Days go slow

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Days go slow
Summary

Kaminari Denki has a secret. A secret he's keeping from his boyfriends, and can't bear to tell them. So he flees to America to spend a week with his pro hero cousin, while they have time to process it. In that week, he learns more about being a hero than any time in class could ever teach him.

Notes

Facing my Fic Fears: Posting a chapter fic without having all the chapters done. I have almost all of it done but not yet. This gives me so much freaking anxiety bc the last time I did this I didn't sleep for two and a half days, writing the chapters and I got 10k done in 24 hours and the rest was editing.
I've stayed up all night prepping for an EEG and I hope that goes well.
Note: This was technically the first fic I'd written for the BNHA fandom. I started this fic back at the beginning of June last year, and wrote the first few chapters in a day and a half.

See the end of the work for more notes.
Monday

Eijirou Kirishima liked manly things.

Like his boyfriend Katsuki. Katsuki was strong, had his head on right and without a doubt was the person with the strongest mental fortitude he’d ever met. He had a goal in mind, embodied what Eijirou saw as manliness.

His other boyfriend, Denki, however…

He was softer, smaller, less goal-oriented. Denki wanted to be a hero, of course, but he wasn’t going to run headfirst into danger without a plan like Eijirou and Katsuki. When Katsuki had been kidnapped by villains, Denki had decided to stay back, obey what he was told. He even tried to stop him before leaving with the others.

At that time, Eijirou had some… Choice words for him.

“How in the hell can you say you love him if you won’t even help me rescue him?! We’re heroes, right? We’d be worse than villains if we left him there!”

He regretted them now. He’d been angry, hurt. To him, it looked like Denki didn’t want to even try to help. Now, in the dorms, he’d been able to spend a lot more time with Katsuki, only for the lack of Denki’s presence to be felt tenfold. Eijirou knew that Katsuki meant as much to Denki as he did to himself, but he’d let his emotions get the better of him in a critical situation, attacking Denki for worrying in a different way than he did.

He hadn’t actually meant what he’d said, but he’d seen the effects immediately. When he had invited everyone to go out for dinner, Denki didn’t show up. With the rest of the class, he seemed just fine, but both boys had noticed something was wrong with the blonde.

“If that fucker actually believed you, I’m gonna kill him.” Katsuki had said after Eijirou explained what had gone down, while on their way to Denki’s room, they’d been interrupted by Jirou.

“Hey, Kaminari asked me to give this to you two. Said it was important, but he had something to do.” She handed them a letter, only to walk off back to her dorm.

As Eijirou pocketed the letter, they’d continued on their way to see Denki, only to find his room unlocked with no electric user in it. The balcony doors were open, however, and Katsuki went over to make sure the idiot hadn’t jumped from the third floor to the ground just to avoid them.

“Damn idiot.” Katsuki had muttered, while Eijirou sat down on Denki’s bed to read the letter they’d been given.

It was an invitation to visit Denki’s house that Monday after school, handwritten by his parents, and apparently it was important.

So, there they stood, in front of their boyfriend’s house, still in their uniforms after going straight there from school. Denki hadn’t been in class, which meant Eijirou’s anxiety had gone way up when Aizawa didn’t seem phased by it.

Since Eijirou was nervous about knocking on the door, Katsuki did, and he was greeted by a very fragile looking woman opening the door.
“Hello, you two must be Denki’s boyfriends. Come in, come in.” her voice was soft, and she carefully tucked some of her pastel green hair behind her ear as she moved so they could come in. She didn’t really resemble Denki, so he must take after his dad.

“Thanks, I guess.” Katsuki shrugged and entered, Eijirou greeting the woman as Katsuki took his shoes off.

“Thank you for inviting us, Mrs. Kaminari.”

“Oh, it’s no issue. Thank you for coming, you two.”

As she spoke, and Katsuki slipped some house slippers on, they noticed what looked like the biggest cat ever slowly approaching them. It was the size of a dog, at least, and even fluffier, with white and silver striped fur.

“That’s Denki’s cat, she’s a Maine Coon. Her name’s Sweetie.”

“That’s the biggest fucking furball I’ve seen in my goddamn life,” Katsuki said, staring at the cat circling his legs. She came nearly up to his knees in height.

“Bakugo-” Eijirou sighed, though Mrs. Kaminari didn’t seem to mind his language.

“It’s fine. But if you think she’s fluffy, you should see his dog, Nana. She’s currently being watched by the vet since she’s sick. Technically they’re both therapy animals so him being in the dormitory without them has worried us- Oh, I’m rambling again. Please, go take a seat in the living room and I’ll make tea. Any preferences?” She chuckled, slipping past the two, her pink dress tickling the cat’s nose as she showed them to the living room. Sweetie followed the woman.

“Uh, green tea is fine, for both of us,” Eijirou said, looking around the living room. A flat screen tv mounted on the wall, three white couches surrounding a large coffee table, a cream colored carpet and a grandfather clock next to a grand piano on the far left wall, if it could be called that. It seemed every wall in this room had been hollowed out and filled with bookshelves, with the room being covered in them it appeared more like a library of classic literature. Most recognizable being the entire works of *Shakespeare*, the Sherlock Holmes Series in chronological order no less, every book published by *Jane Austen*, *Charles Dickens*, *Oscar Wilde*, *Agatha Christie* , and of course, Denki’s favorite author; *Ernest Hemingway*. Older books had been placed closer to the television, with books like the *Epic of Gilgamesh*, *The Iliad*, *The Waste Land*, and *Homer’s Odyssey*. A room of literature, some well read and others nigh on pristine. In particular, Hemmingway’s section was rather worn in.

Eijirou picked out one of Shakespeare’s plays out of the bookcase, right by the door, and he was mildly surprised to note it was in the original old English. Carefully, he put it back in its place.

“This isn’t fucking right,” Katsuki said, sitting down on the couch to the right of the coffee table.

“What do you mean?” Eijirou sat next to him, curious. This looked like a normal house.

“This is Spark plug’s house. It’s too fucking high class. Looks nothing like his room. His mom is quiet and he’s not.”

Noting the change in tone, how it sounded far more like during the sports festival or whenever Katsuki was using that keen intellect of his, Eijirou looked around again. Katsuki was right. This was nothing like what they expected of Denki’s house, not in the slightest.

“Those are all Noriko’s books,” Tokiwa said, walking into the room with a tray of tea, setting it
down to let the boys take a cup each, “Not all rooms are like this, I assure you.”

“O-Oh! I don’t think he meant to offend-” Eijirou said, worried, only for Tokiwa to giggle, covering her mouth.

“No, no, it’s not offensive. But Denki has read all of these books,” Katuski raised an eyebrow, and Eijirou nearly choked on his tea.

“Are any of them in Japanese?”

“Hm? Well, Noriko tried to get them in their original languages, but the older books weren’t possible,” The green haired woman pointed to the older books by the television, “Those are almost all in Japanese, or have Japanese translations.”

There was a noise by the doorway, and Tokiwa excused herself to take care of it, leaving the boys alone once more.

“That’s… A bit surprising.” Eijirou said, since Denki always had bad grades. If he was smart enough to read these kinds of books in their original language, how was he failing?

“Not really,” Katsuki shrugged, “He’s got a fucking insane vocabulary, this is probably why.”

“Oh, you’ve arrived.” A new voice said, more serious and confident. Harsher, almost, like it could cut through steel. The boys turned to the newcomer, and saw a woman, likely in her mid to late thirties, with reddish brown hair tied into a bun, red eyes, medium dark skin tone and a serious face. She wore a black pencil skirt, a white blouse, and she had in her hands a set of files. Was that Noriko? The woman certainly looked like she would own this many books.

“Tokiwa is in the other room, taking care of the cat, so I guess I’ll begin debriefing you.” The woman sighed, going to the couch opposite of them and sitting, placing her files on the table in front of them. “I’m Noriko Kaminari, you’ve met my wife. We’ve invited you here due to the fact you’re both in a relationship with our son, and as such we’re legally required to inform you of certain issues.”

Katsuki rolled his eyes at her seriousness, but Eijirou straightened up. Okay, so no dad, but two moms. Makes a lot more sense now.

“What kind of stupid issues?” Katsuki asked, not even caring and just wanting to go find his lightning boyfriend and tell him how stupid he was for believing Eijirou’s angered words.

“You’ve been presented with a file, told there are issues, and you don’t think to look in the file you’ve been presented with? And here I thought my son’s boyfriends might’ve actually had some intelligence.”

Katsuki looked like he wanted to blow up in her face, but recognized that it wouldn’t gain him anything, so he grabbed the file and opened it.

There was a picture of Denki at the beginning of the file, and basic information.

“Name: Denki Kaminari

Age: Sixteen.

Birthday: Celebrated on June Twenty-Ninth.
Status: Active.

Quirk: Electrification. See page five for details.

Father: Villain Livewire (Deceased. See page three.)

Mother: Villain Hacker (Deceased. See page three.)

Current Danger Level: Moderate.

Potential Danger Level: Extreme.”

No. Fucking. Way.

“You’re shitting me,” Katsuki said, twitching. Denki was the child of villains? “This is bullshit!”

“That’s his official government record,” Tokiwa interrupted, “And you’re legally required to know if you’re in a relationship with him. All your teachers have known from the beginning.”

“Denki would’ve told us!” Eijirou protested, and Noriko sighed.

“He was going to, at the training camp. But we all know what became of that.”

Katsuki growled. Literally, and Eijirou took the file out of his boyfriend’s hands since paper tended to be flammable and Katsuki tended to be explosive when it came to things like this.

Sweetie rubbed against Katsuki’s leg, and the teen picked the cat up, placing her on his lap. If she was there, then he wouldn’t explode. Just keep reading the file.

“Crimes:

Assist in a massive breakout of Tartarus Holding Facility.

Hacking into government facilities using quirk.

The killing of seven guards.

Assaulting an officer.

Use of gun by an unlicensed personnel.

Assisting a villain.

Resisting arrest.

Theft.

Participation in gang activities.

Destruction of Government property.

Breaking and Entering.

History:

Unknown until the age of five, Hacker and Livewire were captured by All Might in their attempt to break all personnel out of Tartarus holding facility with the assistance of Denki’s quirk. During
which, Denki was in the building, and was solely responsible for the release of over a hundred villains. After such incident, Livewire and Hacker were sentenced to death, with their quirks being considered too specifically dangerous to those around to be held in a cell.

Denki’s actions and locations were unknown for the next two years until former Wild, Wild Pussycat member Ragdoll and Ms. Joke discovered him during an attack on a gang hideout in the mountains, one member of which we believe now belonging to the league of villains. Denki was dismissed of all charges under the guise of persuasian, with evidence his birth parents abused him daily with the usage of their quirks to make him submit to their will. Recent evidence suggests Livewire disabled sections of his brain to destroy any will to resist, and Denki was unable to refuse an order until the age of nine due to lasting brain damage. Under this, he had been issued a Quirk Inhibitor and required to wear one at all times, unless given authority by a pro-hero. This was later revoked when he completed quirk therapy, told to wear when his quirk is likely to be used unless otherwise told by a pro-hero.

Deemed too dangerous to be put in an orphanage, he was given to Noriko Minari, a worker in Villain Jurisdiction and her wife, Tokiwa Kamira, a well known Quirk Therapist.

Denki underwent years of therapy to ensure his quirk would never take another life and to train him to cease his abilities to an adequate skill level for his age, instead of the skills he learned and inherited from his parents.

He currently attends Yuuei High, class 1-A, under the tutelage of pro hero Eraserhead. He is in a polyamorous relationship currently with Bakugo Katsuki and Eijirou Kirishima, and he seems to love them quite a bit.”

Neither teen could believe what they were reading. For very different reasons. Katsuki was pissed. Royally so.

Denki had been really strong, and he’d given that up. He wouldn’t fight him at full strength, and it made Katsuki’s blood boil in rage. He began sputtering out curses, and it didn’t help that whoever the hell wrote this file seemed to be either stalking them or had made Denki spill about their relationship.

Eijirou, on the other hand, was crushed. He’d told Denki that if they’d left Katsuki there, they’d be worse than villains. The same villains who had abused Denki, literally destroyed part of his brain, had caused him to kill people and were probably the reason someone who usually had no sense of danger was so scared of villains. So scared of the league. He’d even flinched when faced with another electricity user. What if the file was right, and someone from the league knew Denki?

He felt sick.

“Uhm, Mrs. Kaminari?” He said, looking at the women who both raised their heads at his inquiry.

“Yes?” They said, and it could barely be heard over Katsuki cursing into the giant cat’s back, trying his damndest to be on his best behavior.

“Where’s Denki? I think we need to have a talk.”

“Didn’t he tell you?” Noriko asked, seeming confused, and Katsuki stopped his cursing for a minute.

“He’s going to America to train with my niece for a week. She’s a pro hero, so your teacher and principal okayed it,” Tokiwa said, more confused than her wife, “He should be getting on the plane any minute now.”
Katsuki’s cursing increased tenfold.

Denki wasn’t sure what he was doing, exactly, when he’d accepted his cousin’s invitation to go train with her for a week, but he’d known it had gotten him away from his boyfriends. Which, of course, was what he’d wanted. Ever since the training camp had been interrupted, Eijirou had been on edge, and after… The incident, Katsuki, and Eijirou had spent all their time almost exclusively without him. Eijirou was the only one allowed to visit Katsuki during his house arrest, which frustrated Denki to no end. He didn’t even care anymore about what had been said, for goodness sakes they were dating Katsuki Bakugo, one of the rudest people that Denki had ever met; he knew the difference between things said in anger and things people actually meant. No, what frustrated him most about it was how Eijirou was avoiding him with Katsuki. Like he didn’t deserve to be graced with their presence.

Every time he said he was in a relationship with Katsuki or Eijirou, people laughed at him and told him to stop lying because they were obviously in a relationship with each other. No way could Denki be dating either of them.

Of course, he had Fourteen hours on this plane to think about what he’s going to do when it came to that. It’d still be Monday in America, approximately two pm verses four am Tuesday in Japan. That should be what he was worried about, but what bugged him was that he knew what was going on at the moment.

His moms were telling his boyfriends about his past. After that, there would be no way they’d want to have anything to do with him, they’d tell the rest of the dorm, and then they’d start austrosizing him too.

He was really happy he had his inhibitor on. Nothing crazy, just the choker he wore with his hero costume, which he wore as a bracelet before but it had to be moved when he’d gotten the original shooter design from Hatsume. It kept him from letting off sparks without wanting too, and it helped him control the output of his quirk to the point that he didn’t go stupid as easily since he didn’t botch the discharge.

His anxiety died down a bit, and he focused on his phone. Of course, Denki could have phone service here, but that was because of his quirk, so he didn’t use it. Don’t want to fry the plane and all. He sighed, plugging in his headphones and listening to his music, closing his eyes and hoping that he could sleep for most of the flight, so he wouldn’t be as jet lagged when he saw his cousin.

Most people would think the language barrier would be a bit much, but it wasn’t a huge issue for them. Denki was amazing at reading and speaking English as a language, but he had test anxiety and writing was way harder. His cousin, on the other hand, she could only speak informal Japanese and very little formal. They talked on the phone a lot, learning each other’s language more and more with each call.

The electric user woke up a few times during the flight, either to go to the bathroom or to get something to drink and when the plane finally landed, he let out a sigh of relief. He could finally properly stretch his legs.

Careful not to bump into anyone on his way to baggage claim, he knew everyone was headed the same way. The border control line. He grabbed his bag, got in line, filled out the form and moved on. He was there for a week, his visa was good, and he just was so tired, drained, and used to this from previous visits that he did it just fine without a ton of anxiety.
Everything was worth it, however, to see the way his cousin lit up when she saw him.

“Denki! Man, it’s been forever!” She exclaimed, waving him down and Denki smiled. She was in her civilian clothes, a one-shoulder cat print tied tee with jeans and some fold over boots. Her blue and green hair was tied up, and she smiled brightly at her younger cousin.

“Hey, Jess, nice to see you,” Denki said, smiling tiredly. He knew it was only three o clock, but the flight had taken more out of him than he’d thought.

“You good? Let me take your bag, C’mon, we gotta get you set up at home.” She took his rolling bag, letting Denki keep his carry on, and brought him over to her car, explaining something about the weather and something like sparring in the coming days.

See, Jess was a fighter hero. Her quirk allowed her to take on injuries from other people, and give her own injuries to whoever she touches. So she, like Eijirou, was obsessed with sparring to the point she had a gym room in her house.

Luckily for Denki, he got the luxury of resting on Monday, because he needed to adjust to pretty much everything. Eijirou and Katsuki would probably want to spar immediately, and the thought sent a pang of longing through his chest.

“Denki?” Jess asked, poking the blonde after putting his bags in her car.

“Wha-?” Denki blinked a few times, breaking out of his thoughts.

“Everything okay? You’re spacing out more than normal.”

“Just exhausted. Fourteen-hour flight.” He shrugged, slipping into the front seat of the car and buckling up.

They drove back to Jess’ house, set him up in the guest room, went out for dinner and he quickly forgot all about his worries with his boyfriends. After taking a sleep aid to help him fall asleep, Denki checked his phone. Twenty missed calls from Eijirou and about fifty from Katsuki. He’d even gotten an alarm, saying his inbox was full of voicemails. However, as much as he wanted to look, he ignored it. They were going to hate him. That’s why he got all the calls, even more texts if he had looked.

Thank god for a fourteen-hour timezone difference. The class was already in session back in Japan.

Denki felt the back of his neck burning, he could almost feel his father sending shocks through his body before breaking in, ensuring his obedience. Slipping off his inhibitor then setting his phone to the side, Denki could feel from the electricity that thunder would be rolling in soon and fell into sleep’s clutches.
Tuesday

Chapter Notes

I already failed myself by writing a lot in between updates, but I'm gonna do my best to keep this on a once a week upload schedule. Waiting is the hardest part. We get to hear about Denki's birth parents in this chapter and all chapters henceforth, so warning! Check the tags for other warnings, I'll be updating them after every chapter update. This is also the chapter which sets up the formula of the story; Part of it, we focus on Denki, and for the other part we focus on Eijirou and Katsuki. Anything bolded means it's being spoken in either Japanese or English, depending on the country it is not focused in. If it's in Denki's section, it's being spoken in Japanese, and if it's in Eijirou and Katsuki's section, it's in English.

Jess was more of an alarm clock than anyone deserved, especially when she bust into your room at five thirty am, just before sunrise, and yelled “It’s time for bright eyes and bushy tails!” loud enough to wake the dead.

It scared Denki so much that he fell out of the bed, destroying the lamp next to the bed as he let out a myriad of sparks.

“Well I see one of those things,” The hero said, squatting down to her cousin.

“No tail, Jess. And what in the heck? It’s not even sunrise, let me sleep!”

“I also see that English isn’t your strong suit this early. C’mon, get dressed. We’re gonna go for a run, then some parkour, and only then do we get breakfast.” She stepped over a groaning Denki, having already changed into some sweatpants, a sports bra, and crop top, and snatched his phone.

“Also, I’ll be confiscating this for the duration of your visit!”

“Woah, why no breakfast?” Denki sat up, rubbing the sleep out of his eyes. Not as bad a wakeup as he had at the training camp, but not pleasant either. Then, a minute too late, realized that hey that was his phone and jumped up, reaching for the device. However, being a short five foot five verses his cousin’s height of six feet one inch, he had no chance.

“Because you’re here to train, not to talk on your phone. Besides, I’m not taking your internet, you can still use my phone.”

“Let me guess, for videos?” Denki huffed, already going over to his bag to get some gym clothes. Heroes in America were a lot more like celebrities than in Japan, to the point that Japan had double the heroes than America since very few people could keep up with the social media demand of the people. They always wanted to know what their favorite heroes were doing all the time, it seemed.

Caught a villain? Tweet about it.

Uneventful day? Tweet about it or vlog.

New costume or scar? Instagram would be the first to know.
All in all, it seemed more exhausting than the actual hero work, but Denki figured that for the moment, it was okay. Aizawa always would know what he was up to and considering he’d only gotten permission since Jess was a hero, that was probably a good thing. Plus, as an added bonus, if any of the class followed any of her social media, they’d know what he was up to as well.

“Well, yeah. Not a huge deal, though, I’m pretty good at keeping up with it. Now, get dressed, get your kinky choker on, and let’s go running~” As Denki squawked about how it wasn’t just a choker, she chuckled and left the room, immediately logging onto her younger cousin’s phone.

Damn, he had a lot of missed calls--

**Incoming call: Eiji**

A silly song about baby sharks started playing, one that she expected to be on Denki’s phone, and she answered it quickly, walking far away from the room otherwise Denki would hear.

“Denki! Finally-” This Eiji person said, and Jess had to cut him off because if he got to the formal she’d be screwed.

“Uh, this is not Denki. This is his cousin, who am I talking to?”

Having some trouble with the translations, she bit her lip and walked into the kitchen.

“Oh,” The voice changed from ecstatic and relieved to downtrodden, “I’m Kirishima, one of Denki’s partners. Could you please put him on the phone?”

“Sorry, but I’ve co… co… taken it. I know very little Japanese, can we either speak English or informally?” She glanced at her little cheat sheet on her fridge, as this was a phrase she had to use quite a bit. Usually with her aunt, and sometimes Denki.

There was shuffling from the other line, and Kirishima seemed to be asking someone named Yaoyorozu something.

“Hello, miss,” A female voice said, and Jess sighed in relief. Japanese wasn’t her cup of tea, and she often forgot a lot of the words since what she knew was all conversational, “My name is Yaoyorozu. If you would, could Kaminari come to the phone?”

“Like I told your friend, I took Denki’s phone. He’s not going to be using it during most of his stay, so please tell this Kacchan, I think it was, and Kirishima that it’s useless texting him so much, and leaving so many voicemails. He’ll get it back on Friday, since he leaves on Saturday.”

Yaoyorozu made an odd noise, quickly writing it down for the others, and said, “Ah, yes. Thank you, ma’am. Have a nice day,”

“The same to you.” With that, she hung up and groaned.

This Kacchan and Kirishima, they must be Denki’s boyfriends, considering how Kirishima had said that he was one of Denki’s partners. And if they were texting and calling him this much, then they must have been told. No wonder he was out of sorts.

This week should be good for him.

As she thought, Denki came down the stairs. Wearing some track pants and a muscle tee he may or may not have stolen from one of his boyfriends and carrying his running sneakers. Overall, he looked exhausted and not ready for a run, but it's clear his mind and the shower, as well as food
afterward, would be more than enough.

“Got a water bottle? You’re gonna need it.”

“How far are we running…?” Denki sat down on one of the stools at her breakfast bar to put his shoes on, cringing at the grin spreading across the hero’s face.

“Three miles.”

“You’re an athletic freak of nature!”

Running was by far Denki’s least favorite exercise to do. Mostly because, well, he wasn’t very good at it. Give him lifting or quirk training any day, and he’d take it over running.

“We’re almost done, Pichu!” Jess grinned, waving to a few people who recognized her on her morning run. She wasn’t even breaking a sweat whilst Denki felt like Endeavor’s quirk had taken over his legs.

What’s worse, she was actually posting during their run. Like it was normal.

When their run finally ended, in an odd looking area of the park, she seemed far too happy. It was like there was a section made just for parkour, but Denki didn’t care because there was a bench over there he could collapse on. So, he did just that, breathing heavily as Jess took a quick photo.

