Aizawa Shota signed up to be the homeroom teacher of class 1-A. Barely. Surprisingly, they're not completely hopeless and he hasn't expelled a single one of them so far. And despite the villains lurking in the shadows and threatening to disrupt their studies, things seem to be going well enough.

When All Might's retirement brings uncertainty, all of Yuai's students are moved into newly made dorms on campus. Aizawa Shota signed up to be a homeroom teacher. But with this new development, he's finding himself being far more than that.

(This story was called 'The many facets of high school life' before, but that didn't fit, so I changed it.)

Notes
I own nothing and write for fun.

I really wanted something a bit more slice of life-ish than I could find on the site, before. Also I love Aizawa and think he needs more screentime. (All the screentime). I hope you enjoy this, please let me know!
The scent of coffee woke him up. A glance to the side and the ever-present furrow between his brows grew. Four-thirty. Classes started at eight, right? Shifting, he turned away from the clock. Another hour wouldn’t hurt. And yet… With a muttered curse, Aizawa Shota sat up, dragging a hand through the tangled mess of black that was his hair. Damnit. Damn these students. Damn Nezu and his ideas. Damn him for caring. One foot reached out, tapping the floor next to his bed until it located a slipper, only then did the rest of his body follow. He was too tired to deal with this, but he knew his responsibilities and they were to his students first and foremost.

He barely paused to glance at himself in the bathroom mirror, grimacing as half of his hair stood up straight. The bags under his eyes were even more prominent today, he noted. That’s what he got for patrolling until two am. He sighed and quickly tied his hair back before he pulled on a black shirt. Sweatpants would do, for now. Dragging himself to the door, he took a breath and straightened up slightly from his slouch, cracking his neck with both a wince and a sigh of satisfaction. Right. Let’s see which one of the little bastards was keeping him from a few more hours of sleep.

By the time his feet carried him down the stairs to the common area of the dormitory, the scent of coffee had at least given him a bit more energy. It smelled amazing. Half of the reward for going down was finding out who brewed this, he mused as he rounded the corner only to find… No one? He blinked, frowning as his eyes roamed the kitchen and dining tables, then panned towards the sofa. No one. Ah. That meant…

“Hagakure.” He inwardly winced at the gravelly quality of his voice. What a disgrace. The squeak of alarm told him all he needed to know, though, and he turned to face the girl, despite not seeing her. Gods. The press would have a field day over this. ‘Sordid Affair! Trusted teacher found with naked student in the middle of the night!’ Clicking his tongue in irritation, he scratched his head and sighed. “What are you doing up?” ‘And why are you not wearing pyjamas…’

Mentally he could see her fidgeting, scoffing her feet against the wooden floor of the common area, though all he saw was one of the chairs scooting backwards slightly. His eyes widened slightly in alarm at the inappropriateness of the situation and he only just managed to resist the: ‘Don’t sit on that whilst naked!’ from slipping free.

“I couldn’t sleep, Sensei.” A mug of steaming coffee, stood right before the moved chair, started rotating a little as she turned it around in her hands. To bring his mind off of the still horrifying concept of his naked student, he moved around the table and peered into the cupboard himself before pulling out a mug. As he set about pouring himself some of the divine brew, he replied: ‘Don’t sit on that whilst naked!’ from slipping free.

“I suppose it’s only natural. Is this your first time being away from home, other than the summer camp?” When he finished, he put the pot back, taking brief note of the bag of coffee grounds stood next to it, then leaned against the kitchen counter to face her again.
“Ah, well. Not really. I’ve done sleepovers and stuff, but it’s different, somehow. Like my head knows it’s a more permanent thing? I think. Maybe.” She fell silent again, taking a sip of her coffee and sighing softly.

“I see.” He did, in a way. He left home young quite willingly, himself, so he never had to deal with this kind of thing, but he remembered the tear-jerking festival that was Nemuri moving out of her parental house. Oh, gods, did he remember. Fighting to keep the grimace from his face lest she thought it was aimed at her, he took his own sip. Oh. Oh. Amazing. Maybe he could convince her to make coffee every day. Peering down into the mug, he couldn’t see anything looking particularly different from the norm, and yet somehow this was so much better than his own attempts.

