Kicking Fates Ass

by NewsAndTrash

Summary

Fate always had a way to make it difficult for Bakugou to achieve his dreams. That part was painfully obvious as the blond presented late... as an omega.

Shit. How the fuck was he going to become the number one hero now?

Notes

Welp. Let's see how this plays out. Wish me luck!
Chapter 1

It was all going as planned. Well, not exactly, but his determination paid off, and it would continue to do so throughout his years in UA. Katsuki clutched the letter tightly, listening to his acceptance speech, watching Al Might, the hero he’s always looked up to, congratulate him on getting in. Not that the blond had much doubts about getting in, but he wasn’t about to underestimate the choices of the UA staff.

After all, the fact that he hasn’t presented, along with any normal middle school kid, has thrown a curve ball into his plan. Present as an alpha, get into UA, and become the number one hero; a foolproof strategy. Instead, Katsuki was labeled as a beta, something shocking not only to himself, but his parents too. Looking back, he couldn’t imagine what their reaction would be if it turned out he was omega. The idea was bizarre, hell, he wouldn’t even know how to react to that. Beta was shocking enough.

Either way, he was still gonna become the number one hero. Sure, even being a beta would make it more difficult, but no one said life was easy. Now if he’d be an omega, you might as well say goodbye to the hero life, let alone number one. It was unheard of for an omega to make it into the hero course at UA, sure general studies, but it wasn’t the same. Even if you were able to get into the hero course, the day society could see an omega as number one, was the day the world would end.

There would be riots, people marching in the street, loss of love in heroes. A playground for crime, villains would flourish. No way anyone of higher power was about to let that happen. It wasn’t fair, but it wasn’t Kusuki’s problem. Not yet at least.

To see Deku walking up to UA on the first day of classes was a shock. To see the idiot making friends, in his class, 1-A, the hero's course. It was bad enough to see him at the actual entrance exam. Not to mention the little runt had a quirk. He kept a powerful, though self destructive, quirk secret from everyone, not only in middle, but elementary school too, including Katsuki. The blond would never admit to feeling a twinge of betrayal, after all, the greenet was obsessed with him.

He’d have to be careful, the nerd could a wrench in his plan. But for now, he was nothing but another bug he had to squash, just an extra.

All in all, Bakugou expected some changes, and challenges, thrown his way. That would try to prevent him from reaching his goal, not that he’d let them. It was all expected, he learnt not to underestimate fate. Judging from experience, it seemed to have a funny way of fucking with him.

And fuck with him it did, for Bakugou never expected to wake up one morning, sweat pouring down his skin, arms clenching his gut, willing the sudden, and painful, cramps to fuck off, legs kicking himself out the the suffocating sheets, mind fogged with the desire of relief. Bakugou was smart enough to know, it may not seem like it, but he paid attention in class. There was no mistaking this, a heat was coming on. Him, Bakugou Katsuki, was about to be thrown into a heat, of what was only experienced by omegas.

He wasn’t stupid. There was no way he could deny it, he knew what his body felt like when he was sick, this wasn’t it. He also knew that it happened, it was rare, but it happened that every once in a while, someone could present late, really late, even after declared a beta. It just had to be him. Out of every unlucky fucker in the whole goddamn universe, it had to be him. Jesus, what did he do in his last life to deserve this?

Knock , knock , knock . He must have murdered someone. He wanted to yell at them to go away,
leave him alone, yet an uncomfortable groan was the only sound to escape his mouth.

“Bro, you still in there?” Kirishima’s voice came muffled through the door, followed by another series of knocks.

Maybe he’d fuck off once he realized Bakugou wasn’t about to reply. Knowing the redhead, he didn’t get his hopes up. A minute of silence passed before the knob rattled, followed by the click of an opening door. Katsuki could do nothing but stare as it fell open to reveal the spiky haired teen. Not even a second later, it slammed back shut. Kirishma took one look at him and he knew, no, it must have been his scent. Fuck, he must of reaked of omega heat.

“Shit, I’m sorry. Fuc- I didn’t know, sorry!” Kirishma shot off apologies.

“J-ust,” Katsuki groaned, rolling onto his back, “fuck off.”

“Y-yeah.” He squeaked out.

Great. This was it, he was going to tell the whole fucking class. Everyone would know by lunch, the students, teachers, staff, everybody. Goodbye UA, goodbye dreams. This wasn’t happening.

But it very much was, judging by the slick that began seeping down his legs.

To think Shitty-Hair would be the only one to show up at his dorm room door would be hopeful, a fantasy. The second the school day was over, or so Katsuki assumed it was around that time - seeing that he was a bit preoccupied with the impromptu heat, Deku came knocking at the door. Luckily, the blonde had half a mind to lock it after what happened that morning.

Bakugou assumed he chased Deku, along with anybody else, off with something along the line of ‘fuck you’. Though, the week sorta went by in a blur, nothing stuck to his memory but the suffocating bed he felt almost glued too. The teen was pretty sure he remembered telling someone he was sick though. He’s also certain he destroyed his bedding at some point with his quirk.

Either way, by the end of the week, and fortunately his heat, Bakugou was exhausted and contemplating death. He never wanted to go through something like that again, was there a way to get rid of, the omega part of a person, or at least their heats? He’d have to look in it. No way was he going through that once a month, nor did he plan to miss that much class and training. A week behind. Great, how was he supposed to get his provisional hero license at this rate; yet again, another unexpected obstacle that he should have been easily able to bypass. Everyone else had it, well except for IcyHot.

What if he got it during this week? Katsuki’s mind unhelpfully provided. Logically, part of his knew it was impossible, but leave it to fate to somehow allow for that to happen. Fuck, the blonde was dreading tomorrow morning. What was he going to tell Aizawa? That is if he didn’t already know…

After a shower, change of sheets, and essential oils- with the hope to rid the room off any remaining scent- Katsuki was fast asleep. Apparently staying in bed for a week straight made a person tired, it was stupid to say the least.

The morning came too soon, he slept through till his alarm started blaring out an annoying ringing. He always hated that sound, and tended to wake up before it went off anyways, not often bearing witness to the annoying jingle, it was supposed to act as a warning; ‘Get your lazy ass up, your going to be late!’. Who thought it was a good day to have the majority of alarm clocks, or apps, to set that sound as their standard though, fuck. Did people actually like it?
Long story short, he was in a bad mood. By the time he was dressed, and exiting his bedroom, the mood only worsened. He hadn't had the chance to do laundry so he wore the uniform from the week before versus a clean one. Not to mention half his closet somehow found itself scattered throughout his room at some point during the week, so it was a pain to find anything in the mess. Heck he could barely make out the difference between his sheets and the clothing thrown on it. Half his text books were missing, and the room still smelt like shit, only now you could tell someone was trying to cover it up with shitty essential oils. Katsuki could only hope he didn’t smell the same as he descended down the stairs to the common area.

Not that anyone was there to notice, guess waking up late had its perks, and taking too fucking log to get out of bed. Seriously, how the hell did people survive heats? Luckily, He wasn’t that late, but he didn't have the time to prep anything for breakfast, or lunch for that matter. Shitty cafeteria food would have to work. It was disappointing to say the least, the only thing he’s been eating the past week were protein bars stashed away in his desk. After this week, he was never eating them things again. Well, at least he could still make it to the school before class officially started, and he did, the only saving grace of the past days… if you could call it that.

It felt as if the whole classroom turned to stare at him the second he entered the room. Who was he kidding, they probably did. Just because he makes it two or three minutes before the bell doesn’t mean everyone else wasn’t already there.

Aizawa glanced at Katsuki as if he were actually interrupting an important lesson or something (though he swore the caterpillar was sleeping at his desk).

“Bakugou.” The teacher started, “Kirishima explained everything.”
Katsuki’s face hardened, palms getting sweaty. Aizawa’s words echoed in his head, so they knew. They all knew, and now he was about to get called out in front of the whole- *f*uck! He grit his teeth. After every-damn-thing he went through, it was going to end like this. It wasn’t right, he clenched his fists. As if he, the future number one hero, wasn’t going to go down without a fight. They’d have to drag him out of this room.

Aizawa looked out of place.

“I understand-” Bakugou did not have a good feeling about this, “-that losing a pet can be difficult.”

What the *f*uck?

“But now that your back, I expect you to be caught up by the end of the day.”


“I’m sorry about your hamster.” He spoke quickly, “Now go sit down. We’ve wasted enough time as it is.”

Katsuki’s never had a hamster before in his life, nor does he ever plan to have one seeing that he’s fucking allergic, but if he did, he’d be kissing it’s grave.

Thank god for his non-existent, dead, rat.

Aizawa watched expectantly. The blond jolted to life, shuffling over to his seat, heart beating heavy in his chest. Seriously, what the hell just happened? Did that mean- Kirishima covered for him? He didn’t tell anyone? Relief flooded into his body, relaxing his muscles. He, officially, has never felt happier to have the redhead as a friend, not that he was going to tell the man that… but he might owe the guy a thanks. If it weren’t for Shark-Teeth, he’d most likely be in the principal’s office getting expelled with the excuse that Omega’s weren’t made to be heroes, they’d be safer pursuing a regular nine-to-five job, or better yet staying home. Fucking bigots, scared of bad media attention.

“Kacchan.” Fucking Deku, “I’m really sorry about your Hamster, I didn’t know you had one. I’m sure he had a great life… or she!”

On the other hand, instead of thanking him, Katsuki should kill that redhead bastard.

“I don’t have a damn hamster!” Bakugou hissed, turning in his seat, “I don’t need your fucking pity.”

Deku’s brows knitted together, “but I thought- Kirishma even said his name was Caramel Muffles. Yeah! With brown fur and a white tipped nose.”

Caramel Muffles? What kind of name was that? It sounded like a food. He was going to kill Kirishma, drag him out from hell, yell at him, and kill him again, only then will he be able to burn for
all eternity. Katsuki turned to face the front of the classroom before he could blow up Deku’s desk. And if he snapped a pencil or two in half, no one needed to know about it.

As soon as the class was done, Katsuki was up and out of his seat, beeline for Kirishima’s desk.

“Thank you, you fucking piece of trash shithead.” The redhead blinked.

“No problem man? I didn’t think you’d want them knowing.” He paused, “I didn’t even know. Bakugou-”

“Tch, save it.” The blond mumbled, “this isn’t the place.”

He felt awkward. Exceedingly awkward. Shitty-Hair kept it a secret, but he didn’t need one of his only, dare he say, friends looking down on him all the time now. How was he supposed to deal with this? Not to mention the damn eyes boring into the back of his neck, as if they were reading the blond’s mind.

“Just listen bro, you can talk to me, that’s what friends are for. You don’t have to keep things from me. It doesn’t make you less of a man.”

Katsuki didn’t know he needed to hear those words, yet could feel the tension escaping from his muscles.

“I didn’t even know- fuck.” He hissed, Aizawa gaze urging them to leave “let’s just go.”

The rest of the class had pretty much emptied out, the redhead only taking notice after Katsuki’s suggestion.

He blined, “yeah. I’ll lend you my notes at lunch.”

“Whatever.” The blond didn’t look back to see if Kirishma was following as he exited the classroom.

Come training that afternoon, the starring hadn’t stopped, the blond could feel eyes piercing the back of his neck. It left him on edge. If it was only Deku, he could deal with it, but even while the idiot got all flustered, looking every which way, when he got caught, Katsuki could still feel a pair piercing into him. It wasn’t the extra’s who kept following him around, their basic brains seemed satisfied with whatever stupid hamster story Shitty-Hair entertained them with, only sharing sympathies over lunch. Gross.

The mystery gaze was seriously starting to annoy him, and if he was being totally honest, made him kind of nervous. They must have known something was up, right? Otherwise they’d have no reason to keep an eye on him. Fuck, Katsuki was getting angry, at the mystery idiot, his out of character paranoia, the stupid world for starting this, and fucking Deku. Screw that guy and his annoying ass mumbling, what the hell is his problem now?

“Spit it out nerd!” The greenet shut up, knitting his eyebrows together, “your fucking mumbling every damn time I look your way.”

He shifted from one foot to the other, “It’s just- last week, you told me were sick. Since you didn’t show up to class, everyone was wondering, but Kirishma said you were going home, since, well you know. So I thought maybe you the next day or even-”

“What’s your point Deku?” The blond interrupted, the beginning of a headache coming on.

“Ah, well, it doesn’t add up. You don’t even have a hamster.”
“How the fuck would you know?”

He blinked, “aren’t you allergic?”

This annoying little brat. What if rodent fur made him sneeze sometimes? It wasn’t even that bad, and not an allergy Deku out of all people should know. Then again this idiot was the only one clingy enough to learn every detail of a person's life, right down to the last fucking mole on their ass.

Midoriya took the blond’s silences as a cue to continue, “-plus I was told you’ve been in your room all week? Not that I’m accusing you of lying or anything-”

“How told you that?” The curly fry jolted, firmly shutting his mouth.

So now he decided to stop taking? Katsuki scowled, just maybe he could get away with a few warm up punches… in the nerds face. It was training after all. The shorter one shrugged.

“Just fucking tell me!” Katsuki held up a fist.

“I don’t want to get him in trouble if he lied!” Midoriya averted his eyes back to incomprehensible mumbling, “...though I… think…Todor-”

“FUCKING HALFIE?” Katsuki whipped his head around, sharp eyes landing on the two toned hair.

Sure enough the male was staring at him, eyes growing wide.

Katsuki pointed finger, “YOU.”

“Hey Kacchan,” the nerds small voice cut in, “maybe try to remain calm, he didn’t do anything!”

The blond sent a glare to said man, “stay out of it Deku.”

“Okay class,” All Might’s booming voice cut in, “I see some of us are excited to get started, so gather around!”

Todoroki turned away, as if he hadn't just been caught as the one burning a hole in the back of the blond’s head this entire day. Katsuki was fuming.

There was a lot of fallen debris left on the training grounds come the end of class.

Katsuki made quick time changing, ignoring the extras as he headed back to the dorm, slamming the door shut behind him. He scrunched up his nose, deciding it as worth it to open the window. The fresh air welcomed in the suffocating room. The blond threw down his book bag and began folding up the clothing that he had left scattered around the room. It gave him something to do with the excess energy that kept returning. He blamed Half-and-Half.

Fucking bastard. How the hell was he supposed to confront the guy? Without drawing suspicion, shit… but it shouldn’t be too difficult right? After all, he was the one staring at Katsuki in the first place. Would the Icicle tell him what he knows though? Tell anyone else anything?

The blond scowled, he was getting ahead of himself, Halfie might not know anything to begin with. He could be just being weird. Who knows what that guy's problem was. He slammed a drawer full
of clothing shut, just as a light knock came to the door. Kicking a pile of clothing towards the laundry basket, the blond made his way over, stopping in front of it.

It was most likely Kirishma. Katsuki didn’t feel like talking to the guy right now, especially about last week. His hand levitated over the metal, he didn’t want to answer, yet if he didn’t the other would keep knocking. The blond twisted the doorknob, pulling it open.

Fuck. It’s as if he knew what Kasuki was thinking, the duel-haired asshat stood outside the blond’s room. Katsuki narrowed his eyes, Todoroki held up a text book.

“This is yours I tried to return it last we-“ He averted his eyes, tensing up as if on defense.

The blond swiped the book from his hand, ignoring the odd behaviour in favour of the question that’s been haunting him all day, “why the fuck have you been starring at me IcyHot?”

No better way then straight to the point. Besides, Halfie’s the one who showed up at his door… that actually made things a lot easier.

The taller one cleared his throat, “Nothing, just- ah.”

“You know something?” The blond demanded, body on edge, as if prepared to fight.

“I do, now.” He looked down at Katsuki, an intense blue and grey gaze that bore into his red eyes, “Bakugou. Don’t let anyone near your room the next few days.”

