Izuku Midoriya is A Huge Disaster (And Other Facts Of Life)

by StarReads

Summary

Bakogou Katsuki, 16. An explosive person with a foul mouth, and a strange way of showing appreciation.

Todoroki Shouto, 16. A cold, serious boy with deep-running scars and a stupidly attractive face.

Midoriya isn't quite sure why, but he's drawn to them.

In this AU Midoriya and Bakgou didn't grow up together, and instead, Midoriya sees him when he enters into UA. The two boys are his soulmates. Only problem? Midoriya is too shy to talk to them.

Notes

A Soulmate AU. Your Soulmate(s)'s first words to you are written on your arms.)

See the end of the work for more notes.
Izuku Midoriya has always had it rough. Ever since he could remember, he's wanted to be a hero. To save people with a smile, just like All Might does.

It was unfortunate for him when he turned out Quirkless. Out of every person in the entire world, he had been the one singled out like this. Singled out by fate to be completely and utterly boring.

Izuku hadn't ever really had many friends. He spends so much time alone his mother was starting to worry.

Izuku didn't have anything to look forward to back then, except for the words on his arms. They were the first things his soulmates would ever say to him. Perhaps not the first time he'd hear them speak, that was common nowadays, but it would be the first time they'd ever speak directly too him. Once he met them, he'd finally have a purpose in life. These two mysterious strangers would the only thing that mattered,

At least, that's what he'd thought back in junior high. He wasn't exactly in the best mindset back then.

Today, standing at the train station with a whole bunch of nervous butterflies in his stomach, his outlook on life and his expectations for the future had changed dramatically.

Suddenly, he was chasing his dreams of being a hero. All because of All Might, somebody he'd admired since diapers, had taken notice of him and said the few words he always wanted to hear.

"You can be a hero too".

Midoriya smiled at the memory. If he'd gone back to tell the old him that his hero would stand before him and offer him his quirk, he's sure he would've laughed in his face.

And yet here he was. The whole thing still felt like a page ripped straight from a comic book.

The train stopped in front of him and he filed in, the crowd around him buzzing with excitement. He stumbled towards the nearest seat, plopping straight down. Today would be his very first day as an official UA student. He'd be studying to be a hero. The very thought made his heart race.

Everything was going to change today, he was sure of it.

The train came to a stop and upon hearing the street name, he shot upward.

And crashed right into another person. The girl made a startled noise and stumbled forward, quickly regaining her balance.

"I'm so sorry!" Midoriya squealed, face flushing red. He should've looked before he stood up. How did he always manage to do things like this? It was always so embarrassing!
"It's fine." The girl said. She turned to look at him, and the first thing Midoriya noticed was her cheeks. They were strangely rosy. Maybe it was her quirk? She looked at him for a few seconds, before pointing at him. "That's a Yuuei uniform, right?" She asked. Midoriya nodded, and she beamed. "Oh! You must be another first year! I'm Urarakra Ochako, of the hero course! What's your name?" She asked him. She began walking as she spoke, and Midoriya scampered to keep up with her.

"Midoriya...Izuku." Midoriya mumbled. Curse him and his inability to talk to people! This was his first chance to make a friend and he was completely blowing it.

Urarakra blinked, and then said almost incredulously. "Your name is..Deku?" Midoriya immediately flushed redder than before. "No! It's Midoriya! Midoriya Izuku!" He said. Urarakra giggled. "It's fine you know! I think I like Deku. It sounds like someone who always tries his best." She said. Midoriya paused. Was this..something that friends did? It was, wasn't it? Friends gave each other nicknames all the time!

"You can call me Deku if you want." Midoriya said softly. The smile he got in return almost made him want to cry. "Ok! Oh, what course are you in?" Urarakra asked.

"Oh, I'm in the hero course as well." He answered. Urarakra seemed a little shocked by this, making a face that reminded him of those faces anime characters made, the ones that defied logic. "Oh wow! I never would've guessed! I wonder if we're in the same class?" She said.

Midoriya shrugged, contemplating this. This girl seemed nice enough. It would be nice to know someone else. "I'm in..Class 1A. And you?" He asked. Urarakra beamed. "Oh, me too! This is great, I already have a friend in my class. Well, hurry up then!" She said, moving even faster. Midoriya followed as quickly as he could. For someone so small she sure was fast!

The two of them made their way to their homeroom.

"2B, 2A...Aha! 1A!" Urarakra said, sliding the door open. A quick survey of the room made Midoriya nervous. He had taken the time to memorize the names and placements of everyone who took the entrance exam and passed. There were two people, however, whom he didn't recognize. "They must be the recommendations." He mumbled to himself.

But nevermind that. He knew each face, and almost all of them had placed fairly high in the exams. He could already feel his face heating up. To think he was surrounded by so many talented individuals and he had gotten in by the skin of his teeth!

Urarkra turned to him, giggling. "Don't just stand there. We need to make some friends, try saying hi at least!" She said. Midoriya shook his head rapidly. Him? Speak in front of all these people? The very thought shook him to the core. He just wanted to curl into a little ball and die.

"If you're just here to socialize, you can leave." came a voice from behind them. Midoriya turned around and was shocked instantly.

"What is that?!"
"What is that?" Uraraka said, her voice way too loud and excited for poor Midoriya. He almost wanted to cover his ears.

The strange worm creature slowly unzipped the front of its face. Inside was...a person? The man(?) rose to his feet, rather slowly. "I'm Aizawa Shouta, your homeroom teacher," the teacher said, voice rather monotonous. He sounded like he didn't want to be there at all. "Please take your seats." he continued, pointedly directed at the only two people standing.

Midoriya nodded and stumbled towards the seat in the back. He could feel his ears burning up already.

He barely paid attention to the teacher's welcome speech, his mind was swimming with all sorts of ideas and (irrational) thoughts. He was still out of it when everyone else started moving towards the door.

"Hey, are you okay?" came a voice from behind him. Midoriya looked back to face a boy with strangely spiky red hair. "Yo, I said are you okay? Jeez man, spacing out like that is not good for you." the strange boy said. Midoriya felt his back seize up. He kind of wanted to puke, it was so foreign to be talked to instead of ignored. It was kind of frightening.

Realizing that he hadn't yet responded, Midoriya nodded. He still couldn't bring himself to speak, his throat was dry and he felt really light-headed.

The boy gave him a weird look. "Can you speak? You mute or something?" He asked. Midoriya wanted to reply, to tell him he could speak so he didn't feel so unbearably awkward and yet..nothing. Midoriya just couldn't do it.

The red-head sighed. "It's not a problem if you can't speak man. Well, my name's Kirishima. C'mon, we're going outside." He said, stalking off. Midoriya shakily stood up and followed.
Turns out they were doing a fitness test of sorts. And the person in last place was going to be expelled. It was a little difficult, especially considering how painful his quirk was. He was lucky the pain didn't leave any actual injuries. He couldn't imagine how he'd work around something like that.

At the end of it all, a small boy was sent home crying. His name was...Mineta? Midoriya thought that was his name, but he could've been wrong.

Midoriya sighed with relief when the next teacher came in. Aizawa was a little scary. The next teacher came in shortly after they all had sat down. It was Present Mic, the sound hero. Midoriya wasn't as big of a fan of him as he was for All Might, but he was still pretty cool. Present Mic greeted Aizawa with a smile and then faced the class.

"Good morning students! Can I get a hello?" he said, waving his arms around like a lunatic. The class returned a dull chime of hello. He looked disappointed but moved on (rather reluctantly).

"Since today's your first day, I thought of a great idea! Let's have everyone come up and introduce themselves." Present Mic shouted.

The room went dead silent. Everyone had a variety of looks on their faces, most seemed annoyed and a couple seemed nervous. Suddenly someone shot out of their desks. "That's a great idea! Introductions such as these are of the utmost importance, especially if you want to be a pro-hero! Pros have to speak to crowds all the time!" said a boy with square glasses.

Uraraka spoke up from beside him. (How long had she been sitting there? Midoriya hadn't noticed). "I agree! Besides, how will any of us ever get along if we don't know each other's names?" She asked.

The whole class made noises of approval. As Midoriya started to melt into his chair, Uraraka slid him a note.

"Deku you're never gonna believe this! I met my soulmate!!!! She's the girl with the froggy face, she's super cute, right? I'm dying!" she wrote. Underneath the words was a huge smiley face.

Midoriya peeked over at her and gave her a small smile. This was normal right? Did friends pass notes during class? They probably did, not that Midoriya would know.

The first kid was called up to introduce himself. "I'm Shoji Mezo. Nice to meet you all." the boy said. Midoriya studied him carefully. His quirk wasn't too hard to figure out, considering his appendages were in plain sight. Midoriya wanted to ask about them, but again, the idea of speaking to anyone made his stomach hurt.

The next couple kids went up. There was Kaminari Denki, Sato Rikido, Tokoyami Fumikage, and Asui Tsuyu. Asui seemed very nice, and she even smiled at him when she noticed him staring. Midoriya sighed, a little relieved that his new friend's soulmate wasn't too scary.

Then a boy stood up. Midoriya had noticed him earlier, he was the only boy in the room he hadn't seen during the entrance exams. Which meant he was a recommendation. That tiny fact made his heart race. Or well, maybe a teensy tiny bit of that heart racing was because this boy was really, really attractive. He had really nice eyes and his hair was pretty and soft looking.

Midoriya shook those stray thoughts away. That was probably a super creepy thing to think about your classmate. And plus, he was definitely staring at this boy for way too long. Could Midoriya be any creepier?
"I'm Shouto Todoroki." the boy said. Midoriya spent a little longer than necessary considering his voice. It definitely fit him.

After the boy sat down, others got up. There was, of course, Uraraka and a strange looking girl with pink skin named Ashido Mina. Then the redhead from earlier, Kirishima Eijiro stood up, followed by the other recommendation students Yaoyoruzu Momo.

Then Present Mic pointed at him. Midoriya felt his stomach churn as he stood up, visibly shaking. He stumbled forward slightly, praying he didn't just fall over. When he stood up in front of the class, he could barely breathe, much less talk.

So he stood there. He stood there like a log until eventually, a loud (rather attractive-sounding) voice barked at him.

"Hey you f-cking nerd, get on with it already!"

Midoriya froze his right arm burning (figuratively, though with how red he was he wouldn't be surprised if he did catch fire).

Oh great, this whole situation was just fantastic. He'd just met one of his soulmates while making a complete fool of himself. He wished the floor would just swallow him up so he could avoid speaking.

"Hey, Bakagou cut it out. I don't think he can speak, I tried talking to him earlier." Kirishima said. Midoriya reminded himself to thank him later.

Present Mic looked at him with a face that conveyed pity. "Go sit down, it's okay." He said. Midoriya immediately stumbled for his seat. He sat down, face burning and he just wanted to dispepear. He didn't even pay attention to anyone else's name, he was too embarresed.

Eventually the bell rang for lunch, and Uraraka turned to him. "Let's go!" Uraraka said to him.

Midoriya nodded and followed her out of the classroom.

Chapter End Notes

Hey I'm still working on ending chapters can you tell?

My friend said you could read this as Midoriya having social anxiety and I mean, I didn't intend for him to have a mental disorder but if y'all wanna interpret it that way fine be me. Even though I'm not sure Midoriyq really fits all the symptoms-
Chapter 3: if You Inhale Rice, You'll Probably Die

Chapter Summary

Lunchtime was nerve-racking for Midoriya when he was younger.

Maybe this time around it'll be easier.

Chapter Notes

100 + Kudos this is insane y'all.

Here take this uh, really interesting chapter.

This is the pretty much marks the end of what one might consider the prelude. More drama awaits in later chapters!

These come out really slowly because I'm trying to put these out only when they've been checked and checked and the rechecked for quality.

Enjoy!

See the end of the chapter for more notes.

Midoriya followed Uraraka, all the while dying mentally. He'd met one of his soulmates. He'd met him, and he'd said nothing! Absolutely nothing! Who even does that?

A weirdo who can't even speak in public, that's who. Midoriya wasn't sure why exactly, but he'd always had trouble speaking in front of large groups. One or two strangers he could handle, but any more than that and his throat would start closing up.

It was different if he knew the people well. He could speak in front of his family, and he could, in theory, speak in front of a group of close friends. He'd never gotten to test that out though.

He wasn't sure he could bring himself to speak to his soulmate. Heck, he was pretty confident that he'd never be able to look him in the eyes ever.

They entered the cafeteria, and the sheer sound of hundreds of kids talking all at once made Midoriya want to melt into the floor and disappear. How could they all stand listening to all this noise? He could barely hear Uraraka when she called back to him.

"Let's go get lunch!" She said, grabbing at his hand. Midoriya allowed her to do so, not sure if it would be weird or rude if he refused. It's not that she was gross or anything, he just... wasn't used to being touched.
Midoriya was super excited to find out that the lunches were made by the cooking hero: Lunch Rush. He kind of wanted to fan-boy, but he also wanted to eat.

When they had both gotten their lunches, Uraraka lead him to a small table off to the side. Sitting there already was Asui and Square Glasses Man. He should really learn his name at some point.

He sat down, across from Uraraka who sat right next to Asui. "Sorry it took so long, the line was really long," the cheery female said. Asui smiled at Uraraka. Internally, Midoriya couldn't help but squeal. The two of them were absolutely adorable together.

Midoriya quickly filled his mouth with rice so they wouldn't try to get him to speak. Though he doubted that would really stop him. As he ate, he paid little attention to the people he was sitting with. Not that he didn't like them, the food was just really good. He almost wanted to cry from how delicious it was.

"So, are you really mute?" said Square Glasses Man. Midoriya looked up, considering his options. Pretending to be mute was probably wrong somehow, but admitting he could speak would lead to more questions.

Thankfully (kind of), Uraraka answered for him. "Deku can speak. He's just kinda shy, at least that's what I think," she said. Asui and Square Glasses Man both paused. "Deku? Like...underachiever?" Asui said carefully.

Midoriya turned bright red. "I uh, I..." Midoriya trailed off. He was still stumbling over his words and he was unsure whether he could actually finish a sentence. They all stared at him, supposedly waiting patiently for him to continue.

Midoriya gulped and carefully continued, taking time to really focus on every word so he didn't screw up, "My name is uh...Midoriya Izuku. When we first met, Uraraka misheard my first name as Deku. So uh, it kind of stuck."

Square Glasses Man nodded. "Oh, that makes sense. I didn't think Uraraka was the type to make fun of others. So, are you not used to speaking or something? You really seemed to struggle with that," Asui said.

"I...um, I'm not really good at speaking around multiple people. I've always kind of... I mean, I never got a lot of practice when I was younger. I don't do well with large groups or crowds," Midoriya answered.

"But isn't public relations an important part of being a pro-hero? Are you sure you're up for the challenge?" Square Glasses Man asked him. Midoriya just stuffed more rice in his mouth. He could feel everyone looking at him.

It wasn't like he didn't know that Pros were constantly crowded. He just figured he could learn to handle it. This was a start. Eating with more people than he was used to. Adjusting to being around others. Once he could manage a smaller group like this, he could try to be more social!

It couldn't possibly be that hard. Other people did it all the time! So why was he like this?

"Well, everyone has issues, Iida. I suppose it's just a matter of Midoriya figuring out how to handle his," Asui said. Midoriya kind of wanted to hug her for that. It's like she was an actual angel. Also, he noted that Square Glasses Man's name was Iida.
Iida nodded and continued his food. The rest of lunch was just chattering, speaking with each other. Every once in awhile Midoriya would will himself to speak, just a little mind you, and they would all smile at him assuredly.

That night, lying in bed he couldn't help but toss and turn. Everything was so new and exciting. He'd made friends! Real friends who didn't mind that he didn't speak much and were kind and thoughtful and everything Midoriya could ever have asked for.

Of course, that wasn't the only reason he was lying awake at 4:00 am, sleep evading him.

Two pairs of eyes haunted him every time he closed his, fiery red and ice blue. Todoroki Shouto and Bakagou Katsuki. One was his soulmate, who obviously thought he was crazy, and the other...a complete stranger. Well, Bakagou was too but there was no reason Midoriya should be obsessing over Todoroki like this.

He really couldn't help it though. He was just drawn to him. It was hard to explain.

When sleep finally caught up to him (30 minutes before his alarm was set to go off) Midoriya dreamed of fire and ice.

Chapter End Notes

Did I decide to be cheesy and compare Bakagou and Todoroki to fire and ice? Yes. Do I regret it? No.
Chapter 4: If You Have To Protect A Bomb, Maybe Don't Punch It

Chapter Summary

Another normal, completely average day at Yuuei.

Except this time, with a little more thirst.

Chapter Notes

This entire chapter made me giddy guys

Enjoy!

The next day, Midoriya rushed to catch his train. His heart raced in his chest the whole way there. He'd had one mildly successful day and he was already beginning to worry that his luck would run out. That everything would go back to how it was in junior high and he'd be alone again.

No, not alone. The word should be lonely. Alone would imply that he was isolated, that he wasn't constantly surrounded by people. He was lonely, even when he was in the middle of a crowded lunchroom.

He didn't like loneliness. It stung in a way that was hard to explain, worse than scraping a knee or falling down several flights of stairs carrying weights. The type of pain loneliness caused was a lot more...painful. Midoriya wasn't the best with words. He was sure there was a word that was better than painful but he couldn't think of one.

He was so wrapped up in his internal monologue he hadn't noticed someone calling his name until there was a hand on his shoulder. Unsurprisingly, this startled him and he jolted forward, nearly toppling over.

"Deku, are you okay?" came a familiar (could he call it familiar already?) voice. He turned around to smile at Uraraka. "I'm fine," Midoriya said, internally thrilled with himself for giving a half normal answer. "Oh okay! I was just a little worried, I was calling your name for a while and you didn't seem to notice." Uraraka said, moving to walk beside him.

"Oh, I'm sorry. I was, uh, really wrapped up in my head so I wasn't really...paying attention." He said, looking away almost instinctively. Making eye contact always felt weird. He wasn't sure if that was normal. Scratch that, Midoriya was positive it was weird. Strange. Abnormal. Whatever other words one would use to describe someone who wasn't like everyone else.
The two of them arrived at their train station and stood there quietly, Uraraka occasionally making some comment about whatever she was thinking. Strangely, the relative silence was comforting. Maybe it was just because it was Uraraka. She had this aura of sheer warmth that surrounded her constantly. She honestly reminded Midoriya a bit of his mother.