“Sensei… do you think I’ll ever be able to be a good hero?” The words pulled him out of his coffee contemplation and made him look up. She sounded different. If he had to guess, this had been bothering her for a while, but that honestly didn’t surprise him. From all of his students, she probably stood out the least. Not just because she was invisible, but also because… Well. His class was full of powerhouses. All of them had flashy moves and excellent combat skills that were growing and developing every day. When Nezu suggested sending them for the Provisional License, he didn’t even hesitate to agree. But Hagakure was different.

“What kind of hero do you want to be, Hagakure?” She was silent for a moment, then took another sip from her drink.

“I want to be brave, like Midoriya-kun, and smart, like Yaoyorozu-chan! But—”

Cutting her off, he waved his hand back and forth dismissively. “No, no. I mean, for yourself. What kind of image did you have of yourself as a hero, growing up?”

That gave her pause, something he could almost see as she pushed the mug around. “I—... Uhm. I didn’t… really.” He blinked, sipped.

“Elaborate.”

“Ah, well. People didn’t really think my Quirk was… good for being a hero, you know? More suited to villain stuff. I’m really glad I wasn’t born a boy, because even as it was I’ve been accused of being a pervert more than once.” An awkward pause followed by a nervous chuckle. “Ah, Aizawa-sensei must think that too, I’m always naked, after all, in my hero costume.”

“No, no. I just—”

“It’s okay.” The softness of her voice had him narrow his eyes a bit, but he waited for her to continue. “I didn’t think I could be a hero, honestly. But I really, really wanted to. And then I met Jiro-chan and she said that if I wanted to be a hero, I should. I’m still not sure how I ever passed the entrance exam, but… I want to be the kind of hero that inspires others to do better. To do the right thing even though it might not always be the easiest thing.”

His lips curled a bit, but before she could see the smile tugging at his lips, he took another sip from his coffee. “That sounds like a pretty good motivation. So what do you think is holding you back?”

“I’m not very strong. Or very smart. And I’ve not done anything to help anyone. At summer camp, I couldn’t do anything. And the same has been true every other time. I’m… not even average, in this class.” Taking another sip, he agonised over how to even respond to this. It was true. She ranked sixteen and barely passed her exams, and as he reasoned before, her Quirk was neither particularly useful nor flashy in a fight. But perhaps if he nudged her another way…
“I think it’s a matter of focus and training.”

“Oh?”

“Your invisibility might not help you much in a one on one confrontation, but maybe we’re focusing on the wrong thing. After all, if they don’t know where you are, how can they fight back? Tomorrow I want you to go and see Powerloader about a costume that will go invisible with you. Maybe something made out of your own hair...” He mused as he considered the options. “There has to be something. Once that’s done, we’ll change your training schedule. Focus on going unheard as well as unseen. And join Todoroki and Midoriya for their hand to hand combat lessons.”

Setting his empty mug down on the kitchen counter, he stepped up to the bar she was sat at, giving her a solemn look. “You can be just as much a hero as any of these others. But you’ll have to work hard for it.”

“I can! I will!”

This time, he let her see his minute smile, the bare twitch of a lip. “I know. Don’t let me see you down this early again. You need your rest. Oh. And talk to Yaoyorozu. She’s tutoring Kaminari and Ashido already. It can’t hurt to join them and I’m sure they wouldn’t mind.”

“Yes, Aizawa-sensei! Thank you.”

He offered her a last wave as he went back up the stairs, then huffed in amusement, allowing the smile to grow.

Maybe living in dorms wasn’t going to be as bad as expected.
Rikidou

Chapter Summary

Aizawa woke up thinking this whole dorm think might not be so bad.

Chapter Notes

Thanks for the appreciation of chapter 1, guys! I haven't written anything in ages and really wanted to give this a go, so I'm happy it's well-received. Let me know if you have any comments, criticism or pointers, as well as what it was you enjoyed reading. As you can tell, I'm slowly going through the class at the moment, though there will be 'general shenanigan' and 'aizawa' chapters in between as well. Chapters will likely all be around this word count. Enjoy!

No. It was worse. Definitely worse. Any kind of positive feeling he had experienced earlier that morning had been crushed. Trampled upon and set on fire, ashes scattered across the seas. What the fuck was going on?