There was something different about how he said it, out of character. A warning. It made the blond’s heart race with nerves. Sent a shiver down his back. All he could do was slam the door shut in response.

The window was closed as a precaution, and Katsuki cursed his lingering scent.
Chapter 3

It was around supper time when the second knock of the night came at Katsuki’s door. As expected, this time it was Kirishma, standing awkwardly in the opening. The blond hesitated for a minute before decidingly slipping out into the hallway, shutting the door behind him, considering the idiot Halfie’s warning. Kirishma already knew, still, he didn’t like the idea of further proving last week’s… situation with the fucking leftover omega scent that remained in there.

Fuck essential oils, they did shit. Half-and-Half knew now, Shitty hair knew, and Deku? He was on a fucking breakthrough! Fuck his life, and fuck them three well he was at it.

“Dude, you wanna join us for supper? We got take out.” The redhead offered, jestering downstairs. Katsuki raised an eyebrow, “no I don’t want fucking take out with the damn circus.” He paid no mind to the rejection, “come on bro, we got spicy food for you. Let’s go!”

The hot-headed teen reluctantly followed at the insinuation that the extra’s did something right for once, throwing himself down onto the couch as a take out box and chopsticks were shoved his way.

The meal wasn’t as spicy as he’d like it to be. It was his fault, shouldn’t have gotten his hopes up, not with these extras. Not to mention, there happened to be more of them then he originally was expecting. It’s as if Kirishma invited the whole class down or something. The girls huddled together on the floor at one corner of the table with Earbuds taking up one of the chairs, Ponytail sitting on one of the arm rests, Raccoon eyes leaning against the other. Katsuki was seated at the end of the couch with Kirishma finding his way between him and Pikachu, while Tape Dispenser remained at the other end of the couch. On another corner of the table sat some of the other extras, including Four-Eyes and Deku. Half-and-Half took up the remaining chair, the one right beside Katsuki’s end of the couch.

Speaking of the CandyCane, he wanted nothing more to do with the freak, yet wanted to spend an hour yelling at the idiot. First of all, what the fuck was he doing with the text book to begin with? Secondly, where’d he get off thinking he can tell Katsuki what to do and just leave? Sure, the tip was probably considered helpful, seeing that he didn’t want anyone else to catch onto his scent, but fuck IcyHot. Bastard thinking he’s all big shit. It wouldn’t be wise to yell at the guy here, but he was pissed. Not to mention, he wouldn’t be stupid enough to bring up the blond’s… predicament. Hell, he warned Katsuki earlier. It’d be fine, the extra’s were to busy minding their own damn conversation, they wouldn’t notice the bickering pair anyways. So Katsuki took the chance.

“Why the fuck did you have my book?” He hissed, red eyes judging the other.

The heterochromatic turned his attention over to the blond, who couldn’t read his stupid vacant face. “It was left in your desk-”

“Don’t touch my shit.” He interrupted, asking for a fight.

“You weren’t there, we had a test coming up the next day-”

“My words stand.”

“-on chapter 6,” He weakly continued.
“I don’t give to shits about chapter 6.”

“I thought you might have wanted to study, to take the test when you got back.” The words hung in the air.

Well, he was back now. The blond’s eyes widened, the caterpillar’s words echoing in the back of his mind. Get caught up by the end of the day. So that’s what he was hinting at, sly son of a bitch.

“Damn.” Katsuki was up, out of his seat in no time, food slammed down onto the table, nothing but a grunt in response to the multiple pairs of confused eyes, who had abandoned their conversation and were now looking up at him.

He didn’t comprehend the red and white haired teen who followed him out of the common room and up the stairs until he was unlocking the door to his room, the taller one shoving his way into the corner of the blond’s vision.

“The hell are you doing?” Katsuki paused his actions, glaring at the other.

He blinked, “you just left.”

“Yeah, conversation done. See you never.” He pulled open the door, letting it swing shut behind, only for the Halfies foot to get caught midway.

He followed in, closing the door lightly. Katsuki formed a fist, the guy couldn’t take a hint to save his life.

“Get out.” He practically growled.

“I already know, your an omega” He paused, “and I won’t tell anybody.”

Someone finally fucking said it. No, Katsuki wasn’t ashamed. It was weird though, and new. He wasn’t used to it, never thought he’d be called an omega. That he went into heat. Fuck, hearing it made it so much more real.

He faked ignorance, “I don’t care, leave.”

Half-and-Half sounded like a lost puppy, “you don’t care if people know?”

The blond raised an eyebrow, explosions going off in his palms, “are you threatening me Popcicle?”

The other's eyes widened, finally a break in the stoic face, the shorter one honestly felt good he could get the child prodigy to looked like something other than a statue.

“No!” He blurted, “ah- sorry, I didn’t mean to-”

“Tch whatever.” Katsuki was over it as Todoroki’s expression regained its original state,

“Go away.” He stated bluntly, for, hopefully, what was the last time.

Well he didn’t have to tell the guy fuck off anymore, but… IcyHot grabbed both his wrists. Guess it was Katsuki’s turn look surprised. He pulled back but the heterochromatic’s grip held firm.

“Look at me.”

He narrowed his eyes, “the fuck you think you’re doing?”

Blue and grey eyes stare back at him, a never ending gaze that left the blond frozen.
“Bakugou,” Said man swallowed the lump in his throat as the other continued, “I swear, I will never tell anyone anything you don’t want me too.”

The implication of those words held heavy between them. Part of Katsuki was relieved he didn’t have to worry, had control over the situation. The other part, it felt as if he had everything but control.

He tugged his arms away once more, this time Halfie released his grip on him. The blond averted his eyes, taking a step back.

“Good.” The words were mumbled to the duel-haired teen, who simply stared at him.

Katsuki crossed his arms, red eyes flickering up to watch as Todoroki reluctantly left, once again quietly shutting the door, as if he were some kind of ghost, determined to make his presence as unknown as he could. If only that were the effect he left Katsuki with.

What the hell was that weirdos problem? …What the fuck was his own? After all, he shouldn’t have been left feeling as if his heart was beating out of his chest, thumping in his veins. Wrist hot where the bastard grabbed him, as if he was burnt, only without the pain of it. His mind jumbled, yet IcyHot being the only thing on it.

What a mess, it was all his stupid fault. The fact that he couldn’t think straight. That his wrists burnt even after he’d layen down for bed.

That he fell asleep to the blue and grey eyes, acting as an ocean of reliability.
Chapter 4

Chapter Notes

See the end of the chapter for notes

Katsuki awoke feeling a lot more refreshed then he had since this whole ordeal started. Maybe it was a sign that things were calming down? Working itself out? Would he be naive to hope that, or just stupid? Was there really a difference? It didn’t matter, not when he had real stuff to be concerned about, such as this piece of shit which was the chapter 6 Bio test with Sleepy-Sensei. He didn’t know when it was happening, or how long it was, only that the hour he spent attempting to study was not long enough for him to confidently cover the whole chapter. That meant he’d have to do some last minute crap before class, and hope for the best. Which, might he add, Katsuki hated.

Though he’d hate it even more if there happened to be some extras sitting around to annoy him too. That’s why the blond ensured his peaceful study session by arriving in the classroom two hours in advance, 7 AM. No one was up as he prepared his breakfast, a simple omelette to take with him. Katsuki expected most to still be in bed, a few early risers, but they’d take forever to get ready anyways, so he wasn’t worried.

The lights of the empty classroom were flicked on, and he shuffled down the empty isles to his desk. Making himself comfortable as he removed the textbook and food from his bag. The container was ignored for the time being as the blond scanned through the dozen or so pages, the parts he needed to work on being underlined in pencil, a sticky note marking each of the important pages, or at least what he thought Aizawa might deem important.

It wasn’t until twenty minutes through that he finally started with the food. Ten minutes later came the first interruption of the morning. Katsuki didn’t expect it to be this early, he could’ve done with a bit more time alone, in peace.

He didn’t know if it were for worse or better that the one who walked in didn’t happen to be a student, instead the sleepy devil himself. Katsuki was going to blow up the classroom if the guy made him take the test before school even officially started. He was early for a reason goddamn it, and test taking was not it

The pro-hero didn’t bat an eye, “Bakugou.”

The blond grunted, training his eyes back down to the book in front of him. He sure as hell wasn’t about to provoke the guy into a conversation. God forbid how awkward that would be.

“Your here early.” Well, turns out he happened to be in a talkative mood this morning, which might just be a tad bit strange (and by a tad he means sense the fucking sarcasm) for someone who usually arrives late to the class he’s teaching, and sleeps through it half the time.

“Speak for yourself.” He couldn’t help but mumbled.

“Mm,” Caterpillar either didn’t hear or ignored him, continuing on with his own train of thought, “you can’t fool me.”

Katsuki tensed, eyes freezing in the middle of the passage he was reading, previous words thrown out of his head, replaced with the spoken ones. Surely he didn’t know.

“I told you to be caught up by the end of the day, not catching up this morning.”
Fuck this guy. He didn’t know who was worse between the three of them; him, Deku, or IcyHot. Maybe he should add Hair-for-Brains too, just to be safe. The blond swore he was gonna have a heart attack over these idiots.

“Who the fuck said I haven’t caught up?” He sassed, throwing the teacher an annoyed look.

He sighed, “I don’t appreciate your whining. I’m sure you heard about the test?”

“No, I’m here at who-gives-a-shit in the morning for the fun of it.”

“Right.” The black-haired hero dragged himself to the desk only to pick up a single piece of paper, “then let’s get this over with.”

Katsuki growled, that’s all there was to this stupid test he’s been studying his ass off for? All on a single sheet of paper? The blond shut his book, marching up to the other, and practically ripping the sheet out from his hand.

It wasn’t what he expected it to be. Not at all. It had nothing to do with chapter fucking 6, or Bio in general. It wasn’t even a test, no, it was a sign out/sign in sheet. One that was mandatory for every student leaving the school or dorms to sign. A sheet with a slot for your name, signature, reason, date and time. It wasn’t for this week, judging by the sheet full of names and dates written down, it was for last week.

“Do you know what this sheet has in common with the rest of them?” Aizawa started.

“I don’t fucking know. Is this going to be on the test?” Katsuki meekly defended.

“You didn’t sign out last week, or back in.” He continued, “and since your in my homeroom, it’s my responsibility to know where you are. I took it upon myself to contact your parents, and to my surprise, they told me that they haven’t seen you all week.”

Katsuki’s palms unconsciously sparked to life. The caterpillar raised an eyebrow to it, but didn’t bother cancelling out the quirk.

“Since you are here… and obviously yourself, I haven’t contacted administration, or presented your family with any reason to worry, but Bakugou. What the hell prompt you to think skipping a week of my classes was a smart idea?”

“Listen!” Katsuki started, struggling to find his words, “Kirishma’s a bad fucking liar and I don’t have a stupid ass hamster named after some kind of fucking food or shit. I only had the fucking flu, alright?”

“Why get Kirishma to tell a lie in the first place?” It felt like he was being interrogated, and the blond hated it.

“I don’t want to fucking extra’s fretting over me! I could handle it myself, just had to sleep it off.” He trailed off into a mumble by the end of the sentence.

“Kirishma can confirm what you’ve said?”

“Sure.” Someone else decided now was a good time to come through the door.

“Is he the only one?” Katsuki met eyes with the half-and-half bastard, it briefly crossed his mind to get him involved with the conversation.
Would it be helpful to have someone else at his defense? Why the hell was he here so early anyways? And it looked like he was half asleep.

“Todoroki.” Aizawa spoke again, before Katsuki could respond to his question.

The heterochromatic froze his movements, instead, turning to stare at his teacher.

“I heard you tell Midoriya that you had spoken to Bakugou last week, is this true?”
Said blond sent him a glare, but knowing that nincompoop, he wouldn’t get the warning.

“It is, but,” He carefully responded, eyes meeting Katsuki’s again, “it was only through the door. He told me to go away.”

Aizawa sighed, as if he were the one most inconvenienced by this whole situation. If only he knew.

“Thank you Todoroki, you may go back to whatever you were doing,” He turned to the blond, “here’s the test, I expect you'll be done it by the time class will start.”

This time, what he was handed, was a lot more than one sheet of paper. This was by far one of the longest mornings he’s ever experienced.

Chapter End Notes

Would shorter chapters or longer ones work better? Cause I can do either. I just keep finding good places to stop with the shorter ones.
Chapter 5

The fingers repeatedly tapping on the wooden desk was almost as annoying as the muttering that would usually be heard coming from the greent. Everyone in the class must have been able to hear the consistent tap, tap, tap, Katsuki baring the worst of it seeing that the exact cause was sitting right behind him. Were they waiting for him to kill the guy? Hypersomnia-sensei has said nothing, hasn’t even bothered looking towards their corner, just droning on, and on, and fucking on. And on this side of things, it was difficult not to catch the multiple glances thrown towards the nerd from the extras.

First he gets up early, only to write a fucking Bio test, which for your information, he easily finished before class started. Plus, the Caterpillar nearly caused him a heart attack, and damn CandyCane got involved, why the hell is he suddenly everywhere anyways? Now we’re here, back to the annoying little fucker who probably looks constipated trying to solve the mystery of why the hell Katsuki lied about last week, and if it stopped the stupid damn tapping, he was about ready to tell the male himself, and save everyone from this ear rape- fuck. The idiot had started mumbling. Not just tapping, but mumbling too. Katsuki swore he heard everyone in the room groan, and throw their heads down in defeat.

“That’s it!” The blond swung his seat around, fist immediately wound up in Deku’s uniform, his other hand held up with explosions forming in the palm.

Only for it to be canceled out. Hey, at least the noise finally fucking stopped.

“Bakugou, let go of him and turn back around.” Aizawa didn’t sound too impressed, “and Midoriya, please mind your actions, the tapping’s getting annoying.”

“Oh,” the nerd had the audacity to look guilty, “sorry.”

Katsuki sneered, letting him go and turning back around to face the front of the room, only for the greent to hiss out his name.

“Kacchan.”

“What?” He didn’t bother looking back at the other.

It took a minute before the reply came, “nothing, never mind.”

Well, this so called nothing caused him a headache and cost him an hour of his life, great job.

The damn nerd was still acting weirder than usual, that meant he was still acting more annoying than usual. At least he quit it with the tapping, though Katsuki couldn't tell if his pacing of the gym floor while staring this way every ten seconds was any better. They were waiting get dismissed, the blond usually being one of the first to finish getting changed, though apparently Deku decided to finish quickly as well. There was nowhere to go and nothing to do but try your best to ignore the nerd, a surprisingly difficult task.

Especially when said piece of broccoli is slowly, and nervously, inching towards you. And a nervous Deku meant a muttering Deku. Dammit, why couldn’t everyone just leave him be? Why did Katsuki have to be a beacon for attention? At least those other clowns took forever to get changed, he’d hate
to be circled by them, while gawked at by Deku, and fucking stalked by none other then Freeze-Tag himself. He could feel those stupid, duel-colored eyes staring at him from across the gym. Another quick changer, or at least today, where they ganging up on him, or what?

“Um, Kacchan?” So he finally got the guts to speak, “can I ask you something?”

“What?” The blond growled back. “are you still going on about last week?”

“Sort of, yes-”

“I was fucking sick kay?” He interrupted, the excuse worked on Aizawa, Deku’d be no different.

“Huh?”

“You heard me idiot.” Maybe he’d finally screw off, and Katsuki could go through his evening in peace.

“I guess that’d explain it, but...” He looked lost in thought, rubbing the back of his head.

“What?” And the blond couldn’t help but fall to the bate.

“Your scent.”

It felt as if those two words froze time. His scent, it had to ruin everything, didn’t it?

“What about it?” Deku came nowhere near his room, he couldn’t have smelled the heat, or what was left of it.

“You smell different,” he squeaked, “Sweet. Something other then your quirk.”

“And how the hell would you know?” The blond yelled, this fucking guy.