When the train arrived, the two of them got on as quickly as humanly possible, trying not to be mauled by the quick-moving crowd. As they moved to find someplace to sit, they noticed Iida sitting off to the side. Uraraka dragged him over to where Iida was sitting. Midoriya swore the girl had way too much energy.

"Hi, Iida! I didn't know you took this train." The girl said, smiling and bouncing just a little bit. Iida nodded. "Yes, it is rather peculiar that we didn't meet yesterday. Well, it doesn't matter now I suppose. How are you today?" Iida asked.

Their conversation continued, Midoriya willing himself to participate at least a little bit. They mostly discussed classes, impressions of their teachers, normal high school stuff. It almost felt laughable how normal their conversation felt. Almost like the three of them were just average highschoolers and not heroes in training at one of the best academies in Japan.

That morning in class was filled with intensity and an overall feeling of stress. Aizawa certainly didn't let up for even a second, they were working pretty much nonstop. Which was to be expected. Yuuei wasn't a top school for nothing. Midoriya was a little relieved that they were going at such a fast pace. Everyone was busy enough that he could just relax and wasn't worrying about making a fool of himself.

When the afternoon came, they finally got to the really interesting stuff. All Might burst into the room, in a sort of strange fashion. Midoriya had to stop himself from fidgeting like an over-excited child. I mean, it wasn't like his hero turned mentor was teaching his class. Except oh wait, he was.

"Today," All Might announced, "We'll be having a practical lesson! A faux villain fight if you will." Midoriya beamed as the class erupted into chatter. This was probably the coolest thing they'd done so far. It was totally like a normal school event, except it was also hero training!

"Of course, to do this you'll need to suit up!" All Might shouted as the walls popped open to reveal cases of hero costumes. Everyone immediately rushed to grab theirs. Midoriya could barely hear All Might's instructions over the noise.

Midoriya clutched his backpack to his chest. He was still registered as Quirkless to the government, so he hadn't thought that getting a costume through the normal channels would be easy. He had been completely surprised to learn he could re-register. This new information made the prospect of getting a professionally made costume viable. But his mom had spent time making him a special one. He was going to wear it of course! How could he not? His mother loved him like crazy, and she'd put time and energy into making him this.

The group of boys headed into the locker rooms to change. Midoriya had been relieved to find out the previous day that his locker was off in the corner, and not close to anyone else's. The idea of changing in front of the others (especially with his soulmate in the room) already made him feel incredibly nervous.

Midoriya fumbled with his tie, trying to get it off quickly. He cursed under his breath when he ripped the fabric. These uniforms were not inexpensive after all. He pulled the costume from his backpack,
smiling when he saw the green fabric again. He liked the color green almost as much as he liked red. Both were really pretty colors, and his mom said he looked good in them. Midoriya didn't really see it himself, but he could get green at least. After all, he did have really nice hair. It was just like his mom's, except maybe a little lighter. He didn't like how messy it was normally, but it couldn't be helped. No matter how much he brushed it, it never seemed neat.

As he was getting into his suit, his eyes wandered around the locker room. Not in a creepy way, Midoriya wasn't that kind of person. He was just curious about what the other's costumes looked like. He had to look away from Bakagou almost as soon as he saw him though. If he hadn't already noticed it, he might've been surprised at just how muscular his soulmate was. He was seriously ripped (like Midoriya's poor unfortunate tie).

Midoriya's face flushed at the thought and he very quickly pulled his hood up. His mouth guard was slightly crooked, but it would have to do. He rushed out of the locker room, barely even remembering to lock his locket before he did so.

He met up with Uraraka outside. Her costume was...interesting to say the least. She seemed a little embarrassed, but Midoriya was quick to assure her she looked good. And as he pointed out (rather haphazardly), Asui was definitely staring. Which just seemed to make Uraraka even more flustered, so perhaps he didn't help too much.

Once everyone had gathered together, All Might explained what they would be doing. Midoriya was really only half paying attention. He couldn't seem to stop himself from checking out Bakagou, and also maybe gawking at Todoroki a little. He didn't really understand it but their hero costumes made them look like a million bucks. Literally, Midoriya would pay that much just to keep looking at them.

He was definitely a creep.

They drew partners, and he was relieved to be paired up with Uraraka. They ended up playing the villains while Asui and Ashido played the heroes.

Everything went...okay. Midoriya nearly failed them when he ended up punching the weapon instead of his opponent. He supposed it was lucky he didn't hit Asui because he left a dent in the metal. He probably would've murdered Asui. Control was not his strong point, apparently.

That afternoon as they rode the train home, he was suddenly reminded of something. His tie. It'd been ripped and unwearable, but he'd still wanted to take it home. Except he hadn't, he must've left it on his desk or something.

Oh well, he could grab it tomorrow.

Chapter End Notes

Y'all I love y'all have a good day and uh, go beyond PLUS ULTRA

thanks for reading!
Chapter 5: Mysteries Aren't As Fun In Real Life As They Are In Books.

Chapter Summary

Midoriya might love mystery novels (sometimes), but real life mysteries are just confusing.

Chapter Notes

Hey here I wrote this in two days and I'm almost proud of myself because it's actually decent.

See the end of the chapter for more notes

Midoriya didn't normally sleep very well. His mom said it was the same way for his father when he was younger. See, he had these really vivid nightmares that never made much sense and yet were terrifying. The colors were bright and vivid, and he could give a detailed description of every image.

Last night, however, he slept like a baby. He didn't wake up every few hours because of gross nightmares. He actually got a good night's sleep. Which was exciting. Already, he could feel extra energy coursing through his veins and lungs. He felt, well, unstoppable! Or at the very least healthier.

Midoriya walked to the train that morning a little faster. The whole city felt a little bit brighter than normal. Maybe it was just his imagination, but he really did feel like the world was a better place when he wasn't tired.

The train that morning was louder than usual, everyone seemed to be discussing some villain attack in the downtown area. Apparently, it was so bad it stopped traffic. Midoriya felt a little sorry he missed it. He definitely wanted to spend more time watching heroes battle, especially now that he was in training himself.

Uraraka spent the train ride on her phone, texting Asui. Apparently, their conversation was really interesting because she barely paid attention as the three of them walked to class. Luckily Iida kept her from injuring herself. What they would do without Iida was beyond him. Scratch that, he knew that if Iida wasn't in the classroom they'd probably dissolve into chaos daily. Well, more than they already did.

Midoriya entered the class before Iida and Uraraka. Uraraka had stayed behind to wait for Asui and Iida had to go ask a teacher some questions, so they split up at the door.

Midoriya walked to his desk and was surprised by what he found there. Sitting on the desk was his tie, stitched back together rather neatly. Which was odd, since neither of Midoriya's friends knew
how to sew (he had asked them both when he ripped his tie, seeing as he really didn't want to bother his mom about it). Midoriya picked it up, and underneath it was a note.

Upon inspecting the note, he could tell whoever wrote it had clearly been very emotional writing it. The writing was very dark and smudged as if they had written it really quickly and put a crazy amount of pressure on the pencil while doing so. The note read, "Tie it properly next time you idiot!".

Midoriya flipped the note to the back to see if anyone had signed it. They hadn't, which was disappointing. He really wanted to know who had fixed his tie for him. How was he supposed to thank them if he didn't know who had fixed it?

Midoriya sat down, still staring at the note. This was definitely frustrating. He looked around the classroom again. Judging by the words in the note, he ruled out Kouda (who seemed too nice to call someone an idiot), and Kirishima (because honestly he probably would've just given him the tie). He could also rule out Asui, Iida, and Uraraka. Both because none of them knew how to sew, and the fact that they would've just given him his tie directly. That still left 13 people in his class who could've left the note.

And it wasn't like he could just walk up and ask any of them. He couldn't imagine willingly walking up to someone and speaking to them without prompting. The very idea made his legs shake like crazy. Plus, there was one person whom he couldn't talk to at all.

Bakagou Katsuki, his stupidly hot and aggressive soulmate. There was absolutely no way he was going to have the first words he would ever say to his soulmate be "Did you fix my tie?". How lame would that be? Besides, the idea of actually speaking to him made him all panicky. Yep, definitely not happening. So he supposed he'd just have to hope whoever fixed his tie came forward eventually.

"That's probably not a good way to phrase it. Makes this mystery person sound like some sort of criminal, which they aren't," Midoriya thought to himself.

Uraraka slid into the seat next to him just as the bell rang for class. Aizawa started talking almost immediately.

Midoriya was half-listening, half-staring out the window. So it came as a surprise to him when everyone's hands suddenly shot up.

A little more listening explained that they were picking a class president. Midoriya watched confused as everyone insisted that they should be president. He shook his head slightly. Nothing was going to get done like this.

"Everyone! We should settle this in a democratic way! Voting for the president is the only way to settle this fairly!" Iida said. Midoriya processed this, and without even thinking he mumbled, "You mean democratic republic."

The whole room went eerily quiet for a few seconds. Midoriya felt like melting into the table. Of course, the first time he spoke in class he'd be correcting someone. Now he felt (and probably sounded like) a total jerk.

Asui (bless her soul) swooped in to save him. "Oh, right. Uh, Iida, the classroom shouldn't be a direct democracy, cause y'know, if we all had to make a choice every time there was a decision to be
made that'd be chaos. Because we're electing representatives it's a democratic republic," she explained.

Iida nodded. "You're right. I keep forgetting there's a difference.

Eventually, the class did get around to voting. Midoriya voted for Iida because if anyone could keep their class together, it'd be him.

Iida won, with Yaoruzu coming in a close second. The two of them became president and vice president respectively.

Later, as Midoriya was walking to lunch (Iida and Uraraka had run ahead) he remembered his tie. He pulled it out of his bag and attempted to put it on correctly. He'd always had trouble with ties.

He stood there for a good minute, just fumbling with his tie. It was really a struggle. Eventually, he felt someone tapping on his shoulder.

"Hey uh, you need some help with that Midoriya?" came a voice.

Midoriya froze, and his right arm burned (again). Another soulmate at Yuuei? What were the chances of that? Midoriya looked behind him and nearly fainted at the face he saw.

Chapter End Notes

Oh wow, whoever could it be? OWO
Chapter 6: Midoriya is a Big Gay and an Idiot

Chapter Summary

....and also a Big Gay Idiot.

Which is pretty obvious, to be honest.

Chapter Notes

Read the title and weep boys ;P

Okay, that was unprofessional oof-

The plot is progressing! Finally! I mean, this isn't gonna be very plot-heavy anyways, so ;P


No, seriously Kirishima is everyone's big brother you can't change my mind.

I absolutely ADORE writing for this fic it's the best.

See the end of the chapter for more notes

Todoroki Shouto. The boy with really pretty blue eyes and nice hair. The guy he'd been kind of obsessing over for three days. That guy was (and is) his soulmate.

Midoriya was screwed. Absolutely screwed.

A normal, mentally sound person would've turned around and said something memorable, or maybe just spluttered a whole bunch. Not Midoriya though, he made a less rational decision.

He booked it. He ran away as fast as humanly possible, he was there one minute and gone the next. His face burned like it was a million degrees and he kind of wanted to pass out. He was panicking like when he'd been captured by that sludge monster.

The same sludge monster that had attacked Bakagou soon after. He'd figured it out the night before. His whole life was some strange series of coincidences, most of which Midoriya would've found funny if they were in a romantic comedy movie and not in his actual life. I mean, he saved a boy, didn't even remember his face, and then met him at school where it turned out that oops, he was his soulmate. Talk about a plot twist! Midoriya was sure whatever cruel being oversaw this world was having a good laugh at his expense.

"Great, I've met both of my soulmates and somehow managed to ruin my chances with them within
the first few seconds of meeting them,” Midoriya groaned to himself. He wanted to dig a hole deep into the center of the earth and never return. Was it possible to just disappear into thin air? Maybe if he had the right quirk. Sadly, he had not been blessed with invisibility. And super strength was probably not going to help him out a whole bunch unless he smashed his own face in to avoid going back to class.

As he pondered the logistics of breaking one's own face (would it even be possible to purposely hurt himself?) someone came up behind him. "Hey uh, Midoriya? You okay man?" Kirishima asked. Midoriya turned to face him, shrugging his shoulders. How do you even explain the situation he was in? 'Yeah, I've met both of my soulmates and I pretty much ruined my relationship with them without even speaking. How's your day?'. Midoriya wasn't a genius, but he had a feeling that would not go over well.

"Something happen? You're just kinda standing in the hallway muttering, and I don't mean to throw shade but that's really creepy," Kirishima said. Midoriya wanted to sigh out loud pretty badly. Leave it to Kirishima to both insult him and be nice to him in the same breath. The guy seemed nice and all but he had no filter whatsoever.

Apparently, he took too long to answer, because Kirishima kept speaking. "Y'know that, uh, for lack of a better term, outburst earlier was the first time I've heard you speak. I'm just wondering if you don't speak because you're just the quiet type or if the rest of us are doing something to make you uncomfortable. 'Cause like, you're part of the class and you deserve to feel comfortable as well, so if you need something you can always talk to me y'know? Or like, slip me a note or something. I know we're not really close but you seem pretty cool," Kirishima rambled.

Midoriya was admittedly a little shocked by Kirishima's speech (was that the right term for it?). He hadn't even really interacted with him and he thought he was cool? The very idea seemed nonsensical, how could you like someone without even knowing them? Excluding Midoriya's crushes on his soulmates, because they were his soulmates and he didn't have to know them to love them. Except he did technically know them, just not personally. Like a second-hand knowing kind of deal. Wow, he got off topic really quickly. How could Kirishima be so sure he was "cool" and not like, a rabid murderer?

Kirishima held back laughter, which made Midoriya realize he had been speaking aloud this entire time. Awkward.

"So, uh. Firstly, you really need to get out of your head. Overthinking is not good for you and secondly, you met your soulmates? That's awesome! And I'm pretty sure you're not a rabid murderer. I mean, you got into Yuuei!" Kirishima assured him. The strange sense of relief Midoriya felt was definitely something worth noting. He was glad he didn't give off "murder-y" vibes. I mean, he was the quiet kid who sat in the back of the room and a lot of books typically made that character into a psychopath. Or a superhero destined to save the world, really there was no in between ever.

Midoriya just shuffled a bit, not really sure what to do. Should he say something? It was a little too late to pretend to be mute now. Kirishima saved him from having to make a decision thankfully.

"Well, I won't keep you. I gotta grab lunch. See you around?" Kirishima asked. Midoriya nodded as the two of them went their separate ways.

Midoriya grabbed food as quickly as possible, and then made his way to his regular table. He sat down and began eating as quickly as possible. He'd already wasted so much time after all.
Apparently, he was easy to read because Asui looked at him carefully and asked, "Hey Midoriya, are you okay?"

Midoriya, after finishing his rice, sighed. The worried (or confused in Iida's case, bless his soul) looks on his friends face made him feel even worse. They shouldn't have to be so concerned for him like that, especially when they probably had their own issues to deal with. Midoriya decided to tell them, knowing that avoiding the issue might just worry them even more.

Once he finished his spiel, Uraraka sighed even louder than he had. She put an arm on his shoulder and said, in the most serious tone he'd ever heard her speak in, "You're a huge gay disaster, welcome to the club."

Needless to say, that got a laugh from everyone at the table. Asui nearly choked on her juice and Iida chuckled a little.

Midoriya went home that day having been invited to his friend's group chat, and with an earnest promise from Uraraka that she'd "fix his love life" for him.

Honestly, that scared Midoriya a little.

Chapter End Notes

SO basically now that Midoriya has 4 whole people in his corner, it's officially time for.....

HIJINKS, MEMES, MEDDLING, SHENANIGANS, And of course COUGHCOUGH DADZAIWAANDDADMIGHT COUGH COUGH
Chapter 7: Having Friends Meddle In Your Love Life Is Not Fun

Chapter Summary

Uraraka is determined to make Midoriya's love life as ideal as possible.

Midoriya appreciates the sentiment, but he fucks his life up enough on his own.

Chapter Notes

Here! A wonderful, wacky chapter in which stuff actually happens!

See the end of the chapter for more notes

Midoriya woke up that morning to about 30 texts worth of memes and Iida yelling at Uraraka to sleep. Midoriya hadn't pegged Uraraka as a big memer (was that a word?) but it was amusing to see.

His walk to school that day was a little dreary. It had decided to (literally) rain on his parade. His good, positive mood was slowly dripping away just like the water filling the gutters of the shopping district. Which he had to cross to get to the trains.

The train was filled with people that day, and he barely managed to force his way through the crowd to find his friends. When he got there, Uraraka was bent over a notebook scribbling with reckless abandon. Iida looked a little frustrated, not that that wasn't normal. Midoriya sat next to Uraraka, leaning over her shoulder to see what she was writing. When she noticed his presence, she spun around so fast Midoriya swore she had a superspeed quirk.

"Oh good, you're here! Listen, I've been working on this all night! I have several foolproof plans for getting you and your soulmates together! Wanna see them?" Uraraka asked excitedly. Midoriya looked at her, a little afraid. His normally mild-mannered and quiet friend was really acting weird. Almost like she'd been possessed by a demon that was strangely invested in his love life.

"Wait what? No no no. Uraraka I'm happy you're willing to help but I'm fine!" Midoriya spluttered. The absolute last thing he needed right now was someone to start meddling in the situation. He'd watched enough movies to know that it would backfire terribly.

"Oh come on! You definitely need some sort of help, look at the mess you're in now," Uraraka reasoned with him. Needing an escape from the conversation, he shot a pleading look at Iida.

Iida sighed, before interjecting on Midoriya's behalf. "Uraraka, did you take notes on yesterday's lecture?" He asked. Uraraka paused, before nodding and reaching for her folder. Midoriya sighed with relief as the conversation shifted to schoolwork. It was strange and scary to be the center of attention for that long.

They walked to school in a sort of buzzed silence. Midoriya just felt like something super exciting was going to happen today.
Maybe he'd even talk out loud in class today. The thought made dread form in the pit of his stomach, but maybe he'd be able to say something. He'd already talked to a couple people, so it shouldn't be too hard, at least Midoriya didn't think it would be.

Entering the classroom, he saw that most of his class was already there. Midoriya headed towards his seat in the back. As he sat down, he noticed that Uraraka had approached their teacher, who was there earlier than usual and seemed to be asking him a question. Midoriya watched confused, as Aizawa nodded and Uraraka beamed. She came back, smiling at him. "Hey Midoriya, guess what! I convinced Aizawa-san to change our seats! He's gonna switch me with Todoroki!" Uraraka said, smiling like she'd just been told she'd won a million yen.