“C’mon, that wasn’t so bad. Running is normal for heroes.”

“You…” Denki gasped for air before downing half of his water bottle, “Are crazy..”

“Maybe, but this is gonna happen twice more this week. Thursday and Friday.”

“I hate you.”

Denki sunk down into the bench and took in the sight of this parkour park.

It looked like a miniature version of the Mount Center climbing park in Berlin, with some adjustments of walls and ramps at the base to climb. People were all climbing, at different paces and jumping around like Sero, and others were trying to spar on the structure. Looking at it stirred excitement in him because this was any hero in training’s dream exercise. Of course, his screaming muscles begged to differ.

“So, what’s the point of this…?” He motioned to the structure, and his cousin sat down next to him, typing away on her phone. Probably posting a status update.

“It was built for heroes to practice mobility, but people of all kinds use it. Helps them just as much as it helps us,” She shrugged, “And, it allows people to kinda train like us, so most everyone loves it.”

“Okay, why though? Back home, heroes seem entirely separate from citizens.”

“Here in the states, we- Or at least, I- don’t like to have our people passive. There’s a lot of people who help make our jobs easier. You of all people should realize that Heroes make citizens passive.”

Denki thought about how, back when he was a kid, he always saw people calling out for heroes to help during an attack on tv. If the heroes didn’t show up, then they were screwed because no one wanted to fight, or knew the best way to get out. He’d seen what Midoriya had done when Katsuki
had been attacked by the slime villain, and he’d seen how he’d been scolded for it.

Maybe, if more people fought back in everyday situations, then there’d be more fear and risk in being a villain and fewer people would do it.

*If you can keep the heroes busy then no one can stop us,* his birth mother used to say, and his father would agree before every mission, even if a lot of things from that time were fuzzy. Denki would stick with his birth mother, being her protection in case something happened, and his father would distract the heroes. Or so he’d been told, and he’d seen the video tapes to prove it. It’s how they’d gotten away with so much. It was their mantra, something they said to assure themselves that nothing would happen.

Their world had been each other, and Denki was just something to aid their efforts in villainy, that much he remembered clearly. He had permanent Lichtenberg figures along his spine as proof enough of that, and he was very sure that the mark at the base of his skull would offput people, hence why he kept his hair long. And why, even if he was changing, he made sure to change shirts quickly. Scars tended to probe questions and there were a lot of those he wasn’t willing or able to answer. His boyfriends had noticed, back when they went swimming at the beginning of the summer, but he’d been able to avoid the question by saying it was a side effect of electricity.

He hadn’t lied, exactly, but he also hadn’t told them it wasn’t *his* electricity which caused them.

“Denki? C’mon, we’ve rested long enough, time for climbing.” Jess’ voice interrupted his thoughts, and she got up and waved to some people she recognized, causing Denki to sigh.

Right. He was here to train. A quick glance at the clock told him he’d been up for just under an hour, so he was a bit worried at how things were going in Japan.

Katsuki Bakugo was very bad at dealing with people, and sometimes one of those people is Eijirou. Apparently, the dumbass had finally gotten an answer out of Denki’s phone, only to find out that his cousin had confiscated it. Eijirou had cried, curling up and Katsuki wrapped one arm around him, trying to help him calm down. Eijirou wasn’t the kind of person to get easily mad, but when he did, even Katsuki was a bit scared. He’d never admit it though. So, when he’d gotten pissed at Denki, who neither of them had believed to be very tough before yesterday, obviously he regretted it.

They both did. Eijirou for what he said, and Katsuki for being weak enough to get kidnapped, then be too absorbed in the fact that he was responsible for All Might’s retirement to notice how badly it had messed everyone up, specifically their boyfriend. Katsuki had turned to Eijirou for comfort since Denki tended to cry when it came to emotional things. Not to mention, Eijirou was there, while Denki wasn’t.

Now, he realized how that might’ve come off as them trying to cut him out of their relationship, which was the last thing they wanted.

To them, Denki was a source of sunshine and happiness, he was always there to cheer them up and reassure them. During fights, he covered their backs while making sure no one else was being hurt and in turn, they made sure no one could get to him. When Katsuki got too hyped, Denki was the one that helped bring him back down to earth mentally, Eijirou taking the brunt of the blasts. When Eijirou was having a hard day with his quirk, Denki was the one who sympathized with him and was the one who helped him realize that no matter what, he was doing great. When they ran into trouble and wanted to go headfirst into danger, Denki always helped them and got them out of it before it went out of hand. If they had a hard day, and sparring didn’t help, Denki was there to cuddle with
and gently card his fingers through their hair or give a message to help the tension and by god Denki’s quirk could do crazy things with someone’s body. Tension tended to build high when it was just Katsuki and Eijirou, since Katsuki tended not to care what repercussions his words had and there was a limit to what he could listen to without being affected, or when their physical natures tended to clash, and Denki was always there to calm them down and wash the tensions away.

When there was a fallout in them, or their failings let them slip and they didn’t know how to help each other, Denki was there to catch them and bring them up higher.

But on that same note, Denki didn’t tend to talk about his own insecurities or anxieties, or even communicate when he was in pain. Sure, he’d complain, but never about something real. Instead, he preferred to be a big ball of energy and lift everyone’s spirits.

The last time Katsuki had seen Denki scared was their first day in the dorms. He’d dragged his boyfriend behind the bushes, trying to trigger his dumb side to cheer up Eijirou, since it was the safest way to get him to discharge. He’d kissed the other blond, once they were safely hidden behind the bush, but Katsuki remembered the look of fear in those golden eyes.

Eijirou curled up against him, and Katsuki sighed, face tinted pink as he tried to help in the same way that the other blonde could, though he was failing.

“Bakugo! Bakugo open up!” Came a voice from outside his room, and Eijirou sniffled slightly, letting Katsuki go so he could get the door. Things were silent, but Katsuki opened the door and when he saw Mina in his doorway he wanted to slam it into her face. Let him be with his boyfriend.

“What do you want, Pinky?”

“It’s about Denki. See, I follow this American hero, and she just posted about her morning run, and it included a picture!” She shoved her phone to Katsuki, and he could hear Eijirou getting up from his bed.

Getting a look at the picture, it definitely was Denki. Wearing one of Eijirou’s shirts, all sweaty and tired, face red as he sat on a bench, seemingly in a park. His hair was messed up, still not put up despite being long enough and it would help him keep cool, despite both him and Eijirou telling him to do it. He had a water bottle in his hand, and he looked like he was having a bit of a hard time breathing.

It was kinda sexy.

The poster had captioned the photo with a very simple phrase, “Guess three miles in under an hour is a bit much for the cousin.”

Noting the tag on the poster, he handed Mina back her phone and ushered her out and away, ignoring her cry of “Say hi to your boyfriend for me!”, going back to Eijirou, who’d sat up and looked confused. His hair was down, and it was cute.

“Where’s your phone?” Katsuki asked, and Eijirou pulled his phone out of his pocket, handing it to his boyfriend who kissed him quickly, turning on the device without even needing to look, considering it was fingerprinted and he was plugged into the system.

“Hey, hey,” Eijirou said once the kiss had ended, his voice raspier than normal from the crying, “Not tonight, okay? I’m not really in the mood.”

“Sure,” Katsuki shrugged, since that wasn’t the purpose of the kiss, instead it was to reassure Eijirou
that he was wanted here. Emotions weren’t his thing, but reassuring with kisses? He could do that.

It made the redhead smile, which was more than he could say for the school day.

Katsuki went to Twitter and immediately typed in the poster’s handle to find the posts. At least Denki was okay, and actually working out.

“What’re you looking at?”

“Pinky found Sparky’s cousin, the one who took his phone.”

“Wait, seriously?”

“Yeah.” Katsuki scrolled through the feed, showing the posts to Eijirou and pulling him close as he laid down because it’s what they both needed and wanted. Cuddling helped everything calm down, helped make it okay, and Eijirou was probably one of the best cuddlers in the world.

The redhead yawned, and Katsuki rolled his eyes. “Go change before you fall asleep, got it?”

“Okay..” While Eijirou changed, Katsuki grumbled to himself. Stupid hot boyfriend, stupid idiot boyfriend, why can’t they just fucking say what they’re thinking? This whole damn problem would’ve been avoided if they were blunt.

Everyone said that Eijirou and Katsuki must be dating, and yeah, they were, but they were dating Denki too. Sure, Katsuki was far more mellow and nicer when around Eijirou, and happier, and yeah, they were together, but Denki had been first.

He’d been dating Denki before they asked Eijirou to join them because Eijirou was around them enough anyway, and their relationship had only gotten stronger and closer since. Katsuki felt honored, because he had a softer boyfriend that was more than willing to talk through emotions, and a tougher boyfriend who he could spar with to work through, and they both worked well together too. Denki wasn’t even jealous when Katsuki invited Eijirou to go on a cruise with him, though at the time he hadn’t known that Denki would give such a lame excuse about getting a job on said ship.

If they fought, there’d be someone they could both go to to help them through it, so they each fulfilled the same roles if needed. But honestly, since Denki had always been the kind of person to cuddle away his feelings, they didn’t know how best to help him.

“Katsuki,” Eijirou said, getting back into bed, “What are we gonna do about Denki…?”

“When he gets back, we’re gonna sit him the fuck down, make him tell us everything, then we’re gonna kiss his dumbass pretty-boy face.”

“You can’t solve every problem with force.”

“Do you have a better plan?”

“Not really. I really should apologize to him for what I sai-”

“If Sparky was affected by things like that for long, he wouldn’t be with me. He probably forgot all about it.” Katsuki set Eijirou’s phone on the charger, calmer than he usually would be.

“You really think so?” Eijirou bit his lip, and with those teeth of his, it wasn’t hard to draw blood.

“Yeah,” Katsuki grinned, kissing him quickly, “Now shut the hell up, stop your shitty worrying, and get some fucking sleep.”
The morning hadn’t been too bad, all things considered. The parkour had gone over well, despite Jess getting held up by some fans of hers. Or were they her friends? Denki didn’t know, all he knew about that was that he had several new bruises from trying to keep up with her and his failing. Now, after breakfast, a shower and a changing of clothes were what he expected from a hero. They were visiting the hospital, for hero day.

Once a week, Jess and a few other heroes visited the hospitals around their office and talked with kids, often times kids who had been affected directly by villain attacks. It warmed his heart. He’d met a Hero named Angelique, with four wings. His quirk, aptly named Fallen Angel, gave him a split personality. The white angel, Gabriel, was calm and kind; a rescuer first and foremost. The other, Lucifer, craved violence and often fought.

Denki didn’t get to dwell on the danger, these kids loved him. They loved climbing him, and sitting with him and playing with his hair. They were almost more excited about him visiting than the actual pro hero, but it was refreshing.

That is until the nurses found out about his quirk.

“Sir, could you please come here?” one nurse had asked, looking panicked as the lights started flickering. The children were getting scared, but Denki just smiled and stood, Jess reassuring the kids that everything was fine, and hey, who wants to read this with me?

“What’s up?” Denki asked the nurse, who brought him away from the children.

“Uhm, I- I hate to ask, but one of our patients has an absorption quirk, and he’s absorbing the power in the building and our generator can’t keep up.”

*International Quirk law, article ten, section three-a: In the event of a power outage, all electric based quirk users are to report immediately to the nearest hospital or police station for immediate assistance.*

*Article ten, section five-b: Police officers, heroes, and medical workers may ask the assistance of any person based on their quirk.*

Of course.

“So, you want me to…” Denki bit his lip, anxiety shooting through the roof. If they wanted him to power the hospital, then it’d be a huge undertaking.

“Either temporarily nullify his quirk, or power the building until we can get him under control. We would ask Voodoo, but her quirk isn’t exactly useful for this type of thing.”

Who did they think he was; Aizawa?! Technically, he could nullify someone’s quirk, but it took a very concentrated shock to the brain. Well, the part of the brain that handled quirks, but he couldn’t remember what it was called. If he did it wrong, he could amplify the kid’s power!

He felt like he was about to short circuit. This was a hospital, couldn’t they sedate him? Well, they probably had tried and it failed. There had to be people on life support here, who needed the power to stay on. While he wished he had the luxury of saying no or second-guessing, he didn’t, so he nodded, smiling.

“Okay. Bring me to his room.”

The lights started flickering quicker the longer this went on, and with it, Denki convinced himself that he could do this. He’d seen his father do it on tape, he’d had it done to him, even if he couldn’t
remember it even after being shown the videos. His therapist wanted him to ignore it, focus on the
now. He may have also forgotten his medication back in Japan, not that he was very good at
remembering to take it anyway. They were picking up an emergency supply on Wednesday after
sparring.

Breathe. Just breathe.

This was what heroes did.

But what if he accidentally killed them? What if he destroyed them?

His hands shook, breathing hastening and he felt like the room was closing in, head swimming and
he felt heavy. So heavy. Like his brain wasn’t getting any air and it was getting harder to breathe-

The room came into view, the door opening, and he felt his head clear.

A boy, no older than seven, was on the medical bed and screaming, being held down by restraints
that Denki was very familiar with. Where were the doctors? Was it just this nurse? She was sheepish,
and Denki had to focus on what was ahead, even as the lights were strobing and it made his head
hurt.

He leaned over the screaming boy, placing one hand on the top of his head, thumb over the parietal
lobe, and the other behind his head. He could see the kid was crying, and the movement was making
it harder, so he pressed his head to the bed. Taking a deep breath, he placed his thumb over where
the cerebellum was, and sent a few low-level electric shocks, like ones used in physical therapy
between his thumbs in small waves, since the part of the brain controlling quirks--What was it,
seriously-- was located in between them.

With the introduction of new stimuli, the kid slowed down and stopped resisting the longer he held
the pulse. His breathing slowed, and the screaming stopped, the lights flickering once more before
returning to normal.

Now came the hard part.

Introducing electricity into the brain was easy, but removing it was so much harder. He was barely
using his quirk, and if he didn’t remove his hands at just the right moment, then permanent brain
damage could be done to him. If he went and stopped his electricity before the pulse reached the
other hand, he could trap the energy in this kid’s brain and kill him, considering how close it was to
the brain stem.

Denki’s breathing stopped, and he felt the kid’s pulse against his hands, could feel every signal the
brain received and sent out to the body. He only needed to send a lower shock into the body, remove
his top hand, and he could control exactly what this kid would do. Or, he could continue these low-
level pulses, only changing where his hands were, and he could rewrite this kid’s personality and
memories as easily as breathing.

He was terrified and, at the same time, fascinated by the power he had. Was this the power which led
someone to a life of villainy?

You’ll be just like your old man, baby boy. He could hear Hacker’s voice, smooth, elegant; deadly.
He seized up. All flow of electricity stopped, causing the kid to pass out. The nurse walked over and
thanked him, to which Denki shakily smiled and asked if he could go back.

The walk back was more silent than he felt comfortable with.
Power made people do crazy things, he knew that, and holy crap he didn’t like how that made him feel. He was helping people. The one thing he refused to do was become like his birth parents.

Bile rose in his throat, and he rushed to the nearest bathroom, barely making it to the sink before he threw up, arm weak as he retched and the smell that permeated the air got worse and worse. His legs shook and nausea came in waves, stomach acid burning his throat and mouth. He didn’t even notice a bit of red coming up, until after a few minutes of brutality.

Denki didn’t even care about it, washing everything down the drain.

When he returned to the kids and his cousin, he was bright-eyed and smiling, not a hint of what had gone down showing on his face.

If Tuesday was this bad, he had no idea what the rest of the week had in store for him.

That night, Denki found out that Jess usually did some light training in her gym room, but after the events at the hospital, he was exempt if he wanted to. So, he’d set about making dinner, during which he found a bottle of whiskey.

He shouldn’t have a large glass mixed with some water after cooking, and he knew that, but he also knew if he didn’t have a distraction from the afternoon and how he felt he’d dwell on it too much. After realizing that, he’d drunk it, wincing at the flavor, and he hadn’t realized that a partial low battery had made him more susceptible to do dumb things. He giggled after a bit, letting it get to his head and grabbing the home phone, plugging to make an international call to Eijirou’s phone.

One ring.

Two rings.

“Hello, this is Kirishima Eijirou, who is this?”

“Eiji!” Denki giggled, the alcohol and stress from the day addling his brain.

“Oh my god, Denki? Is that you? I’ve been so worried!” Eijirou sounded like he was gonna start crying.

“Mnn… You okay?” Then it struck him; he was worried about him. Because of what they’d been told on Monday. It was Wednesday morning in Japan, stupidly early too. He shouldn’t have called. Anxiety rose up within him, making him jumpy about what would come next.

“What? Oh, yeah, I’m fine, but Denki, I gotta talk to you about what I said back in the hospital, I was mad and--”

“You hate me, right?” Denki’s voice was fragile, shaking, and he could hear Eijirou make a confused noise on the other line, “You and Kacchan. You must hate me after learning about everything. I… It’s why you two pushed me out, right?” Tears welled in his eyes, and his words were slurring together, chest shaking as he tried not to cry. Stupid anxieties.

“No, no, we don’t hate you, we love you! Katsuki and I both love you, we just need to talk about it!”

Uh oh. Bad choice of words. Denki’s breathing picked up, and everything around him felt like miles away. There was no way they didn’t hate him. It’s why they texted and called so much, right?
“I, uh, gotta go-”

“Denki, wait-”

Too late. He’d hung up, and started running up to the guest room, tears spilling down his face. He didn’t care if things went sour, and he didn’t know what he’d expected in calling Eijirou, but right now, he wanted to cry. So he did.

When Jess came to check on him an hour later, he’d cried himself to sleep. She walked over and tucked him in, sighing, before heading to bed herself. Maybe the new day would bring better luck.
“Hey, dumb hair, what the hell just happened?”

Kirishima had just been hung up on, and he wasn’t taking it so well. They were almost into the classroom, everyone about fifteen minutes early so they could socialize, but Bakugo just wanted to study.

“Denki just called..” Kirishima said, walking into the classroom with Bakugo, thankful for the chattering of the other students to distract him.

“Well, what did sparky say?” Bakugo shrugged his bag off onto his desk, while Kirishima just leaned against the wall, staring at his cell.

“He... Said we hated him, after Monday.”

Bakugo groaned, his temper flaring up as he exclaimed, “We’re dating that dumbass why, again?!”

The class shut up, staring at the two.

“Wait, what?” Uraraka asked, being the first to snap out of the confusion.

“You’re dating who now?” Ashido and Hagakure asked next, while Iida was looking through the school guidelines about relationships.

“Uh, Kaminari? Why are you all so surprised?” Kirishima asked, ever oblivious to what had been going on. Bakugo had noticed a long time ago that no one really believed they were all dating, but Kirishima had been blissfully unaware.

“Aren’t you two dating each other?” Came Midoriya, receiving a glare.

“Yeah, but we’re also dating dunce face.” Bakugo rolled his eyes.

It seemed like a weight fell upon the class.

“Oh no…” Iida said, and the others seemed to agree.

“What the hell? If it’s that fucked up to you, then fuck off!” Bakugo yelled, and Kirishima didn’t even bother trying to help his manners.
“No, it’s not that, it’s just-” Iida began, only to be cut off by Yaoyorozu.

“He’d tried telling us before, and, well…”

“We kinda told him there was no possible way he’d ever be able to date either of you,” Jirou finished, “Cause you guys never seemed to care about him how you do about each other.”

“Now that you mention it, ribbit, it feels more like you two are the only affectionate ones in public, but like Bakugo doesn’t really care about Kaminari.” Tsuyu said, leaning over her desk.

“And Kaminari’s straight!” Mineta objected, getting a glare from half the class.

“Don’t assume his sexuality!” Sero exclaimed to the purple boy.

Bakugo was about to burst out yelling at everyone, because how fucking dare they assume he didn’t care about his boyfriend when Kirishima put his hand on his shoulder, stopping him from doing so.

“You guys do realize that Kami and Baku were dating before I joined the relationship, right? And Mineta, he hangs out with you because it gets a rise out of Bakugo, you wouldn’t have friends otherwise, and he’s bi.” He was angrier than Bakugo had expected, but nowhere near as angry as said teen.

No one really knew how to react. Because Bakugo, dating Kaminari? Before Kirishima? Ten minutes ago, they wouldn’t have believed it.

When no one said anything, Bakugo blew up.

“You guys don’t even fucking realize what the hell you did! He thinks we fucking hate him, and you asswipes didn’t even try to help! A shit ton of help you guys who claim to be his goddamn friends are!”

Simultaneously, it was the nicest and most cutting thing he could’ve said, grabbing his bag and Kirishima’s hand.

“Woah-” Kirishima began, but Bakugo cut him off.

“We’re out of here. These fucking summer classes aren’t required, anyway.”

And so, they left, because Kirishima didn’t want to be around them at the moment either.

No one dared to follow, too busy thinking about their past actions, and most did not see the couple for the rest of the day.

“Katsuki-!” Eijirou said, dragging him to a halt once they were almost back at the dorm, “Where are we going?”

“Your room. I need to punch something.”

Well, it helped, because Eijirou wanted to punch something too. They could always spar, but there was a rule about quirks in the dorms, and there wasn’t exactly a gym. Though, they could go to the training grounds.

But he knew they were both angry enough to say screw the rules, because holy hell the whole class
had been telling their boyfriend that he wasn’t good enough to be with them.

Once they’d arrived at the redhead’s room, and Katsuki had started working at the punching bag, Eijirou spoke up, working a twenty-pound dumbbell.

“I didn’t know they said shit like that to him."

“I fucking did, but the shitheads made it worse than I thought."

When Katsuki and Denki started going out, they didn’t hide their relationship, and Denki wasn’t as good at hiding his anxieties. He’d told him how no one really seemed to believe that they were together, and Katsuki had let Denki stay with him that night after having to be reined in by him, the small blond cuddled up to him and clinging to his chest. However, that was when Denki started hiding his anxieties and insecurities, and it was also when it started to get worse.

He wanted to beat the insecurities out of his boyfriends. Not beat them to get the insecurities out, but literally, have them manifest so he could kill them.

Katsuki Bakugo only accepted the best. Only spent time with those he deemed worthy. Only dated people he wouldn’t mind teaming up with. You could call him gay, call him bi or pan or what have you, but the truth was he was attracted to power and people he can count on. Emotionally, at least. Physically, he appreciated both femininity, masculinity, and whatever Denki said he liked his body to look like.

*Androgynous*, his common sense supplied.

If he was honest, back when he asked Denki to go out with him, he was sure it was only due to the fact that Denki was cute, but had a lot of power. Seriously, there were books on the limitless possibilities of electric quirks, and he had a record of being able to control three times as much electricity than the previous most powerful.

Now, Katsuki knew were that power had come from.

Livewire was a terrifying villain, with one of the longest criminal records available. He could even redirect lightning, and once it’d even been broadcast that he had held five heroes at bay easily using his quirk. Even without it, he was terrifying, since his boe staff could be extended to insane lengths and he was far more adept at using it than he appeared, especially when he charged it. The guy could make electromagnetic shields, and only God could save you if you had a bunch of metal in your costume. He could also kill people with just a single zap, but he was best known for his love of electroshock therapy. Or, well, abusing it.

The villain loved to toy with people’s brains, be it shutting parts down, like their whole personality, or rewriting their memories to create new villains out of ordinary citizens. He enjoyed torturing people, setting their nerves aflame, or slowly frying them until they went insane. He often was seen overcharging people’s quirks to the point they couldn’t handle it, or entirely making them quirkless for a time. Rarely did he completely destroy it.