“Ah! Well, when you grabbed me earlier!” He took a step back, taking a large breath of air, “Kacchan... did something- are you-”

“Bakugou.” Fuck.

That was close, and scared him to death, fuck that guy. But whatever Deku had to say next, well, Katsuki didn’t have a good feeling about it.

“Oh, Todoroki! Hi.” Suddenly the tension of their conversation was left behind, though unlike that dweeb, the blond still felt the precautions of it.

“Hi Midoriya.” Sure enough the heterochromatic was standing right behind the blond.

Deku tilted his head, “you want Kacchan for something?”

Halfie turned his attention back to him, “you forgot your textbook again.”

The blond narrowed his eyes, one-hundred percent sure he did not. In fact, he made sure to check twice for this exact reason. He didn’t need half-and-half picking it up again, or anyone else for that matter.

“I set it on the bench.” He followed Halfie’s eyes across the room.

Someone’s book was laying on that bench.
It didn’t take a genius to realize Todoroki Shouto was trying to disrupt the bickering pair. Shouta hadn’t been very impressed when said student began scavenging through another student’s bag, and judging by its condition and the current situation, the teacher had no doubt it was Bakugou’s. That was only confirmed when he went marching over to the book Todoroki had stolen from the bag, and proceeded to yell at Todoroki for taking it out of said bag.

It was times like these when Shouta wanted a nap. Teens were too much to deal with, especially this group. Midoriya remained in his place, looking as if he had just found out alien’s existed. Bakugou was acting, for the most part, himself, though a bit skittish. Todoroki, was difficult to read, but seeing as he was hanging around the temperamental blond, something wasn’t right. What could happen in one week that could cause such a scene? Bakugou was obviously keeping something. Todoroki must of had something to do with it, otherwise they wouldn’t be speaking. Karishma must of been in on it too, or he wouldn’t have spread around such a ridiculous lie, it wouldn’t be like the blond to come up with it, not when he was allergic to rodents, and when he wouldn’t be caught dead naming something Caramel Muffles. It had to have been the redhead’s idea.

Then there was Midoriya. He must of caught a slip up of sorts, he knew something, and judging by his current state, it had to be something big. Now why the hell did Shouta bother with this? It was too much work, and most likely something stupid? Well, Bakugou wasn’t about to get off a week of classes then lie to his face. That was asking for an investigation, and it didn’t take much energy solve either. He could do it with his eyes closed.

“Midoriya.” The student was taken aback, but made his way over just as the dismissal bell rang.

“Aizawa-sensei?” He looked hesitant.

He definitely knew something. Only, would he tell? Only one way to find out.

“You know Bakugou’s secret?”

His eyes widened, “I-I had a hunch, so it’s true? H-he told you?”

Well, that was an interesting reaction.

“You are speaking of why he didn’t attend class last week?”

The greenet nodded, movements choppy, anxious.

“Why would he- You won’t kick him out, will you?” The boy’s eyes met his, a sharp light to them, as if he were suddenly facing a dangerous foe.

“Kick him out?” So Shouta’s gut feeling was onto something.

Last week wasn’t just something stupid the kid’s had set up, the blond didn’t skip for shits and giggles. Not that the pro hero expected that in the first place, Bakugou was smarter than that. He just didn’t expect something so serious.

“Oh.” Midoriya backed up, “forget I said anything!”

Shouta slipped up. It was fine, he got the information he wanted, for the most part.

“See you tomorrow Sensei!” The greenet waved, deciding it best to make his exit.
The teacher let him go.

So Bakugou could get kicked out. Only so much in a week could happen to make that pausable. This was turning out to be more interesting than he originally thought, and, if he might add, concerning.

Katsuki wasn’t done yelling at the bastard who attempted to squeeze his way into the crowd of student’s piling out the door to leave. He was avid on keeping up with the Halfie, luckily due to that stupid hair, he wasn’t too difficult to pinpoint in the crowd either.

“Oi!” The blond was running up next to him as everyone began to spread out towards their respectable dorm, half-and-half barely sparing him a look.

“Where do you think your running off to, Stop Sign? I wasn’t finished.” He growled, “you stole my book only to give it back? You think your smart?”

The other’s eyes narrowed a fraction of a centimeter. It wasn’t noticable to the blind eye but Katsuki was an observant fuck, and it was the damn Icicles fault he was getting use to the minimilistic change of expression.

“It looked like you were in trouble.” He was getting used to the signs of IcyHot’s changing mood, that didn’t mean he knew what the idiot was thinking, nonetheless actually feeling, it was as if he were an unknown language.

How was he supposed to interpret that? Was he concerned? Annoyed? Did he have any idea what Deku was about to say? Was that why he stepped in to save Katsuki from the idiot’s deciding question?

It didn’t matter, the way Halfie went about it was as if he were volunteering to answer the question for the blond. That idiot, he should know the nerd was too determined to fall for that, he most likely came up with some crazy story in that mind of his. Katsuki concluded that his life was on a downhill spiral, and there was no stopping it.

“I was fine idiot!” He yelled, “you should have just stayed out of it, now Deku thinks you're involved in this shit.”

“Am I not?”

Katsuki stumbled, “no your fucking not! As far as you know I had a pet fucking rat that died last week, that’s all.”

“Oh.” He blinked, “okay, I can lie.”

“It’s too late now!” The blond hollered, “Jesus.”

“Kacchan!” The shout came out of nowhere, “Kacchan, wait!”

Both, him and Todoroki paused to look back at the quickly approaching greenet. The blond was about to turn right back around and keep walking.

“I’m sorry!” The words made him pause, sure it wasn’t unlike the nerd to apologize, but this was uncalled for.
He slowed down next to the pair, “I’m sorry, I didn’t mean to tell him anything, I thought he already knew. He has a way with words you know?”

Did this guy ever stop rambling?

“It’d be a bit weird if you told him, if it’s even true, it would make sense considering everything, but-” Deku looked back at the blond, reaching his concluding words, “I think Aizawa-sensei knows.”

It was as if Katsuki couldn’t breathe, as if someone kicked him in the gut. Halfie’s eyes were as wide as saucers. Well, at least now the blond knew what he looked like when he was shocked. And Deku, it looked like he was about to cry or some shit.

Stuttering out another apology, “I’m sorry!”

“Midoriya, you know,” the heterochromatic swallowed, “you know Bakugou’s an omega.”

“I suspected… so it’s true then.” It wasn’t a question.

They all knew.
Fuck, the blond didn’t know how much more of this he could take, and it’s only been two days. This was hell, and it looked like the nerd was about to say something, so Katsuki did what he did best.

“I hate you. I hate you both.” Detest dripped from his every word, the blond mustering the meanest glare he could.

“Kacchan.” Deku started.

“What? You wanna fight?” His guard as up, rationality be damned, and if it got him out of here, good.

“No-”

“That cause I’m an omega?” Anything to avoid whatever pity or lecture the nerd was about to throw at him.

“No! I don’t care about that Kacchan-”

“I don’t wanna hear it, learn to mind your own goddamn business deku .”

Katsuki scowled at him once more before making his exit, sparing Half-and-Half no more than a glance. He doubt Deku would bother following, and if he did, the blond would punch him. Same goes for IcyHot, Katsuki wanted to be alone. He wanted to figure this out himself. They couldn’t kick him out easily, actually, they most likely could. It’s UA, the most prestigious school for heroes. No known omega’s ever been admitted to the hero course. There have been some in general studies, but none have graduated and became successful heroes, as far as he knows.

They couldn’t kick him out, Katsuki had every right to be here, there was no law against an omega going to school, but there were bigots. A lot of them, along with loop-holes, and expensive lawyers that could destroy the blond’s life plans in a heartbeat. Maybe it’d be Katsuki’s short-fuse that got the better of him, or they’d pull the ‘concerned for his safety’ card. Then he’d be gone, outta here. Throw him into general studies at the best, expelled being the worse and more plausible outcome.

Right. Clear head, he could find a way through this. As soon as he hit his room, the phone was out, google up on the screen as he apprehensively typed. Most of the results were of no use to him filled with claims of; they’re not aloud . They legally can’t kick you out . Plenty omega’s graduate from university, they won’t kick you out even if you present late .

Then one came along. A situation similar enough to his own.

I’m attending a private school, a high-end, beta only one, at that. While visiting home during the winter I had heat. We stay in dorms the rest of the year, so I won’t be able to hide it. The school has a strict separation between secondary genders. I know they’re going to expel me, or at least transfer me to the omega sister-school (which doesn’t have my choice of study). Is there some way I’d be able to stay as is? Or make it difficult for them to get rid of me?

It wasn’t the only one either. There were a few more the blond found after that. They all had answers along the same line. A limited number of options, most that wouldn’t work in his situation. Bribing,
ha, yeah right, even if Katsuki had the money for it that was a stupid idea. Threaten them, make them look bad; sure, as if any of that would turn out well. It was all a downhill legal battle or childish antics that wouldn’t do a thing. There was one other, a last resort. A risky gamble that could all be for nothing, but apparently it worked. According to a few of the replies.

Katsuki throw his phone down, letting his head fall against the wooden top of the desk. Difficult situations called for difficult choices, right? He didn’t even know where to start with this one. It would ensure he wouldn’t get kicked out, right? Students lived in the dorms, and only students. They’d have to stick together... a knock sounded at the door.

“Bakubro.” Kirishma’s voice echoed through the walls, “you down to hang out?”

“No,” he wasn’t in the mood to see the gang of clowns, “fuck off.”

A minute passed before… “Todoroki, bro! Are you here to see one of us?”

Damn IcyHot. At least he decided to let the blond have some time to himself before deciding to bother him.

“I think Shoji’s downstairs and Bakugou’s being Bakugou.”

Said blond swung the door open hard enough to put a hole through the wall.

“The fuck’s that mean!!”

“So you are gonna hang out with us? I’ll be right back, going to grab Ashido.”

“Oi, Shitty-Hair, I didn’t agree to that!”

“Sure” He waved a hand as he left, obviously not taking in a word Bkugou had to say.

“Sorry to interrupt?” The duel-haired teen raised an eyebrow.

“What the fuck do you want?” He regrets ever stepping out of the safety of his room.

“I did some research.”

The blond crossed his arms, “you expect me to be impressed IcyHot?”

“For you.” Oh.

“This is none of your business either, idiot.” He scowled, “you didn’t find anything, did you?”

“One thing.” The blond nodded, “Are you going to...?”

The alpha trailed off, sure Katsuki must have come to the same conclusion, judging by the beaten down expression on his face.

“You could ask Kirishma, I’m sure he’d-”

“No.”

“Midoriya? He already-”

“Fuck no.”

“So you won’t?”
The blond threw up his arms, “shit Todoroki! I don’t know! I just fucking found out if I want any chance of staying here I’m going to have to- fuck. Get a fucking mate.”

It wasn’t until he said it out loud that the true significance really set in. What the fuck is wrong with the people in this world? Just thinking about it made the blond nauseous.

“I need a mate. Shit-”Katsuki whipped his head up to look Todoroki in the eyes, “Hey asshole. Be my fucking mate.”

He wanted to take the words back as soon as they came out. Wanted to lock himself away in his room and pretend like this whole ordeal didn’t happen. At least, if anything, he got to see Half-and-Half acting like a fish out of water, mouth opening and closing, eyes bulging. It looked like someone fried his brain.

“What?” His voice cracked.

“I know you damn well heard me.” And he wasn’t about to repeat himself, “let’s get it over with.”

“What?”

“Is that a no then?!” Seriously, the guy should be honoured.

Halfie managed to piss him off with a look alone, yet the blond still offered to be his mate. It’s Pokeball’s fault anyways, he’s the one so obsessed with inserting himself in whatever mess deciding to find Katsuki. If he seemed content with involving himself in the blond’s life there was no reason to bring anyone else father into this shitshow.

"No- why are you asking me?" The blond sort of felt bad for him, it didn’t look like the guy emitted this much facial expressions ever before in his life, it must of been getting exhausting. Confused dumbass.

“Well, you’re the only one here, aren’t you?”

“I guess… but-”

“Just fucking answer my question! Will you, or not?” He’d have better luck talking to a goldfish.

“Are you sure? This is serious. Being mates is a lot of work.” At least it sounded like he was on board.

The blond snarled, “I know that better than anybody, I’m not stupid. Nothing’s gonna stop me from being number one, you got that Halfie?!”

A second passed before Todoroki gave a firm nod, “okay.”

“Okay.” Katsuki exhaled, “let’s get this over with. Not out here.”

Fuck. This was it. Never in his life did Bakugou Katsuki give any significant thought to having a mate. There was no time for it in his overall life plan. They can be a lot of work, scenting, secondary emotions, heats or ruts depending on whether they were omega or alpha. Since the blond always believed he were beta until now, he never even thought about what it’d be like to have heats or ruts alongside a mate. Long story short, it’d be even more work. Then there was the fact that you couldn’t be apart from them for too long without feeling the consequences; nausea, fatigue, depression. You can see why being a hero and having a mate wasn’t the ideal choice. That was why Katsuki never wanted one, being put at risk every day out was bad enough. Sure, many heroes had
mates, most of them being other heroes (and therefore an alpha beta relationship), but enough anxiety came with worrying whether your mate would be okay or not. Leading many to take a break, or even retiring from hero work due to the extra stress shared between them and their mate.

Katsuki never wanted a mate, yet here he was. Shutting the door behind the two of them. Shuffling over to the middle of the room to stand in front of Todoroki.

“Are you sure?” The taller one asked once more.

It was only a temporary mark. Katsui wouldn’t bite back.

“It’ll only last a few months-”

“Up to a year.” He interrupted asking for a third time, “are you sure?”

“Yeah,” the blond narrowed his eyes. “are you sure?”

“Yes.”

“Then get it over with.” Katsuki reluctantly shifted his head to the side, eyes still sharply planted on Todoroki, whose own significantly darkened.

It was the first time the blond ever smelt IcyHot’s pheromones. From what he could tell, the heterochromatic always did well with hiding them. It must of been part of his whole impassive facade, so the sudden show took Katsuki by surprise. It wasn’t strong or demanding like he expected it to be. Actually it was kind of soothing, not that he’d ever admit that out loud. It made him want to lean into the other. The other who laid his head in the crook of Katsuki’s shoulder, nose buried in his neck. They were so close, but his scent wasn’t overwhelming. If anything, it was the feeling of Todoroki’s lips brushing along the blond’s neck that sent his nerves on high alert, shivers wracking down his spine.

“Ready?” His deep voice whispered into his skin.

“Go on.” Katsuki tilted his chin farther back, Todoroki’s white hair in the corner of his vision.

Then his lips parted, the blond sucking in his breath as the alpha’s tongue licked at the sensitive gland, prompting out his own scent that mingled with the heterochromatic’s. A second later, his teeth sunk into the skin.

“Fuck.” Katsuki’s eyes rolled back, body falling slack, Todoroki’s hands holding him up by the waist.

Endorphins and dopamine fogging his mind. He could hear the taller humming in satisfaction from, no doubt, the omega’s positive scent, now prominent to his new mate. Unlatching his teeth, the alpha wasted no time, cleaning the mark while letting off an even stronger wave of his own scent. Katsuki leaned into it, unconsciously bringing his wrist up to rub along IcyHot’s neck, scenting himself.

In return, Todoroki left the bond mark alone, instead, slotting his neck against the blond’s. Allowing their scents to blend further. Katsuki could vaguely process moving to the bed, limbs tangled upon the sheets, basking in each other’s presence.

If anyone called Halfie emotionless based on his deadpan face, they were wrong. He could sense every single feeling the other was going through; satisfaction, joy, amusement, over-protectiveness.

“So you aren’t angry all the time?” Judging from the teasing, so did Todoroki.
The blond didn’t even have it in him to yell at the idiot, leaving it at a half-hearted glare.

From then on they laid in silence.

That was until the door swung open.