Needless to say, Midoriya felt like passing out. "Why would you do that?" he hissed quietly. Midoriya had never wanted to disappear so much in his entire life. Uraraka just giggled at him and sat down, gathering her things.

Sure enough, when class started Aizawa switched a couple seats. Now Uraraka was sitting with Asui and he was sitting next to Todoroki. Midoriya's face burned and he stared straight at his desk. Considering he'd ran way from the boy sitting next to him the day before, he was lucky he wasn't being forced to interact with him. He probably hated him, or at the very least thought he was crazy. Midoriya could barely concentrate on the beginning of class, until he heard Aizawa announce they would be heading out to do rescue training.

Midoriya changed as quickly as possible, pulling up his hood and securing his faceguard as quickly as humanly possible. He definietly did not want to be in the locker room longer than necessary. Especially with all the other boys in the locker room. He couldn't help but feel self concious. Sure, he wasn't nearly as skinny as he used to be but still, he felt extremely awkward with his shirt off.

He rushed out of the locker room, nearly tripping over someone's bag. His face burned under the mask and he barely managed to squeak out a, "So sorry about that! Gotta get to the bus!"

He ran off, barely having time to grasp the fact that he'd spoken out loud. He also didn't have time to turn around and see who it was. It was a shame he hadn't, because Todoroki stood there shocked for a while, mouth pursed into a small 'o' as his face turned a light shade of pink.

The bus ride there was loud and noisy. Bakagou was getting utterly roasted by his classmates, who Midoriya has learned were absolutely merciless with their teasing. It made him glad he wasn't on the receiving end. He would've felt bad for his soulmate but he seemed to handle it pretty well, considering he was threating to blow all of them into the moon.

Uraraka was jabbering in his hear all the way into the massive building. The sight in front of Midoriya made his jaw drop.

The whole thing was lined with realistic models of disasters. There were floods, fires, some sort of earthquake zone, anything you could think of, they were there. Midoriya couldn't help but start to get excited. Finally, something Midoriya could really get hyped for!

Besides gawking at the pro hero who instructed them, Midoriya listened to the instructions as carefully as possible.

He ended up fishing people out of the hurricane zone. It was tough work, with cold water barreling down on him and soaking him down to the bones. He was still shivering on the bus ride home, his clothes slowly drying, stickling to him rather embarrassingly.
He spent the rest of the day taking notes, both on their classwork and on all the things he learned in rescue training. He was determined to commit every detail to memory. It was uber important, especially if he wanted to be the number one hero.

He was so wrapped up in his work he didn't even notice the boy next to him staring at him every once in a while, like he wanted to say something but couldn't.

Someone else did though.

Chapter End Notes

Hope you enjoyed! Thanks for reading!

Also, who could this someone be?
Chapter 8: Those Who Wander Are Often Surprised By What They Find

Chapter Summary

Uraraka is very stubborn and Midoriya is a disaster.

Chapter Notes

HERE TAKE MY SELF INDULGENT NONSENSE.

See the end of the chapter for more notes.

As Midoriya sat down on his bed after dinner, he felt a buzz from his phone. Looking at it, he saw that he had been tagged in the group chat.

UraSmartGirl: @TinyGreenSon midoriya midoriya midoriya midoriya midoriya midoriya

TinyGreenSon: yes uraraka?

UraSmartGirl: I have the best news! It's big! Big big big!

TinyGreenSon: Well what is it?

UraSmartGirl: Todoroki was totally looking at you! Maybe it was lowkey but he was definitely looking. Oh, and when you read out loud, Bakugou totally paid more attention than normal! I smell crushes!!!

TinyGreenSon: Your nose must be off, or you're blind because neither of those things happened

UraSmartGirl: You're just being negative! They're totally scoping you out! I mean who wouldn't, for a guy you're pretty good looking!

TinyGreenSon: Cool it with the '!' you sound super aggressive lol

UraSmartGirl: sorry! I'm just excited for you. I totally think they're checking you out.

TinyGreenSon: I think you're seeing things Ura

UraSmartGirl: You'll see! Someday when you're happily married you'll look back on this and I'll be able to say "I told you so!"

TinyGreenSon: And when I die alone with 20 cats I'll be able to say "I told you so"

UraSmartGirl: Stop being negative!
UraSmartGirl: Positivity + Deku = Success!

TinyGreenSon: Yeah yeah. I'm going back to what I was doing thanks

UraSmartGirl: Okay! Just remember to stay positive!

TinyGreenSon: will do.

TinyGreenSon is offline

Midoriya stared up at the ceiling for a bit, mind chewing on Uraraka's theory. There was no way on earth Todoroki had been staring at him. Right? The thought alone made Midoriya's face flush. The way Uraraka had gone on about it made it sound like they were just as obsessed with him as he was with them, which was just...impossible. With how strongly Midoriya admired them the idea they could even harbor a fraction of his feelings was simply inconceivable.

Midoriya rolled onto his side, eyes heavy. He hadn't meant to fall asleep, but soon he was drifting into the quiet black of his subconsciousness.

He awoke 2 hours before his alarm was set to go off. Groaning, he got out of bed staring in the mirror. "Great, I fell asleep in my uniform," he mumbled to himself.

After he had taken a nice long shower in order to wake up, he spent a bit fussing with his hair. The green curls never seemed to do what he wanted them to do. They defied hair gel, combs, brushes, even hairspray and bobby pins. It was like his quirk was having sentient hair. He took a minute to wonder what that would be like. Maybe it would be useful if your hair was polite and cooperative.

Midoriya went and made breakfast, not wanting to wake his mom. He knew she had work today and thought she could use the sleep. He stared out the window as he ate, watching the sun slowly rise on the horizon. The day had just barely started. Soon the streets would be busy and crowded with people.

His train wouldn't arrive for a few hours, but Midoriya decided to leave the house anyway. Perhaps wandering the streets before school would help him unwind a bit.

After he left a note on the fridge for his mother so she wouldn't worry, he headed out. The streets at dawn were unsurprisingly empty, except for the odd group of joggers or an old lady walking her dog. Midoriya walked until he was quite far away from his normal route. He wasn't lost of course. He'd have to be an actual fool to get lost that easily in a city he grew up in.

He ended up near some old looking shops near a residential area he'd never been to. One of the shops had T.V.'s in the window, and he ended up watching the news for a while. It was 6:30, so he had about 30 minutes before he needed to head for his train.

He stood there, his mind drifting as he stared blankly into the void, for a little bit. That is until he heard an all too familiar voice shouting out his name. When he turned around, he felt his legs lock up,

Bakugou fricking Katsuki.
"Oi! Idiot, what're you doing standing in the middle of the sidewalk like that?" the red-eyed boy asked. Midoriya, being Midoriya, stayed silent, unable to speak. He could feel his very being floating out of his body. "Is this what it's like to die?" he thought to himself. Bakugou waited for a few seconds before sighing. "Do you live around here?" he asked. Midoriya shook his head, unable to speak. Partly because he was painfully shy and partly because he was alone with one of his soulmates and the very thought of speaking made him want to pass out.

Bakugou sighed. "Still not talking to me huh? I know you can speak you idiot," Bakugou barked. Midoriya kept quiet, though he could feel his cheeks starting to burn. This was literally the worst situation possible.

"Well whatever, don't you have a train to catch? You should start walking or you'll miss it," the fiery boy said. Midoriya nodded dumbly, turning around and starting to walk off aimlessly. He heard a small explosion behind him, and then someone grabbed his arm. Well not someone, Bakugou grabbed his eye. "There's not a train back there. Tatooin Station is this way," Bakugou said, pointing the opposite direction. Midoriya nodded, almost able to think again. What was it about Bakugou that made him entirely unable to think?

Bakagiu started pulling him along. "I'll take you to the train station you idiot," he mumbled.

Midoriya followed. When they did get into the crowded train, he saw Uraraka staring at him with a wide grin on her face.

He could already hear the conversation they'd be having later.

Chapter End Notes

Thanks for reading y'all <33333.

Chapter Summary

In which Uraraka receives more fuel for her shipping fire and the author sets up the next major plot point.

Chapter Notes

So sorry this took so long! I really struggled with this one for some reason!

I'm hoping to at least have Midoriya speak to Bakugou by chapter 20. Hopefully this whole plot arc of "Midoriya the disaster gay" can eventually shift into "Midoriya the disaster soulmate".

Also, big plot twist coming up, can you guess what it is? Hint: It has to do with who Bakugou was texting ;)

I suck at slow burn so this is more like uh... medium burn lol.

Midoriya stood next to Bakugou on the train. He was lucky that the train was crowded and busy, otherwise, the silence between the two of them would have made Midoriya even more nervous. It was ironic, that a boy who was too nervous to speak found silence uncomfortable. He couldn't help but overthink every little detail. Bakugou had walked him to the train and was standing right next to him. Bakugou, his soulmate was right next to him and he was saying nothing because he was a big gay disaster. Honestly, that might just have been his motto by then.

Midoriya stood like a log as inches away from him, Bakugou was texting on his cell phone, a mixture of annoyance and fondness across his face. Midoriya wondered whom he was talking too. But of course, asking was way too scary of an idea.

Once they got to their destination, Bakugou nodded his head goodbye and then stalked off. Almost instantly, he was accosted by a very excited Uraraka.

"Deku! Was that whom I think it was?" the rosy-cheeked girl asked. Midoriya nodded, looking away a little. His mind raced as he wondered what assumptions Uraraka had come too. "Okay boy, spill it. How on earth did you end up walking to school with Bakugou freaking Katsuki?!" she asked, practically vibrating with energy. Midoriya swore she was about to take off and float into outer space.

Midoriya explained as they walked to class, and he could see the gears turning in the excitable girl's head. He just knew that whatever came out of Uraraka's mouth next would be bad.

"Wow...Oh my gosh Midoriya, can't you see? Bakugou is totally crushing on you!" Uraraka said,
clapping a little. Midoriya gave her a weird look as if she had just grown a second head. Iida piped in with his own input, "From what I know about people, I'd say so as well."

Midoriya turned bright red, nearly tripping over his feet as they entered the school building. "No way! You guys have to be seeing things," he mumbled. Iida shook his head, smiling a little under his glasses. "Normally I would stay out of Uraraka's escapades but I have to admit it certainly sounds like Bakugou may be romantically interested in you," Iida said, relatively loudly as he switched into his school shoes. Midoriya admittedly freaked out a little, turning around and punching him in the stomach.

Iida doubled over a little. For someone as small and light looking as Midoriya, he sure packed a punch. "Deku! That was rude! You can't just punch people," Uraraka scolded, raising her voice. Asui, whom he hadn't even noticed has joined them, was giving him a disappointed look. Midoriya looked over to Iida and mumbled an apology. Smiling at him, Iida straightened himself and said, "It's fine Midoriya. I was rather loud right there. Although, you should work on your punching stance. It was incredibly sloppy."

Everyone chuckled a little at that. Of course, Iida's biggest focus would be on the fact that Midoriya throws punches wrong.

Ah, Iida, everyone's favorite actual walking disaster.

Once they entered the classroom, Midoriya made a beeline for his seat in the back. He passed Kirishima on his way there, and the red-haired boy gave him a toothy grin. Midoriya sat down, daring to quickly glance at Todoroki before pulling out his notebook.

When Mr. Aizawa entered the room, everyone quieted down. Instead of starting like he normally did, the pro hero took a moment to stare everyone down. The silence in the room shifted from respectful to awkward, and the pink girl (Ashido?) coughed a little.

He did speak, after what felt like forever. "The Yuuei sports festival is in 2 weeks," he said blankly. With that, the silent classroom erupted into chaos. Midoriya sat there, excitement and dread mixing in the pit of his stomach. He'd watched the Yuuei sports festivals since he was a little kid. They were very popular and very important. Anyone who did well consistently was almost guaranteed a spot in a good agency once they graduated.

Midoriya scribbled down all sorts of notes and training regimens for the upcoming weeks. He definitely needed to make sure he was adequately prepared. He wanted to do his absolute best, especially because his mom and All Might were probably going to watch. He wanted to make them proud.

That lunch period, Midoriya watched (as un-obviously as possible), Kirishima talk to Todoroki. Or well, more like talk at Todoroki. From what he had seen, Todoroki was usually more invested in his noodles than in conversation at lunchtime. In fact, he didn't seem like he enjoyed talking much at all. It was a miracle he'd even talked to Midoriya once.

He was definitely an idiot for running away.

After school, as Midoriya walked to the train with his friends, a very explosive sounding voice called out to him.
Bakugou stopped his brisk pace for a few seconds, just long enough to say, "Don't go standing on the sidewalk like an idiot again! I don't have time to be dragging you places!"

Uraraka beamed at him once Bakugou ran off. "Oh my god Midoriya you have to walk with him again tomorrow," she exclaimed, bouncing a little. Even when Midoriya protested by saying they didn't live close to each other, she waved it off. "Figure something out. Midoriya as one of your close friends, I have to beg you to take initiative! How are you supposed to end up with him if you never see him!" She reasoned. Midoriya hated how almost reasonable she sounded.

After a whole train ride of begging, he finally begrudgingly agreed to at least attempt to walk with Bakugou the next day. He couldn't help but feel that the stress would be worth it when he saw how excited she was for him. Still, he couldn't imagine how he would pull off catching Bakugou on his way to school without looking like a total stalker.

Needless to say, Midoriya didn't sleep much that night.

Chapter End Notes

Hope you liked it :)
Chapter 10: It's Not Spying If It's An Accident

Chapter Summary

As always, Midoriya continues to blunder his way through every situation.

Chapter Notes

This one has pretty much no dialog in it because I couldn't find anywhere that I could put meaningful well-written dialogue into. Also uh, I didn't just want to ctrl-c ctrl-v scenes from cannon into the book so...yeah. Here you go.

See the end of the chapter for more notes

The next two weeks of training flew by so fast Midoriya barely had time to process everything. His life was a repeat of wake up, survive, train, sleep, repeat. Of course, balancing all that with his newfound social life proved to be a difficult task. Yet oddly enough, Midoriya didn't find it stressful or tedious in the slightest.

Uraraka and Iida had quickly become very integral parts of his life, as had Kirishima and Asui. The four of them were all very kind people, and Midoriya found himself slowly coming out of his shell. He still stammered speaking in front of the class and he avoided talking to the rest of the class as much as possible, but he was starting to get a little better.

As per Uraraka's heartfelt request, Midoriya had changed his route a little so he could walk to school with Bakugou. At first, Bakugou had seemed a little confused, but he eventually seemed to get used to it. Sometimes Bakugou filled the silence but usually, they just walked to the train quietly. It wasn't bad though, the quiet. Midoriya slowly felt more comfortable around Bakugou. Maybe he wasn't ready to talk to his soulmate directly, but at least he was able to be near him without panicking.

Speaking of soulmates, Midoriya was more than a little worried about Todoroki. The boy had slowly gotten quieter and quieter since his father started showing up on the news. Not for anything bad of course, but Endeavor the flame hero had recently been taking out a lot of villains with very, very similar quirks. All of them seemed to have some form of shapeshifting quirks, and they were wreaking havoc wherever they went.

Midoriya was a little worried of course, but he trusted that the pros knew what they were doing.

The morning of the sports festival, Midoriya rose well before the sun. He ate a big breakfast and then booked it downtown. He was so nervous his legs shook as he half walked, half sprinted down the busy streets. He met up with Bakugou at the usual spot, the crossroads between the shopping district and Bakugou's neighborhood. Bakugou gave him a silent nod and they headed for the train.
The whole walk there was quiet thankfully. Midoriya was reviewing every note about his quirk and the games in his head. He could barely breathe when they got on the train and there was so much commotion. He could hear a couple people talking about the sports festival around him. Right, it would be broadcasted all over the country. It almost made him want to vomit a little, just thinking about it. Midoriya knew however that if he wanted to be the number one hero someday he would have to get used to it.

That day, they met up in homeroom and then everyone went to go change. Midoriya barely managed to put his gym uniform on right. He was terrified of messing up in front of all those people and cameras.

The class gathered in the hall that led to the field. He could hear everyone chattering, some excitedly and others nervously. Uraraka was chewing her hair as Asui attempted to assuade her increasing nerves. He wanted to comfort her as well but he was barely standing upright at the moment.

The opening speeches happened, and he nearly capsized at Bakugou's very firm declaration. Was he trying to die?

The race was...eventful. Every second of it made Midoriya feel like he was going to actually die. Definitely not the best mindset for the race.

He nearly passed out when he came in first. Of course, this didn't come without it's downsides and he barely managed to make it to the final round.

It had come to his attention that Todoroki never used his fire side. He seemed to have some sort of problem with it. Midoriya was a little confused by that. His fire seemed like to would be a great asset in combat, so why wouldn't he wield it? Midoriya really wanted to know.

Disclaimer: Midoriya isn't normally a nosy person. He preferrs to let other people take care of their own business. However on that particular day, with adrenaline (and lots and lots of pain) running through his veins, he decided he simply had to figure it out.

He wanted to ask Todoroki himself, but he wasn't sure how he'd even word it. If he fucked this up his first words to his soulmate could be something stupid like, "Hey why don't you turn your flames on ever?" Probably not how you want your eternal love to be immortalized.

He followed Todoroki as he walked into the waiting areas of the stadium, most likely so that he could rest up before his big moment. The one on one combat battles. Honestly, Midoriya was a little worried about his.

Sure he wasn't a big talker, so Shinso's power was less likely to work, but he looked so intimidating. He felt like he could stare into his soul and read his mind. Honestly, maybe he could. Midoriya knew very little about how his power worked besides the whole "don't speak to him" bit that Oijiro had been kind enough to share with him. He was a nice guy, someone he hadn't talked with at all, yet Oijiro had still sought him out to give him that advice.

Suddenly he heard people talking and looked up from the floor. He nearly passed out at the sight of Endeavor having a discussion with Todoroki. He dove behind the corner, not out of fear of being caught but out of fear of Endeavor. Even though he was the number 2 hero, he was terrifying, as if he was some sort of villian.
He listened to their conversation, feeling a little guilty. This was totally invasive, not at all what he had been planning on doing. Yet the information he learned was startling. Todoroki didn't use his flames because they were "his father's". The concept made no sense to Midoriya. If Todoroki was born with it, that made it his. That's how quirks worked, after all.

Midoriya swallowed as he heard Midnight announce that the first match was starting soon. As he exited the safety of the backstage area, his heart sank into the pit of his stomach.

He absolutely could not fuck this up.