The only thing the man couldn’t do with electricity was access electronics other than the base charge and drain, which is where his wife came in.

Hacker’s quirk allowed her complete access to any and all electronics, even through the web. By the time she was seven, she’d hacked into the local government military base just by using her mother’s phone three different times. She could find out all your information, then store it, and come back to it later. Not much was really known about her otherwise; she’d wiped herself from the grid long ago,
and worked more in the shadows than their teacher.

Hacker got the cameras, then the system and Livewire destroyed the opposition while she worked.

They were nearly unstoppable, and if their quirks combined into Denki’s, it made sense why he often went so stupid. It was a lot of power to handle, and electricity has to go through your whole body constantly. Discharging wrong would cause a lot of damage.

But Katsuki had also learned that despite all that power at his fingertips, he’d never let it go to his head like he had. Denki wasn’t proud of his quirk, didn’t like to really let go of the control he fought so desperately for, and it was attractive. Katsuki hadn’t expected to fall in love on their third date, but after watching how Denki’s eyes lit up in happiness as they walked through the park and listening to that laugh, he’d fallen hard.

Their first date, they’d gone to a movie, a bit cliche but it was appropriate. Some stupid romantic comedy, he couldn’t even remember what it was really about. The only thing he remembered about it was that the ending made Denki cry. Their second date, they’d gone to the amusement park, and Katsuki would never forget the look on his face when the ride stopped and jerked around, launching up and stopping short.

Eijirou joined after their fourth date. They’d gone out to dinner, and while there they’d confessed their mutual attraction to the redhead.

Loving Eijirou came easily to him; his best friend, the ever-present person in his life. If Denki hadn’t caught his eye, then Eijirou would’ve been first. Their dates always were special, sentimental, if not filled with fights because they were those kinds of people. However, if Katsuki accomplished getting Eijirou sufficiently jealous, there probably wasn’t much in the world sexier. It felt weird, getting off to the knowledge that he was helpless in a sexual situation, even if it was with someone he loved. Freeing, almost.

Before entering Yuuei, Katsuki didn’t think he’d ever have found one person, let alone two, who he’d lay his life down to keep safe.

The chains of the punching bag rattled, and a small explosion put enough force into the bag to knock it over, Katsuki panting with exertion and frustration.

“Can you please try not to destroy my punching bag, man?” Eijirou sighed, because hey, that was expensive. But when Bakugo was lost in his thoughts, there was almost no getting to him. However, Katsuki did pull the thing back up, and Eijirou bit his lip. There wasn’t a physically unattractive thing about his explosive boyfriend.

From the rippling muscles to his gorgeous face, to his legs and his arms, his six-pack, how he always smelled like caramel and burnt marshmallows due to the nitroglycerin in his quirk, and holy hell, Eijirou could go on for days about Katsuki’s ass. Toned, but still easily grabbable, perfectly proportioned to the rest of his body and if that boy ever wore properly fitting clothes fully, Eijirou was entirely sure he’d die from being too aroused by a god.

Which reminded him, they had a date tomorrow.

Ever since their relationship began, dates had gotten a bit complicated. They usually had to talk about date schedules, because individual dates were easily their preference, to make sure no one felt left out.

They’d only all gone out twice, and both times had ended far differently than they’d intended.
The first time, it wasn’t Katsuki or Eijirou’s fault. Denki had worn black leather boots which went above his knees with a fucking high heel, fishnet stockings and dark red-orange ripped shorts so tight it should be illegal, and oh god, the shirt and jacket. Those were what really did them in.

A blue oversized v-neck thin sweater which hid everything masculine about the teen as it came just past his hips, meeting his thighs, and a midnight blue leather jacket which’s sleeves came partway down his hands overtop.

They’d never made it to the end of their date, and they’d all lost something that night. Denki hadn’t been able to wear that sweater without going bright red ever since.

Their second date, it was Katsuki’s turn to be a tease.

Tight jeans, but a loose button up black brocade shirt, french tucked. He didn’t put as much effort into his outfit as Denki had, but it was effortlessly sexy and Katsuki knew it, especially when he wore his high combat boots with them.

Ever since then group dates meant all their planning would go to waste and they were all getting laid that night. It also meant protective and jealous boyfriends.

Eijirou planned though. He planned for their next group date, it’d be his turn to tease. He’d actually paid attention to what fashion magazines were saying because if he could make his boyfriends react the way he’d reacted to them, that would be a feat to remember.

Sighing, Eijirou stood before Katsuki went back to beating the crap out of his punching bag, and kissed his slightly taller boyfriend’s cheek. Katsuki stilled, hands twitching, and went bright red.

“Hey, wanna get the tension out another way…?” Eijirou whispered, smirking and leaning against the other, whispering in his ear. He wrapped his arms around him, and he could feel as well as hear Katsuki groan, pressing back against him.

“Fine. But I swear to fucking god, if you waste time on fucking teasing, I’m gonna fuck you instead.”

“That was a lot of fucks you just gave, considering you’re about to be, well, fucked,” Eijirou chuckled, helping Katsuki out of his uniform easily. He didn’t even need to look, he was so used to this. They worked like that. Fuck the feelings away.

When it came to sex, things were a bit weird. Eijirou was happy doing whatever his partners wanted so long as they were feeling good, which worked well with Denki who preferred to be submissive unless asked. But Katsuki? While he usually liked topping, he’d bottom for Eijirou any day. Partly because he could handle the explosions, but he’d also learned that being fucked by their Pichu of a boyfriend-- And yes, he’d fight you that he was a Pichu instead of Pikachu --was painful, since they both tended to let off sparks when excited and one’s spark set off another’s. So it usually ended up with them both covered in angry red burns, but holy hell was it worth it at the moment.

Eijirou would bottom for Denki, Denki would bottom for both of them, and Katsuki would bottom for Eijirou most of the time unless either said otherwise. But this would fall apart if one had a desire to do so.

For the next few hours, Eijirou fucked Katsuki over and over, drinking up the sounds he made like it was water after a good workout, and watching his bossy boyfriend be reduced to tears with the inability to form proper words or sentences outside of Eijirou, Eijirou- Ahn- H-Harder! God dammit fuck me harder! Was probably the best way to destress available.
Denki Kaminari had a bad habit of stealing his boyfriend’s shirts, he realized. He’d been allowed to sleep in, only till six thirty, and when he woke up, he hated himself for drinking the stupid whiskey. Why had he done that? Oh, right. He was an idiot.

Finding out he’d only packed three of his own shirts other than his hero costume shirt had been a bit of a shock, especially because aside from the shirt he’d worn to the airport, one of his own tee shirts, one of Eijirou’s muscle shirts and a Crimson Riot fan shirt, and a nightshirt which actually belonged to Katsuki and one of his black skull shirts, he’d packed that sweater. Great. He owned tons of clothes, but he couldn’t have planned a little better? Not that planning was ever his strong suit…

“Denki? C’mon, we’re gonna be late! I arranged a cool sparring partner for you!” Jess called, and Denki groaned. Right. Sparring. Something he hated almost as much as running. But hey, at least she wasn’t withholding food until after sparring.

“Coming!” He said, a bit louder than normal but not quite yelling. His head hurt like crazy. So, he slipped on one of Kirishima’s muscle shirts, which said: “Your workout is my warmup” before thinking better of it, and changing into one simply branded with CR for Crimson Riot. Best not to challenge his cousin. He’d definitely lose.

When he got downstairs, and his cousin saw the shirt, she burst out laughing as if struck by Ms. Joke’s quirk.

“Bwahaha! Oh my god-” She snapped a quick photo, and Denki took some painkillers for his headache, this was not something he could deal with without them.

“Whatso funny?” he slurred because half of his brain was still in bed and her boisterous attitude rattled it. This was probably how Bakugo felt.

“Oh- Pfft- Nothing,” She grinned, “Just irony, is all.”

“What?” His grin matched his cousin’s, “Whatso ironic?” Denki grabbed his charger, and carefully placed the plug into his mouth so he could at least properly wake up before they left.

“Nothing, nothing. You’ll see.”

So, Denki went and put on his shoes, chatting easily with her despite charging. It wasn’t too hard, considering he had plenty of experience.

A thought struck him, though, as she passed by him on the way to the car, typing away on her phone. Instagram.

“Uh, Jess? I thought you were working? Ya know, hero work?”

“Hm? Oh, yeah. I took the week off. I mean, I’m still on call, you seriously can’t truly take time off from hero work unless you sign a contract or were injured. You’re always on call. We do have some security work to do this Friday, though.” She shrugged, and Denki nodded. That sounded right. A hero’s work was never done.

As soon as he stepped out of the house, a dark feeling washed over him, causing tenseness in his shoulders. Looking around, his veins felt like ice, eyes wide and he shook, fear taking over his body.
“Denki? Deeeennkiiiiiiii?” Jess called, raising an eyebrow at her younger cousin, because uh, what happened? He’d just frozen in the doorway, eyes wide and he was sparking. Literally. Like he was on edge, and she couldn’t touch him or risk getting fried. Being a hero tended to make people more aware of their own quirks and others.

“Cuz, we gotta go.” Her voice was calmer, and she took her practice boe staff and poked him with it. Something needed to be done and at least this was wooden.

He nearly discharged with the fright, but his inhibitor, a bracelet today, stopped him by absorbing the energy and allowing him to recharge from it. So he’d been purposely sparking. Interesting. Denki let out an ‘oh- uh, yeah-’ and slipped in the car. Glancing around, and not noticing anything out of the ordinary, she slipped into the driver’s seat. Probably anxiety about his boyfriends and not having his phone.

Turning on the radio, she let the music running through the car distract them from that topic. It was probably better if his parents talked with him about it, anyway.

Sparring would get that off his mind.

Denki was looking out the window as they arrived at the private gym. Usually, heroes in America tended to spar at normal gyms, but when people demanded autographs and pictures all the time, sparring didn’t often happen. So private gyms were invented for those who wanted more privacy.

Grabbing her gym bag after parking, Jess led the way, chattering on about how long it took her to get this accomplished, and how her twitter had gone crazy since Denki showed up. However, he wasn’t as enthusiastic, so she had to carry the energy until they entered the gym, where he breathed a sigh of relief.

The feeling of being watched didn’t follow him inside.

Crimson Riot was right there and he wasn’t in his costume and holy HELL was he tall and muscly and what the hell was he doing in AMERICA?!

While Denki was frozen, Jess grinned evilly and walked over to him, waving to stop his beat down on the punching bag and speaking as best she could, considering Japanese wasn’t her strong suit. The man grinned, and turned to Denki with a wave, telling him to come on over so they could get on with the sparring already!

“Eiji’s never gonna believe this… He might kill me, actually…” He whispered to himself, walking over automatically, and okay, he was taller than he thought. Taller than Shouji and All Might, at least.
“Hello there, Kaminari!” the hero said, and Jess excused herself to go spar with her own non-hero partner in the next room, someone he didn’t recognize from physical appearance, but more so from Jess’ never-ending want to beat them. Her partner had an adoptive muscle memory quirk, where they literally were an expert in every hand to hand fighting style known to man by just doing it once.

**Focus, Denki.**

“Uh… Hi.” He waved up to Crimson Riot, and the hero smiled in return. To someone who wasn’t associated with Mina Ashido, the black eyes would probably be unnerving, but because he’d known her for so long, they didn’t even phase him. In fact, it made him happy to be able to talk to someone else whose first language was Japanese.

“Are you ready to spar?” The man asked, and Denki felt his face **burn** in embarrassment, despite nodding. He could see the video cameras along the wall, hearing his cousin get slammed on the mat. She always recorded sparring practice, saying she could watch it over to improve.

“No, no. Remove your inhibitor!”

Denki seized up, because, uh, no, dude you’ll die. Just as he was about to say that, he saw the look on the hero’s face.

“It’ll be fine. I can take anything you can dish out to me! Now stop being a coward and get rid of the inhibiter, it’ll hinder our sparring. How do you expect to get better if you’re limiting yourself?!”

Okay, Crimson Riot was just as intense as he was on TV, even before retiring about thirteen years ago. So, Denki did as told, putting his inhibitor over with Jess’ stuff.

Every vein in his body thrummed with electricity, flowing properly throughout his body. His hair stood more on end, exposing the scars on his neck, though he couldn’t care. There was a numbness inside, but with the release of electric flow came the pain.

All along his body, little crackles of electricity and static came, causing pinprick blossoms of pain and agitation, especially along the fractal scarring on his back. New marks would come along his arms if he let it out for too long. Beautiful, fraying red lines his boyfriends loved to trace and map; more intricate than a snowflake as it traveled along his skin. If not, then little freckles could be burned into his skin upon contact, usually on his face due to lack of conductivity.

It let him feel alive, his body naturally reacting to the power surge with energy to spare. He knew he had to be careful though since one wrong move could send the building into a blackout. Possibly the whole street.

Despite that, despite this being the first time since he received it that he was given hero permission to remove it, he felt calmer. Happier. Freer, even.

No, he felt **powerful.** Is this how Katsuki feels on a daily basis? Like he could take on the world, fuck the consequences?

Breathe, just breathe. He tried to summon his common sense, the part of his body screaming and remembering that this was not okay, remembering not the years of quirk therapy. Years of being strapped to a table and being forced to discharge at different levels. Of running drills and lying to his mothers that everything was fine and Tokiwa sitting with him, stroking his hair and watching him make shapes with his electricity, helping him as best she could. He didn’t think about the feeling of an uninhibited electricity quirk nearly destroying him, not even the two years he spent on the streets.

No, what came to mind instead was the horrifying, terrified faces of those he’d murdered—he never
forgot that it was murder-as they realized a four-year-old would be their executioner.

“End them, baby boy.”

At the time, he summoned an electric shield around their heads, slowly crushing their skulls.

Bile rose again in his throat, pulse and breath quickening, every noise registering as a new scream, and he could almost feel the way his power stuttered, lashing out around him for a brief second.

He remembered doing the same to his mothers the first time he had a panic attack, and he thanked whatever deities there were that they both had shutdown-related quirks.

Then there was a large, smooth hand on his shoulder. When he looked to it, the world seemed to get a bit clearer. Not here, not in front of people, not without his inhibitor, he couldn’t have a panic attack. He’d gotten good at covering his anxieties and mental issues with a smile, despite his therapist saying that was unhealthy. PTSD, anxiety, depression with the occasional suicidal tendency and trust issues weren’t something easily dealt with. He’d completely forgotten his medication back in his room at the dorms.

It was hard, knowing people wanted you dead for things you couldn’t control.

“Your sparking is destroying her camera. What’s bothering you?”

He knew he should say no, he knew he shouldn’t bare his heart out, but he also couldn’t bring himself to care. Crimson Riot was easy to talk to. If Eijirou looked up to him so much then he could probably trust him.

So, Denki nodded, stepping back, assuming a base fighting stance, while the hero took a few steps back and mirrored it.

Thus, his beatdown began.

Bakugo hadn’t expected a text from Kaminari right before his friends went to bed. He also hadn’t expected that it would be a ten minute long video. Outside of his self-proclaimed Bakusquad, no one had tried talking to him or Kirishima after classes. So, he called them over, despite that it was almost midnight. They came right over.

Plugging his phone into his laptop, he played the video for everyone. The first part was obviously recorded on a cell phone.

Kaminari was walking in a gym, wearing one of Kirishima’s fan shirts, and he had this cute, dopey grin on his face. He was blushing softly, too.

“Ready for sparring?” A feminine voice asked, to which Kaminari nodded and opened the door for the camera holder, only to immediately stop when he saw something. His face went redder and redder slowly, and the camera zoomed in to what he was staring at.

There stood Crimson Riot, in everyday civilian clothes, already working at a punching bag.

There was an odd noise, a thumping of a body on the floor and the crash of a chair, which made Bakugo pause the video.

“I think Kirishima’s dead…” Sero pointed out, while Mina went overdramatic as always, grabbing Kirishima by the front of the shirt, shaking him.
“You can’t die!! No! Don’t go into the light!!”

“He met Crimson Riot…. While wearing my shirt… He met Crimson Riot…” Kirishima said, over and over in a voice that reminded Bakugo of how everyone reacted to All Might. Disbelief. He just sat, watching his dumbass friends as Sero picked up the chair, using his quirk to drag his girlfriend away from Kirishima with a laugh.

“Hey! Sero, what was that foooor?” Mina whined.

“You might actually kill him.” Sero shrugged, taping Kirishima to the chair, which he immediately broke out of, grabbing Sero by the front of his shirt and shaking him excitedly.

“You should’ve just fucking left him there, because there are ten minutes of this,” Bakugo warned, turning back to the laptop.

“He met Crimson Riot before I did!!” Kirishima exclaimed, now on to betrayal in the stages of my boyfriend met my favorite hero of all time before me, “Holy shit he got to spar with Crimson Riot! That’s like my dream, bros! I bet he’s even manlier in person!”

“And so he begins to sound like fucking Deku…” Bakugo grumbled because he knew what came next, “Might wanna cover your damn ears.”

Sero and Mina did exactly that, Kirishima exclaiming much louder than before, thankfully letting go of Sero as he imitated sparring, “He’s sparring with me when he gets back! It’s Crimson Riot!! I can’t believe he-”

“Can we settle on being happy for him so we can finish the video?” Sero asked, head spinning as Kirishima quieted down, though he looked like he could burst at any minute with how excited he was.

Mina sighed, then grinned, “Hit play, Bakubro!”

There was static, then it changed to a video camera view. Kaminari was face down on the mat, Crimson Riot holding one of his arms, the other hand on Kaminari’s back, securing him there.

“Something’s bothering you. Before we continue our fight, let’s talk.” Crimson Riot released Kaminari, now that the blond’s face and arms were completely visible, little bruises were appearing all over the skin.

“Why?”

“Helping people is a bigger part of being a hero than beating up bad people!”

“Says the man who I’ve legit got no chance to beat,” Kaminari sat up, wincing.

“Nonsense! You’re stronger than you think, that’s for sure! You need to realize that, is all! How about this; You ask me a question, and I’ll ask you one?”

Kaminari shrugged, starting some stretches. Crimson Riot joined in, though he probably did as well earlier.

“Why are you in America?” Kaminari asked, easily folding himself in half gymnast style.

“I’m on vacation with my wife,” the hero began.

Kirishima choked on air, which went ignored by the others.
“And she has never been, so we’re visiting. Now, why are you here?”

“I needed to get away from my boyfriends. Jess had invited me, and I figured it was a great excuse. You watch the sport’s festival?”

“Of course I do!!”

“Well, Bakugo and Kirishima, the winner and the fourth-place winner; They’re my boyfriends.”

“Ah, of course! You know, I thought they were both incredibly manly during their fights! You should be incredibly proud to be their boyfriend!”

Okay, now Kirishima was dead. Even Bakugo was blushing a bit. Sero and Mina were cajoling.

“Oh, I am proud,” Kaminari made the cutest giggle, then sighed, “I’m just not really sure if they still want me to be theirs, and I couldn’t sit and watch them ignore me any longer. Well, that and my moms had to tell them something, and it probably ruined my presence for them.”

“I doubt there’s something that could really do that.”

“It’s just-”

“Was it your parentage?”

Kaminari scrambled to get up as if electrocuted, his quirk going crazy, spreading out around him. Crimson Riot hardened his skin to prevent the shocks that surrounded them as he got up as well, red fibreglass smooth and glinting slightly.

“I- You know?” Kaminari asked, half in a whisper.

“Of course I know!”

“Then you know why they probably blame me for it all… And hate me.”

“That’s stupid!” The hero slapped Kaminari’s back, causing the teen to wince, “Blame and hate someone for things within their control! Parentage, quirk or lacking thereof, gender, all of it is meaningless! Your character is what matters!! If they hate you over something like that, then they’re complete dumber.” The audio bleeped, and the look on Kaminari’s face was murderous at best. He reached out, grabbing the hero’s arm, letting out a shock so huge it lit the mat on fire. He kicked the hero in the gut before he could harden up, the lights going out. Kaminari was positively glowing, letting off enough electricity that the fires started popping up all around the room. There was a yell of pain, then the lights flickered back on. Crimson Riot was being held down by the teenager, who was half his height and probably four times lighter. More specifically, a sheet of pure electricity held him there weaved in patterns of sparking triangles for support. There was blood trickling from the hero’s mouth.

The three stooges Bakugo called friends gasped.

“I don’t care if you were All Might himself; no one, absolutely no one, insults my friends. You don’t even know them!” Kaminari said threateningly, as the sprinklers went off. He looked like his father, at this moment. Ready to kill, before changing to panic and fear.

Crimson Riot merely laughed, hardening up as he pressed against the shield, which dissipated.

Kaminari held his own head in his right hand, gripping his hair, while the other went to his throat.
Squeezing, he started to shock himself, choking out, “I- I’m so- sorr-”

Crimson Riot grabbed his hands, pulling them away from his person, reaching out to pat Kaminari’s head.

“'It’s alright. There’s no need to punish yourself.”

He was calm. The angle of the camera allowed a full view of Kaminari’s scars. Lichtenberg figures littered his back, angry, red. Some were even bleeding, leading back to the base of his skull.

It looked like he’d been stabbed, or an explosion had gone off there.

“I-”

“A hero uses whatever tools he has at his disposal! Never be ashamed of protecting someone with your power. Never! You’ve got a manly spirit, and I think that your boyfriends would be incredibly proud. If not, then it’s not worth staying with them; it’ll only hurt you.”

The video was static, then stopped.

No one really knew what to say, to that. Even Bakugo, who usually would be ready to kill a man over something like that, was frozen. Denki Kaminari, who was always happy and smiling if not a bit anxious, had just started hurting himself because he had stood up for his friends. He’d actually hurt Crimson Riot.

Kirishima didn’t know what to think. He was scared, he was angry, and he was worried. His boyfriend had lost control, only to start punishing himself? Tears rolled down his cheeks. He couldn’t get the image of his idol with blood trickling from his mouth out of his head. What could Kaminari do to him, or Bakugo if they weren’t careful? The realization of why his potential danger level had been extreme was… frightening.

Mina’s tears matched Kirishima’s. One of her best friends had let loose like that. While she didn’t understand what was going on, she understood one thing. Everyone needed to talk it out because this couldn’t go on. When he got home, she was going to be the first to give him a big hug and apologize.

Sero wanted to cry. He didn’t, because if he cried, it wouldn’t stop. He wanted to stand up and slam the computer shut, say if Kaminari believed they hated him then he sure as hell didn’t deserve them, but he couldn’t. Because he’d be lying. He’d had those feelings about Mina, too. He had times when he believed that they didn’t deserve Kaminari, having figured out his anxieties early on.

“I… Do you guys know what he meant by Denki’s parentage?” Mina asked, snapping Bakugo of his thoughts.

“Oh. That fucking thing. Yeah, his parents were villains.”

“They were what?!?” The couple exclaimed while Kirishima stood up, shaking.

“I… I’m gonna go to bed, okay? Night.” He quickly left, his voice tense like he wanted to punch something. Bakugo decided it’d be better if everyone slept in their own beds tonight.


“Ask him when he gets back. Not my fucking place to give out details.” Bakugo scoffed, ignoring the sound of yelling through the walls.
“There’s times I hate that you got nicer…” Mina whined.

Bakugo proceeded to kick them out.

