On The Run

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On The Run

by **Justaperson1718**

Summary

(Based in an AU where All Might loses to All For One)

Follow Izuku and Katsuki as they fight together for their very survival and mature through their experiences with each other, on the run together from the League of Villains with no one to depend on but each other. The two will have to work out their differences if they want to continue to live and escape the villains.

Izuku will have to become stronger to finish what All Might started, meanwhile Katsuki will figure out his feelings for his new companion while slowly overcoming some of his bad habits.

Notes

This story was made with some influence from the series Maximum Ride by James Patterson, though I narrowed it down to just the two of them instead of a group of six for now as I start it out.

If you haven't read the series I recommend it.

I have no idea what will happen in the next chapter of the manga, but this obviously isn't it so we'll call this an AU where all this happens.
I don't have any beta reader besides myself and I'm generally blind to my own mistakes most of the time, so I do apologize for any large number of typos or mistakes. I do double and sometimes triple check though.

This is my first fic for this fandom so have mercy.
Chapter 1

Izuku woke up in a sweat again. Looking around he saw only darkness, but he knew the other was still there. He always was. Because the two of them had no one else they could turn to except each other now.

"Go back to sleep, nerd."

He and Katsuki, that is.

"R-right. Sorry."

He'd had the same nightmare as before. Seeing All Might fall over dead. Seeing all the students and teachers of Yuuei, the pro heroes, all hunted down and executed mercilessly in public. He's had this nightmare many times since the fall of All Might and Yuuei. All For One went back into hiding ever since finishing off All Might, and the League of Villains amassed a force of villains strong and skilled enough to destroy the entire building of Yuuei, killing many heroes with it.

But it was the show of public executions that really shook Izuku up. Seeing heroes murdered on national television just to send a message to all of Japan that the League of Villains won't be stopped by anyone. The speech mocking how the Symbol of Peace has fallen, and the age of heroes is over.

It was all a little much to bear, even after so many weeks had gone by.

Izuku rolled over and pulled the cover of his sleeping bag up to try to hide from the stench of the sewer they were currently sleeping in.

The two of them were fugitives now. Both of them were on a nation-wide hit list. Tomura Shigaraki wanted them captured. Alive or dead, but he made it clear he would prefer alive. Likely so he could kill them himself. He still held such a strong grudge against the class of 1-A for getting in the way of his plans before. Izuku especially. They didn't know if he even still wanted Katsuki alive or not. And that's why Katsuki had decided to stick with him instead of taking off on his own.

Seeing All Might killed in the fight against All For One and so many other pro heroes executed on screen must have let him know that, despite all his pride, the world was no longer going to be his "playground". This was life or death now. Countless Noumus were hunting them along with any other heroes they could find. Real villains were hunting them.

Katsuki's fist pounded down on the ground beside Izuku's face, echoing a little through the sewers.

"I said go back to sleep, asshole. I'm not keeping watch extra long just because you refuse to fucking sleep," Katsuki's voice echoed through the tunnel. "And stop your damned mumbling."

"...Sorry, Kacchan," Izuku replied softly, closing his eyes.

Katsuki did seem less irritable than usual, mostly proven by the fact that he was willing to travel with Izuku, but he was still Katsuki after all. Socially tactless, uncomforting, pridelul, stubborn and all. Even so, Izuku was mostly happy to have him around. Otherwise he would be on his own.

Iida and Yaoyorozu went to the school almost immediately after All Might fell. They wanted the protection of the teachers, believing Yuuei to be the safest place now. Izuku tried to talk them out of it, but to no avail. They should've stuck together. The school could barely protect them in the
past, and it wouldn't now with All Might gone. Todoroki wanted to find his father, and Kirishima wanted to get home to protect his family.

*Family.* Izuku thought of his and Kacchan's mothers. The villains likely didn't know anything about them, so the safest bet would be to stay far away from them. If a villain were to see the two of them near anyone they would become targets instantly. Izuku couldn't allow that to happen, and surely Katsuki felt the same. The safest bet would be to stay away.

Izuku's eyes sprung open when he felt a hand slap against his mouth and looked up to see Katsuki glaring down at him. "You're going to drive me fucking insane if you don't stop your god damn mumbling you little shit stain." Katsuki's face closed in on his, the anger was more than evident in his tone. It was only more obvious when he spoke through gritted teeth. "Go. To. Fucking. Sleep. Or I'll put you to sleep."

Izuku nodded shakily with wide eyes. He closed them, only when Katsuki finally removed his hand, and really tried to sleep instead of thinking so much. Katsuki has actually made it a point to keep him alive so far, even going out of his way to save him from Noumus a couple of times. But Izuku knew Katsuki still wouldn't hesitate to beat the crap out of him as long as he didn't cause any lasting damage.

So he tried his best to fall back asleep, praying that he didn't talk in his sleep and anger Katsuki even more.

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Izuku woke up and stretched a little, rolling over to greet Katsuki but finding that he wasn't actually there. He looked around, slightly distressed, but tried not to get too worked up over it. He could just be taking a quick walk. Maybe he's using the bathroom somewhere? Perhaps getting torn limb from limb by a Noumu.

Standing up he cupped his hands around his mouth and called out, "Kacchan!"

Then he felt a tapping on his shoulder and spun around, taking a fighting stance. His body relaxed when he saw it was just Katsuki wearing an amused grin. "You planning on fighting me? And keep it down. You want the whole world to know we're down here?"

"Sorry, Kacchan. I got worried when I didn't see you around." Katsuki was all he had left now. He didn't want to lose the last person he could turn to anymore.

Thankfully Katsuki left it at that instead of getting angry about Izuku worrying about him. He seemed to be getting more lax about that lately. "I was looking out of the manhole to make sure there weren't any Noumus around. We need to go eat soon."

He was right. It had been a couple of days since they last ate. The last time they tried to go above ground to eat a few days ago they ended up being chased by two Noumus for three days. Midoriya climbed the ladder to the manhole and pushed the cover off to peak his head out. He looked around for a couple of seconds before he felt a hand on his bottom pushing him up and out.

"Ahh!" Izuku yelled, both surprised Katsuki would put his hand there and frightened about the fact he was being pushed out into the middle of a street.

"What, you don't trust my judgment all of a sudden? Get the fuck out of the way already."

In actuality Izuku was *trying* to make sure they weren't coming out in the middle of a street. Which they were. And now a car was heading directly towards him and was about to hit him and most likely seriously injure him here and now.
Or so he thought. Instead, Katsuki climbed halfway out and saw the car, flinging his arm forward and causing an explosion that blew back the car whose brakes were screeching.

"Get the fuck out of the middle of the street, Deku. How long am I going to have to babysit you?" Katsuki said as if he wasn't the one who just pushed him into the middle of the street.

All eyes were on the two of them now. The teenager frozen in fear in the middle of the street and the other one who just blew a car away and was now climbing out of a manhole and dragging the other off the road by his shirt.

"Kacchan! Don't just go blowing up random cars! What if you get too much attention on us?! Or hurt someone?!" Izuku exclaimed, flailing his arms frantically and looking around to make sure no villains were nearby.

"Chill out. There's nobody important around here," Katsuki replied, tossing Izuku ungracefully onto the sidewalk. "We lost those Noumus miles back and its pretty rare to see a big name villain around anymore. And I didn't even flip the car."

It was true though. When the League of Villains took over and began exterminating heroes everyone thought that society would collapse in a heap of riot and villains gone crazy. But strangely enough it seems as though the everyday villains have mellowed out. There are no more heroes around to publicly stop the villains from robbing, killing and rampaging. Yet for some reason it seemed as though they were being kept on a leash all of a sudden. If Izuku had to guess, it would be the League of Villains not wanting everything to be outright destroyed. All For One was likely issuing orders from the shadows as well, not letting the country he sought to control before All Might came to be fall to pandemonium.

"Deku."

The sound of Katsuki's voice brought Izuku out of his never ending train of thought again. He seemed to get lost in his thoughts more often than normal these days.

"Sorry, what were you saying?" Izuku asks, standing up and patting the dirt from the ground off of himself.

"I said I'm going to get sushi," Katsuki repeated, jabbing his thumb in the direction of a sushi restaurant. "For fucks sake, listen for once why don't ya?"

Izuku stared at him questioningly. "It's like nine in the morning, Kacchan. Why do you want sushi at-" 

"Because I said I want sushi! I don't care what time it is!" Katsuki interrupted, turning on his heel and stomping off toward the restaurant. The action caused Izuku to jump slightly and scurry after him.

On the surface it seemed as though Katsuki never really cared to keep the two of them in the same place. But Izuku liked to think he noticed the little things Katsuki did. If Katsuki really didn't care or really wanted to get away from him he wouldn't have been walking towards the establishment slightly slower than his normal pace, only to speed up to his regular pace as soon as Izuku caught up to him. He didn't know why Katsuki did these things these days, but it was nice to not feel completely hated anymore.

Maybe Katsuki just didn't want to be completely alone with Noumus chasing him. But he wasn't normally afraid of anything. Or else he didn't want anything bad to happen to the other all of a
sudden? But that felt a little...far fetched, even if it did seem true. Perhaps Katsuki just wanted to be the one to kill him in the future himself. That sounded more likely, but at the same time not right at all.

Whatever it was, Izuku probably wouldn't figure it out. Katsuki, as easy as he was to read most of the time, was still a enigma to him more times than not.

When they entered the restaurant and were seated across from each other in a small booth, Izuku ignored the mixture of looks of disgust and distress being sent their way. The former probably due to the fact they've spent quite a while down in the sewers and the smell must have rubbed off on them. The latter? Everyone must notice them as wanted "criminals". But the good thing was that people didn't really like the League of Villains very much, and as much did not try very hard to do what they asked of the populace. People recognized them from the Sports Festival from so long back and knew the two of them were trying to be heroes. They wouldn't rat them out and get them killed for no good reason. The distress, however, would probably be from the fact that there's two people being hunted by Noumus and villains sitting in the same restaurant as them.

But the two of them have long since learned to ignore it. Katsuki more so than Izuku.

When their orders were placed, Izuku noticed the other looking around and wondered what he was thinking with a thoughtful expression like that. Or as thoughtful an expression as one could glean from the scowl that covered his face like always. But after a while of staying with each other 24/7 Izuku was beginning to notice the differences in the other's scowls.

