Savior

by Fellowship_of_the_Fangirls

Summary

“One day,” he started, slamming his palm against the chair back and decaying part of the wood. “One day you are going to meet a villain who truly makes you understand how your actions affect those around you,” he leaned in, whispering into Bakugou’s ear. “And I pray that I’m there to see the fear in your eyes when they put you in your proper place. Six. Feet. Under.”
Thanks for taking the time to read!
Just to clarify, this fic is set 5 years after the beginning of the series (roughly 1-2 years after everybody graduated UA) so class 1A are in their early twenties.
Blood on Your Hands

Bakugou flinched away as the man grabbed his face.

Fear was not something he was well acquainted with, but the hand on his skin that could decompose his entire head in an instant was something he couldn’t stop himself from shying away from.

“You would make such a good villain.” Shigaraki had a feral grin on his face as his grip tightened on Bakugou. “Even your quirk is perfect for a villain.”

Bakugou spit in his face. Shigaraki growled and threw his face into the back of the chair.

The blonde forced his body not to shake as he sat up, working the pain out of his jaw. He forced his breathing to steady as he glared at Shigaraki.

“Fuck… you!”

The other villains held back chuckles as Shigaraki pulled the hand off of his face, his eyes manic behind the limb.

“One day,” he started, slamming his palm against the chair back and decaying part of the wood. “One day you are going to meet a villain who truly makes you understand how your actions affect those around you,” he leaned in, whispering into Bakugou’s ear. “And I pray that I’m there to see the fear in your eyes when they put you in your proper place. Six. Feet. Under.”

“What do you mean he’s fucking dead?” Bakugou glared at Aizawa across the conference room. The other pro heroes from his class at UA, as well as other classes and the heroes before them, shared similar expressions of shock frustration and anger across the room. The few police officers and detectives that were allowed on the case had solemn masks painted across their faces.

Aizawa sighed, running his hand over his eyes before turning to the figure of All Might, the once Symbol of Peace and retired hero appeared exhausted in his skeletal form. Togata put a hand on his predecessor’s shoulder from where he sat next to him, offering a nod of encouragement and a smile.

All Might stood, joining Aizawa at the front of the crowd of heroes.

“We hesitated to bring your class, as well as the others, into the matter because we did not wish to ignite past trauma, Young Bakugou.” All Might turned to each one of them with an apologetic look. “However, this matter has reached an uncontainable level.”

Aizawa typed something on the tablet in his hand and a dozen images appeared on the larger screen behind the two heroes.

Bakugou felt a strangled noise escape from his throat along with the gasps of horror from his surrounding companions.

The crime scenes were brutal, to say the least. Blood decorated asphalt, concrete dirt, trees with grotesque streaks of scarlet long since darkened. The bodies themselves were somehow still perfectly identifiable, though their contents were used to adorn their surroundings in macabre. Each
body was labeled with a pristine white card that held black letters of varying fonts and titles that were apparently given to each of the *victims*.

Bakugou could see a few of the pros holding back bile as they looked away from the monitor.

“Ten villains were counted during the attack on your training camp during your first year. As you know, none of them were captured due to circumstances and… unfortunate events,” Aizawa said the last words with weight, none of the heroes needing further explanation. “That being said, with the death of Shigaraki Tomura, all ten villains have now been murdered.”

Bakugou could see everyone from his class fall into disarray. Todoroki and Iida shared a wide eyed look with Uraraka and Tsuyu. Kirishima, Kaminari, Sero and Mina were all whispering amongst themselves. Bakugou tried to look for more of his classmates but his head began to spin.

He ran his hands through the short part of his undercut, rubbing at his temple to try and ease the pounding in his skull.

Bakugou looked back to the monitor. The deaths ordered by date with the name of each villain and their framed title on display next to them.

1) 13/4 - Muscular - ABUSER

The man was strangled, his own superficial muscles torn away from his body and tied around his throat, bruising clearly visible around his neck.

2) 19/5 - Moonfish - TORMENTER

His teeth were all removed, using his own quirk to mutilate his eyes and face with gauges and slashes.

3) 16/6 - Spinner - FOLLOWER

His scarf bound his limbs tightly together with a long crimson katana plunged through his chest, pinning him to the asphalt of the street.

4) 22/7 - Mustard - TAINTER

While which was used was unclear, a poison or lethal drug had been given to the man, his helmet off, eyes wide and red with blood leaking from his orifices.

5) 27/8 - Mr. Compress - KEEPER

His body was wound tightly together before he was placed in a small box. Bakugou couldn’t tell if he suffocated or died from the blood loss of the multiple rope burns across his skin.

6) 20/9- Kurogiri - WATCHER

No one in the room understood how he died. The area was covered in a dark liquid that seemed to ooze, almost… alive. Bakugou wasn’t sure if it was blood or something else entirely, and he didn’t know which was more disturbing.

7) 4/10 - Shigaraki Tomura - MONSTER

Bakugou had to look away. There was so much blood and the way *his* body was mutilated...the scene couldn’t be described by even the best heroes. All Bakugou remembers is the skin stripped away to reveal the muscle in an unnatural color. It made his stomach churn.
The two older heroes began to speak again, but Bakugou stopped them as he recounted the dead.

“You said all ten were killed. Why are there only seven assholes on the board?”

The room went silent as all of the heroes turned towards Aizawa and All Might, the two men sharing a quick glance.

Aizawa took a deep breath before he tapped on the tablet, pulling up a handful of new pictures, the response from the heroes now one of disbelief and shock.

Twice, Toga Himiko and Magne all lay on clean white sheets, each dressed in traditional funeral clothes and placed respectfully on the cloth.

Twice was dressed in a black suit with a crisp white shirt, his mask removed, placed in his hand with a sleek grey needle point dagger and an expensive looking pack of cigarettes.

Toga lay directly beside him in a contrasting white kimono, her blonde hair undone and placed delicately around her face. Three cherry lollipops were tucked gently against her palm with a similar dagger placed directly beside them.

The two villains had their left and right hands placed together, fingers intertwined, and their bodies surrounded by red flowers.

Bakugou found that Magne’s body was dated over a year prior, though he could only tell it was because of the labeled picture since her entire upper body was missing.

Her legs were wrapped in a white kimono nonetheless, her weapon laid above her, glasses placed on top of it. Her body was surrounded by the same red flowers placed across the sheet.

The room remained quiet, trying to understand the scenes placed before them.

“Why… what- what makes these three different from the other League members?”

It was Yaoyorozu that had broken the silence, Jirou squeezing her hand to offer as much comfort and support as possible.

“I am afraid we are still uncertain,” All Might replied, regret pooling in his voice.

Aizawa stepped forward, brushing his hair away from his eyes.

“The reason we called all of you here today was to inform you of the situation at hand.” He paused and let out a heavy sigh. “We have a lead, but there is barely anything to go on.”

An image appeared on the screen, the silhouette of a figure in a long hooded coat perched on the edge of a building. The quality was poor, the picture grainy against the backdrop of skyscrapers and dusk.

“They are called The Martyr,” All Might explained. “They came into the underground roughly four years ago, dealing in mostly drugs and information, but none of our sources will breathe a word more. We believe they hold power through fear and the knowledge that they have collected.”

“This is our only suspect, everyone else was narrowed out months ago. Their connections are extensive, but they and the League have only shared one contact.”
Aizawa pulled up another picture of a young man, his mouth, jaw, eyes, neck and arms heavily scarred while blue flame surrounded his hands.

Bakugou squinted. The man looked familiar, but when Bakugou turned to ask Todoroki, the man sucked in a quick breath, his body tight, and remained silent.

“The villain Dabi is the only known living associate of the Martyr and was a regular contact with the League, but he has not been seen in contact with the group for months. This picture was taken during their last interaction. If the Martyr really is responsible for these murders, Dabi could be the key to finding them.”

After ensuring the information had been properly passed along, Aizawa and All Might returned to their seats, the room filling with quiet whispers as the heroes and officers began to discuss the situation.

The police chief stood from his chair, taking the tablet from Aizawa and approaching his team to discuss the co-op with all the pros.

Bakugou let out a breath he hadn’t realized he was holding. He looked over at Todoroki, the man still frozen in his seat with his head in his hands.

He figured it was best to leave him and stood, making his way over to Aizawa. He was halfway across the room when Shinsou pulled up a chair and sat in front of his father, leaning his chest against the back, eyes narrowed into sharp slits.

Bakugou walked a few more meters, sitting down next to Kirishima, Mina and Kaminari, briefly greeting them before relaxing into his chair to listen in to the two tired heroes. Something seemed… tense.

“You promised me you wouldn’t go after them. You’ve heard the stories. You know how dangerous this guy is, even with the rumors of him being quirkless.”

“Hitoshi-”

“Does Mic know?”

There was a pause.

“You know he’s in the States working on something important. I don’t want him risking everything just-”

“So you didn’t tell him. Of course you didn’t.” Shinsou’s voice was tight.

“Toshi, please-”

“Don’t Toshi me. I don’t know what the hell you are thinking after everything that has been going on in the underground over the last four years, going on with you, but whatever it is I hope you’re satisfied with what happens. You should have just stayed out of it.”

Shinsou stood up quickly before Aizawa could stop him. He started towards the exit when a young officer came bursting through the double doors, her face sweaty and hair disheveled.

The police chief turned towards the woman, surprise written on his face.

“What is it?” He asked, a tinge of worry in his eyes.
She took a deep breath.

“Overhaul has resurfaced from the underground.”
Shattered Clocks

Chapter Summary

“What if he has tortured her since we last saw them? What if she’s been going through hell inside those walls?” The redhead turned his eyes back to his best friend, voice breaking.
“What if we fail to save her?”

Chapter Notes

This chapter is really short, but it was the most natural place to end it. I promise the next chapter will be worth it :)

EDIT: This is my sleep deprived brain not realizing it was 1,700 words and not just 700

See the end of the chapter for more notes

“They call him Overhaul,” Kirishima whispered.

“The hell you talking about, Shitty Hair?” Bakugou turned his desk chair around to stare at the boy on his bed.

“He’s the one we’re going after tomorrow. He’s a drug lord. Runs the yakuza, or something, and has this insane quirk that can rip everything apart and he’s been tormenting that poor girl and I- I shouldn’t even be telling you about this.” Kirishima stood up quickly, rushing to the door.

Bakugou frowned, grabbing his arm. “Ei. Sit down. Tell me what’s going on.”

Kirishima looked down at him, eyes glassy. “I’m scared.” He sunk back onto the bed, wiping his eyes. “What if he has tortured her since we last saw them? What if she’s been going through hell inside those walls?” The redhead turned his eyes back to his best friend, voice breaking.

“What if we fail to save her?”

The station was thrown into chaos.

Bakugou turned to look at his classmates, his friends.

Every student that had been involved in that raid just less than four years ago exchanged their thoughts without a word.

Kirishima had his eyes shut, fists clenched. Uraraka had a hand over her mouth, her and Tsuyu wrapped in a tight embrace.
And Mirio, Mirio was frozen in his seat, face pale and eyes glazed over.

They had never talked about the raid. It had been covered by every news channel, criticizing the failure of the heroes, and the work study students never truly healed from the incident.

“What?” Bakugou was brought back to the conference room as the police chief spoke.

There was no time for the officers to question it, the remaining heroes leaping from their seats.

“Where is he?” Bakugou turned towards the unfamiliar voice, but was shocked to see it was Aizawa, a growl in his throat and venom drenching his words.

The woman had to steady herself before she could respond. “He was spotted eleven blocks from here near the steel factory in the Haiko district. He’s not wearing a mask and he looked… anxious.”

“Bastard,” Aizawa hissed. “Students,” Bakugou couldn’t help but smirk at the title that his old teacher could never quite give up.

“Let’s go.”

The former 1-A students were carefully arranged around the Haiko steel factory, earpieces carrying messages between them.

They watched patiently, searching side streets and alleyways for even the slightest clue as to where Chisaki had gone, refusing to let him slip through their grasp again.

Bakugou clenched and unclenched his hands, tension rising in his shoulders.

“Tell me if there’s any noise,” Bakugou whispered to Kirishima before removing his hearing aids. The boy nodded, signing a quick okay before turning back to the ground below.

It was too quiet without the devices in his ears. The hero quickly replaced them with the standard earpieces, hoping for even a slight sound to settle his uneasiness.

The silence remained, somehow a suffocating presence in Bakugou’s head, like being submerged deep underwater.

Tension was high as the sun rose and fell, the heroes remaining vigilant and taking shifts for rest and contact with their agencies.

It was Tokayami who spotted him just before sunset. After hours of anxiety, of waiting, the man emerged from an abandoned out building towards the broken doors of a massive warehouse.

Jirou kneeled against her rooftop, plugging one earphone jack into the brick and the other into a device created by Momo to transmit the audio to their earpieces.

It was nearly quiet for fifteen minutes. The only sound was Chisaki’s breathing echoing in their ears, the air an uncomforting sound.

“He’s almost completely calm,” Jirou commented. “His heart rate is just a little high. 75- no, 80 beats-"
Her voice was cut short by the echoing sound of footsteps through the warehouse.

Bakugou turned to his left, studying the stiffness in Aizawa and Mirio’s shoulders. Rage rolled off his old teacher in waves, his gaze set on the building, Chisaki just visible inside the door. Mirio, on the other hand, was more determined than Bakugou had ever seen him, his brow set in a hard line. Bakugou turned away, focusing his attention on their real target.

“You’re late,” Chisaki said, his tone emotionless.

“His heart rate spiked,” Jirou whispered across the coms.

“Well, forgive me, all powerful Overhaul, but I had more pressing matters to attend to,” the new figure replied in a rasp, his face hidden by the shadow of the broken doorway.

“Such as running errands for your master, little doggy? You should work for someone worth your time.”

There was a loud sound, the heroes wincing as it rang in their ears. Bakugou looked towards the door, realizing it was a growl grated by the newcomer’s voice.

“I’m not here to bargain with you, Chisaki. If anything, I would rather not have to speak to you at all. You are quick to forget the reason you went into hiding in the first place.” Bakugou watched Overhaul flinch away from the shadow as the man stepped into the light.

Bakugou recognized his figure and hair from this morning’s briefing.

Dabi.

His face was covered by a black fabric mask and he wore an unfamiliar leather coat that reached his knees, the color that of dried blood, almost fitting.

No matter the differences, this was Dabi.

“That’s what I thought. You were dethroned for a reason. The Martyr wants you to remember that.”

Every hero watching the scene froze.

_The Martyr is the reason everything went so wrong that day. They’re the reason that Eri-

“He can remember that he took my daughter. Where is the girl?” Chisaki yelled, climbing to his feet.

Dabi laughed, a loud and maniacal sound. “Your daughter? Your daughter? Oh, Chisaki.” Dabi grabbed him by the throat, dangling Overhaul above the ground. “The girl you raised is dead,” he answered, throwing Chisaki against the door frame.

Bakugou felt his friends break, especially Mirio.

He turned towards the older hero, Mirio’s face hard, but his eyes far off and vacant.

“No! She- she can’t be! I saw them- I saw them take her away! Where is she?! Give me what is mine !”

Dabi kneeled beside Chisaki, grabbing the man’s face in his hand. “Listen closely,” Bakugou could feel himself lean forward with the rest of the heroes even though the statement was not directed at
them. His body shivered at repressed memories that he buried deeper, pushing away the thoughts until after the mission.

“You are never going to get her back, and she was never yours to begin with. I am here to remind you of where you stand, not because I was going to accept any proposition on behalf of the Martyr, myself, or anyone else on our team. Understood?”

Dabi threw the man’s face away, turning and walking towards the other end of the warehouse. He paused, turning back to the shape of Overhaul rising from the ground. “Stay in the dirt, Chisaki. It’s where you belong.”

Chisaki spit towards Dabi, his posture broken and wild. “I will come for you! I am going to kill every one of you!”

“Oh, we hope you try. It will make this all so much more satisfying,” Dabi chuckled, the grin clear even from his position inside the warehouse.

Chisaki shook with rage as Dabi walked away from him.

The older man clenched his fists and turned away, marching towards what Bakugou could only assume was what remained of his team.

Mirio jumped to his feet, moving to go after Chisaki or Dabi, though no one could really tell which.

Aizawa grabbed his arm, pulling the younger man back to his side with a gentle shake of his head. “You can’t go after them, Mirio. Not yet. We don’t have enough information for current action to find out what we need.”

“But he needs to be brought in-” Mirio objected.

“I agree,” Aizawa interrupted him as gently as he could manage with his heightened levels of anger. He took a deep breath to steady himself, putting his own feelings aside. “However, Dabi is still on edge from this encounter. If we go after him now it will do nothing but get people killed. Your people, Mirio. Your friends. We need to suppress our emotions for the time being. At least until we can come up with a plan.”

Bakugou watched Mirio’s resolve crumble, the hero sinking to his knees on the rooftop as he collapsed into himself.

“He said- he said she’s dead. After everything I- I thought maybe she was still missing. That we would find her and- and everything would be okay and she would be safe.” Kirishima laid a hand on the hero’s shoulder, grip unwavering as he joined Mirio on the roof.

“We all did, Mirio. We all wanted to save her. It’s what she deserved.”

Mirio let his body slump with Kirishima’s comforting words, the pain and guilt too heavy to carry on his shoulders.

It was quiet for a long time, many of the other heroes returning to continue work on the League, but the four pros on the rooftop could not find a way to break the moment they were frozen in.

At least, not until Aizawa received a message, his phone dinging gently. He stepped away to check it, leaving the young men to bear the silence, a heavy weight settling across Bakugou’s chest as he considered what this mission truly meant for Kirishima and Mirio.
Aizawa stepped forward, putting his phone back into his pocket.

“Shinsou just texted me. The police have come up with an operation to capture Dabi, but they need us back at the station before the plan can go into motion.”

Mirio straightened his posture, rubbing his face with his hands. He took a deep breath before he was steady enough to stand.

The hero turned quickly back towards the agency they had gathered at that morning. “The sooner we move the sooner those monsters can be put behind bars.”

Bakugou and Kirishima shared a look before following, neither commenting on the glassiness of Mirio’s eyes as the last light of the sun reflected in his irises.