Chapter End Notes

OOOOOOh. CLIFFHANGER! SPOOKY

Also sorry for how long this took to come out,,,,
This was it. Midoriya's big fight with what was perhaps the scariest boy he'd ever met. Even scarier than his soulmate Bakugou, who could be pretty intimidating sometimes. He stood on the dirt berm, staring across the ring at the purple-haired boy. He noted the bags under his eyes and the nonchalant way he was staring at Midoriya. Somehow his casual appearance made him even scarier and he almost wanted to duck and hide somewhere where he couldn't see those eyes. Those piercing eyes that could probably stare into his soul and read his every thought.

He listened as Midnight said a few words before announcing the start of the match. Midoriya took off towards Hitoshi. He had a very solid game plan. Since it was likely that Hitoshi wasn't physically as fit as Midoriya, as long as Midoriya got to him fast enough he could use his quirk to toss him out of the ring. He'd been working on using his quirk and building up his own pain tolerance. He couldn't use it at 100% but he was making good progress on only using a little bit of it. It still wasn't perfect but maybe soon he'd be able to use even 5%.

He was almost to Hitoshi when the boy finally spoke. "It was stupid of Oijiro to give up being in the finals. Clearly, he couldn't care less about his future," he droned. Midoriya felt anger flare up in his chest. Oijirou was an incredibly honorable, and he simply didn't want to take credit for a win he felt he didn't earn. Hitoshi knew nothing about him. "Don't talk about him like that!" he said. He realized his mistake too late as he suddenly stopped dead in his tracks.

Of all the stupid mistakes Midoriya has ever made, this one takes the stupidity cake.

For a while, they just kind of stood staring at each other. Finally, Hitoshi explained his quirk. The story he told about never feeling like he could be a hero and how Midoriya didn't understand what it was like because he'd been born with a quirk that was perfect for the job really hit home for him. He hadn't been born with this quirk. He'd had to nearly die day after day after day to obtain it. Not literally, but still, he had been where Hitoshi was. And Hitoshi had a wonderful quirk! It would be super convenient to have, especially if you had the element of surprise.
Of course, then Midoriya was given an order and everything became fuzzy. As he walked towards his loss, he panicked. He couldn't control his body at all no matter how much he struggled. He felt a pit begin to form at the bottom of his stomach. He was going to lose and everyone was going to be so disappointed in him. He'd failed.

Or at least, he thought he'd failed. Then in what had to be the trippiest moment known to man, he'd seen several pairs of glowing eyes and then his finger hurt like crazy. It was almost to the point where he couldn't move it, it felt almost broken. And then Midoriya could move of his own free will

"What? How did you do that?" Hitoshi asked, bewildered. Midoriya knew better than to answer, but even if he could he'd have no idea what to say. Someone or something had saved him just then. He'd have to ask All Might about it later.

Midoriya quickly rushed towards Hitoshi and began pushing him. Hitoshi struggled back, punching him. It hurt but Midoriya didn't give up. Towards the edge, Hitoshi struggled and almost managed to push him out but Midoriya grabbed ahold of his arm and threw him out of the ring.

For a good minute or so, Hitoshi looked devasted. Midoriya couldn't help but ask why he wanted to be a hero. His answer really made Midoriya want to cry. Honestly, it made a lot of sense to him. Hitoshi warned him not to lose and then left.

The next few matches pass by like a blur. He couldn't help but smile watching Iida "fight" Hatsume. Even Uraraka's battle was fun to watch. Mostly because she was very determined to win no matter what, and even though she lost, in the end, she was still resolved to get better so that she wouldn't lose next time.

Midoriya's battle with Todoroki was...hard. He put himself in a lot of pain just trying to avoid being frozen. It frustrated him that Todoroki was only using half his power. He felt like shouting it out at him, that his quirk was all his own, that he couldn't win with just half of his power. He wanted to help him but his own worries boiled in his blood and he just couldn't speak.

The battle got very, very intense. Midoriya accumulated many injuries and was barely able to stand, and Todoroki seemed half frozen. Midoriya knew he would have to thaw himself out eventually, but he seemed very reluctant to do so. It continued like that for a while. Todoroki seemed to be stuck in his head, thinking. Eventually, Midoriya, having expended too much energy, was tossed out of the ring by his own air pressure.

Midoriya was thoroughly disappointed in himself. Even though All Might said it was okay, he still couldn't help but feel like he'd failed everyone. He decided, however, to take a page out of Uraraka's book. He'd work harder from that moment on and get stronger. Next time he fought Todoroki he'd win.

That night, after being nearly hugged to death by his loving mother, Midoriya lied awake in his bed. The situation with Todoroki ate at his consciousness and he knew he had to do something. What he should do, however, escaped him.

After a while of chewing on this idea, he remembered the note that had been left on his desk when someone had fixed his tie. He shot up, hitting his head on the backboard of his bed. While he rubbed his sore head, he began to contemplate this new idea. He could leave a note telling Todoroki that his quirk was his and only his and that a real hero didn't limit himself for such petty reasons. Petty might have been a strong word, and he didn't know much about his situation with his father, but he did
believe that if Todoroki wanted to be a hero he needed to put his past behind him and focus on the future. Acceptance was the key to happiness after all.

Midoriya set to work writing the note. 54 drafts and 3 hours later, and he slipped back into bed, the precious note carefully stashed in his pockets.

He woke up earlier than normal, wanting to catch an early train so he’d be there before Todoroki. He was barely conscious the whole ride there, but he was sure it’d be worth it. Once he got to class, he sat down at his desk and pulled out a book. Waiting to make sure no one was looking, Midoriya slid the note out of his pocket and left it on the seat of Todoroki’s desk.

Everyone entered at their usual times. He got a strange look from Uraraka and Asui, and he knew he’d have to come up with a good excuse. He waved to Kirishima when he came in, and then Bakugou stormed in much later than usual. Bakugou walked up to him, looking a little annoyed. "Next time you're planning on coming to school early, warn me because I nearly missed the train waiting for you!" he barked, before walking to his desk. Midoriya was a little confused as to why Bakugou bothered waiting for him, but he, of course, didn't ask.

At the beginning of class, Aizawa announced that they’d be taking a field trip to a local hero agency that Friday. Apparently, they would be observing a patrol to get a feel for how patrols operate. Midoriya nearly bounced right out of his seat, and he was so excited about the field trip he didn’t notice Todoroki reading his note, or the strangely fond smile that spread across his face as he did so.

Chapter End Notes

Todoroki is soft and gay and so is Midoriya pass it on.
The day of the field trip came before Midoriya even had a chance to blink. He sprung out of bed that morning, his face already plastered with a wide, unbreakable grin. He showered so fast the water barely had a chance to heat up. Sure it was ice cold and normally he'd hiss and refuse to get in but on that day he couldn't bring himself to care. He was going to see a real hero patrol in action! This was the most exciting thing he'd done since...the Sports Festival!

Nevermind that that wasn't even a week ago.

Midoriya rushed out of the house that morning, his breakfast having been hastily eaten and his plate discarded. His mom, who had decided to rise earlier that day, laughed at his behavior. Apparently, it reminded her of how excited he used to be for computer time. The old memories of little 4 year old him running up to his mother every day made him grin from ear to ear.

As he half ran to his usual meeting point with Bakugou, he couldn't help but hum a little. His excitement didn't seem to be settling, and he knew it'd be a miracle if he could stay still in class that morning.

Bakugou was waiting for him as usual. He waved and then dashed off, barely able to contain his excess energy. He thought perhaps he could tire himself out before the train. He definitely wasn't expecting Bakugou to run after him though. Nor was he expecting it to turn into a race, but he supposed Bakugou was just competitive. The two of them made it to the train station just as the train was pulling in, and the train ride there was spent catching their breath.

That morning was spent on the bus. Bakugou was sitting with the little group that had somehow formed with Bakugou at its center, and Midoriya was sitting with his friends. Uraraka seemed to be just as excited as he was to get there, and she couldn't stop talking the whole ride there. Iida seemed a disinterested in their conversation, as he was very fixated on the notebook in his lap. "Leave it to Iida to be studying on a field trip," Uraraka joked, which caught her a glare from said boy. Asui
meanwhile was simply watching everyone else on the bus, sometimes jumping into other group's conversations when something came to mind. Midoriya was a little relieved that the bus ride there was peaceful. Maybe that day the class could stay out of trouble and focus on learning. As much as he adored the members of his class, it could be frustrating when they derailed important lessons with their antics.

When they arrived at the hero agency, Aizawa introduced them to the patrols they'd be following. There were two of them. Half of the class would be going with a small time hero with a simple superstrength quirk, and the other would be following a bigger hero with a supersonic quirk. The supersonic quirk hero reminded Midoriya of Present Mic, except she was a little less extra.

Midoriya ended up in the super-strength's group, along with Asui, Iida, Hagakure, Oijiro, Kouda, Sero, Shouji, and Aoyama. The rest of the class went with the super-sonic hero and their teacher.

Their group followed the patrol closely. Every once in awhile the hero would make a comment and Midoriya would scribble it down in his notebook. The one he was using was getting rather full, and Midoriya made a mental note to get a replacement soon.

Midoriya asked a ton of questions, wanting to know everything about everything. It seemed to be a little shocking to everyone except Asui and Iida, mainly because he wasn't usually so talkative. He was even surprised himself. He reasoned that it was probably due to his excitement over-riding his worrying, otherwise there was no way he'd be able to talk as much as he was.

It was around 12:30 when they stopped to eat lunch. Midoriya had packed himself a lunch, not wanting to have to deal with crowds. The more time spent eating the better after all. He sat down next to Iida, and the group around him began to talk among themselves. Or well, Sero, Hagakure, and Aoyama talked. The others, including Midoriya himself (he was focusing on eating), weren't big on conversation. Asui and Iida were talking about the hero they were following, and every once in awhile Midoriya would pipe in with a remark of his own. It was nice, he decided, to eat lunch with a larger group than usual. The past month or so had really helped him get comfortable with interacting among his peers or at least being able to speak a little more than usual.

Now, if only that would carry over into his love life.

As they were getting ready to head back to the bus, the hero got a call. He stepped off to the side to take it, and the group hovered nearby. They watched as the hero's face went from relaxed to worried. Midoriya managed to catch a little of the conversation. "Group A...75th street...issues...backup," Midoriya thought to himself, trying to make sense of the little snippets.

Suddenly, the hero hung up and turned to face the group. "Ok now don't panic," he began, and Midoriya's brow furrowed in worry. "Don't panic but the other group has been accosted by some villains, so I'm just gonna take you back to the bus and go help," the hero finished. Like a flash of lightning, Midoriya processed the earlier snippets of conversation. The other group had been attacked. They were on 75th street. He was on 81st street.

He zeroed in on a fact that made his blood run cold and yet sent it rushing through his veins almost paradoxically. Both Bakugou and Todoroki were in the other group.

You know how Midoriya often makes decisions that no rational student his age would make? This was one of those times. Before he could even think or formulate a plan, Midoriya was sprinting off.
"Hey wait! Midoriya where are you going?" Sero shouted after him, but Midoriya didn't look back. Within maybe 10 seconds, the group couldn't even see him.

"Oh yeah, this is gonna be great! Definitely not coming out of my paycheck," the distressed hero mumbled as he watched one of the students charge off.

Chapter End Notes

//I'm sorry please don't hurt me
Chapter 13: Aizawa Doesn't Get Paid Enough For This Bullshit

Chapter Summary

Midoriya why are you like this?

Chapter Notes

This is way shorter than normal. I really struggled writing this chapter, but I didn't want to go too long without updating :/ I hope it's still good!

See the end of the chapter for more notes

Midoriya didn't usually have a problem with leaping before he looked. Usually he had the opposite problem. He'd overthink even the littlest event or action until it became impossible to do anything at all.

And yet there he was, sprinting through busy city streets, heart pounding in his chest. His head was all fuzzy and light, like it was during the slime monster incident. There was an interesting parallel there actually. Both times he'd charged into action without much thought about the consequences of doing so.

Except this time Midoriya had a quirk. He could actually help, instead of making things worse. Or well, he hoped he would help. You could never be too sure what would happen in situations like this.

To Midoriya, it seemed like that whole run had taken hours. In reality, he had only been running for about 8 minutes before he stumbled onto the scene. His stomach was tied in a million knots.

His eyes scanned past the screaming crowds and focused on the battle itself. It seemed that his classmates were scattered, most trying to fend off strange looking villians. They were constantly changing forms, moving around the battlefield as if they weren't bound by reality at all. These terrifying monsters were obviously part of the shapeshifting fringe group. The media had yet to come up with a decisive name for these criminals, but they were widely feared. There seemed to be no end to their horror-inducing crimes, or their horde.

The fact that they had targeted their class specifically elluded Midoriya. He had no idea of their plans or why they had attacked. All he had to go off of was what he saw before him.

Several Pro heroes were there already, evacuating citizens. Those who were fighting the villians seemed to really be struggling. It was a shit show out there, honestly.

Midoriya watched the fight, unable to figure out who to fight first. There were so many of them!

He decided the best course of action was to lay low and keep an eye out just in case. Even though he
wanted to help, the last thing he needed to do was get in trouble with the police again. After the sludge incident he was surprised they'd let him off with just a warning.

Minutes passed by, each feeling like hours. Some of the villains were defeated, and his classmates were slowly being pulled from the fight. However, no matter how many times he looked and counted, Bakugou was nowhere to be found.

Eventually Midoriya's worries won out over his common sense, and he slipped past the yellow tape to find him.

It was about 2 minutes later that he heard a shout. He turned to see Bakugou being thrown across the fucking street like he weighed 10 ounces.

Needless to say, Midoriya panicked. He ran toward the area of impact. It was at that moment that Aizawa also noticed Midoriya was there.

"I don't get paid enough for this," the stressed teacher mumbled. Midoriya should've been back at the bus with the rest of his group. What the actual hell was he doing here?

Looking back, he did a quick headcount. He was only missing 1 student from his group, which he assumed was the kid who just got thrown through the air like a ragdoll.

It seemed like he'd have to go in and get the two of them, since the other heroes were busy with the actual villains.

He ran down to the crash zone. There was a villain standing over Bakugou's injured form, because of fucking course there was. These damn kids were magnets for fucking trouble. He just had to hope no one died. There was no way on Earth he'd keep his job. Oh, and a kid would be dead. That was bad too.

Then he saw Midoriya hurl himself at the villain. He actually got a pretty good punch in there as well. He shouted something at Bakugou, Aizawa was just close enough to hear it. "Don't you dare die on me Bakugou" or something along those lines. He shared the kids sentiment, but at the same time, he must've been a real fucking idiot to think it was a good idea to pick a fight with an actual villain.

Aizawa ran right between the villain and his kids. He managed to gently throw Midoriya as far away from the battle as humanly possible, and then grabbed Bakugou. The he proceeded to get the fuck out of there as fast as he could.

About an hour later, all of the villains had either been captured or had fled. All of the students
involved in the fight were being looked over by emergency services. Luckily, no one's injuries required hospitalization. Even Bakugou, who had retained the most injuries, was still relatively okay. He'd somehow managed to escape head trauma from that sudden flight he'd taken.

Midoriya was glad everyone was safe. He'd of course gotten a very disappointed look from his teacher and a lecture from pretty much every hero present, but that wasn't so bad.

Now there was just the itsy bitsy issue of the fact that he'd actually spoken to his soulmate.

The bus ride back was going to be terrible.

Chapter End Notes

Thanks for reading!
Chapter 14: Soulmates Are Gifts From the Heavens (Always)

Chapter Summary

Midoriya is an idiot but he's a cute idiot and we love him.

Chapter Notes

This is stupidly fluffy and sweet

See the end of the chapter for more notes

Midoriya stumbled onto the bus, legs shaking slightly. He couldn't tell whether it was from the lingering pain present after his battle or the sheer terror racking his fragile mortal soul. Perhaps that was a wee bit of an exaggeration, but it sure felt awful. He could hardly focus, it was as if his mind had been submerged in murky water and he was sure he was going to pass out right then and there.

From her seat in the back, Uraraka gave Izuku a puzzled look. He quickly mouthed, "I'm in trouble," and she nodded in understanding. He could see Iida glaring holes through his skull, and he just knew he was going to be verbally eviscerated the next time they spoke for the stunt he pulled. He'd almost felt a little guilty for worrying Iida.

Then he remembered that he had bigger fish to fry and promptly forgot his guilt. He'd revisit it later when his brain was no longer screaming at him to throw himself out of the bus and escape. Weird how his fight or flight responses seemed to kick in at the wrong times. He could've used that option in the past...3 hours? He was always terrible at observing time as it passed. The old girl seemed to evade him, constantly playing jump-rope with his perception and leaving him stupefied.

As he stood in the middle of the bus like the actual trainwreck he was, he felt a gentle tap on the shoulder. This broke him out of his pain-induced haze, and he glanced back to see who was addressing him. His green eyes met pale blue ones and he immediately froze (pun intended). There stood his soulmate, and one of two reasons he spent far too much time with his face buried in a pillow at 3 am when he should have been asleep ages ago.

Midoriya couldn't deny the fact that his heart stopped for a moment. He half expected the paramedics to charge into the bus and cart him away on a stretcher.

"Hey, Midoriya. Will you come sit with us for a bit?" the pale boy asked. Midoriya couldn't help but silently complain over the unfairness of how dang attractive he was. It wasn't in a vicious way of course. Midoriya was just really hecking gay. He managed to nod, not sure if he could speak at the moment. Or ever. Maybe he could get away with clawing his vocal cords out as soon as possible.

It seemed more likely he would just have to grow up and suffer the consequences of his actions. Yay, adulthood!

He followed Todoroki to a relatively quiet area of the bus. Most of the others were sat further back,
and he could hear them chattering away. For the first time in his entire life, he wished he could slide right into that busy conversation and conceal himself among his more talkative classmates. They always seemed to have his back, even if it was mostly by doing things they were unaware helped him.

It occurred to him that he should probably focus on his current predicament. No use speculating upon "What if" 's when he was already faced with a huge problem. Ok, maybe for other people it wouldn't be a problem, but Midoriya was the very opposite of normal.

Ab-nor-mal. According to the Merriam Webster dictionary, it meant "deviating from the normal or average" and/or " unusual in an unwelcome or problematic way". Midoriya really related to that word, unsurprisingly. He felt like it was the perfect descriptor for, well, him. He couldn't remember how it translated in Japanese. Sometimes the difference between English and Japanese was mind-boggling.