He might have asked if it were anyone else, but he didn't want to make Katsuki peeved.

Izuku jumped slightly when Katsuki's head snapped towards him, glaring across the table. "What?"

"Huh?"

"What the fuck are you staring at? You think I don't notice you looking at me?" Katsuki questioned, seemingly angry. "What the fuck do you want, Deku?"

"O-oh. I was, uh... I-I was just wondering what you were thinking about. You, uh, looked like something was bothering you. Or something... But I wasn't going to ask."

Katsuki continued to stare him down, his glare softening only the slightest bit. "Just making sure I don't see anyone around that's looking for us," he answered after a while.

Right. They were supposed to make sure no one snuck up on them. Izuku nodded, looking down sheepishly. "I don't think anyone would be looking for us in a restaurant at this time. They probably think we're still hiding, you know?"

Katsuki ignored him, continuing to look around warily anyway. Even with that said Izuku, like his companion, still felt it best to eat and leave as quickly as possible. The longer they stayed in one place the more likely anyone was to find them.

Though that thought was pushed out of his mind the minute he felt a hand grab his leg and pull him under the table. He would've yelled if another hand didn't clamp around his mouth. His shocked eyes looked forward to see Katsuki shushing him and pointing towards one of the large windows that allowed potential customers to see inside the building. The same two Noumus they thought they'd lost before were skulking around. One had what looked to be six legs and four arms, the other being a hulking creature similar to the one at USJ.

The pair proceeded to crawl out of their booth and along the floor, earning weird looks from
everyone around them. They ignored them as per usual and continued to crawl towards the kitchen, hoping to find an exit in the back they could use.

Hope was dashed once again with the sound of breaking glass and a few screams. Katsuki let out a string of curses and the both of them stood to begin running. They dashed through the door to the kitchen, ignoring the workers yelling at them about employees only being allowed back here and looking around for the exit.

"Kacchan!" Izuku called out, finding and running towards the door only a moment before the wall behind them crashed from the Noumus' forced entry.

They ran out into an alleyway and turned left without any thought. They didn't have time to look around and think much at the moment, only to act. If possible they would want to avoid a fight with these creatures as badly as possible. Remembering the trouble All Might had with just one of them was enough to strike fear into the both of them.

Another turn found them running into a dead end, and when they turned around to go the other way the Noumus were already barreling at them. Closer inspection showed the one with extra limbs actually had eight, spider-like legs rather than six.

Izuku activated his Full Cowl and jumped backwards over the wall blocking their path, Katsuki not far behind him with explosions propelling him up and over. Izuku looked down to where he was going to land, seeing the hulking Noumu had already crashed through the wall and was running directly underneath him. He panicked and began failing his arms and legs, trying to grab onto something to stop his fall, but ended up landing on top of the Noumu's head and stomping it into the hard concrete. The boy stumbled his first steps on the ground but didn't bother to stop just because of that and kept running onward, catching up to Katsuki and looking over his shoulder to see the second Noumu dashing towards them with the first already beginning to stand.

When they finally exited the alleyway onto an open sidewalk Katsuki stopped and turned around, pointing both hands toward them and letting loose an explosion just big enough to fill the alleyway with a loud "Fuck off!" Neither wanted to stay and see if that had stopped the creatures, opting to continue running as far away as possible.

"Kacchan!" Izuku shouted when Katsuki caught back up to him. "Don't destroy the city just to slow them down!"

"Shut the fuck up! Obviously I kept the blast narrow to avoid that, dumbfuck!" Katsuki shouted back.

Even if this were a life or death situation, the two of them still had their hero training drilled into them. How collateral damage to the city was wrong and should be avoided as much as possible. Though sometimes it was hard to tell what Katsuki was thinking when he was in a fight. Especially when he yelled things like "Die!" and such while shooting off explosions with what looked like the force to level a small building.

Another few blocks away the two stopped and looked around, catching their breath for a few seconds.

"You should still be more careful, Kacchan. What if someone else was in that alley?" Izuku gave him a stern look, and it took everything Katsuki had to not hit him right then and there because there was no way this asshole was scolding him right now.

"Look here Deku. Nobody was going to be in that alleyway while we were being chased by those
things. I know what I'm doing. So shut the fuck up and lets-

Katsuki's rant was cut short by the hulking Noumu landing on top of his head and smashing him into the sidewalk. All the citizens around them screamed and began running while Izuku practically squealed in fright, turning on his Full Cowl and moving just in time for the other Noumu's arms to miss grabbing him. He turned around, gaze trailing the arms, to see the one with spider-like legs standing on the side of a building retracting its previously elongated arms while noting it was pure luck he got scared and moved away. He didn't know the other one was even going for him. These creatures truly were relentless beasts that would stop at nothing once given an order.

His eyes shot down towards the groaning Katsuki whose face was still implanted in the concrete, a large foot holding it down. He had to get the other up so they could get away, so he charged forward and jumped over the creature that attempted to snatch him up. Once over its head, he tried to yell out "Detroit Smash" while winding up his punch, but the Noumu grabbed his face and immediately slammed him down onto the ground. Izuku looked between its fingers and finally noticed it.

This thing's eyes are in the back of its head...

How it managed to keep up with them when they were in front eluded him, but he didn't have time to worry about that right now. He grabbed the ankle of the foot that was keeping Katsuki's head on the ground and pulled it away, causing the Noumu to back step and giving Katsuki just the opening need to roll over and blast it away. Izuku began to stand up, but was promptly tripped forward when something grabbed his own ankle and began dragging him across the sidewalk and through the street.

The spider-like Noumu had elongated its arms again to grab Izuku, and was now quickly pulling the boy directly toward itself with a wide open mouth and teeth as sharp as deadly spikes.

Izuku tried grabbing onto something, anything to stop himself from being hauled away, his hands slapping onto cars, signs, the curb and anything else nearby. Eventually he was pulled upwards along the side of the building where the Noumu was attached. Though when he was mere feet away from the creature, Katsuki appeared next to it and emitted a strong explosion. When the smoke cleared, Izuku noted the hand on his ankle, as well as the entire Noumu itself, was now missing. It was as if Katsuki had deleted it from existence.

Izuku would have thanked him, but before either of them could even touch the ground the hulking Noumu slammed into Katsuki, breaking through the wall of the building and causing the two to disappear from Izuku's sight. He jammed his Full Cowl covered hand into the side of the building to stop his fall and climbed up towards the hole caused by the Noumu. When inside he saw office workers screaming and running away from the fight happening in the middle of their work space. Katsuki was simply dodging all the Noumu's swings, and Izuku had to wonder if he was afraid to emit explosions inside such a cluttered space with all these people around. Any explosion small enough to not harm the people running would also be too small to even phase this monstrous thing.

Izuku dashed forward and grabbed the Noumu from behind, twisting himself and with all his might throwing it out of the hole in the side of the building. "Come on, Kacchan!" he shouted while deactivating his Full Cowl.

Katsuki growled and followed the now running Izuku, both of them heading down a few flights of stairs as Izuku pulled open the door to every floor they passed. Katsuki was complaining about how he could have handled that himself the entire way, but Izuku ignored him. Now wasn't really the time to start an argument with the other. He just wanted to get away from these things.
Picking a random floor, they entered through the door and into a hallway. Izuku ran from door to door, opening them all until he finally found a supply closet. Katsuki was about to ask what he was doing leaving all these doors open, but Izuku pulled him into the closet and quietly closed the door.

"What the fuck are you doing, Dek-" Katsuki was interrupted by Izuku slapping a hand over his mouth for once, shushing him.

"Sorry, sorry, sorry," he repeated again and again in a whisper, cringing when Katsuki reeled his fist back to strike him. "Sorry, Kacchan." The string of apologies and removal of hand on mouth caused Katsuki to, begrudgingly, not hit him. But the boy kept his fist up and ready to swing if Izuku said one wrong thing. "I left the doors open to confuse them in case they looked around inside the building. I don't know how they're finding us, but one of them must have a quirk or something to do it. They caught us in the restaurant even though they couldn't see us, they found us even after you blew them up in the alleyway and we escaped. So I'm trying to confuse them or...I don't know, something. And I had to stop you from yelling because maybe one of their quirks is super hearing?"

Katsuki's fist lowered, but his scowl was still angry as ever. Izuku was right, though. They must be tracking the pair somehow.

Slow, heavy footsteps were heard directly above them. They were being followed by quick sounding clicks which must have belonged to the spider-like Noumu. Likely both Noumus were checking the floor directly above. Both looked up, and then Izuku slowly mouthed to Katsuki, See? The doors confused them. He grinned, clearly proud of his quick thinking. But that grin was wiped off his face when a fist crashed through the ceiling directly above them. Both of them pushed past the door and out of the closet, running down the hall. Directly above they could hear the heavy footsteps and clicks keeping up with them perfectly.

They both stopped and backtracked a few steps, and heard the footsteps above do the same. Staying there for a few seconds caused another fist to crash through the ceiling again.

"What the FUCK!" Katsuki yelled in rage, raising his hand up to shoot an explosion at them. But Izuku grabbed his arm and pulled him into the closest room, where they jumped out of the window. They fell from what looked to be the third floor, Izuku activated his Full Cowl again to land without hurting himself and Katsuki began shooting off small explosions to slow his descent. They looked over their shoulders to see both Noumus crashing through the building wall and heading straight for them.

"How do they always know exactly where we are?" Izuku wondered aloud. "And how are we supposed to get away from that?"

"I'll tell you how," Izuku heard from beside him, seeing Katsuki aiming one hand towards the monsters in the air and holding onto its wrist with the other. His hand followed them as they fell through the air, and Izuku wondered why he was taking so long to blow them away.

"Kacchan..." Izuku called as they got closer and closer. He briefly thought Katsuki wasn't even going to do anything. "Kacch-"

Before he could finish, Katsuki let loose an explosion reminiscent to that of the explosion from their first combat training session at Yuuei. It lacked the fine-tuned aiming he had when using the gauntlets that were part of his hero costume, but certainly didn't lack the power.

Izuku held his hand above his eyes to shade it from the sunlight, just barely seeing the Noumus flying away. They looked like little specks in the sky already, and were only getting smaller with
"Nice job...Kacchan?!" Izuku yelled when he looked down to his companion and saw he was on his hands and knees panting hard. "Are you alright?!"

