or get out...whatever came first.

I kept going down, keeping to the edge and moving along slowly. I did my best to make sure my footsteps were quiet, so nothing would come over from...wherever. It was dark and wet and cold and...God I can feel myself shaking while I try to type this.

I hate this. I hate feeling like this. I hate, I fucking hate Kirishima.

Whatever, just...whtever.

The tunnel had gone in pretty deep, I kept jumping at every little thing. Whenever there was a splash or some kind of creak. Then something rattled up ahead and I damn near bolted out. For just a split second I genuinely thought about facing off with whatever might have been in the other tunnels.

I froze for a bit before moving forward again, always peering around the corners before stepping out into the open.

It felt like I was being watched, like there really was something in there and was just waiting to pounce on me and eat me alive. It just made my skin crawl, it made me panic. There was nothing there! But it felt like a bunch of hands were grabbing at me and running their fingers across my skin.

I kept walking as best I could, slowly speeding up every time I was sure I heard something that wasn’t supposed to be there.

It eventually got to a point where I just sprinted down the tunnel, my footsteps echoing loudly and making me think something was chasing after me. I almost threw my axe behind me in attempt to get rid of what I thought was chasing me, but thankfully I managed to somewhat pull myself together and keep myself from throwing my only means of defense.

At some point I got to what seemed like a dead end, a tall wall at the end. There were a few scratch
marks on it, from the bottom to the top, like something was trying to drag itself up.

I pressed myself to the wall, shining my phone light up and around, trying to find any way out. I ended up finding a small space I could squeeze into, a ledge that led to somewhere else. The question was that would Kirishima be able to fit in there?

Maybe, the asshole is stubborn and doesn’t know when to stop pushing. Of course he’d force himself in there, too big or not.

I was still panicking, so all that were thoughts I had afterwards as I pulled myself up.

I managed to squeeze through the ledge and scrambled into the next area.

I thought I heard a loud thud where I was a second ago, and from there I just scrambled forward in the dark, my light going everywhere. I only stopped as I smacked into a rock wall.

I fell over, and made myself calm down as best I could. I grabbed my phone and got up, leaning against the wall.

It was a pretty open space, there were a few holes in the walls and ceilings. I looked like they were dug out with the purpose of looking for something. I’m not too sure, for all I know they could have been hiding holes for whatever might be in there.

It was still really dark. I couldn’t catch too much with my light, mostly just little things like rocks. It was quiet too, I couldn’t hear any wind, breeze. Nothing, just the blood roaring in my ears.

After a while I started walking around, careful not to step in any of the holes. Now that I had actually started moving around, I realized there was quite a bit to that place. Mostly unpleasant.

There were tools strewn across the floor, a lot of them broken and rusted. Mostly worn away. I moved around them, too scared to look for where bodies were wherever they may be. If any happened to be there that is…

At first I didn’t see anything special about the place, and for a moment I thought I would actually
have to go back out into that damn tunnel and head down a different one. I kept shuffling around, trying to keep my movements as quiet as possible.

I don’t think I was in there for a while, but it felt like forever. I wasn’t seeing a way out, which meant I was trapped, which meant there was no getting out for me. I wanted a solution right then and there, but I couldn’t find one.

I was already in panic mode again, ready to run wherever I needed to.

At least until I found something shoved against the wall, a few things scattered around it. Random papers that were pretty much dust. A few other things like a broken gas mask and small random items strewn about.

I came up to the desk and shined the light on it.

It was a decently sized desk, and it had a lot of old things on it. Candles burned down to the very bottom, papers with random scribbles on them, and a few pens and pencils that were chewed on.

But the thing that actually caught my eye was something wrapped up in the old papers. I picked it up and tore up the papers. I found what looked like a journal, bound up and tightly wrapped in twine.

Oh yeah, pretty cool. But it wouldn’t help me. Part of me wanted to cut it open and look it over, the other part of me just wanted to chuck it into the darkness. I settled in the middle and put it in my bag.

The bag I don’t have, because I lost it. In the woods. After I was left for dead.

I got up again and looked over the desk again, looking for anything that could maybe help me. Maybe give me directions out of there. Something, anything.

I’m stupid. I’m really, really stupid. I started to take stuff off the desk and toss it around. I don’t know what I was looking for, or if I was really looking for anything at all. I heard some stuff clatter around the place, making noise that I had been trying to muffle just a few seconds ago.
I was ready to throw the table to the side, and I was actually about to when I heard something. I took my hands off the table and stood up straight, turning off the light.

It was quiet for a moment before I heard a loud stomp, and some kind of clicking. I couldn’t see of course, but it was echoing so I couldn’t even guess where it was coming from. I got down to the ground when I heard a low sigh.

I slapped a hand over my mouth and crawled under the table, essentially cornering myself.

The clicking and stomping continued, getting louder. Which meant it was getting closer, but did it know where I was?

I started to scoot to the left, thinking maybe I could crawl along the wall and maybe find the small ledge, hole thing I pulled myself out of.

I was about to make that move then the stomping stopped altogether. I noticed that, and still started to make my way away from there. Until something slammed on the table I was under and made me freeze.

My eyes had started to adjust to the dark somewhat. There was something in front of the table. Something big and hunched over. I’m talking like 2 times the size of All Might big.

After a moment a hand reached under the table, fingers curling around the edges.

I couldn’t move, I couldn’t see a way out. I was just...stuck.

The table was lifted, like pushed onto its back legs lifted.

I couldn’t see much else other than the shape of this thing, like no discernible features. But I could feel that thing’s eyes on me.

There was a low grunt as that thing stared at me. It didn’t do anything, just stared. At least until I tried to move. I went to move to the right when it stiffened up and put the table off to the side. Leaving me completely exposed.
It hummed, and before I could react something was jammed into my face. I yelled in pain and tried to move away. It left me alone when I yelled, stopped poking at me.

It hummed again before poking at my face again.

“Different…” A low voice grumbled, it sounded like sandpaper. Like it hadn’t been used in forever.

“H-Huh…?”

“Gr...Green...eye bad…”

I kept trying to shrink away from it, but a big hand wrapped around my torso and kept me in place. It squeezed and I heard a crack, I think I black out for a second. Because the next thing I remember was being shaken.

Not violently but...I dunno like a salt shaker?? I don’t know, but when I came to it stopped.

“Bro...Broken. Weak. Tiny.”

I tried to get out of its grip, pulling the fingers off or kicking at it.

Then it said

I don’t knwo wh but it.

It just

It sai
“Why...come back...this place..?”

I don’t

I

Ng.

Asx xvbdgfyt

Chapter End Notes

A loud crash sounded through the house, startling the old woman from her knitting. She hurriedly set it down and rushed into the next room over, seeing a crack in her wall. She looked over to the couch in confusion and saw Izuku pulling at his hair and mumbling to himself incoherently. Tears streaming down his face as he attempted to pull himself together, but lost himself as he spiraled down further into his panic.
Mind Your Own Business! No.

Chapter Summary

Yeah, not too big a fan of heroes who stick their noses into someone else's business

Chapter Notes

Discord:
https://discord.gg/UWtM2he

Tumblr:
silverbit

See the end of the chapter for more notes

So Shitty Hair lost his memory, and Deku is still gone. We have no idea where he is, or where he could be. Icyhot is freaking the hell out and right now some sleep-deprived asshole won’t let us leave.

We ended up in the hotel after Icyhot and Shitty hair got into a fight, and this asshole stopped us. No idea who the hell he thinks he is! He’s just some fucking tourist that should’ve left town a while ago. Him and his damn cockatiel friend.

