I Guess An Apology Is Long Overdue

by UnluckyLuke

Summary

"I've made your entire school career, up until well into Yuuei, a living hell."

Being on TV isn't new to Midoriya Izuku, being a top hero, but usually, he knows what he's in for. This time, he doesn't, but he's pleasantly surprised.

Midoriya Izuku,

one of your acquaintances has invited you to join them for dinner for our latest TV show. They hope you accept their invitation. Remember: this will be broadcast.

We look forward to your answer.

Midoriya looked at the address he was given. A soft, warm light shone through the windows of the small restaurant located on the corner of a street. The orange glow tinted his white dress shirt and was definitely a change from the bright city lights he always worked under.

For the past few weeks, he wondered what the secrecy was about. The letters he received never mentioned which show he was invited to or who invited him. Just the time and place, a dress code, and an anonymous thank you note from whoever invited him. He wasn't sure if he should trust it but he could defend himself - it'd be really stupid to try and take out the number one hero like this, especially since he was known for his strength - with or without using his quirk. And, after all, the letters did come from a rather popular agency. He wondered if people declined often because of the vagueness of the letters.

Gathering his courage, Midoriya took a step forward and opened the restaurant door. An
enthusiastic employee welcomed him, thanked him for coming, and guided him to a table in the corner. There was a small production team - a camera operator, sound technician, producer, and a presenter who Midoriya assumed would be asking him questions before the mystery man (or woman, because who knew) arrived.

"Sit down," the presenter - Midoriya recognised him as Kobayashi Kamaye - told him, and Midoriya followed the order. The little corner was brighter than the rest of the restaurant, but he figured that made sense, since they were recording here. Kobayashi looked at Midoriya with a smile. "Before we get started, could you introduce yourself to the people at home?"

"Of course," Midoriya said with a smile. "My name is Midoriya Izuku, I'm better known as Deku to- just about everyone, really." He chuckled. "I'm the number one hero, which is still incredibly unreal, especially since I'm only 23."

"Thank you," Kobayashi said. The producer gestured something to him and he nodded. "Your hero name, as you already mentioned, is Deku. You're not exactly secretive about why you picked that, but would you mind explaining again?"

"Well," Midoriya rubbed his neck awkwardly. It was true, he's explained many times. "Deku can mean useless, as you know. I got the nickname as a young kid, and the person who gave it to me did so intending to insult me, since my given name - Izuku - could be read as Deku, and he considered me useless since my quirk manifested late. Back then I was deemed quirkless. In high school, a friend of mine - Uravity - changed that meaning for me. I chose it as my hero name in my first year of high school and never changed it."

Kobayashi nodded. "Thank you. With that, I'd like to introduce you to our other guest, the young man who invited you to this show - with the intention of telling you something he wants you to know." He turned to a side door. "Come on in."

The camera turned to the door and the door opened. The figure that appeared was all too familiar, yet one that Midoriya hadn't faced in a while. A normally angry figure looked unrealistically small and Midoriya thought he was dreaming.

"Kacchan," he said quietly. Bakugou simply nodded at him - Midoriya could see the slight, almost standard scowl he now tried to hide - and sat down opposite him. The producer nodded at him, and Bakugou took a deep breath.

"Izuku -" Midoriya's breath got caught in his throat for a second - "you're probably wondering why you're here."

"Honestly, I can't deny I'm curious," Midoriya said with a smile.

"Yeah," Bakugou snorted, "that's what I thought."

"Ah, that's the Kacchan I know," Midoriya concluded, his face lighting up. Bakugou rolled his eyes but Midoriya chuckled, leaning back. "Spit it out."

"Right, right," Bakugou muttered. "This feels oddly vulnerable."

"I was going to say it's just me but I guess the camera kind of takes that away."


"That's weird, Kacchan."
"What, calling you Izuku?"

"Yeah, you've called me Deku since we were like, four."

"Right. Then, Deku." Midoriya smiled. That felt better. "I invited you here because... Well, I've done a lot wrong in the past. To many people. But everything I've said and done to you all my life... Nothing I do will ever make up for that. I know that much. I'm not blind, Deku. I'm not an idiot and I do listen. And--" Bakugou took a deep breath. "I know now I was wrong. And I'm sorry. I've made your entire school career, up until well into Yuuei, a living hell. I hurt my very first friend beyond repair and I never even realised. I didn't - I refused to - see and admit that I was wrong. I was so focused on myself..."

"Katsuki." Midoriya spoke quietly. He wasn't sure if he could reach out and wipe the tears off his friend's cheek but he sure wanted to. He hated seeing Bakugou like this. "You're forgiven. You have been for a few years. You're my friend, despite everything you did and said. You know this. I won't say you don't need to be sorry because as you said, what you said and did isn't something you can just come back from, but you've been forgiven. And I don't want you to cry, that's not like you. That's my job."

Bakugou let out a snort. "You're a fucking moron, Deku."

"I know," Midoriya chuckled.

"And I'm still going to beat you."

"I'd like to see you try." Midoriya smirked slightly. "And beat Shouto first, hm?"

"Oh, shut up."

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