Chapter End Notes

I'm a sucker for protective Dabi and I hope you are too because we are about to see a whole lot more of him!
Chapter Summary

“Only you can understand what you are willing to fight for, so don’t for a second underestimate the lengths someone else would go to for the same reasons. Do you understand, Katsuki?”

Chapter Notes

Back at it again with my favorite dream team! More Dabi for your enjoyment.

See the end of the chapter for more notes

“You have to learn that not everything is as simple as the black and white you want it to be, Katsuki. The world is a harsh and cruel place. No one is going to take it easy on you, and you don’t want them to.”

“Even though I can’t hear good? And ‘cause my quirk is so mean?”

“Especially then. You have to be ready to fight for everything, but you also have to understand that others are thinking the same way. Only you can understand what you are willing to fight for, so don’t for a second underestimate the lengths someone else would go to for the same reasons. Do you understand, Katsuki?”

Bakugou waited for the signal from Aizawa, the man situated similarly against the wall across the street from him.

They watched Mirio and Kirishima browse the shop windows nearby, all four heroes in their street clothes to avoid drawing attention to themselves, from villains or otherwise.

Bakugou continued to scroll on his phone, using the window panes as mirrors, watching every alley.

“I see him. He just left the market.” Bakugou glanced up at Mirio’s muted voice in his com, watching as Dabi made his way down the partially deserted street with his phone held against his ear.

Bakugou quickly fell into step behind him, the other heroes following close behind. He turned his hearing aid up, listening in as well as he could from the closing distance.

“Of course I remembered, you gave me a list. I know, I know. I’ll be there soon.” Dabi hung up the phone with a gentle sigh.

Bakugou checked his periphery, seeing the nodding faces of his teammates. He mirrored their action, preparing himself for the fight that would inevitably come.
Dabi pulled a cigarette from the pocket of the same red leather jacket he had been wearing a few days before. He pulled the black fabric away from his face and placed the cigarette in his mouth. He snapped his fingers, a small blue flame appearing on his thumb, and lit the end. Dabi inhaled deeply, the tension leaving him.

“Dabi. You are under arrest.”

The man froze.

“Shit,” he sighed under his breath.

He turned around slowly, his hands raised in surrender, one holding his cigarette and the other holding a few plastic bags.

The heroes froze at the sight.

His scars were gone. Standing before them was Dabi, but his neck, arms, and eyes were covered in pale skin to match the rest of his body, not the dark and angry scars that had been shown in his photo just months prior. The four exchanged a subtle look of confusion and shock.

“Officers, can I just say, whatever happened, it is not my fault.”

Mirio reached into his pocket and pulled out his license. “That’s heroes, actually. You are under arrest for suspicion of villainous intent with the wanted criminal Chisaki Kai.”

Dabi lowered his head and Bakugou thought he could hear the man swear again.

The man in question lifted his head back up, looking each of the heroes over. “Look. Can’t we all just have a nice talk and settle this like adults?”

Aizawa pulled out a pair of quirk suppressing cuffs, his own ability activating with the glowing of his eyes and flowing of his hair.

Dabi let out a heavy sigh. “Guess not.”

In an instant he threw the cigarette in his hand, the ash spraying across Aizawa’s face and forcing him to close his eyes.

Dabi took the distraction and ran, rushing past what few people occupied the street. Bakugou and Kirishima raced after him, Mirio following shortly after.

They dashed around buildings and through side streets, desperately trying to keep up with the criminal. Before long they reached a dead end between three buildings.

“Now we got him!” Kirishima exclaimed.

Dabi just smirked, running straight for the wall.

He pushed off the brick, something in his boots powering on. He leaped from wall to wall, scaling the five story building, something in his equipment working against gravity.

Dabi reached the top, looking towards the alley below, flipping off the three heroes beneath him. He turned to continue his escape, checking to make sure he still had his bags, when he ran face first into a hard chest and a pair of quirk suppressing cuffs.

He looked up, face twisting into a dark expression. “Of course you’re fucking here.”
Hawks offered a weak smile. “I’ve got him!” The pro called to the heroes below.

The five heroes stood at various points in the interrogation room, watching as Dabi fiddled with some sort of ring on a chain around his neck.

“So, Dabi,” Aizawa stated, sitting in the chair in front of him. “We don’t have a warrant to run your blood yet, so we can’t get any information from that.”

Dabi just continued to stare at the mirrored wall behind them.

“Well, so far we have you marked with a couple known associates, no siblings, unmarried—”

Dabi snorted, his careful mask crumbling instantly as he laughed.

“So, you tied the knot then?” Bakugou asked with a raised eyebrow.

“Something like that,” Dabi smiled softly.

“Since when were you settling down, huh Dabi?” Hawks asked, a twisted expression on his face.

Dabi glared. “I’m not talking to you, you fucking asshole.”

The heroes in the room froze at the outburst, the for turning to look at Hawks with a mix of confusion and curiosity.

Hawks rubbed the back of his neck sheepishly. “We kind of had a… “thing”, I guess, when I was doing undercover work a while back. After I was called out a lot went down and—”

“You used me, is what you did,” Dabi hissed as he slid farther into his seat, still messing with what Bakugou now realized was probably a wedding ring.

“What the hell does that mean?” Hawks sounded offended.

“It means you’re more emotionally unstable and abusive than you let on, Keigo.” Dabi stated flatly, turning his narrowed eyes on the winged hero.

“You have to know I never meant to hurt—”

“Then you should have told me! I could have helped you!” Dabi slammed his hands on the table, suddenly standing.

The room went dead silent, Aizawa placing a hand in front of Hawks as he tried to step forward.

“And I think we’re done for now,” Aizawa said. “You three keep an eye on him,” the man said gesturing to Mirio, Kirishima and Bakugou.

The older pros left the room, presumably to talk behind the mirror, Dabi settled back into his chair, laying his head on the table.

Bakugou stepped forward, sitting in the chair across from Dabi. “Hey.”

“What?” Dabi groaned from beneath his arm.
“Who were you talking to on the phone?”

“My kid. Why do you care?” Dabi lifted his head to see the shocked looks on the heroes’ faces.

“Are you even old enough to have a child?” Mirio asked, stepping towards the table.

“Well, I have two of them, so…”

“Do we need to send someone to get them? They must have been alone for a while now.” Kirishima smiled gently.

Dabi chuckled, leaning against the back of the chair. “I think they’ll be fine. They know how to take care of themselves. We made sure of that.”

The villain’s words left an unsettling feeling in the heroes. Kirishima shifted his position on the wall, turning away from Dabi.

Bakugou and Mirio continued to ask varying degrees of questions, only getting vague responses.

“When was the last time you were in contact with the League of Villains?”

“It’s been a while.”

“What happened to your scars?”

“I got them fixed.”

“What are your intentions for Chisaki Kai?”

Dabi didn’t answer the question. He leaned towards the right side of his chair. He fiddled with the ring, not paying the heroes any mind.

“Hey, I’m talking to you!” Bakugou snapped, grabbing the chain around Dabi’s neck and breaking it as he ripped the necklace away from the villain’s neck.

The dark haired man froze, eyes narrowing into seething slits.

“Bakugou, that’s enough! You shouldn’t—”

“I remember when I first saw you,” Dabi stated, his expression turning neutral. “It was at the sports festival in your first year. I had watched it online, and for a while I thought you would win.”

The heroes had gone silent, staring in shock.

“You seemed strong enough, I suppose. You were a fighter. But in the final battle you faced off against that green-haired quirkless boy. Midoriya Izuku, wasn’t it?”

Bakugou went rigid, his eyes clouding over with memories long suppressed.

Blood. So much blood. Covering the concrete, the windows, the building—

“He defeated you magnificently. He had no ability, no way to defend against you properly, and yet he fought, twisting your own pride and faults against you.”

Mirio and Kirishima felt anxiety seep into their bones as they looked at Bakugou, the hero clenching the chain tightly in his fist, but his face completely blank.
“That’s your biggest flaw, Bakugou Katsuki. You underestimate people.”

There was a faint beeping. Mirio looked down at the chain in Bakugou’s hand, a faint blinking light appearing on the inside of the ring. His eyes widened at the realization.

“It’s a transmitter. Get-”

Dabi dove to the left, the wall behind him exploding just after.

Debris went flying, pinning all three heroes beneath piles of heavy stone. Dust filled the room momentarily, sunlight from the new window only assisting in the difficult visual of the space.

A minute passed, Bakugou’s ears ringing from the amplified sound. Silence then filled the space as the inhabitants waited with baited breath.

A figure appeared in the hole, blocking the sun as they stepped into the war torn room.

The dust settled to reveal a woman towering over the rubble.

She was dressed in a black crop top and jeans, covered by a full length white leather trench coat. Two curving, golden horns protruded from her head, reflecting the light from behind her. Her eyes were covered by a pure white blindfold, only rivaling the paleness of her braided hair.

What shocked the heroes most were the massive white wings that stretched behind her, the feathers speckled with flecks of the same golden color as her horns with traces of black beneath the flight feathers.

She stretched to her full height, surveying the room.

Kirishima’s eyes widened. “That’s the vigilante-

“Raguel!” Dabi called from wherever he had landed during the explosion.

“Dad! Where the hell are you?” She stepped further into the room, turning towards the heroes pinned against the mirrored wall. Her eyebrows scrunched beneath her mask as she glared, diverting her focus to the now standing Dabi.

Raguel rushed over to him, pulling a device out of her jacket and unlocking his cuffs. She then grabbed his face in her hand, inspecting the small cut on his face. She growled before releasing him. “Let’s go.”

Dabi faced the trapped heroes.

He approached Bakugou, crouching in front of him. He snatched his necklace back before pushing Bakugou’s head roughly against the cement wall.

“You are not the strongest person on the playing field. Don’t underestimate people, Bakugou. You will lose.”

The villain stood and followed his daughter out of the wall.

“Please ask your aunt to use less explosive ammunition next time,” Dabi said.

“Ask her yourself,” was the last thing the heroes heard as Raguel jumped off the edge, soaring into the air and carrying her father with her.
We love us a good tragic backstory that isn’t actually revealed til much later
Chapter Summary

He looked towards the investigators, marking the ground near a golden medal that Bakugou remembered seeing around the neck of a green-haired boy just two days before.
Bakugou rushed forward, grabbing one of the officers by the shirt.” Where’s Deku?” He screamed. “Where is Izuku?”

Chapter Notes

Two chapters for everybody!
This is what happens when you have too much free time because your school switched to online school because of the Corona Virus.

See the end of the chapter for more notes

“Bakugou? Hey, man. Let’s get you out of here.”
“Where-” Bakugou swallowed thickly, trying to see past the bodies of the police officers. “What happened?”

Kirishima pulled Bakugou away. “I’ll tell you later, but I think we need to get you home first.” He could see it in the redhead’s eyes. Sadness and... pain.

Bakugou pulled out of his classmates grasp, running towards the police barrier. He dove under the blockade, looking up at the ten story building before his eyes finally caught on the crimson drenched concrete, blood covering the sidewalk, street, and building wall.

He looked towards the investigators, marking the ground near a golden medal that Bakugou remembered seeing around the neck of a green-haired boy just two days before.

Bakugou rushed forward, grabbing one of the officers by the shirt.” Where’s Deku?” He screamed. “Where is Izuku?” His voice broke as his eyes went glassy.

“Damn it!” Bakugou clenched his teeth, slamming his fist into the table.

“Bakugou, are you okay?” Aizawa said as he rushed over to the three heroes that had been in the room when the explosion went off.

The nurse that had been stitching up the cut on the blond’s head stepped away after Bakugou’s outburst.

“I’m fine,” he replied. Aizawa looked unconvinced. “Really, I am. I just shouldn’t have lost my
temper. I was overwhelmed and reacted badly.”

“What do you mean?” Kirishima asked as he sat down next to Bakugou.

Mirio, Hawks, Aizawa and Kirishima were all staring at him, waiting.

“I- It was really loud. My hearing aid batteries were low and so they kept acting up and were picking up every fucking turn of that stupid ring.” Bakugou lowered his head and covered his eyes.

He stiffened as a hand was placed on his shoulder, glancing up to see the scarlet of his best friend’s eyes.

“Why didn’t you tell me?” Kirishima signed.

Bakugou was still for a moment, realizing just how much it meant to him that the redhead was doing this to make this conversation private, to make Bakugou feel safe.

“It would have been selfish,” he signed back. Kirishima frowned, his mouth in a thin line. Bakugou sighed. “The mission was more important. We need that information to save lives. I couldn’t.” His hands twitched as he took a deep breath. “I couldn’t let my problems interfere with something like that.”

Kirishima placed his hands over Bakugou’s. “Okay. Thank you,” he said aloud, turning back to the others. “It couldn’t be helped.” It was a simple explanation for such a large situation, but the other heroes accepted it without question, Aizawa staring at Bakugou with a look he could only call pride.

Hawks let out a huff, running a hand through his hair. “We’re not going to be able to corner them again for a while, if ever again, now that they know what’s going on. Especially now that we know that Raguel is with them. I don’t think I’ll be much help.”

“What do you mean? You are one of the few pros that has wings. You should be able to take her down no problem,” Bakugou gave him a confused look.

Hawks actually laughed at that. “You didn’t take a real look at her wings, did you?”

“They were white and gold. I’m not stupid,” Bakugou growled.

“That’s not what I mean. Haven’t you ever wondered how I haven’t caught her yet?” The other heroes exchanged a look before shaking their heads. Hawks shook his head and stretched out his left wing, showing the spread feathers at the tip of the wing. “I have wings with a low aspect ratio. They’re made for soaring at high altitudes and all that junk.” The other heroes nodded, following along. “Her wings, on the other hand, are narrowed at the tips and are stockier, built for high speed and agility. She can outfly me easily, and she has. Many times” he said the last part with a grumble.

“So how are we supposed to take her down then?” Kirishima asked.

Hawks thought for a moment. “The best course of action would probably be to-”

“Is everyone okay?” Shinsou entered the room, a worried look on his face.

“Yeah,” Kirishima replied. “Bakugou got the worst of it.”

Shinsou gave the blond a quick look before his gaze sharpened. He walked passed without a word, approaching Mirio where he sat against the wall. His face was blank, eyes unfocused.
“Togata. Talk to me. What’s wrong?” Shinsou kneeled in front of his friend, laying his hand on the older man’s shoulder.

Mirio’s eyes came back into focus. He looked up at Shinsou before tears began to gather in his eyes. He pushed his palms against his face as sobs racked his body.

Shinsou pulled him into a hug. “Hey,” he soothed. “I can’t help if you don’t tell me what happened.”

Mirio sniffed, looking up at his friend. “She- I-” He took a deep breath to steady himself. “She looked- she looked just like Eri.”

Shinsou froze, turning to look at the other heroes. Kirishima and Aizawa exchanged a look, the realization finally settling over them in a suffocating sheet.

“I wasn’t even- oh my god. He still has trauma from everything four years ago,” Kirishima clenched his hands into his hair.

Bakugou put a hand on his back, rubbing in gentle circles. “It’s not your fault. We were ambushed.”

Shinsou scoffed, turning back to Mirio. “I’m going to call Tamaki to come and get you. Is that alright?” The older only gave a small nod before curling in on himself. Shinsou gave a small smile before dialing Tamaki’s number.

Kirishima leaned into Bakugou, allowing the blond to support him. “Shinsou’s still not talking to you, huh?” Kirishima signed.

Bakugou shook his head. “I tried to talk to him when he first showed up before the meeting, about a week ago, but he just ignored me and then avoided me at the briefing,” Bakugou replied before he curled his fingers closed.

“Are you two safe to get home?” Aizawa asked, crouching in front of the table.

Bakugou nodded. “I’m clear to drive, so I guess I can take this idiot home with me.” Kirishima only chuckled, his eyes weighed down with exhaustion.

Bakugou glanced at Shinsou, the hero muttering into his phone, exhaustion settled on his face.

“Thank you, Amajiki.” Shinsou hung up the phone, squeezing Mirio’s shoulder. “He’ll be here soon, okay?” Mirio gave a soft reply that Bakugou couldn’t hear, but remained curled up against the concrete.

Shinsou stood up, approaching his father. “Tamaki is on his way to get Mirio.”

Aizawa stood, nodding his head. “I wanted to-”

“I’m going to head home. Try and get some investigating done,” Shinsou cut him short, playing with the voice modifying mask that hung limp around his neck.

“Alright. Call me if you need anything,” Aizawa sounded defeated, but accepted the statement nonetheless.

“Thanks, Dad. I’ll-”

The door to the room opened again, revealing a broken looking Kaminari.

“Hi-Hitoshi, I’m so sorry,” Denki cried, gripping the back of his friend’s capture weapon. “I- it’s Inko- Midoriya Inko.”

Shinsou froze, eyes going wide. He pushed Kaminari back enough to look in his eyes. “Where is she? Is she okay? Did something happen?”

Kaminari wiped his eyes. “She’s- she’s dead, Toshi. She suffocated in a building collapse at the care facility this morning.” Bakugou stiffened.

Shinsou’s arm dropped from Kaminari’s shoulders, his face melting away until there was nothing on it but pain.

“But she- she,” Shinsou took a step back, then two, before his legs collapsed and he sunk to the ground. “She can’t be dead. Not after everything.” Tears began to stream down his face.

Bakugou stood from his chair, joining Shinsou on the floor.

“I’m sorry. I know how close you were. Especially after…” Bakugou stopped, swallowing the lump in his throat.

“After what, Bakugou?” Shinsou bit out, turning wild eyes on the hero.

“After- when-” Bakugou stuttered, unprepared for a response from the man.

“After my best friend was rejected from the hero program even after he beat you in the sports festival because you convinced everyone he would never be more than quirkless?” Shinsou released his capture weapon, trapping Bakugou in the fabric before slamming him against the wall.

The other heroes in the room erupted into chaos, Aizawa leaping forward to pull Shinsou away, but the young man wouldn’t budge, his weapon not faltering for a second.

“Or do you mean after he jumped off a building because his antidepressants just weren’t working anymore?” Shinsou stepped forward, staring Bakugou down with every ounce of anger he had built towards the blond over the last four and a half years.

“Or maybe it was when I had to help Inko plan a funeral for a body she didn’t have, helped her burn nothing?”