They haven’t let us leave, all focused on treating whatever injuries we got after taking us to their room. Icyhot can’t really move around that well, he’s still suffering from freezing himself over. Whenever he’s not unconscious he’s freaking out.

The longest he’s been awake is like an hour before he passed out.

The demented caterpillar keeps asking us what happened, but it’s none of his fucking business! Why the fuck does he care?

Whatever, it doesn’t matter. Soon enough we can get out of here. We just need some more time to recover.
I’m not gonna lie I am in so much fucking pain, everything hurts and as much as I despise getting up at all, I fucking have to. I took a beating, but it’s not as bad as Icyhot and Shitty Hair, so I don’t have much room to complain.

“You little listeners feeling okay?” The blonde guy came into the room with a few bags of food.

I glared at him and Shitty Hair just glanced around nervously.

“I’m uh...kinda hungry?” Eijrou said.

Radio man smiled and nodded. “Good to hear you have an appetite little listener.” He set down the bag and started pulling out sandwiches and other small boxes. “You and the other kiddo should eat too. You mind waking him up?”

I saw Eijirou shrink away from Icyhot with a frown. He was wrapped up in blankets on the other bed, he wasn’t as pale anymore. And he wasn’t shivering, so he was getting better.

“If we wake him up he’s going to panic.” I shook my head. “Let Half n Half sleep.”

“You sure? When was the last time-”

“Hizashi.”

“Yep?”

“Let him rest. Besides I need to talk to the other two.”

Oh great, what is Mr. Insomniac gonna do, interrogate us?

“Let them eat first Shouta.”
“They can eat while I talk to them.”

Or you assholes could not. We’re fine, and it’s none of your business.

“Think fast you two.” The Hizashi guy grabbed two wrapped up sandwiches and tossed them at us. I ended up catching the two for us since Eiji didn’t react fast enough and would’ve been smacked in the face.

“Oh, thanks.” Eiji smiled at me and I only grunted as I unwrapped the sandwich and handed it to him. He’s not my Eiji, I mean he is but he’s not him.

He frowned at me and took the sandwich. Yeah, like that. He’s not my Eiji, he would’ve still had a stupid goofy grin on. Not that scared and unsure look he’s giving me. It’s fucking annoying. This shit better not be permanent.

Well, considering he sort of remembers us, it might just be a matter of waiting for it to wear off.

Damn it.

“So.” Insomniac sat down in front of us and watched us for a minute. “Are any of you interested in telling us what happened?”

I could feel Eiji watch me, he stayed quiet. Which was good, we don’t really need him telling these freaks everything.

“What exactly makes you think something happened?”

He gave me a look and gestured to Icyhot. “You three came out of the woods in the middle of the night, injured and panicked. One of you came in half-frozen and hypothermic. He came in covered in dirt, some blood, and with an arm in a sling. And you, you look like you had your ass handed to you in more ways than one. And last time I checked there were four of you, where is he?”
“What’s it matter to you?” I asked. “What happens in this town is our business and you two are just passerby’s who don’t how to-”

I made myself stop when he pulled something out of his pocket and held up a card.

“I’m a Pro Hero, and I’d say this is my business. Especially if there’s a missing persons case.”

Oh fuck.

Eiji leaned over to me and asked.

“Is that bad?”

Great, just fucking great.

There are heroes here, which I can’t tell if that’s a good thing or a bad thing.

It’s been a few days since we were questioned and shit and well, we’re still recovering. Shitty Hair’s arm is gonna be in a sling and cast for a while, Half n Half is still trying to regulate his body temperature, and I still feel like I was slammed into by a fucking truck.

Shitty Hair and I are staying at Icyhot’s house for now since my folks are still out of town. But they’ll be home in like the next two days so yeah. That’s good, since those two are usually at each other’s throats. For once I have to be the damn peacekeeper, which I should never be.

Because I’ll just start fighting to stop the fighting.

Dumbasses!

So, the guy who we were questioned by is apparently an underground hero. He’s willing to help
out in finding Deku but that also raises a shit ton of concerns.

If they find out what the hell is in the forest what are they necessarily going to do about it? What are they going to call a bunch of other heroes and nuke the place? How the hell would they do that?

Another thing is also us.

Icyhot and I are in stable homes and shit, but Deku and Eiji aren’t. Eijirou’s aunt is out of town most of the time. We haven’t seen her in months because of how busy she is. That’s probably grounds for child neglect or something. Then there’s Deku’s mom, who just left him. He doesn’t really have any legal guardians. Ms. Rei isn’t put down as his guardian and we don’t really have a legal office. I don’t think the townhouse counts.

He doesn’t have a dad, so in all technicalities, he’s an orphan. Granted we don’t know if his old man is dead or not.

So where would they go, what would happen to them?

I don’t know, and I don’t want to know.

I was careful not to tell them about the monsters in the forest, or the stuff we find. The last thing we need is to be thrown into some kind of institution. They’ve spent a couple of days here, but I doubt they’ve seen anything actually weird.

Whenever the damn Sheriff is around we don’t have to worry about that, he couldn’t give a shit about us. So we’re kind of in the clear, and Deputy Rodriguez doesn’t have much power so yeah.

But now there are heroes. With influence and abiding by law and shit.

What are we supposed to beg them not to take Eiji and Deku?

Fuck that.
I don’t have any idea what’s gonna happen next so I guess we play it by ear. I’m the least injured out of all of us and once I get a bit better I’ll start looking for Deku. If I can find him before Insomniac does then that’ll be a bonus. He’s in town somewhere so it’s just a matter of finding him.

Then there’s the worry of those two maiming each other, sort of. I know Ms. Rei will keep them in line and keep Icyhot from moving around too much. At least around her, Eiji is chill and keeps his mouth shut.

He hasn’t remembered anything else, well nothing big. He just remembers small details of some things. He’ll ramble on to me about some things. What stuff he likes to go on about is like from when we were kids. And it isn’t even that big of an event he likes to talk about.

“Remember when we were just sitting on the roof? And your mom was getting mad at us? Didn’t you almost push someone off?”

“Yeah.”

“It was Todoroki wasn’t it?” He frowned.

“Yup, he wouldn’t stop icing over a candle we had up there.”

“Yeah, I remember that.”

If I had to guess his memories are going to start out from when he was younger. Then come up from there, this is gonna be messy. That roof incident happened a few days before the accident with his parents.

Shit.

Then again he’s just remembering small details, so he might not get hit with those memories just yet.
Great, just great.

You know when we were being interrogated I practically had to hold Eijirou’s jaw shut so he wouldn’t go on about Deku. Again, we don’t need anyone being institutionalized.

It’s frustrating, I can’t fucking focus! God why did we even go there in the first fucking place? Why couldn’t we just leave it fucking alone. We all had a bad feeling yet we still went forward! What do we lack common sense or some shit!

Ugh and now Eiji is giving me a look, I’m probably making a face again damn it. He’ll get used to it.

I don’t even want to think about what the aftermath of everything is going to look like.

I’m too young to feel this old.

Fuck it, I’m going to take a nap, there’s just way too much to think about. There’s way too much to go over. It fucking sucks. I’m way too damn tired to be dealing with all of this, I don’t even know where to start with all this.

Ugh.

“Hey Katsuki?” Kirishima woke me up that morning with what I think was his stupidest question yet.

“We’re a thing, you and me right? Just asking.”

I glared at him and sat up. “Yes Eijirou, we are a thing.”

“Okay, okay cool. Another question.”
“What?”

“Would you still love me if I was a worm?”