“Are you-” Kirishma’s wide-eyed face came into view, “Oh. Congratulations...?”

Chapter End Notes

Too soon?
Nah.
Chapter 7

Bakugou Katsuki hated his life. This was the last straw, the dog that bite the hand that feeds him, the nail in the coffin, the final blow. Whatever the fuck you want to call it, he was pissed. Like, ‘I’ve been kidnapped by the league of villains’ pissed. This was going to get really violent, really fast.

“Shitty-hair.” Explosions were set off, singeing the blankets, “Get. The. Fuck. Out.”

“A-alright,” He back out of the doorway eyes shifting wearily between the two, “are you okay though? This was-”

“GET THE FUCK OUT.” The blond couldn’t be anymore clearer with his words, Todoroki’s face turning up into a cringe as a hole was put through the bedding.

The red-head was out of there with a yelp. The blond could briefly see Raccoon-eyes pink hair as Kirishma scampered back.

“Bakugou.” Said man glared at the closed door, teeth grinding together.

“Bakugou.” He remained silent.

“Katsuki.” That prompted a reaction, the teen turning to face him, Todoroki now barring victim to his sharp red eyes.

“Did I say you could fucking call me that? No, so shut the fuck up.” He spat, “surprised you even fucking remember my first name. Get lost extra.”

“Katsu- Bakugou. I’m your mate. I can smell-” He let out a deep breath, “I know what you’re feeling now.”

The blond’s insecurities wafted around them, triggering the other’s own negative emotions, casting a depressed state upon the room. It was as if an immense weight had fallen onto both their shoulders. How did people deal with this? Shouto found it nearly suffocating.

“I don’t care, get out.” It was clear by the mellow tone that Katsuki was experiencing something similar, “Hey- what the fuck? Are you- dammit, come here.”

They fell into each other, sort of like an awkward hug.

“Stop looking like a kicked puppy, it’s fucking stupid.” He mumbled into Todoroki’s shoulder, “die.”

He added the last word as an afterthought, though Shouto found there was no malice in his voice. Actually, he sounded tired, the heterochromatic couldn’t blame him, just that last few minutes had been exhausting enough.

“Fuck, it’s only Tuesday.” It sounded like he was talking to himself more than anything.

Deciding not to reply Todoroki instead asked “do you want some food?”

“I’m not leaving this fucking room.”
“I can get food.” Katsuki pulled apart from him, reaching to the desk drawer beside his bed.

A bag was tossed to the taller one, who caught it without problem. He stared at it.

He could feel it the second the blond flared up, “what? Trail mix not good enough for your rich ass?”

The other blink, “thank you?”

“Whatever,” he leaned back against Todoroki’s body, “your not going anywhere either asshole. We have to stick together for the next twenty-four hours, fucking stupid pain in the ass.”

As usually, the many layers of Bakugou Katsuki amazed Shouto. It wasn’t difficult to forget how intelligent the bond actually was under all the cursing and nonchalant attitude during class. It was as if he were nothing more than a ball of angry yarn, set on fire. Only if you’d bother to unwind the yarn, you’d be surprised how delicate it was crafted. Yeah, Shouto just came to the conclusion that he was crazy, what would the rest of the class be saying if they heard him calling the one-and-only Bakugou a fluffy ball of delicate yarn. Even his own mind had a hard time processing it.

The blond actually paid attention in health class, he’d think mates would be the last thing on the other’s mind. He also thought Todoroki’d be the last person he’d have as a mate, though to be fair, this was a weird situation, and the blond most likely still detested his every being, or at the best, barely tolerated him. This wasn’t the most ideal situation… but the blond was surprisingly cute curled up next to him, grabbing a handful of granola with all the violence he could muster. The alpha followed his lead, only with much more patient pace.

“I’ll kill you if you get it on the bed.” He grumbled.

The snack in accusation certainly made his demand challenging to follow, but it looked like Bakugou might end up being the one to break his own rule. Still, the heterochromatic munched on the mix, careful not to let a crumb of it drop onto the sheets, taking his time to chew.

When he was finished with it, Bakugou was fast asleep against his chest. The remaining snack falling through his fingers. Todoroki expected he’d be the one getting blamed for it once the other woke up. For now the bag was sealed shut and placed on the bedside table, carefully as not to stir the sleeping blond. Shouro laid back, head sinking into the pillow, holding the other against him.

How’d he come to be so lucky? No one else could see this side of Bakugou, one where his face wasn’t twisted into a frown, where he wasn’t yelling. They couldn’t hold him like this, not without getting an explosion to the face.

Shouto might of had a bit of a crush on the guy.

Who could blame him? Bakugou was good in class, even better with his quirk. Even though he was always angry, seeing him frustrated was sort of amusing. He cared about the class even though it didn’t look like it… at all. Todoroki even caught him making soup once for a sick Kirishma. He was like a responsible child. Sort of. If there was such a thing as that.

Now he was Shouto’s, even if it was only for a few months, even if Bakugou harboured no feelings whatsoever for him. It could have gone much differently, if he hadn’t found out, if he hadn’t seen the book in the blond’s desk and figured it was a good excuse to actually try to talk to him. If he hadn’t found out Bakugou was an omega.

Bakugou, an omega. Another difficult concept to wrap his head around. A beta was surprising enough. With all the anger he possessed, the blond acted more of an alpha then anyone else in the class, himself included. Even with stereotypes being proven wrong so many times, Todoroki
included, seeing that if it wasn’t for his powerful quirk or name most people’d automatically assume he’d be beta, so it was still hard to see the other as an omega.

The heterochromatic sighed, arms wrapping around the surprisingly small waist. The blond’s head was mashed against his left shoulder, figures, they weren’t covered by any blankets. Even in his sleep, Bakugou made the most of his resources. Even if this one happened to be using Shouto’s warmer side as a personal heater. Not that’d he’d be the first. They thought they were being sneaky, but Todoroki knew. Somehow the alpha always found his right side crowded with classmates during the hot days, and his left side during the colder ones. Though, this was the first time the blond ever came near him for any reason either then picking a fight.

The duel-haired teen did, in fact, realize how lame he was.

He didn’t really care, especially seeing that he was lying with his crush, on his bed… with an All-Might poster hanging over them. Shouto blinked, straining his head to take a better look. The wall consisted of a worn down poster, surrounded by photos of home he assumed, and- was that stickers?

Right. Bakugou Katsuki was, officially, cute. No one could tell him otherwise.

Katsuki was in a good mood when he woke up, which, rightfully, pissed him off. Usually he wouldn’t be one to complain about waking up peacefully, but first of all, he woke up half an hour later than usual. Second, he woke up splayed across damn Strawberry-Swirl, with half his body feeling like it had been dipped into iced water.

The fact that Katsuki wasn’t grumpy pissed him off. Almost as much as the idiot sleeping on his bed, whom he couldn’t stand more than an ass-and-a-half away without getting stuck in a sudden depressing pit of anguish and loneliness. His only satisfaction would be knowing that IcyHot was going through the exact same thing. Seriously, fuck bond hormones that made you feel like you’re on fucking candyland or some stupid shit and nightmare land the second you split from your mate.

This was more trouble than it was worth, and the Candy-Cane idiot still hadn’t stirred. Even while the blond stomped around his room, packing his bag and gathering his extra uniform. They both hadn’t changed since yesterday, and Katsuki felt like utter shit in the wrinkled fabric, crumbs dusting his pants… and the bed.

He wasn’t going to bring it up if IcyHot wasn’t, and if he did, well, it was all the asshats fault for making him get out the trail mix to begin with.

“OI!” The blond threw his laundry into the basket beside his closet as he exited the bathroom, “get the fuck up!”

Todoroki didn’t budge, Katsuki glared down at him. He jumped up onto the bed beside the other, cursing under his breath.

“Hmmh?” Halfie didn’t open his eyes, instead digging himself deeper into the pillow, but it was progress.

“I will kick your pitiful ass outta here.” The blond threatened.

“Pitiful-?” A yawn interrupted his sentence, “...wha?”

Katsuki couldn’t help but look down in wonder- who the hell was this, and what happened to IcyHot? He turned into a half-baked, lazyass in the morning? Unbelievable.

“Your wasting time, I need to make fucking lunch.”
“Lunch?” The other finally decided to open his eyes, frowning, “what’s for breakfast?”

Katsuki’s only reply was the sound of Todoroki’s body falling off the side of his bed. For a minute, the blond thought he killed him until the sleepyhead rose from the floor with a pillow in his hand.

“Okay.” Though a bit dazed, he was, for the most part, back to normal, “I need to get dressed.”

He eyed the door, who knows what extra they may run into beyond it. Katsuki reeked of IcyHot, and the other wasn’t any better. They’re scents would remain like that until the bond wore off. Not to mention the literally bite mark flushing red on the side of the blond’s neck. This was it, the moment that would make or break Katsuki’s goals, relying solely on the relationship between the two of them.

And Strawberry-Shortcake was out the door.

“Hey fuck-face! Where the hell are you going?” The blond grabbed his bag, slamming the door shut behind him, hot on the other’s tail.

“To change.” He said it as if it were obvious.

“Anyone could see us-”

“Everyone will find out eventually, besides, we need to scent, every few hours for the next week.”

“Every few hours- that's a bit much.” The blond mumbled, but he knew Halfie was right.

Mates were fucking high maintenance, yet another reason he didn’t want one. Heterochromatic didn’t bother him with a reply, so they were left riding up the elevator, alone, in awkward silence. Thank Christ they didn’t met anyone going into IcyHot’s room. He waited as the other changed, taking a glance around the traditionally decorated area. How’d he even get it looking like this in the first place? What happened with the bed the room came with? And all the other furniture for that matter? Not like it was any of his business anyways. It wasn’t his room.

“Ready?” The blond tensed, turning to face the source of the voice.

“Yeah, yeah.” He flicked his palms up, “wrists?”

“Wrists, neck.” IcyHot’s scent got stronger as he neared, the lingering drowsiness beginning to effect Katsuki, he tried his best to shake it off.

The last thing he needed was to fall asleep in the middle of class. Their wrists slot together, Todoroki grabbing a hold of his lower arms, the blond following his actions. The alpha’s hands felt soft against his skin, and he could feel the left one slowly heat up. It surprised Katsuki, IcyHot was using his quirk on him. His mind couldn’t help but be reminded of the sports festival last year, when Todoroki refused to use his fire on him, instead Deku. Always Deku. Damn shitty nerd.

Kasuki jolted as the heterochromatic forehead came to rest against his own.

“Tilt your head to the side.” Katsuki hated that he wanted to do so without hesitation or complaint, it was all the shitty omega in him.

Well, he sort of hated the urge. The sensation of Todoroki’s gland rubbing against his made it worth it. Guess it wasn’t all that bad.
Scratch that, it was bad. Currently riding down the elevator to their doom, it was bad enough to create an immediate headache, and another roller coaster of anxiety between the two of them. Having a mate was fucking torture. This was going to be the death of him.

“It’s not going to be that bad.” Todoroki was the first to break the spiraling silence.

“Bad?” Katsuki snorted, “it’s gonna be a disaster.”

Only when the elevator door opened, no one was there. No one was in the common area, and no one was in the kitchen. It was a ghost town.

“What the fuck.” This had to be some kind of joke.

“Uh, Bakugou.”

“What the fuck?” He addressed the duel-haired teen this time.

“I think everyone in class by now.” He jutted his head towards the kitchen clock.

“What. The. Fuck.” It read 9:34.

They were late. This was going to draw more attention then he originally planned for. Why did having a mate have to be so difficult? Katsuki blamed it all on the lazy-ass beside him.

Chapter End Notes

I feel like the ending's a bit abrupt, but I wanted to save the reactions for the next chapter, so whoops, this will do. Gotta wait a bit longer.
Chapter 8

Chapter Notes

It's that time of year again, so the update was bit delayed, but here we go. Finally! After all this time-

See the end of the chapter for more notes.

“What are you doing?” Shouto watched as the blond moved around the kitchen, pulling out different utensils, “we’re already late.”

“Exactly, so it doesn’t matter what I’m doing, does it now?” He sassed.

He sat down on the closet chair, “we’ll be late..er.”

“That’s your fault, if I’m gonna get chewed out over your lazy ass, I’m going to have a damn good lunch, and fucking breakfast, to go with it.”

“...What’s for breakfast?” Bakugou paused his movements to narrow his eyes at the speaker.

“Scrambled eggs and a fucking bagel, and you’re not getting any.” He aggressively pulled the fridge door open, ignoring IcyHot’s defeated scent.

He wasn’t about to cook for the two of them, if the idiot was hungry, he could get his own damn food.

“And lunch?” Katsuki continued on with his movements, pulling the carton of eggs and milk out of the fridge.

“None of your business, you aren’t getting any of that either.” The blond hadn’t decided anyways, he’d probably just make a fucking sandwich or something.

“Why not?” Why the hell was this guy so cocky?

Acting like Katsuki should be grateful he gets to cook for the royal pain in the ass. As if, the useless fuck should be honoured just to watch him cook.

“Why would you? You’re doing absolutely nothing but warming up that damn seat. No way you’re getting any of my food bastard.” He cracked a few eggs into a bowl.

“You think I’m pretty?” With an unimpressed glance his way, Katsuki noted the odd scrunched up expression IcyHot’s face distorted to when he was confused.

“It’s a figure of fucking speech, even I know that shit. Put some fucking bagels in the toaster.” He whisked the golden ingredient with fury.
“Sure. Which one’s the toaster?” No way.

He, genuinely, didn’t know what a toaster was? No, fucking, way in hell. How did he survive this long? How was he a UA right now? How the hell was he Katsuki’s fucking mate?

As if reading the blond’s mind- hell maybe he did, their telling scents were about the same thing- Shouto’s pitiful excuse came into play, “I usually use my quirk.”

For a second, Katsuki pictured Endeavor’s pissed off expression as Todoroki- who adamantly refused to use his quirk for fighting before last year- unimpressively set a bagel on fire before eating said bagel with a deadpan expression. Right.

“As long as you don’t fucking burn it to a crisp, I don’t care how the hell you toast it.” The blond added some milk to his mix, soon followed by salt and pepper.

“Okay.”

“And don’t set off the fire alarms.”

“I think we disabled most of them last year, after the first time you got angry and-”

“When am I ever fucking angry?” There was no reply,

Instead, the blond turned to find that Todoroki’s shoulders were shaking, hand coming up to cover his mouth. It was the first time Katsuki had ever heard IcyHot laugh. A serious to god laugh. Deep, smooth, laughter, muffled by his hand. He didn’t realize he was staring until Halfies gaze locked onto his, crinkled the corner of his eyes.

“What’s so funny you dick?” He sneered, “quit your damn laughing.”

“Sorry.” His hand fell from his face.

The rare smile spelled out everything but ‘sorry’, as if he were trying to get Katsuki flustered enough to set off explosions.

“Toast the fucking bagels.” He turned back around to frown in the, suddenly, unsatisfying mixture.

How the fuck was Katsuki suppose to respond to that? Cause he’s sure as hell, it’s not supposed to be with the blond’s heart beating heavy in his chest, as if he’d just ran a race. He’s also sure as hell that whatever the fuck Todoroki was laughing at wasn’t that funny. No one dared laugh at Katsuki, they knew the consequences, but IcyHot? Apparently not, he was weird as fuck, and the blond concluded he was gonna kill the guy during training this afternoon.

“What now?” His breath hitched, Halfie's voice low in his left ear.

Katsuki set off a warning spark, slipping away from the taller one.

“The hell you doing?” He haphazardly grabbed for the mixture, throwing it into the prepared pan.

“What do you mean?” A plate of about fucking perfectly toasted bagels replaced his scrambled eggs on the counter.

The outside was well toasted, even crunch from the looks, but not charred. Katsuki expected the inside to have some give to it. Damn it, there was nothing wrong with the freaking bagels, they were just the way the blond liked them.
“Just- put some damn butter on them.” He checked the eggs, “I’ll start our fucking lunch.”