Aizawa stopped trying to hold his son back, realizing just how much rage the boy had collected before he had adopted him the second semester of his first year.

“Tell me, Bakugou, which one is it? Did you ever wonder why I haven’t talked to you? Hm? It’s because as far as I’m convinced, all of them are your fault.” Shinsou let loose a punch, breaking Bakugou’s nose under his knuckles before he dropped him to the ground.

Kaminari came up behind Shinsou, holding him close to his chest. “Toshi. Leave it. It’s not worth it. Not with everything else.” Shinsou melted against Kaminari, letting the tension and anger leave him.

He brushed his hand over his eyes. “Come on, Denks. We have a funeral to plan.”

The blonde nodded, helping Shinsou stand, the two leaving the room in a layer of ice as they
closed the door behind them.

Chapter End Notes

Do I regret it? Just a little.
When The Dead Shall Rest

Chapter Summary

“We’re going to change the world, Hitoshi. We’ve worked so hard for this and because of that we get to save people, we get to help people, Toshi. And I just, that’s all I’ve ever wanted.”

Chapter Notes

See the end of the chapter for notes

“I’m really happy I met you, Hitoshi. It’s made this hell bearable.”

Shinsou turned towards his best friend, the two sitting on the balcony of Shinsou’s dorm, their legs weaved through the bars and hanging off the edge.

“Well, Izu, I think it’s safe to say that this hell will soon be over,” the boy laughed. “We both placed at the sports festival! They have to let us into the hero course now!”

The green haired boy smiled, and god, Shinsou couldn’t remember the last time his friend, his brother, was this happy.

“Yeah, Tosh. It’s finally looking up.”

The two boys sat in silence for a few minutes, staring at the stars above them and sharing the desserts Inko had dropped off for her sons, “Both of you,” she had smiled.

“Hey, Toshi.”

“Yeah?”

“I’ve been thinking a lot lately.”

“Don’t hurt yourself,” Shinsou lightly punched his arm.

“Shut up,” he replied, punching right back.

“No, but seriously. What is it?”

Shinsou watched a soft look spread across the other boy’s face. “We’re going to change the world, Hitoshi. We’ve worked so hard for this and because of that we get to save people, we get to help people, Toshi. And I just, that’s all I’ve ever wanted.”

It was on a Tuesday, with the sun high in the sky, with barely any clouds, with no chance of rain. Bakugou watched Shinsou during the entire funeral.

His purple hair was flatter than normal, like it hadn’t been washed in a couple days. The bags under
his eyes were somehow bigger and darker than he’d ever seen them, the face they covered red and puffy from the tears that now stained his cheeks.

Kaminari sat beside Shinsou, one arm around the taller’s shoulders and the other intertwined tightly with his right hand.

“Oh good. I’m glad they’re still together after all these years,” Kirishima signed. “Even with the view on heroes dating, especially same sex couples, they stayed by each other.”

“They’re together?” Bakugou asked.

Kirishima nodded shyly, scratching the back of his neck. “They started dating a few months after the sports festival. It’s a big secret though. I think only a few people know.”

Bakugou was quiet for a moment. “He never told me,” he signed.

Kirishima shrugged. “You weren’t exactly in a good place at the time, what with the kidnapping and All Might and All for One’s disappearance. He never felt like it was the right time.” Bakugou nodded. “Either way, they’re good for each other, ya know?” Kirishima smiled at Bakugou.

“You’ll find someone like that too. One day,” he whispered, ignoring the tightness in his chest as he turned his gaze back to the ceremony and away from his best friend.

Prayers were said, a name was given, and the guests approached the casket to leave flowers beside Midoriya Inko’s body.

Shinsou and Kaminari were first with a bouquet of pink carnations, no blood to take their place, followed by Aizawa and the other attendants.

Bakugou and Kirishima went last. Bakugou placed his white zinnias next to Inko’s left arm. “For absent friends,” the woman had told him.

Inko was pale, her hair cut at her shoulder and laid gently around the fabric of her kimono. Bakugou wiped his eyes and continued forward, looking around for Kaminari and Shinsou.

Kaminari was nowhere to be found, but Shinsou was sitting on one of the chairs from the ceremony. Guests were speaking with him, offering envelopes and condolences. Many Bakugou didn’t recognize, but there were a few students from their days back at U.A., mostly general education students that had gone on to become agents or publicists in hero magazines.

After about an hour the room was nearly empty. Bakugou had talked to a couple of the guests, but overall had remained in the corner while Kirishima had greeted others. Bakugou had considered talking to Shinsou, but a pair of guests had approached him after all the others had gone.

The first wore a long garment, a covering wrapped tightly around her head and a pair of sunglasses covering her eyes, despite the indoor venue. Beside her was a strikingly tall woman with shoulder length black hair and sharp, dark eyes. Unlike the other guests, she had not worn a kimono or suit, but a long sleeved sheer dress, allowing every bystander to observe the defined muscle across her arms. For a minute, Bakugou wondered if she was a hero in training.

The shorter woman kneeled in front of Shinsou and removed her glasses. Bakugou can tell she is speaking, but from such a distance he couldn’t read their lips or hear anything they were saying.

What Bakugou could see was the moment when Shinsou stopped crying, when he started laughing, when he pulled the woman into tight embrace, when a smile spread so wide across his face that
Bakugou couldn’t remember ever seeing such a look on Shinsou’s face in his life.

Kirishima exchanged a glance with Bakugou. “It’s not our place to interrupt them,” Bakugou signed.

Kirishima nodded and the two made their way out of the building only to be greeted by cameras in their faces.

“Ground Zero! Red Riot! What can you tell us about the building collapse?”

“What do you know about the death of Midoriya Inko, mother of the Surprise Suicide of U.A.?”

Bakugou clenched his fists and took a deep breath, stomping his temper and silently thanking Recovery Girl for fixing his nose.

“While I thank you for your concern I have to ask you to step away from the story and respect those in mourning. Midoriya Inko was an incredible woman and I will not have her memory slandered by a lack of boundaries. Thank you.”

The reporters froze before they turned away from him to the reopened doors.

“Compulsion! Compulsion! What can you tell us about the accident?”

Shinsou ignored them, putting on his sunglasses as a black corvette pulled up to the curb, yellow racing stripes decorating the hood.

Kaminari stepped out of the driver’s seat, walking around the car to open the door for Shinsou.

“Is there any connection to the reported sighting of Overhaul?”

“Are civilians safe in their own homes?”

“What should we do to prepare?”

Kaminari closed the door, pulling off his own sunglasses to look the photographers dead in the eye. “Hey. If you could do me a favor and stop fucking harassing my boyfriend after the death of his mother figure, that would be great.” Kaminari flipped off the cameras and made his way back to the driver’s side.

Before he stepped into the car he locked eyes with Kirishima and Bakugou, both giving him nods of approval.

Kaminari just flushed, closing his door and driving away, leaving the sea of paparazzi on the sidewalk.

“I think that boyfriend title suits them,” Bakugou smirked.

Kirishima nodded brightly, the heroes walking towards Bakugou’s car.

“Now. Let’s catch the son of a bitch who did this.”

Chapter End Notes
Probably going to have a lot more chapters up this week, so get ready everybody!
And please comment! I love hearing from you guys!
Broken Pieces

Chapter Summary

“You really mean that?”
“I’m not gonna repeat myself,” Bakugou shoved his shoulder lightly with a small smirk. “But yeah, I do. Whatever happens today, you deserve this. So don’t let those shitty extras tell you otherwise, got it?”

Chapter Notes

Presents!
Since we all know I have too much time on my hands, I’m going to knock out as many chapters as I can.

See the end of the chapter for more notes

“Midoriya.” Bakugou watched the boy stop and turn towards him, a curious look on his face.

“Since when do you use my name?” He asked, no bite in the words.

“I… Look, I know I was an asshole. I’ve- I’ve been working on that. I also wanted to apologize, have for a while now.” The other was completely surprised now. “I know you probably can’t forgive me right now, or ever, but I want you to know that if anyone deserves to be here, it’s you.”

He took a few steps forward, looking up at Bakugou. “You really mean that?”

“I’m not gonna repeat myself.” Bakugou shoved his shoulder lightly with a small smirk. “But yeah, I do. Whatever happens today, you deserve this. So don’t let those shitty extras tell you otherwise, got it?”

“We don’t have much to give you,” Aizawa sighed, looking at the old 1-A class, all present but Shinsou.

“As of right now the only thing we have to go after is Dabi and Overhaul, so I’ve been doing as much recon work with Momo as possible,” Jirou said, standing up and plugging her hard drive into the laptop projecting on the large screen.

“We were only able to spot Dabi once since he escaped a week ago,” Momo continued. “It was outside the underground club, Arcana, mostly used for villain meetings and drug sales.”

Jirou pulled up a video she and Momo had taken with one of Momo’s camera’s and the use of Jirou’s headphone jacks to receive audio.
Dabi was standing outside the luxury building, smoking under an overhang, just out of the reach of the rain.

Two figures approached from up the street, the first being smaller with bright cyan hair. She was wearing a cropped leather jacket with a face mask covering her mouth. The mask was much like the one Dabi had been wearing when they had gone to capture him, except hers was decorated with the lower jaw of a skull.

The other figure towered over both of them. He must have been at least seven feet tall, his dark jacket strained against muscles across his arms, but his face was hidden from view due to the large hood.

The camera zoomed in to meet the three suspects under the overhang. The woman wrapped Dabi in a hug, the man crumpling in her hold.

“Take your time. This is hard for all of us and we’re here to support each other. We’re a family, remember?” The woman whispered, rubbing gentle circles on Dabi’s back.

Bakugou turned his hearing aids up, unable to read the woman’s lips past the fabric of her mask.

“That fucker is going to pay for this. Fifteen people died in that collapse, and he is going to suffer for each one of their deaths. Especially mom’s.” Dabi replied, his voice hoarse and broken.

“Exactly.” The woman pulled back and wiped his face, clearing tears he heroes never believed they would see there.

“We have a plan,” Dabi said. “I can’t tell you when, not yet, but I can give you this,” he passed her a piece of paper. “We have everything ready now. No more sneaking away or being separated. We stay together, as a family.”

The woman hugged him again. “I’ll start packing. We’ll be there in two days at most.”

Dabi nodded, squeezing back. “Good. Can’t have you getting caught now, can we?” He teased.

She rolled her eyes and pulled away. “Wouldn’t dream of it.” She turned away from him, walking back towards where she came. “Come on, Kenji. We have shit to do.” The broader figure moved his hands, joining the woman.

The two figures left Dabi alone where he had been, the man dropping his cigarette and crushing it beneath his boot.

“Soon.”

The recording ended, but Bakugou was already sitting up. “Rewind back to when they’re leaving.”

Jirou looked confused for a moment, but did as he asked.

“Zoom in,” Bakugou asked again, getting out of his chair and approaching the screen.

He watched closely as the two figures left, focusing on the man’s hands.

“That’s sign language,” He stated, turning to the other heroes. “It’s simple, mostly letters and not words, meaning that he must have just started learning it. We are looking for someone who recently lost their hearing or went mute.”

“Exactly. That’s how it was for me when I started learning,” Kirishima agreed.
Bakugou’s friends tried not to let their surprise show, but smiled with pride nonetheless.

“What did he say?” Kaminari asked, leaning forward in his chair. Bakugou was painfully aware of the empty seat next to his friend, but pushed the thought away.

“He said ‘Yes, Yinn’. I’m assuming it’s her name, but whether it is a family or given name is still up in the air, so we should be able to at least narrow down a list based on that.”

“We also need to look into the victims of the building collapse,” Ojiro added. “It was a medical and elderly care facility, so all of those that died were patients. We could look into them and see if we can figure out who the “mom” he mentioned is.”

The other pros nodded in agreement, each calling their agencies for support, opening up their own phones to begin their research, or talking amongst themselves.

Bakugou sat back down, sighing against his arm as he rested his head on the table.

“I have been looking more into Dabi. After that whole encounter I figured we might not be able to track him, but if we got to Raguel? Or his other kid? Maybe we would be able to track either of them?” Kirishima asked.

There was a slam, startling the heroes and settling the room in silence.

“Sorry. I didn’t mean to scare everyone.” Bakugou looked up, seeing Shinsou standing just inside the door with a gentle smile on his face.

He sat down next to Kaminari. “I’m assuming you’ve all read the papers?”

When all of the heroes nodded Shinsou turned and kissed his boyfriend without hesitation.

Kaminari froze, his face turning bright red as he stared down at his tablet. Bakugou thought he looked like his brain was fried from overuse of his quirk.

“You’re in a really good mood,” Kaminari whispered. “Is everything okay? After everything that happened I-”

“Young. Just wanted to make sure I could kiss my boyfriend in public now,” Shinsou smiled again, Kaminari turned impossibly redder and sunk into his chair, his question never really answered.

“Does that mean you’re actually going to bring him over for dinner now? We’ve been waiting for over three years,” Aizawa sighed.

“You knew this whole time!” Kaminari cried, covering his face with his hands. “Toshi, you promised you wouldn’t say anything!”

“Oh, he didn’t have to,” Aizawa replied. “I taught both of you in class. It was obvious.”

The heroes of the room burst into laughter, patting Kaminari on the back.

“There is nothing to be ashamed of, Kaminari,” Todoroki said. “It’s good to be happy.”

“Yeah! Screw the magazines! You deserve to be out and proud!” Uraraka joined in, pumping a fist into the air.

“Actually, we have to thank you,” Jirou smiled, walking back to her seat to put a hand on Momo’s shoulder. “You’ve inspired us.”
“We’re going to come out publicly too,” Momo responded, grabbing her girlfriend’s hand.

The room erupted into cheers.

Kaminari wiped his eyes. “God, I’m so happy!”

Bakugou felt himself smile. It was so foreign... like it had been such a long time since he felt truly happy.

The last time it had been like this… he couldn’t even remember.

Was it- It had to have been at the Sports Festival.

Seeing him stand on the podium above Bakugou, holding that metal in his hand with such pride and a small smile. Bakugou had smiled too, knowing that everything the green haired boy had worked for was taking him to his dream.

And then-

“I can’t believe I did not see it before!” Bakugou was pulled out of his memories by Iida’s exclamation.

“What do you mean?” Uraraka asked, leaning over to look at his tablet.

“Sero and I have been working on tracking down a lower level vigilante, Raiju. They have lightning abilities, similar to Kaminari I suppose but the bolts are black and extremely hard to track in the dark.”

“Black lightning?” Kaminari asked, shock visible on his face. “That’s insane!”

“No kidding,” Sero groaned, letting his head fall onto the table. “The dude is nearly impossible to fight and so hard to see with all that stupid black leather they wear. Hey, what was the point of this, Iida? I’m feeling called out.” Sero asked, lifting his head slightly.

“Right. I apologize. What I meant was that I believe Raiju is an associate of Dabi, and therefore the Martyr.”

The entire room exchanged looks and whispers, eyes blown wide.

“How did you come to that conclusion?” Aizawa asked, leaning forward in his chair.

“Well, sir, I was tracing the appearances of Raiju. They always seem to coincide with the Martyr’s actions. Though the Martyr is not always acting with Raiju, Raiju always attacks at the same time as the Martyr. I believe Raiju is meant to be a distraction’” Iida concluded, his gaze firm behind his glasses.

“I think I’ve also found something,” Tokayami said. “I was looking through missing persons and homicide cases, and I’ve been stuck on Hatsume Mei’s for a while now.”

“The support class student?” Tsuyu asked.

“Yes. She disappeared just a few months before the League of Villains had begun to be killed off. At first I thought it may just be a regular kidnapping and homicide with all the blood in the apartment.”

“But…” Hagakure pressed, twisting her gloves in her hands.
“But I was looking back through the case file and I realized that there was something missing from her destroyed apartment. Her gadget blueprints,” He finished, pulling up photos from the scene.

“All these connections that we’ve missed,” Jirou paused, looking at her teammates. “What if we’re only finding them now because they want us to?”

“What do you-” Shinsou was cut off as a crash resounded through the room, the windows shattering.

Bullets fired, striking down half of the heroes before they had time to take cover. Bakugou pulled as many of them behind the conference table as he could.

His ears rang from the influx of sound, his hearing aids struggling to differentiate the noise from background and chatter. He quickly turned them off, diving out to grab another hero.

He let off an explosion to create cover, hauling Mina behind the barrier. He looked her over from where he had dragged her, realizing the bullets weren’t metal, but some kind of capsule holding a high strength tranquilizer.

“Shit,” Bakugou cursed, peeking over the tables for anyone else who hadn’t been hit. What he found instead were the remaining members of Chisaki’s crew standing beside him just inside the window.

Bakugou froze, drawing as little attention as he could while he turned his hearing aids back on.

Overhaul stepped forward, grabbing an unconscious Shinsou from the ground and handing him off to one of the other men.

“We’ve gotten what we came for. We have to leave before the sedative wears out of their system.” The group agreed with their leader, nodding towards him as he approached the window.

“You son of a bitch!” Bakugou screamed, he leaped up from his cover at the same time Kaminari pulled himself up as the sedative moved from the wound in his leg.

“Hitoshi!” Kaminari cried, stumbling to chase after them.

Bakugou burst into a sprint, but everything faltered as he was shot in the chest. He felt dizzy, swaying with each step until he fell to the floor, his body already asleep and detached from the horror of the events that occured before him.

All Bakugou saw was black.

Chapter End Notes

What's this?
Fluff? In my house?

If you guys have any theories or questions feel free to share!
“Write down a list of everything outside of yourself that you want to control, at least right now.”
He rolled his eyes. “What do I do when I finish the list? Once I understand I can’t control everything, or whatever.”
She smiled. “Burn it and make a new one.”

“What are you feeling today?”
“I don’t need you all up in my head, hag. I didn’t ask for a shrink,” Bakugou growled.
“Yes, but you obviously need one and if telling you that is the only way I can get through to you then so be it,” she retorted. Bakugou stared at her wide eyed, the room quiet.
“Look, I played the classic therapy card for your parents, but I’m gonna be honest, I don’t want to pull that act with you. I’m not going to talk to you like you’re stupid, so I hope you can do the same.”