"That's more power than I used when we fought All Might. Not used to using that much, but if it was to get those bastards away then it's worth it," Katsuki explained. He took a few minutes as a breather, and Izuku offered his hand to help him up. To which he swatted away rather weakly and proceeded to stand on slightly wobbly legs by himself. "I don't need your fucking help. I'm fine."

Izuku deactivated the Full Cowl and watched Katsuki, making sure he didn't fall over, but didn't offer anymore help knowing that would only piss the other off. "Okay. Well, where should we head to next then? It's only a matter of time before they find us again if the fact they can track us even through walls is any indication. We didn't get to eat, either. Want to go do that?"

"Yeah," Katsuki sighed out, "that sounds good." He felt he needed to sit down anyway.
Wow. I was not expecting such a quick and positive reception. I thought I'd have to be a few chapters in before people started getting into it. Not that I'm complaining though. Comments really drive me to keep it going, so that's great. ^^

A slow chapter here but if you pay attention to Katsuki's actions and how he acts here you'll notice the slow changes as he warms up to Izuku more and more. So definitely not a useless chapter!

...Plus small plot advancement of course.

Anyway enough of my blabbering. Here's the chapter.

(Also shout out to pariahpirate for first comment within like an hour of the story being posted <3)

Izuku watched Katsuki eat quietly.

They were currently eating at a small ramen stand, Izuku sitting all the way on the left and the other all the way on the right with the chef throwing what the man believed to be subtle glances at the two. But they both knew he was looking at them. He probably wanted them gone as soon as possible and Izuku briefly speculated that word about the two of them causing a sushi restaurant to be damaged got around.

But that was neither here nor there at the moment.

Usually the blond, after combat, ate with the gusto of a rabid animal. Sometimes Izuku could swear he heard the boy growling into his food after training back in school. But right now he was eating quietly and peacefully after the fight with the Noumus, which to him was a red flag.

"What's wrong?"

Katsuki looked up at him, temporarily forgetting about his meal and with the calm look on his face Izuku thought that they might finally, actually finally have a peaceful discussion finally.

"The fuck makes you think something is wrong?" Katsuki spat.

Scratch that. Back to square one.

"Well, I mean, uh... you're not eating like you usually do." Like a rabid beast tasting food for the first time. "So... is something the matter?"

Katsuki stopped again and stared at him with a noodle hanging from his mouth. Surprisingly there was no scowl however. That gave Izuku hope again, whether it be false or not. So he decided to push just a little bit more.

"If you don't want to talk about it or anything I understand. But, um, I'm uh, here for you?" He
didn't really know what to say to Katsuki. Over the years anytime he tried to 'be there' for Katsuki it ended up drowning the other in rage. "Not to mean that you need me or anything. Because I know you don't. But, just in case you, I don't know, want someone to talk to? Or maybe you have an idea to get rid of the Noumus?" He felt like he was pushing his luck, but he was currently in this mode where even if he knew he should shut his mouth it just kept moving.

Katsuki just continued to stared at him passively, finally sucking in the noodle that had been hanging from his mouth. "Do you ever shut up?"

That quieted Izuku down, who looked at Katsuki with an apologetic smile while scratching his cheek. "I was actually trying to..."

"I'm just trying to figure out those Noumus. Some of the things they were doing were pretty strange," Katsuki confessed, looking back down to his almost empty bowl of ramen. "Like, the big muscled one was only going after me and that spider bastard only wanted you."

Katsuki looked over and actually jumped, seeing Izuku had moved to the seat right next to him when he wasn't paying attention. He was practically bouncing up and down on his stool with a grin from ear to ear, too. It made Katsuki want to hit him.

"What the fuck are you doing?"

"O-oh, I was just... We were having a real conversation for once. So I thought maybe we could sit closer too? So we could hear each other better?" Izuku tried to contain his excitement, but by the look on the other's face he was doing a terrible job at it. So he moved away a few seats again and settled down. "Sorry."

He was just too excited at the prospect of a Katsuki that remained calm around him. A Katsuki who didn't lace insults into every sentence and didn't scowl at him every time they made eye contact. But he knew he was pushing too much the moment he decided to sit closer. He was just being too hopeful.

The look of disgust faded away as Izuku moved further, and Izuku just turned to him and smiled at that passive expression looking back at him again. "Anyway, you were saying? About the Noumus?"

"I think it's the big one. When they were a floor above us in that office building it sounded like the other one was following it." Izuku nodded at this, eating another mouthful of his ramen slowly. He watched Katsuki swirl what was left of his around in the bowl. "I don't know what type of quirk it has for tracking, though."

"Its eyes were in the back of its head," Izuku stated quickly, "and it definitely can't see from the front. When we were in the alleyway and I landed on top of it, it didn't even try to catch me. But it stayed under me the entire time. But when I got behind it on the sidewalk it saw me jump over its head and grabbed me instantly. So it isn't like it can see through walls or anything."

Izuku took in another mouthful of ramen and snuck a glance to the side when the silence dragged on. Katsuki had just pushed his now empty bowl away and yawned. So he's tired, Izuku mused with a small smile. Nothing was really wrong after all. That final explosion that sent the Noumus flying must have just taken a lot out of him. That was kind of impressive considering how much energy he usually had going for him.

Come to think of it, the times he used it before were when his nitroglycerin-like sweat was accumulated in his hero costume gauntlets. Those times he never let the blast loose himself, he
used the gauntlets to do it. The only time he ever did it without the gauntlets, he was knocked out by All Might shortly after. So that was why he wanted the gauntlets, because a blast that size just took a lot out of him.

"We can go back to the sewers and take a nap if you want."

The ramen chef gave them both a disbelieving look at the mention of the sewers and Katsuki looked at Izuku incredulously. "A nap? What am I a fucking kindergartner?"

"Well no, I just, I-I mean, uh. You... You look kind of, um, tired? That's all. I'm just a little worried."

That was the wrong choice of words, and Izuku knew it the moment he finished. It the realization was accentuated by the hand that slammed money down on the counter of the ramen stand and Katsuki walking away, glaring at Izuku the whole time. He shrunk down and paid for his own ramen, standing up to go chase after Katsuki. He knew the other wasn't trying to get away but was just signifying that this conversation was now done.

When he caught up he walked behind Katsuki, making sure to give the other a little distance. Looking him over made him realize for the first time that they probably needed new clothes, too. Katsuki was still wearing his uniform from the field trip when he got kidnapped and Izuku was still wearing most of his disguise from when they went to rescue him.

"Hey Kacchan? I think we should buy some new clothes or something. Ours are starting to get a little worse for wear." Katsuki glanced over his shoulder, eyes not softening in the slightest. Izuku couldn't tell at all if he liked the idea or not. It was a little discomfiting honestly.

"We don't have a lot of money. Let's just wash what we got," Izuku finally heard from the hunched over teen.

He watched Katsuki try to bury his hands in his pockets, but his uniform didn't have any on them. The result was his hands balling up into fists at his sides instead. That gave Izuku an idea.

"Kacchan, we should go to a bath house while our clothes are being cleaned. Because we shouldn't put clean clothes on our dirty bodies or dirty clothes on our clean bodies," Izuku said, speeding up his walk to get beside the other now. "So you wash my clothes while I bathe, and I'll wash yours while you bathe. How about that?"

Izuku quietly crossed his fingers behind his back while staring at Katsuki and waiting for an answer. He hoped so badly that the other would agree to that plan, and when a quiet "Sure" was given he had to keep from jumping in place. He had a plan to hopefully make his companion just a little bit happier.

"Hey Kacchan, what size clothes do you normally wear anyway?"

"Why the fuck do you need to know that? Just wash the damn thing." Katsuki answered, throwing the uniform in Izuku's face and wrapping a towel around his waist.

"I just need to know in case, uh, erm, well..." Izuku tried to think of something while peeling the smelly uniform off his face. He also tried not to get distracted by the fact Katsuki seemed to not care about stripping while standing not even ten feet away from him. "...Just, tell me please? Come on."

Katsuki stared at him questioningly as he stuffed his shoes in a locker. He didn't seem like he was
“going to go for it...”

Izuku rustled through the shirts on the rack, looking at all the tags for one in Katsuki’s size as he remembered the conversation from earlier. Finally he found the perfect T-shirt. All black with a white skull and crossbones in the middle. If he knew anything about Katsuki, it's that he would love this shirt for sure.

*And the pants were...* He looked around, spotting them and trotting towards them. Just a simple pair of jeans should do, right? He picked one out in the size Katsuki said. *He likes them baggy, but was the size he said already accounting for that or should I get one a couple of sizes bigger?*

Izuku stared at the rest of the jeans, biting his bottom lip in thought. He turned on his heel instead, heading for the check out lanes. Surely Katsuki would say the size he wears and not the size that fits. And if not they could just bring them back and exchange them, right? It shouldn't be that big of a deal.

He walked quickly to the express lane, grabbing a pair of socks that were nearby. Once he had his stuff paid for and bagged, he began his trek back to the bath house where Katsuki would be waiting. While exiting the store he noticed a weird guy by the exit staring at him as he passed. The most notable features were the large patches of purple, wrinkled skin along his arms, neck and face. Izuku tried not to pay much attention to him, even when the weird guy smiled at him kind of... Knowingly? What did he know?

*Whatever. I need to get back to Kacchan or he'll be mad.* Izuku began jogging to get to the bath house quicker. When he finally got there and into the changing room, he saw Katsuki sitting on the bench glaring at the wall.

"Kacchan! Sorry I'm late, but here!" Izuku shoved the plastic bag in his face excitedly, practically bouncing as he waited for Katsuki to look inside.

Katsuki snatched the bag out of Izuku's hand, looking pretty miffed that he had to sit here in nothing but a towel for fifteen minutes. "You took too long," he drawled out, but seemed to calm down considerably when he pulled out the jeans and looked them over. "What?"

"I got you new clothes!" Izuku finally blurted out, unable to contain his excitement anymore. This would have to get rid of Katsuki's bad mood for sure, right?

"What the fuck did you do that for?"

...Or make it worse some how.

"Er... You... I-I thought you would want some better clothes so you wouldn't have to be stuck in that old uniform from a month ago. That's why I asked what sizes you wore. I didn't mess up did I? Did you see the shirt? I thought you'd like it. There's new socks in there, too." Izuku's genuine smile had long faded, now replaced by a forced and nervous smile as he pointed at the bag again. He just wanted to do something nice to lift Katsuki's spirits. Even if Katsuki did hate him, Izuku still liked him.