Todoroki led him right up to Bakugou. The very last person he wanted to see at the moment. Not in a mean way, more in an "I'm so embarrassed I want to crawl under a rock and never return" sort of thing. He wasn't sure why exactly he was embarrassed. He hadn't done anything wrong, technically speaking. Maybe it was because he felt so useless. He hadn't been able to help at all, he'd really just made the whole thing worse. There was nothing worse than being dead weight.

He hadn't realized Bakugou was speaking until he felt a (somewhat) gentle flick to his temple. He scrunched up his eyes, a little startled by the action. "Are you even listening Deku?" he asked, and Midoriya quickly nodded in response. He saw a flash of some unknown emotion in Bakugou's eyes, and he sighed leaning back away from Midoriya.

The bus jolted forward and Midoriya quickly sat down, slamming rather awkwardly into an empty seat. Todoroki took the seat next to him, albeit much more gracefully. It seemed like even while doing simple tasks Todoroki radiated a sort of suave charm that couldn't be replicated. He seemed perfect. Of course, Midoriya should probably not put Todoroki on a pedestal like that. He was a human being after all. Although you'd be hard pressed to believe such an "obvious" fact at first. After all, he really did seem like he was somehow above everyone else. So did Bakugou, come to think of it. Maybe that was just Midoriya being strange? He had a tendency to overexaggerate everyone's positive qualities after all. Maybe everyone else saw them as perfectly average human beings. He couldn't help but doubt that he was really the only person that saw them in that way.

You probably know where this is going if you've known Midoriya for any length of time. He heard soft chuckling from both directions and immediately his face heated up. He was sure his skin was the same color as his shoes. Which meant that he was very, very red (not that he had to explain that).

"So uh, you talk to yourself often?" Todoroki asked him. After a few seconds of silence, Bakugou replied instead, "Yeah he totally does. Idiot does it on the train all the time. One of these days someone's gonna accuse him of being a creeper and he'll end up in hot water."

"I am not a creeper!" Midoriya blurted out, too nervous to really think about what he should say or do. And yet almost paradoxically, he was so nervous he was overthinking everything. The human brain was as complex as it was absolutely stupid.

And then he remembered he hadn't spoken to Todoroki yet. Way to go genius, now you'll have to live with such an embarrassing statement tattooed into your soulmate's arms.

"I'd hope not. That would sort of be a deal-breaker for me," Todoroki said. It stayed silent for a while
after, the tension was almost unbearable. He was surprisingly relieved when Bakugou finally spoke. "So uh, Midoriya. Unless I'm having the longest trip in the history of the universe, you are our other soulmate correct?" he said way too loudly. Midoriya winced, eyes darting to look at the rest of the bus.

Everyone was still wrapped up in their conversation. Well, almost everyone. Uraraka was staring right at him with the biggest grin he'd ever seen. She was so going to embarrass him to death later.

Midoriya realized after a bit that he was supposed to answer that question. "Yeah, I mean....yeah," he said, immediately facepalming (internally) at how awkward he sounded. God was he in grade school? He was better than this!

The other two didn't seem phased though. Todoroki just shook his head and said, "Well at least you're speaking to us now. I thought we might be stuck in this awkward limbo forever." Midoriya turned to look at him, visibly confused. "What do you mean?" he asked.

"Midoriya I've known we were soulmates since the USJ field trip."

Needless to say, that came as a huge shock to poor, poor Midoriya.

The rest of the bus ride was one long conversation. He learned that Bakugou had been the one to fix his tie (he couldn't thank him enough) and that they'd both known he was their soulmate and had just been waiting for him to be comfortable enough to approach them since they knew he was shy.

Bakugou said, word for word, "If we tried to force you to talk, I was 100% sure you'd drop dead and then we'd have bigger issues."

They talked, and when they got to school Midoriya had two new phone numbers burning a hole in his pocket and a dumb smile plastered on his face. He was sure he wouldn't be getting sleep that night. Sure, he had the rest of his life to talk to them but he wanted to get a jump start on that.

Uraraka accosted him on the train and talked his ear off for a very, very long time. He could see the look of sympathy on Asui's face. She seemed excited for him, and just a little bit worried (mostly that Midoriya was going to "sabotage himself because of his low self-esteem").

That afternoon, as he stumbled into the house with a grin on his face, he almost forgot about the stunt he'd pulled on the field trip. That is, until his mother rushed towards him, half angry half bawling. After about an hour of feeling like the worst human being to ever exist as his mother cried and fussed, he shared the good news.

Seeing her eyes light up made everything way more worth it than it already was. He couldn't wait to go to school the next day.

Chapter End Notes

A link to the dictionary I used for the definition.

SOURCES: https://www.merriam-webster.com/dictionary/abnormal
Hope you enjoyed!
Chapter 15: Acid Is Not Face-Safe Ashido!

Chapter Summary

Midoriya has two soulmates and a new buzzing social life now!

Chapter Notes

AHHHH I'm SO SORRY THIS TOOK SO LONG!!!

I meant to have it out last Thursday but stuff happened and it took longer than intended

I still hope you guy's like it. If the next chapter doesn't come out by February 10th yell at me in the comments 😜

If you're wondering why my chapters have very little dialogue it's cause I struggle with writing dialogue that I actually like. Woohoo, perfectionism!

See the end of the chapter for more notes

Waking up in the morning is usually a chore for Midoriya. The same old boring routine was done in the same way every single day. It was usually monotonous and flat, going through the motions so he could rush off to school where the real excitement happened. It was always just the simple, quiet, boring prelude to his day.

Today, however, it felt different. Maybe the experiences from three days ago and everything that had happened since had changed him a little.

It had been three days. Three long and wonderfully slow days spent with two of the best people in the entire world. And yes, he was talking about his soulmates. Surprisingly soft and hot-headed Bakugou and quiet but strong Todoroki, two strangely complimentary people who had suddenly shoved their way into the center of his world.

When he told that to Uraraka and Iida, the two of them had shaken their heads as if to say 'look at this cheesy boy being a lovesick dope'. He didn't blame Iida, but he did retaliate by teasing Uraraka about Tsuyuu for the rest of the day. It was worth it.

As Midoriya exited his home, a burst of childish glee bubbled in his chest. He was excited beyond belief to see everyone again. Even though it hadn't really been too long since he had last seen them.

As he half-skipped down the street, he heard a loud, familiar voice boom in the distance.

"Deku, wait up!"
Midoriya turned to see Bakugou jogging to catch up to him. He seemed a little out of breath, which was odd for him. He had a lot of stamina since he was always training.

"Woke up late?" he asked, deciding that was probably why he was so far behind. Bakugou nodded, catching his breath as he settled into his usual stride. He shot Deku his famous "fuck off" look and rolled his eyes. "What does it look like?" Bakugou scoffed, nudging him in the arm. Midoriya just shook his head.

"Did you finish the homework?" Midoriya asked. He was then chewed out for implying that Bakagou hadn't, in fact, finished the homework. For someone who acted so confident the boy sure was defensive. Midoriya couldn't help but giggle a little at his ranting.

Bakugou quieted down for some reason. Midoriya caught what looked like a faint blush before he barked out some vague, half-hearted threat about exploding his face. It was admittedly adorable. He kinda looked like those angry Shibas you saw in memes.

"Excuse me? I do not look like a dog!" Bakugou barked (pun intended). Oh, he said that out loud then? Midoriya really had a hard time processing exactly what came out of his mouth. It was a "quirk" of his. The idea of having a quirk like that made him laugh more.

Bakugou looked really embarrassed now. "Stop laughing at me," he shouted and if he was a braver man he would have called it whining. However, the fear of Bakugou not speaking to him for the rest of eternity forced him to internalize that comment.

As they passed their usual crossroads, a load honk startled Midoriya and he practically flew forward several feet. Bakugou laughed at that and got a playful punch to the arm when he caught up. They heard a familiar voice call out to them and they turned to see Todoroki leaning out a car window, waving.

They went up to him, Midoriya blushing. "I was not scared by the car's horn and anyone who says otherwise is a filthy liar," he mumbled. Todoroki chuckled and Midoriya felt his heart soar straight out of his chest. He was blessed with the cutest soulmates to ever exist, and a Uraraka could fight him on that.

"Get in guys, I'm taking you to school," Todoroki said, his voice soft without the hint of salt he usually possessed. Between Bakugou and Todoroki, he had some salty boys that he loved very much. Maybe he just attracted that type? Probably, they were, after all, literally his soulmates.

They got into the car and spent the ride just chattering away. He took the opportunity to low-key cuddle into Bakugou's side (bless that boy's abs, god he could drown in them). Midoriya was sure he noticed but the explosion-prone boy didn't complain. He seemed rather content with it.

Midoriya also noted that he smelt like burnt caramel and it was oddly soothing. He'd have to ask if it was his body wash or something like that, it smelled great.

They got to school way earlier than Midoriya normally did. It was odd but he didn't mind it since he now had plenty of time to chatter with his soulmates about everything. Todoroki asked a lot of questions about basically everything, which Midoriya wasn't used to. Especially when the questions pertained to him. Being the center of attention for long periods of time always made him squirm. Yay self-confidence issues! He'd have to work on that.

Eventually, the whole class arrived with everyone buzzing and chattering like they normally did.
Bakugou got dragged away by Sero and Kaminari who both apparently had "something really cool to show him". He could see the strange mix of annoyance and fondness on Bakugou's face as he yelled at them. They truly had an odd friendship.

Midoriya sat with Todoroki as Uraraka and Iida debated over what they were doing that day. Asui sat next to him listening and occasionally adding her own thoughts into the conversation. Midoriya was content to just listen and occasionally explain something to Todoroki when he got confused. Mostly memes. God did they use a lot of memes. Kirishima joined them eventually, citing his need to take a break from Sero and Kaminari's antics. Midoriya commented on him abandoning poor Bakugou and he laughed, stating plainly that "Bakugou needs to put in his time too".

Midoriya stayed wrapped up in their little conversation until he heard a shrill shriek from the corner of the classroom. He shot up, darting across his desk before he'd even realized he'd moved.

Todoroki stood up as well. "What's wrong? What's going on?" he asked.

"Be more careful with your acid Ashido! You could have blinded him," Yaorozu said. She was helping Aoyama wipe acid from his face. There was a light burn there, but otherwise, he seemed fine if a little scared. Jiirō coughed awkwardly and patted poor Ashido on the back. The pink-haired girl seemed mortified and Midoriya's heart panged with sympathy. He knew all too well how badly embarrassment and shame stung. He walked over to her.

"Hey Ashido, it was an accident. We all know you didn't mean to!" Midoriya said, smiling in an attempt to cheer her up. He ignored the shocked look on Uraraka's face (he wasn't that much of a loner geez) and put a hand on her shoulder. She smiled at him gratefully and replied, "Thanks. I'm sorry Aoyama, do you need to go to the nurse?"

Aoyama shook his head and went back to his phone. Once the commotion settled down, Midoriya returned to his seat.

Class started and for the most part, it went smoothly. Shoji nearly toppled over poor Tokoyami during English when he asked to borrow a pencil and Kirishima accidentally made Kouda cry (poor Kirishima looked like he was gonna throw himself out the window), but other than that it was nice and slow.

As they were all heading out to lunch, Yaorozu waved to get everyone's attention.

"I'm having a pool party at my place this Saturday! The address is on the board, you're all welcome to come!" She said, smiling. Midoriya looked over to Uraraka and mouthed, "Are you going?". She nodded, and Midoriya pushed back a bit so he could take a picture of the address on the board.

"That'll be fun," he thought as he hurried to catch up with the others.

Chapter End Notes

Thanks for reading!
Chapter 16: Bakugou Is Really Easy To Mess With

Chapter Summary

Midoriya is just a good person guys we love him!

Chapter Notes

I love this chapter :)

See the end of the chapter for more notes

Midoriya entered the buzzing cafeteria, lunch in hand. He'd packed lunch the night before since he wanted to spend as much time with his boyfriends as humanly possible. They sat down at a larger table than usual, simply because the people they were sitting with had practically multiplied. Midoriya's friends Tsu, Uraraka, and Iida had come to sit with them, as well as Bakugou's small friend group. Todoroki didn't really have a large friend group, but Kouda had taken a like to him and decided to sit with them as well.

Midoriya was glad he'd joined them. Kouda was such a sweet, kind person and he was a joy to have around. Everyone liked Kouda after all. You'd have to be a cold-hearted monster to hold any sort of malice towards the shy animal lover. That or you were allergic to cuteness.

As he sat down, sandwiched between his gorgeous boyfriends, he was immediately pelted with chickpeas. Ah, chickpeas, The lima bean's sad cousin Nobody like chickpeas. Well, except for Kaminari but he was weird. He'd once claimed that jello tasted best fried. He wasn't sure if he was just joking but the thought sent him spiraling. Fried Jello was something that only a true madman could come up with. What Sero saw in him, he'd never know.

"Stop your assault on my lunch! Chickpeas are the best kind of beans I'll have you know," Kaminari said. Ah, he was mumbling again. He had to stop doing that. Ashido snorted and turned to face Jiuro who was sitting at the table next to them with her girlfriend. "Jiuro did you hear that? He thinks chickpeas are the best beans. Has he never had pinto beans before?" she joked. Yaoruzu shook her head, not really listening. She had music playing and no force on this planet could separate her from it. Yaoruzu seemed confused though.

"Does he mean garbanzo beans?" she asked, causing an angry yelp from Kaminari. "Garbanzo beans? They're called chickpeas you heathen," he proclaimed, slamming his fist on the table and sending several forks flying in the process. Iida slammed his sandwich into his face from the shock and had to wipe bits of lettuce and tomato from his forehead. It caused Kirishima to chuckle a little.

Aoyama, who was several tables over sitting with Tokoyame, Shouji and surprisingly Monoma, looked over at them bewildered. Bakugou deep sighed, clearly not amused by his friend's antics.
Midoriya nudged him in the side. "Don't engage. Maybe he'll get bored," he stage whispered. Kaminari glared at him in fake anger. "Do you want to fight me Midoriya?" He asked. A ripple of laughter pierced through the classroom and Midoriya hid his laughter behind a mouthful of rice. Todoroki looked up from his cold soba (what was his deal with the soba? He was pretty much obsessed with it) and blinked.

Midoriya just shrugged. "If you want to fight me Kaminari, I'm down for it. It's always a good idea to practice," he said, smiling. Tsu covered her mouth with her hands in fake shock, and Uraraka had to excuse herself because she was laughing too hard. "Do not fight in the cafeteria! That is incredibly rude and disrespectful to the staff!" Iida said, standing up so fast that he was only a blur for a moment there. he nearly startled poor Kouda, which was disconcerting.

"Fine, fine. Only because I don't want to have detention with Aizawa-sensei," Kaminari mumbled. Kirishima stood up, an turned to Bakugou. "Hey man, can you come with me for a second? I kinda promised Business we'd help move boxes," he said, almost sheepish. Bakugou sighed, getting up. "I'll talk to you guys later. Icy-hot, make sure our idiot boyfriend doesn't like, choke on his lunch and die or something," he said. Midoriya spluttered.

"Wow, you really have no faith in his ability to not die," Uraraka joked. He sighed. "I've seen him nearly fall from the second floor tying his shoes before. He's strong but one day he's going to just die on us in the stupidest way, I'm calling it now," Bakugou said in mock exasperation.

Todoroki stopped eating his lunch to look up, and said in the calmest voice possible, "You say that as if you're any better Bakugou."

Needless to say, the whole class was still laughing when they filed into the classroom after lunch. Class went on like normal, although Hagakure shared that she had heard during lunch that they would have a new student after summer break if "everything went as planned". This caused a lot of discussion among his friends. Midoriya slipped Todoroki and Bakugou notes with his own theory. Just like he had a theory about where Ojiro and Hagakure slipped off to every day at lunch. Both theories may or may not have involved a certain boy that looked like Spyke from Splatoon. No, he wasn't going to take that back. They looked similar and he would never back down from that one.

After class, Uraraka went around to literally everyone in class and gave them her account name for some sort of chatroom thing. Uraraka said that it would be ideal for the class to have a group chat and that she better see everyone join it because she would never give up.

On the car ride home, they helped Todoroki set up his account. He got dropped off at his house, and his mom looked disappointed that the two of them hadn't dropped him to see her. She made him swear to introduce them soon.

He'd have to make Bakugou promise to behave.

Chapter End Notes

Thanks for reading!
Chapter 17: Climbing Through The Window Of Your Boyfriend's Room Is Still Breaking and entering!

Chapter Summary

Midoriya Inko is a saint and that is a fact, not an opinion.

Chapter Notes

Poll: https://linkto.run/p/P721QDAW

TAKE THIS POLL

I hope you all enjoy!

See the end of the chapter for more notes

Midoriya nearly died this morning.

Ok, so that might have been a teensy weensy little bit of an exaggeration. He probably wouldn't have died but Bakugou and Todoroki should never, ever catch him off guard like that ever again. He made sure to explain the hazards of death by bedside desk in explicit detail to them after he had calmed down.

Sure, maybe he was being a little bit of a baby (Bakugou's words, not his own) but climbing through someone's bedroom window unannounced was not a normal thing a well-adjusted person did. He said that of course, once he could actually breathe. Bakugou just snorted at him and Todoroki went deadpan before he said, "Bold of you to assume I'm well adjusted."

Midoriya was torn between laughing and launching Endeavor into the sun. The later became more and more tempting with every passing minute. (And with every blood-boiling story Todoroki told him. God that man was a monster.)

After Midoriya got dressed (he was more than a little embarrassed to be caught in his PJs), they went downstairs to the kitchen. His mom whipped around and her eyes widened considerably. She had a right to be surprised, considering the fact that there were two boys she didn't raise standing in her kitchen before the sun had even come up over the horizon.

"So um, who are these young men?" Mama Midoriya asked cautiously. She had a rather tight grip on her spatula, probably because intruders had just casually waltzed into her kitchen like they owned the place.

"Mom, this is Todoroki Shouto and Bakugou Katsuki. They're my, uh, soulmates," Midoriya explained. A beat later, Bakugou turned to him and said rather gruffly (his early morning voice was
"Why do you sound so unsure of that? I'm pretty da-..." he cut himself off, realizing cursing in front of his soulmate's mom was probably not the best first impression. With a pained expression on his face as he fought violently to maintain his self-control, "Dang sure that we're soulmates. Unless you're like, an imposter or something.

Midoriya chuckled a little in his head at Bakugou's "noble" attempt to be polite. He could see Todoroki smiling to himself (again, they were way too hot for Midoriya to handle at 5 am).