Katsuki’s scowl involuntary softened as a small smile slipped onto the alpha’s face.

With the disappointment of breakfast and the shit Katsuki packed up for lunch, they were about an hour and a half late. Was it worse or better that Aizawa’s class hadn’t ended yet? The blond was contemplating standing outside the room for the remaining ten minutes until the bell, and if it wasn’t for the duel-haired shithead who pushed opened the classroom door without warning, he might of.

“The hell you think your doing?” Katsuki hissed, yet it was too late.

The blond watched on as he strode in as if it were any other day, Aizawa pausing his lesson.

“Oi, you fucking-” He spluttered, “banana split!”

Todoroki paused, tilting his head, as if considering the blond’s sentence.

“I’ve never been called a… banana split before.”

Kasuki marched forward, “don’t fucking mock me!”

Quiet murmur's fell across the class. Katsuki didn’t dare take a look around him, his eyes stubbornly locked onto Todoroki’s pretentious face, smirk plastered right across it. He was enjoying this? Sick bastard. The teen was about to call the other out for it when Aizawa interrupted.

“Bakugou, Todoroki. To my office.” His voice was as hard as steel, thoughts and feelings safely tucked away.

Both students wore a grim face as they shuffled out. Katsuki kept his eyes on the ground. He could feel the other’s stare on his back. He knew IcyHot could sense his unease, and the damn alpha still did a good job at masking his own. Still, it was there, and fuck him for making the blond feel a bit better about his own anxieties. He didn’t wanna take comfort in the fact that they were both emotional wrecks that couldn’t properly express themselves.

“Where’s his office?” Halfie's question awkwardly hung in the air as the blond continued on.

“Here.” He stopped, gesturing to the left, where Aizawa’s name hung on a silver sign.

“Oh.” Fuck the hot-and-cold bastard was too awkward, maybe it’d work as a last resort attack against a villain.

‘Half-and-Half used awkward attack!’

‘The villain hurt itself in its confusion!’

Katsuki snorted, pulling open the wooden door and flicking on the lights. A messy desk and scattered papers greeted them. A variety of books were thrown into corners. Pillows and blankets scattered across the floor.

“Fuck.” The blond shook his head, “I’m not dealing with this.”

“It’ll be okay?” Todoroki didn’t know what he was referring to, but could sense Bakugou’s distress the moment the light turned on.
He glanced around, did all teacher’s office’s look like this? Did a raccoon somehow get in? Or maybe a puppy? No seat was left empty, actually, no surface was left empty. Bakugou automatically dumped a chair load of books into the floor, looking down at if as if he were thinking of blowing the pile up. Which, the alpha was sure, would get them into more trouble than it was worth.

“I don’t think Aizawa-sensei will be long.” He said hopefully, succeeding in diverting the blond’s attention.

“He better fucking not,” yet his anxiety skyrocketed, “I’m not staying in this trash can a minute longer then necessary.”

Shouto reluctantly placed a pile of papers, carefully, on the ground, taking a seat beside the hot-headed teen.

“It could be worse?” He tried.

“Could it?” The red eyes dared Todoroki to reply.

Against better judgement he did, “have you seen Iida’s room around exam time?”

“Four-eyes? Why the fuck would I ever step foot in his room?”

“It’s surprisingly messy, I think the stress gets to him.”

The other snorted, “so much for class rep.”

A book, unceramonally, fell from it’s shelf. They peered down at it.

“On second thought,” Shouto mused, “this room’s still worse.”

“Damn right.” Bakugou agreed, for the sake of being right.

He gazed back at the blond, who shifted uncomfortably in his seat, eyes wracking across the mess in front of him. Oh. That was what got him all wound up. Bakugou was a clean freak? Shouto sat back in his seat, pondering the new found trait. Now that he thought of it, the other’s room remained quite tidy from what Todoroki remembered, and he actually cared if they got crumbs on the blankets. Another unusual trait that didn’t fit his personality. Omega that could cook, and hated a messy room. Shouto frowned, the alpha in him screamed ‘perfect mate’.

It was a foolish thought. First, that was not why he liked the blond, though he didn’t mind having a homemade meal once in a while, seeing that all he ate were microwavable meals and take out. Second, Bakugou was already his mate. His mate, no one else’s, and everyone now knew. Everyone knew they were mates, together. Even if it was fake, no one knew that. Well, the mate part was very real. It was the together part that wasn’t so much.

“Alright.” A drawn out sigh came from the doorway.

“Shit.” Bakugou cursed under his breath, Todoroki had the instinct to comfort him, and he was sure the blond would punch him if he acted on said urge.

“Yes shit. I am certainly not in the mood to deal with this.” The black haired teacher fell onto the chair behind his desk, ignoring the blanket’s that toppled off from it.

The hero eyed them, “Care to explain why I have a bonded alpha and omega whom decided to show up an hour and a half late to school?”
Right, no big deal, Shouto’s throat dried up. What was he supposed to say?

“I’m becoming a fucking hero and you can’t stop me.” He turned his eyes to Bakugou, who glanced back at him.

His scent gave away his insecurities, so Todoroki back him up, “we’re mate. We have to stay near each other.”

“Exactly, so you can’t kick me out.” Bakugou crossed his arms, gaze planted stubbornly on Aizawa.

A heavy sigh came from him, “you should of came to me earlier, what a mess.”

From what Shouto could tell, the only mess was the condition of this room. They had a full proof plan, for the most part. If it didn’t work out as easily as they hope, Shouto could always threaten dropping out along with the blond. He’s sure Endeavor would have something to say about that. He’d be furious, but wouldn’t dare let Todoroki drop out easily, and therefore Bakugou. They were mates, it was all or nothing. Not that Shouto would actually go as far as dropping out. He was just hoping it wouldn’t go that far.

“Bakagou, though your personality is shit, it’d be stupid for me to drop you over presenting as an omega. We could’ve worked this out, but you two went and fuck’d it up. Now you smell like burnt sugar—”

“I alway smell like burnt sugar, it’s my fucking quirk.” He growled.

Since bonding, to others, Bakugou must've smelled more burnt than sugar, and it must of been more prominent than his quirk ever was. Though to Shouto he smelled a smokey sort of sweet, as if you were burning ash tree.

“You know what I mean. Now,” he paused as if thinking over the next words, “we can fix the mistake, put you on suppressants—”

“That would fuck us both up, and it doesn’t change my scent or anything. It only stops heats.” Bakugou butted in, “suppressants don’t even work on bonded pairs, they just make people batshit crazy or depressed.”

Shouto fidgeted in his seat. He was sure Bakugou could feel his unease. After all, the duel-haired teen’s mother ended up in the, how’d he put it, “batshit crazy” part of that statement. He found out from Fuyumi that Endeavor had put their mother on suppressants, apparently hearing that they dulled the transmission of feelings between bonded pairs. Though, Shouto often questioned why they bonded in the first place. He never got an answer for it. At least the bond was broken now, ever since she's been sent away.

“Let me finish first.” Aizawa looked like he was ready to quit his job and sleep the rest of his life away, “it’s possible to break a bon—”

“No.” Usually Shouto was one to think before he spoke so the sudden interruption was a surprise to all three of them.

“Y-yeah.” Luckily Bakugou seemed to recover quickly, “what he said.”

“You two are being ridiculous.” He looked confounded, “you’re digging yourselves in a deeper hole. Don’t think your the first omega to make it into UA.”

Well, that took an interesting turn. There were omega alumni then?
“I’ll be the first fucking omega to graduate from here, become the number one hero, and everybody will know it.” The blond stood up from his chair, marching for the door.

Shouto rushed up from his seat, bowing as he uttered a weak excuse, “we have to go to our next class now-”

“Wait.” They paused, “you both have detention after school, two weeks. Don’t show up late for my class again.”

The door was nearly slammed in the alpha’s face as the blond left.

“Todoroki,” The tone of his voice took a sinister turn, “if I find out you’re taking advantage of Bakugou, there’ll be no second chance.”

No second chance. At what? He didn’t dare voice those concerns. Instead, Shouto silently left, with a chill down his spine and bile in the back of his throat.

Chapter End Notes

-We get Aizawa’s reaction. Oof.
Also, thank you guys a freaking lot for all this support, seriously crazy- I’m going crazy.
Sos, send help.
“You following me now, Halfie?” The blond glanced over his shoulder, sneering at the other.

“We’re going to the same place.” He sped up, matching pace beside Bakugou.

“Tch, go to hell.” Just when Todoroki thought he’d finally calmed the other down.

Well, calm’s a bit of a stretch, but they were able to hold a conversation earlier. Finding common ground among the messy office. Guess the mood was catching back up to him, that or the two weeks detention they earned. In the heterochromatic opinion, two weeks was excessive. Then again, he had Endeavor as a father, there was no such thing as excessive in their household. Aizawa was probably pissed about the sudden revelation as well, though it was none of his business, or so Shouto liked to think.

“Oi, IcyHot, you coming or not?” Bakugou stood outside the classroom, “don’t just stand there.”

“I thought you said-”

“I’m not dealing with these fuckers by myself. This is ’Mike’s class. The guy has no crowd control what-so-ever.”

Todoroki wanted to argue, but now that he thought of it, the reverberant teacher was better at creating a scene then controlling one. It was funny, as the class transferred into year two, it seemed as if all the teachers did too. President Mike was still their English teacher. Aizawa was home room, Bio, and usually helped out All Might when it came to training, seeing that his condition wasn’t getting any better, nor was there any sign that it ever would. At least it wasn’t getting worse, as far as the heterochromatic could tell, after all, he was still teaching them.

“Let’s go.” The blond growled, pulling the other in front as he kicked the door open.

Apparently he was deemed good enough as a human shield.

“Todoroki, Bakugou!” President Mike’s hyperactive voice boomed throughout the room, “nice of you to join in- don’t worry! I’ve been made aware-”

“Is- Is it true?!” The first student interrupted, Mineta.

It acted as if some sort of invitation for everyone to start talking a once, jumping up from their seats to join them at the front of the classroom.

“Fuck, they’re like a horde of zombies, out for flesh.” He caught Bakugou complaining as he came up to stand beside Shouto, bracing for the onslaught of noisy questions and observations.

“Hey now!” Mic attempted to no anvil.

“You guys are mated?! I didn’t know for sure when we knocked on the door, but-” Asido started, though Shouto wasn’t sure if you’d have called that knocking.

They didn’t, did they? He didn’t hear anything. He was a bit preoccupied at the moment, so maybe he missed it.
“Bro, why didn’t you tell me?” The question was directed to Bakugou from Kirishma, he sounded hurt, and the heterochromatic had a sinking feeling there was so much more to the question.

Todoroki’s eyes briefly flickered over to Midoriya’s spot, where he remained seated, looking onward at the crowd with a frown. The greenet wasn’t stupid. He knew everything, the exact reason why they were mated. Did the rest of the class? He searched the numerous faces, they must of known Bakugou was an omega now, right? Yet no one mentioned a thing.

“Bakugou, you’re quirk smells worse than usual.”

Oh, spoke too soon.

“Hey!” The blond was getting pissed, Shouto could feel it in the bond.

He’s never felt so many strong emotions then he has in the last 24 hours.

“It’s probably because he’s mated now,” Uraraka added, “but Todoroki, why didn’t you tell us you two were together?”

“Tch, why the-”

“Ooookaay! That’s enough interrogation for one class! Let’s go and get our English caps on!” A few groans fell from the crowd while the blond pushed through to get to his seat.

Shouto went to do the same, along with most of the other students, only to find his seat occupied with Jiro, a livid Yaoyorozu speaking to her. Right, Todoroki could deal with that. He could just switch seat for now. Oh, yeah, Jiro’s seat was beside Bakugou. Was it planned? It must of been planned. He could still work with that, it’s not like the blond could kill him for something out of his control. Todoroki awkwardly sat down in the seat, the omega sparing a glance his way, before doubling back for a second look.

“Fucking extras.” He must of came to the same conclusion, “should of known. Whatever- don’t bother me, Deku’s annoying enough.”

“Kacchan.” Speak of the devil, there was concern written all over the freckled face.

The blond turned in his seat.

“This is all your fault,” he hissed, “Aizawa wouldn’t have done shit anyways.”

Still, he sounded unsure of that statement, or maybe Todoroki was making things up, projecting his own anxieties.

“I’m sorry! You didn’t have to- I could of-” Midoriya’s face was now ridden with guilt.

“Shut up, I don’t need you’re fucking pity. It happened, get over it.” Bakugou crossed his arms, facing the front and leaning back in the chair, “not like you’re the one it happened too.”

“It’s fine Midoriya, we’ll be okay.” Shouto confirmed, earning a scowl from the hot-headed teen.

“Pay the fuck attention, you suck at English.” He criticized.

How... did he know that? Though the heterochromatic wasn’t the worst at it compared to some of the other students, it was one of his worst subjects. That still didn’t justify why the blond knew of said information. He cast his eyes to the front of the room, puzzled, but following the teachers movements and words. Midoriya hadn’t bothered to reply to his last comment.
“Where the hell you think you’re going fuckwad?” Shouto paused, half way out the classroom door for lunch, “you’re the one who said we had to- fuck it. Never mind, let’s just get this over with.”

Oh, “I thought you would’ve wanted to wait-”

“Like hell!” He dragged the taller one by his sleeve, pulling him into a single bathroom, and locking the door behind them.

The blond was immediately slumping into Shouto, whose arms came to wrap around him, nose burrowing into his hair. The urge to scent the hell out of him became priority, the alpha was sure Bakugou could smell the sudden pheromones he couldn’t help but to release. Especially seeing how the blond released just as much in return. He could get used to this, thumbs massaging the sweet scent from his wrists, Bakugou’s check rubbing against the gland on his neck. To be honest, it was addicting. What would happen when the bond faded? It was scary, realizing Shouto didn’t know if he’d be able to separate himself from the teen, after all this.

The blond let out a choking noise, sinking further into his body, as the alpha’s scent thickened, filling the small room.

“Fuck, you’re so-” Bakugou stopped himself.

“So?” The heterochromatic pondered, shivering as their sensitive wrists slotted together, just as before.

“I don’t fucking know, go die.” He was a tad disappointed at the reply, but what could you expect, it was Bakugou after all.

“Can’t.” He grabbed a hold of the blond’s silky hair, pulling his head back so that the gland Shouto bit into was on full display.

“Hah? The hell? Oh.” He dropped his head into the crease of Bakugou’s neck.

They stayed like that for a few minutes, nudging at each other every once in a while. The silence was rather peaceful. He felt as he could fall asleep, standing there, in some random bathroom, with the angry teen in his arms. Actually, speaking of the teen, it looked like he could fall asleep at any second too. Was fatigue simply a symptom of scenting?

“We’re not going to have time to eat lunch if we’re just standing here.” Was mumbled into the alpha’s shirt, Shouto was actual amazed it wasn’t accompanied by a swear or condescending tone.

The unguarded sentence made him feel happier then it should of. And he couldn’t help but think, Bakugou was cute when he was tired. It made him want to coddle the guy.

“Okay. Let’s eat lunch then.” Though it’d be fun, he wasn’t about to tease Bakugou for his lack of edgy language and risk upsetting the rare mood.

It was another 10 minutes before they finally mustered the will to move. The blond’s hand remained on Shouto’s swollen wrist, careful not to agitate it too much as he pulled the alpha to his locker. Only releasing it to toss him an extra bento.

Shouto smiled, “thanks Bakugou.”
Katsuki flushed, gritting his teeth. Fuck Halfie, and his stupid ass smile. Just because the blond felt like he was on cloud nine or some shit, didn’t mean he couldn’t be angry at the male. Though, if he were being honest, it was getting progressively difficult to find something about Todoroki to get angry at, especially since he felt high on whatever the hell scenting does to fuck with a person.