Katsuki pulled out the shirt, still sitting on the bench in a towel, and stared at it. Izuku's forced smile began to fade when he saw Katsuki's everlasting scowl still not changing. Slowly he looked away and began poking his index fingers together. With a small voice he began, "I can take it all back if you don't like-"

"Thanks."
Izuku's head shot up and hope glimmered in his eyes again. Katsuki was still scowling as he slipped into the shirt, and the "thanks" sounded gruff and ungenerous, but Katsuki wouldn't have said it if he didn't mean it. "You mean you like it?"

"Don't make me fuckin' repeat myself Deku!" Katsuki shouted, ruffling through the bag. "Where's my boxers?"

Izuku paled considerably. He didn't get underwear of any kind. He completely and utterly forgot them, even after he threw away Katsuki's old ones with the rest of the uniform. He can't believe this historical moment of Katsuki thanking him was about to be botched by his own momentary forgetfulness.

Katsuki let out a huff when he saw Izuku standing there, drained of all color. "Whatever. S'not that big a deal."

Katsuki stood up and tossed the towel aside, causing a shocked Izuku to immediately do a one-eighty and stare at the entrance of the bath house. Looking there he saw the same guy as before standing in the doorway. Purple patches of wrinkled skin still riddled his arms, neck and face. He crossed his arms and leaned against the door frame, smiling at Izuku and shaking his head. Then turned around and left.

"Deku." Izuku would've chased after the guy if Katsuki didn't call out to him. Izuku turned and saw his companion digging his shoes out from the locker while looking at him. "Where do you want to go next? We should finish up in town and start moving in the opposite direction of where I blasted those Noumu. Who knows how fast they're travelling."

Izuku looked back at the doorway one more time, thinking about the guy he saw there. He was brought back to attention by a hand roughly shaking his shoulder.

"Don't fucking ignore me you shit!" Katsuki yelled directly into his ear, causing Izuku to shriek in fear. "Did you even fucking listen?"

"Y-y-yes! Sorry, sorry! Um, what time is it?"

Katsuki pulled out his phone and handed it to Izuku while he put on his shoes. Izuku's was still broken from the fight with Muscular and there was no way they had the money to get him another one, so they both relied on Katsuki's for as long as it was charged. He must've just charged it here at the bath house, seeing how it was at 100% again.

"Only two. I can't think of anything else we should do here right now."

Katsuki snatched his phone back and put it in his pocket. The plastic bag that contained his new clothes was then crumpled up and tossed into a nearby garbage can. "Let's head to the train station then. You still got a pass? Or did you lose that, too?"

Izuku nodded, pulling it out of his pocket and showing it to Katsuki, and they both left the bath house to head for the train station.

The duo kept at a leisurely pace, not really in too much of a rush. Katsuki was satisfied to have pockets for his hands now and Izuku was delighted to see the other pleased with his gift. Truthfully he had been a little afraid that Katsuki would have been angry about him sneaking off to do exactly what they agreed not to do, but it worked out in the end.

Passing by an electronics store with the televisions in the display window turned onto a news
station caught their attention though. Both pictures of Endeavor and their former classmate, Todoroki, were being displayed. Seeing them piqued the pair's interest, and they ran over to listen to what was being said about the father and son.

"by the League of Villains after a long battle. The public execution of Endeavor is set for three days from now, but it is still unknown what will become of the pro hero's son, Todoroki Shouto. It is assumed he will share the same fate not long after."

"Kacchan..." Izuku murmured, face and hands pressed up against the glass that was blocking him from the television sets.

Katsuki inwardly groaned. He wasn't a fan of the little half n' half, but he knew he couldn't just leave both him and Endeavor to be killed. At the same time the last thing he wanted to do was throw both Izuku and himself into the thick of it. The two of them had enough trouble with just two Noumus. Katsuki didn't want to imagine what they used to capture both Endeavor and Todoroki.

"Kacchan." Izuku's voice was more firm this time. When Katsuki looked down at him, he could see the fire in those green eyes.

"No way." He wanted to help, too, but it was way too risky. There's no way they could pull this off.

"But-"

"No fucking way. You want to break into a building full of villains that took down the second best pro hero and fuckin' one-shot-wonder? Are you out of your damn mind?" Katsuki really didn't want to deal with this. "We're not going on a suicide mission, Deku."

Izuku bristled and clenched his fists. He looked angry and for once Katsuki thought he may actually try to fight him. His usual scowl morphed into a look of confusion upon seeing Izuku storm off. But if the dumbass wanted to go let himself get killed then fine.

*I don't need him anyway*, he thought, turning to leave in the opposite direction.

Izuku stopped when he turned the corner at the end of the street. His gaze was thrown over his shoulder and he frowned when he didn't see Katsuki following him. He'd hoped that simply leaving without saying anything would cause the other to follow, but sadly that wasn't the case.

*Maybe I should go back...* He turned around fully, but stopped after the first step. *But I can't leave Todoroki and Endeavor to die either. But I don't even know where they are to begin with...*

"'Sup."

The voice from behind caused Izuku to jump and turn abruptly. It was the same guy he saw at the store and at the bath house earlier. Seeing him up close those patches of skin would have looked really weird if he wasn't used to see such things in a world of quirks.

"Hi? Why are you following me everywhere?"

"You and your friend are the ones being chased, right?" A sly smirk formed on the guy's mouth. "I saw you both fighting this morning. Great stuff."

Izuku raised a brow and stared at the man skeptically, taking a step back. "Okay... Is there something you want?"
"Yeah. I don't want to talk to your friend with the explosions. Guy seems like he isn't one for making new acquaintances, so I'm talking to you instead." His hand shuffled through one of his pockets and procured a folded piece of paper. "Here. Shows where your friends are."

Izuku took the map and unfolded it. It showed where Endeavor and Todoroki were being held with an X on the map. "How."

"The bad news is to get there," the man grabbed Izuku by the shoulder and turned him around. He pointed to the building where Katsuki had blown away the Noumus and put his head beside Izuku's to look there as well. "You'll have to go that way. And you know who'll be waiting for you."

Izuku stiffened slightly, but wouldn't let that stop him. He still wanted to save both Endeavor and Todoroki. The two of them didn't deserve to die just for being heroes.

"How do you know all this?" Izuku asked, turning around and seeing the guy was already walking away. "Hey!"

"Don't worry about it. Just make sure you save those two." He glanced over his shoulder briefly before turning the corner. "See you around."

Izuku took a step forward, but was stopped by another hand on his shoulder that caused him to jump for the umpteenth time today.

"Who the hell are you yelling at?" Katsuki asked from behind.

Izuku turned around, surprised to see he wouldn't have to go hunt down and convince the other to come with him now. "Kacchan! You came back!"

Katsuki glared and retreated his hand. "I went through all the trouble of keeping you alive through the Noumus, I might as well keep you from killing yourself by going to a place full of villains. So come on, we're going somewhere else."

Izuku frowned and stayed rooted in place as Katsuki walked. The latter glanced over his shoulder to see the other still standing there and fumed over his defiance.

"I want to go save them, Kacchan. We can't just leave them to die." Izuku held the map up to Katsuki, showing where they needed to go. "Look. I already know where they are, too. We can just go save them and get out. If we're sneaky we won't even have to fight. And aren't we supposed to be heroes? Well heroes save people!"

Katsuki gritted his teeth and glowered at the map now. "Where the fuck did you even get that?"

Izuku turned the paper around and looked at it thoughtfully. "Some guy has been following me all day. He gave it to me and-"

"What the fuck? What guy? I didn't see anybody following us," Katsuki spat out, looking around at the crowds of people in the city now.

"He didn't tell me his name, but if he gave us the map to get to Endeavor and Todoroki then he must be a friend, right?" That was Izuku's reasoning. He smiled and folded up the map to put in his pocket. "So if you don't want me to die you'll come with me, right?"

Katsuki's scowl finally rested on Izuku once more. Even if he didn't want to go, if he couldn't outright stop the other from going then he would at least have to keep him alive right? Besides, that one line rang in his head over and over like a song you can't stop thinking of.
And aren't we supposed to be heroes? Well heroes save people!

"...Fine. If you die then there'll be no one left to bow down at my fucking feet when I become number one and take down All For One anyway. So don't even think about putting your life on the line you little shitrag," Katsuki chastised, shoving a finger against Izuku's chest in anger.

Izuku's smile widened and he followed behind the angry teenager storming off to the train station. He thought it would be a lot harder to convince the other to go, but that was surprisingly easy.

Although Katsuki was being strangely protective all of a sudden. More so than when they first started travelling together, that is.

I wonder what's up with that...
This was tedious to write, but I think I like it. I only say it was tedious because I have some perfectionism in me and so I had to be very meticulous about all the details of what's happening.

As a side note, the things I did with Dabi’s quirk is purely headcannoned through closely studying panels in the manga from when he attacked Eraser Head and Vlad. All I know that is canon about his quirk is he shoots fire, so please don't take my depiction of his quirk in this chapter as canon. I just noticed from studying the panels that he switched hands with each attack and one small panel showed his arm was smoking after the first fire blast shot at Eraser Head. So I'm working with what I got here as I have next to nothing on these peeps.

Also protective Katsuki because he doesn't want his Deku to die. Because yes.

More explanations in the ending notes to avoid any potential chapter spoilers.

(And shout out to cibee for first comment. Though I do love all you commenters. <3)

Izuku rested his chin on his fist, staring out of the window of the bullet train heading for the Hosu ward. According to the map, though, they were not supposed to go all the way to the city.

"How long has it been, Kacchan?" Izuku asked, glancing forward at the other seated across from him.

Katsuki looked down at his phone. "Ten minutes. We should probably go in another five."

Izuku nodded and went back to staring out of the window. By the looks of it they would be moving through a forest to find whatever facility Endeavor and his son were being held at. Strange of the League of Villains to hide one of their facilities when no heroes would attack it these days. But Izuku wouldn't question their way of thinking. Who knows what they did here.

The sudden thought of heroes being turned into Noumus in hidden bases made his fist clench. If he could go in and destroy the whole place he probably would. But he knew that'd be unrealistic. Right now the goal is just to get the two prisoners out of there alive and well. But with Endeavor freed it should be easy enough.