Before laying down to go to bed, he went to his closet. Opening it, he quickly began searching for the objects that he really wanted. The sounds of Kirishima’s punching and or kicking on his punching bag was getting louder. If he didn’t quiet down, maybe Iida would come up and try to stop it. Where were they? They’d been thrown in there-- Ah, there they were.

A rollable hedgehog plushie, about the size of a teddy bear, a little grenade plush next to it.

“‘Cause, ya know, you’re all prickly but you’re also really soft once you open up? I won it at the ring toss thing. Anyway, uh, here!” Denki’s voice rang in his head while he reached for the plushie.

If anyone asked, he didn’t give a shit about gifts--He’d actually threatened to destroy them, on multiple occasions- but in truth, things like these meant a lot to him. Denki had specifically gone to that booth to get that prize for him. He didn’t know how or why, but the hedgehog had become something he could hold onto if he had trouble sleeping.

“It’s because you cling in your sleep,” Eijirou had mocked, but he never complained. Instead, he let Katsuki cling to him as much as he wanted, though the grenade plush was for when he needed to cling to something while they weren’t there.

“Stupid boyfriends…” Katsuki mumbled, slipping into bed, trying to put the images from today out of his mind with the sound of Eijirou coming through the wall. Shit, did he sound like that?

Chapter End Notes

I have a question for everyone. Is Jess likeable? Do you guys want more or less of her?
Thursday

Hey everyone! I just wanted to say, yeah this is a little early in the week for me to post a new chapter, but I've been having a really long, really bad depressive streak the last few days. So I wanted to do this to motivate myself to write! (We still haven't reached the things I had written in advance when I started posting this omg what was wrong with me)
Also, when it comes to Denki's homework: ANYONE who can put them in their proper order, and give me a unique example, I will write a minific for of ANYTHING you want! (If I don't know the fandom, I will try to watch it but if it's really long I will ask for a different fandom I am familiar with) This will end once I finish the fic, but it has to be commented on this chapter.
I classify anything under 2-3k as a minific, so that's an example. I'm gonna hold you to the honor system and trust y'all not to look at the comments before making your own.
Have a nice day!

After yesterday, things seemed to go well for Denki. First, the mats were mostly burning proof, second, Crimson Riot agreed to sign some things for his boyfriends, saying he’d had fun sparring with him, third, he’d gotten his medication.

He felt more like himself with the medication.

He’d even gotten up before Jess came to take him for a run, so he had enough time to look out the window. Sunny. It’d been overcast for his whole visit so far. He smiled, grabbed the water bottle by the bed, quickly took his meds, feeling the water soothing his sore throat. After yesterday, with his small panic attack, his throat had been swollen because of his sparks. He hadn’t eaten other than some ice cream, only drank ice water as well.

Slipping off one of Katsuki’s many black skull t-shirts that he used for pajamas, he went over to his bag to start getting changed for the run. She wasn’t going to let him stay alone, which meant he had to go with her since she certainly wouldn’t miss the running or socializing.

He slipped on one of Katsuki’s black t shirts for running, then the garter inhibitor that he usually wore while swimming. It was hidden by the shorts he wore, even more so by swim trunks. Not that they were going swimming, but it was nice to be able to have the option of it being hidden.

“Time to wake-- Oh, you’re up already.”

“Yeah, good morning!” He beamed, “Ready to go?” As much as he hated running, the parkour was fun and hey, he was actually good at it.

‘Years of outrunning heroes and being in a gang certainly help’ He thought but pushed it aside in favor of laughing at his cousin’s shocked expression, her multi colored bangs falling messily over her face. She was wearing her tracksuit today, which consisted of a cream set of running pants with brown stripes, a half zip running tee in the same color, striped with a matching chocolate.

“W-Wait-- You’re not gonna complain? Holy shit who are you, who are you working for, and what
have you done with my Denki?!” She yelled, blue eyes wide in her confusion.

“Uh, no? I’m Denki Kaminari, jobless-”

“You don’t need to answer that-! Just. Why so energetic now?”

“The sparring with Crimson Riot got me thinking; I’m really no match for someone like that without my quirk, so I should focus on getting stronger. Running helps, right?” He said what came to mind, lying easily. In truth, he wanted to get moving because his medication made him fidgety.

‘Good god, I sound like Midoriya and Ei…’

“If that’s the case, then we’ll take a long way! Six miles!”

“Maybe not that much help!!”

Denki regretted talking about running that morning. He had barely been able to appreciate the parkour for what it was or the climbing wall. But at the same time, he felt energized, like he could take on a mountain with ease. Though he didn’t dare mention it, for risk of Jess taking it to heart.

Instead, he busied himself with his homework. Of course, he’d conveniently forgotten his math homework back at the dorms, but English and Hero Studies he could work on. He needed to do something, needed to move, so he tapped his foot against the carpeted floor of Jess’ living room, finger tapping out his favorite song with his pencil while pondering one of the questions. He needed to write a short story after this, for the same class.

*Please place these terms in order of usage in a proper sentence, then give an example:*

*Material, Noun, Purpose, Opinion, Origin, Age, Shape, Color, Size.*

Present Mic had never covered this in class! Or if he did, Denki hadn’t been paying attention enough to hear it, despite English being his favorite class.

‘Just gotta think… Ugh, thinking hurts.’

Noun had to go last, opinion had to be first, so he wrote those down. From there, it got easier. Before he could begin forming a sentence, however, Jess walked over.

“Hey, you up for getting some greasy burgers and fries?” She asked, grinning at the way he snapped up to look at her, his back cracking audibly.

“I knew you loved me! Wait, what about your crazy healthy diet?” He’d been having eggs every morning, chicken every lunch, with steak tips or some other kind of beef every night, always with spinach or green beans. Usually with boiled, fried, or baked potatoes.

Always very good, always healthy but also, he missed being able to eat at a fast food restaurant.

“Eh, I’m allowed a cheat day. Besides, I’m really proud of you for how well you did today. Probably didn’t even notice we spent two hours at the park.”

Wait. Two hours? It barely felt like one!
Oh *hell no.* He was not becoming one of those fitness junkies!

“Okay. Let’s go, time to ruin ourselves with incredibly greasy burgers!!” He cheered, causing Jess to grin.

“Wanna run, or are we driving?”

“Driving.”

Oh my word, those burgers, those fries especially were exactly what he needed. Greasy, salty, delicious and absolutely diet-destroying.

“So, uh, Denki... How’re things going at school?” Jess asked once they were back at her house, sitting in the living room.

“Not bad, Dadzawa’s going hard on the homework though.” He shrugged, munching on a fry with a grin.

“Good, good, and. Er... Uh... How’s it going with your boyfriends?”

“Oh. Uh, yeah. That’s... Who told?” He chuckled, nervous about how she’d react. Being poly wasn’t really socially acceptable in Japan despite being legal. While America was more open about it, a lot of people frowned upon it. Being without a girl in their relationship didn’t help.

“I got the chance to talk to one of them about it after I took your phone. Sorry, it rang, I picked up, and he mentioned he was one of your partners. He sounded worried.”

No anger lilted her voice, which caused Denki to breathe a sigh of relief.

“I probably didn’t help with that...” He said, thinking to when he’d had the glass of mostly whiskey.

“Yeah; I noticed my whiskey was more empty than I left it. There was an international charge on my landline, too. If it makes you feel better, I kinda screwed up too.”

“What did you do?”

“So, I was editing your footage for review-- Your stance is a little off, let me know if you ever want help with that-”

“Jezebel Dolly Vodo; cuz, please tell me what you did.”

“Yeah. Uh. I kinda left the room for a few minutes... And I must’ve done something or had something to drink despite not remembering it and. Uh. Sent it to your boyfriends with your whole freak out?”

Denki started swearing bad enough that it would make even Katsuki blush in shame if he were there, he put his fries down to go hide in his room before he did something he regretted.

Face red, anger permeated his being; he wanted so badly to punch a wall or something to let out his emotions, despite knowing it was useless. Tears brimmed at his eyes, stinging as his heart clenched. He laid down on the bed, curling into the fetal position, sobbing angrily.

He felt his right thigh burn with his inhibitor, but it wasn’t painful enough for him to take it off. He couldn’t have a repeat of what happened when he was younger.
“I can’t believe she… I can’t- She just-” He mumbled to himself, into his pillow. He didn’t know what else to do. He wanted to hurt himself, wanted to--

He sat up starting to search frantically through his bag. Where is it, where is it-- Holy shit how did he not think of this before? He was such an idiot! Idiot! He turned his bag upside down, not caring about the mess until he found his transmitter.

“So, how long range is it?” He asked Hatsune, who had taken it upon herself to upgrade his transmitter as well as give him the shooter’s beta before training classes started.

“Kaminari, as long as you’ve got energy, this thing can now make calls and transmissions clearly to Japan even if you were in an arctic snowstorm!”

“It doesn’t need to be that powerful!”

“Well it is now; You can even program phone numbers into it. You can call from anywhere in the world on your own power!”

He’d immediately programmed his classmates’ numbers into the machine. Clipping it on, he felt a sense of calm wash over him despite his racing heartbeat. Breathe.

He glanced at his clock; it was one thirty, so it was three thirty in the morning in Japan. He knew he should wait. Should do something else. Two and a half hours, at least, of something else. So he unclipped his transmitter, setting it down on the nightstand then fixing his bag. If only to waste time, because he didn’t know what else to do. He saw his sketchbook, which he’d brought for the purpose of designing his winter costume since the design needed to be in before the end of summer.

Denki had a few art skills, he’d even gotten praise from Aizawa for the drawing he’d done of him during supplementary classes, even though he should have been paying attention. His tests were always covered in doodles as well as his notes. Aizawa inspired when he’d noticed.

“I will ignore your drawing, so long as you can keep them at least somewhat related to the lesson.”

Ever since, he’d started getting better grades. It helped him pay attention to what was going on. In science, he sketched out the molecules and atoms to the best of his ability. In Math, he was screwed because he didn’t know how.

He probably should draw his winter costume; he needed to get that submitted soon. If only to kill time until he could call his boyfriends without immediately being hung up on.

Drawing was hard when he wanted to call them. So, he did the next best thing. He drew them. He drew the way Katsuki had looked when he gave him a soft porcupine plushie, with his cheeks red but a small glimmer of happiness in those eyes as he took it. A soft pout had formed on Katsuki’s lips, which probably suited him better than the frown he usually wore.

No one realized that Katsuki was a lot more gentle when not surrounded by people who annoyed him. Like a normal teenager.

He drew Eijirou when they’d asked if he wanted to join them, smiling, his face redder than his hair. He drew him jumping forward to hug them because there was nothing better than when Eijirou got excitable. Okay, maybe when he was working out if it was strictly Denki’s opinions.

He continued to draw them, in one position or expression after another from memory.

There wasn’t much room in his brain for educational things; it was too full of thoughts, images of his
amazing boyfriends.

Katsuki was an emotional wreck, everyone knew that, but they probably didn’t know that he was the best dancer he’d ever met next to Mina. To him, Katsuki was someone he knew would be blunt with him, give him advice even if it hurt, on top of someone he loved. His heart swelled when he was happy, he felt angry when someone dared to hurt him. Katsuki would be the number one hero, no matter what. He reveled in victory, chased it like no tomorrow, but he had his anxieties. Katsuki worried about his life. He worried about feeling powerless like the slime monster had made him feel, he worried about not being able to use his quirk, he worried about his boyfriends getting sick of him being a vulgar piece of shit.

Of course, the last one was unfounded. Even if he didn’t know how to make Katsuki laugh without tickling him, or showing him a funny drawing, he wouldn’t leave him or Eijirou for the world. Because they were his world.

Eijirou was probably the sweetest person alive, with the motivation to succeed without resorting to vulgarity. He wanted to make people happy, wanted to help others improve. If being a hero didn’t work out, he could be a personal trainer or motivational speaker without any issues. He didn’t mind that Denki didn’t have defined abs and had thick thighs, because it made him comfortable. Denki never could see himself with abs, it’d ruin the androgyny of his aesthetic.

“His are beautiful though…” He whispered, sketching Eijirou now.

Eijirou had a figure more like a box, instead of Katsuki’s more hourglass figure, which fit with his quirk. More geometric shapes tended to look good on him. Washboard abs, muscles on his muscles, and with the stamina to rival a puppy. Though, he wouldn’t object to someone calling Eijirou a giant puppy dog.

“He’s a lot more like a dragon…” He mused, and inspiration struck.

Flipping to a new page, he started with some rough character sketches. What would Eijirou look like as a dragon? Or a dragon shifter?

He couldn’t help drawing it, with scales trailing along Eijirou’s back leading into a large tail, and some twisting horns adorning his head. Talon-like fingers, and a shoulder tattoo.

“Wait, a dragon needs a rider, right? That’d be Katsuki. But what kind of figure would be worthy to ride Ei… I know! A king. A king of beasts.”

From one idea came more, and he started drawing out what Bakugo would look like. Then Mina as a berserker-type half dragon shifter, Sero as a mapper/bounty hunter, which slowly turned into drawing the rest of the class. Todoroki was obviously a prince, Iida his knight and Momo a warrior princess with her huntress bodyguard Jirou. Ochako as a witch, crushing on the local alchemist Midoriya, who wants to be a fighter like the warrior of Legend, All Might. Tsuyu owning an inn with Sato, a local magical cook, frequently visited by the witch. Aoyama was a performer who traveled with Tokoyami, ironically, a dark warlock with a giant bird familiar. Ojirou, a robin-hood style bandit, traveled with a woman who’d been cursed for her beauty named Tooru and her friend Kouda, a wandering veterinarian with the gift of animal speak. Shouji, he finished, a fighter, wandering sword for hire that found a perverted thief. Aizawa a detective under the rule of King Todoroki, with his partner Hizashi.

He glanced at the clock, surprised to see that he’d only spent an hour and a half with all his drawing. Still an hour left.
A comic! He could draw a comic!

“But a comic needs a plot… Uhm…” He mumbled to himself, staring at the pages of art he’d made. They looked like adventurers, so maybe he could make a comic about them going on an adventure. What would bring them together? Well, what brought them together in real life?

A class, to become heroes, but in a medieval setting, it wouldn’t work.

An enemy attack?

An enemy nation?

Or… An enemy race?

He looked through the sketches, noticing a sketch he’d made at the beginning of the summer of an orc and other monsters from a nightmare he’d had.

“They come together, a ragtag group of teenagers, to protect the land from monsters…” He smiled, but before he could start sketching, there was a knock on his door.

“Hey, Denki? Can I come in?” Jess’ voice came through the door, and Denki sighed.

“Yeah, come on in.”

The door creaked as she opened it, carrying a tray of cookies, and a ham and cheese sandwich.

“I ham come to ask for forgiveness. Cheese? Dencookies?”

Denki couldn’t help but laugh because food puns always got him laughing no matter how upset he was.

“Sure. I know I shouldn’t have gotten so mad, so it seems I ham to ask for yours too.”

“Wait, why do you need to apologize to me?” She asked, standing until Denki moved his sketchbook for her to sit down.

“Because I shouldn’t have gotten so mad. I know you didn’t mean any harm by it, you probably just wanted to keep them updated on me. I should have told them a long time ago.”

“I still shouldn’t have sent it. I guess I’m just a…. Phoney hero?” She pulled his phone out of her pocket, and he doubled over in laughter.

“K-Keep it- I don’t need the charge.”

“Bill charge for international or power charge?”

Denki howled out laughing, his stomach hurting by now, “Neither!”

“You sure?” She laughed out, picking up a cookie and munching.

“M-mhm. I’m sure,” Denki sat back, “I’ve got homework to do. I’ll never get it done if I have it.”

“Don’t you wanna call your boyfriend?”

“Boyfriends, and I’ve got my ways to contact them. Gotta wait like an hour, though.”

“Then, if that’s the case, I can either help you with your homework or we can go watch stupid tv and
drown our feelings in ice cream for an hour.”

Denki hugged his cousin, sighing, “I love you.”

BEEP, BEEP!

“That’s your--”

“Shut up, it can wait until after she says yes to her dress!” Denki hissed, reaching over to the timer and zapping it silently. His boyfriends could wait five minutes.

“I’m saying yes to the dress!”

Or not.

“It’ll be fine, Denki, just go.” Jess smiled. Denki picked up his transmitter, his hands shaking as he clipped it on, walking out into her backyard and sitting in her tire swing. He reached up to the device, taking a deep breath of the fresh air, and set about dialing Katuki, steeling himself against the imminent yelling.

“Hello? Who the fuck is this, and why in the ever loving shit are you calling me at six in the goddamn morning?!”

There was a bit of feedback, which made Denki wince, but he picked himself up to speak. He’d forgotten that his transmitter didn’t give a caller ID.

“U-Uh, it’s Denki.”

There were shuffling noises and a ‘tch’ from the other line.

“So you finally got your shitty phone back, bitch?”

“No, I didn’t. I forgot I brought my transmitter and I could’ve called you anytime.” He chuckled, blushing ever so softly.

“But you called Eijirou.”

“Yeah but I was half drunk, my battery was low and the international call was a huge charge on my cousin’s bill.”

“You got fucking drunk?”

“Half drunk! Not even that!”

“Whatever. What the fuck was that video from yesterday about?”

“Jess sent that-”

“I assumed, dumbass.”

“ANYWAY, I kind of snapped yesterday. I know there’s a lot we need to all talk about as a couple, so will you please get Eiji?”

“No.”
“What?”

“I said no, damn it! He needs to fucking rest, he’s been stressed out like crazy since you left. We’ve had nothing but crappy days since you left, it’s stupid, and we can’t seem to have better ones without you.”

“That’s so sweet~”

“I’m still pissed at you, don’t go being adorable, damn it!”

“No promises.”

“So why have you been having doubts about us?”

“Huh?”

Denki heard the distant thunder, and despite his underlying brontophobia, he didn’t care as he gently swung on the tire.

“Your fucking doubts about me and Ei! God, I just fucking told you I saw the damn video!”

“Oh. That,” He sighed, because Katsuki wasn’t particularly kind when he just woke up, “I just. I know how you and Ei can be when it comes to villains, especially you, Katsu. After finding out—”

“Who the fuck cares about that? I’m more pissed that you kept it from us like it was something we should give a damn about. And that you’ve been keeping your damn power a secret for so fucking long.”

“It’s not exactly something to be proud of, cutie.”

“Don’t fucking call me cute.”

“I’ll call you cute because you are, now if you’ll let me finish—”

“I am not fucking cute!”

“Fine, you’re not cute, you’re hot. Better?”

“Getting there.”

“Okay. Now, listen, it’s not something I can just… Do. You remember I-Island? I have to visit once a year for testing. Also why I missed the extra classes back in July. They have to test me to make sure I don’t overload, since… I’ve killed people, and I can’t forget how they looked before I cut their life short. I want to fight with my full power- I want to- But- But- I—” His breathing became erratic, panic settled in as he felt his right thigh begin burning again. All that came to mind was being strapped down and tested, how they would put different electrical currents through his body to see if he could absorb them, and the flashes of horrified faces whose lives he’d ended long ago.

“Denki, babe, breathe. Just- Just breathe for me, damn it. Holy fuck you spend your fucking birthday in that shitty place- I’m gonna count, and I want you to just breathe.”

“I- Ka-Kat—”

“One, two, three, four, five. Hold.”

Denki did as told. His innate fear of disobeying took over his panic, and he remembered the first time
Katsuki had seen him like this. Katsuki didn’t know how to help, so he’d ended up squeezing him until he didn’t have a choice but to calm down because he’d passed out. His lungs started to burn, his head feeling heavier and heavier.

“And breathe out. Five, four, three, two, one. And in again. One, two, three, four, five. Hold.”

The more repetition, the more he calmed. The thunder cracked again, rain drizzling down lightly.

“Denki, I want you to go inside. I can hear the fucking thunder, you’re gonna have to get over it one day but today is not that damn day.”

Denki slipped out of the tire and walked around the backyard, not willing to go back inside yet, talking with Katsuki and trying to keep his calm.

“Now, really damn slow, continue what you were saying.”

“I… Katsu, I can’t just. If I use my full power…”

“You’ll go stupid, right?”

“No, that only happens if I im… improperly discharge.”

“Then learn to do it.”

“Yeah, like I haven’t been trying, but let me finish please.” He tensed at the thunder again, feeling the electricity in the air react with his inhibitor, burning so hot he was sure there would be a burn mark if he didn’t take it off. Hissing, and ignoring Katuski’s asking what happened, he slipped the pant leg of his shorts up. Low and behold, there was already red skin around the black inhibitor, which he found unable to unclip. Right. If it was active, it couldn’t be unclipped. The burn wouldn’t be too bad, nothing that’d scar over, but it wasn’t pleasant.

“Denki? You there?”

“Yeah, just had something I needed to check. Anyway. I can’t use my full power; it’ll kill people easily.”

“You discharge two million volts.”

“Something as small as one hundred milliamps, or point one volt, is enough to kill someone if it reaches their heart.”

“So?”

“Katsu, the amount of electricity I generate in an hour is enough to power a modern city with a million residents for a year.”

“I’m supposed to be fucking impressed?”

“I mean, n-O!” his voice pitched at the sight of lightning, about a half mile away, and the rain started coming down, hard. It wasn’t safe to go inside, the house would get struck with lightning--

“Denki. Go inside, damn it.” He heard Katsuki sigh, but he didn’t move, “You’ll be fine. Your damn inhibitor will keep you from attracting the shitty lightning as long as you’re away from the fucking windows.”

“H-How do you-?”
“I almost had to have one, as a kid.”

At the crack of thunder, Denki ran inside, feeling the electricity in his veins begging to be let free, to be able to run wild. His head hurt with the effort of consciously controlling it.

He ignored Jess’ asking how things went and ran straight into the bathroom for a towel.

“Promise me something, dunce face.” Katsuki’s voice was rough, he was angry, at least a bit.

“What is it…?”

“You’ll fight me without restrictions before we graduate.”

He didn’t know if he could do that, honestly. Years of training to have the utmost control, for shields to become something he had to consciously activate most of the time, to try to purge the villain from him and the skills he’d learned to destroy humans. They taught him to act scared even if he wasn’t, since it made him less of a target. He’d chosen to be a hero to help ensure no kid would go through what he did. Denki wanted to indulge his boyfriend, but he wanted to be safe about it.

“I promise. Sometime before we graduate.”

“Good,” He growled before his voice turned soft like when he tried to be soft, mostly used when talking about romantic things. “And, babe, don’t fucking think you need to tell us every damn thing about your past, okay? Tell us as you goddamn want to. It’s fucking fine if you aren’t comfortable with us knowing details.”

Denki knew Eijirou would feel that way, but hearing Katsuki say it warmed his heart. Even with the thunder and the burning on his thigh, he couldn’t help but feel loved.

“Hey, Katsu, d’you remember when you asked me out?”

“Yeah, what about it?”

“At the time, I thought you were an intimidating ass and nothing more, but I agreed because you’re hot, and I’m glad I said yes.”

“Well, I’d asked you because you’re freaking powerful and were decently attractive.”

“Excuse you I’m highly attractive—”

“If you make a shitty electromagnetism joke I will hang the fuck up on you.”

“Right.” He laughed, and he could almost hear the smile on Katsuki’s end, “Don’t you guys have classes soon? It’s Friday there, right?”

“Mn,” Katsuki grunted, and he could hear more shuffling so he assumed the other teen was getting up to get dressed or wake up Eijirou, who had a tendency to sleep through his alarm on school days.