Bakugou sat up, a scowl on his face. “Fine. But what happens in therapy stays in therapy, got it?”
She smiled. “I can work with that. Here, we’ll start with this.” She handed him a piece of paper and a pen.
“What the hell is this for?” He grumbled.
“Write down a list of everything outside of yourself that you want to control, at least right now.” Bakugou did as he was told, filling twelve lines.
“Now what?” He scowled again.
“Cross each one out once you realize you can’t control it.”
He rolled his eyes. “What do I do when I finish the list? Once I understand I can’t control everything, or whatever.”
She smiled. “Burn it and make a new one.”

“He’s gone!” Kaminari cried, tears streaking down his face. “They’re gonna kill him!”
Shoji pulled him closer, Bakugou trying to support as many of the other heroes as he could while
the detectives searched the room.

“We’re gonna get him back from that asshole, got it Kami? They aren’t going to touch him!” Bakugou promised, snapping a broken piece of wood under his hand.

Mirio arrived shortly after with Tamaki right behind him, Tamaki going to help with the heroes while Mirio went to Bakugou.

“It was Chisaki, wasn’t it?” He asked, eyes cold.

Bakugou nodded, checking to make sure Kaminari wasn’t close by. “He took Shinsou. Kaminari’s been a wreck and we still don’t have any leads. I’m trying to keep him calm, but if we don’t hurry Shinsou’s not going to last the week. Chisaki went after him because of what happened during the raid, I’m sure. This is personal.”

Mirio had a dark look on his face. “You asked me where Shinsou had been all week.”

Bakugou sighed. “I know, he just needed time and I don’t have the right to ask, but-”

“He hasn’t gone home to see Aizawa at all. I stopped by his apartment to check in on him, but he wasn’t there either. When I asked Kaminari about it he said that Shinsou had been visiting with Inko’s nieces, the two women you saw at the funeral. They came in from out of town for a few days.”

“Oh,” Bakugou mumbled. “I didn’t realize Inko had any nieces, or any siblings for that matter-”

“She doesn’t. I had a friend look into it and she got back to me last night. Inko had a sister, but no nieces or nephews, and her sister died in a car accident years ago. The two never talked either, some kind of family feud.”

Bakugou’s eyes widened. “Then who were they?” He asked, anger bleeding into his voice.

Mirio’s eyes narrowed in thought. “I didn’t think anything of it at the time, some misinterpretation or maybe they were goddaughters of hers, but with what just happened? They have to be working with Chisaki.”

Bakugou clenched his jaw, sparks igniting in his hands. “I feel so stupid,” he whispered. “I should have stepped in. I should have known. I-”

“It’s not your fault, Bakugou,” Tamaki murmured, stepping beside him. “We know you’ve been taking a lot on your shoulders, but this isn’t something you can claim credit for.”

Bakugou breathed in, unclenching his fist to clear the fire and smoke from his palms. He closed his eyes, going through his list before he allowed himself to open them again.

“Thanks, Tamaki. WhenKirishima told me you had been taking public speaking classes. I didn’t believe him,” Bakugou said with a sad smile.

Tamaki flushed at that, rushing away to an imaginary call from across the room, Mirio’s eyes following him until he was out of the hero's periphery.

There was a small ding, Mirio pulling out his phone.

“It’s Hawks,” he said, his brow furrowing. “He says he’s found something. We have to meet him on the roof.”
The two left the room, assured that the other heroes were recovering before they made their way up the stairs. They all seemed disoriented, and as they each received the news, Bakugou watched their faces fall with pain and sadness.

He looked away, focusing on one task at a time.

Mirio searched the sky, waiting for any sign of the winged hero.

A shadow appeared over them and Bakugou smiled at the glimpse of red wings.

Hawks landed beside them, leaning over his legs to take deep breaths. “I don’t think I’ve ever flown that fast in my life,” he sighed, sitting back up. “Here.” He handed Mirio his phone, pulling up an audio file. “It’s all there. The Martyr has contacted Chisaki regarding drug negotiations. It’s going down in three days.”

Bakugou smiled, and it probably looked a little feral. “Hawks, you’re a genius!”

“Well, I try,” he said, stretching to his full height.

“Try harder!”

The three heroes didn’t have time to react before a flurry of white wings slammed into Hawks, throwing him off the roof.

Bakugou and Mirio ran towards the edge of the building, searching for the falling figures.

Hawks shot into the air first, beating his wings as hard as he could, but they were not built to avoid his opponent.

Raguel shot up after him, speeding past him into the air above the buildings.

“Get out of here!” Hawks yelled. “Get Tokoyami and Kirishima!”

Mirio ran back inside as Bakugou looked towards the sky, readying his rapid shot. The sun was in his eyes, only clearing up as Raguel stopped mid-air, tipping backwards and blocking the light. For a moment he swore she was weightless, suspended in time.

And then she dove, tucking her wings tightly around her body as she screamed towards the roof at near impossible speeds.

Bakugou didn’t have time to aim before she reached them.

Raguel pulled up at the last second, her wings unfurling to push a huge gust of wind right at them. Bakugou was knocked backwards as Hawks put his arms up to protect himself.

She slammed into the winged hero, a long golden spear gripped tightly in her hands. The shaft pushed against his raised arms, throwing him onto the concrete of the roof. Hawks grunted from the impact, shaking out his wings.

“You’re sticking your beak in other people’s business, Birdie,” Raguel chided, brushing the ends of her blindfold over her shoulder.

“I’m pretty sure it’s my business. Your drug deals are going down in my city after all,” Hawks snarked, standing back up. Bakugou crawled onto his knees, trying to catch his breath.

“Your city? Oh I’m glad I wore the red pants today,” she snarled, charging at Hawks.
“Red pants?” Hawks gave her legs a quick glance, the wine colored jeans obvious now that he looked.

Bakugou barely had time to realize that mistake before he watched Hawks go down.

Raguel jumped into the air, wrapping the shaft of her spear behind Hawk’s head and grabbing either side. She yanked it forward with impressive strength, pulling her knee up at the last second.

Blood splattered across her leg as cartilage met bone, a sickening crunch echoing across the surrounding buildings. Red covered his face, iron drenching the air in seconds as he tried to reorient himself.

She released the bar, allowing Hawks to stumble a few steps before she swung her leg in a high curve, slamming the arch of her foot into his clavicle, the bone splintering under the hit.

The hero was on the ground instantly, Raguel pinning him with her spear against his throat. He let out a choked scream, clawing at the white leather on her arms in an attempt to free himself.

Bakugou raced towards them, lifting his arm to aim, but he was pushed back as a glowing wave of gold burst from the pair.

Raguel released Hawks, standing up and turning towards Bakugou. She reached towards an inner pocket of her jacket, placing Hawks’ phone safely inside.

“You’re the asshole who stole my dad’s wedding ring. Mamma wasn’t too happy about that, you know.” She stabbed her spear on the roof, placing one hand on her hip.

Bakugou almost had to look away as he stood, the sunlight reflecting off her golden horns in blinding streaks. “What is he, your sugar daddy or something? Why do you call him that.”

Bakugou realized too late that was not a question he should have asked, her lips turning into a feral snarl. She yanked her spear out of the roof, pressing a divett in the metal and separating it into two pieces. She pressed another hidden button, the ends curving into scythe like blades. “My dad isn’t a fucking pedophile or harasser, so shut the hell up.”

She spun the blades in her palms, crouching into an expert fighting stance and preparing to charge.

Bakugou wouldn’t hesitate again. He fired three shots, aiming as quickly and carefully as possible.

Raguel dodged them easily, sprinting at him with speed that had to be a quirk or an enhancement or something. He gave up on small shots, letting off a large explosion. She used it to push herself into the air, turning and diving towards him. Bakugou leaped to the side, twisting to set off two explosions towards the sky.

Raguel swept through them, a thin layer of ash covering the edges of her snow white wings.

She hooked her scythes around his arms, lifting him into the air as she climbed higher into the sky. Raguel raised him to eye level, her anger melting into a sickly sweet smile. “Don’t they usually drop nuclear weapons at bomb sites, Ground Zero?”

Bakugou tried to grab at her arms or wings, but she yanked her weapons away, leaving him to drop the twenty stories back to the roof of the hero agency.
He twisted and turned his body, desperately trying to see the building below him. He pulled his arms close, firing a large explosion as he neared the concrete, his landing softening, but not enough to stop the burns that tore up his right arm and face from sliding across the stone. Bakugou groaned, taking inventory of the scarlet dripping across his arm as it began to seep out of his torn skin and muscles, pebbles and dust sticking to his wounds.

He pushed himself up quickly, thinking past the heavy ringing in his ears so he could catch his balance just before Raguel landed in front of him.

She didn’t pause for a second, slashing her blades at him with practiced ease.

Bakugou crossed his arms, using his gauntlets to block the attack.

“Hawks! I could use a little help here!” Bakugou yelled.

Hawks was leaning on his arm, blood still leaking from his broken nose. He went to sit up, instead collapsing back onto the concrete as his features melted into panic. “I can’t use my quirk! Or my wings!” He yelled back, eyes wide.

“What?!”

Raguel sliced across his cheek, Bakugou hissing at the sting of the metal.

There was a loud crash from the edge of the roof. He turned just slightly, catching Tokoyami, Kirishima and Mirio out of the corner of his eye.

“Took you long enough! She’s fucking powerful,” he screamed, rolling away as the swung the blade towards his arm.

“Dark Shadow!”

The creature shot towards Raguel, shock showing on her face as she twisted her body, just dodging the incoming shadow.

“Looks like they brought the whole zoo, didn’t they?” She snarled, racing towards Tokoyami.

Kirishima leaped in front of him, hardening his body to shield the other hero.

Raguel just continued her charge, lowering her head to ram the points of her horns into Kirishima.

He raised his arms, increasing his quirk. Raguel smirked, ducking around him at the last second. She threw her scythe, the blade spinning towards Tokoyami and slicing across his thigh, crippling the hero as he sunk to his knees.

Dark Shadow screeched, growing in size.

Raguel caught her blade as it returned to her, combining the weapons into a spear once more. She smiled, a brightness returning to her face as the shadow creature sped towards her.

She set her feet, forcing her weapon forward as Dark Shadow’s beak snapped, keeping it held open. She dodged out of it’s vision, yanking her spear with her.

Kirishima charged back into the fray, turning his fingers into talons as he swung at her.

Raguel, stepped backwards, failing to dodge as his claws sliced across her stomach. She cursed, stumbling for just a moment before she was running toward Kirishima.
She jumped up, grabbing onto his head and flipping over him. The glow returned to the hands on his head before she contorted her body and kicked into his back, sending him crashing into Tokoyami.

Dark Shadow chased after her, trying to lead her away from the heroes. Instead of fleeing, she slid towards them, placing her still glowing palm on Tokoyami’s shoulder.

The shadow looming over her disappeared with a pained cry as she rose to her feet, one hand pressed against her stomach while the other reached for her spear. She spit, a small trail of blood dripping from her split lip.

“And then there were two,” Raguel confirmed, checking her pocket to ensure that the phone was still there. “If you both could attack now, that would speed things up. If you haven’t noticed, I have plans, and I’d rather not wait around for the heroes who have been evacuating the building.

Bakugou and Mirio froze, sharing a look.

“Oh, you thought I didn’t know? We’ve learned all of your protocols, Lemillion. Not every pro hero is meant to stay on your side,” she smirked.

“What do you-”

She cut Mirio off, swinging her spear towards his face.

Bakugou pulled him out of the way, the man still frozen, and ducked behind the roof access door.

“Come on, Mirio! Snap out of it, dumbass!” Bakugou cried desperately.

Mirio didn’t respond, his eyes unfocused and his body limp. He was muttering something, but for the life of him Bakugou couldn’t understand him with Mirio’s barely moving lips and his hearing aids malfunctioning from his disagreement with gravity.

“Damn it,” he breathed, realizing Mirio was stuck in a traumatic episode. From what, Bakugou couldn’t place, but he knew better than anyone that trauma was personal. “Alright, stay here. Don’t do anything stupid.”

Bakugou unclipped his gauntlets, slipping them off his arms. They were great for explosive power, however this was a close range fight and the range wouldn’t help him now.

He took a deep breath, clenching his fists to steady himself. He ran through his list, just once, before he dove out from behind his cover. He rolled into a kneel and steadied his arm, bracing for the pain as he fired.

Surprisingly the shot hit Raguel, the explosion leaving the thigh of her jeans singed. Her legs wobbled for a moment, but she forced them to stabilize.

She rushed at Bakugou, spear held at the ready. He ducked beneath her swing, reaching to grab the weapon, but she moved, spinning it around her neck and across her shoulder blades to her other hand.

Raguel looped her spear around his neck, lifting him off the ground from behind. She placed her arm around his neck, the same glow from before appearing all around him.

Bakugou raised his hand, trying to fire an explosion at her, but all that came out of his palm were a few sparks. His eyes widened, fear filling his veins as he began to lash in her hold.
“Please stop fighting,” she pleaded, Bakugou’s face twisting with confusion. “There is only so much I can do before the damage to your bodies becomes lethal. I don’t want any of you dead.”

Bakugou froze at that and she released him.

He fell to his knees, the concrete grinding against bone.

Raguel let out a breath, shortening her spear and strapping it to the back of her belt. “Your quirk will be back in a few hours. Don’t push yourself, it will be painful if you do. And stay hydrated, it will help.”

She left him there, walking towards the edge of the roof with a tight grip on her still bleeding torso. She stopped by the access door, turning to where Mirio was sitting.

Raguel crouched down, brushing a few stray hairs from the hero’s face, Mirio breaking out of his episode with a gentle raise of his head. Her hand glowed and for a moment Bakugou thought she would damage Mirio’s quirk too, scrambling to get to them, to protect his teammate, to protect his friend.

But she didn’t. Her hand pulled away and she stood back up. Raguel turned towards the edge, pushing off of it and into the sky.

Mirio crawled over to him, his vision still hazy. “What happened?”

Bakugou reached towards him, dropping a cracked and bloodied phone into his palm. He laid back on the concrete, letting out a heavy sigh.

“I got the phone.”

Chapter End Notes

Hell yeah! We love a good fight scene!

This was the longest chapter so far at just under 3,000 words so I hope it was just as fun to read as it was to write. I’m going to try to have the next one out by Saturday, but no promises.

See you then!
The First to Fall

Chapter Summary

“For the first time in my life I don’t have any answers and I just-” he choked on air, taking a shaky breath. “I’m tired, Shitty Hair. I’m so damn tired.” Kirishima pulled him close, resting Bakugou’s head against his shoulder. “It’s okay to be tired. It just means you need some rest. Take your time, Bakugou.”

Chapter Notes

See the end of the chapter for notes

“How- How are you?”

Bakugou looked at Kirishima, worry pouring out of his best friend in nearly tangible waves.

“I’m fine.”

“Don’t give me that bullshit, you were in the hospital for three days. And don’t even think about denying it,” Kirishima cut him off before Bakugou could even breathe. “Your mom called me when they couldn’t figure out what was wrong.”

Bakugou sighed, pressing the heels of his hands into his eyes.

Kirishima waited, too patient for his own damn good, in Bakugou’s opinion.

“I- honestly, I don’t know. For the first time in my life I don’t have any answers and I just-” he choked on air, taking a shaky breath. “I’m tired, Shitty Hair. I’m so damn tired.”

Kirishima pulled him close, resting Bakugou’s head against his shoulder. The blond glanced up, trying to push away the color settling on his cheeks.

“It’s okay to be tired. It just means you need some rest. Take your time, Bakugou.”

“How did this happen?” Aizawa hissed.

“It has to be her quirk, Shouta, much like yours. There is nothing physically wrong with them,” Recovery Girl sighed, turning to the three heroes sitting in the lounge.

Bakugou handed Kirishima and Tokoyami each a bottle of water, gently pushing them to drink it. He sat down next to the redhead, laying a calloused hand on his shoulder, a blanket wrapped tightly around him.

“I just- I felt so powerless. She took me down so easily and I-” Kirishima was shaking under Bakugou’s hold.

“Hey, take a deep breath and keep drinking that water, got it?” Bakugou pulled the other hero into
his side, wrapping an arm around his shoulders. “Any contact with Dark Shadow?” Bakugou asked quietly.

Tokoyami shook his head, taking another drink of his water. “I can still feel it there, but it’s like there’s a… door or something between us. One I don’t have the key to unlock.”

Bakugou nodded, rerunning the fight through his mind, desperately trying to think of a way they all could have avoided this.

“Where’s Hawks?” Bakugou whispered.

“He was pretty banged up after everything. Recovery Girl couldn’t heal him with how low his stamina was, so they took him to a hospital,” Tokoyami replied.

“Is he okay?” Kirishima asked.

“Concussion, broken nose and clavicle, but nothing lethal. Unfortunately they can’t get him prepped for surgery until tomorrow and they have him heavily sedated until then to keep him from further damaging the bone, so we won’t be able to get anything from him for a while,” Aizawa answered as he approached them.

“Nothing lethal?” Bakugou repeated, turning Raguel’s words over in his mind.

“No, which I find disturbing. She was obviously capable of doing so, but she didn’t and we don’t know why.” Aizawa sighed, rubbing his temples.

“She doesn’t want to hurt us,” Bakugou mumbled.

“What?” Kirishima sat up, turning to Bakugou.

“I- I have to go. There’s- never mind, I’ll tell you if I find anything, okay?” Bakugou rushed out of the room before anyone could object.

He messed with his hearing aids, the devices fixed by a hero he didn’t catch the name of because he hadn’t been able to read his lips, trying to adjust them to a reasonable volume with the near silent agency.

Bakugou made his way down the agency stairs, stuck in his own thoughts, not seeing Mirio until he ran into him.

He mumbled out a quick apology, turning to leave when Mirio grabbed his arm. “Is everything alright?” He asked.

“Yeah, I’m fine I just-” Bakugou paused, looking up at the other hero. “Have you given them the phone yet?”

Mirio shook his head, rubbing his neck in embarrassment as he pulled it out of his pocket. “No, actually. With everything that happened they wanted to talk to me about my… condition. I haven’t been out of that office for the last two hours.”

Bakugou sighed in relief. “Good. Because I need it.” He grabbed it out of Mirio’s hand and started walking out of the empty stairwell before he could react.