Izuku looked over to Katsuki. He was surprised to see the other staring at him calmly, but then Katsuki glowered back and Izuku looked away. When he glanced through the corner of his eye Katsuki was no longer staring, instead opting to glare off to the side.

Katsuki kept getting weirder and weirder by the day in Izuku's eyes. He didn't really know what to make of it.

"Kacchan," Izuku started while looking back at Katsuki. The other focused on him once more, his arms crossed and an ill-tempered look decorating his features. "Um, is there... Something you want
Katsuki scoffed in his direction and turned to look out the window. "The fuck would I have to say to a loser like you?"

Izuku only sighed and looked away again. He wouldn't push Katsuki when he knew he wouldn't get the answer he wanted. What Katsuki was thinking wasn't going to come out today. Looking at the other again showed he looked rather angry while simply staring out the window. Izuku turned his gaze back to his own window and they sat in silence for a while longer.

"Deku," Katsuki called out, bringing Izuku out of his thoughts. "Right here should be where we get off."

Izuku nodded and the two of them rose from their seats and began heading towards a door to exit. Katsuki pushed past one passenger who was in their way, and Izuku apologized for the other's actions as he passed. When they got to a door, Izuku activated his Full Cowl and pried open the door, causing a few people to shout about how dangerous that was.

"Shut up and mind your own fucking business!" Katsuki yelled over his shoulder. He looked down the cliff the train was travelling across while Izuku held the doors open and jumped out, shooting out an explosion to propel himself further away.

Izuku coughed and fanned the smoke out of his face, then jumped out himself. He put as much force as he could into the jump to avoid tumbling down the cliff and instead landed in a tree near the edge of the forest. Once he'd climbed down and was safely on the ground, he deactivated his Full Cowl and began looking around for Katsuki. The other was spotted sliding down the cliff, trying to keep his balance as he did. He stumbled a few steps trying to run at the end so he wouldn't stop abruptly and trip, but kept himself from falling flat on his face. Izuku kept his hand over his mouth to hide a smile and stifle a laugh, and when Katsuki glared at him he stiffened up.

"I fucking dare you to laugh. Do it," Katsuki demanded, stomping one foot forward.

"N-no, no. I'm good," Izuku replied while shaking his head and taking a step back, forcefully wiping the smile off his face in fear. Seeing someone he admired, like Katsuki, who was so good at almost everything he did nearly trip over himself was hard not to laugh at.

Katsuki relaxed his posture and closed the distance between them. His glare, however, did not loosen up much at all. "Well what the fuck are you standing there for then? You have the map, so where are we going?"

"Right, right." Izuku pulled out the map and unfolded it. His eyes scanned the area he believed they were in, though he didn't know the exact spot they were standing at. "Uhh, probably this way."

"What the fuck do you mean probably?! Give me that fucking thing," Katsuki shouted, snatching the parchment from Izuku's hands. The other yelped in surprise from the action. Katsuki stared at the map for a few seconds before he realized he too had no idea where they were standing exactly. It wasn't a greatly detailed map and he had no idea where exactly they jumped off the train. "Well fuck. Yeah let's go that way then."

Izuku gave Katsuki's back an annoyed look, having said the exact same direction, but followed him nonetheless.
It didn't take them too long to find the building hidden in the dense forest. After around an hour of walking what they had hoped was the correct path on the map they ended up seeing the facility. The brick monstrosity stuck out like a sore thumb to anyone who travelled far enough to find it.

The entire way Katsuki couldn't shake the feeling someone was following them, watching them. But anytime he looked around he didn't see anyone anywhere around them.

The two of them made their way up to the building slowly, hiding behind trees as they went. They didn't see any surveillance cameras on the sides, but didn't want to risk it. As they approached they kept their backs to the wall and looked around for some sort of access. There was a window a little higher up.

"Can you boost me up, Kacchan?" Izuku questioned quietly, pointing up towards the dust covered window.

"Aren't you supposed to have super strength or some dumb shit? Why don't you lift me?" Katsuki argued.

Izuku huffed and glared back at Katsuki. "What does my super strength have to do with anything? What do you want me to do? Throw you into the sun? You're bigger anyway."

"Are you trying to make me kill you today?" Katsuki practically growled at him and got down on one knee. "Just shut the fuck up and get on."

Izuku climbed onto Katsuki's shoulders and was promptly lifted up to the window. He could feel Katsuki holding onto his ankles to help him balance. He rubbed his hand across the glass to clear the dust and held onto the edge of the outside windowsill. Inside he could see it looked like an old, abandoned factory. The room was poorly lit and there were catwalks all along the area above. Big boxes were littered around the outskirts of the main room, both metal and wooden.

Endeavor could be seen tied to a chair near the middle of the room with a girl standing nearby. He looked bloody, bruised and cut up and the girl was looking at a bunch of tools on a nearby wooden table. Izuku could recognize her as one of the villains that attacked the place where classes 1-A and 1-B went on their training field trip. He didn't know much about her, but knew she must be dangerous if she was guarding Endeavor.

Wasn't her name Toga? She must be torturing him. But why? What kind of information could she want?

"Out with it already," Katsuki said, shaking Izuku to get his attention. "What's going on in there?"

"Ah!" Izuku clutched onto the windowsill harder to keep his balance. "Right, sorry, um, Endeavor is tied to a chair in there and Toga is torturing him. I don't see Todoroki or any other villains inside." Izuku looked around and saw Noumus in giant containers. They looked like they were asleep though. "There's some Noumus, too. But it looks like they're in a comatose state or something. They might not wake up if we just avoid them."

"Who the fuck is 'Toga'?" Katsuki asked, trying to look up at Izuku.

"She's one of the villains that attacked us on the field trip," Izuku explained, looking down to Katsuki. "She tried to kill me when we were trying to stop them from capturing you."

"Let's head inside then. If it's just her I'll kick her ass and we'll get Endeavor and find Todoroki."

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"Let's head inside then. If it's just her I'll kick her ass and we'll get Endeavor and find Todoroki."
Then we can get them out and all get the hell out of here."

Katsuki got back down on one knee to let Izuku off. Once Izuku was down on the ground they both snuck around the building until they found an entrance. The door was pushed open only slightly and Katsuki's head poked through, looking around to make sure they weren't seen before they both snuck in. Izuku closed the big metal door as quietly as possible and snuck to the right behind some boxes with Katsuki.

As they snuck behind endless sets of boxes, support beams, Noumu filled containers and such they could hear the humming coming from Toga getting louder and louder the closer they got. She was currently at the table running her hands across the tools. It looked as though she were trying to decide which one to use next.

"We've used almost all of them today, Enji! My gosh you are so tenacious," she chimed out. "They said I'm not allowed to kill you if I torture you, but with how strong you are I don't think I even could!" Her small fingers wrapped around a pair of pliers and brought them up to her face. She examined them with glee and a blush formed across her face. "But you're so bloody already. So beaten. It's sooo hard to fight the temptation to..." Her rant ended with her turning around and making kissing sounds at her victim.

The two teenagers poked their heads out from behind the box they were using to hide when her humming resumed and got farther away. Toga was walking towards him again, but when she moved to the side Izuku stiffened and covered his mouth.

They couldn't tell if Endeavor really was alive or not. His head was laid back and his eyes were frozen wide open, his mouth was hanging open and he looked like he was in a zombie-like state. The flames that normally surrounded him were nowhere to be seen, both of his eyes were blackened. There were lacerations all over his arms, face and shirtless chest. Bruises were scattered everywhere along his upper body, but it looked like she kept everything just shallow enough to not bleed him to death. It was worse than watching the Noumu at USJ slamming Eraser Head's head into the ground.

"Oh if only I could draw more blood," Toga commented, placing the pliers around one of his fingers. No doubt she was about to start breaking them. There was no way she was trying to get information out of him while he was like this. She was most likely doing this just for the pleasure of doing it.

"I'm so going to kill this sick shitbag," Katsuki said, getting ready to storm up to her when he felt a hand on his shoulder.

Both he and Izuku turned around to see the guy with purple patches of skin crouched down behind them. "'Sup," he greeted with a creepy little smile.

"Hey, it's you!" Izuku whispered. "This is the guy that gave me the map, Kacchan! He can help-"

Izuku was cut off by Katsuki's explosion in the guy's face. When the smoke cleared he was gone and they looked forward to see the girl standing in front of them. Her eyes were trained on Izuku specifically and he could practically see the insanity in her eyes as she stared him down. The knife she was holding was swung toward him. Izuku caught her arm, pulling her over his head and throwing her towards the wall. She hardly weighed half as much as pulling refrigerators with All Might sitting on top.

She laughed as she flew through the air and landed on the wall feet first. "You don't smell like blood anymore, Izukuuu~. We'll have to fix that, won't we?!"
Izuku looked over to Katsuki disbelievingly. "Why did you do that?! You just gave up our sneak attack!"

"That 'guy' who gave you the map is part of the League of Villains you dumbass!" Katsuki yelled in his face, standing up and looking around to find where the other villain went. "I saw him in the headquarters when they kidnapped me."

Izuku stood up himself and began looking around. That must have been why he didn't want to speak around Katsuki. Because Katsuki already knew him.

*I led us right into a trap...* Izuku thought, turning around to finally see the villain with the purple patches standing by Toga with his hands in his pockets. Strangely enough there was two of him though.

"Yeah. You can call me Dabi," one of them stated. "But that doesn't really matter right now. Hey Bakugou, you're still welcome to join the League of Villains by the way."

"Fuck off and die," Katsuki replied, emitting an explosion at the clone that was speaking. When the smoke cleared there was a puddle of liquid left in its place. "I told you assholes I'm not joining before and I'm not about to now!"

The second Dabi frowned, being joined finally by Toga who was holding her knife close to her chest with a twisted, love-struck smile.

"Really? Even in this situation?" Dabi could not understand this boy. "Even in a situation like this, where you're going to die if you choose to be a hero in a world where heroes are no more, you still refuse? Man, you two really are something else."

"Maybe he has a couple screws loose! Seems like the sanest person I've ever seen!" Izuku and Katsuki looked up to the voice above, seeing someone in a black and grey full-body suit. Katsuki recognized him as another of the villains from before. "I don't think he's gonna crack though! We should probably just kill him!"