Chaos reigned in the kitchen. Flour dusted the floor, cupboards and counter tables as much as it did Yaoyorozu and Kirishima who seemed to be arguing over something. There were three- no. Four broken eggs on the floor, a frantic Ashido trying to find a dustpan- 'What use is a dustpan when trying to deal with broken eggs, you idiot.' - as Uraraka tried to make peace between Bakugou and Midoriya who were, as per usual, hollering at each other.

That same tension in Midoriya’s expression that carried his passion forwards, while the lines on Bakugou’s face were drawn in self-deprecating hatred and rage. It always brought a tightness to his chest, seeing these two kids so at odds with one another and not knowing what to do about it. He wasn’t suited for this at all. It took him about two seconds to see all of this and consider his next course of action, but then he spotted Rikidou at the side.

The boy was just standing there, the corners of his mouth pulled downwards and his fingers plucking at the apron he was wearing over his tracksuit. Had he been in the middle of cooking? Was he the cause of this mess? He slouched over a bit further and scratched his head before sighing. What a group of problematic children. Activating his Quirk, his hair rose up alongside his capture weapon and he quickly ensnared every single student present, with the exception of Rikidou.

The yelps of surprise and exclamations of indignation- and Bakugou’s instant demands for release- were silenced the moment they looked at their teacher. Aizawa just looked at Rikidou.

“Explain.”

The kid froze, eyes slowly rising to peer at his teacher, but only barely able to meet the red hues with his own before he looked down again. “I- Uhm. That… I thought...”
What the fuck? Feeling his patience reach the usual quota of one, Aizawa grunted and scratched the scruff on his cheeks before sighing. “Out with it. Before the beginning of class, if you don’t mind.”

He caught the flinch, filing it away for a later date. “I- I thought I could make waffles for breakfast, the others came down and offered to help me, but-” His eyes flickered towards Bakugou and Midoriya, as well as, surprisingly, Kirishima and Yaoyorozu. It was just a second, or not even, but Aizawa had a pretty clear idea of what happened. “- but I messed up and… dropped some stuff. I was just clumsy.”

Huh? He blinked, instantly dropping his students onto the floor. Pretending as if that had been the intention, he scratched his neck idly and peered around. “They can help you clean up. You have ten minutes. Rikidou.”

The boy, who had started to relax a little, tensed again as his teacher addressed him. “Yes, Sensei?”

“When they finish, stay behind.” Broad shoulders slumped even more as the kid nodded.

“Yes, Aizawa-sensei.”

It hadn’t taken them longer than five minutes to clean the kitchen, though he noted that Bakugou didn’t help as much as that he made things worse. He wasn’t entirely sure if that was a silent protest or if the kid was just really not sure how to clean, but somehow by the end of it, Midoriya needed another shower and Uraraka looked like she was about to cry. He knew he had to do something about that, eventually, but right now he really didn’t feel like it just yet. ‘Maybe I’ll just quit before I have to.’ He idly mused as he stepped over to join Rikidou.

He knew he wouldn’t. Somehow, these kids wormed their way into his heart. And didn’t that just give him pause. What? They did what? The momentary emotional crisis that brought along with it was succinctly pushed to the back of his mind, locked behind about seventeen doors and forgotten as he looked at the still aproned form of his student.

“Sit.”

The ‘eep’, combined with the hulking shoulders almost made him feel bad. Almost.

“Now tell me what happened. Again.”

Rikidou looked up at him, surprised and slightly scared and that brought a tight feeling to his chest that set him on edge in a way he didn’t like. “Ah- Sensei, it was just like I said before. I wanted to make breakfast but then I was clumsy and-”

“Mh. That’s a lie.”

“No! I swear, I just-”

“No! I swear, I just-”

“Rikidou.” The sigh that escaped his lips this time was one of exasperation. Why did the kid insist on lying? There was absolutely no reason to lie. He already knew what happened, no one got punished- for now- and the mess had been cleaned up. So why? “Kid, you have to give me something.”
“Sensei, I swear. It was just me. Please.” And there it was again, that tight feeling in his chest as Rikidou clenched his eyes shut and hunched up a bit and trembled- why was he trembling? Was he really that terrifying?

“Uhm...” His eyes, immediately red, flashed over to the corner of the room. Ashido. He released his Quirk, resisting the urge to rub his eyes and make the already scratchy feeling even worse, and cursed himself. He hadn’t even heard her coming. Nor any of the others, it seemed, as the group poured into the kitchen. Ashido looked at Rikidou and gave him a small smile of apology. “Sorry, Satou-kun. We shouldn’t have left you to deal with this.”