I have never wanted to simultaneously strangle and throw someone out the window before.

“Eijirou.”

“Yes?”

“That’s not something you wake someone up to ask.” I threw a pillow at him. We ended up crashing in the living room last night. We were too tired to head over to my room and there was already a set up in the living room so yeah.

I made sure to close the curtains and lock the doors, the damn window in there still makes me paranoid.

I’m always afraid that thing is gonna come back, I still don’t know what it thinks we know. At this point I think ignorance is bliss on the matter.

“So is that a yes or…”

“Ask me again and it’s gonna be a no Shitty Hair.”

He pouted and sat back, leaning into the couch. Ugh that stupid face, I don’t think he knows he’s making it. Little shit.

We just kinda sat there for a bit after I put on some TV for us to watch. It’s like 7 in the morning, an ungodly hour, and I’ve texted Deku again. His messages say read, so he’s safe. He’s good, we just don’t know where he is.
It fucking sucks, especially since I feel I’m on a time limit thank to that stupid hero guy.

“Whatcha doing?” Ejirou looked over my shoulder.

“Texting.” I huffed, sending Deku a ‘he better message me’ text.

“He is missing, but he’s in town so I know that much. And I’m texting him so I know he’s alright. Little shit sees my messages but won’t respond damn it.” I scrolled through a few of the messages.

“Okay, but why are you texting him?”

“Because we have to make sure he’s alright.”

“Why?”

“Because that’s our job Shitty Hair the fuck do you mean why!!” I pushed him off of me and yelled.

“Our job? He’s a freaking-”

“Don’t say it Shitty Hair. Don’t call him that, you with your damn amnesia don’t know shit about him. Not anymore.” I snapped. “Think before you open your mouth dumbass.”

He scowled and huffed, getting up and going to the kitchen. I heard a loud clatter and the sound of something opening before he came back with a yogurt and a spoon. He grabbed my peach yogurt, on fucking purpose.

He stared straight ahead at the TV, angrily eating my yogurt. He grumbled something as I got up. I went to go brush my teeth and when I went back he was draped all over the couch, taking my spot.
I love him, but I’m gonna kill him.

“Get out of my spot.” I walked over and stood in front of the TV.

“I dunno, I kinda like it right here.” He hummed.

Oh, so he’s gonna be like that is he?

“Yeah, I like it here too. That’s why I want you to move.”

“I dunno, I’m kinda comfy here.”

I gave him a look before sitting on his legs and leaning back on the couch.

“Ow! That hurts, get off.”

“Then get off of my spot, and I’m even putting my full weight on you.”

“This is my spot now.” He threw the spoon at me.

“Alright then, this is my spot.” I caught it and threw it at the kitchen door.

“Ugh, Katsuki get off!” He whined.

“Nah, I’m pretty comfy here.”

“You’re so mean!”
“Yeah, and?”

“Ugh!” He squirmed and managed to free his legs and sat up. He threw the empty yogurt at me and I just let it bounce off. I won.

We kinda glared at each other before going back to watching TV. It was gonna be one of those days. Well it doesn’t matter, he’ll get over himself.

Honestly it just kinda pisses me off when he talks about Deku like that. He doesn’t get it, he doesn’t have any of the damn context. He’ll remember soon enough.

Part of me wants to tell him, so he’ll get over it and stop being mad. And he’ll actually fucking think before he talks about that. We still need the story but it might be better to have it from someone who didn’t forget everything.

Granted Deku might not be in the best mindset, the mines are a bad place for him. I wouldn’t be surprised if he ended up breaking down at least once before he found Eijirou.

I won’t lie when I say I’m worried, Eijirou hasn’t told me anything about the mines and what happened, just that they were in the mines and what happened in the forest. Even thinking about it makes my blood boil, but I don’t want to think that. Not until I have the full story.

I’m afraid Eijirou hurt Deku in some way, physical or...fuck even mentally. Deku’s small, even with his axe he wouldn’t hurt any of us. He has common sense he’s not some fucking animal. That fear makes me think that that’s why he ran away again.

We’ll find him and bring him home, he can get back to Icyhot and get him to cool his shit. Icyhot is still losing it after all this time. He always gets bent out of shape whenever this happens, I can’t exactly blame him. If Eijirou did the same thing I would freak the fuck out too.

“...Hey Katsuki?”

“Hm?” I looked over, pausing the show.
“Are you still mad?”

“Are you gonna talk more shit about Deku?” I asked.

He rolled his eyes and grumbled out a fine. “I won’t.”

“...I’m mad that you say that stuff about him. But I do understand you don’t have context or memory about stuff that’s happened. Just...remember that we’re all friends, okay?”

He gave me a look before sighing and shrugging. “Okay, I’ll keep that in mind.”

“Good. Also, Eijirou?”

“Yes?”

“Don’t eat my fucking yogurt.”

“Y-You can’t be serious.”

“You cannot be fucking serious.”

Both Icyhot and Shitty hair gave me a look of disbelief before glaring at each other.

“I am fucking serious. What’s the problem?”

“The problem is that you plan on going to work and leaving the two of us all alone!” Eijirou frowned.
“The problem is that I may hurt your boyfriend Katsuki.” Icyhot hissed.

“He’s threatening me!”

“Don’t kill each other you idiots!” I banged a fist on the door. “Listen, I get that this isn’t exactly an ideal situation, considering everything that’s going on.”

“You mean you going to work while I have to deal with this insufferable idiot who left my boyfriend to die?” Icyhot glared at him, who just kinda shuffled away. I don’t think he’s quite aware of his Quirk just yet, that’s gonna be a fun discussion.

Let’s just hope he doesn’t learn about it while they’re alone.

“...Ms. Rei!” I yelled.

“Yes Katsuki?” She called from the kitchen. Gotta love Ms. Rei.

“Can you make sure these two idiots don’t kill each other? I’m going to work! Eijirou can’t work because of his arm and I know Icyhot is still recovering from the backlash!”

We waited, hearing a bit of clattering from the kitchen before she answered.

“They’ll be in one piece when you get back. Shouto, Eijirou, why don’t you come over here and help me out?”

They both gave me a look before sighing and started to head inside. I waited for Eijirou to walk away before grabbing Icyhot’s arm. He’s still cold as shit.

“I’m gonna find him Half n Half.” I whispered. “So stop beating yourself up, get your shit together before he comes back dipshit.”

He stared at me, he opened his mouth probably to tell me he’d come with me before I slapped a hand over his mouth.
“Stay here, watch Eijirou. Don’t give me that look dumbass, watch him and don’t antagonize him.”

He frowned at me and slapped my hand away. “I won’t do anything as long as he doesn’t talk about Izuku like that.”

“He doesn’t remember, he will soon enough. I’m not saying what he says is excusable, it’s not. But you have to be patient.”

“I’ll put him in his place Katsuki.” He began to ice the area around him. I smacked him upside the head.

“You won’t do shit Icyhot! And stop using your Quirk, you’re still messed up. Fucking dumbass, just for once use some kind of common sense and don’t kill anyone.”

“I use common sense all the time!”

“No. No you don’t.”

“Name-”

“Shouto!”

He glared at me and I couldn’t help but smirk. “Go on, your mom’s calling.” I made a shooing motion.

“I’m gonna kick your ass once I get better.” Icyhot hissed. “Coming mom!” He slammed the door in my face and I backed up. Scumbag isn’t there, so I guess Ms. Rei really did make him go sleep at the hotel.