“Bakugou, you can’t just take that! It’s evidence!”

“Look, I don’t care what you say but you have to stall them, at least for a few hours.” Bakugou
turned to gauge the other’s response, Mirio’s posture tense.

“You know that I can’t-”

“It’s important. I promise.” Bakugou replied, eyes pleading.

Mirio exhaled, his shoulders falling in defeat. “I- I’ll do what I can. But you have to hurry.”

Bakugou nodded, racing out the exit before Mirio could change his mind.

“The Master of the Underground finally reveals himself to us lowly peasants. How gracious,”
Chisaki’s voice was high, strained with impatience.

“You know he’s not here, Overhaul. Cut the dramatics. You have what is ours and stealing will not
be tolerated.” It was the woman, the one that had talked to Dabi.

“I can get it to you, but I want what is mine!” Chisaki’s voice was tipping, insanity tainting his
words.

“This is not a trade negotiation. You have no power here.”

“No power? No power! This city belongs to me! It was my territory long before your pathetic
leader was even a child of the underground!”

It was quiet. Four seconds of silence.

There was the sound of footsteps and a gasp, but from who was unclear. “Three days. You will
meet us at Persephone’s with what belongs to us or we will come for you. And trust me, the Martyr
is a patient man. He will wait for weeks if he has to, but when he finds you, oh I can guarantee
what he does will be well worth the wait.”

The recording ended with a loud noise that Bakugou couldn’t figure out, but he played it for the
thirteenth time through the cord connected to his hearing aids, turning them up to catch anything he
could.

Nothing. Turn up his hearing aids. Play it again.

Nothing. Turn up his hearing aids. Play it again.

Nothing. Turn up his hearing aids. Play it again.

The ringing in his head was almost unbearable when he finally heard the whisper in the four
seconds of silence.

“Show Chisaki the consequences for taking him from us.”

It’s so quiet, a whisper practically drowned out by the gentle rattling of the train and lapping water
in the background of the recording.

It clicks then, unexpectedly, hitting Bakugou like a punch to the chest.

He stands up, running as fast as he can back to the agency. His heart is beating against his rib cage
and his lungs burn from the exertion, but he makes it to the building in two minutes.
Bakugou bursts into the still cluttered conference room, the eyes of his teammates turning to him with questioning looks.

“Where’s Kaminari?”

“I- I took him home after this morning,” Shoji replied. “Is everything alright?”

“Doesn’t- it doesn’t- matter. It’s- it’s not drugs,” he says between the heaving breaths that expanded painfully against the bandages around his bruised ribs.

Aizawa narrows his gaze, turning it on Mirio who simply shrugs in response.

“Mirio has been sitting in this room with us for the last hour trying to explain, with commentary from Tokoyami and Kirishima, what exactly happened after Hawks came back with a recording about a drug trade, a recording we don’t have, and now you’re telling me that it’s not drugs?” Aizawa sighed.

Bakugou nodded. “But we do have the recording. I’ve been listening to it for the last hour.”

Bakugou rushed over to Jirou, shoving the device into her hand. “It’s at one minute, twenty-four seconds. Turn it up as loud as you can without bursting any damn eardrums.” Jirou gave him a confused glance but did as she was told, connecting one jack to the phone and the other to the projector computer.

“Try to tune out the train and water if you can,” Bakugou added, placing a gentle hand on her shoulder. Jirou nodded, pressing play.

“Show Chisaki the consequences for taking him from us.”

The heroes were silent, sharing looks across the table before turning back to Bakugou.

“It’s not drugs. It’s Shinsou. I’m not sure how or why, but the Martyr was after Shinsou, and Chisaki stopped that. We didn’t get in on negotiations, we just walked into a war that could destroy the entire city.”

Mina leaned forward, her eyes widening. “And Shinsou?”

“If we don’t put a stop to this, Shinsou could be the next casualty.”

Chapter End Notes

Hey everyone!

I know this is later than planned, but its been a rough few days. With a twisted ankle and a steaming pile of writer's block this chapter was like running a marathon, but I promise we're getting to the good junk!
“Quirks aren’t everything,” Bakugou said, drawing the attention of his classmates. “You can be strong without them.”
“Well, of course,” Iida responded. “But logically speaking it would be a near impossibility to progress this far in the tournament without a quirk of reasonable mental or physical prowess.”
“Don’t bet on that. The green haired guy from the gen-ed classes? You can damn well guarantee that he could take down everyone of our asses with his brain alone. Don’t underestimate him.”
“So what’s his quirk? Analysis?” Hakagure asked
Bakugou smirked, looking them all dead in the eye. “He doesn’t fucking have one.”

Chapter Notes
See the end of the chapter for notes

“And for the first time in U.A. history we have two students from the General Education Class moving on to the Battle Tournament! Midoriya Izuku and Shinsou Hitoshi!”

Bakugou froze, murmurs rippling through the other students.

He had been so close this whole time and Bakugou didn’t even know. He still went to see Inko every Sunday to try and talk to him, but the boy had been practically down the hall for months.

“Wow! That’s amazing! There must be some really strong students in the General classes this year, don’t you think?” Uraraka was glowing a couple seats away from him. “I bet their quirks are so powerful!”

Bakugou scoffed, the sound holding no real heat. His eyes drifted to the screen, projecting the pictures of the two students. Bakugou’s gaze was drawn to the wild head of green hair. It was longer than before, but just as curly, and it was accompanied by a gentle smile.

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“So what’s his quirk? Analysis?” Hakagure asked
Bakugou smirked, looking them all dead in the eye. “He doesn’t fucking have one.”
“Persephone’s isn’t referring to a person. It’s a place.” Kirishima stated, drawing the attention of the other heroes.

“But we need to figure out who Persephone is in order to find it!” Kaminari growled. Bakugou could see the bags under his eyes from across the table, his skin so pale that it just made them worse.

“No, that’s what I’m saying! Persephone is a greek goddess of spring and nature and stuff.”

“And?” Bakugou asked, confusion settling on his brow.

Kirishima let out a breathy laugh. “Come on, guys! What’s the biggest park in the area, which just happens to have a fountain “spring” in the middle of it?”

The heroes were silent.

“Which is in front of the Museum of Ancient European History?” Kirishima pushed.

“Oh my god,” Mina moaned, slamming her head onto the table.

“They’re going to Izumi Park,” Ojiro replied, smacking his own head with his wagging tail.

“Exactly!” Kirishima exclaimed.

“Which means we have less than three days to figure out how the hell we can intercept them. Even for the largest park, it’s not that big, but it’s so open. We won’t have much cover other than the museum.” Bakugou rubbed his temples, trying to alleviate the growing headache.

“Then we use the museum.” Mirio’s gaze was firm. “We cause a minor flood that will shut down the building for a few days, then we meet them there.”

“It’s a good plan, but we can’t assume when they will be in the area. We will have to take shifts monitoring the park until there is visual on either party,” Momo added, pulling up blueprints of the area.

Everyone nodded in agreement, the room descending into silence.

“Is there- do we have any new leads on why they…” Kaminari paused, his shoulders sagging. “On why they took Hitoshi?”

Bakugou’s jaw clenched, trying to fight back the pain he felt at seeing his friend so defeated. It was just yesterday that Shinsou had been kissing, had been smiling, had been laughing with Kaminari.

Now he was kidnapped, being held god knows where and Kaminari hadn’t slept or eaten since.

“I think Aoyama and I have something from our time undercover, ribbit, but it’s nothing certain,” Tsuyu answered.

“Oui! It was quite a difficult reconoscence,” Aoyama said, flipping his hair over his shoulder.

“Koda and I have something too, from looking into the building collapse.” Sato pushed forward a case file.

“So what did you find?” Aizawa asked.

“Animus.” Both groups turned to each other, the word shared by all four of them.
“You were chasing down leads on the same guy?” Bakugou asked.

“I guess so,” Sato responded. Aizawa sat down at the head of the table, listening as they continued on.

“There wasn’t much to go on, ribbit. Those we got information from couldn’t tell us Animus’ quirk or who he was. We watched security footage, but from what we could tell their memories were erased after the events they were involved in, presumably by Animus, ribbit. All she could remember was the name.”

“It was quite horrible, the poor mademoiselle was practically in crisis when we talked to her, criminal or not,” Aoyama added.

“Our memories were similar,” Koda said, rubbing his hands together.

Sato nodded. “We interviewed the staff at the care facility and they didn’t have much. We watched the security footage of Animus breaking into one of their homes. No memory, no answers, only his name.”

“You all think he could be another accomplice of the Martyr?”

The four nodded. “He looked into the building the same night Jirou and Momo did surveillance on Dabi,” Koda said quietly.

“And the operation we were conducting involved drug deals between the Martyr’s faction and the clubs in the area,” Tsuyu added.

“So far that’s Dabi, Raguel, Raiju, Animus, this Yinn and that Kenji guy that was with her. That’s six accomplices and who knows how many more,” Bakugou sighed.

“There’s also the homicide of Hatsume Mei. Her unsolved case happened just months before the Martyr began to take out the League. I dug deeper on her missing blueprints,” Tokoyami sighed heavily. “She had been working on a new line of quirk support items, stuff to help with consequences. Kaminari’s memory loss or, up until recently, something like Dabi’s scars. With the way the scarring was fixed, I’m almost certain that the Martyr is responsible for her death.”

“Six accomplices, three connected cases, but there is still so much we don’t know.” Kirishima rested his head on his hands.

“Then we take what we do have,” Bakugou said, his voice gentle as he pulled Kirishima’s hands away from his face, “and find out as much as we can. Okay, Shitty Hair?”

He nodded with a small smile, not making any move to take his arms out of Bakugou’s hold.

“I’m going to be honest with you,” Aizawa stood from his chair, “this is going to be one of, if not the most important fight of your careers. We overlooked the Martyr, underestimated him, just because he is suspected to be quirkless. Now we’re paying the price with turf wars, drug trades, murders, kidnappings and so much more. Because of this I’ve called in some of the older heroes.” Aizawa gazed up at the ceiling for a moment before looking at each one of his students, his spirit breaking. “I want my son back, and if we need help to do it, then so be it.”

The group nodded in agreement, their resolve strengthening.

“Who did you call in?” Sero asked.
“Midnight, Cementoss, Rock Lock, Suneater and-”

The door slammed open, revealing the number one hero on the other side of it.

Endeavor stepped into the room, his flames larger than Bakugou remembered, though the last time he had actually seen the hero in person was four years ago at the sports festival.

“And Endeavor, who has graciously offered to temporarily take residence at our agency so he can help us train and prepare for the raid.”

Bakugou frowned, feeling a chill to his left side. He turned to Todoroki, seeing the grimace on his face, the way his hands were clenched on the arms of the chair.

“I’m glad I can help build you up before this fight, make you stronger,” Endeavor said.

Bakugou almost missed the way Todoroki’s body began to shake, almost missed the fear dancing in his teammate’s eyes.

Wait, what?

Chapter End Notes

More writer's block...
yay
Behind Closed Doors

Chapter Summary

“The cameras were down for maintenance, it was the middle of the night, the security watch was on the other side of the building… he didn’t want an audience. He’s gone, Bakugou. I’m sorry.”

He’s body fell limp, every muscle lax in Aizawa’s hold.

“He was going to be a hero,” he whispered, his voice breaking.

Chapter Notes

Endeavwhore can die. Viciously. Slowly. By my hands.

See the end of the chapter for more notes.

“Please, Aizawa, please. I have to see it. I have to see the footage.” The heart monitor sped up on the screen next to him.

“Bakugou, I know this is a hard time for you, but you have to accept-”

“I can’t!” Bakugou screamed, the hoarse sound echoing across his hospital room. “They didn’t find the body! That means he’s still out there. He’s still-”

“There is no footage, Bakugou,” Aizawa whispered, gently taking Bakugou’s shoulders in his hands. Bakugou tried to escape his hold, reaching to pull out the wires that tethered him to the hospital bed. “The cameras were down for maintenance, it was the middle of the night, the security watch was on the other side of the building… he didn’t want an audience.” Bakugou stopped fighting, his breathing heavy. “He’s gone, Bakugou. I’m sorry.”

He’s body fell limp, every muscle lax in Aizawa’s hold. The teen’s eyes were blank, his head hanging loose.

“Bakugou?” There was a sniff, and then he was looking up at Aizawa with tears streaming down his face. Aizawa was shocked as the boy grabbed his shirt, burrowing himself into the teacher’s shoulder.

“He was going to be a hero,” he whispered, his voice breaking.

Bakugou realized in that moment that as far as he knew, Todoroki, no, Shouto, hadn’t seen his father since the sports festival. He never knew what happened, but after the festival, Shouto had moved in with Momo’s family, discreetly. Bakugou always assumed it was because Endeavor had requested it, but now he knew that couldn’t have been the case. He saw barely concealed rage in her eyes.
“What the fuck is he doing here?” Bakugou stood up, anger burning wild in his eyes. He didn’t know why, but Shouto, the strong, independent, intelligent Shouto, was scared of this man, and that was all Bakugou needed.

“We need his help in this-”

“No, we don’t,” Bakugou growled, putting his hand on Shouto’s shoulder. He flinched before he looked up and realized it was Bakugou. “You two are welcome to talk, but I’m not speaking to him until the raid. Call me if he actually says something important.”

Bakugou pulled Shouto with him, leaving the conference room as fast as he could. He dragged the man down the hall and into the lounge, sitting him on the couch.

Shouto was hyperventilating, his eyes unfocused.

Bakugou held onto his shoulder, trying to keep him from falling over.

“How… how did you know to do that? Uh, for the um, panic attack,” Shouto whispered.

“When I have mine, my mom describes the room to me. Keeps me grounded and brings me out of my head, you know? Eijirou tries to help, but I haven’t exactly told him what it really is.”

It was quiet for a moment. “I’ve never heard you call him Eijirou before,” Shouto mumbled, Bakugou barely hearing him.

“I- well-”

The door to the lounge opened, Momo, Uraraka, Iida and Kirishima coming towards them.

“Shou, are you okay?” Momo kneeled in front of him, holding his hands tightly in hers.

“I- I’m better. Bakugou helped.” Shouto looked at him and he could see the unspoken thank you.

“God, I’m so sorry. He shouldn’t be able to work with you, not with the restraining order or the court cases,” Momo sighed, sitting next to Shouto and rubbing her hands on his arms.

“We can talk to Aizawa, tell him-” Uraraka was cut off.

“No. I can’t. I-” Shouto began to panic.

“Then we won’t. We can work through a solution without informing him. You are what is most
important here.” Iida soothed.

Shouto nodded, gripping his hands tightly together.

The heroes sat, the tension leaving the room after a few minutes.

“So… it is abuse, right?” Bakugou asked, Kirishima sitting with a shocked look beside him. Shouto nodded, just once, before wrapping his arms around himself and burrowing into the cushions behind him. “I didn’t want to assume anything, even though I already knew he was an asshole, but,” he paused, “the signs were all visible in your reaction. I’m sorry it took so long for me to see it.”

“It’s okay. Momo, Ochako and Tenya were all there. They would’ve stepped in if you hadn’t.”

The three nodded.

“We’ll help you through this,” Kirishima said with a gentle smile. “I can’t even imagine how hard it is to see him again. The class had no idea this was why you had moved four years ago, or why you were hesitant during training, but I promise we are here to help.”

Bakugou nodded. “We can find a way to handle that bastard, quietly, if that’s what you want, but first we need to save Shinsou, and as much as it sucks, we need him to do that.”

Shouto curled farther into himself.

“He needs someone looking after him, at least for the next few days,” Momo said, twisting the fabric of her costume.

“He can crash at my place. I already said I wasn’t talking to Endeavor anyway,” Bakugou huffed.

“Thank you.” Shouto whispered.

“Don’t worry about it Half-n-Half, let’s get you out of here.”

“We have to get back to the meeting, but we’ll text you if anything happens, okay?” Uraraka asked.

“Whatever,” Bakugou said, standing to leave. Shouto followed him, exchanging brief goodbyes with their teammates.

Bakugou’s phone rang in his pocket, surprising him as they made their way to the door. He pulled it out of his pocket, smiling at the name on the screen.

“Hey, Mari. I was just about to call you,” He chuckled, stopping before he left the room.

“If it was to try and see me sooner, I’m afraid I’ll have to disappoint. I have an emergency conference in Berlin and I was calling to reschedule.”

“No, actually. I have to reschedule too. We have a big raid coming up.”

“I see. Well, I’m glad it worked out then. How’s Friday? I know you have work, so we could do six instead of three?”

“Uh- yeah- I’ll see you then. Good luck with your- your conference.”

“Seems like you have a lot on your mind. I’ll clear the rest of my Friday night.”
“No, Mari, you really don’t have to-”

“Katsuki. It’s okay to need some help, remember? Heroes have to care for themselves before they can become caretakers for others.”

He took a deep breath. “Always know just what to say.”

“That’s my job. Stay safe. I’ll see you Friday.”

Bakugou was about to hang up when he caught a few more words. “And don’t attack any assholes, either.”

He chuckled, ending the call and slipping the phone back into his pocket.

“What was that?” Shouto asked.

Bakugou shook his head. “Nothing important. Let’s get moving, Icy-Hot.”

Chapter End Notes

We’re heading into the confrontation, kiddies! Get ready for the grande reveal of our lovely Vigilante Villain!
Chapter Summary

“Time to go get the Asshole Permit, remember?”
His mom smacked his arm. “You bet it is. Get the biggest one there, and maybe you can learn to help some people along the way, huh brat?”
Bakugou grinned. “Nah. Gotta help myself through this first, right?”
She nodded. “Just don’t be late for dinner. Even future assholes need to eat.”

Chapter Notes

See the end of the chapter for notes

“Mom, I’m fine. Would you let me leave already, you old hag?” Bakugou grumbled, batting her hands away as she tried to fix his uniform.

“Well, maybe if a brat like you put his uniform on properly, I wouldn’t have to strangle you with this damn tie,” she chuckled, soothing the fabric on his jacket.

They stood like that for a few moments, her hands on his shoulders, him barely needing to look down to see her eyes.

“Take care of yourself and don’t piss off the teachers.”

“What if they’re damn idiots??”

“Watch your mouth,” she glared, no aggression in the words. “And don’t forget, you’re seeing Minami after school.”