‘This?’ Aizawa’s brow twitched for a moment, but he remained silent, curious to see whether the troublemakers would come clean by themselves.

“Aizawa-sensei, it was our fault. We all tried to help Satou-kun, but we got in his way more than we helped. And then Bakugou-kun-”

“Don’t just bring me up without permission, fucking Pink Hair!”

“- and Midoriya-kun got into an argument about the eggs and they fell, and Kirishima-kun and Momo-chan accidentally spilled the milk and I dropped the flour all over and Ochako-chan just tried to help and- well. We did all of this, not Satou-kun.” He had to admit, of all the people to take the lead, Ashido had been the least expected one. Good on her. He looked at Rikidou, who seemed absolutely baffled as he looked at the group.

“You guys... You didn’t have to do this. I was fine.” ‘You looked two seconds away from pissing yourself, brat, goddamnit.’

“But we’d be really shitty friends if we did that!” Ah. That look again. He felt the brief shadow of a dark cloud coming in to hover over his head before Rikidou smiled tentatively and chased it away.

“F-friends?” Ashido blinked in confusion and propped her hands upon her hips as she cocked her head to the side.

“Well, yeah! What did you think?”

“I... I thought you only liked me because I made cake.”

Aizawa felt like an outsider in his own house as he observed the interaction, but he supposed that it was worth it, for this. The gasps of indignation and instant disapproval coming from the group, with again the exception of Bakugou who insisted no one was his friend, was enough to release the tight feeling he’d had in his chest.

“Of course not!” Ashido stepped forwards as if she were a woman on a mission. He supposed she was. When she grabbed hold of Rikidou’s arm, ignoring the brief flinch of surprise, Aizawa wished he could go back in time and beat the living daylights out of the people that hurt his students in the past. Not for the first time, he wondered if he should find someone with a time-travel Quirk and just go back and fix this mess.

“Come on, we don’t want to be late for school. We’ll wait by the door, Satou-kun!”

The boy nodded and headed for the stairs to change when he suddenly paused and turned around.

“Ah- Aizawa-sensei... I’m-”

“Friends that leave you behind aren’t worth defending, Rikidou. Now get lost, I’ve got class to prepare.” He turned and headed for the kitchen, grumbling all the while, but he’d seen the smile
blossoming on Rikidou’s face before he did.

Stepping over, he opened the cupboard to pull out his usual mug in preparation for coffee, only to find a travel mug stood front and center, a big yellow post-it with his name on it proudly stuck to the rim. Somewhere, in the back of his mind, one of the doors that hid his true feelings from bubbling up disappeared, as he recognised Hagakure’s handwriting.

She made him coffee.
Aizawa - One

Chapter Summary

Aizawa gets a break.

Chapter Notes

I started writing something else but then this happened and I regret nothing.

The students were settling in their dorm well enough. They didn’t have classes yet, not for a while, and so he gave them a few days to acclimatise. Them, and himself as well. As he slumped into his seat in the teacher’s lounge, folding his arms over his desk and yawning, he wondered briefly which party needed the adjustment more, him or they. He blinked slowly, crusty eyes focusing on the foreign object stationed on his desk, right in front of his computer screen.

“Huh?” He uttered, feeling very intelligent indeed as he reached out a single, long-fingered hand to poke the cup.

It was really there. He sat up a bit, peering left, then right. Thirteen was on the sofa in the corner, tapping away at her laptop, Ectoplasm was marking something three desks down from him. Neither gave any indication of noticing him past the greeting he got when he entered the room. His eyes strayed to the cup again as he pulled it closer.

He froze.

Upon pulling it closer, it had turned slightly. That’s when he saw it. A smiling cat, drawn with the thick, black lines denoting a permanent marker, right under his name. ‘Shota’. His brow furrowed as he peeled back the plastic cover, then took a whiff of the brew inside. Oh. Dark roast, slight undertones of dark chocolate and something fruity. But who-

A hand settled on his shoulder, something that would usually make him tense up. But he knew this weight, this warmth. Rather than tense, his body relaxed, letting him slump back down as Yamada settled in the chair next to him.