"Shameful," Dabi replied, shaking his head from side to side. "He really would've fit in well, and Shigaraki wanted him bad. But he'll understand."

"Look here. I've kicked your fucking asses before, even when your dumbass, worthless leader was there, and I'll fucking do it again," Katsuki announced, taking a step forward. "So why do you guys go fuck off and die so we can take Endeavor? Or I can kill you all myself."

"Mmmm you can take him if you really, really want to. But he's already broken," Toga cut in, poking the side of her head with her knife to emphasis her point. "He's going to be in that brain dead state forever now. He's almost no fun at all."

Izuku and Katsuki both looked back to Endeavor, and true enough he still hadn't moved during this entire exchange. Izuku turned back to argue that they could save him, but was met with Dabi's left hand inches from his face.

"I'm not a good fighter," Dabi started with a frown, blasting a huge wave of fire out of his hand with enough force to knock himself a step back, "but even I know not to take my eyes off the people trying to kill you at a moment like this."

When the smoke and flames cleared from the air, he noticed Izuku was on the ground and Katsuki was on top of him. Obviously he'd tackled him out of the way of the blast.
"Sucks to be you, 'cause I'm the best damn fighter there is," Katsuki commented, grinning and cracking his knuckles as he stood. "Go find Todoroki so we can get out of here."

"But-"

"Shut the fuck up and go find him!" Katsuki yelled, charging forward at Dabi. "That stupid fucking magician isn't here to save you fuckwads this time, is he?!"

Izuku ran in the opposite direction and Dabi sighed, standing still as Katsuki charged directly for him. He knew these two were tenacious, but honestly. Why couldn't they just lie down and die when it was over?

Just before Katsuki reached Dabi, another Dabi dropped down in front of him and grabbed his arm. The action surprised Katsuki, but didn't stop him as his other arm flung forward to blow the clone up. Dabi grabbed that one too and held both of Katsuki's arms out to his sides to prevent him from releasing any explosions in his direction. Katsuki looked over his shoulder to see the previous Dabi aiming their right hand at his face.

Katsuki let loose an explosion from his right hand with enough force to send both him and the Dabi holding him off to the side the moment the clone behind him let loose a fire blast. They crashed into a set of boxes and he found his arms freed from the other's grasp. He stood while rubbing his wrists and looked around, seeing Izuku running for a door to a nearby room and Toga closing the distance to him.

"I always have to do fucking everything," he stated, shooting an explosion to propel himself towards them.

Where would they be hiding him? How am I supposed to find him in a place like this? Izuku wondered, running towards the only door in the room. Obviously the place to start would be somewhere other than here. As his hand wrapped around the doorknob a knife implanted itself in the wooden door next to his head. He yelped and looked over his shoulder to see Toga's foot coming. She kicked him into the door and grabbed the knife as she landed on top of him.

"Oh I knew you just couldn't stay away, Izuku!" She brought her face close to his and pulled her knife up, ready to swing down. "Won't you bleed for me, Izuku?!

Her hand came swinging down as he activated his Full Cowl, ready to stop her. It wasn't needed, however, as Katsuki crashed into her and slammed her face into the door with an explosion that sent her flying with it. Izuku was about to stand and thank Katsuki when both Dabis showed on either side, primed to fire blast the pair into oblivion.

Katsuki kicked Izuku away and jumped backwards through the empty doorway, watching both fire blasts go off where he and Izuku once were. While lying on his back he looked up and saw Toga swinging down to stab him. Rolling out of the way Katsuki kicked his leg out to trip her and blasted her down the hallway they were in.

Geez Kacchan. Izuku sat up while holding his side, looking forward to the two Dabis walking towards him.
"You really should get Bakugou to reconsider. I bet he'd listen to you," one started.

"There's no reason for both of you to die, you know," the other finished. "And I know you have far less skill in combat than he does. So why don't you let us make this quick?"

Izuku stood up and got ready to fight. "Neither of us are going to die, so it doesn't matter anyway!"

I don't need to fight him, I just need to get around him. He said he isn't a good fighter, so he probably isn't too fast... Izuku glanced around to look for a distraction of some type. The initiative was lost when finding nothing gave Dabi an opening to send a cloud of fire at him. He dodged to the right and found himself landing in front of the other Dabi.

"You're right handed, right? So of course your instinct is to dodge right," the clone asked while kneeing him in the gut. "I've been watching for a while. You use your right hand more often than your left."

Izuku doubled over and the clone kicked him away. The other one picked him up by his neck and Izuku could feel the heat threatening to burst from the Dabi's palm.

"Your combat skill sucks almost as bad as mine, but you do well because you usually know a thing or two about who you fight. Sadly you don't know anything about me, so you have no idea what to do. But I know everything about you."

Izuku grabbed Dabi's fingers and pulled them a part effortlessly with his enhanced strength, dropping down as the blast of fire came out. He then uppercutted the Dabi, which sent them flying away. Once the clone landed on the ground Izuku immediately landed on top of him, stomping him into the ground and turning him into a puddle of liquid like the previous one.

"Hm. Your arm didn't break," the other commented from a distance.

Izuku spun around to face him and put his fists up again, ready to fight. "Looks like you don't know everything about me."

"Looks that way." Dabi looked up to the catwalks above, spotting Twice making another clone from the original Dabi. "Go get Todoroki."

Once he was finished with the cloning process, Twice gave a salute and he and the original Dabi walked through a door up there. "You got it! I'll give him a merciful death! Slow and painful!"

Izuku was already jumping up towards them. He grabbed onto the railing and swung himself over to find the newly cloned Dabi blocking the door.

He's going to shoot fire, but the walkway is too narrow to dodge... Izuku looked around quickly.

Dabi shot out the fire blast from his left hand along the entire walkway, then looked around once the flames cleared. There was no body or anything, so he walked forward slowly to begin the search. He looked over the edge of the railing with flames crackling in his right hand to see if his prey had jumped down to escape, but saw no one below.

A grip was felt on the back of his head, pulling him up and slamming his throat down onto the bar. He was then punched in the back of the head. The force tipped him over the edge and tumbling down to the ground, where he turned into a puddle of liquid on impact.

Good thing he looked on that side and not the other, Izuku thought, running to the door that Twice and the original Dabi passed through.
"Aww, come on. You won't even let me close to you," Toga whined, watching Katsuki blast himself away from her for what felt like the umpteenth time. Her hands were brought up to cradle her own face with a dreamy look. "It's okay if you're afraid, little Katsuki. You're not really my type anyway. I only want to kill you, but Izuku is the one I want to take my time with. I want to cut him up and see him bleed oh so much."

An explosion shot past her as she pressed her back to the wall to narrowly avoid it. Whatever she said obviously struck a chord. Katsuki was already directly in front of her, ready to blow her head off. She ducked below and swiped her knife at Katsuki's stomach. It barely missed as Katsuki flew backwards by emitting an explosion from his hand against the wall above her. He caught himself on the opposite wall with his legs, kicking off towards her again and letting loose another explosion in her face that sent him up and over her head.

It was hard controlling the explosions to not send him too far, too high, too anything while in such a narrow space as a hallway. But it didn't stop Katsuki. As she coughed from the smoke and swung blindly he kicked her in the back of the head while still above her hard enough to send her face into the ground. She hit it hard enough to bounce off the hard surface just enough for him to discharge another explosion that sent her face onto the floor once more.

"Cut that up you stupid bitch," Katsuki snarled to the unconscious girl.

He looked up and over to the sound of footsteps panging against metal, seeing Twice and Dabi leisurely walking from one side of the walkway to the other. Katsuki began discharging explosions to make his way up to them. Dabi pointed his left hand at him, issuing a fire blast to stop him, and Katsuki was forced to let loose a strong explosion to combat the incoming attack. The force sent him crashing backwards and onto the ground, and when he looked up the two had already exited through the next door.

Katsuki growled and started making his way up again, right as he landed the door behind him swung open and Izuku crashed right into him. They both landed in a heap on the floor and Katsuki was quick to push him off.

"Fucking move it assface!" Katsuki yelled, standing up quickly. "I've had enough of being knocked on my ass for one day."

Izuku fell on his back, but stood up quickly himself and ran past Katsuki. "They're going to kill Todoroki!"

Katsuki followed behind him. He noticed the gleaming tip of something sharp hiding above the other side of the open door they were heading to and grabbed the back of Izuku's shirt, pulling him back right when Twice dropped down from above the door frame.

"Aw man! You ruined my surprise attack! He totally would've saw it coming!" Twice shouted, kicking the door shut and running away.

"Oh I can't wait to kick their asses," Katsuki said, running ahead of Izuku with a wicked grin.

"Kacchan! Don't rush right in!" Izuku shouted after him, walking through the doorway.

"Yeah, who knows what might happen in a place like this."

Izuku recognized the voice as Dabi's right away and slammed the door shut as hard as he could.
Even so he was still launched forward as the door was blasted open behind him. Katsuki whirled around towards the sound, throwing out his arms to catch the flying Izuku. The other barreled into him so hard that they both flew back and crashed into the wall.

Katsuki rubbed his head and looked down at Izuku, who was groaning in his lap. Both looked up to the door that was no longer attached to its hinges. Dabi was standing there with his left arm out.

"How many of you clones are there in this shit brigade?!" Katsuki yelled, pushing Izuku off and sending an explosion towards the Dabi.

Dabi ducked behind the wall. He glanced at the doorway and saw the explosion covered the entire entrance. "Such power. My fire blasts don't even pack that much of a punch at point blank range." He peeked his head through for a mere second before having to hide from another incoming blast. "And killer reflexes to boot. He really is a monster when it comes to combat."

The moment the explosion dissipated Izuku was already passing through the doorway and slammed his fist into Dabi's gut. Dabi attempted to throw out his right arm for a fire blast, but Izuku pushed it up and his fire was sent to the ceiling.

"You alternate your hands with each attack, don't you?" Izuku asked, looking at Dabi's still smoking right arm. His foot slammed down on Dabi's left arm to keep that one from moving. "But that's not because you want to, it's because you have to, isn't it?"

Dabi smirked up at him with his right arm pinned to the wall. "Perceptive. No wonder you've lasted so long with such a lackluster quirk."

Izuku grabbed his face and pulled him forward, then slammed his head back against the wall until he turned into a puddle of liquid.