His mom took about 5 seconds to process the situation before she immediately beamed with joy and gave both boys big hugs. And then nearly squeezed the soul out of Midoriya. Dang was she strong for a little woman. He could see the light for a few seconds before she eased up, and he took a deep startled breath.

"You okay there? Ribs intact?" Bakugou asked, patting him on the back. The little gesture made Midoriya's heart do that weird thing where it twists like a pretzel and sabotages his brain. It was just so...familiar. Kind. Friendly. All those words Midoriya knew that meant "this is a rare treasure". Human kindness was in high demand and limited supply for him. Or well, that's how it used to be. How lucky he was, to have two wonderful soulmates and a group of the most supportive people in the entire world. He must've been a martyr in his past life to deserve so many wonderful blessings.

He caught his breath as his tongue and brain straightened themselves out. "I'm fine. You get used to my mom's hugs after awhile. Morning mom, you need help with breakfast?" he asked his darling saint of a mother. Because Mama Midoriya was and is the purest soul alive.

His mother shook his head. "You boys just finish getting ready for school," she said, shooing them out of the kitchen. "Your mother seems really nice," Todoroki told Midoriya as they headed back upstairs to get Midoriya's backpack. Midoriya smiled at him and replied, "Oh she is. And she seems to like the two of you already!"

He heard Bakugou grumble, "She f-cking better, can't get rid of me now," and swatted him affectionately on the arm. In retaliation, Bakugou noogied him. Todoroki joined in to tickle Bakugou and soon they devolved into a shouting and scuffle match. It was strangely domestic.

After breakfast, the trio headed out. A chorus of 'bye mom' and 'bye Midoriya-san' ‘s came from the open doorway. Inko Midoriya called out after them, "Bye boys! Feel free to stop by anytime. Just use the door next time!"

The boys awkwardly giggled as they closed the door behind them and walked off towards the train station. The walk there turned into a race. Midoriya wasn't even a little upset when Todoroki beat him. His smile could literally set a man on fire. Even uber-competitive Bakugou laughed it off.

That day, classes seemed to go by faster than normal. Or at least the ones in the morning did. The three boys spent the entire day taking notes and occasionally chatting with classmates. Mostly online. God, Kaminari sent way too many memes in the group chat.

That day at lunch, they sat and gossiped with their classmates. Mina was privy to some info involving Iida (who was mysteriously absent during lunch). Apparently, he had met his soulmate. Who it was was still a mystery.

That day as he sat in bed, he decided he'd take a walk. He went out into the humid night and walked down the streets of his neighborhood in peace. He texted pictures of the beautiful night, getting questioned as to where he was getting the pictures from and "God you're not actually outside, are
you? Are you crazy?".

The night ended peacefully as he climbed through his window at around 2 am. After silently apologizing to his teachers for the state he'd be in tomorrow, he drifted off to sleep.

He hadn't noticed the eyes that followed him home, grey and cold like someone who had lost everything and couldn't stand to lose ever again.

Chapter End Notes

Ooooooh, I wonder who that is??
Chapter 18: Pool Day!

Chapter Summary

The long awaited pool chapter!

Chapter Notes

Okay so, I've done some research on how Japanese Honorifics are used, so I thought I'd explain what I've gathered.

Older students are referred to as -san mostly, with teachers having sensei/san.

Within the same class, Males typically use -san to refer to the girls, especially if they respect them, whereas with boys they either drop the honorific or use -kun if they want to show respect. However, whilst referring to another student to someone else, they always use -san or in the case of males, -kun! Girls typically refer to each other with -san, though they sometimes drop the honorific. Kun is rarely used for females, and -chan is only for very, very familiar friends.

So that's why Midoriya refers to the others as -kun, and why he doesn't use an honorific for Uraraka or Asui! However, he refers to Bakugo and Todoroki either without the honorific or, as you'll see in this chapter, as -chan!

Also when he's not speaking, for simplicity's sake he simply refers to everyone without the honorific. He only uses them when speaking/writing.

Honorifics still confuse me, but I'm trying earnestly to be as faithful as possible to the culture of Japan! Though some things have changed due to the different way society developed due to quirks/soulmates.

With that, I hope you enjoy this chapter!

See the end of the chapter for more notes

The sun was high in the sky and it burned Midoriya's poor, pale skin. Curse him and his freckled mess of ivory colored skin. Sometimes he wished he'd been born with slightly more sun-resistant skin. Even his mom burned slower than he did.

He walked in his All Might flip-flops down the sidewalk. It had started heating up lately, which he was glad. Summer was just around the corner after all! Imagine, snow in May! The thought made Midoriya giggle a little. Maybe if they lived in Antartica!

He pulled his phone from his bag, checking the time. It was almost 12. He had maybe ten minutes to get to Yaoyoruzu's house. He was only a couple blocks away, but he tucked his phone away and walked faster. Being late would most definitely look bad. He wasn't about to blow his chance at being friends with the class, especially after how nice they were to him.
He arrived in front of Yaoyoruzu's house. The large iron gate towered over Midoriya, and he gulped a little. When his friends had said Yaoyoruzu was a "rich kid", he hadn't expected...well, this. Her house was huge, so big he couldn't even begin to imagine how many rooms it had. What on earth did he parents do for a living? Were they heroes? Maybe, but it seemed odd. Surely Iida or Todoroki would have recognized her if her parents were heroes *this* successful.

He sighed, shaking his head. He didn't need to be worrying about what Yaoyoruzu's parents did for a living. It was probably rude. He looked around the gate for some kind of doorbell, yet he couldn't find one. Did they not have a bell for their gate? Should he just...stand here and wait?

"Hey Midoriya-kun!" came a voice from behind him. A boy from his class stood next to him. (What was his name again? Sato? Yes, that was it! He felt a little guilty for forgetting. He supposed it was because he was so quiet. He and Tokoyami and Shoji just seemed so easy to look over. He had to better about that, it was probably really mean to keep overlooking them. Maybe he should invite them to eat lunch with him on Monday?) He jumped a little when he realized Sato was staring at him, waiting for him to say something.

"Oh, hey Sato-kun! Didn't know you were planning to come. How are you?" Midoriya asked, steadying himself with a deep breath. All right, he could do this! Sure, he'd gotten a little better at speaking to groups, but he knew the people he spoke with! They were all like, friends. But when it came to people outside his little friend group, it was so much harder. Still, if it was just one person he should be able to...

"Mes amies! What fine weather we are having today, no?" Aoyama shouted, crashing into the conversation like a glittery wrecking ball. "Oh! Hi Aoyama-kun!" Midoriya spluttered, resigning himself to his fate. Luckily, Sato was busy texting someone. He just had to pray these gates were opened soon. He leaned against them, closing his eyes for a brief moment.

As if the fates themselves were conspiring against him, the gates swung open at that exact moment, and he found himself face down on the stone pathway.

"Midoriya-kun! Are you okay?" Sato asked. He managed a weak nod, standing up as quickly as possible. "We should..head inside?" Midoriya managed to say, pointing awkwardly at the doors ahead of them.

Sato nodded, clearly a little put off by Midoriya's awkward behavior. Damn it! Why can't he just act normal?

The three of them entered the house and were immediately greeted by their vice rep's smiling face.

"Hello Midoriya-san, Sato-san, Aoyama-san! Everyone else is out back by now. If you need to change, there's a bathroom down the hall to your right!" Yaoyoruzu said, using her free hand to gesture towards the hallway. On her other arm, she carried quite a few towels. "Probably for the party," Midoriya mumbled to himself.

Sato smiled. "Thank you Yaoyoruzu-san. I don't need to change, so I'll see you outside!" He said, wandering off. Aoyama followed him, waving goodbye to Midoriya.

"I have to change real quick Yaoyoruzu-san. Can you tell the others I'll be right out?" He asked, relieved to be speaking to someone he had at least a vague impression of. "Of course, Midoriya-san," she said, smiling as she walked off. Midoriya sighed, before turning to head for the bathroom.
Yaoyoruzu stepped outside. "I brought some more towels Jiro!" she called out. Her wonderful, beautiful, amazing girlfriend looked up from her spot by the water. "Thank you!" she called out. Yaoyoruzu smiled at her as if to say, 'no problem'. She sat the towels on a table next to Koda. Koda waved a little, before going back to conversing with a bird that had set itself down on his head. If that wasn't the purest thing she'd ever seen, she didn't know what was.

"Come get in Yaoyoruzu-san! The water's perfect!" Ashido called out to her, popping up from beneath the crystal clear water. She could see Kaminari and Kirishima having a water gun war just behind her.

As Yaoyoruzu approached the pool, she realized that Uraraka hadn't come back from changing.

"Well, it's probably nothing," she thought to herself, before hopping into the pool and immediately being hit with a water balloon. Hagukure was so asking for it now.

Midoriya sighed as he pulled his swim trunks out of his bag. He would have changed at home, but he had to pass by...that part of town, and he didn't feel comfortable not wearing a shirt around those parts.

He turned the handle to the bathroom and opened the door. He caught Uraraka's scream just in time to slam it shut before he saw anything. He then immediately panicked. How could he be so stupid? He should have knocked, she probably thought he was some sort of creeper now, trying to peep on girls or something.

Seconds later, Uraraka opened the door, bright red. She was wearing a sort of tankini, with a longer shirt. "I'm so sorry Uraraka! I didn't mean to look! I swear I didn't see anything!" He said, visibly shaken. She just sighed, reaching to pat him on the shoulder. "It's fine Deku... er, Midoriya? I don't know, Deku just sounds mean right now," Uraraka said. Midoriya shook his head. "No, I'm fine! Are you sure you're okay? I know it's really embarrassing to be caught changing and-" he tried to continue, but Uraraka just cut him off. "I said it's fine Midoriya! It's not like you would've seen anything, I was just putting on my top," she said, giving him that cheerful smile.

"What do you mean I wouldn't have seen anything? I would've seen your chest! That would've been awful and god, I'm nauseous just thinking about it I should stop talking this is probably really mean of me and-" he rambled for so long his chest started to hurt and he was sure he was going to pass out.

Uraraka patted him on the back. "Not like I have a chest anyways Midoriya. Just chill. It's fine. Just get changed okay?" She said, sighing. Midoriya nodded, passing her into the bathroom. He made sure to lock the door as he went in, not wanting to have the same thing happen to him.

As he got changed, he stopped for a second. "What did she mean by not having a chest?" he mumbled to himself, confused.

Oh well, he would ask her later.
As he stepped outside, the blinding light coming from off the pool made him squint. In that brief dazed blindness, he didn't notice the water balloon hurling towards him. It hit him in the face and he spluttered. "Who threw that?" he shouted, rubbing water out of his eyes. He heard Sero laughing, and Midoriya couldn't help but grin. "I'll get you for that!" Midoriya shouted, running towards the pool.

"Midoriya-kun! No running by the pool!" Iida shouted. Ojiro snorted a little, mumbling something to himself. From behind him, Hagakure started laughing.

Midoriya dove into the pool water splashing everywhere. "Nerd! Watch where you're jumping, you almost hit me!" Bakugou said, coming up behind him to noogie him. He laughed, nearly getting a noseful of water. "Sorry, Bakugou-chan!" He said, cheekily sticking out his tongue and splashing water up into his face. He spluttered. "You're on!" Bakugou said before he pushed him forward. Surprised, he barely had time to close his mouth before he was underwater. When he stood back, Bakugou was making a tactical retreat towards the floatie that Todoroki was lying on.

"You can't run away!" Midoriya shouted, ducking to avoid Shoji's arms as he attempted to separate Tokoyami and Aoyama, the latter of which had a bottle of glitter and a determined look on his face.

Midoriya stopped when he saw Shinsou. Swimming over to him, he asked why he was there. He was surprised to find out that he, Ojiro, and Hagakure were actually soulmates. After congratulating them, he went to deal with Bakugou.

He would probably have lost that battle if literally everyone, including his wonderful Ice King Todoroki, hadn't ganged up on Bakugou at the last second.

As he walked home, the sun setting behind him, he realized just how lucky he was to have such an amazing class.

Chapter End Notes

Thanks for reading!
The day after the pool party, Midoriya was curled up in bed. He was wearing his favorite pajamas, all cozy in his wonderful bed. He enjoyed being in the house. While he loved hanging out with his classmates, he also enjoyed these quiet moments at home. He could read, train, play games, watch shows, or simply enjoy sleeping in peace. The weekends before his friend group had seemed lonely. Now they were exciting, and even moments alone seemed simply heavily. The quiet peace, of course, was soon shattered by his group chat promptly exploding. He sighed, pulling out his phone.

**Ura-GonnaHaveABadTime**: Morning everyone!!!! Are you all ready for eXAMS???

**IceIceBaby**: I feel adequately prepared.

**AllMightFanboy**: I feel like I'm gonna bomb it lmao

**Ura-GonnaHaveABadTime**: Hey Now

**Pikachu**: You're an all-star

**TapeArms**: Get your game on

**Hard**: GO PLAY

**BlastingOffAgain**: I swear...

**Ura-GonnaHaveABadTime**: Hey Deku? Can you help me study?

**AllMightFanBoy**: Sure!
Frogger: I can help you Ocha-chan

HeadJack: I'm so glad my wonderful girlfriend offered to help!

CreativeColor: Oh please!

AllMightFanBoy: So uh, Uraraka-chan can I talk to you?

Ura-GonnaHaveABadTime: PMing you now.

Midoriya switched to his PMs with the speed of someone who used their phone quite a bit. Which he did. It was almost an addiction, but he couldn't help it. The internet was a treasure trove of entertainment and information, and before when he didn't have many friends, it was all he had. Of course, now he had people who wanted him around. Maybe someday he'd be able to spend much less time on the internet.

Uraraka: What's up?

Midoriya: Hey. Uh, so remember at the party yesterday? I was thinking about our conversation and I was wondering why you said you "didn't have a chest"? It's been bugging me because I couldn't figure it out.

Uraraka: Oh, that?

Uraraka: I'm Trans.

Midoriya's face flushed. Oh my god, he might be the stupidest human being on the planet. How on earth had he not noticed?

Midoriya: Oh my god. It makes so much sense now. I'm actually stupid.

Uraraka: Nah, it's fine. I'm flattered you didn't notice.

Midoriya: Are you sure?

Uraraka: Yeah. We should get back to the group chat!

Midoriya: You're right!
AlwaysShining: So, mis amis, have you all heard about this new "League Of Villians" popping up?

EdgarAllanCrow: I have. Aren't they in cahoots with that shape-shifting league?

AcidQueen: I thought they were the shapeshifting league?

BlastingOffAgain: Pretty sure they're enemies

IceIceBaby: ^^ That's correct.

Ura-GonnaHaveABadTime: Must be giving your Dad a hard time.

IceIceBaby: Yes, they are.

AllMightFanboy: Good. Let the Endeavawhore suffer.

2ShotsOfVodka: Odd reaction, but okay.

Sugar: Is there a reason to hate Endeavor.

AllMightFanboy: Classified

Invisible: I can find out.

TapeArms: Lurker

Invisible: Memer

TapeArms: YOU TAKE THAT BACK

AnimalHusband: I think we should all calm down

AcidQueen: A rare pure boy sighting!

Pikachu: Look! There he goes.

EdgarAllanCrow: So, internships are approaching, according to the upperclassmen.

Sonic: AH! Internships! My brother informed me about them yesterday!

BlastingOffAgain: It'd be good exposure.

IceIceBaby: I wonder if All Might takes Interns...

BlastingOffAgain: You should definitely pick anywhere but your Dad's office. Spite that trashcan looking motherfucker.
AllMightFanboy: I agree. Also, no one is allowed anywhere near Hosu.

Hard: Wait, why?

AllMightFanboy: 1. The League of Villains
2. Stain
3. The Shapeshifting Guys

IceIceBaby: Stain was seen in Hosu?

Pikachu: Iida-kun, doesn't your brother work there?

Sonic: Yes. However, he is an adult and can take care of himself.

Ura-GonnaHaveABadTime: You should still check on him every once in a while. You can never be too careful!

IceIceBaby: Honestly, is it bad I hope my Dad fights Stain?

BlastingOffAgain: Nope. I told you, I own a shovel

AllMightFanboy: NO. MURDER.

HeadJack: I feel like that shouldn't need to be said.

CreativeColor: But it does.

BlastingOffAgain: Anyways, yo Izuku. You wanna grab lunch with us?

AllMightFanboy: OF COURSE!

IceIceBaby: Wow, I can almost hear you shout from here. Are you sure you're not All Might's secret love child?

Ura-GonnaHaveABadTime: What

Pikachu: OOOH! CONSPIRACY THEORIES!

BlastingOffAgain: Omg Shouto we've discussed this he's not, chill out.

IceIceBaby: It makes so much sense though!

BlastingOffAgain: I mean...

AllMightSon: No! It Doesn't!

AllMightSon: OH HAR HAR

AllMightSon: I'll talk to you guys later.
Midoriya sighed, standing up from his bed. Internships were going to suck. He could barely control One For All, how was he supposed to make a good impression?

As he grabbed clothes from his drawers, he decided that he absolutely had to ask All Might for help. He needed to get stronger, and fast. He couldn't figure out why, but he had a feeling that trouble was on its way.

He got dressed slowly, taking his time to look nice. He had a date after all. After he went downstairs, he noticed his mother leaning over the table, head in hands. Soft sniffing could be heard. His heart sank in his stomach. Was something wrong? His mind raced with thousands of explanations for his mother's tears.

He walked up and put a hand on her shoulder. He saw papers on the table and his Mom's scared face. "Mom? What's wrong?" he asked, his voice quiet, waning in the face of his Mother's tears.

"It's your father. He's not coming home."

Chapter End Notes

OOOOOOOOOH! PLOT TWIST! What could this mean??

Thanks for reading!
Chapter 20: Inko Deserves Better

Chapter Summary

Midoriya is hit by the feels train.

Chapter Notes

This chapter is really sad. I'm warning you now.

Midoriya's heart stopped.

What did his mom mean by "it's your father"? What did she mean by "he's not coming home"? So many questions rushed through his mind at once. And so many explanations for his mom's strange words crashed through his head as well. Was he dead? He had to be. His dad loved them both so much and he was his mom's soulmate so he would never just leave them.

Right? Right? Right right right right right right right right right right right right right right right right right right right right right right right right right right right right right right right right right right right

He couldn't breathe. Why was he panicking so badly again? He couldn't remember and he couldn't calm down so that he could remember. It was like his head had been thrown into a pot of pitch black ink and everything was stained and it was so hard to see and... why was the room spinning? Why was it so hot in here?
He heard his Mom's voice ask if he was all right, but she sounded so far away. Had he left the room? He couldn't tell. He couldn't really sense anything but his too quick pulse and all that spinning. He hated spinning, he got dizzy way too easily. Bile built in his throat and oh god was he puking?