“I’ll take that as a yes. I love you~”

“Shut it, dumbass.”

“Tell Ei I love him too? Give him a kiss for me. I miss you guys like crazy.”

“Then come home already and tell him yourself, idiot.”
“You’ve never called it home before--”

He got cut off by Katsuki hanging up, leaving him with the lightning, thunder, and burning being drowned out by happiness and warmth.

Only, he hadn’t been able to shake the feeling of being watched. Instead, it followed him into the house.

“Oi, Eiji, get your ass up!” Katsuki exclaimed, throwing a pillow at his sleeping boyfriend. “It’s time to wake the hell up!”

“Mnnoooooo…” Eijirou groaned, hiding under his blankets. Sleep now, worry about class later.

“Denki fucking called.”

Eijirou sat right up, only for his hair to be grabbed and his lips to meet Katsuki’s gently, causing him to blink. Katsuki never gave kisses before teeth were brushed, that was always his and Denki’s thing.

Katsuki pulled back, wiping his mouth. “Go brush your teeth, Denki wanted me to give you a kiss for him.”

“Aww, Katsuki, th--”

“Shut up and get ready!” Katsuki huffed, getting up from the bed and leaving.

Eijirou smiled, his exhaustion gone. Of course, he wanted to go back to bed, but if he wanted to hear what happened with their other boyfriend he’d have to get up. To him, it didn’t matter who Denki had called, so long as he’d called.

Changing into his uniform, he went to brush his teeth and recalled the actions from the video last night. The idea that Denki was willing to fight someone to protect their reputations, well, it was incredibly manly.

But, he’d done his research the night before, after beating out his emotions on the punching bag--Now that he thought about it, he probably should apologize to Shouji and Katsuki in case he kept them up—which had helped a lot. Stayed up a few hours longer than he’d expected, too. He hadn’t known that a small, controlled shock to the brain could leave someone quirkless, hadn’t known that the shield Denki had made was limited only to the amount of electricity in his body in terms of strength.

Terrifying power laid behind a silly smile, yet despite that, he couldn’t bring himself to let that be at the forefront of his mind. Was Denki okay? Why had he reacted like that? What could he do to help?

There’d be plenty of time to talk about power limits and villain parents later. At the moment, Eijirou wanted nothing more than to make sure neither of his boyfriends ever made that face or felt the need to punish themselves for doing something heroic.

He’d been there. He’d felt that shame. Felt the need to punish himself for doing something, and in those times, he’d turned to Katsuki and Denki. Denki would cuddle the bad feelings away, and Katsuki would talk him through it.

Sometimes, he wondered what caused Katsuki to be so good at talking people through anxiety.

“Hurry up, Shitty hair!” Katsuki yelled from the doorway, and Eijirou took that as his que to stop
letting the angsty middle schooler in his soul come through and move on with his life.

It took ten minutes to finish his morning routine; brush teeth, harden up, use an insane amount of hair gel to set it, and unharden. What took the most time, truly, was letting the hair gel set.

“Coming!” Eijirou called, finishing up putting the hair gel in, figuring it’d dry on his way in, and catching up with his boyfriend.

“Why the hell do you feel the need to do that to your damn hair?” Katsuki asked while they walked, “It’s a fucking mess.”

“Not all of us were raised in the fashion industry. Besides, it’s super manly and cool!”

“I-fucking-repeat. It’s a fucking mess.”

“It--”

“Bakubro!!” There was a yell from behind them, Mina running to catch up with her friends, Sero never far behind.

“Hey, dude!” Sero grinned, acting like last night never even happened.

Perhaps it was for the best, for all of them, to do the same.
Friday, Part 1.

Chapter Notes

Well, we’ve finally arrived. Once you reach the phrase "He didn’t use to go stupid." You will have reached where I left off before I picked this fic back up. Also, those of you who know me, know I don’t like doing Multiple Part Chapters, but if I didn’t it would end up being like 10k in one chapter and I kind of want to keep things on time! So, we’ll see you some time next week with part two! I hope you guys enjoy the other American Heroes featured in this chapter; let me know what you think? I won't be able to reply for a bit because my inbox is messing up but I hope you all enjoy!

P.S. Anyone want to take a guess at the state Denki is in? I based the stadium off of a real life one!

The Bakusquad, as a whole, tended to be a crazy group, especially on Saturdays when they didn’t have class. Denki knew that, heck he’s been part of the mini meme team within the group since it was formed, but it still made him laugh when he checked his phone, Jess having given it back to him after their run, and his friends had threatened to tape him to the ceiling when he returned if he didn’t send them photos from his trip.

He’d been planning on it, but he hadn’t had his phone.

“Denki, c’mon, focus.” Jess reminded him, “Or I’ll take your phone again.”

“Right, right. Just-”

“You need to have these done before you go back.” Jess sighed, pointing to his homework, “You’ve only done English, so I gotta help you with at least hero studies.”

“You sure you know what we’re studying?”
“Aren’t you solving riddles?” She looked over the paper, attempting to translate.

“We’re figuring out a mystery given only a few clu-” Denki attempted, before Jess sighed,

“There’s supposed to be a crime scene photo?”

“Yeah, back of the page. Yao-momo usually helps me with these kinds of stuff.”

Jess flipped over the page, humming and looking back at her cousin, setting the paper down. “So, tell me what happened.”

“Well, in the first one, it’s a murder. A rich businessman invites four villains over without them knowing it was a bust, and the man ends up dead from a stab to the stomach, found when the heroes arrive to arrest the villains.” Denki hummed, looking at the photos and thinking about every Hercule Poirot and Sherlock Holmes novel he’s ever read.

“Anything else?” Jess leaned back, trying to let him solve it on his own.

“Yeah, the body ended up missing.”
Denki examined the photos. The first, the murder weapon. A knife. Not a lot of blood. Second, the room where it happened, with a huge pool of blood in the middle of the room. Third, the suspects; a well known terrorist, a thief, a human trafficker, and a general villain unknown of lists. All female. The terrorist was the smallest but not weakest, thief tallest and strongest, with the other two in between. Fourth, a layout of the house.

First problem.

“`The knife doesn’t have enough blood on it.” He pointed out, taking his pencil and circling it.

“Yes, and?”

“If that’s what caused the murder, then… The murderer mustn’t be very strong, and the businessman bled out. Stomach wounds don’t usually kill that fast.” Denki glanced at her for confirmation, grinning like an idiot when she nodded.

“Exactly.” She smiled, eyebrows raised.

“But, the body was moved. So they needed an accomplice.” The electric user bit his lip, tapping his pencil on the table. It helped him focus, somehow, “Without any oral testimonies, it’s hard to say exactly what- Wait. Wouldn’t he yell for help if he wasn’t stabbed right for an instant death?” Denki grabbed his notebook, biting his lip as he pondered the option. Unfortunately for him, Jess refused to help him further.

“So, someone had to keep him quiet or restrained. That explains the pool of blood. Probably moved around too much and stained everything,” Jotting down the highlights of his notes, as well as keywords, he thought about it. Someone strong must’ve had to keep him quiet.

Now he needed a motive, and why the strong one wouldn’t want to be the one to directly kill him.

He needed to put himself in those villain’s places. Or, think of the villains he knew and try to imitate them.

His mother never directly killed anyone, always had someone else do it, “I’m a villain, a terrorist, but jesus fuck. I don’t even want to think about getting blood on my hands. Do you even fucking know how goddamn hard it is to get blood out of blonde hair?” She had said, once a friend they were committing a crime with asked about it.

He quickly jotted down his guess as to what happened, biting his lip. Hopefully, with any luck, he’d gotten it right.

The man was murdered by the villain without background, held down by the thief. It had to be these two, since the terrorist was too strong to cause that shallow of a wound, and the human trafficker had to be strong to do what she did.

Hopefully, it would be enough to satisfy All Might and Aizawa.

“So, we have to go around four, okay? The broadcast begins at six.” Jess told him, and Denki glanced at the clock on his phone. Two fifteen.

“Right… How much work did you want done again?” He chuckled nervously, hoping she wouldn’t put too much on him. He was still a simple idiot if it had nothing to do with words.

“Hmmm… Try and get a little more on Hero Studies, mkay?” She shrugged, setting up her sandwich makings since she was hungry, “One of your assignments is to give a report on ‘A day in the life of a Hero’, and I’m not on your list of available heroes, so that will have to wait until you’re home.”
“Alright. I just need to identify these different fighting styles, then I think that’s all I can do without assistance…” Denki bit his lip, knowing he wouldn’t have ended up doing more than a few pages of English without her forcing him.

“You can do it!” She cheered, before going back to making some food, Denki putting on some headphones to help him focus on what he was doing.

Peppy music, some Jpop, some Kpop, and some USA pop bands took over any background noise, his head feeling fuzzy as time passed, thinking on what the fundamentals of different fighting styles were and what separated the types of heroes.

Rescue heroes, fighters, underground heros, multi classers and special operation heroes. There were also undercover heroes, where acting skills were required. Denki wanted to be a true multi classer, where he could help with anything any time. Fight if need be, rescue if there’s enough fighters, work underground if he needed to, and handle anything. It was a lofty goal, but it worked best for him. He wanted to help as many people as possible.

For as long as he could remember, the thought of hurting people never sat right with him. He never got over having killed those guards, slowly crushing their skulls with electrical shields. His father, with his lightly tanned skin, black and blonde hair, and his stupid tattoos to cover the lichtenberg figures, had been glad when Denki turned out looking more like his mother. Her blonde hair, despite the lightning bolt, her skin tone and her beautiful eyes.

“You’ll be able to blend in easier,” He’d grinned whenever asked, and when Denki had finally gotten a grip on his quirk, he’d immediately started training him to be a killing machine like himself.

Day in, day out, if they weren’t committing a crime, Denki would be trained. How to destroy someone, how to kill, how to protect and wield his unruly quirk. How to shoot a gun. How to protect himself. It slowly shaped him, ruined him.

He didn’t used to go stupid.

His old quirk therapist had helped him devise it as a protection, a mental block, something he had to consciously allow. Something to keep himself from killing someone else. Something to help him be a normal teen. Naturally, he wouldn’t fry his brain, but he focused his electricity around his head every time, slowly destroying his own mind.

Denki hated going stupid. He couldn’t think, couldn’t talk and he couldn’t move freely. His new quirk therapist wanted to help him, wanted to help him unlearn it, help him realize he could control his quirk better than he thought he could.

Controlling enough electricity to power Tokyo for over a year and being able to generate it in an hour wasn’t easy, never would be. It thrummed underneath his skin, constantly wanting to escape his body. Being an energetic human was the best way he knew to help calm it, his body calling on his electricity to supply his energetic tendencies.

He was blessed to have two boyfriends who knew how to help him.

When he was too hyper, they had no issues with giving him activities. When he didn't want to go be touched, too sensitive from overexposure to electricity, they kept their distance and let everyone know to let him chill. If he wanted to be held, he need only say. If he needed comfort, they let him sit and snuggle with them.

And when he went stupid, one of them would grab his charger while the other sat with him, holding him to make sure he didn't accidentally kill himself. He was lucky to have them.
Denki didn’t even realize he hadn’t done anything on his work for the last hour, too lost in his own thoughts, until his music stopped, the battery having died. When did that happen?

He quickly jotted down some answers and ran up to his room, putting his support items in a backpack for traveling. Jess warned him he wouldn’t be allowed to wear his costume, she’d also warned him of the impending rain, so he decided to wear his silk lined shirt for his hero costume with the blue sweater over it. He put on his black jeans, which had a wicking lining so he wouldn’t get the wet jeans feeling.

He straightened out his hair, sent a quick “I love you! Hopefully you won’t see me on tv.” Text to his boyfriends, and ran back down with his bag in hand.

“Ready, Jess!” Denki called out to his cousin, hearing her fumbling around in the living room. She was looking for something. “You okay?”

“I can’t find my phone!” Jess said, a bit panicked as she lifted up the couch to see if it was there.

Denki took the time to appreciate her hero costume. It was all pitch black, a cropped tank top with armored wicking. She had pockets on the armor, which had personal medical supplies such as pain pills and gauze.

She had black, mid rise sports shorts, which were made the same way as her top, with armor padding on the sides. In those pockets were splints, medical tape, and a stitches kit. Jess also had holsters, like garter belts, which held six of her collapsible boe staffs.

And to finish it off; running sneakers, tied up hair, a communicator earpiece, and grip, fingerless gloves.

It showed off her abs and slightly stocky, muscular build while being tasteful. Denki figured she could crush a walnut with her elbow, crush a watermelon with her thighs, and not even be bruised.

Then he remembered that he was thinking about his cousin and started feeling a little sick.

“If I can't find it,” Jess said, her voice strained as she set the table down, “I'm borrowing your phone and connecting it to my boss.”

“Then just do that and get it over with.” Denki shrugged, handing her his phone so she didn't need to go crazy. She sighed in relief.

“Thanks, Den. You're a lifesaver.”

“I've been without it most of the week, ya know. What's a few more hours?” He couldn’t help the smile which spread across his face, as Jess grabbed her car keys.

“Let’s go!”

As they got into the car and started driving to the event, Denki realized he didn’t know where they were going or what the event even was.

“So. Uh. What exactly are we doing?” He asked, and Jess glanced at him before returning her eyes to the road. Traffic was backed up, horns honking all around them as they got stuck in a blockage.

“We’re going to be doing some guarding. It’s a quirk battle, like your Sports Festival, but legalized and more like boxing, but with quirks. Pretty popular over here. We, and by ‘we’ I mean I, have been asked to guard the upper ring in case of villain attacks. The stadium was sold out; the lives of
fifty thousand people will be in our hands.”

Denki gulped nervously. That’s…. A lot of people. Like. Fifty thousand. The stadium at UA barely held sixty thousand.

And it was partly on his shoulders to keep them safe. If he’d been Katsuki or Eijirou or Midoriya or literally any of his classmates, maybe it’d be better. As it stood, he was the only one who couldn’t do anything other than attack comfortably. If he used his shields, they drained his power fast enough he would be rendered useless due to a thing called death and blood loss.

“So, your boyfriends.” Jess began, as traffic finally started to move again. Denki raised an eyebrow and looked at her curiously, slinking back against the window and slitting his eyes in judgement.

“What about them?”

“First off, which ones are they?”

“Winner of the sports festival and the one who won the arm wrestling match.”

“Ohhh. Winning Strong Bomb and Sharp Cutting Island.”

Denki erupted in howling laughter, doubling over as he wheezed. “What the hell is that?!”

“It’s what the subtitles called them! Listen, they called you Electric Thunder!”

“Because that’s what my- Oh god they’re gonna die when I tell them- Pfft-”

“Oh my god, Den! Just forget it happened, okay?!?”

“I’m never forgetting this ever! One day I will die and my last words will be “I am in love with Winning Strong Bomb and Sharp Cutting Island” and I will die happy!”

“You legitimately hate me, got it.” Jess rolled her eyes, deadpanning. “And here I was, getting you a gig as a helper hero.”

“Is that what you call interns?!?” Denki covered his mouth with his hand, shoulders shaking.

“C’mon, it’s not that different.”

“Yeah, like Santa’s helpers.”

“Remind me why I love you again?”

Denki shook his head, looking out the window. “So, what was your other question?”

“You and your boyfriends… Are you, ya know, active?”

“I instantly regret asking.”

This was going to be a long, awkward car ride.

The stadium was smaller than the UA stadium, in terms of its circumference. Less than half the size. But man, was it tall, even going underground to create more space. All in all, very impressive. It also had a covered top, covered in solar panels.

Not that they’d be getting charged, since the storms started up again.
“Bit overwhelming, huh?” Jess chuckled, glancing at Denki. They were stationed on the upper rim, looking down as people piled in. Peppy music played from the speakers, barely able to be heard over the crowds.

“A little bit,” Denki glanced at his cousin, “How many other heroes are here?”

“From the last report? Well, Sensory Overload and Mirra are guarding the gates, Angelique is checking the skies but he'll be leaving early, the Robinson twins are down on the ground level, but they’re not really heroes, and Systematic is in the box. So, three.” As she spoke, she lifted Denki's phone and took a snapshot, tweeting about where she was.

“That's a lot of fighters,” Denki commented, nervously glancing around. A feeling of dread washed over him; something was horribly wrong, but he hoped it was the lack of on scene rescue heroes, “And not a lot of anything else.”

“Mirra isn't exactly what I'd call a fighter. She legit shatters and has to piece herself together again. Remember, she's made of glass.”

“Fair enough, I guess…”

“Aww, c'mon Denks! Don't be so nervous; I'll do my best to keep you safe if anything happens. I promise.”

Denki gave her his best smile, fiddling around with his transmitter as people finished finding their seats. Mirra and Sensory Overload would go inside in a few minutes, Angelique would be flying off to do whatever it was flying heroes did, and the event would begin in fifteen minutes. Someone noticed Jess up on the upper walkway and yelled out to her,

“Voodoo! I fucking love you!” They shouted above the crowd, and Jess waved in their direction. Soon the rest of the crowd was yelling out to her. Denki looked over at his cousin with a confused look, watching as she soaked up the attention with a smile and waves.

“Welcome to the fame part of hero work, little mouse.” She chuckled, patting him on the back. When Mirra walked into the arena, her cracked glass body shimmering and creating patterns along the ground with rainbows of her holographic bodysuit, the crowd shifted their attention to her.

Denki had heard of her quirk before, seen her on television, and was surprised to see how small she was in real life. Her quirk allowed her to cover her body in cracked mirror shards, using someone’s quirk against them. Total reflection. In her glass form, if she shattered, she could be repaired, but would die if she was mirrored. Then there was Sensory Overload, taking away villain's senses until they decided to return it.

*Shinsou would do well here,* Denki thought, *They seem to like heroes with ‘villainous’ quirks.*

Systematic had an automatic breakdown quirk, and though Denki had been explained the concept, he couldn’t get the idea out of his head that it would be like a master builder from a certain product movie. The Robinson twins? One sensed danger towards themselves, while the other sensed danger to those around them.

“Everyone,” Mirra said, using her microphone headset, “We request that you keep the noise down until the fight begins, okay? Please do not distract the heroes on duty. You are free to take pictures, but do not yell at them or approach. Failure to abide by these requests will result in eviction from the stadium without refunding.”

It was amazing how fast everyone shut up.
Mirra walked out of the arena then, and Denki took a few deep breaths. It would be okay. He didn’t have to worry about anything. He wouldn’t-- The feeling was back. Someone was watching him, and it started creeping him out. He glanced around, but couldn’t see anyone.

“Hey, Denki,” Jess said, snapping her fingers in front of him, “I’m being transferred down to the middle level. If something happens, contact one of us, okay? Mirra’s coming up here to patrol up here.”

“I- Uh, yeah.” Denki stuttered, nervous as she ruffled his hair playfully.

“You’ve always been skittish, but chill out a little. Nothing’s gonna happen.”

Denki hoped she was right, but the chill down his spine told him otherwise.

Being up before ten on a Saturday was sacrilegious to many people, including Katsuki. He would be resting now, just before eight in the morning, if it weren’t for his gym rat boyfriend. Eijirou was the kind of person to wake up at the ass crack of dawn on Saturdays, and right before class on school days. And on the mornings when he got up early, he loudly set on his punching bag and woke his dorm neighbors.

So Katsuki was on his phone, absentmindedly playing a game about stacking sheets recommended to him by Hound Dog as a calm way to start the day. He listened to Eijirou working the punching bag in the next room and wondered how Denki was doing, checking his texts. Why would he be on TV? Scrolling up, he found the explanation.

Lucky bastard.

“Hey, Katsuki?” Eijirou asked, opening the door to Katsuki’s room. He was really sweaty and desperately needed a shower, but that would be due to the workout.

“Yeah?” Katsuki peered away from his phone, up to his boyfriend.

“How’re you doing?”

“I’m fine, idiot. Why wouldn’t I be?”

“Just wondering. You missing Denki?” Eijirou glanced at the stuffed hedgehog, walking over to the bed.

“Shut up, you are too.” Katsuki glared, setting his phone down and shifting to sit up.

“Yeah I am! We’re gonna need to sit down with him and talk everything through. There’s been some serious miscommunication on all parts here. Over the phone won’t cut it. I need to hug him…”

“You need to be a damn sap is what you need,”

“You’re not wrong. But, hey, c’mon. Ashido’s gonna be streaming the event Denki and his cousin are working, so let me take a shower and then we can enjoy the peace while watching some quirk brawls!”

“Ugh, fine. But you’re making the snacks.”

Eijirou chuckled, getting up and holding his hand out to Katsuki. They both knew the blonde would find some issue with Eijirou’s way of making snacks and take over, but they did this so it didn’t seem like it would be Katsuki’s idea to make the food.
Little did they know, the calm they so enjoyed, horizoned a storm.
Chapter Notes

Guys I'm legit crying over all your nice comments on the update! I ruined three pairs of contacts and I love you all for that. I did my best to get a new chapter out, but this one's a little short. I'm not good at writing action scenes, but I can build tension! This is also the format this fic is going to be in for the climax, where it's short snippets of Denki's pov and then Eijirou and Katsuki's. Thank you all!

Denki wasn't good at waiting. He never had been, never would be, and he didn't understand why people did so much of it. So, when Mirra didn't come up to meet him, and he didn't see Jess on the middle or lower level walkways, he decided to go look for them.

The inner halls were quiet, eerily so. Shouldn’t there be people walking around? He glanced around, noting the stationary security cameras, and took a deep breath. He knew something was wrong, but he didn’t know what. So, he continued on, taking a right corner, his shoes clacking against the tiles. It echoed in time with his heart, it felt, though he knew it couldn’t be true. He could feel every other beat, his anxiety spiking with every step.

“This is it, man, this is where I die,” He whispered, though he knew he was overreacting, “Some big monster is going to jump out at me, and poof. No more Denki.”

He was only psyching himself up, making his situation worse. So, when he turned a corner, and bumped into something, he screamed and discharged.

There was the sound of something shattering, with light blinding Denki for a brief second. Denki shut his eyes tightly, shaking and falling as there was a sound reminiscent of a wind chime across from him, before there was a clatter. He dared peek his eyes open, and gasped at what he saw. Right in front of him was Mirra, shattered on the floor. Her bodysuit held most of her together, from her neck down, but her face… Her hair… Holy shit was that her eye?! Denki couldn’t help but stare as the woman’s hand twitched and her headless body glowed softly for a minute, before sitting up and reaching over to the glass pieces, carefully gathering them together to create her face.

“Uh… Do. Do you want some help?” Denki asked, looking a little spooked at the sight. He’d known her assembled parts could act independently of one another, but seeing it in action was a different deal.

The headless body turned to him and lifted the carefully assembled face, putting it on and there was a soft glow, before he was staring straight at, or, well, through, her confused expression. Her lips were moving, but there was no sound, as there was no inner mouth or connected vocal chords. Denki looked around and picked up the pieces he could reach, helping her rebuild herself. Now they were in his hands, he noticed something. They became cloudy when disconnected from her. He started handing them to her as he found them, but they came to the conclusion a piece was missing.

How? Well, she couldn’t remember what happened. Her pieces worked like her memory, and
without all of them, she forgot things most recent. The more pieces missing, the more she forgot.

“What… Who are you?” She asked, looking at Denki curiously. There was a single shard missing, a small piece on her cheek.

“I’m Voodoo’s cousin, Denki. I’m sorry for shattering you,” He apologized, “Why were you just stopped here?”