“Whatever. As if I’d let you starve.” *What kind of mate would I be.*

Shit. He needed to get his mind straight. It was just the hormones talking, as if he’d actually say something like that, to IcyHot no less.

“I’m glad.” It looked like his smile got wider, at least Katsuki wasn’t the only one affected by the scenting processes.

It looked like it relaxed Todoroki a lot more too, his stoic face now replaced with an actual smile, damn emotions. If that wasn’t surprising enough, it was targeted to the blond, for him, caused by him. His heart was beating fast again, the hell.

“Better eat it all.” He mumbled, for lack of a better reply.

IcyHot nodded, “I will.”

“Tch.”

He sounded too serious, as if the omega had given him a life or death mission. He didn’t have to act like that for the blond’s sake, or maybe he *was* taking it that seriously.

Katsuki was left alone by his locker, watching Todoroki retreat to the cafeteria, his heart pounding in his ears.

Chapter End Notes

I feel like this may be crap, but that’s fine, I’m trying to get to a certain part and need some time and crap to pass by first, so here’s what we got.
Chapter 10

Chapter Notes

What, I have a paper due tonight that I haven’t started? Nah bro, let’s write fanfiction instead. Thank you.

See the end of the chapter for more notes

It wasn’t until late next week that the news calmed down, for the most part. Katsuki had been dragged around to awkward, noisy lunches with the circus crew, who asks too many questions, so the blond took to actively avoiding them. Half the time they were to stubborn to take ‘fuck off’ as an answer and followed him around anyways. Least no one, except those who already know, bothered looking close enough to actually discover Katsuki wasn’t a beta.

Deku hadn’t said anything, but it was only a matter of time. The blond caught him staring at both of them too many times for it to be a coincidence. Shitty-Hair, he hadn’t said anything either, in fact, he was an out-of-character sort of silent. Katsuki didn’t know whether to be grateful or concerned.

Regarding IcyHot, the scenting had gotten easier. Though, honestly, it wasn’t that difficult to begin with, just plain embarrassing. Being around him in general wasn’t a complete pain in the ass. Fuck, Katsuki’s caught himself seeking out the taller one more often then not. It had to be because of the bond. Who the hell would want Halfie as company? Just because they had a few conversations that didn’t end in Katsuki punching the idiot in the face didn’t mean he was pleasant to be around. Todoroki was awkward as hell with no social skills whatsoever. Strangely the least fucking awkward encounters they had were when scenting. Which is saying something, you’d think it would be the worst. He shouldn’t even have to-

“The hell?” Someone had to interrupt his internal monologue?

A quick glance to the corner phone told him that it was too early for Half-and-Half to be here. He made it a mission to arrive at 8, on the dot.

The knocking proceeded, “yeah, yeah, I’m coming.”

He prepared himself for an annoying extra, or worse, Deku. Fuck. He’d rather it be IcyHot than any of the above.

But, hey, when Katsuki wants something, it’s usually quite the opposite, so, yet again, he’s disappointed to open his door to a skittish redhead.

“What the fuck you want, Shitty-Hair?”

“Hey bro! You alone?” He peaked around the blond.

“Tch, not anymore.” Katsuki made his displeasure known.

If only Shark Teeth wasn’t so damn stupid, “oh, sweet!”

It wasn’t an invite to come in, but the male seemed to take it as one anyway. Pushing his way into the blond’s room as if he belonged there, sitting himself onto the bed.
“So you and Todoroki?” That’s what got him all weird, should of none.

“So what?” The blond returned to his desk, where his notes had been laid out, and ignored, for the past hour.

“This, it’s,” he hesitated, “it’s because you’re an omega isn’t it?”

Katsuki had a sinking feeling a conversation as such would come up eventually between them, it couldn’t all be fun and jokes. He was just hoping it’d be later rather than sooner, never would have been his first pick.

The redhead nervously continued when the blond showed no sign of replying, “the bond, that is. Between you and Todoroki… You could’ve come to me you know? I would’ve helped. At least to talk. Man, I didn’t even know anyone else knew, I didn’t tell anyone! Swear-”

“I know.” Katsuki interrupted, guilt simmering in his gut, “fuck, I wasn’t about to put that kind of pressure on you, and Half n’ Half brought it up.”

He looked progressively less stressed out after the shitty explanation.

“Oh, I think I get it.”

“Besides, why the hell would I want to bond with you? Gross.” He tacked on.

He grinned, “Nah bro, no further details needed, I got you!”

That took a complete 180. He was satisfied with just that, the fuck? Right, simple minds, simple solutions.

“Bakugou?” What was with people and barging in?

Well, it was 8 PM. The blond could forgive him just this once.

“Should I come back later?” He wavered in the open doorway.

“Nah, I was just leaving!” The redhead looked like he just won the lottery, “have fun!”

As he slipped through the door, Kirishma gave IcyHot a slap on the back. Said man looking distorted as fuck. Hell, Katsuki could smell his confusion.

“What?” A man of few words, it was as if he were reading the blond’s mind.

“No fuckin’ clue.” He shook his head, “close the door, before the damn bastard decides to come back.”

Following his order, the alpha then proceeded to replace Kirishma on Katsuki’s bed, patiently eyeing the omega.

“Let me put my shit away.” The blond mumbled, silently returning the shit to his bag for tomorrow’s class.

He turned to find the alpha sprawled out on his bed, staring up at the ceiling. He got comfortable quick. Looked like Halfie’d fall asleep there any second now. Tch, what a dick. Katsuki dropped himself down on the fucker just to spite him. He was satisfied when the other let out a grunt as Katsuki’s knees came down on his stomach. Hands instinctively reaching out to grab a hold of the blond. Only, one grabbed him at the hip, the other pushing apart his legs so that Katsuki was now straddling him. Not what he had in mind, nor did he want it to remain this way.
To bad the fucker found his weakness, releasing a calming scent that had the blond turning to putty in his hands.

“Die.” By now, it was the usual reply to scenting, and usually achieved nothing close to the negative reaction Katsuki was looking for, Halfie was fucking amused by it, letting off a stronger scent just to rub it in his face.

“Bakugou.” His wrists came up to rest against the scent glands on the omega’s neck.

“The hell you want?” He felt comforted with the other’s wrists warming his neck.

Keeping it safe, his mind supplied. Fucking creepy ass human instincts, logic explained. Who’d feel safe with hands around their neck? A reminder that made the blond nauseous, the fucking cold as hell fingers the curled around his neck, holding him up.

“Bakugou? Should I stop?” The pressure from IcyHot’s wrists against his glands softened, sending a spike of panic through his body.

“No,” Todoroki’s hand felt safe, no one else could get to him that way.

“Okay,” The touch was back almost immediately, “did I do something wrong?”

“No.” Katsuki swallowed, throat closing in around his words.

They lay in silence for the next hour. Todorki moving only to pull the blond down to his chest, returning his hands to the sensitive glands soon after. As if he knew that’s what Katsuki wanted most at the moment, even after they finished scenting. He drifted off with the alpha’s heart pumping in his ears.

The slight movement, a body slipping out of his reach, was all it took for Katsuki to jolt back awake. Minutes later? Hours? He couldn’t tell, the curtain was down, and the lights were flicked off a second later. The blond hated napping. It made him feel gross, throat dry, eyes dry, sick to his stomach. Napping could fuck off, so why the hell he’d have to wake up?

“Sorry,” IcyHot whispered, “I didn’t mean to wake you. The light was still on.”

“What time is it?” His voice cracked with sleep, squinting at Todoroki’s figure as it made its way back to the bed.

“Eleven.” So it’s only been, what, two hours since he fell asleep?

“Here.” The blond awkwardly scooted over as Halfie pulled the blankets out from under him, sliding in beside Katsuki.

The omega pulled them up to his chin, fists curling in the warm sheets. Humming a half assed response, eyes falling back shut. It didn’t take long to slip back into an easy slumber.

“You don’t have to keep sleeping here.” Katsuki brought it up the next morning, “it’s been longer than a week, we’ll be fine alone.”

The red and white haired teen looked up at him from the bed, “you don’t want me staying here during the night?”

“I said, you don’t fucking have to. Jesus. You’re useless in the morning.” He finished packing up the
last of his notebooks, zipping up the backpack.

“Oh. Okay.” He turned away to face away from the blond, who gave him a funny look before slinging the bag over his shoulders.

“Tch, whatever, I’m out.” He exited the room without a reply from Half-and-Half.

Katsuki expected him to leave that night after their usual scenting, but fuck, why did he have to hate it so much when the alpha finally did. He never remembered his bedroom feeling so empty, it fucking sucked. He swore he wasn’t going to miss the bastard, let some stupid bond change his whole life around. He could live with this, hell, he had no problem with it a few weeks ago.

Then why did the room, still, feel so empty a week later, filled with their mingling scent, after Todoroki turned to leave as if it were nothing. Why the hell was Katsuki stuck here, feeling rejected? He swore the pictures on his walls were pitying him, the reflection in his bathroom mirror was too, goddamn it. He didn’t need this, and he didn’t need anyone else. Screw Todoroki, this would be all over in a few months and things can go back to normal. Aizawa was right, what a stupid decision this whole mess was. Guess all teenagers really are idiots.

Katsuki was all worked up now, it was going to be a rough night. Yesterday was too, now that he thought about it. Shitty-Hair and Pikachu barged in last minute asking for some “help” on their fucking homework. Pretty much just the blond spoon feeding them answers, and the extra’s still failing to get it. He couldn’t catch a break.

At least he didn’t fall asleep pissed off like last night, mood remaining at minorly annoyed. Still, if he knew tonight was going to be one of those nights, he would of fucking preferred falling asleep pissed off. Waking up in a pitch black room as you thrashed around in tangled blanket, heart soaring out of your chest was hell.

The nightmares didn’t happen that often, but god, they were shitty, and left him wide awake, sweating bullets. He’d have to change his sheets in the morning, they were drenched in nitroglycerin, the burning sugar smell pungent in the room. He briefly thought of changing the blankets now. He didn’t want to get up, preferring the safety of his bed versus the shadows that fell across his floor, and the pitch black corners of his room.

And the balcony door, that was swinging open. A dark figure through the glass, that was usually hidden by the curtains. Did he forgot to close them? That wasn’t the biggest issue here.

His mind was racing as fast as his heart, screaming at him to do something. It was them. Who the fuck else would be climbing through his balcony in the middle of the night? Katsuki set off a warning explosion, quickly working to kick the sheets from his body. To fucking move.

“Bakugou.”

“What the fuck?! Half-n’-half?” He slumped down, releasing a breath of air.

“Bakugou?” His even paced footsteps made their way across the room, stopping at the side of the bed where the alpha towered down at him.

“Shit, what are you doing here? I was ready to fucking kill you, you bastard!” The blond grit his teeth.

“Bakugou, are you okay?” He sounded… concerned? Fucking concerned.

It’s the first time Katsuki was able to identify how the heterochromatic was feeling via the tone of his
voice. It was weird hearing actual emotion in it, and concern out of all things.

“That was stupid of me to ask.” He corrected, “can I touch you?”

“I’m not a fucking baby.” So where’d this overwhelming urge to sob come from? “Do whatever the hell you want.”

Apparently that means climbing on the mattress, and holding his shaking body. Why the hell was he shaking?

“I was worried, that wasn’t pleasant.” Todoroki mumbled, why’d he sound like he wanted to cry?

Was the bond the reason for these unsavory emotions? Is that why IcyHot came to him? Through his fucking balcony like a crazy person. Were they in another of those negative-emotion loops? They got caught in a few of them throughout the week. Katsuki had to calm down. Todoroki seemed to have the same idea, pulling the omega against his body, yet he didn’t release any scent. The blond was grateful for it, he didn’t know if he could handle smelling the other’s anxiety at the moment. Knowing it was there was enough.

“Leave me the fuck alone.” He spoke once his heart rate returned to normal.

“No.” The duel-haired teen flat out denied, “I won’t.”

Katsuki wiggled out of his arms, sitting up at the end of his bed.

“I don’t need your fucking pity.”

“I didn’t say you did, this is as much for my benefit as it is yours.” He felt the mattress shift as the heterochromatic came to sit beside him.

“I don’t fucking care, I don’t need your help.”

“That’s not-” He exhaled, “you’re nightmare woke me up.”

He let the words sink in, the implication of them. Todoroki could feel shit. He could feel Katsuki’s fear, woke up because of it. This wasn’t supposed to affect anyone else, how could he be so stupid? To forget about the nightmares, they didn’t happen that often, not anymore. It was a frequent occurrence after the kidnapping, hell, even after the sludge attack back in middle school. Not something that’d go without nightmares. How the hell did he manage to forget about them when coming into this agreement?

“Everyone gets nightmares.” The blond stated.

“Do they happen often?”

“No,” another silent pause, “…so you can leave.”

Another clear rejection, “no.”

“Why the fuck not?” He’d rather be left alone, everything was fine now.

“Katsuki,” Todoroki spoke his name softly, as soft as the hand that was placed on his cheek, turning the blond’s head.

His red eyes met the blue and gray ones, he was surprised to find them so close. Their noses brushing.
“Because Katsuki,” the given name fell from his lips once more, the blond found he liked it.

“I’m your mate.”

Chapter End Notes

Oof. Got a tumblr. Shamelessly putting it out there. Nothing’s really on it, but I thought, hey if I got questions for you guys or crap while writting, here’s how I’ll do it. https://www.tumblr.com/blog/artistrashofmine
I'm going to regret this, midnight thoughts, bye!
Chapter 11

Chapter Notes

See the end of the chapter for notes.

I’m your mate. What the hell was that supposed to mean? How the hell did IcyHot expect him to respond to that? It’s not like the statement was false, but this wasn’t a legit relationship either, they weren’t even friends, barely acquaintances. His mind so helpfully reminded him; acquaintances don’t cuddle. This was a fucked up situation, and IcyHot had the guts to admit he was here on principle, because he was Katsuki’s mate? Even if the sentiment satisfied his omega side, made his heart flutter, yet at the same time, he was disappointed. For no apparent reason.

“I’m not here to make you feel good about yourself.” The blond hissed, turning away from the other, “Just cause I’m your fucking mate doesn’t mean I need you as a babysitter.”

Still on his cheek, the hand tensed, pulling Katsuki back.

Todoroki’s face hardened, “that’s not what I meant.”

“Hah. Then what the hell did you?” He sneered.

The heterochromatic searched for his next words, “... it wasn’t that.”

“Tch, yeah right you ass.” He jolted up from the bed.

“Katsuki,” he sounded frustrated.

The blond sharply turned to glare at him, “Don’t fucking call me that, who gave you the right?! I’m going to get ready for fucking school, don’t follow me.”

“It’s weekend, and the middle of the night.”

The words sunk in, it was, in fact, 3 AM on a Saturday damn it.

“What the hell? Fucking lay down, or fuck off, I don’t care anymore.” He growled, yanking the wrinkled sheets out from under the alpha, who scooted onto the mattress without a complaint, resting his head on Katsuki’s pillow.

The blond laid down, throwing the sheets over the both of them. He searched once more around the room, eyeing the dark corners and balcony doors. Tensing when Todoroki’s arms can to pull him closer. He couldn’t say it was unwelcomed, so he remained silent. He could yell more at the other in the morning. They were acting like a fucking couple.

These past weeks they’ll been acting like a couple, no wonder the class was fooled. What did Todoroki think of this, he must have realized, was it all on principal? Because he wanted to act like a good mate? Was Katsuki pressuring him into this in some way? It was ridiculous, IcyHot had a mind of his own, he offered this in the first place, sort of. Why the hell did Halfie come to him with it anyways? It couldn’t have been good morals, that’s a shit excuse.

“Stop thinking, you’re working yourself up.” Go to bed .

“I’m not worked up.” He argued, digging himself further into the bedding.

Todoroki hummed, evening out his breathing. The blond could feel his shoulders rise with every
deep breath, following the pattern. Dammit, the bastard was probably doing that on purpose.