“Saw you earlier this morning. You looked… frazzled.” He can’t help but snort softly. The normally exuberant voice and loudness are restrained today, something Aizawa can only be grateful for. As he glances over, he is surprised to see his friend with his hair down, hero costume nowhere in sight.

“Frazzled? That’s not a word anyone uses.”

Yamada smirks at him as he rests his elbow on the desk, dropping his chin into his waiting palm.

“I do. But what can I say, I’m a font of wisdom and source of vocabulary growth on any given day.”
Huffing softly, he takes a sip of his coffee. His favourite coffee. Of course it is. From that obscure place downtown. “So I looked frazzled?”

“Yeah!” Ectoplasm makes an annoyed sound and Yamada wilts slightly, giving him an apologetic grin as he continues at a lower volume. “Yeah. Are you sure you don’t want to join us in the teacher’s dorms? I mean, your class is a full-time job as it is.”

“Eh. It’s because of that that I can’t. Not yet.” He sighs, ignoring the piercing gaze for a moment as he tries to figure out what to say. Which parts he wants to share. “They’re problem children.” He eventually settles for, causing the frown in Yamada’s forehead to deepen until Aizawa reaches up and presses his index and middle fingers against the skin, smoothing it out. “Don’t look like that.”

Yamada chuckles as he lets his smile return, the creases vanishing like snow. “You can handle it?”

Aizawa considers the question. Truly considers it. Hagakure seems to be doing fine, despite her hesitation before and has increased her research into what, exactly, her Quirk can do. Rikidou has seemed more relaxed than before, laughing without hesitation. But then… Aoyama troubles him. The kid seems to have no friends in the class, or anywhere else, for that matter, which might be because, well. He’s a bit of a weirdo. Weirder than the others.

Jirou seems fine, but she hides in her room a lot, he knows, having overheard a conversation between Uraraka and Yaoyorozu. Kirishima is still suffering from the after-effects of the events in the Kamino ward, feeling as if he failed his friend, most likely. Similarly… There’s Bakugou and Midoriya. The air around the two has been charged with friction lately, more so than the norm, and he’s fairly positive it’ll come to a head sooner rather than later. Todoroki and his rage towards his father. Kaminari and the effects of his Quirk which are causing him more issues than he lets on. Mineta, who he might honestly have to expel if things keep going the way they are.

Yamada is silent, giving him the time he needs to do all of the mental maths to sort through the mess that is 1-A.

“Honestly… I don’t know.” He finishes his coffee and sets the cup down, sighing. “But I owe it to them to try, right?”

The blond is quiet for a while, then smiles again. A true, genuine smile that’s so startlingly unexpected that he is taken aback by the change. Yamada hums softly. “Yeah. You do.” He raises his hand from Aizawa’s shoulder and briefly the Erasure Hero thinks he’s about to flick him or something equally inane, but then long fingers settle in black tresses and he melts onto his desk, cheek resting on his arm as skilled fingertips gently massage the headache that had been blooming all day away.

“Get some rest, Shota. You’ll need it.” He hums in agreement, unable to form words at the bliss that is Yamada’s scalp massage. Somewhere far away, he registers that someone is still speaking to him, something about giant cats and purring, but it’s not important. Instead of trying to focus on the words, he just lets himself drift off, for now. A nap sounds perfect.
Chapter Summary

Aizawa discovers the existence of something called 'unicorn skin'. He's afraid.

Chapter Notes

Aizawa is out of his depth. Ojirou is lost. Please read and review!

Also, I'll be going back to fix the spelling of people's name so that they're all similar, rather than using Jirou here and Jiro in chapter one, for example.

The overwhelming amount of glitter was secondary, surprising as that might seem. Secondary to the light that shone from all angles, the radiance that was the centrepiece of the room. As Ashido continued to run around with various flashlights in hand (and one mounted on her forehead), Aoyama performed surprisingly elegant pirouettes in the centre of the common room, right on top of the table.

“Oui! Sparkle time!”

Aoyama’s jeans were covered in glue, the remains of which were scattered across the floor in several empty tubes and bottles, then covered by glitter upon glitter. Small iridescent flakes, larger sequins of red, blue and yellow, something else packaged in an obnoxiously bright tin, lid covered by a glistening white horse presenting a single horn upon its head called-

“Unicorn… skin?”