“I… I don’t remember.” Mirra said, her eyebrows knitting together. Somehow, there was no screech of grinding glass.

“Really? No idea?”

“No. Last I knew, I was being switched with Voodoo. Uhm… Where am I, exactly?”

“You’re in the top floor hall,” Denki explained, “Do you not remember?”

“I… I don’t, I’m sorry.”

Denki nodded and got up, smiling softly. “Okay. You should rest up for a minute, I’m gonna head back out there. Meet me when you’re ready.” He gave her a small pat on the shoulder, walking back out to the balcony.

Mirra paused for a second, looking around for her phone which had fallen to the floor. When she grabbed it and turned it on, she saw a notification. “What’s this…?” She asked, clicking it.

There was a gasp, the sound of mirror shards lightly rubbing against one another and a “I have to warn Denki!” before she froze, and shattered.

Katsuki didn’t really care about the fight, if he were to be honest. He didn’t know what the rules for the sport were, therefore couldn’t play the odds, and it bothered him. Mina tried explaining, but she was also the worst person to do so aside from Denki. Though, while he may not have appreciated it, Eijirou did.

“KNOCK HIM OUT! KNOCK HIM OUT!” He cheered with Mina, their hands entwined. There were two men in the ring, one with blue hair and one with gray, and they looked to be throwing quirk-based punches at one another. This kind of fight was considered illegal in Japan, with the exception being the sport’s festival. The blue haired guy had some energy manipulation ability, which was causing white flurries of energy to whip about the screen, while the other could turn their body into mist, which if inhaled, will only serve to increase anger and decrease lucidity.

In his mind, Katsuki thought the man with the blue hair should wait until the other misted his body, and blow him away with the energy.

It pissed him off, that they were getting so hyped over an obviously one sided fight, so he decided to go into the kitchen to make some snacks for them. He started by grabbing some chips and began slicing tomatoes to make homemade salsa when someone stepped into the kitchen.

“Hey, Kacchan,” Came from beside him, and he flinched at the nickname.

“Hey, Kacchan. What? No good morning kiss for me and Ei? Rude! And to your boyfriends no less. Kidding, kidding, you know I love you Katsu.”

“What is it, Deku?” He growled, turning to Midoriya.
“I wanted to apologize. For how I- uhm. For. For how I treated Kaminari. When he tried talking to our classmates, I didn’t. Didn’t do anything to stop them...” Midoriya said, stuttering rather badly in front of his childhood bully.

Katsuki paused in his chopping, looking back at the cutting board. “Why the fuck are you apologizing to me? ”

“O-Oh! Uhm. Well, I was apologizing to you because Kirishima is busy with Ashido watching the event and I-”

“Denki will be back by the time classes start, you can apologize to him, when he gets back. Don’t fucking apologize to someone you didn’t hurt. Oh, and go apologize to Shitty Hair. You did hurt him.”

“Ah.. Yeah. Okay. I’m sorry, I’ll go do that!” Midoriya yelped, heading back out into the common room to watch the event with the others. Katsuki took a deep breath, and stared out the window. He remembered when Denki had first adopted the nickname; it had been shortly after their second date, when Katsuki commented that he had visible freckles from his quirk.

“If that’s the case, I get to call you Kacchan! Maybe the nickname will become freckle-exclusive!”

“You have a fucking million other nicknames for me, and you choose to stick with the one that pisses me off most?! ”

There wasn’t a million of them, but it sure felt like it. Katsu, Kachi, Kitty Kat, Ki-Ki, Suki, Kacha, Tsuki, Susu, sometimes just Ka, and that was just his first name based ones. He didn’t even want to begin on the ones based on his last name, or the random ones he came up with. Still, they never failed to put a smile on his face.

“KICK HIS ASS!!!” He heard Eijirou yell uncharacteristically, and he chuckled. Maybe he’d been a bad influence on them, but he didn’t particularly give a damn. When there was a yell of victory, Katsuki walked back into the common room.

Just in time to hear a large explosion, the crashing of rock, and see a cloud of smoke and dust envelop the stadium with beginnings of screams.

Denki didn’t see Jess walking around, so he assumed she must have actually been transferred to the gate and mixed up the locations. Easy mistake to make. Even pros made mistakes. Right? Oh man…

He really shouldn’t be getting this anxious. Everything would be fine. Nothing could go wrong. He heard the rain pattering on the top of the sky dome over the roar of the crowd, felt the charge and buzz of the air as it hit the lightning rod. Denki could practically sink into it, just by closing his eyes. Everything was so, so perfect.

Even his ominous feeling had gone away. All he had to do was wait for the event to end, which seemed like it would take a while. Ghaster, the fighter who could turn himself into gas, was giving Whiplash a run for his money. He’d use his quirk to get in close and give him a swift punch, then back away before Whiplash could get a defense up or counter attack. Seemed like a good strategy, in Denki’s mind.

He didn’t see Systematic, or Sensory Overload. He knew, by then, Angelique would have flown away. Where were they? He saw the Robinson twins down on the main floor, staring at their phones when he zoomed in with his glass locators. Seriously? Be professional, you two.
He was actually glad Jess had his phone. At least then, he wouldn’t be as distracted. Priorities. Then, he realized, their phones were basically the lives of America’s heroes. If they didn’t have them, then not only could they not receive messages from the personal channel, but they couldn't access social media which was half of their lives. It was important.

But they weren't even typing, he noticed, just staring at the screen blankly. Honestly, it reminded him a little bit of Shinsou's brainwashing, how their eyes went dead.

Maybe they’re bored? He thought, a shiver running down his spine. Somehow, something felt wrong about the sight of that. Yet, he knew their quirks, and figured if something were to happen it would set them off. Danger Danger, and Danger Detection meant either Daniel was in danger, or someone in Damian's radius would be getting hurt. Denki didn't know if he was in the radius, but he hoped so. Probably just the fighters and the lower stands. Still, very useful quirks.

Then, another thought came.

“Where is Mirra?” he asked aloud, unable to hear himself over the roar of the crowd. “Did she forget she had to come out here with her missing piece? Probably.”

There was a moment of silence, then, despite the crowd. Whiplash had turned his energy tendrils into a fan and blown Ghaster out of the ring. The announcer declared him the winner of the fight.

The next seven things happened in what felt like slow motion.

First, the fighters left the arena for medical attention.

Second, they bumped into Daniel and Damian, who didn't follow behind.

Third, Denki realized they should be following them, since that was their job.

Fourth, Denki began questioning why they wouldn't follow them, and recalled Mirra's standing in the hallway, being dazed and confused about the events of why.

Fifth, he recalled the inconsistency of Jess and her orders, and realized that it was because Jess had his phone that she was spared from what was ailing the heroes and bodyguards. Someone was using their phones to hypnotize them, which is why it affected Mirra. It wasn't part of someone's quirk. He knew exactly who did this, with the creeping feeling of someone watching him from the week, and felt crushing guilt weigh upon him.

Sixth, he saw a rapid flashing of red out of the corner of his eye, beeping softly over the roar of the crowd and shower of confetti. It was becoming increasingly faster, the beeping getting louder. He noticed that there weren't just one of them. There were ten, spread across the ceiling of the stadium.

Seventh, and last, he felt the buzz of the air increase with a bolt of lightning striking, reaching up to cover his uncovered ear, and raised his hand high into the air with spread fingers. For a single second, he could feel every heartbeat, every nerve ending in his body thrumming with life, heard the echoing voices of his birth parents and recalled the feeling of losing his free will when he did something wrong.

He took a deep breath, shut his eyes as his mind went blank, and activated his quirk.
Friday, Part 3.

Chapter Notes

Y’all. I’m sorry this chapter is as late as it is, but life has been incredibly hectic and this chapter gave me four panic attacks while writing. On top of that, a friend is now sharing my room and hates the keyboard sound so I can only write at night when they’re asleep. So I didn't get any sleep for the three nights in a row and edited the chapter last night. Hopefully y'all like it! We’re almost done, 3 chapters left! (We FINALLY meet the bad guy! Yay!) (Also I had to find my friend who has been struck thrice by lightning to find out what it felt like, so that was fun)

Katsuki and Eijirou could swear their hearts stopped the second the first explosion could be heard. Hush fell over the class in the common room, everyone freezing in place before the second blast went off. There was screaming on the video, people reacting to the loud sounds and beginning to scramble to get out of their seats. The ceiling would be collapsing in on them, about to send at least five tons on top of them. They'd certainly die, if it did.

The third and fourth went off at the same time, smoke covering everything on the camera from the drones. An automatic message began playing, telling people to please walk to the exit in a calm, orderly fashion.

All the students could think was that their friend was there, about to be buried under metal, concrete and shards of glass. Some had hope, for a brief spike, that Denki would be okay. There has to be counter measures in place for things like this, right?

The other, more realistic group, thought there had to be a hero which would help. But still they doubted.

Katsuki and Eijirou? They couldn't breathe, couldn't think, couldn't hear anything aside from explosions and the ringing of their ears. Their bodies couldn't move, knowing he was just on the screen. The bowl Katsuki had been holding, full of chips for the viewing snack, fell to the floor with a clatter and a crash.

The fifth, sixth, and seventh went off like gunshots, the crowd running out in a cloud of smoke. Alarms began blaring, wind and rain pouring down into the stadium with thunderous accompaniment.

The last three created the loudest explosion of them all, and the dust began to settle. To many people's surprise, a buzzing sound came, the camera focusing in on the ceiling. Ropes of Electricity spread out across the ceiling, triangles forming in gradually smaller shapes to hold it all together. Sero, Mina, and Eijirou gasped at the sight, their minds jumping to conclusions they hoped were unfounded. It licked around, buzzing and trailing up in between the beams of solid energy, barely holding all the weight above.

“No fucking way…” Katsuki said breathily, eyes wide as the camera focused. Denki had set off the bombs.
Denki was sure he was going to die here. Absolutely sure. His plan was working so far, but it was just about as far as he had planned.

Not only had Denki set off the bombs, but he was holding the damage up to the best of his ability. The rain dripped through the boulder like slabs, drenching the electric user quickly. Everything hurt; he’d forgotten how much making a large shield took out of him, physically and quirk wise.

It hurt, running through every vein in his arms and burning. His communicator rang, buzzing in his ear and telling him that someone wanted to talk. Everything was too much, and at the same time, nothing at all. Every word caused ringing in his head, but he couldn’t hear any noises above the screaming below. Rain was soaking him through, pulling heat and electricity from his body, but he felt no colder.

*Where is he where is he, watch out for his Yotogi-*

There was one man, across the stadium, who wasn’t running for the exit. That was the man. His creeping, swollen and discolored across the left side of his face mocked Denki.

He remembered when he first met him, and how unphased he’d been when his father dragged the man to the ground. He recalled his screams and watching his father mess with his mind and memories. It echoed in his nightmares, haunting his thoughts on darkened days. It was one thing to know marks like tree branches could be created, and a whole other thing to watch them began to bruise and discolor the skin under one’s hands. His name had been Tokei Mienai, a man targeted by his father for an insane quirk.

“Why do I want him to be a villain? Pssh, because it's funny of course! The man with a physical imaginary friend for a quirk? Two for the price of one, of course. You’ll understand. Now, why don’t you mark Tokei here up a little bit?”

With one look at the man, Denki felt like he was four again and sitting on a grimy, bloodied concrete floor, staring up at his father as he held the man down. He could see the flicker of Yotogi, what they named the imaginary friend, trying to pry him away but unable to make him budge.

A hand pressed itself against his neck, cold and invisible. There was a brief moment of pressure on the front of his neck, before they retreated away from him as the stadium cleared. He looked around frantically for his cousin, the feeling in his fingers beginning to go cold. But his gaze always returned to the man in the crowd responsible. Over the sound of screams he heard distant thunder, his choker burning against his neck and buzzing.

Something hit his back, causing him to stumble forward into the railing. The impact had him sputtering, his electroshield dropping for a second and falling two inches before he could stop it again, forcing his body to listen.

“Where are the heroes!?” Someone screamed, and he saw the hypnotized adults be swept away in the crowd.

His mind was shockingly clear, already forming a plan for what to do. A nasty thought came, that maybe he should drop all the weight on Tokei, but Denki had made a promise. He’d sooner die than have more blood on his hands on purpose.

He sidestepped the Yotogi, narrowly missing a kick to the back.

“Why are you doing this, Mienai?!” Kaminari exclaimed, the rain dripping into his eyes and blurring his vision. He slipped on the smooth, wet floor underneath him, holding onto the railing and feeling it
sap away his energy. He shut his eyes for a second and knew that he was screwed. There was a second where there was no more screams, just the shutting of the metal security doors, and the pitter patter of rain. No running of footsteps, no yelling or explosions, only calm.

“Hey, Shōgeki!” pierced through the calm, a familiar voice reaching his ears. “Why don't you come down here? I'm sure we have lots to talk about!”

Denki detested the name. The last name given to him by birth; Shōgeki. His father's last name. His birth mother's last name. He hated it. Hated the sound of it. He'd been given a new name by his mother's, and a first name to go with it. He'd thought he could run away from it, to never have to hear it again. But he knew the graveyard with his victims in it would never allow such a thing.

“Will you just stop?!” Denki yelled down to him, “What will make you leave me alone: What do you want?!”

There was pressure against his back, and before he knew it, he was being picked up by the figure and being thrown down to the main stage. He reacted on instinct, using his electricity to create a small ball of electricity which he used to launch himself up before he hit the ground, replicating something he'd seen Katsuki do. With his left hand, he kept up the large shield with throbbing veins. His choker burned against his neck, causing him to let out a choked sound as he hit the ground harshly. Pain blossomed against his back and his right arm, which centered in his upper right arm before his hand and lower arm went numb. He couldn't feel it at all, and held back a scream only by his vocal cords giving out on him briefly as he tumbled to the edge. He felt more than saw the blood and bruises from his body.

This is fine, Denki thought as he saw the man be carried down by the phantom, Everyone's gone. It's just me. No one else--

The blonde made eye contact with beautiful, baby blue eyes, and a weight settled in his stomach as his chest tightened.

Katsuki held Eijirou's hand tightly as they watched their boyfriend fall to the ground, hearts thrumming in their ears. Everything around them seemed to have slowed, inching forward agonizingly. What was that thing which had tossed him around, over the edge of the railing like a ragdoll?

They recognized when he used his electricity and rapidly expanded it, only able to watch as he copied Katsuki's move just in case something similar happened. He couldn't even be mad about it, because he was too worried about Denki to think about being jealous or upset.

“C’mon, Denki, get up…” Eijirou whispered, and Katsuki felt the urge to scream at the tv. But before he could, the class around him was yelling it.

“GET UP, KAMINARI! Get up!!” They yelled, Mina reaching over to hide her face in Sero’s chest. He looked around and saw Uraraka holding onto Asui’s hand, the both of them looking on the verge of tears. Iida had run off to get Aizawa, seeking guidance on how to help calm down the rowdy students, but they knew it was of no avail. Midoriya was physically being held back by Todoroki, who was watching the television with a worrying gaze. Jirou was shaking, her back being stroked by her girlfriend Yaoyorozu.

Everyone else looked panicked, both terrified and worried for their friend.

Katsuki, for all the trust he had in his boyfriend, wasn't sure if the blonde would make it out alive. He
didn't even care what Denki had to do, or whatever fight they were having. He didn't give a shit if they had a lot of things to talk about, he just wanted him to make it home alive.

Eijirou wanted to cry. He wanted to scream and reach out through the television set, all the way to America, and wrap his arms around him. He wanted to take each blow for him, every scrape and tumble. He wished he was the one bleeding, not Denki on the screen. As petty as they could all be, nothing was worth this happening. And, he knew, if he hadn't let his emotions get the better of him and yelled at Denki, hadn't purposefully avoided him with Katsuki, then this wouldn't have happened.

Being manly meant living a life without regrets, but he wasn't feeling very manly at all, watching him. He felt helpless, tired and sluggish, feeling nothing while at the same time feeling the weight of everything he did wrong.

They couldn't do anything but watch as something carried a single man down, his face twisted and deformed with lightly swollen and bruised lightning scars. They'd seen similar marks on Denki, and they hurt. It disfigured his face, and his beady gray eyes stared with a fire at the blonde. The mic picked up the static from Denki’s shield, zooming out as it flickered threateningly above them.

“What do I want, Shōgeki?” the man snickered as he was set down, and Katsuki glared as he noticed the figure of a human in the rain, with droplets streaming down it’s shape like it was glass, “I want you to feel what I felt. Your family fucked my life!”

“Shōgeki?” Todoroki said, his voice wavering, “As in… Juden? The villain?” He asked, staring at Katsuki and Eijirou with light malice. Neither teen responded. They were too busy watching as Denki attempted to push himself up, his right hand sparking over with electricity as it flowed around him to keep the shield up, and the man pulled a knife out of his pocket.

“I want to leave you unrecognizable as a human being.”

Denki wasn’t just scared, he was absolutely terrified. A few minutes ago, he didn’t think his anxieties could rise any higher, with the feeling of his soaked clothes sticking to his skin and the distant roll of dark thunder, but he’d been wrong. Oh, so very wrong. Not due to the feeling of being pressed to the ground, nor knowing what the man wanted to do, instead what he could see in the stands, hiding underneath one of the seats.

There was a little kid, curled up under the seats, staring at him in fear. She was shaking, tears streaming down her face in one of the few almost dry places. She hadn’t gotten out.

Stay there, He mouthed, hoping that she would be able to read his lips. He remembered what Aizawa had taught them about these kinds of situations. No matter how scared or worried one is, reassuring citizens is the top priority. Katsuki hadn’t been so good at reassuring people, which was something he needed to work on, but Denki had done excellently. The girl shrunk back under her seat, and Denki looked up to face his attacker before having his head slammed against the concrete. His vision spun for a second, and his vision turned black as the ringing in his ears took over. Fuck, that hurt. He could feel the blood already seeping into his hair.

His mind righted itself just in time to see, over his shoulder, Mienai climbing onto him, knife glinting in the rain with the stadium alarm lights.

“I want everyone to look at you and say what a freak.” He hissed, taking the large hunting knife, meant for skinning animals, and slid it up Denki’s neck. With the little pressure applied, it only cut through the first few layers of skin and stung badly.
He led it up to his choker and stopped.

“Oh? What's this?” Mienai asked, a sickening smile upon his face. “An inhibitor? Oh, for what I'm going to do, we don't want this now do we?” As he spoke, he pressed harder and cut into his neck, along his spine which made Denki gasp, letting out a hissing sound. He felt as the man slid his knife under his inhibitor, felt his electricity crackle as he pulled it away from his skin.

“No…” he breathed out, “Please… no…”

If he removed it, with the amount of rain around them and the thunder making him flinch, he wasn't sure if he could control it. But, Denki could feel his electricity failing above them.

A thought came to mind, remembering the sports festival, as a plan popped into his head. It was dangerous, downright stupid one may say, but it was the only way he knew to keep the shaking child in his peripheral vision safe.

With one fluid motion, Mienai sliced the inhibitor off, and Denki felt the rush of power from the electricity in the air. Every nerve set alight, each raindrop an ice shard upon his skin. The chill he once felt from his wet clothing, he now felt a bitter, stinging cold unlike any other. It burned, with how chilled his body was becoming.

He could feel every single volt of electricity in the vicinity, from the power lines outside, the lights in the arena, the camera drones all around; he could even feel the charge in the air. Everything was culminating around him with a buzzing, whirling screech. And, unable to do anything as it seeped into the depths of his wounds, he screamed. A deep, carnal, gut wrenching scream which made his own ears ring as a knife sunk into his back.

Eijirou swore he had never seen the class so distraught. He'd seen them through kidnappings, villain attacks, and even an illegal rescue. But no one, absolutely no one, thought they might watch one of their classmates be harmed in such a way. They were all helpless to watch as the man lifted the knife and plunged into the blonde's back, then his arms and used his free hand to slam his head against the ground, leaving it a bloody, bruised and swollen mess.

“C'mon, idiot, get the fuck up… zap him into the afterlife,” he heard Katsuki whisper, using the softest voice he'd ever heard. He knew the rest of the sentence which Katsuki had omitted, just by the tone.

Zap him into the afterlife, before he sends you there and we have to wait forever to see you again.

Neither of them wanted to think about that. Denki had to come home to them. He would, even if they had to drag him back from death.

But the odds were looking slimmer and slimmer the more they watched. Suddenly, a strike of white hot lightning fell from the sky with a mighty crash, dragged to the path of least resistance. The force of the shockwave sent the man flying off of Denki, who was sparking dangerously. Debris was flown about the stadium as their boyfriend drew the electricity from the sky, causing the camera to become static as it reached out to the water on the ground in yellow tendrils. Denki's body convulsed, and each jolt made Eijirou and Katsuki's worry spike.

Neither of them knew what to do, but they wanted to wake up from this nightmare they were forced to witness.

“Bakugo,” Todoroki hissed, insisting on the prior point, “Did you fucking know his parents are villains? We could have helped avoid this.”
“Fuck off,” Katsuki replied, his eyes glued to the screen in front of him as crackles sounded from his hand, entwined with Eijirou's.

“Shou, it's... there wasn't anything we could do about it,” Midoriya said, his voice meek and tight. “And Kacchan's obviously hurting—”

“Fuck off, Deku!” Katsuki snapped, a snarl of finality in his voice. “All of you god-damned extras, just shut the hell up already!”

For once, they obeyed. No one wanted to imagine the tirade Katsuki may go on if they didn't, and Eijirou would back him up.

Everything felt too tight, to small, like there wasn't enough air to breathe. Each breath was strained, airways constricting on their own as the world began crashing down around them. They squeezed one another's hands, trying to keep themselves grounded in the present. Denki would have a plan... he'd be okay. Aizawa taught him well. His file had him as a high level threat, he'd be alright. He'd come home. Even if it might be a lie, they'd convinced themselves of that simple fact. He would come home to them, and they'd make sure he felt as loved as he made them feel.

Then, as their hope began climbing, the broadcast began flickering on the television and their breath left them.

Denki couldn't remember his plan, if he'd even actually formed one in the first place. He'd forgotten how painful it was to be struck by lightning, like his body was attempting to pull itself apart cell by agonizing cell. He'd explained it to his therapist as his skin slowly being pulled away from his muscles after being struck in the back of his head.

His body locked up, and another strike came from the sky, directly hitting the electricity emanating from him. His shield glowed brighter in pulses, triangles forming in ever smaller instances as it drew more power from the strike. Denki's head felt full of fluff, buzzing around like a bee in it's hive.

But, amongst all that trauma and agony, he felt nothing simultaneously. His body was too pained to truly feel what was happening to him. He knew it well. He'd be sore for the next straight week, at least. The human body was never meant to take the amount of electricity, and despite his body's adaptation to the element, he could barely contain it.

The lightning passed, and Denki forced himself up with shaky hands and legs. He could no longer feel the individual injuries on his body, not even the knife which had ripped through his body when Mienai was thrown off.

“Why?” Denki asked, staring down at the man on the edge of the arena, “Why did you hunt me down? How did you even know who I was?”

“Your father ruined my life! Do you know what it's like? To walk down the street and hear don't look at him, he'll give you nightmares?! To be hated by a society with freaks in it, because a villain fucked with your brain?!” Mienai screamed at him, and Denki flinched. He didn't know what that felt like, but he knew what it was to be the one responsible.