It didn’t matter that it was working, that he couldn’t find the concentration to concern himself with every corner of his room, that his mind wandered elsewhere.

The harsh light poured through the window, greeting the waking blond, who hadn't realized he’d fallen back asleep to begin with. Not to mention, his alarm read 11 AM and his bed was void of any Half-and-Half bastard. He took a minute to question if last night did, in fact, happen, coming to the conclusion that his anger for the duel-haired alpha was still very prominent. So he took to ignoring the other for the rest of the weekend, a stupid decision since they were suppose to scent, not as often as before, but at least once a day. Though, Katsuki was a stubborn fucker so screw that. At least it was weekend, no training so no one needed to see the groggy state he was in, rapidly losing energy, hell, his glands, even his muscles, were fucking sore. A part of him wondered how long they could go apart without serious consequences, not that he was stupid enough to try it. He just figured the Pokeball could come to him first.

And he did, Sunday night. A miserable looking sight, shoulders hunched, pale face. Katsuki wondered if he looked the same, or if IcyHot was just handling it worse, fucking pussy ass alphas.

“Bakugou.” He sort of sounded like Aizawa, over it.

And if Katsuki was being honest, he was too. He wasn’t about to walk into class tomorrow in this state, he could already see Deku’s concerned face popping up with every turn of his head. He broke after a second of Halfie’s pathetic face and the potential dangers of tomorrow.

“Fine. I fucking forgive you.” The blond crossed his arms, “just this once Halfie.”

The taller teen invited himself into the room mumbling out a; “Whatever.”

It took Katsuki by surprise, was the Todoroki annoyed? Angry even? Maybe he shouldn’t be so happy with the new discovery, but hell, he was about to milk this shit for all it had.

“What’s up with that IcyHot?” He pushed the door shut, “you miss me or something?”

Testing the waters, a perfect taunt. One that Halfie, on a regular day, wouldn’t bother with. Or come up with a stupid snarky comment of his own. The whole reason why he annoyed the hell out of Katsuki.

“Yes,,” The blond’s eyes widened, “now get over here so we can scent idiot.”

Did- what the hell? Katsuki was not the idiot here. Nor was he ever, he didn’t bother moving, keeping a safe distance from the suspicious being that took over Candy-Cane.

Sneering out, “you pissed or just needy?”

It was Todoroki who marched up to him, grabbing the blond by the shoulders and pulling him in.

“Hey, hands off bastard!”

“I’m annoyed and feel like shit. If you paid attention to my scent, you’d know that.” The words were ushered harshly into his ear.

Katsuki never thought he’d hear the heterochromatic swear. He sort of wished he had recorded it.
Then again, the tone, the jarring choice of words, make his face flush. Or maybe it was the irritation that poured off him. Now that the blond was closer, the smell was much stronger, it was difficult not to pay attention to it.

An alpha’s aggression, he involuntarily shivered. He couldn’t tell if the omega in him liked that or not. It was difficult to gage, this was his mate. A partner his omega side deemed trustworthy the second the bond was formed. Someone Katsuki deemed trustworthy enough to form a bond with. On one hand the omega made him feel guilty for making his mate feel that way, on the other he felt, not happy, but fuck- were omegas masochists? Was that even the right word for the feeling? He sure as hell hoped not.

The alpha started furiously scenting him, and the omega in Katsuki was mewling, easily killing his train of thought. Shit, he was fucking addicted, if the releif that flooded his body was anything to go by. His mind screaming finally. Did IcyHot feel the same way? The grip of his hands loosening on the blond’s shoulders, yet remained steady, as if he knew Katsuki would fall the second he let go. Just as it was before, as if nothing between them had changed.

The omega frowned, he couldn’t find the reason why he was mad with the scent clouding his mind. It frustrated him, but he couldn’t find a reason to care. They were fighting, well mostly Katsuki telling the other to back off, leading to a weekend long avoidance, but right now he didn’t care. Hell, he sort of felt regret for avoiding this for so long. It didn’t matter, he was here now.

Todoroki was holding him. Todoroki. Shouto, his mate. Who was creasing his cheek, tilting his head up to stare into the duel-coloured eyes.

“This is what I meant- the other night.” His cool breath against the blond’s lips.

Then- His cool lips on Katsuki’s own, a pressing, almost desperate kiss, as if he were trying to convey a lifetime worth of feelings into one single action. An action that had Katsuki buckling into the alpha. His scent overwhelming the blond’s nose, the feeling of his chapped acting as if Katsuki set his quirk off. Only he didn’t hear any explosions, looking down to find his hands safely twisted into the others shirt when Todoroki pulled away. Breath coming out in heavy pants, even though the kiss felt like seconds.

“Your, my, mate.” Katsuki found he did enjoy the alpha’s aggressive tone, declaring the blond all his.

Holding his flushed body close, eyes bearing down on him.

“Hah,” yeah, he liked this too much.

He wanted his alpha to take care of him, lay with him, surrounded by blankets. To mate with him, to-wait.

Why the hell was he going into a heat?

Chapter End Notes

Shorter then usual but crap happens, so whatever. October’s gonna be less progressive with this cause I made a horrible last minute decision to do kinktober cause I'm trash, but whatever. This'll still be priority. GodWhyDoIDoThisToMyself.
Also gaspe, Long time coming buuutt, is it finally gonna happen? The long awaited smut? :O Gotta wait and see!
Chapter 12

Chapter Notes

Long time coming, but it's here. Finally.

See the end of the chapter for more notes

He blanched, blinking up at the half-and-half asshole, yet at the same time, he could still feel the heat creeping up the back of his neck, threatening a blush to his face. Right, insert internal screaming here?

"Get out." The blond’s voice fell flat, did Todoroki know he was coming into some kind of heat?

He seemed unaware, though the possessive nature was there. God, Katsuki wanted to mewl at the attention his alpha was giving him. His alpha, his. My mate, Katsuki mind couldn't help but quote the red and white haired male. He could feel the slick leaking out, between his legs, all for your alpha.

"Your-" It sounded like Todoroki was sobering up, "-in a heat."

Yes. Yes he was, now what are you going to do about it alpha? No, fuck no. That train of thought needed to burn, and quickly.

"My rut’s in a few days." No wonder, that could explain a while fucking lot.

Where they really syncing up that quickly? Usually it happened with mated pairs. Heats tended to last three to five days, rarely more-or-less but not unheard of, while ruts lasted two to three days, though the same more-or-less rule applied. When an alpha and omega mated, at some point their heats and ruts matched up so that an alpha started his rut during the most fertile and desperate time of an omega’s heat.

Fuck, Katsuki’s own omega cooed at Todoroki, the perfect alpha, their hormones aligning within the first month. They’d be able to experience it in perfect harmony, together, as mated pairs, as their first month as mated pairs. What more could he want?

Grey and blue eyes blinked down at him, “should I leave?”

He was hit with an emotional ball of misery and whining. Did his alpha want to leave him? Did his mate not want this? Was Katsuki a bad omega? He was, wasn’t he? Course he was, his alpha didn’t want to be here. An illogical thought, but all the same to the omega.

“Bakugou? No, d-don’t whine! I’ll stay.” Good, that's how it was supposed to be, his alpha by his side.

Or… his alpha on his bed, surrounded by his scent and wall of blankets and pillows that hide them from the world? That sounded like a good idea too. He pulled at Todoroki’s hand, smacking his shoulder when the wide eyed male didn’t move. It seemed to work, allowing the blond to arrange him on the bed, tangling the sheets around his body before building the base of a cage with his pillows.
The dresser was thrown open. This clothes pulled out, piles being added to the creaton. Todoroki looked on in awe. Never in his life did he think he would experience this side of Bakugou, never in his life would he think the Bakugou had a side like this. Humming as he built a nest, around Shouto. Shouto was part of his omegas nest. Did the blond realize what he was doing? No, definitely not, he was too far in. The heterochromatic could feel it through their bond, blissed out on his oncoming heat, assembling their home for the next few days. His omega was perfect, working so hard so that they’d lay comfortably together. Surrounding Shouto with him, despite their recent scenting, so attentive.

No one else would ever see Bakugou like this, he’d make sure of it. They’d get to do this every month, the blond darting around him to arrange his masterpiece, and Shouto’d be the center of it. Always.

Katsuki only joined him when the dresser was empty and clothing tumbled off the side of the bed. He remained silent, nudging into Shouto, letting his content scent flow freely, only sending out sounds of complaint when the alpha would cease his own pheromones from filling the room, the nest.

They spent the rest of the night like that. Falling asleep together, surrounded by each others scent and a bed of clothing and pillows, wrapped in Bakugou’s blankets. It wouldn’t be until tomorrow that Bakugou would start feeling the… worst of his heat. That he’d need Todorki the most. Not that he wasn’t being needy at the moment, but for now he was satisfied with cuddling and scenting.

The morning was a different story. It was the omega’s fragrance that woke him up, distressed, yet the blond was still asleep, clinging to Shouto’s shirt. Only, the heterochromatic could smell the slick gathering between his legs. Could feel the heat on his skin. And the small, logical part of him mind screamed for him to leave now. Before they did something stupid, but his instincts screamed for his to stay, protect his mate.

“Nnh.” His mate, who stared up at his with a groggy expression as he awoke seconds later, to anyone else it’d look like he was running a fever, well, he probably was, just not the kind they’d think.

Shouto hummed, a low noise from the back of his throat, while releasing a wave of pheromones, running a hand up and down his back. They weren’t ready yet, but soon. He’d have the omega begging for his knot. And he’d deliver, of course, who wouldn’t, what kind of apha would he be otherwise?

The blond released his own scent in return, borrowing himself in Todoroki’s neck. They’d spend the morning like this, silently, listening to the scurry of people in the halls as they got ready for class. Bakugou squirming every few minutes as the uncomfortable feeling grew. Shouto nuzzling his nose into the blond spikes, soft and smelling sweet, just as the rest of him. Soon. The heterochromatic won’t initiate anything until his omega told him so. It was only far, he didn’t want the heat to end earlier than it should.

It was a knock sometimes in the afternoon that disturbed their silence. Neither of them left the nest, wanted to leave it. Shouto wasn’t going to let the blond go, and he didn’t bother to try. But then the noise persisted, louder this time. It sounded annoyed. The alpha frowned as his omega shifted, lifting his head to stare at the door. As another set of knocks came in, he sluggishly left, a cold feeling setting in the pit of Todoroki’s stomach, that told him to call for his mate to return. He was Shouto’s, no one else should see him, them, like this.

It only worsened as he tugged open the door, allowing for their scent to escape out into the hallways, for the strangers smell to enter. Shouto wanted his omega back now. He was about to verbalize this
decision before the strangers voice cut in.

“I thought as much when neither of you came to class.” And it was as if someone dowsed the heterochromatic in cold water, “and it’s nearing the usual time Todoroki takes off for a rut. Why do I have to put up with you brats.”

“Fuck are you doing here?” It sounded like a piece of Bakugou’s senses returned too, at the appearance of their teacher.

His omega was so strong, holding a conversation with Aizawa at a time like this, though he sounding equally disoriented as put together. Todoroki made his move to follow the blond, to stand beside him. He needed to make sure Aizawa kept his distance. This was Shouto’s mate after all. And he couldn’t help the growl when the teacher held out an object, pulling his omega near, to which the blond replied with a happy hum against his chest, pressing closer. Aizawa rose an eyebrow, but kept his hand extended.

“I’d hope one of you’d be sensible enough to hand these too.” Todoroki looked down at the object, a small bottle of pills, “it’s a contraceptive, I better see Bakugou take it before I leave.”

Contraceptive? Birth control, his alpha screamed no, told him to destroy the bottle and kick the unwanted guests out. But his omega reached out with shaky hands, carefully opening the container, shaking one out into the palm of his hand. Why would he do that? Grabbing the bottle of water that was now in Aizawa’s hand, Bakugou uncapped it. Tossing the pill in his mouth before taking a drink. He finished half the bottle. Todoroki threw the pills back to their teacher.

“Talk to me after class when you return.” And with that he was gone, Shouto was quick to close the door, good riddance.

“I can’t-” The blond brought a palm up to his mouth, letting out a muffled whine “-alpha. Are you mad? I didn’t-”

Shouto was set on edge, his omega was upset. When he let the palm drop, the hetrochromatic’s instinct’s did somersaults.

“I couldn’t swallow it,” In his palm sat a blue pill, “alpha.”

What a perfect mate. No one would come between them, not their teacher, not anyone. He grasped the blond’s chin, tugging it up to look at him, “good omega.”

And Katsuki mewled. He picked the best damn alpha there could be. He’d give him everything the blond wanted, take care of him, take care of their pups. They needed to go back to the nest, needed to be closer. He needed his alpha. To hold him, scent him, fill him up.

“Alpha.” Katsuki tugged at his shirt, “clothes, nest. Mate me.”

And Todoroki understood perfectly. He wasted no time, standing back to peel the shirt and pants off his own body, knowing full well that the second his hands where on Bakugou, they weren’t coming off. The shorter one seemed content with his decision, palms coming to rest on his chest, his eyes no different, the sharp red peering into him. Good.

Those eyes were meant to be on him. The low, instinctive growl that escaped Shouto’s mouth took him by surprise, yet the blond only whined at it, as if the sound alone drew him closer. Well, the heterochromatic didn’t have a problem with it, but he needed those clothes off, shirt, pants, underwear, everything. He needed the omega’s body spread out in their nest, ready for him.
Harshly, he lifted the shirt from Bakugou’s body, his limbs bending to Shouto’s will, having the pants coming off next, taking the underwear with them. Finally being able to look over the beautiful body in front of him, his larger chest tampering off into a small waist, the heterochromic wondered if his finger tips would touch if he wrapped his hands around the smallest part.

And then there was his hips. How could someone be so perfect? The creamy skin, curves, strong thighs, his cock standing hard against his stomach, weeping for attention. It was all it took for Todoroki to drag his own underwear down, stepping forward into the blond’s arms until no space was left between them, Shouto taking Bakugou’s bottom lip between his teeth, the shorter one’s arms holding him close, hands pressing into his back.

The alpha parted, soothing his omega disappointment with a kiss to the sensitive gland on his neck, where Shouto’s mark lay, their bond. He nipped at it, Bakugou shivering against his touch. They needed to be closer. His omega seemed to have the same thought, pulling him back towards the nest where they’d lay, where Shouto would get to fill him. He lowered Katsuki to the mattress, doing his best not to mess up the fort his mate had created for them.

The blond hummed in appreciation as Todoroki carefully relocated a few items to his mates liking, making room for their bodies to move. For Bakugou’s legs to part, and his body to slip closer. The smell of slick only worsening, and the shine on the inside of his thighs didn’t do it justice. Shouto brought his fingers down to collect the substances seeping out between his legs, the omega’s entrance fluttering at the touch, awaiting his alpha.

“‘You’re so good for me omega.” He couldn’t help but praise.

“Guess I deserve a reward?” Yes , he most certainly did.

So Shouto pressed his hard member to the puckered entrance, pushing his way past the tight rim. Katsuki’s elbows dug into the mattress as his body bowed upwards. Mouth falling open to moan at the welcomed intrusion. Slick gushing out around the alpha’s cock as he slowly sheathed it inside. And the omega was keening, purring, begging , all for Shouto. All for what Shouto could do to him, could provide for him.

And when the blond looked him in the eye, his beautiful red ones lidded with lust and anticipation, the heterochromic couldn’t help but grind against him. And when Katsuki gave him the go ahead, a nod as he grabbed at Shouto’s shoulder, securing himself on the alpha, Todoroki wasted no time. Driving his hips in and out of the hole, holding the blond down, hard enough to leave bruises against his sides, still, the omega made beautiful sounds, urging his rough pace.