Aizawa looked back up at Aoyama, squinting his eyes to see through the dazzling radiance. His shirt, which was already an abomination, had been similarly decked out with pink glittery flowers, blue glitter clouds and... stick figures made with black marker pens running across a glittery green meadow, under a glittery bright yellow and orange sun.

“Marvellous! Fantastique!”

A single leg went up, completing the picture as several of his students applauded and made oooh’s and aaah’s of appreciation. Several being Ashido, Hagakure and an Ojirou who seems to be present and making appreciative sounds half out of obligation to Hagakure.

“Detention.” The word slips out of his mouth before he can stop himself. It’s not even spoken properly, somewhat choked out in his inability to function due to the disco ball in the center of the room. They all freeze, except for Aoyama who finishes his twirl and drops into a dramatic bow before giving Aizawa a look he can’t quite decipher at that point in time, nor is he sure he wants to.

“Whaaaaat?! But Senseeeeeeiii~” Ashido is over at his side instantly, giving him a pouty look he can barely make out as she shines her head-mounted flashlight right into his dried-up eyes. He
grunts, recoiling a bit before planting a hand firmly over the light, giving the pink-skinned girl a
glowering look that gets a barely acknowledged: “Oooh, oops, sorry, Sensei!” before she finally
reaches up and clicks it off, giving him a sheepish grin.

He sighs, then looks at the room, pretending he can see it, rather than the several colourful spots
dancing in his vision. “If you got glue on the carpet… Who do you think is going to have to clean
that up, huh?”

The group looks at the area thoughtfully, Ojirou mostly looking like he wants to melt into his seat.
He can relate. Aoyama suddenly vaults- yes, vaults- off of the table and lands his sparkly,
beglittered figure so close to his body that he feels his soul flinch away from the walking glitter
disaster. If this was how the boy planned on fighting his foes, he’d make a fearsome opponent
indeed.

“Sensei! We were simply creating a work of art, oui! Magnifique! Behold!”

And with that, he spreads his arms dramatically. Aizawa’s eyes widen as he beholds indeed,
watching the cloud of sparkling dust explode from Aoyama’s person onto himself before he can
even respond. It settles everywhere. His hair sparkles with a subtle evening purple and sky blue
shine, his capture weapon with various tones of sunset yellow, orange and red and finally, his shirt,
closest to the grass, gets green. He blinks.

Ashido, finally realising the danger she’s in, backpedals a bit, waving her hands as she chuckles
nervously.

“Ah, ehm, you see, we drew our class! See!” Quickly, she points at the collection of stick figures
on the shirt. Now that he looks at them, he can vaguely make out some characteristics stuck on the
figures, though not nearly enough to identify what he’s looking at. “See, this here, it’s you! And
here’s me-” Rapidfire words and names fly from her lips as she indicates each and everyone of
them before he can even get a word in edgewise.

Aoyama obediently twirls and flexes his body again, exclaiming random words in… Spanish?
Whatever. “And look, Sensei! As Aoyama turns, we’re running into the sunset! Isn’t it great!”
Bright gold eyes in black peer at him with so much enthusiasm, so much joy, that he nearly nods in
agreement. Nearly. He knows her games, her wiles.

“Ashido. Thirty minutes and the glitter is gone.”

A dramatic choking sound draws his attention back to Aoyama who has slumped backwards over
the sofa, the back of his hand against his forehead as he faints. “Non! It cannot be, Sensei! Do you
do dislike it? I wanted to give you a surprise!”

“Hah?”

The kid veers back up, spreading his arms again. “Oui! A surprise for you, Sensei! Who doesn’t
love surprises! And you looked tired, so it seemed fitting!”

He doesn’t. He hates surprises. Yamada still shivers as he thinks back to the day he tried to host a
surprise birthday party for him. And yet, his tongue lies thick in his mouth as he looks at the
hopeful faces of his students, Aoyama’s bright blue eyes fixed on his own.

He’s going soft. It’s the only explanation. It has to be that, rather than the realisation that this is the
first time that he’s seen something in Aoyama’s eyes that made him take note. The kid isn’t
particularly troublesome, nor does he stand out despite his flamboyant behaviour. And that’s the
thing. His behaviour, drawing attention and sometimes wildly out of bounds, seems to hide whatever passion he actually has. He’s never seen much dedication from him in his academic work and he has to work incredibly hard to stick with his classmates in terms of physical and Quirk related stuff. The dependency on his support item is another block.