I’m more surprised he didn’t come out to see the commotion we caused the other night. He was either asleep or didn’t care, either way he was probably gonna find out.
Whatever, as long as he doesn’t fuck with us it’ll be fine. Don’t even know why he bothers coming here. There’s no point in it, all he does is cause a fucking disturbance and make things tense ad awkward. Go home fucking creep.

Alright, so yeah.

Not going to work, I’m gonna be looking around town.

Though my dumbass doesn’t even know where to start looking for this little shit.

Knowing him, and knowing he stayed in town kinda whittles down the options. There’s the store, he could be hanging out in the break room or even the vents if he was too tired to make his way all the way in.

I doubt he’s in there though, that idiot wouldn’t go in there. Besides if he was fucking Mitch would probably make us come to work to get him. He always knows whenever something happens and I highly doubt he’d keep him around.

Mitch is more keen to kinda shove someone off his responsibility chart if he doesn’t really have to deal with them. He’s patched us up before, then promptly kicked us out and said not to come back until we were good to go, or close. As long as we didn’t have any more open wounds or anything that would impede our ability to move.

I doubt he’d be back in town too, then again there was also the possibility he’s just been hanging out in there and doing nothing in the meantime. He’d go in through the vents, I doubt I’d be able to fit in there, and if I tried I’d get stuck.

Alright, store one option. Other options….

Uuuhhhh

Fuck.

Maybe his house, just for the sole reason that there might be heat and water there. And I know he
still has plenty of first aid items there. It’s also a place where a lot of his old stuff is, I know there’s still a lot he still hasn’t gotten from there. Old notebooks he left behind, some random stuff he might just mess around with.

It’d be the last place he’d expect us to look for him. It’s also a good place to be alone, hell he might even be at Eijirou’s house. He has more clothes and is better stocked, I know he’s been over there a few times. At least for clothes anyway, and if he’s mad at Shitty Hair he might be staying there just to spite him.

Alright, three places to look for him, fucking great. I’ll start at the store, I might not be able to get inside via the vent and I don’t want to open it because people actually think I’ll be working and flood the store. Fuck that.

If I yell through the vents, I should get some kind of response. The only thing I should have to worry about is Heffer getting pissed and attacking me. Haven’t seen the little shit in a while, he’s probably bored.

I started jogging over to the store, it’s not too far from Icyhot’s house. The town’s quiet, like it’s usual quiet. There are the sounds of birds here and there, a stray cat hanging around somewhere. Of course the sky was cloudy, it always is.

It was kind of peaceful which is weird to say at all in this damn place.

I haven’t seen Insomniac or Cockatoo anywhere. I wouldn’t be surprised if they were sleeping in, it’s just that kind of weather. What sucks is that they have a bit of a headstart on me, I’ve had to spend time recovering from what happened while they’ve been fine this entire time.

It looks like they haven’t stopped by at all, I’m sure they would have talked to Ms. Rei by now if they were looking for witnesses or some kind of source. Hell even Icyhot since he was unconscious during the whole interrogation. He would have told me, unless his fucking brain froze over and he forgot to.

That means they’ve been looking they’ve been looking for Deku, or maybe researching or something. Whatever Pro heroes do about this shit. Then again there’s two of them, so maybe it’s one and one.

Shit.
So it won’t be long until they find out where we live and talk to us. Even worse my folks are coming back in a few days so if this doesn’t get resolved by then that’s gonna be a whole mess too.

Ugh.

Why can’t these people just fucking leave! They might be heroes but there’s a time and a place to back the hell off, this is one of them.

Alright, I’m at the store.

Oh fuck.

Well I found Insomniac, and he’s wearing...is that supposed to be his hero suit? It’s just- it’s pretty much what he wears regularly but with a bulky scarf. Fuck.

He’s standing in front of the store doors, it’s closed so Mitch isn’t here, good. What isn’t good is that he’s looking around. Well it’s good that the vent in question is around on one of the other sides, I’ll just sneak around the cars in the lot he shouldn’t see me. Easy enough.

He’s kind walking around the entrance, I can see him typing away at his phone then switching to jotting something down in a notebook.

What is he a building inspector now?

I slipped past a few more cars and ran across the open space while I was sure he was looking away.

I headed over to the vent in the wall, it was still in it’s grate.

Before any of you think I’m actually going to crawl in there, I’m not. I just took off the grate and sorta made stuck my head in there. It’s dark, but I could see a few marks on the side. Heffer.
“Deku! Oi, Deku! Get your ass out here, you need to come home!”

I didn’t hear anything in there for a bit until a shifting and grinding noise came up. I raised an eyebrow and scooted back a bit. I couldn’t see much, so I grabbed my phone and turned on the flashlight.

The noises stopped just before I turned the light on.

Because that little shit knew exactly what I was doing.

I turned on the light and I saw two bright orbs staring at me just outside the area my phone lights up. We stared at each other for a moment before Heffer started screeching and launched himself at me.

“Fuck!”

He smacked me in the face and started to claw and scratch at me as I rolled around on the ground.

“Ow ow ow ow! Knock it off son of a bitch!” I hit him a few times before ripping him off my face and holding him by his scruff or fur or whatever it is. He continued to try to claw at me while I stood up.

“You little shit, what was that for!”

He fucking hissed at me and tried to nip at my hands, still using his little paws to reach for my face to try and scratch at me.

“What were you doing? Taking a nap?” I yelled, getting a hiss in return.

I almost threw him at the vent when I saw someone walk around the wall and come into full view. I took my attention of Heffer to the Insomniac who heard me yelling.

Thanks Heffer, you stupid ass raccoon.
“Oh, so you’re the one causing all the commotion over here.” He mumbled, pocketing his phone and walking over. I watched him look over me before stopping and staring at the raging raccoon in my hand.

“So, whatcha got there?” He asked, raising an eyebrow.

I felt my eye twitch as Heffer scratched at my hand. I really didn’t need this shit right now, and he’s just annoying as hell. First fucking stop and of course I get injured right out the gate.

“A smoothie.” I grunted as Heffer fucking scratched me again. I ended up throwing him at Insomniac.

There’s something surreal about watching a screeching raccoon go flying towards a pro hero that looks like a hobo. The world just kinda slowed down for a moment as the man’s eyes widened as he moves to step out of the way, the giant rat screaming even louder.

I turn around to run off when I hear a shout and a loud thud, followed by the continued hissing of the angry raccoon.

Off to Eijriou’s house, then I’ll make the run to Deku’s house. Heffer should keep the Hobo Hero busy for a bit. I managed to jump on a few cars and cut through most of the lot before getting back to the ground and sprinting for the houses.

At least that’s what I thought until I felt something wrap around my legs and torso, almost making me fall over.

I hadn’t even gotten to the other end of the lot when I was pulled back a bit and heard someone stomping over the cars.

“You do know that running away only makes you look guilty right?”

 Fucking… 
Thanks Heffer, thanks a bunch. Couldn’t do me one favor and distract this asshole long enough for me to book it?

“You know, I’m pretty sure throwing a raccoon at someone could be considered assault with a deadly weapon.” He stepped off the car and glared down at me.

“Heffer isn’t fucking deadly, he’s Heffer. He’s just a little shit.” I tried to pull at the damn scarf rope thing, it didn’t budge.

“The scratches on your face would say otherwise.”

“I woke him up from a nap, it’s not like he was actually going to maim me damn it.” I grabbed one of the damn ropes and tugged at it. I thought maybe I could use my Quirk to burn or break it.

“There’s also the concern for rabies.” He added

“If he had rabies, I’m pretty sure I’d be dead by now. He’s bitten me a bunch of times.” I snapped.