"Didn't know you had it in you to be so brutal, Deku," Katsuki commented while leaning against the doorway with his arms crossed. Katsuki had an amused grin that Izuku was not used to seeing on the commonly angry teen while the other deactivated his Full Cowl. "Where's this side of you been hiding?"

"I-I... It's because they're clones! I'm not really killing them!" Izuku shouted, trying to defend himself. His hands were waving frantically in front of himself as he spoke. "I wouldn't do that to real people!"

"Whatever you say, crazy ass fuckin' serial killer." Katsuki began running down the hall again, leaving a dumbstruck Izuku to play catch-up when he came back to his senses.

The pair ran down a set of stairs and a few hallways. There weren't any more sneak attacks along the way and things seemed unnaturally quiet, save for their footsteps echoing in the silence. Finally they caught sight of what they assumed was the original Dabi.

He was standing in front of an office door that was cracked open. His hands were in his pockets and his head was cocked slightly to the side with the barest hint of a smile tugging at his lips.

"You two are something else. Bakugou Katsuki, with the battle sense to probably surpass even that of military trained people," his eyes flitted in Izuku's direction, "and of course Midoriya Izuku, the boy who beats down adversities every chance he gets."
"Where's Todoroki?" Izuku shouted suddenly, taking a step forward. He didn't want to play games while someone's life was at stake.

"I'd call you rude, but I'm not really one to talk," Dabi continued. "Anyway, you want him? You got him."

Dabi stepped aside and pushed the door open. Izuku took another step forward and Katsuki kept his eyes trained on Dabi in case the villain tried anything. The flickering light inside the office showed Twice and...

"...Todoroki?"

Chapter End Notes

So I know Katsuki may seem a bit overpowered here, but let's be honest, the kid is a beast in combat with unreal reflexes fighting against some small time villains who just joined the League of Villains for Stain's ideology.

Also he has plot armor at the moment. I kiiiiind of need him to not get his ass kicked just yet, so there's that too.

The villains will get better though. I plan to have character development for more people than just Katsuki and Izuku~...

Also cliffhanger cause I'm still deciding between like five different ideas on what to do with Shouto, sooo...

Cross your fingers and hope it's something good!

(Also kudos to devil_slayer for guessing something in the plot. I didn't want to keep Endeavor around for long because he'd screw everything up with how strong he is. Guy took down multiple Noumus in an all out battle. Can't have that running loose!)
"...Todoroki?"

Izuku's voice was small and confused. His brows furrowed and he took another step forward. There was a chill pouring out of the room, freezing the floor, walls and ceiling at an agonizingly slow pace. But the confusing part to Izuku was watching Shouto walk forward, seemingly unharmed. He looked like he always did, although he was in his hero costume.

"Are you okay? Did they hurt-"

Katsuki yanked Izuku back as the very air around them felt like it was freezing over. He kept dragging Izuku back bit by bit and the confused teenager looked down at the floor. The front half of his shoes were covered in a thin layer of frost that would've turned into thick ice had he stayed near the cold long enough.

"Touching attempt at a reunion. But we don't have time for it today," Dabi said, walking slowly and carefully across the frost covered hallway floor. Both Izuku and Katsuki noted that he did not begin slowly turning to ice as he traversed the area.

"What a fucking joke," Katsuki declared loud and clear for all to hear. Izuku looked to him, still dumbfounded about the situation. He refused to believe what was playing out in front of him. "You're actually going to work with these assholes? And to think I was beginning to respect you a little."

Shouto kept a calm face and continued walking forward, running his right hand across the wall as he went. Every inch of wall he touched turned from frost to pure ice. Twice exited through the office door with his hands rubbing against each shoulder, shaking dramatically as he muttered how it was burning up in here. The hallway's temperature had dropped low enough that even the always composed Dabi could no longer hold back his small shivers and shakes.

Shouto's half-lidded eyes glued onto Izuku's, and it was then that the latter came to realize what he was denying was in fact true. He could see it in Shouto's defeated irises. Shouto stopped moving and put his left hand forward.

"Run," he called out in a monotonous voice.

"Fuck you," Katsuki growled out in response, letting loose an explosion to dissipate the flames
Shouto sent their way.

He didn't bother waiting for the smoke and flames to clear to see the result. What was more important was getting away now. A bunch of rag tag villains grouped up in one place was one thing, but someone with a quirk like Todoroki Shouto's in an extremely small area with a bunch of rag tag villains backing him up was an entirely worse situation.

Under regular circumstances Katsuki would be more than glad to take Shouto on. But these are not regular circumstances, let alone preferable circumstances.

Katsuki continued to drag Izuku who was struggling to keep up, lost in a plethora of his own thoughts.

*Why is Todoroki working with them? Why would he let them do that to Endeavor? How did they get a hold of them just for it to end up like this? How did Dabi find us? Why was I stupid enough to believe someone who knew where the villains' hideout is would be on our side? How could I have led us into a trap like this? How could I have endangered Kacchan-*

Izuku was snapped out muttering his thoughts by a hand slapping him across the face. Hard. He looked around quickly and saw Katsuki was holding him by his shoulders against a wall. Normally he'd cringe in fear of the imminent beating that would be coming his way, but Katsuki lacked any unbridled rage that was normally present when they were in this position. Fingers were not being dug into Izuku's shoulders, teeth were not being gritted so hard that the sound could be heard from several feet away. No, rather, Katsuki looked almost concerned if not slightly panicked.

"Wake the fuck up, Deku. This is *not* the time to be zoning out." Katsuki let him go and took a step back, still scanning Izuku's face. "I'm not going to fucking die today because of *you*. So don't think for two seconds I won't leave your ass in the dust if you don't get a hold of yourself."

The words Katsuki spoke were only betrayed by his actions. How he continually went out of his way to save the other in the earlier fight. When he dragged a dazed Izuku to safety instead of leaving him to fend for himself. The way he continued to glare into Izuku's face instead of running off right now. Most notably how he stayed with Izuku through the past month rather than striking out on his own.

"That little shit obviously doesn't want to be saved now, so let's not bother trying. Endeavor is obviously long gone, you saw him. And *you're* forcing *me* to be the calm one, which is pissing me off pretty bad right now. The longer we stay here the worse it's going to get. So let's get the fuck out while we still can."

Izuku's eyes scanned Katsuki's briefly, then flitted down the hallway where they'd just come from. "But-"

Katsuki smacked Izuku across the face again, and Izuku held his cheek while staring at Katsuki incredulously. It was already beginning to turn red from the abuse.

"There's nothing here for us. He doesn't want to be saved. *We're leaving.*" Katsuki declared with finality, grabbing Izuku by his arm and dragging him away again.

Izuku began rubbing his cheek as he quickened his pace to keep up. "Fine, but do you have to hit so hard? Or at all?"

"Are you going to listen to me if I don't?" Katsuki asked, throwing a knowing look over his shoulder that still looked like a glare. The only response he got was Izuku looking down at the
floor with a frown. "Didn't think so. You'd have gone running straight back to your death trying to save him like a fucking idiot. I'm not having that stupid shit today."

Izuku knew what the other said was the truth. Even now he still wanted to go back and get answers. He knew it was stupid, too, but...

**Why are you with them now, Todoroki?**

The both of them stopped when they heard heavy breathing echoing through the labyrinth that was this factory's hallways. Katsuki didn't know where they'd ended up running to, so he also didn't know where the exit was.

Katsuki let go of Izuku and the two of them continued to walk forward at a much slower pace. Whatever it was it didn't sound friendly, so it'd be best to stay quiet and not draw its attention.

They both peeked around the corner and saw the side of a large, muscled, purple-skinned monster. No doubt a Noumu. It was sitting on a bench and staring at a wall. Or they assumed it was staring at the wall. It was hard to tell seeing how it had no eyes. Instead it had some sort of metal plated sensors on its face and a canister clamped between its teeth.

It turned and looked directly at the pair of heads poking around the wall and both teenagers froze, feeling their blood run cold. A relentless beast such as a Noumu was not an oil they wanted to add to the already burning fire they were in. Although as they both stayed frozen in a staring contest with the beast, after a moment it simply turned back to staring at the wall as if they did not exist. Behind them footsteps were heard, and instead of turning around to see who it was they ran forward toward the room with the Noumu in it, praying it did not see them as hostile for approaching.

They entered and closed the door, hiding behind it as the Noumu stared at them once again. Neither of them knew anything about the creatures other than the fact they could have multiple quirks and would follow an order until death. With that in mind neither of them could figure out what was going through this thing's head as it kept staring at the wall, ignoring their very existence still.

The door began to open and they both stayed behind it as quietly as possible, moving as it pushed them back.

"Hey, time to go to work." The both of them could tell the voice belonged to Dabi. As long as Shouto wasn't there they could both easily overpower him. "Remember Midoriya Izuku and Bakugou Katsuki? They're nearby somewhere. Find and kill them both."

The very second Dabi finished speaking the Noumu charged forward, pushing past him and tearing the door off the hinges to reveal both targets. They pushed past a surprised Dabi and made a run for it. Izuku bit his lip as he felt something brush against the back of his hair, guessing one of the two had only just missed snatching him up. As they charged down the hallway the thundering footsteps could be heard behind them, and they both looked back to see the Noumu beginning to grow extra limbs out of its back. Attached to each of the many limbs were chainsaws and drills beginning to rev up, along with a few hammers smashing against the walls as it ran.


The sight alone gave both of them to inspiration needed to run faster than their bodies would even let them. For every corner they turned they could hear the beast smash into the wall from not slowing down to turn. Yet it never seemed to slow it down no matter how many walls it ran into.
Izuku activated his Full Cowl and took the lead, bursting through a metal door that was in their way. The door opened into a wide room and relief washed over them when they spotted Toga on the floor, still out cold. It meant the exit was nearby. They ran past her and into the room with Endeavor, seeing he had still not moved an inch from when they last saw him.

"Sorry, Endeavor," Izuku whispered solemnly as they ran through the room and to the door leading outside. When he reached for the bar to pull it open the door began to freeze over, and he retreated quickly.