And maybe it’s because of all these things that the earnest look in his eyes comes as such a surprise. Like this might be the first time he’s seen Aoyama truly engaged with his classmates, with something he’s doing. He’s weird about it, and so over the top that he can feel a migraine poking at the back of his mind. His eyes feel like they need a bath of their own and every breath he takes has to be poisoned by glitter dust and glue fumes. Maybe he’s high.

“... It’s okay.”

Definitely high. Ashido must have actually short-circuited her brain as her arms wrap around his torso for zero point two seconds before she realises her mistake and darts away with a grin the size of planet Earth on her face. Ojirou just looks shocked from his position halfway up the stairs, tail stabilising him before he falls and makes an even bigger mess. Hagakure has flung herself at Ashido and the two chant something to one another as they dance in the middle of the room.

But it’s Aoyama’s eyes that made him want to turtle up in his capture weapon, shoulders high and head hunched down as he hides from the world. He doesn’t, of course, because he’s their teacher and not a sixteen-year-old teenager, but the way Aoyama looks at him reminds him of the time he finally caved and responded to Yamada’s incessant invitations to hang out after school. Like he hung the fucking moon or something.

He quickly turns and mutters something about them still having detention and cleaning the glitter before he makes his escape.

“Oh, Shouta, did you do something with you- is that glitter?!” The high pitched sound makes him cringe as Kayama raises her voice and shouts down the teacher’s lounge. “Hizashi! Zashii~! Come quick! Shouta is covered in glitter!”

He sighs, resigning himself to his fate as Yamada shouts out his shock with his quirk and rushes over, the two firing question after question while poking his hair and, after that, everything. The shirt he replaced easily, but the capture weapon wasn’t exactly replaceable, nor did the seventeen showers he took do anything about the glitter.

He was going to add a week of detention for each of them.
Kaminari

Chapter Summary

Aizawa feels proud, and then has a startling moment of self-hatred.

Chapter Notes

Hope you lot enjoy and don't forget to review, please! It makes my day to see your thoughts :)

He hated it when his students overworked themselves. Seeing Midoriya’s sheepish face look up at him from a bed in the medical bay. Watching Todoroki hunched over, panting as his sweat literally pooled onto the dusty floor of the training ground. Seeing Aoyama clutching his gut and struggling for the bathroom even as he kept up that stupid smile he didn’t believe. All of them. Sometimes he wondered who it hurt more, them or him.

The one he disliked seeing like this the most, however, was Kaminari. Despite the fact that some of the others had ostensibly far worse injuries, he hated seeing the energetic kid after an overload. He didn’t blame his students for laughing, because he had seen enough to know that it was simply how they coped. It was how they dealt with seeing their friend in pain and out of it. It was actually a little heartwarming to see how much they’d banded together to weather this kind of stuff.

They clustered up around those that were injured, smothering Midoriya on the sofa as they did his chores, Asui putting a knitted blanket over Todoroki’s shoulders as the boy’s nose was a bit too red for him not to have a cold. Yaoyorozu seemed to have an endless amount of tea for all occasions and set down steaming cups for all three boys on the sofa. Aoyama didn’t even try to be flamboyant, just offered her a grateful smile which told him exactly how much he’d pushed it.

Kaminari didn’t get tea. He was more likely to spill it onto his lap than drink it, and so he got some lemonade instead. Dazed and with a silly smile that didn’t reach his eyes, the blond boy sat on the floor, propped up on all sides by pillows so that he couldn’t hurt himself. Even the table in front of him was guarded, as Yaoyorozu had, in a moment of Midoriyan genius, created a pool noodle that they’d cut open and wedged around the edges.

Fuck. He was so proud of them.

Kaminari took another drink from his half-straw, half-sippy cup creation, then sighed as he blearily peered around the room. He seemed content, happy, surrounded by friends and guardians as the class came together to offer whatever support they could.

Tomorrow, he knew, it might be Bakugou getting smothered against the pillows by Kirishima demanding he takes it easy. It might be Uraraka, exhausted and nauseous as her internal organs struggled to find the right orientation again. It could even be Kouda, as much as he shied away from contact with his peers, as the kid suffered the shocks of overcoming his fear of insects over and over again.
But he hoped it wouldn’t be Kaminari. Again. He knew his student was dissatisfied with his progress or noted lack thereof, which led to the pushing he was doing. Continuing from the failed summer camp training, he’d gotten a battery he’d hook himself up to, training his body to take higher amounts of voltage under the watchful eye of both Aizawa and Yagi, but he still managed to end up like this more often than not. His grades were suffering from his inability to study properly, something the others still managed to make time for, and he knew he’d have to call a meeting with him soon.