He hadn't remembered passing out. One minute he was puking and the next he was awake, sprawled out on the couch. His head hurt and he felt wrong all over. There was a glass of water on the table and he reached for it, gulping it down as quickly as he could. The thirst was unbearable.

His mom turned the corner, face worried. "Izuku, you're awake. Are you feeling okay? Do we need to go to the hospital?" she asked, her voice still shaky.

Midoriya thought for a moment. "Did I hit my head?" he asked her. His mom shook hers and replied. "No, you were sitting on the stairs when you passed out. I watched as you just sort of...slumped forward." "Then I should be fine. Sorry for flipping out on you but...what do you mean Dad's not coming home?" he asked.

His mom sighed deeply, the creases on her forehead becoming more evident. "Your father met his soulmate over in America. The two of us are getting divorced," she whispered.

Imagine getting hit by a bullet train. That was how Midoriya felt. "What? What do you mean? Aren't you and Dad soulmates?" he asked, ashamed of the small whimper that followed.

So his Mom explained. How she and Dad had met. How she had settled because getting married would look good in the eyes of society, and how it would garner her more respect in her line of work. How her Dad just wanted to feel secure and thought marriage would make things easier for him. How the two of them loved each other, but it just wasn't enough. She stressed how much they both loved him, how she'd never regret marrying his father because it was how she got Izuku. She showed him her soulmate mark.

"Your son is the best student I've ever had."

It was like a knife in his throat. His mom had never shown him her mark because it would have made it clear she and Dad weren't soulmates. They couldn't be. Izuku had to be born first.

His mom seemed different now. He thought back to all those happy days with their intact family, how he thought his Dad and Mom where the ideal for how soulmates should behave. Now he wasn't sure at all. All his ideas about love and trust where unraveling. If that wasn't how soulmates were, what was?

Eventually, his mom started crying again. He hated it. His nom deserved better. She was a saint and she deserved to be happy. Life had never been fair, but now it felt like too much. This was too much.

He held his Mom tight and made himself promise that he'd never, ever, ever be the reason she cried. She deserved to be happy and god fucking damn it he would do anything to keep her that way.

He didn't hear his phone go off about a million times, nor did he realize that he had started crying too. He heard the soft click of his front door unlock and light footsteps.

"Midoriya?" came a familiar soft voice. Someone sat on the couch next to them. He could see through his tears a blob of red and white. "Todoroki?" he mumbled, blinking.

"Yo, Midoriya. Is your mom okay? You guys look like someone died," Bakugou said as he hovered over the two of them. Todoroki shot him a look and he mumbled out an apology.
Midoriya explained what was wrong with a shaky voice. It was quiet for a bit, before Bakugou sighed. "I'll make you guys something to eat. Todoroki, just...comfort them I guess," he said.

"Real helpful there buddy," Todoroki said. Bakugou spluttered, replying, "Look I don't know how to do this okay? All this...feelsy shit is new to me!"

"Me too Bakugou. Just...I guess I can like...I don't know," Todoroki said. He reached out and just sort of...patted Midoriya and his mom on the head. Midoriya's mom looked up, smiling as best as she could.

It was nice almost, having them around when he was sad. They tried their best, in their own way, to cheer him and his Mom up. At the end of the day, his Mom looked a lot better, and that was all that mattered.
Chapter 21: Let Your Friends Tell You Things When They Are Ready To

Chapter Summary

In which Midoriya is coping and then the universe does him dirty again

Chapter Notes

I love this chapter so much because it's just so...me. The perfect mix of friendly fluff and light angst!

See the end of the chapter for more notes.

That Monday, Midoriya awoke from a horrid nightmare. The kind of earth-shattering, bone-shaking, eyes-watering nightmare that he was so used to. He awoke, sweating down to the bone and shaking like a leaf in the wind.

After a quick and much-needed shower, he limped downstairs, his head still dizzy. He flexed his arm as he stood at the base of the stairs. In his dream, it had exploded into black shadow that engulfed him and his now-estranged father. The idea seemed preposterous but something about that dream seemed so...real. Like it was something more tangible than a silly, fear induced nightmare. Like it was something ripped straight out of the future.

But that was impossible. As sad and confused and angry as he was over his parents separating, he’d never hurt his father. He loved his dad. And he definitely understood why he was leaving them. He knew the feeling of being with your soulmate was intoxicating. It was just a shock, that’s all. The idea that his perfect, happy family wasn’t really so perfect. Not that perfection existed, but his family had been the closest thing to “safe” and “secure” he’d ever had. Now it would never be the same. That was terrifying.

His mom had long since gone to work, so the house was dead silent. He ate breakfast, scrolling mindlessly through the news and trying to distract himself from the nagging feeling of wrongness that was plaguing him. He wasn’t sure how to handle this.

School never taught you how to handle divorce. It wasn’t even talked about, except in hushed voices over tables in the lunchroom. There was some sort of taboo about it that made it impossible to stand up and declare that your parents were separating and your whole world was changing.

Would his dad still come to visit? He wasn’t sure if he could handle that. The idea of seeing his dad all happy and cozy with a new family made him a little sick. It’s not like he visited much when he and his mom were together anyway. Maybe this was for the best anyway, since it wasn’t like the three of them were as close as they used to be. He could barely remember the time when he was a constant in his life.

It still bothers him though. Why wouldn’t it? He wasn’t perfect, and things still stung even if they
shouldn’t.

The walk to school was awkward, for the most part. Todoroki hadn’t been able to meet them today, so it was just him and Bakugou. Bakugou did his best to make him feel normal, but he kept dwelling on it. He checked his phone a lot. A part of him hoped someone would call and tell him this was all a big prank. But there was nothing, apart from a text from his mother. She was working on a story in Hosu. She was a small journalist for some magazine and she was interviewing a few heroes. Midoriya thought nothing of it. This was what she did, and she was good at it.

As soon as he was on the bus, he was accosted by his friends. He waved a hasty goodbye to Bakugou, who just snorted and muttered something about “nerds”.

“Midoriya, is something wrong? You look dead on your feet?” Asui said when he’d been dragged to their normal spot. He shrugged it off, not wanting to talk about it. He wasn’t sure how to bring it up and didn’t want to dump his issues on his friends.

Uraraka was, of course, having none of that. “Oh, don’t be like that! Come on! We’re your friends, if something’s wrong we wanna help,” she said, hand on her hip as she jabbed a pointed finger to his chest. Iida nodded and said, “I agree. Besides, venting is excellent for one’s emotional wellbeing.”

Midoriya squirmed around, trying to avoid answering the question. His three endearing friends poked at him for a while, before deciding that he probably wasn’t ready to tell them. Then they switched to their normal chatter, mostly about the upcoming exams and their weekends. Apparently, Uraraka and Asui got held hostage at a convenience store for about 5 seconds before several dozen heroes burst in. Midoriya thought that the situation probably could’ve been handled in a safer way, but it was an effective strategy so it was okay. Iida had spent the weekend studying, which surprised absolutely no one.

Midoriya decided he should have studied more. He needed the practice. If he was going to be the top hero, he needed to but in five times the work that everyone else did.

When he arrived in class, Todoroki waved him down. “Since I know you’ll spend your afternoon holed up in your room if we don’t intervene, you are invited to come study with us,” he said, staring straight into Midoriya’s soul. Midoriya almost asked who “us” was, before Kirishima threw himself over his shoulder. “Please, please, please, please show up? I’m like failing everything and I need the help man,” Kirishima begged, slowly crushing Midoriya’s spine.

Luckily, Bakugou pulled him off before this could happen. “Hands off Shitty Hair. You’ll crush him,” he hissed. Kirishima stood and dusted himself off. “I have a name Bakugou, you know this,” he said. Bakugou just rolled his eyes. “You have a weird way of showing affection to your friends, Bakugou,” Todoroki, said, giving him the same icy, soul-searching stare.

Bad move. Never, ever, ever tick off Blasty-Hands. He began to curse and go on a loud, angry tangent about how he “didn’t need friends”. Aoyama’s reaction was priceless. He, along with Midoriya himself and Todoroki, stared him down. This, of course, got his attention, and they proceeded to look at every one of Bakugou’s friends. The “Bakusquad” if you will.

He seemed to calm down and sat, pouting a little. This was adorable, no matter what Bakugou says. Pouting Bakugou is the BEST sight in the world. Todoroki patted him on the head and nearly got his hand bitten off, but it was, according to him, “worth it”.

Aizawa eventually started class, after quieting down Kaminari, who was in a rather heated debate
with Sato over some nonsense. Or well, he was just ranting at Sato. Poor Sato, no one should be on the other end of his rants. No one.

“Well class, I hope you’ve been studying for the upcoming exams,” he paused to allow everyone to groan, “but right now, we’re discussing a different matter. You’ll be allowed to take internships. Most of you have gotten offers by now.” This startled Midoriya. Internship offers? Were they supposed to have gotten those? Todoroki caught his eye and Midoriya mouthed, “Internship offers?” He could see Todoroki mentally sigh.

“However, today we’ll be focusing on another important topic. Hero names,” Aizawa droned, clearly not excited for this activity. He couldn’t blame him. The class immediately devolved into chaos, everyone shouting. Midoriya doodled on his paper. He had ideas when he was a kid, but they all screamed “All Might”, in capital letters. He didn’t want to be that guy. And they would probably just fuel Todoroki’s “Midoriya is All Might’s secret lovechild” conspiracy. He was not risking that. But what else fit him?

Aizawa explained that Midnight and Present Mic would be there to help out. And with that, the whole shebang began.

He liked most of the names selected. Yaoruzu’s name fit her well, and so did Asui’s. Froppy was a cute name. Uraraka’s was an amazing pun, and Iida’s was a sweet tribute to his dear brother. Even Tokoyami’s was clever. The only people having trouble were Bakugou (he has a terrible taste in names), and Todoroki (who was only using his first name).

When he was called up, he scrambled to think of a good idea. What could he possibly name himself that would stand out and be memorable? Then he remembered his nickname. Sure, it might be a tad bit weird, but it was a good name full of good memories. And it would definitely stand out.

When he presented his board, a curly “Deku” written across its white service, most people got it. Uraraka beamed like a proud mother, and his other two friends nodded to each other. Even Ojirou and Shoji got it, despite Midoriya never really talking to them. He should fix that. They seemed like nice people, even if they never really spoke much.

Present Mic and Midnight, however, were not in on the joke. While Aizawa stepped out to answer a call, the two of them shared a look before turning back to him. “Kid, are you sure? This seems like… an odd choice,” Present Mic said, clearly concerned. Midoriya nodded. “It’s…my nickname,” he managed, avoiding making eye contact with the crowd. Just being up there made him feel a little dizzy.

Midnight looked upset, glaring at the other students. “That’s not a nice nickname at all! Actually, it’s really mean!” she said, almost chastising the class, who all avoided eye contact.

“No, wait! Uh…it’s not like that. It’s…a friend…she, she misheard my name on the first day and it stuck. Cause, well, the kanji in my name can be, be read as Deku instead of Izuku. And she said, it sounded, sounded like someone who always tried his best so…yeah,” he spluttered out, covering his face with his arms. After a pause, Present Mic and Midnight seemed satisfied with his answer.

They allowed him to sit back down, and relieved, he trudged back to his seat. But he was almost immediately called into the hallway by Aizawa. He caught Present Mic mouthing something to his homeroom teacher out of the corner of his eye. It looked a little like “babe”. Odd.

He walked out and closed the door behind him. “Aizawa-sensei? What’s wrong?” he asked. He seemed upset, which was unlike him. He was usually so apathetic.
“Now, I need you to not panic, okay?” Aizawa said.

Okay, so now he was panicking. Great.

“What’s wrong?” Midoriya asked. Aizawa stared at him for a second before saying, “Your mom got involved in a small accident. She’s okay, but she’s in the hospital and asked me to inform you of this.”

Okay, now he was definitely panicking.

Chapter End Notes

Thanks y'all! DW, she's not dead.
Chapter Notes

SORRY THIS TOOK SO LONG OMG!

But be prepared for some PLOT in this house.

See the end of the chapter for more notes.

After having a mini-meltdown, because the news of “hey your mom’s in the hospital” isn’t something anyone can just be completely calm hearing, he manages to catch his breath and start talking. “What do you mean? What happened exactly? Is she okay?” he said, his voice very quick and worn out like a pair of jeans after one too many uses.

Aizawa sighed, pushing his hair back from his face. “Calm down kid. She’ll be okay. She was driving and a villain jumped into oncoming traffic, she swerved and hit the curb. She’s a little banged up, but the doctor’s don’t think she has a concussion. Still, she asked if you wanted to come see her after school,” he finished. Midoriya nodded dumbly. Of course, he was going to go see her! She was his mother!

Aizawa sent him back in and he drifted back to his desk. He was quiet for most of the day, thinking and thinking about everything. Todoroki and Bakugou, along with all of his friends, seemed more than a little concerned, but he brushed them off with smiles and little white lies. There was no point in making such a big deal out of his own personal issues.

On his way to lunch, he was stopped by All Might, who has, of course, sensed something was up. “Young Midoriya! What’s wrong? You seem rather gloomy today,” he boomed after he pulled him aside (literally).

“Oh, uh…it’s…my mom’s in the hospital so…I’m just really worried about her,” he admitted. It wasn’t like All Might couldn’t figure it out himself anyway, so there was no harm in telling him. His smile immediately vanished from his face, turning into a look of concern and perhaps a little worry. “That’s unfortunate, what happened?” he asked.

Midoriya explained the situation, and All Might nodded, his mood seeming to deteriorate as well. “I’m going to visit her after school today, hopefully, she’s feeling better,” Midoriya said, a little anxious to get to lunch before it ended. All Might was quiet for a few moments, before replying,“ I think I’ll go visit her as well.”

Midoriya was more than a little shocked but that. It was probably very visible on his face because it prompted an explanation from his mentor, “It feels a little weird to not meet my successor’s parents. Will your father be there as well?”

Midoriya froze once more, remembering the letter and his mother’s sobbing. He shook his head rapidly and was surprised when All Might moved on with no further questions. “Internships are soon, have you got any offers?” he asked. Midoriya shook his head, and All Might seemed to stop to think for a second. “Well, make sure to apply to a good agency. Preferably one in a safer area. It won’t do you much good to get injured by villains in your current state,” he said. Midoriya nodded to show he understood and then headed off to lunch.
After school, he and his assortment of friends headed off to the train station. Despite not needing to take the train home, Todoroki had taken to walking with them anyways. He seemed unusually quiet during their walk, and Bakugou kept snapping at him when he spaced out too much and nearly fell off the sidewalk or walked into a pole.

“Todoroki-san doesn’t seem like himself,” Uraraka murmured from the front. Iida nodded, looking back at their glum icy-hot friend. “Maybe he’s just not feeling well,” Asui said, and the three of them nodded to themselves.

Bakugou, having had enough of this, stopped in front of Todoroki, causing both him and Midoriya to stop as well. The others stood to wait for a second before Bakugou waved them off. Soon, it was just the three of them.

“Yo, Icy-hot, what’s the matter with you? You look like your cat just died. And don’t try to wave me off. If Midoriya can’t fool me, neither can you,” he hissed, despite not really needing to be aggressive. Emotions: Bakugou is bad at them.

“Yeah! If something’s wrong, you can talk to us! We’re soulmates, aren’t we?” Midoriya said, his voice wavering a little. Todoroki shot him a look and mumbled, “You’re one to talk. When were you going to tell us your mother’s in the hospital?”

Bakugou turned to glare at him as well. “Your mother’s in the hospital? Sheesh, nerd, you should’ve said something. Both of you, stop dealing with crap on your own,” he grumbled, reaching to tussle Midoriya’s hair, which was honestly kind of cute.

Todoroki sighed, realizing he wasn’t going to win the argument, and that Bakugou and Midoriya weren’t about to drop this. “I’m considering going to work for my father during internships,” he said. Cue worried boyfriends.

“What? Are you sure? I mean, you’ve probably gotten a lot of offers and we could definitely find a nicer hero with a similar quirk to you,” Midoriya said, visibly shaken. Todoroki shook his head. “I think…as much as I hate my old man, I could learn a lot from him,” he said, shrugging it off as if it was no big deal. Bakugou’s eyes narrowed a little.

“Look, I’d rather bathe with piranhas then let you spend any more time with that piece of shit. Come to Best Jeanist’s agency with me. I got an offer, and as Midoriya said, I doubt there’s anyplace that’d turn you down,” Bakugou said. Todoroki thought for a minute, before shaking his head. “I think I need to do this,” he said, looking away for a moment before continuing, “for myself. I think I need to be sure I can use my quirk without it being…well, his.”

Midoriya nodded at that. “I understand, if that’s what you feel is best, then go for it. But at the first sign of trauma or you not being okay, leave. I mean it! And if he hurts you, I reserve full permission to grab Uraraka and punt Endevawhore into the sun,” he said, turning to start walking again. Todoroki snorted but agreed. The three of them continued towards the train station, just talking. Midoroya felt a little better, deciding that helping other people probably helped him as well.

Everything seemed like it’d go just right, until Sato came crashing around the corner, screaming. Upon seeing the three of them, he stopped, panting. Once he caught his breath, he shouted, “Ashido’s gone crazy! She tried…she tried to push Ojiro into oncoming traffic!”

Midoriya caught Bakugou’s eyes and it seemed like they were having the exact same thought.
“What the fuck is going on here?”

The three of them followed Sato as he booked it back around the corner. It was a fast paced run, and Midoriya’s lungs began screaming at him to slow down. He pushed through the pain, just as they came up to a fence. Next to it were Ojiro and Hagakure, the latter on the phone with someone, probably the police.

Sato pointed over the fence. “She’s in there,” he said, and without a moment’s hesitation, Midoriya was up and over the fence. He hears a muttered curse and then an explosion as Bakugou, one hand latched onto Todoroki’s arm, rocketed over the fence.

Two things immediately caught his eye. One was Ashido, passed out in a heap in the corner of the empty lot, and the other was Ashido, half covered in some sort of grey-goo. He watched in horror as the goo enveloped his friend. Then, like magic, another girl stood in her place. She looked… absolutely crazy.