“Just call her Mari. It’s been months.” Bakugou rolled his eyes, but he nodded.

“To you she may be Mari, but to me she will always be Minami. She deserves the respect after everything she has done for you.”

Bakugou smiled and took her hands off his shoulders, giving them a squeeze. “Time to go get the Asshole Permit, remember?”

His mom smacked his arm. “You bet it is. Get the biggest one there, and maybe you can learn to help some people along the way, huh brat?”

Bakugou grinned. “Nah. Gotta help myself through this first, right?”

She nodded. “Just don’t be late for dinner. Even future assholes need to eat.”

“He just needs some time. His dad is the definition of a chemically unstable garbage fire.”

“No kidding, just make sure he’s still eating and drinking. I read up on panic and anxiety attacks
“And they say that even if you can’t mentally help, the best thing you can do is keep the patient physically stable,” Kirishima replied.

“Yeah, I got it. Thanks, Ei,” Bakugou answered, pushing down the tight feeling in his chest.

“Take care of each other, Katsuki.”

“We will,” Bakugou said with a small smile, hanging up the phone. He turned back to the kitchen counter, pouring hot water into the two mugs he had set out. He stirred honey into one, walking towards where Shouto sat on the sofa in the living room.

“We’ve been put into the dusk group for the raid tomorrow,” he said, handing the sweetened tea to the other man. “Endeavor is on the dawn team. We shouldn’t even have to breathe the same air as him unless something happens on our shift.”

Shouto nodded, taking the mug as Bakugou sat next to him.

“In the meantime,” Bakugou sighed, leaning against the arm of the couch, “do you wanna talk about it?”

Shouto tensed, his grip going white on the mug.

“I’m not going to force you to,” Bakugou added, “but I know that sometimes talking can help, so I’m here if you need it.”

Shouto nodded, relaxing his shoulders. “Thanks, I’m just- I’m just not ready.”

Bakugou shrugged. “Then you’re not ready. That’s nobody’s damn business but yours.”

The other man nodded, curling in on himself.

“Something else going through that thermostat in your head?” Shouto snorted, nearly spilling the tea, but quickly recovered.

He went to speak, but hesitated, staring into his cup. “I- I just-” he sighed, turning towards Bakugou. “How do you- how do you come out?”

Bakugou frowned, setting down his tea. “I think it depends. My parents didn’t really care that I was asexual- well, demisexual.”

“Demi?” Shouto asked. Bakugou nodded, trying to push down the heat in his cheeks.

“Yeah, it basically means that-”

“It’s Kirishima, isn’t it?” The one that you are attracted to?”

Bakugou glared, his face turning red as he crossed his arms and sunk further into the cushions. “You’re not allowed to say shit. Got that, Half-n-Half?”

Shouto smiled. “I won’t.”

They were quiet for a few minutes, both sipping their tea.

“What?” Shouto asked, turning towards the other man.
“You wanted advice on coming out, but you never said why the hell you wanted to.”

“Oh,” Shouto said, rubbing the back of his neck. “I- um- I’m non-binary.”

Bakugou nodded. “So you want us to use they/them and stuff?”

Shouto nodded, turning away to hide his face. “Yes,” it was a whisper, almost like a prayer.

“Whatever. I don’t care what you are as long as you watch my back,” Bakugou replied, getting up to take his mug to the kitchen.

Shouto’s eyes widened, looking at Bakugou with tears in their eyes. “Thank you.”

Bakugou smirked, leaning against the kitchen wall. “Any time, Icy-Hot.” He went back to the couch, putting a comforting hand on the other hero’s shoulder. “You telling Momo and them?”

“I- I don’t know,” Shouto sighed, wiping away the tears.

“Alright,” Bakugou shrugged. “If you need me, I’ll help, but if you want to tell ‘em on your own, that’s fine too.”

Shouto smiled. “Thank you. For all of this.”

Bakugou chuckled, shoving their shoulder. “Stop thanking me. You’re gonna make me a damn saint or something.”

Shouto chuckled, turning towards him. “Can’t have that. You’d ruin sainthood.”

“Exactly. Don’t want to mess it up for the bastards that deserve it.”

They both laughed, Bakugou’s more rough, but just as genuine.

There was a knock on the door, Bakugou groaning loudly. “Speaking of saints, if that is Momo or Uraraka or Iida or literally any on your other besties I am going to stab them.” Shouto laughed, covering their mouth.

The knock repeated. “Who are you and what the hell do you want?” Bakugou growled, glaring at the door to the apartment.

“Um- It’s Tokoyami. I- I needed to talk to someone outside the agency.”

Bakugou stood up, marching away from the couch. He threw open the door and stepped to the side. “Get in here before I change my mind.”

Tokoyami’s eyes widened but he rushed inside and made his way to the sofa where Shouto sat.

“It’s about Hatsume Mei,” Tokoyami said quickly.

“Why are you so obsessed with her case?” Shouto asked, turning towards their teammate.

“Something about her death didn’t feel right.” He explained. “I kept looking and looking and I realized I was looking at the wrong time frame.”

“What are you jabbering about?” Bakugou grumbled, sitting back down on the couch.

Tokoyami pulled a photo out of his cloak, handing it to the other heroes.
“Shinsou Hitoshi, Hatsume Mei and Midorya Izuku have been friends since they started at U.A. I talked to the teachers. They said the three of them were practically inseparable since the first day.” Tokoyami said, leaning down.

“I didn’t even think about that,” Bakugou sighed. “God, this past year must’ve been hell for him.” Shouto nodded in agreement. “But I don’t see the big picture here.”

Tokoyami smiled bitterly. “What if Hatsume’s death, the Midoryas’ deaths, were all just the Martyr’s elaborate plan to get to Shinsou?”

Chapter End Notes

Sorry for the wait everybody, but I hope the fluff in the chapter was worth it because after this we get down to the nitty gritty!
See It In Your Eyes

Chapter Summary

Shinsou ran towards the door, his bag forgotten as he and Hatsume raced down the hall, leaving the classroom in stunned silence.

Bakugou felt something stir in his chest, but he quickly pushed it down.

There was no reason for him to get all anxious. Everything was fine.

Right?

Chapter Notes

Hey, guys!
Thank you so much for being patient with me. I have been working on this every day but I wanted to make sure that these next few chapters were just right.

Have fun!

See the end of the chapter for more notes

“This is Shinsou Hitoshi, you may remember him from the sports festival,” Aizawa announced, his voice tired. The boy stood at the front of the class, eyes traced with dark bags and his hair sticking in every direction. “Yaoyorozu, you will move up to seat eighteen, as it has been ever so tragically emptied after a certain student’s unfortunate expulsion,” Aizawa said, a small smirk twisting his lips. “Shinsou, take seat nineteen and we will begin class.”

The students chattered excitedly as Shinsou made his way to the back of the class.

He had a heavy frown on his face, deep in thought as he dropped his bag beside the desk and sat down.

“Now if you will open your English books, Present Mic has asked me to-

The door was thrown open, Hatsume Mei standing just outside the classroom.

Her hair was thrown haphazardly into some kind of bun, goggles hanging around her neck. She was breathing heavily, ash completely covering her face except for the tear tracks on her cheeks.

Shinsou stood from his desk, nearly knocking over his chair. His eyes were wide, frantic, as he opened his mouth to speak.

Hatsume shook her head, more tears flowing down her face.

Shinsou ran towards the door, his bag forgotten as he and Hatsume raced down the hall, leaving the classroom in stunned silence.

Bakugou felt something stir in his chest, but he quickly pushed it down.

There was no reason for him to get all anxious. Everything was fine.
“Right?”

“No. There is no way that all of... this was done by one man. It-it can’t-” Bakugou was pacing, his hands clenched on the hem of his shirt.

“I’m not guaranteeing anything, but we need to consider it. After everything we’ve seen them do, with all the people they have standing behind them,” Tokoyami took a deep breath. “We need to understand the motive. I’m just looking at every angle.”

Bakugou shook his head, pushing the conversation to the back of his mind as he and Shouto climbed to the top of the building. He opened the door to the roof, making as little sound as possible.

The low hanging sun blinded the pair for a moment before their eyes adjusted to the scenery.

Mirio, Momo, Kirishima, Kaminari, and Sero were scattered at various points around the museum roof.

“Hey, guys!” Kirishima greeted, waving at them from the top of the glass dome.

Bakugou just gave him a nod, catching Shouto smiling at him from the corner of his eye. He glared, his partner paying him no mind as they went to scout with Momo.

“Sorry we’re late.”

Bakugou turned back to the door, Tamaki standing there with a girl Bakugou didn’t recognize.

She was younger than them, probably a student, with long midnight hair that Bakugou couldn’t help but compare to the dark color the ocean turned before a storm.

“Who’s the chick?” Bakugou asked.

“This is-”

“Shimizu Riko, hero name Aimant. Class 3-A student at U.A. and Tamaki’s intern.” She stuck her hand out to shake his. Bakugou accepted, her dark grey skin contrasting his own, her hand both looking and feeling like cold gun metal.

Bakugou looked at her arms, red marks sweeping across her skin every foot or so. When he returned her gaze, he realized that the crimson of her irises was the same shade on her arms.

“Is something wrong, Ground Zero?” She asked, her eyes narrowing just slightly as she crossed her arms.

Bakugou shook his head, ignoring the annoyance he felt at having to lift his gaze just a couple inches to look into her eyes. “Nothing. I just think that you’re interesting to look at.”

Kirishima choked from the top of the dome and Tamaki nearly leaped to strangle Bakugou.

“Thanks, but I’m seventeen, taken and like at least half gay, which would make this a little awkward,” Shimizu replied calmly.

Bakugou raised an eyebrow. “And I’m pretty fucking gay, which would very much make this
awkward.”

The two stared at each other for a moment before they began to laugh, Shimizu’s shaking her entire body while Bakugou’s was a small chuckle.

“I like you, kid. If you ever want to do a ride along outside your agency, hit me up.”

“I’ll keep that in mind,” she smiled, walking over to talk to Mirio.

“If I had my way you two would have never seen the sun from the same angle. I have a hard enough time controlling you separately,” Tamaki sighed, following after his intern.

“Bakugou!” The man looked up at Kirishima, shaking his head as he went to join his best friend at the top of the dome.

His breath caught in his throat as he looked at the redhead, golds and oranges painting a halo around Kirishima with the city skyline sprawling out behind him.

“Hey,” Bakugou choked out, rushing to sit down beside him.

Kirishima chuckled, pointing down at Shimizu. “Doesn’t she remind you of a French pirate?”

Bakugou took in the sleeveless scarlet jacket, buttoned up to the throat with silver ties straight out of a vintage military magazine, and coat tails reaching down to her calves on both the front and back. Navy blue leggings lead to grey leather boots with a buckle at the ankle, matching gauntlets covering both of her forearms.

He wanted to deny the statement, but then he saw the large white feather sticking out of her hair and all he could do was chuckle.

Kirishima bumped his shoulder, laughing too. “Told you.”

“It’s a good costume, though. Definitely better than what we had in high school.”

“You’re right,” Kirishima said, a thoughtful look on his face. “Hey, Aimant!”

The girl looked up at him, raising an eyebrow. “Who made your costume?”

“I did. Design through sewing,” she smirked as Kirishima’s mouth fell open. “Well, my dad helped a little bit.”

“He thinks you look like a French pirate,” Bakugou called.

“Good, it’s supposed to. Vive la révolution,” she smiled, turning back to Mirio and Tamaki, both heroes laughing quietly.

“She is so ahead of her time,” Kirishima said, sending a smile towards Bakugou that made his stomach twist in a way he wished it wouldn’t.

“Sun’s setting, switch your gear to night vision,” Mirio called out, crouching low on the edge of the roof.

Kirishima handed Bakugou a pair of binoculars, turning their focus to the courtyard.

Two bronze lion statues guarded the entrance to the museum, their faces scouting the edges of the park that was separated by several meters of bricks laid in intricate patterns.
“It’s quiet,” Sero whispered over the coms. “There should be at least a few people, even with the sun setting.

“Look!” Kaminari hissed, pointing to a group of figures emerging from where the buildings split to act as an entrance to the area.

It was Chisaki, the three remaining members of his team lined up behind him.


Mirio pulled out his phone, sending the signal to the other heroes, calling them to the fight each of them knew was coming.

The group reached the center of the courtyard, slowly searching around them.

“Well, well, well. I didn’t think you were man enough to actually show up, Overhaul” the heroes looked down, the teal haired woman, Yinn, if Bakugou was remembering correctly, from the club exiting the museum followed by the large man and another woman.

Kenji, he realized, was dressed in a white t-shirt, the other woman in a tight white jumpsuit, both wearing black leather trench coats.

Yinn’s clothes were different. She wore dark jeans with a tank top that matched her hair, thick, brown combat boots sharing the same color as her own trench coat, with bright cyan stitching.

“I thought we closed the museum,” Kirishima whispered.

“Keep your guard up,” Tamaki interrupted. “We still don’t know their quirks.”

The woman stuck out her arms, fingers brushing over the cool metal coats of the lions.

The trio walked down the steps, moving towards the courtyard in slow even steps.

“Where is Shinsou Hitoshi?” Yinn growled, holding back the two figures beside her.

Chisaki nodded his head, Irinaka twisting his hand ever so slightly, Shinsou’s body emerging from the stone below them. He coughed, breathing in gasps as he tried to fill his lungs.

“Hand him over and this can end peacefully,” Yinn ordered, lowering her arms from where they had blocked her companions.

“Shinsou,” Bakugou flinched at how close the voice was. He turned to see Aizawa racing across the rooftop, Mirio barely fast enough to stop him from jumping.

Aizawa turned, his eyes widening as his eyes caught on Kaminari. The hero was quiet, his entire body tense as he diligently watched the scene below.

“You’re outnumbered and I can guarantee you're outmatched,” Chisaki replied, pulling off his gloves.

Yinn’s eyes narrowed into deadly slits. “I was hoping you would say that,” she grinned, putting her fingers up to her mouth. She let out a shrill whistle that echoed across the stone, the sound so hollow and loud that Bakugou had to stop himself from flinching as it reached his hearing aids.

There was a low rumble before two streaks of black drove through the entrance opposite to where Chisaki and his men had entered. Yinn walked over to the motorcycles, both groups with their
backs turned to the entrances, giving the growing group of heroes a clear view of their profiles.

The first rider wore red leather, Bakugou knowing that the long, blood red coat belonged to Dabi before the man took off his helmet to reveal a dark visor over his eyes. He swung his leg over the bike, throwing his helmet into a stash compartment.

“IT’s been a while, Overhaul. I see you still can’t follow damn instructions,” Dabi deadpanned. Chisaki shrunk under his gaze, surprising the pro heroes that hadn’t been in the original intelligence meeting when the fire user had put him in where he belonged.

The second rider was one that seemed so familiar, but Bakugou couldn’t place it. They were tall, broad shouldered, wearing tight black pants and a long blue-

“What the hell is with all the leather trench coats?” Bakugou asked, adjusting his sitting position. He glanced over, seeing Endeavor on the other side of the roof, far away from Momo and Shouto.

“That’s right, bastard. Stay the hell away from them,” Bakugou muttered, focusing his attention back on the villains.

The second rider got off the motorcycle. They removed their helmet, shaking out waves of black hair that fell around the pair of aviator sunglasses.

“You think two people are going to scare me?” Chisaki asked with a raised chin, but Bakugou could just pick up the hint of hesitation in his voice.

“No. But I can guarantee they will,” Dabi said, a feral grin spreading across his face.

A dark shape swooped down from the sky, Raguel landing easily on the sidewalk and placing down the person in her arms.

Bakugou felt his throat tighten, watching the other heroes tense around him.

The figure straightened the green marble leather of their coat and pushed the hood off their face. The fabric moved to reveal a turtle neck crop top and a pair of black leggings, boots laced up to the knees. They pulled a long braid over their shoulder, the hair brushing over their mask as the tip fell down to their stomach. And that mask on their face sent shivers up Bakugou’s spine, shivers he would deny when Kirishima asked him later, with a wide smile of sharp plastic teeth, but-

“They’re not wearing anything over their eyes, The Martyr isn’t protecting their eyes,” Sero breathed, leaning forward over the edge of the roof.

The Martyr stepped forward, the heels on the boots clicking dangerously on the stone as they approached the once great Yakuza leader.

They paused next to Dabi, wrapping one hand around his neck while the other snaked around his waist.

Dabi’s head tilted, blocking the Martyr’s face as they pushed the mask down to their chin. They pulled him down for a kiss, startling the heroes with the soft touches and obvious affection. Bakugou had to look away, his own chest twisting with a sense of longing.

“Sorry, love. I just couldn’t catch a cab at this hour;” he smirked.
Chapter End Notes

And so it begins
Kirishima leaned forward, taking Bakugou’s hands away from his face. “This wasn’t your fault. You can’t blame yourself.” Bakugou’s eyes lowered, no longer looking at his best friend. “It’s not called blame when it’s the truth.”

Whoops! My hand slipped and all this angst appeared! I wonder how that happened

“Eijirou.” It was unprompted, a whisper in the dark dorm room just inches from the boy’s face where he knew his best friend was lying beside him.

“Hmm?” He hummed, nuzzling his face deeper into his pillow.

“Do you think I’m a bad person?”

His eyes were wide open then, looking for Katsuki’s eyes and feeling his heart clench when he saw them drowning in guilt.

“Oh course not!” He meant for it to be loud, unarguable, but it was breathed into the space between them. Close enough for friends and far enough… not to be something else.

“But I’m horrible,” Bakugou said, his voice pleading. “I’m cruel, I’m loud, I’m fucking violent as hell! I made a kid jump off a…” He stopped abruptly, forcing his eyes closed and digging his palms into the sockets.

Kirishima leaned forward, taking Bakugou’s hands away from his face. He waited, seconds, minutes, until the blond opened his eyes on his own. “This wasn’t your fault. You can’t blame yourself.”

Bakugou’s eyes lowered, no longer looking at his best friend. “It’s not called blame when it’s the truth.”

“Sorry, love. I just couldn’t catch a cab at this hour;” he smirked.