“That so?” He hums. I growl and go to let off a few sparks on the scarf, only for nothing to come up. “I’d really appreciate it if you didn’t make this any harder than it has to be.”

“What the hell!” I shouted, still trying to use my Quirk. It wouldn’t come out.

“I took your Quirk kid, so you wouldn’t cause trouble. Also because using your Quirk in public without a license is illegal.” He snapped, walking over to me. I could see his hair was floating and his eyes turned red.

I felt myself settle down under his gaze, I stopped trying to use my Quirk. I just resorted to tugging at the ropes, which he still held taut.

“We do it all the time, we never get in trouble for it.” I snapped. “Get off my back.”

“You don’t get in trouble for it because the law enforcement here is essentially nonexistent.” He
tightened the stupid scarf a bit. “Normally you would have been reprimanded or scolded for that.”

“Well I wouldn’t be doing this shit if you would just leave me alone! Get lost you fucking freak!” I yelled at him.

We stayed like that for a bit, me tugging and him holding me in place. I was able to use my explosions for just a second before he fucking took it way again. Asshole!

“I said it once, I will say it again. Running only makes you look guilty, I was just going to ask why you were looking in a vent and why the store wasn’t open.” He huffed. “So, care to answer that?”

“Not really no. It’s none of your damn business!”

“...Does you looking in a vent happen to have anything to do with Midoriya?”

I paused for a second, before continuing my pulling at the scarf. That was all the answer he needed.

“You’re looking for him.”

“What’s it matter to you!”

“This is a missing persons case young man, I was lenient in the hotel but I will not be as kind here. You’re withholding information that could help find him and bring him home. Your friend might be in danger, do you know that? What if I need to know something and you have that last piece I need so I know where to look? What if you don’t tell me anything and something happens to him?”

“He’s not in danger dipshit, I know that.” I gave a harder tug and moved forward a bit. “He’s in town he’s not in the forest. There’s hardly any people left in this fucking town, he’s not in danger damn it!”

“How do you know?”

“He reads our messages when we text him, he just doesn’t text back. It’s a thing he does.”
“And if it’s not him?”

“He locks his phone.”

I glared at the man, he had let his Quirk go and I could feel mine come back. I didn’t use it, since from how this guy is talking he’ll arrest me or something if I use it. I hate the way he fucking looked at me, just with that blank stare. Like he’s trying to figure me out.

“I’m going to let you go, and we’re going to talk to each other like adults. Understand?”

“What are you my fucking dad?”

He narrowed his eyes at me.

“Is that a yes or a no?”

“...Fine.”

I don’t have time for this shit, I’m supposed to be looking for Deku and this asshole is holding me up. I grunted as he unwrapped me and stepped back, giving me a bit of space. I stumbled forward a bit before rubbing my arms.

“Why are you here?” He asked.

“...I’m looking for Deku.”

“Why isn’t the store open?”

“Our boss isn’t here and we’re still recovering.” I kicked at a rock and watched it bounce off a car. “There’s no one else to run it.”
“I see.”

“Why do you need more coffee or something? Go to the gas station like a normal person!” I yelled.

He ignored my yelling, keeping his fucking stare at me. What does he think he’ll do fucking intimidate me?!

“I already did, their coffee is like sludge.” He sighed.

“Tough shit. Whatever keeps taking your coffee isn’t gonna stop so I don’t know what to tell you.”

I checked my phone before turning around, I heard him step forward before talking again. “I’m gonna go, obviously I don’t have shit to say but-”

“Where exactly are you looking for him?”

“Why should I tell you!”

“So I can help you look for him.” He answered bluntly.

“And why do I want your help?” I snapped.

“Because I can help look for him, and help you bring him home.”

I glared at him. “And what are you gonna do once you find him? Let him come home?”

He raised an eyebrow. “Yes, that’s the idea. And ask him what happened since the state we found you three in is suspicious...unless you’re saying he’s not safe here?”
“We’re all safe here asshole! This is our home!”

Yeah, a lie I know.

“Is it?”

“Okay, Hobo man.” I snapped.

“You can call me Aizawa.” He frowned.

“Hobo man, stay in your fucking lane. It’s our job to bring him home, he’s safe, it’s just a matter of finding him. Besides aren’t you supposed to be leaving town, go to some kind of radio show?”

He nods. “Yes, that’s right. But things got a bit complicated. I might just send Hizashi to go ahead, he can pick me up when he comes back.”

I groaned and started walking away, and he decided to fucking follow me.

“Are you serious?” I asked.

“Yes.”

I kicked a random can and sent it flying, why won’t he just leave us alone! We’re handling it, this is how we do shit! I don’t want him knowing where Shitty Hair’s and Deku’s house are, even if they don’t stay there...it just bothers me.

We just won’t stop by there anymore, I mean we don’t even visit there anyway.

“Are you going to leave me alone?” I asked.

“Unlikely.”
“Will you leave me alone if I give you a place on my list to look for him?” I snapped.

“I’ll look there, but considering you have a list I’ll probably come by again.”

“Oh, how will you find me?”

“It’s a small town kid. I doubt it’ll take too long to find you.”

I turned to glare at him, still with that stupid emotionless, unaffected look on his damn face. He still kept looking over me, I don’t know what he was looking for!

“Whatsoever, as long as you’ll leave me the hell alone!” I yelled. “Just head down this street then turn left two streets after that stop sign. You’ll see a light greenish gray house with no cars in the driveway. Last I checked it was unlocked.”

I pointed at the direction he should head in and glare at him.

He crossed his arms. “Why would he be there?”

“Because that’s a friend’s house, that’s where I was gonna go next until you decided to stop me.”

“After you threw a raccoon at me.”

“Semantics.”

He grunted and looked down the street. “And where will you be headed?”

“Somewhere else, and I thought you said you would find me since it’s a small town.” I rolled my eyes. “I doubt it’ll take long.”
His eye twitched and he grunted.

“Should I expect anything to be there?”

“Unless Deku is there? No.”

I started walking away again, waiting for him to fucking stop me again. I didn’t, I just heard him walking in a direction other than mine. I didn’t look back, and once I was sure he was gone I sprinted towards Eiji’s house.

I gave him Deku’s house, yeah I feel kind of fucking stupid but in retrospect I seriously doubt he’d be there. Fuck I hope he’s not there.

Shitty Hair’s house is closest so it doesn’t take me long to get there, and I highly doubt Hobo Hero man is in any hurry. So if I run over to Eijirou’s house and do a quick sweep I can maybe book it somewhere across town and avoid him for a bit. If I stick close enough to the treeline I can run in there and wait for him to get lost if he’s too close.

You know it’s kind of weird now that I’m kind of thinking about it.

Back when I was a kid, I wanted to be hero more than anything. Now look at me, essentially evading a hero and what probably looks like some shady shit. Withholding information, granted we didn’t ask for his fucking help. Talking shit to a hero, which I’m sure they all have had happen to them.

In my defense, he’s a fucking out of towner. He’s an outsider, and he should mind his own damn business.

It didn’t take too long to get to his house, thankfully no incidents on the way. I can hear some thunder though, so it might start raining soon.

Great, just fucking dandy.

That’s exactly what I need, more rain.
Doesn’t help that I forgot my umbrella, damn it.

Eiji’s house is tucked between two small houses, seemingly empty but I swear I can hear stuff in there. I think one of our old teachers used to be in one of those, don’t know where he went.

Not really sure where any of them went.

I’m not gonna lie, Eiji’s house is a little unsettling. It used to be a place of comfort, just somewhere where we could hang out when we didn’t want to deal with anything and the four of us just wanted to hang out.