But that was for another day. As he observed the kid slowly sag against the pillows, turning his face away from the light and chatter, he pushed his chair back from where he’d been grading some tests at the dining table. As he stepped over to the cluster of teenagers, his heart warmed at the way they tensed, then relaxed as they spotted him, offering various variations of ‘Hey, Sensei!’ and the likes. He grunted at them in return, regretting not wearing his uniform and therefore being unable to hide in his scarf at the moment, but they knew the drill by now and didn’t even blink as he crouched down next to Kaminari.

A brief check of his blood pressure, pupil reaction speed and his temperature before he sighed. One arm under his knees, the other behind his shoulder, he rose and shifted his grip slightly. As Kaminari muttered a vague ‘Wheeee…’, rolling his head around until his face snuggled into the crook of Aizawa’s neck, he glanced self-consciously at his other students. Most of them had the decency to keep up their conversations and pretend they weren’t watching, though he spotted Yaoyorozu and Midoriya sharing a small smile behind their mugs of tea.

Instantly his scowl returned and he stomped off to the stairs, ignoring the feeling of nineteen pairs of eyes prickling against his back. The boy in his arms felt too light for a sixteen-year-old his size, he idly noted. Maybe he should put him on a stricter diet? Some more protein? He probably used up a lot of calories with his Quirk training. Worth having a chat with Shuzenji and Lunch Rush, probably.

Leaning his shoulder against the doorpost, he braced the half-sleeping boy against his chest and opened the door to his bedroom. Hitting the light with his elbow and being careful not to bump his head into the wall, he manoeuvred himself and his charge across the room. Geez, it was a mess. He gingerly nudged a basketball to the side and stepped over a stack of comics, furrowing his brow as he glanced around. While he knew Kaminari wasn’t the best student, he was still used to the teen having a certain sense of cleanliness.

Eventually, he’d managed to step his way around the low table and lowered the kid to his bed, groaning at the strain it put on his poor old back muscles. Finally relieved of his burden, he huffed upon seeing the way Kaminari clenched his eyes shut, the way he turned towards the wall. Migraine, then, most likely. From his crouched position, he rested his arms on his knees and heaved a sigh, hanging his head for a moment.

“Again, huh...”

A whimper had him look up and he scowled, pushing to his feet and leaving the room, turning the light off as he went.

Fifteen minutes later, he stepped back into the room, leaving the light off and relying on his reasonably good memory to avoid stepping onto something. He set his burdens down on the table
and hooked his foot behind the desk chair, pulling it over. A mumbled sound, somewhat inquisitive, had him hum softly.

“Easy, Kaminari. Are you with me?”

The boy groaned and turned around, giving him a tired and sheepish look. “Sorry, Sensei. I didn’t mean to give you trouble.”

Clicking his tongue, Aizawa offered him the pills and an opened bottle of water. “Then don’t strain yourself so much.” His tone of voice was gentle, in contrast with his scolding, and he frowned as he watched the kid struggle to sit up. Eventually, he huffed and shifted forwards, curling an arm behind his shoulders and pulling him into an upright position. He could feel the shaking, the slight tremble in his muscles due to constant exposure to electricity and he felt like a piece of shit. Telling kids to torture themselves for the sake of progress. ‘Fuck… what are we doing?’

“Kaminari…” He started, setting the bottle at his lips and helping him wash down the painkillers. His student grimaced at the lingering taste of medication on his tongue, then looked over, waiting. “I don’t want you to do this battery stuff anymore. We’ll find another way to train you, but not this.” Confusion clouded the normally so expressive eyes and he actually hated himself for putting that there. So much trust. “You’re excused from training tomorrow. We're going over your most recent tests.”

Kaminari pulled a face, but nodded, sighing in relief as he lied back down and Aizawa placed the cold compress against his forehead.

“Thanks, Sensei.”

Leaning back in the surprisingly comfortable desk chair, he hummed again. “Sleep, Kaminari.”

“‘Kay, Sensei.”

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