“That’s alright, we were just getting it set up for you,” Dabi smiled, pulling the Martyr’s mask back over his face before he took a step back.

The antique street lamps of the courtyard flickered to life, revealing a stiff Chisaki, fists clenched
tight at his sides.

“What’s the matter, Overhaul? You didn’t think I would show up to collect what belongs to me?” The Martyr said the last part with a hiss, eyes narrowed.

Chisaki swallowed thickly. “Not until I get what’s mine. Where is Eri?”

Dabi took a step forward, a blue flame burning in his hand. “You-”

The Martyr stopped him with nothing more than a raised hand.

The man sighed, turning back towards Raguel. “Come on, darling.”

She nodded, moving with practiced steps. As she walked she removed her blindfold, crimson gaze cold on Chisaki’s skin. She reached for her horns and it was with one swift motion that Bakugou realized they were fake. Raguel lifted her chin in defiance, the gentle glow of the lamps reflecting off a jagged scar slicing across the left side of her forehead.

“As I recall, she’s not your daughter, Chisaki,” The Martyr stated simply.

Bakugou felt his muscles growing tighter, anticipation rolling through his spine.

“Now,” he heard it in his com an instant before Aizawa led the charge off of the building.

The dusk crew plus Endeavor, Rock Lock, Aizawa and Midnight rushed forward, quirks at the ready. The whole agency wasn’t here, but it was enough. It had to be.

The Martyr turned, a sort of glee in his eyes. “Perfect timing.”

Bakugou’s eyes widened, a sudden realization knocking the air out of his chest.

“What if we’re only finding them now because they want us to?”

“It’s a trap,” he mumbled, trying to process the words. “It’s a-”

“Kappa, Perduco. If you would do the honors.” The figure in blue opened their hands, jets of water shooting up from the ground and slamming the heroes into the stone, pinning them down like ropes.

Yinn let out another whistle, the lion statues standing from their pedestals and slinking towards the heroes.

“Dad!” Shinsou called, fighting against his captors.

“Hitoshi! We’re going to get you out I just need-” Bakugou felt horror flood his body as he watched Aizawa’s eyes dull from where he was pressed into the ground.

“Hand him over,” The Martyr commanded.

Chisaki shoved Shinsou forward, the hero stumbling to his knees. The Martyr lifted him up.

“Did they hurt you?” He asked, voice low and dangerous.

“No. Everything went according to plan.” Shinsou said, a small smile on his face.

“It’s good to have you back,” The Martyr smiled, pulling him into a hug. “Animus.”
“No!” Bakugou flinched at the choked scream, turning to see Kaminari fighting against the water ropes holding him down.

Shouto tried to use their fire, the water steaming for a moment before Kappa created more water, pinning them under a tighter hold.

Bakugou waited for Endeavor to try something similar, but realized the hero hadn’t followed them down from the roof.

*Great. We have to rely on that asshole.*

“Let’s go, everyone,” The Martyr said, turning to go back from where they came.

“No! You aren’t leaving here with Eri! She is my daughter! She belongs to me!”

The Martyr whipped around just as a gunshot echoed over the courtyard. The bullet zipped past Chisaki, grazing his hair close enough to leave a small burn.

Chisaki’s men froze, joining the heroes in a frantic search for the shooter.

“I think you’ve made your point,” The Martyr announced.

Bakugou watched the wall shimmer as a mirage disappeared, revealing a sniper anchored to the wall of the museum. She pushed off, boots shifting to reveal propulsion rockets in the soles. She flew forward, landing next to Yinn, Percudo, as The Martyr had called her, with a small skid.

“Thank you, Vulcan. It was a lovely shot.” The Martyr said, a smile in his voice. She waved away the compliment, strapping her rifle over the back of her fuschia leather coat.

“Of course it was,” Percudo smirked, wrapping an arm around Vulcan’s waist and kissing her head of... long pink dreadlocks.

“That’s Hatsume Mei,” Kirishima breathed, Bakugou’s heart racing as his thoughts ran wild.

“Here’s the thing, Chisaki,” The Martyr sighed. “I just don’t think you understand what you’ve gotten yourself into.”

The stone roared as whips of wire shot out of the ground, wrapping around Irinaka, Tengai and Nemoto, yanking their bodies down to the pavement beneath them, all triggered by a small switch in Hatsume’s hand.

The Martyr shook his head, removing his coat and handing it to Kenji, before he did the same thing with the gloves on his hands.

He stepped forward, Perduco and Raguel following, and rolled up his sleeves to his elbows.

“You,” he said just one word and Yinn rushed forward. She leaped over Chisaki, flipping above him as her fingers brushed over his head. She landed, throwing her arms out wide, fingers spread.

Chisaki’s body spasmed, mirroring the action perfectly.

Perduco’s smile was feral, sweat dripping down her forehead.

“See, Overhaul,” The Martyr hissed, continuing his path towards the man with Raguel directly beside him. “I have no intention of allowing you to leave here intact.
Chisaki’s eyes widened, pure terror spilling across his face.

“Your actions hurt my daughter, repeatedly. You abused her, cut open her arms just to stitch them back up and used her like some sort of play thing!” He growled.

Raguel, Eri, put a hand on his shoulder and the man visibly calmed.

“I’m not here to tell her story I’m just here for,” he paused, tapping his chin as he thought. “Parental Supervision.”

Eri smiled gently as he took her hand and squeezed it in encouragement.

She stepped forward, hesitating for just a moment before she lunged forward, placing her hands on the sides of his face.

The golden glow of her quirk returned full force as she began to strip away his quirk. Slowly.

“Do you have even the slightest idea what happened to me after that raid?” She asked, voice tight.

Bakugou watched Mirio, Tamaki and Kirishima flinch, each of them drowning in the guilt that pushed down on them.

“They tried to get me out, just like you had told them, but they were jumped in the alley by a group of thugs, too wounded to stop the strangers as they took me away.”

She clenched her eyes closed as tears began to leak down her face, the light around her growing stronger.

“They touched me, abused me in ways a thirteen year old girl should never have to feel. And then-” she growled, clawing her nails into Chisaki’s head. “They sold me to a fucking lab to be ripped apart! To scientists who removed my horn just to see if it would stop my quirk and slapped on a pair of wings to see if they could make me fly!”

Chisaki fell to his knees, screaming in agony.

“I was tortured for two months before they found me. My mom and my dad. Not you, not the bitch that manipulated and blamed me for something I couldn’t control, but those two men standing behind me.”

Dabi stepped forward, his hand slipping easily into The Martyr’s as they watched.

Eri yanked her hands away. “You can’t hurt me, you can’t hurt anyone anymore.”

She stood tall, the tears on her face drying.

“Come on, baby.” She backed into The Martyr’s arms. He gave her a tight hug, brushing the hair out of her face. He pulled her head down, kissing her forehead.

“Now it’s my turn,” he said with a gentle smile in his voice, Dabi taking her and wrapping his daughter in his own arms.

The Martyr approached Chisaki, the man dangling in Perduco’s strained hold. He reached into his boots pulling out two small objects.

“They look like blade handles,” Sero whispered, though Bakugou wasn’t sure who he was
The Martyr spun the objects in his hands.

“Your quirk has been permanently stripped from you, just like you did to poor Lemillion,” he said.

Bakugou’s eyes widened, turning his head as much as he could towards Mirio. The hero didn’t say a word, swallowing thickly and looking away.

“It’s a cruel punishment, so she can rest knowing she stopped you,” The Martyr stated, studying the cylinders. “However,” he turned, the black handles bursting with light. A strip of green tinted energy crackled to life in a blade-like shape, emerging from each object. He spun them around his hands again, the weapons moving with natural ease.

The Martyr’s gaze was dark as he turned to Chisaki, lifting one of the energy blades to his throat. “I just don’t think stopping you is enough.”

Bakugou would never forget the searing smell or the anguished cries as The Martyr brought his blades down on human flesh.

Chapter End Notes

If y'all are wondering what the graphic depictions of violence tag is for, it's chapter 14.
“But we cannot dwell on such things, Young Bakugou,” All Might smiled gently, squeezing the boy’s shoulder.
“In another world, in another life, things could have been better, but we will never know. All we have is our world and our lives, so we must make the most of what we are given.”

Chisaki’s head was severed from his body in one motion, the energy blades cauterizing the tissue as they tore through his spine.

Blood sizzled against the weapons, the heavy scent of iron suffocating Bakugou as he tried to look away. He couldn’t, something about the grotesque scene so entrancing. He wondered if this was what people thought when they drove past a car accident. He wondered if their eyes studied the char of skin, the exposed muscle and bone, if they felt the same horror that pooled in Bakugou’s stomach, if they felt the same satisfaction that shouldn’t even be considered in such a violent situation, yet somehow settled inside him anyway.

The Martyr kicked Chisaki’s body, the head falling forward while the rest of him toppled backwards.
His men were terrified, Bakugou saw it on their faces, Irinaka’s screams wrenching from his throat.

The Martyr stood tall, authority bleeding from his form. The blades shimmered in his hands, a crackle of electricity traveling across their green surface every so often.

“I am not an angel, I am not a prophet, and I am by no means a savior,” he said, kneeling down to look in the eyes of the former Yakuza leader, the face forever capturing the fear in Chisaki’s final moments.

“But at least I can make sure there is one less monster on this planet than there was this morning.” He stood, the blades retracting into the handles. “Let’s go, everyone. Leave the trash for the heroes,” The Martyr said, glaring at Irinaka, Tengai, and Nemoto.

He stepped away, taking Eri under one arm, her slumped posture making it clear it was the only way she could fit against the shorter man’s side. The Martyr went to take Dabi’s hand when a wall of fire cut in front of them.

“You’re not going anywhere, Martyr.” Bakugou would have been lying if he said he wasn’t a little relieved when Endeavor dropped from the roof.

“You,” The Martyr said, his voice tight in his throat. “You can’t stop us.”

The flames on Endeavor’s body grew bigger, his face twisting in anger. Orange flames appeared in his hands as he prepared to fight.

Perduco wiped the sweat off her brow, readying her stance. “Kenji, Masako. You’re free range for this, got it?” Kenji and the woman in white and black, Masako, nodded.

Vulcan’s face twisted into a feral grin as she pulled her rifle apart, the pieces shortening into two handguns. Eri straightened her posture, taking the fake horns from the ground and placing them back on her head.

Endeavor lashed out towards Kappa, their figure twisting in calculated grace as they moved away from the fire. They threw their hand in front of them, a wall of water barely forming in time to stop the next wave of flames.

Steam poured across the courtyard like fog, Kappa forcing as much water as they could into their shield.

Bakugou didn’t realize that the water that had been restraining them had retreated until Kirishima was leaping to his feet and charging straight for The Martyr.

The other heroes rushed to follow, their quirks activating as they joined the charge.

Dabi was the first to engage, placing his body in front of his husband’s. Bakugou readied himself for a rush of blue flame, but what happened was completely different.

The villain pushed up his sleeves, pressing the black cuffs that sat at his wrists. They expanded, spreading into fingerless gloves. He smiled, pulling a small canister from his jacket and opening it, spreading the contents across the stone.

“Toasty,” he smirked, fire igniting in his palm. He slammed his hand onto the substance, a lake of blue flame spreading like a moat around the villains.

“Shit!” Sero cursed, stepping back as the liquid began to eat through his boots. “It’s burning acid!”
He called, stamping it out of his costume.

Vulcan wouldn’t let him rest, firing as many rounds as she could while Sero was distracted.

He shot tape at her, bullets slipping through the makeshift barrier. One sliced across his cheek, another just missing his stomach, the last grazing his arm. He fired again, wrapping her arms in adhesive.

She grinned brightly. “I was really hoping I would get to use these babies again!”

Hatsume jumped, her boots roaring to life. She threw her legs forward, the rocket melting through the tape attaching her to Sero. “Unlock,” she commanded, the tape on her wrists shredding in an instant, revealing spiked bracelets spinning on her arms like miniature saw blades.

She lowered her guns at Sero’s hesitance, firing one bullet into each of his shoulders.

He fell to his knees, screaming as Vulcan turned away from him to check on her team.

Momo was fighting Eri, desperately trying not to hurt her, but the girl did not share the same sentiment.

Eri was relentless, pulling her spear from her jacket, aiming it towards Momo as the metal expanded, the pole hitting the hero directly in the stomach.

Momo summoned her own staff, bringing it down just in time to stop another hit from the shaft of Eri’s spear, but not the kick that came towards her side. The woman stumbled slightly, catching herself at sending a swipe at Eri’s legs, pushing the girl back a few steps.

Momo swung again, the pole slamming into Eri’s face.

Bakugou could see the guilt in her eyes from meters away as Eri stood up with a torn upper lip.

“What?” She asked in a low tone, wiping at the blood that trickled down her chin. “You think this is my first split lip?”

Eri rushed at Momo, a relentless series of attacks flying towards the hero.

A growl caught Bakugo’s attention, turning to see Kaminari blocking a punch from Masako, the attack so quick that he nearly missed it. The woman dove around him, sending four jabs directly into his ribs before flipping over his head and sending another quick hit into the underside of his jaw, knocking the electric hero out cold.

Aizawa groaned as his senses returned to him, Shinsou distracted raveling Tamaki’s claws in his capture weapon, barely dodging as one sliced towards his face.

Tamaki jumped over the material, yanking his arms into the air to pull Shinsou towards him.

“Animus!” Vulcan called. Shinsou turned to Hatsume, the woman tossing him a small package. He opened it without hesitation, two metal gloves encircling his hands as he went flying towards Tamaki, his fist falling in a strong arch directly into Tamaki’s arm.

“Eraser, I could use a little help here!” Kirishima called, Kenji slamming a fist down on his hardened arms at the same moment that Masako raced in and swiped a knife at his chest.

Aizawa quickly stood, dazed for only a moment before his quirk activated, eyes glowing.
But nothing happened, the two villains continued their attack without a hint of change.

“They don’t have quirks!” Aizawa called, panic filling his voice.

Kirishima couldn’t hear him over the scraping sound that echoed as he sliced his hardened claws across Masako and Kenji.

Masako froze, reaching up to her face, her head whipping towards them with unbridled rage, the metal beneath her skin matching what showed from the marks decorating Kenji’s chests.

“They aren’t just quirkless,” Bakugou breathed. “They aren’t human! They aren’t alive!” Bakugou called.

“How?” Kirishima asked, frantic as he tried to hold them off.

Bakugou turned to Perduco, the woman stepping in front of Kappa as the barrage of Endeavor’s flames momentarily ceased.

“If you could stop attacking our damn kids that would be fantastic!”

Her yellow eyes flared with a slight glow as she raised her arms. The bronze lion statues pounced, tearing their teeth into Endeavor’s arms, dragging him down to the pavement.

He screamed, whether from anger or pain, Bakugou wasn’t sure. He watched, dread filling his chest as a switch flipped in the man’s eyes.

Bright blue flame exploded from his arms without direction or control, melting the jaws of the lions, the metal dripping onto his skin and scorching the flesh.

Bakugou watched as the flame expanded, circling out and heading right towards-

“Shouto!” He screamed.

They turned from where they had been trying to put out the acidic lake, eyes widening in fear as their body froze in the path of the flame.

But it never came.

It was stopped by a blood red coat, the leather held as a shield between Shouto and the wave of hellfire.

The material never wavered, protecting Dabi and Shouto as the villain held them close to keep them out of the fire.

Bakugou was anchored to where he stood, watching Dabi’s lips move without ever hearing the words, only watching as Shouto’s eyes changed to realization and tears dripped down their face.

The flames receded, Endeavor collapsing to his knees and struggling to stand back up.

He tried to use his arm to push himself back to his feet, but fell back down. He winced as blood spilled down his arm, tracing a crimson line across where melted bronze had molded into his skin.

Vulcan raised her guns, hatred burning in her eyes as she stepped forward. Bakugou lifted his hands preparing to protect that stupid fire bastard when Hatsume stopped, a gentle hand gripping her shoulder. She turned crazed eyes towards The Martyr, lowering her weapons as he gave a small shake of his head.
He turned to Kappa, lifting his hand just slightly. They grinned, shoving their arms forward as a wave of water appeared before them, crashing towards the heroes.

Aimant dove away from the burning lake, dropping into a low stance and raising her arms. She twisted her wrists, a sudden pull tipping Bakugou’s balance for a split second. She flicked her hands, an invisible force rippling away from her and creating a blockade between the heroes and the water as the wave crashed into the barrier.

The water fell, splashing across the pavement for meters.

Bakugou’s eyes wandered across the destruction. Burning acid, scorch marks gashing across stone, blood splattered from injured heroes and villains alike.

The only difference?

The heroes around him could barely stand.

Sero was taping his shoulders as much as he could with the pain shooting through his body, desperately trying to stop the bleeding that had already stained most of his costume crimson.

Kaminari was still unconscious, blood trickling from a wound on his head from where it had slammed on the courtyard.

Kirishima’s skin had softened at some point, leaving his side exposed to where he now cradled various broken and bruised ribs. A jagged cut sliced across the side of his face, nearly down to bone, as red poured across his cheek.

Momo was hunched over herself, dark shades of purple and brown blooming across her skin, barely able to stand with the help of her staff.

Tamaki tried to summon more features, a claw or even a wing, but they came out crippled from the broken bones littering his arms, each shape deformed or unusable.

Shouto was curled up on the ground, their body shaking as tears cut through the smudges of ash and dust that covered their cheeks, a hand gripped tightly over their mouth to keep from screaming.

Bakugou felt his chest tighten, only imagining the trauma that was playing through Shouto’s head as they were faced with a wall of fire from the same man that had used it to hurt them so many times before.

The only heroes left standing were Mirio, Aizawa, and Bakugou, though standing was a generous term.

Mirio had managed to get Chisaki’s men out of the way, his quirk practically useless when the heroes had been so close to the villains.

Aizawa was still, his broken gaze stuck on where his son stood amongst the men and women they were fighting. The villains.

Perduco took a deep breath, her legs shaking slightly as she twisted her wrists, two more motorcycles appearing out of the entrance.

“Go,” The Martyr commanded.

Dabi climbed onto the bike, Kappa settling behind him. The villains continued to pair up. Hatsume
with Yinn, Kenji with Shinsou, and Eri with Masako.