Now it just feels eerie. Quiet and empty, hardly anything left in there. Just furniture and his aunt’s stuff.

The last time we were here we just picked up some clothes for him, and locked the door and windows.

The front door was unlocked and cracked open.

I kinda stared at it for a while, looking the place up and down. There’s a chance that Deku’s in there, and he forgot to close the door. He might have just sulked off to somewhere else in the house and just passed out there and stayed there.

The other option...fuck.

I stood there for a bit, weighing the options of going in there. There were windows, worst case scenario I could just break one and run. If there was something in there it might be better to chase it out before Shitty Hair or his aunt come here.

If it can be chased out.

I nudged the door open with my foot and looked inside, still on the doormat. It was dark, the usual
daytime lights off dark. There was dust everywhere, which made me sneeze a few times. I leaned forward a bit before taking a step inside.

I didn’t call for Deku, just in case. I wasn’t going to take any chances with this shit. If there was something in there I wasn’t going to let it know I was here. I pushed the door all the way open, making sure there was nothing hiding behind there.

No resistance, so I was good.

I crept inside, listening to everything first. I turned up my aids before walking too far.

It was quiet, the only noise that was there was the thunder from outside, the occasional drip from what I assume was the kitchen sink.

I looked around the living room, nothing behind the couches, the movies and books untouched. A few frames were cracked around the edges. I don’t think those have always been there.

The floor didn’t even make any creaking noises when I walked on it, it was just my footsteps that were way louder than they should have been. When I got to the kitchen I was met with another empty room.

The kitchen window was closed, and the backdoor was closed but unlocked. I’m pretty fucking sure that locked it, all of it. A few cupboards were open, but nothing was taken out except for a cup. Which I found in the sink, in pieces.

I don’t like this, I really don’t. There’s something in here, and I know for damn sure it isn’t Deku. He doesn’t pull this kind of shit.

So whatever is in here is either in Eiji’s room, his aunt’s, or the fucking basement.

I still don’t hear anything, which is just grinding my damn nerves. Even while I’m walking through the hall, I can’t hear anything. There’s nothing in the walls, no noise that can be heard from where I am. I passed the door that leads to the basement, it’s a door with a narrow staircase that leads to another door. That’s the basement.
Even as kids we avoided that place at all costs, the only reason to go down there is to fix the electricity whenever Shitty Hair microwaves a goddamn fork!

I passed it, if I was going to check that shit out it would be last so I could make a break for it if I had to.

After that hall is another one that stretches from right to left. There’s a closet in the middle and rooms on either end. His aunt’s is on the left, so I went there first.

Still nothing, I can’t hear jack. The silence is oppressive it’s like I’m deaf. I can’t even hear the dripping from the kitchen, even my footsteps don’t make any noise. What the hell?

I didn’t look in the closet, I can’t. I can’t bring myself to do it. Not when I can get cornered in a room.

I stopped at the door, pressed an ear to it. I didn’t hear anything in there, quiet as ever. I slowly turned the doorknob, opening it as quietly as I could. All the way, no resistance, nothing behind the door.

Good, I kept it open as I walked inside. His aunt’s room is a pretty decent size, a bed in the middle, headboard pressed against a wall. A TV on the wall across on top of a dresser. Basic setup.

Yeah she had a nightstand beside her bed but that’s beside the point. The window on the wall across the door wasn’t open. Locked.

Okay.

I crept further in and saw the bathroom door and the closet door. Nothing was opened.

I walked forward, able to hear my footsteps again. Fucking weird…

I sighed softly and stood in the room, listening. Tilting my head this way and that, when I heard a small creak my head snapped towards the bathroom door. It was small, hardly noticeable, but to me it was a telling sign.
I slowly walked over, raising a hand and grabbing the doorknob. Before I opened it I pressed my ear to it, hearing nothing at first. There was no telltale creak. But as soon as I was about to open the door there was a loud tap on the door.

I grunted and slammed the door open, raising my free hand to let off an explosion. Only to find nothing, nothing behind the door. Nothing behind the shower curtain, nothing in the cupboard.

“Oh what the fuck…”

I still felt that dread, that unsettling feeling.

I could feel myself panting, when had that started up? I couldn’t be panicking, it was way too fucking early for that.

I closed the bathroom door, listening again for any tell tale sign of whatever the fuck is in this house.

I took a minute and stood in front of the bathroom door, not moving and still listening. That oppressive silence was back. I took a few steps away and once again everything was just muted. I looked around again before heading to her closet, I didn’t even listen before throwing the door open.

I nearly detonated on the spot because of the damn figure right in front of me. There was admittedly a loud fucking boom in the room before I cooled my shit enough to realize it was just a mannequin in the closet.

Shit I forgot she had one of those damn things. She used to make us sweaters when she was younger, before she was always out of the house because of her job. She hasn’t been here for months, I wonder how she’d react to everything that’s happened…

Probably freak out knowing her.

I huffed and closed the door, the muteness was still there. Too quiet, so damn unnerving.
Whatever’s in here is fucking playing with me, what the fuck?! I don’t know what the hell it was, or what it wanted, and I don’t fucking care. It has to get the hell out of here.

If I can even find it...I don’t even know how I’m supposed to get it out. Shit, if something came in here because of how empty this damn place has been I’d hate to see what’s in Deku’s house.

I hurried down the hall, going slow in front of the closet. I ended up stopping in front of Eijirou’s room. It was that, the closet, then the basement. None of which I was looking forward to.

I was...admittedly scared of heading into Eijirou’s room. I just felt this fear, like there was something in there waiting for me. I still couldn’t hear anything, no breathing, no footsteps, no taps...nothing.

Something just screamed at me to get out, to leave it alone and stay away. I had a bad feeling with all of this, would I be able to get out? Is it something I can fight?

I had a way out, I left the front door open. Worse case scenario, break a window.

I grabbed the doorknob and braced myself, I let a few sparks off before starting to turn it.

I started to turn it and push, though before I could fully open it a hand placed itself on my shoulder.

I shouted and turned around, letting off a few explosions at the thing that grabbed me. Only for it to grab my wrists. I glared at my hands while nothing came out, all the while struggling against whatever the fuck grabbed me.

“Bakugo stop!” A voice barked at me, and I realized which sorry bastard grabbed me.

 Fucking Hobo Hero.

I looked up to see this asshole using his Quirk on me, still holding onto my wrists. I stopped and felt my eye twitch before managing to push him away from me.
“Son of a bitch, what the hell is wrong with you?” I yelled, I couldn’t keep my voice down. I was drenched in sweat, shit…

“You don’t sneak up on people like that you sorry fuck!” I kicked the wall and panted, I could hear noise again. Actually everything was way too loud now. I scrambled to turn everything down before he spoke up,

“Bakugo, I’ve been calling you for a good few minutes and you weren’t answering.” He muttered. “Are you alright?”

“I’m fucking fine! What does it look like? Fuck...did you find Deku?” I snapped.

He frowned. “No, I actually had a question about your friend. Does he have a-”

“Shut up!” I snapped. “Shut the fuck up, just shut up.” I wiped my forehead and looked at the damn door. I still couldn’t hear anything.

I was about to reach for the door when he started talking again!

“Bakugo.”

“What! Oh my god what?” I glared at him.

“Are you alright?” He asked again, a bit more firmly.

My eye twitched and I opened my mouth to yell when he snapped his fingers and shook his head.

“Talk to me like an adult, use your words and don’t scream at me.” He huffed, keeping his voice low. That’s right we have to do that here.