She looked back, spotting the three of them, and waved. “Looks like I’ve been caught! Well bye!” she shouted, making a break for it. Midoriya instinctively chased after her. He managed to grab ahold of her arm. She laughed. “Wow, you’re strong. I like you,” she said, humming. Yanking her arm out of his grasp, she bolted away. “See you soon,” she called out behind her.

After the police arrived, and everyone had given their statements, it was already too late to see his mom. Midoriya called her to apologize, and she swore up and down that she was fine. She seemed a little happier than Midoriya thought she would, but he shrugged it off. She could be happy if she wanted to.

That night, he triple-checked all his doors and windows. Even with all that, he still couldn’t sleep. Somehow, he had a feeling that something bad was brewing on the horizon.

Chapter End Notes

WE ALL KNOW WHO THE GIRL IS OWO
Chapter 23: Bird Friends Are The Best Kind Of Friends

Chapter Summary

in which Midoriya makes an unlikely new friend.

Chapter Notes

I'm BACK BABY! Slightly shorter chapter today, but I...didn't want to write a whole bunch of dialogue, you feel me? Next chapter is deffo gonna be DIALOUGE HEAVY! So prepare theyselves.

See the end of the chapter for more notes

It was as dark as night outside when Midoriya woke up. It was storming too, despite the skies having been clear the day before. He groaned when the crashing thunder jolted him awake.

Midoriya didn’t hate bad weather, but it was certainly not his favorite. He got ready slowly, feeling a little lonely in the empty house. It was weird having his mother be away for so long. He decided that he would do his absolute best to see her that afternoon. He missed her already.

He picked up his phone to notice a few missed messages from Ashido.

AcidAlien : Hey sorry about yesterday.

AcidAlien : You shouldn’t have had to stop and save me like that.

AcidAlien : I need to get stronger. I can’t believe I couldn’t defend myself at all against a villain. :( 

AcidAlien : It won’t happen again, okay? Good night.

Midoriya sighed. He’d have to talk to her sometime soon. It really wasn’t her fault.

The walk to his normal spot was drearier than normal. While normally the quiet would be peaceful, a chance to breathe and prepare himself for the day, the dark weather and the events from the day before clouded his mind like a thick smog. He just felt gloomy and sluggish. He had never wanted to crawl back to bed so much in his life.

Still, at least nothing was too out of the ordinary. Except for the bird.

The bird was yellow, about the size of Midoriya’s hand, and it was persistent. It began following him a few blocks away from his house and it wouldn’t stop. Even when he met up with Bakugou, it continued to hop and fly after him as if it were his pet or something. Even Bakugou couldn’t help but notice it’s ubiquitous presence.
“What’s with the bird, dork? A new friend?” he asked. Midoriya shrugged, looking at the bird that was now hopping alongside him.

“No clue. It just started following me. Do you think this is an omen or something?” Midoriya asked. He wasn’t the most superstitious person but moments like these really make him question things.

“Didn’t think you’d buy into that superstitious mumbo-jumbo. You’re smarter than that. A bird’s just a bird Midoriya,” he replied. Midoriya glared at him a little, before kneeling down to the bird’s level.

The bird’s eyes were green, almost exactly like his. It looked up at him curiously. “Hey, little guy. Uh, so why are you following me?” he mumbled. The bird chirped as if laughing at him for speaking to a bird. Then, with a sudden hop, it was perched on his head.

Bakugou sighed as Midoriya stood back up, confused. “Maybe it just wants the umbrella. C’mere,” he grunted, grabbing Midoriya and pulling him back under the umbrella. The bird happily nuzzled its self into Midoriya’s hair.

By the time they got to the train station, the bird was still perched on Midoriya’s head. He tried to shoo it away, to no avail. The bird clearly had no intention of moving.

The train ride didn’t even seem to affect it. It stayed perfectly nuzzled in his hair, probably fast asleep. Of course, since having a bird sleeping on your head wasn’t by any means normal, his friends had some questions.

“What’s with the bird, Midoriya-san?” Asui asked. Her eyes seemed fixated clear above him, probably examining his new feathered roommate.

“Ah…No clue Tsu. I, uh, it just kinda started following me this morning? Not sure why,” he explained to the group.

“Does it have a name?” Uraraka asked. Midoriya shook his head. Uraraka beamed. “Oh! You should name it Arashi! Cause you found it in the rain,” she said.

“I’m not sure if I can keep it! Besides, it’s…I have no clue if it’s an indoor bird,” he stammered. Uraraka nodded in consensus. Asui just continued to stare at the bird.

“It’s kinda cute, ribbit. You should keep it,” Asui said. Midoriya stared up at the small little ball of yellow feathers.

“You’re right. It is cute. Well, I guess…Arashi can stay with me for now. I’m not sure if she can come inside though,” he said.

Iida sighed. “No animals in the building Midoriya,” he droned. Midoriya then noticed that Iida seemed out of it.

“Hey Iida, are you okay? You seem upset,” Midoriya said. Iida just shrugged his question off, mumbling, “I’m fine”.

Once they got to school, little Arashi flew off. And that was the end of it, or so Midoriya thought.

As Aizawa started their morning lessons, he heard tapping on the window. Arashi was perched on the windowsill, staring at him. He gave a tiny wave and the bird seemed pleased, settling down to watch him. Todoroki followed Midoriya’s gaze and looked back at him confused. Once Midoriya
explained, via a slick note passed while Aizawa was busy chiding Kaminari for talking, he seemed a little less confused.

During his 3rd class, he was given a paper by the teacher. At first, he assumed he was in trouble somehow, but as he read the paper he wanted to scream. He’d gotten an internship offer! Sure, it was for a hero he’d never heard of, but it was still awesome!

He tried to track down All Might to tell him about it, but he couldn’t find him anywhere. Which was odd, but then he was immediately pulled into a man-hunt to find Kaminari and Sero because apparently, they’d angered someone or whatever, so he didn’t have much time to think about it.

That afternoon, Todoroki and Bakugou walked with him to the train station, and he talked their ear off about his internship offer. Meanwhile, little Arashi was perched on Midoriya’s head, which seemed to fascinate Todoroki, who kept staring at the small bird.

Soon Midoriya was at the hospital, still red in the face from both his goodbye kisses (god he loved his soulmates).

Once he checked in, having already let Arashi fly off, he walked up to his Mother’s room on the third floor. When he slid open the door, he was surprised to see his mentor there.

“Oh, All Mi- I mean, Yagi-san? What are you doing here?” he asked. Both he and his mother shared strange looks.

“Come sit down my boy, and I’ll explain,” All Might said. So Midoriya did just that.

Chapter End Notes

OWO Thanks for reading!

Should Arashi be a guy bird or a girl bird?
Chapter 24

Chapter Summary

In which everyone begins dying.

Chapter Notes

Woooo, internship arc ahoy!

Folks, amigos, pals, chums, would you like to see the internships from other perspectives? I'm planning on doing Todoroki and Bakugou, but who else do you want?

See the end of the chapter for more notes

Midoriya shuffled over to sit on a stool beside the bed. His mother seemed happy, which wasn't odd for her but definitely not how Midoriya would feel sitting in a hospital bed. All Might was fidgeting in his seat, which was one hundred percent not like him. All Might being nervous was just impossible.

He waited patiently for one of them to begin speaking. True to form, it took several minutes for both Midoriya's to realize the other wasn't going to start speaking. Then the both of them started speaking at the same time, paused, insisted the other speak, paused...you get the idea. After doing this for about 5 minutes, All Might cleared his throat.

"How about I just handle this?" he said, rather awkwardly. His mother seemed okay with this, settling back a little on the bed. Midoriya sat, looking expectantly at his mentor.

He seemed to struggle for a while on how to proceed. Midoriya was almost expecting him to start muttering to himself. Eventually, though, he steadied himself with a deep breath and began to speak.

"So, the other day I came to visit your mother and introduce myself since I felt like it was only natural that a mother would want to meet her kid's teachers..." he paused here to mutter something, that Midoriya barely caught. Something about "and also because it's sort of odd to never meet my successor's parents". Which was true, but why was this something he needed to discuss? Why were they being so weird?

"Anyway, so I don't want to go into details for reasons but it turns out your mother and I are," he didn't pause here, but Midoriya decided at that moment he needed a drink from his water bottle, "soulmates. So that is, how do the kids say it nowadays, "Gucci"."
Midoriya immediately spat out his water and began coughing for a multitude of reasons. Firstly because of the huge bomb All Might just dropped, and also because he just said "Gucci" unironically.

Once he regained his breath, he whispered," Please, never say Gucci again." All Might chuckled under his breath, which made Midoriya think he did that on purpose. Then, once his already sluggish brain processed the news, his eyes bugged out and he immediately began firing off questions faster than the speed of sound.

All Might and his mother did their best to answer all of his questions, and by the time he was begrudgingly forced to go home by his mother, who insisted that she would be home tomorrow and that he needed rest, he had satisfied his curiosity well. As he walked home, little Arashi flew beside him chirping here and there. He took the bird inside, and it made itself at home on his desk. He'd have to go get supplies for it later. After googling for a bit, he determined that it was, in fact, a boy.

As he got ready for bed and made a note of what he needed for Arashi, he realized two things.

One, he never actually told his mother about Arashi and two, with All Might as his mother's soulmate, did that mean he was going to have All Might be his step-dad?

Yeah, he definitely needed a nap.

Two weeks went by rather quickly, most likely due to all the changes in his personal life. Luckily, his mom was okay with Arashi being in the house as long as Midoriya took care of him, and she seemed to get along with the little guy quite well. All Might and his mother decided to keep the whole soulmate thing a secret for a while because there were of course safety concerns and the last thing either of them wanted was villains attacking the two of them in their sleep.

Meanwhile, Midoriya found himself studying for upcoming finals and preparing for his internship whenever he wasn’t in school. It was especially nice having Arashi around to act as his little cheerleader. Todoroki and Bakugou were both working just as hard, and he had to admit that it was nice to have soulmates that were as work-oriented as Midoriya himself. Even if Bakugou did get a little too competitive during training. Not only that, but he had plenty of amazing friends to work alongside as well. He, along with Uraraka and Yaoyorozu, organized many study sessions to help some of the students who were struggling. Kaminari especially seemed to have difficulty doing pretty much anything. Despite the fact that Kaminari was clearly intelligent when he put the effort in, he still struggled in school. Now, Midoriya wasn’t going to say that he was failing because he didn’t do the homework, but he was failing because he didn’t do the homework.

A few days before his internship, he was up late, having finished his work but being unable to sleep, and he was watching old footage of All Might and a few other heroes. As he did so, he was doodling and thinking up new additions and redesigns for his hero costume. He wanted it to look mostly the same, but an upgrade or two couldn’t hurt him. He jokingly doodled a little picture of Arashi with a tiny green cape and mask, and he was surprised when he began bouncing all over the page excitedly. Arashi seemed thrilled at the idea of the cape.
Several days later, with his hands covered in bandages, Midoriya presented Arashi with a tiny handmade cape. He seemed pleased, and zoomed around the room, stopping to preen here and there. It was the cutest thing Midoriya had ever had the luxury of seeing.

Now Midoriya stood outside the meeting place for his first day of internships, and he couldn’t be more nervous. He’d barely had a chance to wish Todoroki and Bakugou and all of his friends good luck before they went their separate ways. Now it was just him and his wits and Arashi, who had tagged along despite Midoriya’s desperate attempts to leave him behind. Luckily, Arashi seemed to be a very fast bird and often intervened in his mock battles. So maybe he wouldn’t become roadkill anytime soon. Still, it was a little annoying.

He knocked on the door and waited for a few minutes. Strangely, no one answered. So Midoriya carefully swung open the door. His eyes widened from what he saw

There was a dead body on the floor.

Once Midoriya calmed down, he realized it was not, in fact, a dead body. It helped that the little old man on the floor moved.

They spoke for a while, Midoriya being thoroughly convinced that this was the wrong place. He apologized and attempted to abscond, but then the old man destroyed his spine. It was definitely on.

They fought for a while before Midoriya gave up. The pain coursing through his body was overwhelming. Despite all the training he’s done, using his quirk at full power still destroyed him. The old man, Gran Torino, chastised him for not understanding his full potential and whatever else. To be honest, Midoriya was in too much pain to really concentrate.

He spent the rest of the day training while Gran Torino slept, and by the time he was home he hadn’t made any progress whatsoever. He felt absolutely hopeless. He probably would’ve wallowed in his own misery, but Arashi insisted Midoriya put on his cape, and then zipped around the room. Seeing Arashi so full of energy made Midoriya feel better. He resolved himself to try harder the next day.

He still had a long way to go, but he was sure that with time he would be someone others could look up to.

Chapter End Notes

Thank you for reading!
Chapter 25: Bakugou and Todoroki are Both Salty Boys

Chapter Summary

In which Bakugou and Todoroki start internships!

Chapter Notes

Bet you were expecting this! Time for introspection!

Todoroki was already regretting his decision. First thing in the morning, the stomping from downstairs alerted him to the very real possibility of having to go into work with him instead of separately. Yesterday, he'd gone to see his mother. It was...weird. He was almost disappointed in not being able to see Midoriya or Bakugou today. He needed to vent. He supposed a phone call after work would have to do.

His instincts told him to dress slowly to put off seeing his father, but he knew better. He would only be punished for being "lazy" if he put off the inevitable. There was no point in stewing in his emotions. He'd made this decision, he would deal with the consequences. Even if his hatred of his father was justified, his agency would provide valuable insight into how hero work was to be done. He just needed to throw himself headfirst into the experience.

Once he was downstairs, he slipped into the kitchen. His sister was apparently long gone, probably off to work. School's were starting earlier and earlier nowadays. Todoroki grabbed a quick breakfast, his stomach protesting at the large bites he was taking. He knew by all accounts that he was setting himself up for stomach issues, but being late would not be a good first impression. Not that he cared what his father thought. That was irrelevant.

(But he did care. He cared so much sometimes it hurt. He hated him but at the same time, some twisted, sick part of him still wanted Endeavor to love him. He wanted a loving father.)

Endeavor stood by the door when Todoroki rounded the corner. Instinctually, the Canadian-flag colored boy gripped the metal case tighter. Without a word, his father opened the door and stalked out. He was in a foul mood, like always. God, his father was a real piece of work. How he got to be the number two hero baffled him. The difference between him and All Might was staggering. All Might was like…the sun. Powerful, dangerous, but essential. Important. Beloved.

Endeavor was like a volcano. Almost as powerful as All Might, but feared instead of loved. Volcano’s were so thoroughly associated with villainy and an over-abundance of anger, things that should never have become so revered. His father was no hero. Of course, he suspected that no one would ever believe him. The worse thing about this society is that it didn’t care what their heroes were like at home. They only cared about how strong they were.

That day, Todoroki did his best to just concentrate on learning and improving his craft. He
stomached taking orders from his father to the best of his ability, avoiding eye contact and biting his lip to keep from mouthing off. Even with other people around, it was hard to keep that feeling of anger and shame and being singled out for every little mistake from boiling over. At least he could see that his father did the same with everyone around him. Most of his associates scattered when he spoke and some of the younger ones seemed eager to please him. As if he noticed their effort when really he could only focus on himself.

By the end of the day, he was nursing a split lip and a foul mood. It was almost scary, how his cold rage and bitter hatred could just envelop him and discolor everything around him. He was like his father in that regard. The only difference was that his father let his anger burn high and bright, bore it like a weapon against his enemies. Todoroki let his anger coat his heart like armor until nothing could penetrate it. Not even his old man. Because at the end of the day, he would rather freeze than burn.

Pun intended.

Of course, once he was home, things were easier. Shut up in his room, he spent a good long while talking to Midoriya and Bakugou. About their days, about his, about visiting his mom and about his classmates. The video of little Arashi whizzing around the room was the highlight of his day. It was easy to forgo his anger around the two of them.

That was the difference between him and his father. Todoroki would never let his anger be the boss of him. Not again, at least.

Bakugou's day sucked. Plain and simple, and there was no use in trying to sugarcoat it.

First, his mom had woken him up way too early. He'd had an alarm set for a reason, thank you very much. He didn't appreciate being bossed around by the old hag. So, of course, that turned into a shouting match. Why was it the two of them couldn't so much as be in the same room without exploding? He'd never know. His mother just knew all the right buttons to press.

He ate breakfast while his mother whizzed around the house, and his dad sat with his newspaper. He'd occasionally call out clues for the crossword and Bakugou would answer. This was normal. Crosswords kept him sharp and awake even when Bakugou's bed called for him.

Once he was out the door, his mood somewhat improved. It was nice outside, and the quiet bustle of the neighborhood he grew up in was a nice backdrop for the morning news. Villian attack here, a scandal with so and so, Stain spotted in Hosu, some political drama...nothing out of the ordinary. He was used to it all. It'd take a lot to surprise him. Headlines were always the same every day.

The train ride was crowded and it took way more self-control than usual not to just blast everyone to death. Could people be any more talkative today? Apparently, everyone had to blab on and on about the Stain sightings and some hero being injured. He didn't catch the name, something starting with an I? He didn't really care. That was a job for the pros.

Once he got to Best Jeanist's place, he realized his mistake. Everyone here looked like they belonged in a fashion magazine. He was only here because he had good standing in the hero world. He was number 4 after all, and since neither the number 3 nor number 2 hero wanted him, here he was.

It was after a brief conversation with Best Jeanist that his day went from bad to abysmal. He gets lectured for no reason and then the bastard styles his hair. His hair was perfectly fine the way it was!
He liked the spikes! It made him look cool and tough! Now he looked like some sort of model and that was not gonna fly with him.

The work that day was mind-numbingly easy. No fighting, no actual hero work, just learning to do paperwork and smile because apparently, he couldn't even smile good enough for this jerk! It was like the guy hated him or something. Which admittedly he was used to, but he was supposed to be teaching him or whatever. He didn't need to learn all this technical stuff! Heroes just need to smash stuff and win.

He stalked into his room that night as soon as the witch released him from her interrogation.

His mood improved, as always, by ranting to someone. Midoriya and Todoroki seemed sympathetic with his misplaced anger if a little confused. Also, he was definitely planning to murder Todoroki's father. Stupid scumbag hero. He was dead once Bakugou got ahold of him. Heroes shouldn't pick on other heroes, that was literally counter-productive. Someone as strong as Endeavor should focus on crushing bad guys and stop focusing on the other people.

Also, he upset Todoroki, and for reasons Bakugou won't get into that made him little murderous.

God, his internship week was going to suck. Hard. But at least he'd have these idiots around.

End Notes

Here, take it. Thanks for reading

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