Before long he has Katsuki crying out as he finds the sweet spot, pounding into him at the specific angle. Coaxing sound after sound out of the pretty pink lips. One hand coming up to knead at his peak, the other squeezing his thigh. His omega must be getting nearing. He needs to be deeper. The heterochromatic pushes the legs somehow further apart. His knot swelling against Katsuki’s rim. Fill him . It was catching on the rim, and he can feel his omega searching for it, opening up. All for his alpha’s knot. Who was Todoroki to disappoint?

Adjusting his grip, with the next thrust he brought them together, pulling the blond onto his knot. Listening to the satisfied gasps as he split on the swell. His hole spasming as he was brought to orgasm, baring his neck for the alpha to bite into as he knotted them together, seeding the omega who milked come from his cock.

So much come . And this was only the first wave. Their chests heaved, Katsuki relaxing on his knot, bathing in the hormones as he shot another load into the awaiting body.
“Alpha.” He sounded sated for now

Shouto adjusted them the best he could, to a more comfortable position.

“You must be tired. Producing all that slick for me, rest omega.” He ran a hand up and down the other’s thigh, giving it a light squeeze.

“I’ll fill you again when we wake.” It was a promise, he’d keep it for the rest of the week.

“Good.”

Chapter End Notes

Now important question. Mpreg, yeah or nah? I got a plan for each, but I know some may have preferences. If you care to vote on it then can do so here or Tumblr below, but I’d love to hear your thoughts!
https://artistrashofmine.tumblr.com/
Chapter 13

Chapter Notes

I freaking love how much feedback I got from all of you for the last chapter, call me impressed, also thanks. It's quite helpful. Now what shall be the result?

See the end of the chapter for more notes.

The next two days were just as intense. Even more so, both Bakugou’s heat and Todoroki’s rut picking up before slowing down. The nest was unrecognizable by the end of the fourth day, no longer the neat walls of carefully placed fabrics. Instead most of it had ended up scattered across the floor, or soiled. And Katsuki finally had half a mind to rebuild the broken down home through sluggish movements. His alpha watching him closely with lidded eyes.

Picking up two energy bars, courtesy of who he guessed to be Deku or Shitty-Hair, from a care box on the floor before settling back down into his mates arms. His mate who had made sure that neither of those two’s scent would linger, only his.

“Eat,” The blond mumbled, throwing over one of the snacks, only satisfied when he took a bite, a water bottle following the food as he downed his own.

“Thank you,” The heterochromatic opened his arms, “come here?”

His eyes flickered over the mess of materials surrounding Shouto, weighing the structure, and seemingly satisfied for now, as the omega carefully set himself in his mates hold.

“Can I feed you?” The heterochromatic couldn’t help but ask.

“I just ate stupid.” He needed to be sure the omega was satisfied.

Though, from the sound of it, “Is the heat clearing?”

“Yeah,” He paused, “I don’t want to talk about it.”

It didn’t take a genius to know what the blond’s words were aimed at, this whole week had been a mess. They did absolutely every “no” in the book of “how to stay in school and not ruin your life”. Not something the alpha wanted to reflect on during the cool down, preferring to bask in the afterglow of days filled with sex and scenting.

He had sex with Bakugou Katsuki. Bakugou. And it was amazing, sure he’s never actually had sex before, and sure they were hormonal teens driven by the instinct of heats and ruts, but still, his body’s never felt this light before.

“Okay, I’m going to hold you.”

“Do whatever.” He didn’t point out how the taller teen was already doing said action, and Todoroki didn’t mention anything with the blond nuzzled in closer to his body.

Tomorrow was going to be- Shouto had no idea what to expect. Were they going to classes? Surely it would be cleared up by then, but the alpha was still nervous about sending his mated omega, fresh
out of a heat, into a crowd of people. It didn’t matter that they were classmates, and friends of the both of them, he didn’t want anyone’s scent to make contact with the blond, for them to have the privilege to smell the blond’s post heat scent.

He frowned, wondering if Bakugou was going through the same thought process, or was this just an alpha thing, or was this just a him thing? He certainly hoped not, it could be the downfall of any relationship then he’d have nothing to blame it on but himself. So he could only hope that the thoughts would be gone by the next morning, when their heads were all cleared.

Until then, he could get away with subtly scenting the already scented omega, a bit more couldn’t hurt. Even if the activity dragged on throughout the whole day, calming Bakugou down as he became restless with all the lying about, when his stress peaked and he began chewing on his bottom lip.

And the blond would hesitantly do the same when Shouto got uncomfortable, restless. It was cute, how shy he was about actively releasing his scent, even though he seemed to have a lack of control with it to begin with. It was nice though, having the scent directed to him, being scented by the omega rather then simply basking in it. He liked to think the other liked to have his scent clinging to the alpha as much as Shouto liked his scent clinging to the omega. It had to be something to do with the bond.

Well, maybe there was no use in denying that the heterochromatic was interested in Bakugou, really, the blond would have difficulty not grabbing his interest, and maybe that had something to do with the whole liking thing. And maybe that’s why Shouto formed a bond with him, and maybe that’s why he brought the idea up in the first place.

It was a way they could be together, where Todoroki could take apart every secret the blond could hide, pick his brain, learn his moves. Learn why Bakugou was the way he was. A true situation where curiosity killed the cat, because Shouto was absolutely screwed if the red-eyed student knew any of this.

And maybe he felt a little guilty, he was starting to wonder. Would the satisfaction really be worth it? In the end, what would this look like? Months from now, when the mark has faded, when they were no longer bound together. And in the shorter term, when Bakugou realized he was being paranoid. The school would be crazy to drop him, one the top student in the class, just because he was an omega, just because some conservative asshole with a journalism degree decided the country was better off with one less future-pro-hero.

Then there’s this heat, it raises a whole other potential predicament. They’d have to talk about it, do something about it. They couldn’t pretend it didn’t happen, but Shouto didn’t think he could do it. Like the blond said, “I don’t want to talk about it”. Not right now. God, was it really worth it? Was he going to ruin this man’s whole life?

Yet he could still swallow his guilt, and enjoy the body against his chest, and rub soothing circles in his biceps.

The next morning came with an alarm, Todoroki didn’t set one, it was Bakugou’s phone. He didn’t remember seeing the other set one either, but that didn’t stop the repeating abuse on his ear drums. Or the disappointment as the warm body beside him tumbled out of bed to turn it off. And he didn’t return, no, he stumbled farther off from the bed, to his closet, yanking it open.

“What are you doing?” He had half a mind to voice his concern, the other still dead to the world.
“Getting dressed, you should if you know what’s good for you. We have class dimwit.” The blond grumbled, even angry, his morning voice sounded like a lullaby, so Shouto didn’t mind the name calling or insults.

“How the hell do you even make it to class on time?” Swearing? This early in the morning, oh well, it was fine, he did do a lot of it over the course of the past few days, though _that_ was a different context, for the most part.

The heterochromatic made a non-committal grumble of some sort before burying his head into a pillow, shutting his eyes to drift off again. Only the sound of a slam- the bedroom door, jolted him out of it. Because his mate just left the room, and his mate just finished a heat. And Shouto was still out of it, wasn’t he?

Dammit, he had to go after the blond. Regretfully pulling the sheets off himself, the alpha made his way off the bed. He was still naked, and oh yeah, a thing called clothing existed, no wonder the blond dragged his hickied butt over to the dresser. Would he blame Shouto for doing the same? He figured not, resulting in a pair of sweatpants and a tightish tank top because the blond was small, well, smaller. And Todoroki figured the sleeves would be uncomfortable on his arms, and sweatpants were adjustable. Not to mention, most of the other’s pants were baggy on himself anyways, so they’d surely fit Shouto.

He’d change into his uniform later, he had time, seeing the ungodly hour Bakugou woke up at. That gave the heterochromatic time to laze around, and watch the blond go about his morning activities. So he found the other in the kitchen, pans clanging as he mulled about, taking out the essentials of what would surely be a filling breakfast.

“Should I make some toast?” Would he regret offering his assistance? Not if it got him a meal from his omega.

The blond startled, turning to glare at Shouto, “so you decided to get up after all?”

“Yes, you’re making breakfast.” And he wanted to be able to watch his omega, because the blond was his and no one else should be seeing him yet.

Bakugou wordlessly tossed him a loaf of sliced bread, a plate hitting the counter seconds later as Todoroki undid the bag to grab some pieces.

“Heeey bro- Holy shit!” The bread went up in flames, and Kirishma sounded much more awake, jumping back as if he were the one in the flames.

The heterochromatic couldn’t help but feel a bit satisfied, after all, the poor redhead was entering their space. He should know better.

Bakugou tossed Shouto a frown, “I told you toast it, not burn it asshole.”

But the flame was quickly diminished to reveal a perfectly toasted piece of bread, and the blond could only scoff, turning to rummage through the refrigerator.

Kirishma glanced on warily, “Are you making breakfast, can I have-”

“No.” He didn’t want the other alpha here any longer then he should be.

“The hell? Don’t answer for me Half-and-Half!” The next glare sent to him was worse than the last, Shouto realized he might of messed up, but really, it wouldn’t be the first, somehow he has found himself spiraling into a whole lot of “you fucked up”.
“Oh, no I get it! It’s okay bro, I can practically smell the post-heat, it must still…” He trailed off, the room progressively filling with agitated alpha scent, “-I’ll be on my way. Talk to you later Bakubro!”

Not if Todoroki had any say in it.

“you’re being a possessive little shit,” The blond narrowed his eyes, “and you’re shitty scent’s fogging up the room bitch. Don’t you dare pull that shit again, I swear to fucking god-”

What was he supposed to do, apologize? Actually, that would probably be the best course of action at the moment. Kirishma mentioned the post-head scent, it must of been messing with his alpha, enough to make him lose control of his own scent, and Todoroki tended to pride himself on having control over it.

“I sincerely apologize for how I will act through the day, it’s quite out of character, and not my place place to speak.” Isn’t it though, really? No it wasn’t, but...

“Let me finish IcyHot! Did I say I was done?” He looked silently at the blond, “-Just because we... it doesn’t mat- I don’t care-”

Bakugou seemed genuinely frustrated with his own words, “Just tone it down! Nothing’s... changed.”

He finally settled on the biggest lie any of them could tell. For all they knew, everything’s changed, could change. They were a mated pair, who just had unprotected sex, for three days straight, when a few weeks ago they weren’t even a couple, weren’t ever friends. They were nothing more than classmates, never to predict this. Now everyone thought they were a couple, they were bonded of all things, them.

“You know that’s not true.” He set the plate of toast aside.

“We can pretend it is.” The other hissed, was he that ashamed?

“Can we?” It shouldn’t even be a question, for obvious reasons they couldn’t, well, they definitely shouldn’t.

“I’m not having this conversation here, Shortcake.” His red eyes flickered to the entryway.

“Everyone will know, we haven’t been in school, or out of your room, for around a week.” It was a bit concerning everyone would know they just had a marathon of sex, Shouto wasn’t exactly comfortable with them all knowing.

Bakugou didn’t look like he was either, “they’ll know I’m an omega.”

If the heterochromatic weren’t paying attention, he would’ve missed the statement. Would they know? Was it possible for the red-eyed student’s quirk to save him once again? But Kirishma mentioned post-heat scent, while the blond didn’t smell any different to him, well, maybe a bit sweeter, he could smell a lot different to others. Was it really that bad if they knew? Because the alpha was proud of his omega, he wanted to show him off, yet at the same time, keep the other to himself.

He wanted to lay down, these hormones and stressful thought processes were giving him a headache, they should of stayed in bed.

“Here,” breakfast, the blond was a life saver, “you could’ve at least butter the bread.”
He relaxed into the familiar criticism, grabbing the butter dish to slather his own in the fatty spread, amused with the complaints he enlisted from the other.

The usual bickering continued throughout the morning, and Katsuki was already ready to crawl back into bed. First, the IcyHot bastard walks in wearing his clothes, and he had never been so happy to see the shitty sweats and tank because holy hell. Whatever, the idiot couldn’t even bother to change before pestering him for breakfast. And since when did he decide to take Katsuki’s role, practically chasing Shitty-Hair out of the kitchen, practically growling at him. Did he realize he was assaulting the room with gross, jealous alpha scent, and the blond did not swoon at the idea. He was absolutely livid.

But the blond still made breakfast for the other, because he was a kind soul. Not because he wanted to provide for his alpha. The heat was done, that was that. Even though he could still feel the ghost of it, lingering touches, the soreness in his lower back, which made it all so much more real, not some fever induced dream. The way Half-and-Half reacted to his scent, his post-heat scent. Katsuki didn’t think it’d be that bad, but…

Well, it wouldn’t stop him from going to class today, he missed enough. And he’d take a chance, if everyone knew he was omega, it was fine. Because Katsuki had the bond tying him to Todoroki to fall back on. Besides, he’d beat up anyone who’d dare shit on him anyways.

“I’m going to get dressed and shower.” Fucking finally, though his clothing was already dowsed in sweat due to the run they just came back from.

“Let’s meet downstairs?” To go to class together, what a clingy alpha.

“Whatever.” He needed a fucking shower too.

“We will then.” And with a nod from the other, they both went their own ways, the blood hopping off on the fourth floor without so much as a wave. Opening the door to his room was like a brick wall smacking him in the face, he was never going to get the scent out it. He’d have to throw everything out before it so much as began to smell like normal. His and the hetrochromatic’s scent carved its way into every single crease, laying itself on thick. Every inhale was Todoroki, as if you gagged Katsuki with the other’s shirt or something.

The bathroom was no different. They didn’t do anything in the bathroom, thank god, but somehow the scent had found its way in there, just as bad as the bedroom. Still, the blond could ignore it, undress, get under the warmth of the showerhead and lather his blond hair shampoo. Letting the water run down his body, cleaning off the sweat.

And Katsuki’s face wound up in horror when he realized sweat and water weren’t the only things running down his body. Slick, there was slick between his thighs, he was wet in more ways than one. But his heat was done, and he wasn’t turned on, fuck, after this week he somehow doubted he’d ever be horny again.

But shit, it was that damn scent. His body was reacting to the lingering scent, his alpha’s heavy scent. He couldn’t get a break? Not even in his own room. How long would it be like this? How long would he have to put up with this? A week? He was doubtful the smell would dissipate a week from now, but would he produce slick every time he’d walk into his own damn room? Would he get used to it? And will he come out smelling like IcyHot? Freshly scented just from standing being in
his own space.

He was out of there the second the conditioner washed out from his hair, wasting no time with
drying his body and dressing himself, combing out any possible knots from the wet hair, and
disappearing from the scented room, book bag in hand. It didn’t matter that the blond stands were
damp, they tended to dry quickly anyways.

“Kacchan!” Why was Deku lingering outside his room?
He wondered if he could get away with ignoring the nerd, “I had something I wanted to ask you.”
“I’m not going to stand here all day.” He sneered.

“O-oh, just, I need to know you’re alright,” He settled, “because if Todoroki, i trust him, but if he
forced this on you, this bond mark, only to-”

The blond’s eyes widened. He was reminded, once again, Deku was a goddamn alpha. With the
scent he was unknowingly releasing, it was enough to quell any doubts of the greenet.

But he wasn’t Katsuki’s alpha. In fact, he was criticizing Katsuki’s alpha. Deku claimed he trusted
Todoroki, then what was he doing here? The blond’s alpha was fine, how dare he doubt the other’s
intentions. His alpha, mate, one of the fathers of their children.

Katsuki jolted, they didn’t know that. But- a hand came up to tug at the blond hair, he clenched his
teeth.

“Kacchan?” He met concerned green eyes with widened red ones.

What the hell kind of mess did he get himself into?

Chapter End Notes

Pppft. You think I'm not evil- think again. I don't update for weeks and simply come
back with this. Yeah. Don't worry, I'm going to be uploading more consistently soon.

Yes, there will be angst. No matter how you frame it.

Please drop by the archive and comment to let the author know if you enjoyed their work!