“I’m fine . Don’t sneak up on people...asshole.” I hissed. “You don’t do that shit, not here.
I wasn’t aware you were so jumpy.” He narrowed his eyes. “Are you done looking through this place?” He asked.

“No. Just this last f-fucking room and then we can leave damn it.” I didn’t want to stay here any longer, the basement and closet can go fuckthemselves. I opened the door slowly, listening. That dread was gone, whatever was there was gone now. Was it only around if you were alone?

Damn.

I walked into the room, untouched as ever. Dust was everywhere, all his old comics and books were still on the shelf. Nothing had been disturbed.

“He’s not in here.”

“Yeah no shit Sherlock.” I rubbed my eyes. “Fine. Fine, fucking fine.” I kept glancing around the room until I noticed the window. We locked everything, *everything* from the inside. And his damn window was wide open.

Ok, now was a good time to leave. It was definitely time to leave.

“Do you happen to have any other places to look?” Hobo asked as I shoved past him. Actually had to push him, it was kinda hard.

“No, none at the moment.” I snapped, hearing him walk behind me, “Even if I did as if I’d tell you.”

“I’d make sure you would.”

“Whatever you-” I stopped in the middle of the hall, hearing him stop behind me. The door to the basement was open, down the stairs the second door was open too. The light was on.
“Oi, hero. Did you check out the basement?” I asked quietly, looking at him. I kept glancing from him to the door, that feeling was back. That thing that told me to get the hell out and not come back.

“No, I had assumed you did.” He tensed up. “Did you?”

“No...was it like this when you came in?”

“Yes.”

“Fuck.”

We just stood there for a bit, staring down the stairs at that place.

“No one is supposed to be here, right?” He looked down at me and I nodded. That silence was starting to come back, it was time to go.

“You stay here understand?” He grabbed his scarf and was about to head down when I grabbed his arm. “Bakugo-”

“It’s time to fucking go.” I hissed. “Don’t go down there, there’s something down there and keep your voice down.” I grit my teeth, almost grinding them, this was killing me.

“How are you so-”

“Because I am! And unless you feel like dying today I suggest that you-”

We both stopped when we heard a door slam. We looked at each other then at the door below, it was closed now.

Oh I definitely didn’t like that.
I felt Aizawa try to tug away from me but this time I used both hands to pull him back. Before he could scold me or do whatever the door below creaked open again. No one there.

Then it slammed shut. Then it opened, then slammed, open, then slam. Open, slam, open, slam.

It was starting to get faster...and the door looked like it was getting closer.

I felt him take a step back and hold out the arm I still had.

“What is that?” He asked, taking us away from the door. The bottom one was closer now.

“I don’t know.”

“Baku-”

“I don’t fucking know!”

It got even faster, and as soon as we were further away from the first door at the top it began to slam too. The door was still getting closer, but this time I swear to god I thought I could see something.

I only started running when I felt him give me a hard shove and I fucking booked it. I sprinted down and whirled around the corner to the living room. The banging was getting louder and if anything it sounded like it was right on top of me.

“Fuck!” I shot out the front door and ran down the driveway, running down the street a bit before stopping. I looked behind me to see through the front door. I didn’t see the living room, just the stairs and the bottom door slamming again and again before the front door slammed shut too.

Everything was quiet again, well, as quiet as it should be. The noise was back, normal noise. Thunder, leaves rustling, wind, all that shit.

I could hear again, good.
What the fuck was that?

What the hell was that? Why is it there? And what the hell am I supposed to do about it?! Shit!

I started pacing back and forth, going further up the street each time I turned around. I hadn’t found Deku, neither had Hobo Man. He wasn’t in the store, he wasn’t here, he wasn’t at his house. And instead of finding him, I find out there’s some kind of monster in Eijioru’s house!

Fucking great. Great, what the hell am I supposed to do with this? Where else am I supposed ot fucking look? Damn it!

“Bakugo.” He called me and I ignored him, I had to find Deku. Shit I also had to check in with Icyhot, make sure he didn’t kill Shitty Hair.

“Bakugo!” Aizawa barked at me, standing in front of me. When did he get there?

“Sit. Down.” He pointed at the curb. I stared at him, contemplating on whether or not to just punch him and run for it. I didn’t. I went to go sit on the curb, and when I did it was only then that I realized how dizzy I felt. The world was spinning for a good minute or two, it took me a second to register he had sat beside me.

“Bakugo, take a deep breath.” He ordered.

“I’m breathing! The hell else do you want from me?!” I rasped.

“Deep breaths.” He said again, staring me dead in the eye.

I did, I had been panting for a while now. Borderline hyperventilating, I could feel my heart beating out of my chest. My clothes were drenched in sweat, but the cool air felt nice. I let off a few sparks, my hands were starting to itch and burn, I had to.

“Better?” He asked, and I nodded. “Good. Now, can you tell me what the hell that was in there?”
He asked.

It took me a minute, but I looked at him. Actually looked at him, he was pretty unsettled. Kind of shaken up, yeah I get it. He’s not from here, but even then...damn.

I just shook my head. “No.”

“Bakugo-”

“I don’t know! I fucking don’t! I go to see if Deku’s there and instead there’s some other freaky shit living in there now!” I yelled.

“Isn’t that your friend’s house?”

“Yes.”

“Was that in anyway your friend?”

“Hell no.”

He nodded and rubbed his eyes. “And you have no idea who, or what that was?” He asked.

“Definitely wasn’t a who ,” I muttered.

“Are you okay?” He asked.

“Yes, it’s none of your business.” I snapped.

“...You were pretty shaken up when I came up to you. Did you see anything in there?” He asked, looking me up and down.
“...No. Just dread, which is gonna come back if you don’t leave me alone Hobo!” I yelled. I was feeling okay again, tired but okay. I grunted as I stood up, pulling out my phone and texting Icyhot.

It took him a minute or two to reply, something along the lines of ‘Eijirou is annoying the hell out of me.’

Of course he’d be bitching, I asked why. I expected Deku to come up, but no. They just can’t agree on anything, that’s just dandy. Getting into fights over petty ass things, just what we need.

He asked if I found Deku and I told him I was still working on it. He went quiet.

Then I texted Eiji who just asked when I was coming back. I told him soon and that seemed to be enough. Then he just went on about Ms. Rei, how nice she is. Typing out a few things that he remembered about her.

Ok, so it looks like at least one of us made progress.

That’s good I guess.

“Bakugo.” He sighed, crossing his arms and stopping me again. “We need to talk.”

“About? What the hell else do you want? I don’t know where else Deku is, or would be. I’m trying to rack my brain and you’re not helping!”

He sighed and ran a hand through his hair, he was getting impatient. Yeah, me too asshole. You’re not special.

“About your friend, I have a question. I would appreciate it if you would listen.” He grit his teeth.

“What?”
“Does Midoriya have a fire based Quirk?” He asked.

“No, he doesn’t. Why?” I asked.

“...I found a room in there that was covered in burns. The walls were charred, the bed and desk in there were all burned. I found a few notebooks that were pretty much ash, except for this one.” He handed me one of Deku’s old notebooks, it was burnt around the edges, a lot of the pages were fragile.

“There was a broken TV in there, and what looked like a scratched up window.” He added.

Everything was burned...

Deku doesn’t have a Quirk. Nobody’s been there for a long time.

“That room was the only one damaged, everything else was untouched. I also happened to notice how the large bedroom was lacking any clothes or belongings, while that room still had a few clothes and personal items. Bakugo, do you know anything about this?”

Was he...was he worried?