Dabi reached for The Martyr’s hand, giving it a tight squeeze before the bikes took off.

Aizawa snapped to life, his eyes glowing as he focused on The Martyr. Bakugou and Mirio charged forward, though Bakugou didn’t know whether to go after The Martyr or his accomplices.

“Oh no!” He cried, placing his hands on his face in mock surprise. “What ever shall I do without a quirk?”

Mirio readied his arm, launching himself towards The Martyr.

His eyes went animalistic as he gripped his blade handles. He returned Mirio’s attack head on, racing forward only to twist at the last second, ramming his weapon into the base of Mirio’s skull.

The hero stumbled, whipping around to catch another handle into the side of his temple. He grabbed at The Martyr’s arm, swinging the man over his head and into the pavement.

He recovered quickly, rolling to his feet. The Martyr steadied himself, a small cough splattering blood across the sleek white teeth of his mask. A shiver ran up Bakugou’s spine, the scarlet making the man look like a cannibalistic monster.

“Oh, this is going to be a learning experience,” he said, flipping the handle in his palm.

He threw it, the object sailing past Mirio and Bakugou, straight towards Aizawa. It exploded a split second before it reached him, a chemical spraying into his eyes, stopping Aizawa’s quirk and blinding the man. He clawed at his eyes, a cry tearing from his throat as he stumbled to the ground.

“And then there were two.”

Bakugou wanted to laugh, maybe it would make him feel better, but this situation began to mirror the fight with Raguel. Funny how it always came down to him and Mirio.

“This has been fun, but I have to be home for dinner,” The Martyr said. He gave a small wave, turning and sprinting to where his crew had left just minutes earlier.

They chased him through the buildings, Mirio activating his quirk and preparing for an attack.

“Detroit-”

“Let me guess. Smash?” The Martyr called, pressing down on a trigger embedded in the handle of his weapon. A net shot from one of the buildings, snaring Mirio and sending him to the ground. He went to move only for an electric shock to discharge from the net, pain jolting through his body.

Bakugou went to help him, only to be met by determined eyes.

“Leave me!” He ordered through gritted teeth. “He cannot get away.”

Bakugou nodded, forcing himself to turn away from his teammate.

He raced down the alleyways, following the green braid around every twist and turn.

Until he found himself at a deserted factory.

“I was hoping you would be the last one left, Katsuki.”
Bakugou whipped around, his eyes locking on The Martyr’s.

“Oh yeah? Why’s that, asshole?” He growled, sparks dancing in his palms.

The Martyr took a few steps forward, hands folded neatly behind his back.

“Because I like a challenge,” he said, a smile dripping on his voice. “I’ve studied you for a long time. I know I can beat you, quirk or not, but I want to improve. And let’s just say it’s nostalgic.”

The Martyr whipped his hands from behind his back, twisting his remaining blade handle so that it extended to three times the length. The energy blades returned, this time protruding from both sides to roughly a meter long. Their glow intensified as The Martyr spun the double sided weapon around his hands.

“I’m gonna kick your ass for what you did to my team,” Bakugou snarled through clenched teeth.

“Whatever you say, Master Katsuki,” The Martyr taunted, dropping into a fighting stance.

“That fucking does it.”

Chapter End Notes

I want to thank everyone for reading, but it's not over yet! I am going to try and get chapter 15 out as soon as possible, so stay tuned!
Buried Memory

Chapter Summary

But the hardest, cruelest villain of all, is the villain who was never one to begin with.

Chapter Notes

Short chapter, but boy is it angsty!

See the end of the chapter for more notes

“We are not here to hold your hands,” Principal Nedzu announced from the podium. “This entrance exam was meant for you to prove your potential. Some of you passed with ease, but for others the path to becoming a hero is not paved or painted with neat, white lines.”

He stepped around the podium, folding his hands behind his back.

“Life is full of uncertainties and temporary normals. The staff at this school will teach you, we will guide you, and we will offer you as many opportunities as we can. However, when something unplanned arises, it is your job to overcome it. There will be villains that are stronger than you, villains that are smarter than you, villains who can pick you apart without batting an eye.”

Bakugou’s shoulders tensed, unease pooling in the pit of his stomach.

“But the hardest, cruelest villain of all, is the villain who was never one to begin with.”

Bakugou charged at The Martyr, using his auto cannon to fire rapid shots, disregarding his normal control to reduce injury to his opponent.

The Martyr blocked them easily, spinning the double sided blade rapidly from palm to palm. The shots hit the blade, electricity crackling as they were absorbed into the weapon.

Bakugou fired a large explosion, diving through the smoke and punching his fist directly towards The Martyr’s jaw.

The man leaped back, flipping over his blade just in time to miss the hit.

“I have to say, Katsuki,” The Martyr paused, brushing his braid over his shoulder. “You have definitely improved over the years. I’ve seen your fights on the news, but I could never really get the most accurate information from them., just past notes”

Bakugou growled, fire burning in his eyes. “Do you enjoy taunting people before you decapitate them?”
The Martyr’s brows furrowed. “He deserved the punishment and you know it. He was an abuser, a torturer, and he murdered innocent people!” He lunged, deactivating one side of his blade and slamming it into Bakugou’s cheek.

Bakugou stumbled, blood running from his mouth. He blinked away the dizziness, his head pounding. He spit red from his lips, the iron staining his tongue.

“I’m gonna kill you.”

The Martyr froze, lowering his blade. “There’s no reason to do that. I protected you and your team from severe injury, no one received more than I knew the doctors could fix.” He paused. “Well, besides Endeavor.”

Bakugou’s eyes narrowed, shoulders tense.

“No one has to die,” he said. His voice almost sounded… pleading.

“Oh, except for Chisaki,” Bakugou snapped, pushing the thought away.

The Martyr glared, his shoulders squaring.

Bakugou lowered his body to the ground. He set off his quirk into crack in the concrete, the stone shattering beneath their feet. Bakugou grabbed chunks of the rock, tossing them into the air before activating an explosion, sending them forward as projectiles.

The Martyr’s eyes widened for a second before his boots began to glow and he leapt into the air.

The air around him streaked with green as The Martyr glided around the rafters, gravity morphing around his legs.

Bakugou tried to keep a straight face as he watched the other man, his movements so smooth that Bakugou almost believed he had been born sweeping through the air like that.

He narrowly avoided a slash from the Martyr’s blades, dodging and backing away with each attack that came towards him.

“The heroes were never meant to get involved,” The Martyr growled, his swings increasing as he spun his blades faster and faster. “I planned for you, I used you, but if that asshole hadn’t shown up and attacked my kid, then none of you would have gotten hurt.” His blade sliced across Bakugou’s arm, the flesh stinging, but not burning.

Bakugou ducked under his arms, grabbing his wrists and twisting. The Martyr hissed, his blade dropping as Bakugou forced him into the harsh metal of an old supply container.

Bakugou moved The Martyr’s hands above his head, trying to free a fist to set off an explosion.

“Come on! If you want to hit me so badly then do it!” The Martyr screamed, his eyes feral.

Bakugou stopped listening, his eyes focusing on the sharp, pale lines that climbed up his opponent’s freckled arms. They must have gone all the way up his forearms, crossing over a large burn that covered his left arm that seemed so-

Bakugou froze, emotions swimming across his face. He reached for The Martyr’s mask, pulling it to his chin.

Freckles. There must have been hundreds of freckles framing the small, narrow nose and dark
green eyes.

He was older, but his face remained just as soft at the edges.

But it couldn’t be Izuku.

Izuku jumped.

Izuku jumped off the roof of the Public Affairs building three blocks north and two blocks east from the train station.

Izuku jumped three days after the U.A. Sports Festival during their first year.

Izuku jumped leaving three liters of blood scattered across the pavement, which no man could survive.

Izuku Midoriya was dead.

Bakugou didn’t have time to react when The Martyr’s head slammed into his nose, pain searing across his vision. He stumbled back, The Martyr lifting his weapon with his foot before he threw it like a spear, the blade piercing through Bakugou’s shoulder.

He screamed, blood pooling in the front of his costume.

The Martyr stood tall, his own head bleeding from impact.

“It wasn’t supposed to happen like this,” he whispered.

Bakugou looked at him, his vision clearing.

Electricity was flickering across The Martyr’s arms, green highlighting his face with sharp edges and dark shadows.

Bakugou couldn’t push the face of a dead man out of his head.

“I’m sorry.”

Bakugou couldn’t reply before a blast of energy shot from The Martyr’s hands, throwing Bakugou into a piece of equipment.

He clenched his jaw, trying to bite back the pain as his arm was trapped through a rusted bar above him, his shoulder wrenching from his socket. Bakugou shifted, his chest screamed, air filling in short gasps.

The Martyr approached him and Bakugou frowned at the pain he saw painted in the man’s eyes.

“Please,” he whispered, his voice strained. The Martyr pulled his blade from Bakugou’s other shoulder, Bakugou groaned as his body hit the floor.

The Martyr pushed him back, staring into Bakugou’s eyes.

“Please,” he repeated. “Stay out of it. Don’t worry, I know what I’m doing, Kacchan.”

There was a flash of light against his chest, his body screaming before he passed out.

Don’t worry, I know what I’m doing, Kacchan.
How are your feelings now, kiddies?
What It Takes to Feel Broken

Chapter Summary

“Hope you’re ready for this. I’m not gonna pull my punches or any of that shit. You gotta beat me on your own.”
“Don’t worry, I know what I’m doing Kacchan.”

Chapter Notes

Last Chapter, kiddies!

See the end of the chapter for more notes

“What happened to your damn arm?” Bakugou asked, glaring at the bandages that covered Midoriya’s left arm.

His mouth curved slightly as they met at the center of the ring.

“Todoroki matched my left swing with a bit of flame. Wasn’t bad enough for a trip to Recovery Girl.”

Bakugou nodded as Present Mic’s voice echoed across the stadium.

“It’s the final showdown, yo! Bakugou Katsuki of the 1-A Hero Course versus Midoriya Izuku of the 1-C General Education! Let’s get ready to go!”

“Hope you’re ready for this. I’m not gonna pull my punches or any of that shit. You gotta beat me on your own,” Bakugou smirked.

Midoriya returned the look, two poles dropping out of his sleeves and expanding into stainless steel batons. “Don’t worry, I know what I’m doing Kacchan.”

Kirishima paced the private sitting room made for heroes and their families.

The entire agency was there, some behind closed doors receiving medical treatment while the others waited for news.

Kaminari had been released early with a minor concussion, now curled up on the couch next to Mina. Shouto was in a similar position, Uraraka rubbing circles into their back as they remained in a fitful sleep while Momo leaned into Jirou’s side beside them.

Kirishima and Aizawa had been fixed up early on, however the heroes hadn’t seen Aizawa in hours. Kirishima winced, regretting the quick turn instantly as his ribs screaming against the
bandages on his chest.

Tamaki was still asleep from the anesthesia used during the surgery to reset his broken bones. Endeavor was stable but had not been allowed visitors while the doctors finished stitching up his arms. Sero was doing surprisingly well, his bullet wounds healed while his arms would temporarily remain in slings.

Shimizu glanced up at him, her legs pulled against her chest as she fiddled with the feather from her hair.

The door to the rooms opened, the Bakugous entering the waiting room.

Kirishima rushed to his best friend’s parents, desperate for any new information.

“How is he? Is he out of surgery? Is he going to be alright?”

Mitsuki pulled him into a hug, quickly wiping away the tears in her eyes. “Don’t worry, Eijirou. That fucking brat is too stubborn to do anything but survive.”

Masaru smiled, drying his own face.

“What happened?” Kirishima asked.

Masaru placed a hand on his shoulder as Mitsuki pulled away. “He has three broken ribs, two more fractured and four bruised, a dislocated shoulder and a broken arm and leg on the other side, not to mention the puncture that went straight through his shoulder. But,” Masaru interrupted his sentence with a sigh. “He’s alive. Recovery Girl can’t do anything until he regains his energy, so he’s going to be in here for a few days. The doctors—”

There was a loud banging from the reception desk on the opposite side of the door to the private sitting room.

“What? Is my license not good enough? Let me through the damn doors!” Kirishima didn’t recognize the voice, nor the steel blue haired woman that it belonged to that came bursting through the doors moments later, closely followed by two security guards.

Mitsuki stepped forward, a teary smile on her face. “It’s alright! She’s with us!”

The guards stepped away, the woman adjusting the frames of her glasses over narrowed orange eyes.

She turned towards the Bakugous, hugging both of them in turn.

“I’m so sorry I’m late. I got the message as soon as my plane landed. Is he doing alright?”

“Katsuki’s doing fine, Minami. We’re waiting for him to wake up from surgery.”

Minami sighed in relief. “He’s been so careful with his impulse control. After everything he’s done, something must have set him off.”

Kirishima’s brow raised, as the woman turned to him. “I don’t believe we’ve met. I’m Minami Mari.”

“Kirishima Eijirou.”

Her eyes widened, a smile spreading across her face. “It’s so nice to finally meet you. Katsuki talks
about you all the time.”

Kirishima was stunned. “He what?”

“Excuse me.”

Everyone turned towards the doors to the hospital rooms, a doctor with bright yellow hair and feline eyes approaching the heroes.

“Cellophane, Ground Zero, and Suneater are all in a shared room. It should be big enough for all of you to visit now.”

Kirishima was the first to rush the doors, Minami directly behind him.

Nurses in the hallways scattered, directing them to the room as they rushed past.

Kirishima slid through the door, a wide grin breaking across his face at the sight of his best friend’s narrowed red eyes. “Bakubro! I was so worried!”

“What do you mean, Shitty Hair? I don’t need you freaking out. I kick ass!” Bakugou growled, shifting against the bedsheets.

“Yes, yes. We’re all aware that you’re just so badass.”

Minami stepped out from behind Kirishima, her arms crossed with a smirk decorating her face.

Bakugou practically glowed when he saw her.

“Mari! What the hell are you doing here?”

“She’s here because she’s an emergency contact, brat.” Mitsuki answered as she trailed in with her husband and the remaining heroes.

Minami nodded, walking up to Bakugou and wrapping her arms around his neck.

“We’ll come see you tomorrow, Katsuki,” Masaru said, leading his wife to the door. Bakugou nodded at his parents, knowing they had much more to talk about.

“I was in Berlin for four damn days. All I asked was that you stayed safe and didn’t attack any assholes and which of these did you not listen to?” Minami scolded.

“All of the above?” Bakugou chuckled, tentatively wrapping his cast covered arm around her waist.

“Aw. Bakugou’s secret girlfriend was worried too!” Sero teased, Mina punching him lightly in the arm.

Kirishima’s body tensed. “Secret girlfriend?”

Bakugou narrowed his eyes. “She’s not my girlfriend, you ass. She’s my fucking therapist.”

The room went silent.

“I didn’t know you had a therapist, Bakugou,” Tamaki murmured, Mirio standing beside him with a hand on his shoulder.
“That was the goddamn point.”

Kirishima forced his muscles to relax, approaching Bakugou’s bed. He sat down next to him, taking Bakugou’s hand in his own.

“I think it’s super manly to see a therapist when you need it,” Kirishima said with a wide smile. Shouto nodded from behind him, many of their old classmates doing the same.

“Whatever,” Bakugou grumbled, turning his face to hide the wetness in his eyes.

“I hope we’re not interrupting.”

The heroes turned to the door, Aizawa and All Might joining them in the room.

“Is everything okay? You disappeared when we got to the hospital. Did you find something on Shinsou and The Martyr?” Uraraka asked.

“Yes and no,” Aizawa said, pulling a hard drive from his pocket. “We have video footage from one of the patient rooms in the care facility. Midoriya Inko’s room.”

The room was silent for a second time.

Aizawa approached the monitor, connecting the device to the screen.

It took a moment to load, but it wasn’t nearly long enough for Bakugou to prepare himself for the footage.

Chisaki was standing over Inko’s bed, their eyes locked on each other in the dim lamp light.

“Tell me where he is.”

She didn’t say a word, instead squaring her shoulders.

“Tell me where he is!” Chisaki screamed, stepping impossibly closer.

“You are never going to win. A hawk may pick a fish from the water just as easily as a mouse from a field, but the moment the bird enters the water it is already caught in a trap of its own making. You stand no chance.”

“Where is The Martyr?!”

Inko smiled, pushing herself up in bed.

“My Izuku is going to rip your empire to shreds. For your sake, I hope you learned how to sew.”

Chisaki moved in an instant, snapping her neck with his bare hands, the sound clear over the video feed.

He dropped her back on the bed carelessly, pulling his phone out of his pocket.

“Bring down the building,” he seethed, leaving the room.

The room began to shake, furniture shattering as chunks of the ceiling fell on top of the pieces.

The video cut out, leaving a blank screen and a room of stunned heroes.

All Might turned, his heart clenching as he caught sight of Bakugou, silent tears falling down the
man’s face.

“It’s him. Izuku’s alive.”

Chapter End Notes

Please read the next chapter for information on the rest of the fic!
Hey, y’all!

I want to thank you guys for sticking around this long.

I would also like to thank my amazing editor and beta reader for putting up with all of the shit I’ve thrown at her. She is amazing and you can attribute this rounded writing to her.

**Now, before you panic, this work is not over! I am just going to take a short break to focus on school work and other fics.**

This is going to be the first of FIVE parts in this series. The second and fifth parts are going to remain in Bakugou’s perspective.

Three and four, however, are going to focus on the last five years of Izuku’s life. These will be from his perspective AND they will have more chapters.

In celebration of the end of part one, I have decided to share with you guys my playlist for this series (it’s what I listen to almost every time I write and it really represents the vibes and attitudes I have for each character). I will keep it posted in the series description for the series so you can get it updated and it will be in the notes of this chapter.

That’s all I have!

Don’t hesitate to leave a comment! I would love to hear about your favorite pairings, which chapter you thought was the best and maybe some theories you guys have.

Thanks again for reading, kiddies! See you around!

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Here’s your playlist!

https://www.youtube.com/playlist?list=PLLV1kKGG1XxHscgxKNBkEjgnlXOrLjTGX

Please [drop by the archive and comment](https://www.youtube.com/playlist?list=PLLV1kKGG1XxHscgxKNBkEjgnlXOrLjTGX) to let the author know if you enjoyed their work!