“But how? How did you find me?” He knew he should be mad. He should be hitting this guy and frying his brain until it was unusable, but he couldn't. He couldn't find anything to be mad at him for. He'd been kidnapped for a hacking skill, been tortured for weeks until he couldn't remember anything before then, and spat back out into a world disgusted by him.

Denki couldn't be mad, because he could sympathize with him. He understood that pain.
“I did what I could to get away from you, I even moved countries and faked my identity, but you still couldn't stay out of my life!” Mienai exclaimed, and Denki couldn't tell if the water streaming down his face were tears or the rain. A force knocked Denki to the ground once more, Yotogi having lunged forward to do so and hold him there as Lightning came down once more. The blonde's body was unable to contain any more, so each strike blasted debris around. He controlled it's landing as best he could, thinking of the child cowering under the seat.

“I stalked you since I saw you, waiting for the perfect moment to get my revenge,” Mienai said, beginning to walk towards Denki with hands and jaw clenched. “I sent Yotogi in through an open window, and found that hero editing a video on a phone. So, I started sending it out, as the first phase of my plan. But she returned before I could send it everywhere,”

Denki's hands clenched tightly. Jess never wanted to send that video to his boyfriends.

“And then I heard you'd be here. Now, all that's left, is to make you feel what I feel.”

“I didn't want to do it! I know I can't make it better, but I'm sorry!” Denki croaked out, his breath coming in short bursts as blood ran down his face. He began to cough, and saw red spatter against the concrete before being washed away by the rain.

He was sure he was going to die here, as he remembered his plan. He'd have liked to see his mothers, boyfriends, and his friends one more time before he went, but if the rumors were true, then he'd see them before he passed on.

The moment the stream came back, Katsuki knew it wouldn't show anything good. He glanced at Eijirou and took a deep breath, before the picture steadied and his attention was diverted. They could only watch as the man walked over to Denki and drew a long jagged line across his cheek with his knife, and the blonde's eyes fluttered shut.

He wanted to punch the man's smile off. He wanted to blast him until he didn't have a face anymore. Even looking at the man made him seeth in anger.

But Denki pushed back, after a loud and bright burst of lightning. The camera adjusted, zooming out to help capture the scene like it was a movie, hindered lightly by the rain.

It only registered that he'd dropped the electroshield holding up the debris a millisecond after it happened. Eijirou and Katsuki couldn't save Denki as he used his electricity to blast the man with a loud cry of “I'm sorry!!” before he was crushed under tons of concrete and steel.
Saturday

Chapter Notes

Hey! A smaller chapter, but this time intentional! We've only got two chapters left, oh no! Also, the return of the mothers! Yay! Enjoy!
(Also, two things;
do you believe Todoroki is justified in his actions?
And can you guess what happened with Shinsou?)

No one knew what to say, after watching that. It wasn't even beginning to sink in for others, but Katsuki and Eijirou knew what they needed to do. Slowly, hand in hand, they rose from the couch in silence and began making their way out of the room.

“Just where the hell do you think you two are going?” Todoroki seethed, the room beginning to chill dangerously, though Midoriya was safe on his right.

Katsuki snapped.

“Where the fuck do you think, Icy Hot?! Go fuck off of your high horse, and die already!”

“High horse?” The duo user said calmly, rising himself as flames gathered in his left hand, his right emanating a blue aura.

“Shou!” Midoriya protested, but was cut off by the other.

“No, Zuzu. They don't get it! If they'd told anyone, he'd be under guarded surveillance!”

“He'd never be allowed to fucking leave his hometown, much less get a passport! They’d treat him like he was a villain on parole!” Eijirou objected, and Katsuki flipped off the rest of his classmates.

“C'mon, Ei. Let's just go, damnit. He's never going to back the fuck down, even if he's wrong. He can't stop us from going.” Katsuki mumbled, beginning to walk away until the door slammed open, revealing an angry Aizawa with Iida standing behind him.

“No one is going anywhere. No one will be leaving the dorms until further notice without parental pickup and warning to the principal.”

As much as Katsuki and Eijirou wanted to argue him, they couldn't. The whole class needed to be on their best behavior, or risk immediate expulsion. They wanted to punch their teacher in the face, for starters, then run off to make sure Denki was alive.

As Aizawa and Iida began wrangling the class and berating them for using the stream, the couple quietly slipped away to their rooms. More specifically, Katsuki’s room. They walked in silence, the feeling of their joined hands a small comfort against the raging storm inside. Even the elevator music, which normally would be annoying, they found calming for once. A little detail of their lives they never appreciated.

Eijirou sat down on Katsuki’s bed silently, pulling the blonde down with him and holding him close against his chest. Even if it was uncomfortable, Katsuki did not protest.
Of course, they knew better than to think little of their boyfriend, but the sudden thought that he
could possibly not come back to them struck fiercely. There’d be no more mornings with an energetic blonde
curling up in their arms, no more listening to his singing in the shower or holding him close. They’d
never get to see the way his face lit the pink of a sunset when they kissed him, nor feel the joy and
comfort of his touch, or even enjoy the sound of his voice as he whispers *good morning, I love you. Both of you,* followed by a kiss on the cheek for Katsuki and one on the lips for Eijirou. They would
never get to watch the way he stared at one of them when he thought they didn't notice.

Katsuki would never get to tell him that he loved him too. He’d never come out and said it to the
blonde, not even knowing how he longed to hear it. Those three words meant weakness of the heart
to him and he’d let that overshadow letting someone truly wonderful know how loved he truly was.
Katsuki thought that might have been why Denki felt the need to run away from them.

Eijirou would never get to apologise. For what, exactly, he couldn’t tell. For being rude to him, for
avoiding him, for not making it up to him before. For everything he did wrong. For not trusting in his
boyfriend. For playing favorites. Saying *I’m sorry* was way harder than saying *I love you,* but he’d
say it every day until the day he died if it meant Denki would come home to them alive.

And the weight, the true heartbreak upon darkened imaginings of a funeral, a missing piece of their
trio, their love, their future, felt akin to Atlas’ burden. Together, they were Sisyphus, and their sheer
stubbornness was their rock.

“What the fuck are we gonna do, Ei?” Katsuki whispered, allowing a moment of weakness to fall
over him. He was so used to being in charge, to knowing what to do, that when the illusion of
control was ripped from under him he was left helpless. His pulse quickened, breath becoming
labored and fastened as his mind raced. Someone needed to let him have some form of control over
his life or he didn’t know what to do with himself.

“We’re… We’re gonna call our parents. And Denki’s.” Eijirou said in response, leaning down to
kiss Katsuki’s forehead before leaning back against the wall.

“My shitty parents are in Italy for the next damn week,” Katsuki mumbled, recalling how they
needed to travel for his father’s business and it happened to fall on this fucking week.

“And mine went on vacation, so we’re stuck.” Eijirou sighed, trying to think of something they could
do. But since their parents were all gone, they truly appeared stuck.

Wallowing in misery had never quite been something either of them liked to do, just as the quiet was
no comfort. But today appeared to be changing everything about them, if only for the time being.
Waves and waves of sadness and nothingness fell upon the shores of their emotions, leaving it blank
and eroding away nuances of happiness.

Watching Denki sacrifice himself, after pushing the *villain* out of the way to save the person who put
him in agony had that kind of effect, it seemed.

They felt helpless, unable to do anything other than sit there and hope for some good news. What
they would currently classify as good news at the current moment, not even they knew.

“Probably that he’s alive, that’d be good news...” Eijirou said, tears coming to his eyes. He had been
trying so hard not to cry, to be strong for Katsuki the last week, to be the sturdy rock he needed to be
for him, that he felt it all bubbling up like magma under a volcano’s surface.

And the volcano needed to erupt, one way or another. The waves could turn unto a tsunami when
backed by a hurricane, wracking his body and crashing against cliffs. Even the mightiest of
mountains could fall apart against the force of waves, if given enough time exposed to the elements. He began silently sobbing, shaking and tightening his grip on Katsuki.

He was afraid of losing him, if he was honest. As if both the wonderful blondes in his life would run off without him, leaving him behind, and get hurt where he couldn’t protect him. As much as he knew that Katsuki could handle himself, and recently saw that Denki could just as well, he wanted to take both of them and wrap them up in a protective bubble. Eijirou wanted to protect them, to make sure they felt as safe every second of every day as they made him feel just by being in their awe inspiring presence.

He’d known Katsuki was amazing; he’d known it since the first day they’d met. Katsuki exuded confidence, from every bit of his being he was pure, unadulterated, awe and manliness. Everywhere he went, people couldn’t help but stare. And he’d been through so much; childhood abuse, mental disorders, villain attacks, heck he’d even been kidnapped and come out alright. Well, mostly alright. His mental state had been rapidly deteriorating, but he’d had such a hard time coming to terms with it. Eijirou admired it, more than he was willing to admit.

Denki, on the other hand, it had taken him time to realize how amazing he was. He didn’t know how someone who tended to keep his fighting on the down low as best he could could ever be someone who he considered manly. Everything Denki did always reminded him of how a mouse might act; skittish and anxious, but willing to bite you if you get to close. He’d been willing to fight Blood King and the villain who attacked the building, but he didn’t want Eijirou to go rescue Katsuki because it was illegal.

He’d been through more than Eijirou could ever even begin to fathom, and he wished he’d been allowed to know even the beginnings of the depths of, outside of legal requirements. Eijirou wished he’d been a supportive boyfriend to Denki, like he had to Katsuki, when he’d needed it. He wished he’d been someone who the blonde could have trusted with his secrets, who could be there when he was breaking down. Eijirou had extended his hand out to Katsuki to rescue him; he’d been there for him, but he hadn’t been there to help lift up Denki when he’d needed him.

Eijirou Kirishima thought he knew what manliness was, until Denki Kaminari came along and changed everything.

Katsuki reached out to Eijirou and wrapped his arms around him, doing his best to steady him. He was nowhere near as good at comforting as Denki, and nothing he did could change it. If he could, he would have called said blonde to comfort him, but he was unable to.

*Oi! You keep getting damn texts, shitty hair!* rang from Eijirou, and the redhead blushed darkly while Katsuki glared. It was his own voice coming from his phone, which was, admittedly, a little weird. When did Eijirou record him?

Eijirou grabbed his phone from his pocket, with the intention of shutting off his notifications, when he paused in awe. For there, in his hands, was a parental message.

>You and Bakugo pack your stuff. We’re going to America to see Denki. We’ll be there in an hour with confirmations from your parents and forewarning to the school. We’ve got the plane tickets all ready.

- Tokiwa Kaminari.

“Katsu, get packed. We’ve got a parental pickup.” He said, a smile spreading across his face as his
boyfriend looked up at him in confusion.

“Neither of our parents are in the country right now, what the fuck?”

“Aizawa-sensei never said our parents needed to pick us up, and the Kaminari’s have already somehow gotten our parent’s consent.”

The smirk which spread across Katsuki’s face only had one word to properly describe it; Villainous. Of course, they knew that was not what Aizawa had meant, but he had said they needed to follow his instructions to the letter. And with a missing word, that instruction took on a whole new meaning, once which was entirely unintended, not like they minded. In fact, the two relished in the slight rebellion, as they were unable to do so before.

Packing was easy, when one threw everything from their drawers and picked only the ones they liked best. Folding had never been Katsuki’s favorite thing to do, but it was necessary for properly packing. Three shirts, three pants, sets of undergarments and socks, an extra hoodie, and pajama clothes. Finally, toiletries, an extra towel, and spare charger. In Katsuki’s case, that meant hearing aid batteries and a phone charger.

The hard thing? Making sure Eijirou didn’t underpack. Or in this case, drastically overpack. He wanted to bring everything which reminded him of Denki, extra things which were completely useless and would serve no purpose in the long haul of bringing them. It was utterly unnecessary.

“We need to go,” Katsuki growled, glaring at his redheaded boyfriend.

“Just a minute! This is Denki’s favorite shirt!” He said in reply, clutching one of Denki’s shirts with the sign for an ohm resistor on it.

“If he wanted it, he would have packed it himself, dammit!”

“C’mon!”

Katsuki let out a huff and snatched the shirt away from him, threatening to burn it if he didn’t finish packing. Denki’s moms would arrive soon, and they had to meet them by the front gate.

When they finally finished packing, and needed to go, no one stopped them on their way out. They did, however, notice a puzzled looking Aizawa standing in the kitchen and Shinsou with a disgruntled looking Monoma, with Ojiro on his other side. Neither of them wanted to know what that was all about, nor the text from Midoriya which read You both owe me one. As they exited the building, they saw a black convertible with Tokiwa in the driver’s seat, and Noriko in the passenger’s seat furiously typing away on her phone.

They didn’t expect much, not more than a drive to the airport and then to the hospital where their boyfriend would no doubt be, but they certainly didn’t expect a cooler with snacks in between their seats.

“The airport is approximately two hours away and we didn’t know if you two had eaten recently, so I made some snacks,” Tokiwa explained, checking her mirrors before restarting the car.

“Thank you, Mrs. Kaminari,” Eijirou said with a sigh, “Uhm… You… Heard anything about Denki?”

It had been around two hours since the broadcast ended, so it would make sense for them to get some form of news on their son.
“Denki’s been rescued from the wreckage, but we’re currently unaware of his physical state at this current time,” Noriko sighed, glancing back at them, “He’s been admitted to a hospital, and our niece attempted to assure us he would be alright.”

“Don’t see any fuckin’ tears or shit,” Katsuki mumbled, staring out the window as it began lightly drizzling outside.

“Language, Bakugo,” Tokiwa chided before continuing with a shake of her head, “It’s not worth crying until the hustle and bustle is all over. All we can do right now is make our way to him; then we can cry.”

“So, more importantly, how did you get our parents’ permission?” Katsuki asked then, and Eijirou shrunk back with an awkward smile, tucking some of his hair out of his face. He’d forgotten to spike it before they left.

“Bakugo, your father and I became rather well acquainted when he made his Hero Fashion line. He requested formal designs for the inspiration, and while he was initially denied, I was able to grant part of his request, in terms of the patterns, in return for an IOU.” Noriko refused to look away from her phone, not even bothered by the idea of writing or reading in a moving vehicle.

“And I have known the Kirishima’s for a while,” Tokiwa interrupted her wife, “We met during a conference and continued bumping into one another in professional settings. It was only a matter of informing them of the situation, sending them a fax, and getting a signed permission form in reply. Took all of twenty minutes to get it.”

“And maybe ten minutes to get the hotel rooms reserved as well as the flights,” Her wife finalized, finally sending her email.

Eijirou was floored, and Katsuki was mildly shocked. First of all, they knew who their parents were. Second, they were able to get a hold of them at the drop of a hat.

“How the fuck did you convince my dad?!” Katsuki asked with light shock.

“Language. No foul language in the vehicle,” Noriko said absentmindedly, “And you’ll find, or hopefully you won’t, that if anyone messes with our boy, they’ll end up on the bad end of a mama bear.”

“Yeah right, I could take you,”

“I wasn’t referring to myself.”

The teenagers glanced at Tokiwa, who was humming along to a peppy song on the radio with a small smile on her face, and shook their heads. No way that was the mama bear; the woman had literal butterfly clips in her hair, for goodness’ sake!

“I assure you, she’s far more formidable an opponent than I, if only due to her quirk,” Noriko continued, setting her phone down to gaze lovingly at the driver.

Her look said many things, but they conveyed one emotion over all others. Love. She adored the woman sitting next to her, and just by observing the way she stared at her it was evident to the teenagers. Because it was the same way Denki looked at them. Before, they’d been unable to place the exact emotion which graced his features, but looking at one of the women who raised him, it was unmistakable. The look of someone so hopelessly in love with someone else, infatuated with their mere existence, adoring every fibre of their being in spite of any discrepancies they may have. No, not in spite. Because of.
Their chests tightened as they came to the only conclusion they could; Denki felt the same way. He felt that about them. Suddenly, they both felt very inadequate, almost unworthy of such feelings being targeted towards them.

“What’s her quirk?” Katsuki asked in a whisper, glancing at Eijirou. Crimson eyes met ruby, and they shared a moment of solidarity in their emotions and steadied themselves.

“I can either massively power up your quirk, or power down. Not quite the most useful thing, unless you happen to be a quirk therapist. Personally, I prefer Noriko’s quirk to my own.” Tokiwa giggled, though she focused on the road ahead.

“Before you ask, and I’m sure you will, I have the ability to drain negative emotions. It leaves only good feelings, save for physical pain, for a duration of time. It comes in handy for taming rowdy villains in transit.”

“And Endeavor, dear, don’t forget.”

“There isn’t a difference so he need not be mentioned. Love, remember, we do not speak of the Devil or he shall appear and give me a massive headache atop a mountain of paperwork.”

Eijirou couldn’t help the laugh rising within him at the conversation in front of him, though he couldn’t imagine the current number one hero bowing down to such a woman, regardless of her being intimidating. They bickered lightly, as if having fun with their conversation, and it reminded him of their son.

“So, would you two say you’re close with Denki?” Eijirou asked, relaxing a little bit as he adjusted his seatbelt.

Noriko looked back at them, but it was her wife who answered.

“I would hope so, but that’s not our place to say if we are or aren’t. It’s how he sees us which defines that question.”

“Oh. So, what… Uh, if this isn’t too personal that is, what was Denki like as a kid?” Eijirou asked, attempting to divert the topic.

“He was rather… Depressed, when we first met him.” Noriko sighed, “He wouldn’t speak to us, unless we spoke first that is. He always followed orders, like a robot, though that wasn’t his fault. When he began quirk therapy, we began growing closer together. He’d show us interesting things he learned to do, and that’s when he found an interest in reading. I remember vividly teaching him English at the same time as Japanese, and one day it clicked for him. He had the silliest smile on his face as he read the same sentence over and over, switching between the two languages,” The woman let out a small laugh, closing her eyes peacefully.

“Of course, he didn’t stop there. He finished my whole library by the age of ten, you know, and I think it was about then he started becoming the boy you know. He stopped taking orders as easily; a little rebellion is good for kids. It’s also when he was diagnosed with Post Traumatic Stress Disorder, and ended up in a mental hospital for a week after a particularly bad epidemic.

“That’s when we got his dog, Nana; he named it after the dog in Peter Pan, which had been his favorite bedtime story. Ever since, he’s steadily come into his own, which is all we really wanted for him. But in this case, I highly regret it, because it put him in the situation we now face. Even if it had made him miserable, if I knew what would happen, I would never have permitted it.

“I’d rather have him miserable and safe, than happy and in danger. It’s why I almost didn’t let him go
back to U.A. Though in the end, it was partly your presence in his life which made my choice easier.”

They let the silence follow them to the airport, and all throughout the flight.
Sunday

Chapter Notes

Hello again everyone! This chapter is somewhat back on our normal upload schedule because I had a very specific goal date in mind for this chapter. More will be explained on that in the end notes, but I hope you guys enjoy the chapter! The next one will, unfortunately, be the last.

See the end of the chapter for more notes

Katsuki and Eijirou didn't expect the security visa to be so thoroughly exhausting. If they were being honest, they'd face down villains any day if it meant they didn't have to deal with the TSA. But still, there they were, sitting in their hotel room and waiting for news on when they could visit Denki, as last they knew he was unstable and unable to receive visitors. Noriko and Tokiwa had gotten the couple their own separate hotel room, though it was only across the hall from their room.

Eijirou curled up on the bed and took a deep breath, staring across at Katsuki. They were both tired, jetlagged and fighting against sleep, but their worry kept them up. It was nine PM, late Saturday Night, and they had gotten dinner on the way to the hotel, so they weren’t hungry, but still something felt wrong. They knew what it was, and it didn’t lighten their spirits.

The Hotel bed was big, a full King sized bed with far too much room in between them and the edge. It made everything uncomfortable, just as it had on I Island, but then they’d been able to invite Denki over to make it seem less empty. Now, it was just quiet.

Well, Katsuki decided to do something about said silence. He leaned over to lazily kiss Eijirou, holding him close and shutting his eyes as his partner returned his efforts. He hummed along their languid lip lock, lightly running his fingers over Eijirou’s back and appreciated the small sound of approval he got in return.

But the second that Katsuki’s hand reached Eijirou’s waistband, he reached back and pulled it off, then away from the kiss and stared at the wonderful crimson eyes of one of his loves.

"Not tonight, okay? Just… Not tonight.” He said, and signed alongside it as Katsuki had taken off his hearing aids before crawling into bed.

At the soft, crumbling words, Katsuki nodded. He made a soft hand motion, asking in sign if he was alright for some cuddling, to which Eijirou leaned over and gave him a quick kiss, then signed his love. He reluctantly got a mirrored gesture from the blonde, and he slid off the bed to walk into the other part of the room where they’d set their room keys down. Noriko and Tokiwa had given them a copy of their room key, in the case they need anything, and Eijirou silently picked the yellow card up and put on his slippers.

He just needed to talk to someone; and as wonderful as Katsuki was, he didn’t talk much after he took his hearing aids off for the night. Hopefully, Noriko would already be in bed and he could talk to her much sweeter wife without the threat of her glare. Oh, he’d asked Aizawa about her, and he remembered the horrified look in Present Mic’s eyes when he’d overheard. The woman could end his hero career before it even began! With the stress of the situation, he didn’t want to worry about every little thing he said.
Unfortunately, luck was rarely on his side, and when he came to knock on the door he was greeted with Noriko’s inexpressive stare.

“Is everything alright, Kirishima?” The woman asked, her voice a bland monotone once again, with that same sharp edge he remembered from when he first met the woman.

Kirishima gave a shaky smile and waved as he replied. “I just needed to talk to someone, ya know? After everything, I think I need some advice too, if it isn’t too much to ask, ma’am.”

Noriko shrugged, and backed away so he had a way to get into the room. Noriko and Tokiwa had gotten a suite, with a separate room, since they expected one of them to drop by and they at least wanted a place to be decent. The tanned woman motioned over to the couch and sat down on the far end, propping her feet up onto it with crossed legs.

Somehow, the sight of the woman in an old UA, business course mind you, t shirt and sweatpants took away some of the fear she had over him. Still, he was nervous as he sat down, the door shutting behind him.

“So, what did you want to talk about?” She asked, her glasses sliding down her nose.

“I… I want to apologize to Denki. It’s my fault, because I was too hard headed to see that Denki was hurt.” Eijirou began, glancing at the woman again, “That… I was hurting your son.”

“Well, explain to me. Explain to me what you did and we’ll go from there,” Noriko shrugged, leaning back against the couch with a bland roll of her eyes, “Prove to me I wasn’t wrong in bringing you and Bakugo with us; let me help you.”

Eijirou let out a small chuckle.

He started out from the beginning, from the summer camp. From how things had been great the first night, despite the late night from the makeup classes. Katsuki had stayed up with them to make sure he got to say goodnight to the two, no matter how tired it made him. Not that it showed. He told her how Denki had come over and curled up in between them on that first night, not willing to sleep without being close to them.

Talking about it took him back to the moment. He recalled to her how scared he’d been when they heard about how wrong the test of courage went, and how brave he thought Denki was for being willing to take down the intruder and perhaps blood king himself. He remembered watching Denki be selected by the teachers for a talk after being cleared by the medics, and how numb he’d felt without Katsuki then.

The rest was a bit of a blur, over the next two days. With shame, he admitted the harsh words he’d spat at Denki, and how he rescued Katsuki without care for the other blonde in his life. Eijirou told her about how he avoided him, almost like Denki didn’t deserve to be around them.