I glared up at him and turned around. I just started walking off, it was time to just skirt around the edges of town. I’d find him at some point, I had to.

“Bakugo.”

“It’s none of your business.” I snapped. He was still following me.

“It is. It is my business Bakugo. That place was on your list of places to look, you say he doesn’t have a fire based Quirk, then who or what did that to his room?”

I stopped, I didn’t tell him that it was Deku’s house.
“Those notebooks have his name on them.” He said, “And whoever was in there doesn’t seem to like him very much.”

There was no fucking way...he was gone. He doesn’t have a reason to come back, why would he? He had no reason to come through here again.

“Bakugo.” He carried a bit more insistence with him.

“It’s not my business to tell you.” I said, starting to walk away. Of course he trails after me.

“I don’t think you understand, your friend might be in danger and you not telling me means I can’t help you!” He raised his voice.

“I don’t need help! I’m going to find Deku, I’m going to bring him home, then you can be on your merry way!” I was about to run off when he grabbed my shoulder and turned me around.

“No, I can’t. Do you want to know why? Because you three came back from the forest injured and exhausted. You had the shit kicked out of you, and you’re missing a friend. Because there’s something in that house, and something else that messed up your friend’s room that obviously has it out for him. There is something going on here and you four are stuck in the middle of it!” He yelled at me, keeping me in place.

“So?” I yelled right back.

“You’re kids!” He snapped. “You are children, you should not be caught up in any of this!”

“Yeah well we are. It’s how we do things but I guess an out of towner like you wouldn’t understand!”

“Yes, I don’t understand. Because normally children your age shouldn’t be dealing with any of what I have seen in this town!”
“Well maybe we’re not normal.” I tried to shove him away, but he wouldn’t budge. Fucker’s solid.

“*That* is a poor excuse.” He scowled.

I sputtered for a minute before finding my words again. “It’s just how we are! *This* is our normal, so—”

“Running from strange creatures and looking for a missing friend is normal for you?”

“You’re making it sound worse than it actually is!”

“That is exactly what I’m seeing.” He frowned.

I made some kind of yelling noise before getting out of his grip and walking down the street again. I just needed something, I needed some kind of idea as to where the hell to look, I needed something and he wasn’t helping!

“Bakugo, I’m not the bad guy here.”

“You kind of are, you just won’t leave us alone! You’ve overstayed your welcome and now you’re butting into our business.”

“Because that’s my job.”

I groaned and rubbed my eyes. Meanwhile still thinking of where else to look for Deku. Again and again my thoughts came up empty!

“I don’t care if it’s your job, it’s still none of your business.” I huffed. “We do things on our own here, and we get them done.”

He sighed and shook his head. He’s stubborn, which is annoying as hell.
“I want to help you Bakugo.”

“Supposedly.”

He grunted. “I want to help you, but I can only do so much if you tell me so little. It’s my job as a hero and an adult to help you.”

“...You’re not gonna leave this alone are you?”

“Don’t plan on it.”

I sighed. “Fine.”

“Alright, now that we’ve got that cleared up, where do we look next?” He asked.

“I’m not sure.” He grumbled.

“You’ve checked the store, your houses, you’re so confident that he’s in town. Where else is there to look?” He asked.

We’ve checked off the houses, and Deku knows better than to go into the abandoned houses. That’s just asking for trouble. The school remains? No cover. Hotel? No, we were there and someone would have seen him.

I kept going over the checklist in my head, what stores we know and have been to. It started sprinkling as I counted off the places in my head. I could feel him watching me, maybe taking his eyes off me for a few seconds to look around before looking back at me.

I was about to yell at him to stop looking at me when I went over the last place in my head. Somewhere we haven’t visited in a long time, but we were talking about on our way out. I froze in place as I tried to reason it out.

Grandma’s house.
It was far from where he would have come out of the forest, but it was quiet and discreet. Grandma would have taken care of him, she would keep him out of trouble. He has good service, and feels safe enough to not text us and let us know he’s okay.

I must have been stuck in place for a bit because Hobo Man raised an eyebrow. “Bakugo, what are you-”

“I’m gonna kill him.” It just came out. Don’t fucking judge me.

“Excuse me?”

“That little shit, he went all the way to…” I yelled and took off in a sprint, especially now that the rain was starting to come down a bit harder. I heard Aizawa running with me, keeping pace with ease.

“Where is he?” He asked.

“You’re gonna see, and I’m gonna kill him. He’s such a shit!” I ran faster down the road, turning a corner and running straight from there. It was a longer walk than a sprint, but it was fine we’d get there fast enough. The asphalt stopped where the forest was carved out with a wide path, leading straight to grandma’s house.

I almost slipped a couple of times because of the mud and puddles here and there. It didn’t matter, since I could see her house up ahead. Her garden was growing nicely, the rain probably helped with that.

Though that was the last thought on my mind when I saw a figure sitting on the porch and tracing something in the wood.

I’m going to kill him.

“Deku!” I shouted, seeing the figure look up in surprise.
I was closer now and I could see the look of shock on his face. He got up and looked like he was going to run inside. Until I jumped the fence and ran up and tackled him to the ground in a hug.

“K-Ka-”

“You little shit! You fucking piece of shit, this is where you’ve been hiding?” I yelled at him and sat us up. While he sputtered out meaningless noise I looked over him.

His entire torso is covered in bandages, some of them need to be changed. Mostly the ones around his chest. He’s also shirtless, which means he’s kind of cold with just a damn blanket wrapped around himself.

Little reckless bastard.

Granted it’s a pretty thick and heavy blanket, but still.

I felt him trying to squirm out of my hold, which only made me hug him tighter. He let out a choked noise and slapped my arm.

“St-Stop! Still hurts!” He gasped, making me let go of him. He coughed and held his chest for a bit before punching my arm.

“Asshole!”

“Yeah what else is new?” I rolled my eyes.

His mouth twitched up for a minute before he shook his head. He looked so tired.

“What was it this time?” I asked, feeling him lean his head on my shoulder. He didn’t want to look at me…

“Don’t worry about it.”
“Deku-”

“I’m still mad. I’m still pissed off Kacchan, at Kirishima so just…just shut up.” He shook his head.

“Well you found him.”

Deku and I groaned loudly, I forgot the Hobo Hero was here.

“Why is he here?” Deku asked.

“Because you were a missing person, and I have a few questions for you.” The hero hummed.

Deku groaned loudly and turned to hit his head on one of the wooden railings, I grabbed his shoulder and kept him from doing so.

“That’s what you get for running away you little shit.”

“Shut up, I hate you.”

“Uh huh…”

Before anyone could say anything else the door opened and out came Grandma, smiling at all of us.

“Well it’s about time you got here. I thought you would have been here earlier. Come in, come in. I just served lunch.” She motioned for us to follow her.

Deku sighed and got up, we trudged inside after her. I looked over my shoulder at Aizawa and he just gave me a raised eyebrow.
“She meant you too dipshit, get in here.” I muttered, trying not to smirk at his surprised expression.

“Language Katsuki!”

“Sorry Grandma.”

Chapter End Notes

A figure sat in one of the trees, watching the interaction between the boys before called into the house. He narrowed his eyes as the black-haired man took a step forward, only to stop. Slowly turning around to where the figure sat, unseen, still hidden by the shadows.

Unknowingly to one party, the two stared at each other for a while before the man was called inside again.

"Shouta Aizawa..."

The figure pulled out a small notebook, thumbing through the pages. Eyes scanning over names and dates, again and again until he reached a blank page. Finding no matches.

"Well, aren't you an interesting anomaly. Let's see where you go from here."

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