And there, he left the beginning of the week. His big screw up. He wiped away stray tears which fell, the numbness he knew so well returning. If he was being honest, the woman’s silence spoke louder than if she’d yelled at him. He wished she’d yell at him. To hit him and scream at him, get angry.

But all he received was a blank look.

“But you feel better now?” She asked, her face as unmoving as cement.

Eijirou blinked a few times, and realized. He did feel better. Getting everything off his chest had
made him feel both loads beader, and incredibly crappy for letting it happen in the first place. So, he nodded softly.

Noriko took a deep breath and leaned forward, her arms resting on her knees and head hung low. Then, a small smile and tiny chuckle, her hand coming up to cover her lips.

“I’m sorry,” She said breathily, in between small bits of laughter, “I don’t mean to laugh, but you remind me of myself when I was your age.”

“I don’t understand, ma’am.” Eijirou said, a little uncomfortable as she looked up at him, her own right wine colored eyes staring at his ruby ones.

“I mean, when I was your age, I went through something similar. Now, I’m not going to give you that story today, but I will give you advice. If Denki’s learned anything from his mom, it’s that teenagers will do silly things. He’s likely already forgiven you and Bakugo, otherwise he wouldn’t have texted you both before he left for the event. Oh, my son is plenty silly, but he’s not an idiot. He won’t let himself be walked over.”

Eijirou nodded, and took a deep breath. “But… How do I fix it?”

“Fix what?” Noriko questioned, a puzzled look on her face, “You’ve already found someone crazy, two someone’s at that, so they’ll make sure it gets fixed. Put in your effort, of course; communication and all that.”

“I’m still a little confused. Denki and Katsuki aren’t crazy; what do you even mean by that?”

As soon as the words left his mouth, Noriko was reaching for her phone. The woman handed it to him, with it unlocked, and Eijirou glanced at the background. It was… Oddly distressing. A picture of Tokiwa, hair astray and tangled, curled up with a younger Denki on the couch. Both of them had obvious tears on their faces, which were red and blotchy, but there was a serenity. Denki was curled up protectively in her arms, a cute tiger onesie on with little paws pressed against his own chest. He could barely see a covered meal at the bottom of the picture.

“Fall in love with someone crazy. Someone who will come back to you, who will forgive you the world over. Find someone crazy, who will love you back.” Noriko said, her voice calm, “I didn’t know what that phrase meant, until I adopted Denki and married Tokiwa. I was rarely home due to work, but when I was home I was brash and rude, and put a lot of stress on her, but she stayed. And when we adopted Denki, he put us through hell as he came into his own. But we didn’t return him to an orphanage. We didn’t leave him in the government’s care. No matter what kind of stress he put us through; because we’re a little crazy too. That’s the best advice I can give you; find someone crazy enough to love you, even at your worst, and let them know you love them back no matter what.”

Eijirou took a minute to let it sink in. The picture must have been during that early period, when Denki was only just learning what it meant to be himself, and Tokiwa was essentially a single mother for a period. Looking at how their family was now, it didn’t seem possible.

“So… Why this photo, if you don’t mind my asking? Seems a bit cruel to see someone you love crying every time you go on your phone,” Eijirou said, handing her back the cell, and Noriko laughed.

“Okay, I’ll tell you, but you need to understand something else first.”

At the statement, Eijirou raised an eyebrow and leaned against the arm of the chair, listening intently.

“Ever since Tokiwa and I moved in together, before we were even married, she always did this one
thing before bed. Or whenever she woke up in the middle of the night. Or when she woke up earlier than I did. She always gave me a kiss on the forehead, and said “Goodnight, beautiful, may you dream of starlight.” before bed. In the middle of the night, she’d say, “Rest up, gorgeous, and be calm.” And in the morning, “Good morning, lovely. Stay safe, and come home to me happier than you left.” and I never appreciated it until this photo. She was exhausted, with a full day of work and taking care of Denki, but she stayed up and made food for me. That was taken at two in the morning, and she had another full day of work. If that isn’t crazy, I don’t know what is. So I took the picture to remind myself, every single time I use my phone, that they’re so much more important than my work. I love them, so I make sure to show it to them as they do to me.”

As she finished her speech, Eijirou found himself shaking. He remembered Denki’s greeting words every single morning: Good morning, I love you. Both of you. He’d just accepted it, focusing his attention on Katsuki instead. He wanted to never let that happen again. He needed to show Denki that it wasn’t him throwing his love at people who didn’t care for it.

Just as he was about to get up and leave, the door to the bed room opened, and Tokiwa sleepy exited the room. “Hello Kirishima,” She said sleepily, before walking over to her wife, gently brushing away her auburn hair and kissing her forehead, whispering the words he’d just heard.

“Rest up, gorgeous, and be calm,” she said, and Noriko responded by pressing a kiss to the woman’s hand.

“I am always calm, when I’m with you, starlight.” Noriko said softly, and Tokiwa blushed.

Eijirou took his leave then, smiling softly. He hadn’t thought about it, before. He remembered hearing Denki say his little mantras, watched his little habits, and never thought of what they meant. It was just Denki being silly, he’d thought. But he knew better now.

He wanted to be the kind of manly person which would love someone even at their worst, and still come back for more. And as he slipped into his hotel room with Katsuki, finding the ashen blonde curled up on the bed, he paused for a second. He slipped in behind Katsuki, holding him close, and pressed his lips to his neck, right under his ear, and whispered.

“I love you. Sleep well; everything will be better in the morning.” He was too tired to think of a cute term of endearment, and everything felt right.

Oh, the bed was still too big, the space prominent. It was still too quiet, with the only noise being their own soft breathing and the hum of the fan. It was still cold without Denki and they were still worried, but it wasn’t heavy. Almost as if they could feel how much he loved them without even being in the same room as him.

Crazy, huh?

If someone were to tell Katsuki he’d be woken up at nine AM on a Sunday, in America, by Eijirou kissing his neck and tracing patterns on his hand, he’d probably punch you. But here he was, feeling Eijirou’s lips move against his skin before pulling away. What the hell?!

He wanted to get angry, to say it’s not the time for such trifles, but the warmth that bloomed in his chest was all too familiar. The same feeling he got when Denki said that stupid mantra of his, knowing he could barely hear without his aids, and repeating it just so he could hear him say it properly. Of course, Katsuki wanted to know what had been said, but it was not his priority. Today was the day they were going to see Denki, whether the paramedics were up for it or not.
He sat up and reached over, turning on his hearing aids before putting them in, glancing at Eijirou. The silly redhead was smiling brightly, looking out over the busy street from the window, and it felt a little too domestic to be quite right.

“Mornin’,” Katsuki mumbled, and Eijirou turned around and gave him the blinding smile which never failed to make his heart jump.

“Good morning, hot stuff. You ready to go check on Denki?”

At the nickname, Katsuki’s gaze intensified in annoyance, contrasted by the red of his cheeks. He rolled his eyes after a minute, nodding and getting out of bed.

“I guess. I’m more ready to punch his freaking cousin for letting him get hurt,”

“Oh, c’mon, I’m sure she was trying her best.” Eijirou reasoned, walking over and grabbing the remote for the television. He’d learned how to properly read a remote during his time on I Island, but didn’t know how to turn it off of the news once he turned it on.

“In the wake of Friday’s terrorist attack, we have finally received news on the state of the heroes on scene. And today, we mourn the loss of one of our greatest heroes; Mirra. Her sacrifice will not be forgotten, by friends, family, colleagues, and the citizens she’s saved over her career. We now take you live to an exclusive interview with Voodoo, one of the heroes on scene and cousin to the brave soul who defeated the terrorist.”

The telecaster sure cut straight to the point, Eijirou thought, before realizing that the woman meant Jess. Denki’s cousin. Suddenly, the news was much more interesting.

The camera switched, and he saw Jess sitting in a wheelchair with her right leg casted, left leg splinted, with various ugly bruises covering her skin. Briefly, Eijirou wondered what happened to the person who did that to her.

“So, Jezebel, can I call you Jess? Anyway, Jess, what happened with your cousin? Is he alive?”

“He’s alive; though I’m afraid it’s my fault he’s in this situation. I shouldn’t have left him alone. And I take responsibility for that.”

“And what are your thoughts on his actions against the villain? Our viewers believe he should have let the man be crushed by the rubble.”

“I think that’s a bunch of bull****! He saved someone’s life! Any hero would do the same thing. Our job is to save people, not just save them from villains. That includes making sure the villain makes it out alive. Even if we get hurt in the process.”

“I’m not sure I follow. Is it not your job to beat up villains?”

“If I wanted to just beat up bad guys, I’d become a vigilante. Being a hero is about sacrificing yourself for others. It’s more than fighting and yelling; it’s being a good person to people who hurt you and those close to you. It’s being willing to sit down in a maximum security prison to talk to villains who want you dead, just so you can try and help them. Pushing them out of the way of a falling building before making sure you yourself are safe. No one is irredeemable. Don’t just do right by people who have done right themselves. Denki made the right call and I don’t know a single ******** hero which would argue that fact!”

The look on the interviewer’s face was a little uncomfortable, and he quickly backtracked his questions.
“So, uhm. How’d you get those wounds?”

“I absorbed them from my cousin when we rescued him from the rubble. Some of the other heroes were willing to take on the burden, and I’m eternally grateful for them. He’s still not in great condition, but he’s alive because of them.”

Katsuki shut off the tv, ignoring Eijirou’s protests. He didn’t want to hear about it, he just wanted to get to the hospital and kiss Denki’s stupid face. He didn’t care about who saved him or how; it was the fact that he was safe that mattered.

Eijirou respected that, and kept the tv off.

The drive to the hospital was, for lack of a better term, tumultuous. With the destroyed stadium came construction crews and rubberneckers, loud honking of horns and blockages on the road. But still, they arrived, only to be told they could go to see him one or two at a time. Tokiwa was about to protest, when Noriko gently took her hand and led them to a waiting area. She explained the situation to them, and how they couldn’t leave them alone in the waiting room. So one of them would go in with the teenager, and it was merely picking them. Eijirou chose to go with Noriko, while Katsuki didn’t care and ended up with Tokiwa. This meant he went to see Denki first.

Denki looked paler than the white sheets he lay on. The steady beep, beep, beep of the heart monitor was reassuring, but the breathing mask he wore spoke volumes atop the cast he wore on his arm and bandages around his head. His angry red marks marred his skin wherever he could see, even stretching over his face where only light spots would normally occur. There were dark circles under his eyes, bruises forming alongside where the red marks scarred. He had an IV in one arm, and a blood drip in the other; hands splayed open with quirk inhibitors along his wrists to ensure he didn’t mess with the machines. His hair clung to his face, with tears wetting it and it stuck to the moisture.

He was lacking any emotions, not a smile or a laugh upon his lips, and that hurt more than seeing him in such a state.

This was after the bitch used her quirk on him, Katsuki realized. If Jess hadn’t done what she did, there was no possible way he could have survived. He stood, stock still in the doorway, and watched as Tokiwa approached her son and sat on a nearby chair, reaching out to stroke his bangs away from his face.

“Denki? It’s mama,” She whispered, “Mama’s here. Mother’s coming to see you soon. Someone else is here to see you, you know.”

As she spoke, Denki’s heart monitor beeped a little faster. He was completely unconscious, but somehow, the words were reaching him. Katsuki hesitated before walking over, taking the other seat next to the woman.

“Talk to him, he can hear you.” Tokiwa said with a smile, and Katsuki briefly thought she was crazy. But hey, he wasn’t in a position to argue. He took a deep breath and reached over, taking one of the blonde’s hands in his own. He was so cold...

“Hey, Denki.” He began, very quiet, “What you did was pretty fuckin’ stupid, ya know. Scared the living crap out of me and Ei, not to mention the rest of the class. You’ll probably get the third degree when we get back. So wake the hell up already, idiot. There's no fucking way you can hear me… but wake the hell up, damnit.”

The little increase in the heart rate jumped Katsuki's hopes as well.
“He can hear you,” Tokiwa said, her voice breathy and she gently stroked the back of Denki’s hand, “This isn't the first time he's been in this state.”

“What?” Katsuki hissed, looking up at her. This wasn't the first time he'd been in a coma-like state?!

“He was. It was only for around three days, though.” She hummed, “He’ll be alright.”

Katsuki went quiet for a while, just staring at Denki’s peaceful face. It looked like he'd been sleeping, if he ignored the injuries. Everything was quiet, and he couldn't do anything but listen to the sound of breathing and the beeping of the machines around them.

He couldn't stand it. Without Denki's laughter, everything seemed too quiet. And on top of that, he wanted to tell Denki that he loved him, but the words wouldn't come out. He often considered himself far too stubborn to ask for assistance, but when the words just wouldn't come, he had to admit defeat.

“Oi,” he grumbled, “How the hell do you confess to someone?”

“Well, Bakugo, you could write it down if you don't want to tell him. Or you could show him instead of tell him.” Tokiwa responded, leaning back.

“Ugh, if it were that fucking simple, I would have done it already!”

“I apologize for not being able to help you out with your issue, Bakugo. But yelling isn't going to help.”

“Shut up!”

“Why do you think you are having a hard time doing it?”

“Like I'd tell you!”

“It's alright, you know. To not know what to do.”

At her words, he paused and began shaking. What the hell did she know?! He had to know what to do! He had to be perfect! If he wasn't, then what was he?! He didn't know. And if he didn't know, he wasn't perfect, and then the cycle continued ad infinitum. It was a horrendous, vicious mindset which constantly threatened to tear him apart at any given moment.

“It's okay to not know what to do, Bakugo. Or to not be able to do something. It's alright if you're confused.”

“Shut the hell up… You don't know what the fuck I feel,”

“You're probably confused, maybe scared…”

“I am not scared, damnit! Just because I was kidnapped and attacked by villains doesn't mean I'm scared! And even if I was, it already happened and it could have been worse!”

“Thank goodness it wasn't.”

Katsuki's breath caught in his throat. His vision blurred and he stared at the woman, trying to activate his quirk and only finding his hands warming. Her delicate hands reached out him and wiped away a stray tear. When had he started crying?

“Thank goodness it wasn't worse.”
“Don’t touch me…”

Tokiwa leaned back and her soft smile betrayed no fear. She wasn't scared of him hurting her. She understood why he was stressed out over everything in the summer, with this being the catalyst for the beginning of a meltdown.

“I’m *not* dealing with this right now,” Katsuki whispered, “No fucking way."

“And I won't make you. But if you ever want to, my door is open.”

The silence returned, and it was deafening.

Tokiwa excused herself briefly, needing to speak with a nurse about the full state of her son. Which left Katsuki alone with Denki and the silence.

Katsuki wished Eijirou was there. The redhead always knew exactly what to do to make him feel better. But instead, he was left with the *beep, beep, beep* of the heart monitor and the labored sound of automatic breathing. He looked up at his boyfriend's face, thinking over the times when he'd seen it light up in happiness as opposed to the sad, bland state it was in now. He found himself reaching out to him, hand gently brushing his cheek and a stray bit of hair.

He didn't believe Denki could really hear him, and only had done it before to appease the woman. Still, before he realized it, he was whispering softly to the other blonde, tears he'd just wiped away shedding once again.

“I don't know if you can even hear me, Sparkplug, but you've put us all in a fucking predicament for the ages. Ei was crying; same with Pinky and a lot of your friends. And it's my fault. It's my fucking fault for getting kidnapped. You wouldn't have been ignored if I hadn't been so damn weak… But, ya know, I realized something.”

As he softly spoke, his hands moved to grip Denki's own, warming cold hands as he pressed his face against the blonde's torso to hide his face.

“I realized that I'd fucking *die* to keep you and Ei safe. I realized how shit of a boyfriend I was, and for fuck's sake, I realized. I. God this is hard to say... just come back to us.”

He didn't expect a response, nor did he expect his crying to turn into soft sobs. Watching Denki there, *alive*, but unable to talk with him or laugh or smile, completely blocked off to him, was absolute torture. Briefly, he thought that it would be better if Denki were dead. Maybe it'd be easier to handle.

“Please, Denki… just come back to us…” he whispered, “Come back so I can tell you I fucking love you!”

“I love you too, Kacchan,” came a weary reply, and Katsuki swore his heart stopped when he heard it. Slowly, he lifted his heavy head, feeling as if it were full of rocks, and his crimson eyes met bleary gold.

Denki was awake, smiling at him, and Katsuki never wanted to let it fade away again.

Chapter End Notes
“Fall in love with someone crazy. Someone who will come back to you, who will forgive you the world over. Find someone crazy, who will love you back.” That is something my grandmother said to me. It was the only bit of romantic advice she ever gave me, and it's stuck with me my entire life. Today, April 5th, 2019 is the sixtieth anniversary of my grandparent's meeting. I miss her a lot and so I kind of wanted to write the chapter with the love advice featuring her own. Hope you enjoyed the chapter!
And all the days which are yet to come.

Chapter Notes

(I've been trying to upload this for days omg )
And with this, it's over. This is the last chapter. It's been an honor writing this for all of you wonderful readers, thank you for sticking with me through this! And I know I promised more smut, but I couldn't bring myself to write it for this chapter. It just felt forced.
Thank you, all you wonderful readers, for your kindness and patience with me. I wanted to make sure Denki and the group got closure with this chapter, and I hope I accomplished it. If you think I haven't, then let me know and I will attempt to reconcile the misdeed!
I love you all, so much. Thank you again for reading, and I wish you a good day!
P.S. Anyone wanna guess the number of pages that this took up on my google docs?

Denki was released the next day after getting basically ordered to go see Recovery Girl once he returned home. For all the quirks they had in the hospital, a healing quirk wasn't one of them. The closest thing they got was Jess’s quirk, and she was at her limit. Eijirou, when he heard Denki was awake, ran to the room and collapsed at the side of the bed. Denki had just smiled and pulled him up for a kiss, humming softly.

Being in a coma was something Denki had never been able to describe. Simultaneously being aware of everything around him, and yet completely in his own world. In his moments of ‘consciousness’, he felt like he could see everything in the hospital whilst his eyes were closed. It had scared him the first time he’d been in one, after being rescued from the streets.

He was so ecstatic to be out of it, in the arms of people who loved him. His mothers would never admit to crying as they held him, but he knew they were. Especially Noriko; she had always been weak to him. Jess, when she’d returned to see her cousin, cried even louder than they did. Instantly, Katsuki was not a fan of her, though she sincerely apologized for what happened to Denki. Eijirou was grateful towards the woman, attempting to communicate with her and failing on multiple accounts. In the end, Tokiwa did the talking, and Denki rested.

The trip back to Japan was quiet. Denki sat in between Katsuki and Eijirou, resting on them for support. He was completely exhausted, his head filled with fluff or so he believed. He knew it was normal, and would be for the next week. But in that week, he was supposed to have physical therapy instead of hero training. He couldn’t wait to return with his friends, but he needed to let his body heal. Part of that meant resting.

Of course, his boyfriends understood that. They knew he needed rest. But that didn’t mean he was off the hook for everything which happened! Skinship was important, after all. Cuddles and all that crap, or so Katsuki said. He wanted him to rest, but he wasn’t going to let him get away with being out of the sight of either Eijirou or himself.

No fucking way.

Which is why, once Denki was resituated in the dorms–Oddly enough, everyone avoided the three of them–His boyfriends decided to make their move.
Denki sat on his bed, having just gotten settled in after seeing Recovery Girl. He was dead tired, being weighed down by his exhaustion. He couldn’t bring himself to care that his classmates were ignoring him, figuring they were giving him his space after what he’d been through. He appreciated it. The blonde teen snuggled up into his bed, taking a deep breath as he watched his boyfriends walk over.

“Goodnight, Lightning bug.” Eijirou said, kissing Denki’s cheek as he snuggled in behind him. Katsuki carefully got in on the side farthest from the wall, mumbling something.

“Mnn, where’d you get that nickname?” Denki asked, enjoying the warmth the two bodies on either side of him provided. He’d missed this, over the last week.

“Pretty obvious, ya know.” Katsuki grumbled, reaching out to hold onto Denki’s hand.

“I meant I was wondering why he started calling me it. Come to think of it, you both have been weirdly affectionate. I mean, not like I’m complaining or anything!”

“Well… We kind of realized something over the last week. We weren’t treating you the way you deserved to be treated; we didn’t let you know just how much we really care about you.”

Eijirou’s words weighed heavy over them, but Denki couldn’t help his chuckling.

“Guys… I knew. I know you guys care about me. Of course, if you guys wanna keep the cute nicknames and the cuddling, don’t let me stop you, but. I know. I love you guys.”

“I love you too! Katsu?” Eijirou asked, smirking at their partner.

“Yeah yeah, I fucking love you idiots.” Katsuki said, rolling his eyes. He didn’t understand why it was so easy to say, for it just to come out of his mouth with the meaning he intended. It was odd, weird even, and he didn’t think he could quite explain it. Unlike in books, there were no butterflies in his stomach, no clenching of his chest in unbearable agony and anxieties. He didn’t feel any different, as he was stating it simply as if commenting about the weather or how dead ass tired he was.

Denki smiled up at him, his cheeks tinting pink. He was so happy, hearing those words from someone he loved so much. Of course, he knew it was important, those words had weight after all, but he felt so damn happy about it he couldn’t dwell on that feeling.

He remembered when he was in middle school, he’d thought he’d never find anyone whom he could love. Who could love him the way he’d read about in books. A broken soul could only break others, he’d thought. If he didn’t love himself, how could someone else love him? But, he’d discovered something when he’d started attending UA, with the help of his friends and, later, his lovers.

It often takes loving someone else first, regardless of the type of love, to love oneself. He loved his mothers, he loved his friends and he loved his boyfriends. And they loved him. He didn’t understand why or how, but he wanted to become someone worthy of those feelings.

But he already was someone worthy of it, and they’d helped him understand that. And hearing it, hearing that they loved him regardless of his parentage, regardless of his past, lifted a weight off his shoulders.

“I’m glad,” Denki said, leaning up to kiss Katsu’s cheek, “Because I love you both. Now, can we get some sleep?”

“One more thing,” Eijirou interrupted, “Denki, I… Need to tell you something.”
“Hmm?” Denki turned to him, innocent golden eyes staring up at him.

Eijirou took a deep breath, feeling the blonde squeeze his hand, and summoned all his courage. He needed to say it. He needed to.

“Denki, I’m sorry. I’m sorry for what I said to you, I’m sorry for ignoring you, I’m sorry for avoiding you… I’m sorry.” His breath hitched, tears coming to crimson eyes. He felt soft hands gently touch his face, one warm and another cold. They wiped away his tears, and soft lips met his own.

“It’s okay,” Was softly whispered, “It’s all going to be okay, beautiful. I forgive you. You’re okay. You’re so wonderful, so good. It’s alright.”

“Let’s just. Fucking get some sleep.” Came a different voice, and Eijirou nodded. He didn’t wanna ruin the peace, but he’d needed to apologize for it. Everything was going to be alright, now. At least, he hoped.

Denki pulled away from Eijirou, so he could adjust and they could be comfortable as they rested. He helped them all get situated in a comfortable position, with him and Katsuki spooning and Eijirou in front of Denki. It was how they usually fell asleep, but with Eijirou or Katsuki in the middle.

Denki couldn’t be happier to be home, in the arms of the two boys he loved the most. And, as he fell asleep in their arms, for the first time since he left, he had pleasant dreams of all the days to come.

End Notes

Thank you for reading, and have a nice day! Until I update next!

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