Once it was frozen over completely it was pushed open, revealing Shouto on the other side. His face still lacked any true emotion, and Izuku couldn't tell if he was anymore in his right mind than Endeavor was at the moment. Katsuki pushed Izuku aside and took a swing at Shouto with his right arm. Shouto caught his arm with his right hand and sidestepped the incoming blast. Katsuki's arm began to freeze over, so he kicked Shouto in the shin and pulled back. The two of them backed away while frost and ice began encompassing the floors and Katsuki shook his ice covered arm around in a futile attempt to get the ice block surrounding his hand off.

"Kacchan don't! Your arm-

"Shut up! I know what'll happen if it fucking breaks!" Katsuki yelled. He was more than aware that if he blew the ice up it would likely destroy his entire arm from elbow to hand.

The pair kept backing up until the door from the hallway went flying by. A glance overward showed the Noumu had broken down the door frame that it couldn't fit through and was now barreling towards them. They looked around for some escape and noticed Dabi standing above on the catwalk with Twice just entering the room behind him.

Katsuki noticed the dust covered window they looked in from before, seeing the spot where Izuku had wiped a small circle clean. He put his good hand on Izuku's lower back and pushed him up. An explosion sent Izuku flying without warning and he covered his face from the approaching surface while yelling as he flew through the air. He crashed through the window and landed outside in the grass, shards of glass raining down around him.

Dazed and a little confused he sat up and looked around. At first he was confused as to why he was outside, but quickly recapped the situation and began running around the building to get back to Katsuki because there's no way that idiot expected him to leave him there. He must have been out of his right mind if he thought Izuku would leave him behind.

Katsuki watched Izuku fly through the air with a small portion of the sense of dread feeling lifted from his shoulders, He looked around to assess the scene before himself. The Noumu was almost at him, Dabi was aiming a fire blast above his head and he'd lost track of Shouto.

He dodged back as the blast came from Dabi's right hand and settled his eyes on the approaching Noumu. He was about to throw out his good arm to blast it away, but felt something pull it back.

"Who would've thought your worrying for Midoriya would get you killed," Shouto said from behind, beginning to freeze Katsuki's good arm and pulling him back. His left hand came up to Katsuki's face, who threw his head backwards and head-butted Shouto in the face. He then kicked back to trip him and threw his head back a second time for another head-butt. The small series of attacks did the trick as Shouto released him and retreated back, holding his now bleeding nose. "I should have known even without your quirk you would be trouble. But you're not wearing the
battle-crazed grin you usually do when in a fight. Are you concerned for once?"

Katsuki examined both of his frozen arms. The right arm was frozen from the elbow down and the left from the shoulder down, essentially rendering him completely quirkless. The ice would cause his hands to be too cold to generate any sweat. Not that he could cause any explosions anyway, what with the threat of blowing up his entire arm along with the ice. He remembered full-well what happened to the Noumu at USJ who destroyed its frozen limbs.

He turned around at the sound of buzzing chainsaws and whirring drills to see the Noumu had finally closed the distance. He could feel his heart drop into his stomach. He had no explosions to push it away nor to propel himself away. All he could do was dodge the first chainsaw that whizzed past his face, then another aimed at his neck. A third that went for his legs was jumped over and he kicked off the Noumu's stomach the push himself back as it tried to snatch him out of the air.

Fuck fuck fuck fuck fuck fuck fuck fuck FUCK, Katsuki repeated in his head as he rolled back and forth on the ground to evade narrowly missed drills, chainsaws and hammers destroying the ground around him. He rolled backwards and onto his feet, then swung a frozen arm backwards at the sight of red hair in the corner of his eye. Shouto ducked under it and made a grab for Katsuki's legs. Katsuki jumped up and stepped on Shouto's head to get away from the Noumu whose swing stopped short of cutting Shouto in half.

Katsuki made a run for the door leading outside and sped up when Twice dropped down in front of the door, ribbon blade out and ready to cut him in half.

"You know we can't let you get away that easily!" He yelled at Katsuki. He stepped forward as the teenager approached and aimed for his neck when Katsuki dropped to his knees and slid under the blade, pulling his head back and throwing it forward to slam his forehead into Twice's groin.

"The fuck outta my way," Katsuki snarled as he stood back up and hopped over Twice, who was doubled over in pain on the ground.

He charged for the open door, hearing the heavy footsteps slowly gaining on him from behind. He dashed through as Izuku approached, but he didn't bother to stop.

"Kacchan!" Izuku called out, happy to see he was alright.

"Go!" Katsuki yelled at the other, and Izuku obeyed without question.

"Kacchan, your other arm," Izuku started as they ran through the forest, the feeling of eyes on them yet again. The sound of heavy footsteps barreling through the forest and trees being cut down wherever the chainsaws were heard followed them relentlessly.

"Shut up and run," was all Katsuki replied with. But when he looked over at Izuku he noticed the other looking up in the sky.

When he looked up too he saw the hulking Noumu from the city flying towards him, and Katsuki skidded to a stop just a foot away from where the Noumu landed. If he had kept going the creature would've landed on top of him. As it tried to grab him his eyes darted to both his arms.

I can't do shit... he realized yet again, as he jumped backwards with a panicked expression. The sound of Izuku's voice yelling 'Detroit Smash' rang through the air and Katsuki could hear the irritation in the other's voice well. Izuku was just above the Noumu and slamming his fist into the top of its head, causing it fall to the ground. Relief washed over him for only a second before he
realized that if one were here then the other would be as well. He threw one of his frozen arms out and smacked Izuku down onto the ground. It would be after him specifically like before.

And as if telling the future, when Izuku landed face first on the ground a pale pinkish limb flew past where he was, missing the opportunity to pluck him out of the air.

Katsuki's eyes roamed the field as everything seemed to move in slow motion for him. The chainsaw Noumu was heading straight towards them, and they would not be able to fight that thing with the other two Noumus and villains around. The hulking Noumu was beginning to stand back up and would charge straight for him the moment it was free to. The spider-like Noumu was retracting its first arm and the second was zooming out towards Izuku who was pulling his face out of the dirt. He could feel the chill in the air from Shouto approaching from who knew where and smell the smoke of a forest beginning to burn. Most likely Dabi's doing.

Everything was going to hell quicker than he could've thought and honestly he never wanted to hit Izuku so hard for leading them into this. He never wanted to hit himself so hard for following him into a trap either. He wanted to blow up the whole world at this very moment. Just point his hand down to the ground and blow up the whole planet in one go.

But sadly that was not even close to a possibility.

This fucking sucks... Katsuki mentally declared, stomping his foot down on the arm going for Izuku.

Izuku got up quickly and tackled Katsuki to the ground as a chainsaw flew past. They both landed on an icy ground and looked up to see Shouto aiming his left hand at them. In front of them was also the chainsaw Noumu swinging down with several whirring limbs. To the right was Dabi, who had finally caught up, and to the left was the hulking Noumu.

This really fucking sucks... Katsuki repeated in his head.

To think this was how he was going to die. A bunch of crazed monsters and freaks surrounding him as he lay helpless under Izuku of all people. That he would die with a Deku trying to protect him. As much of a fight as he put up it apparently amounted to nothing because of the traitorous half n' half.

Everything felt like it was going in slow motion again as he glared around at the crowd of enemies, realizing he was really going to die here. For as hard as he tried to be number one, to be the best there ever was and to live up to the standards his pride and everyone's spoiling set up for him it was all going to amount to nothing on this day. Killed by a bunch of weak nobodies who just happened to get lucky.

Then he felt something wet hit his face.

...Is it raining? Katsuki wondered. His eyes moved upwards, but no clouds were in the bright blue sky. Instead the wetness was originating from the one lying protectively on top of him, attempting to shield him from any harm.

"I'm sorry, Kacchan," Izuku murmured while another tear fell. He'd led them into this trap without a second thought even though Katsuki was so against coming here, and he couldn't be sorry enough for it. Katsuki's expression softened only a little at the sight. He'd never seen Izuku cry over him before. Maybe because of him, but even then he'd still kept strong.

They both braced themselves for death.
But it never came.

"Tch. Figures," Dabi's voice rang out over the loud noises from the monster Noumu's weaponized limbs.

Izuku opened his eyes and Katsuki looked around to see what was taking so long. Shouto was staring at his own hand, Dabi was glaring forward, the multi-limbed Noumu was being restrained by many wraps, and the hulking Noumu was lying face first in the ground.

Izuku smiled wide upon seeing their savior. He'd never been so happy to see anyone before. Even Katsuki grinned at the sight of the man.

"Aizawa!" Izuku chirped out to the man standing on top of the hulking Noumu.

Aizawa had his goggles on and his hair standing up, indicating his quirk was currently active as he kept eyes on both Dabi and Shouto.

"I thought I lost you days ago," Dabi droned out, dropping his arm to his side and tilting his head. "How'd you find this place?"

"I saw Midoriya and Bakugou fighting in the city, so I followed them," Aizawa explained while struggling to hold the blood crazed Noumu in place. "I saw you conversing with Midoriya as well. Now, I'm going to be taking Midoriya and Bakugou and we'll be on our way."

"Not taking us in, huh?" Dabi questioned with a small smile.

"No point. The League of Villains would just get you out. I'd rather not risk the lives of police officers just to annoy you for a few hours."

Izuku climbed off Katsuki and they both stood in time for Aizawa to be pulled back into the depths of the forest suddenly. Both of them remembered the spider-like Noumu was still hiding in there somewhere, and Dabi grinned while pointing his left arm out again.

"He should've done it anyway. Would've prevented that from happening," Dabi said, letting loose a fire blast from his left hand.

Izuku pulled Katsuki behind the multi-limbed Noumu to use as a shield, then slung him over his shoulder and ran as fast as his Full Cowl enhanced speed would let him.

"What the fuck Deku?! Put me down! I can run on my own!" Katsuki yelled at the back of Izuku's head, pounding his frozen arms against the other's back.

"Ow! K-Kacchan stop!" He knew Katsuki wouldn't be happy about this, but as it was Izuku could run faster than Katsuki as the latter did not have his quirk to speed himself up. And they needed to get away quick. He could trust Aizawa to handle himself.

"Shit. Actually, just run faster," Katsuki said, seeing trees beginning to fall behind them. No doubt it was the chainsaw Noumu chasing them down.

The clearing where they first jumped off the train finally came in sight, causing Izuku to speed up at the sight of potential escape. He wanted this whole ordeal to be over. To go back into hiding with Katsuki and avoid all of the villains forever. This day needed to end so badly and if they could just get away it would.

The hulking Noumu crashed through the side of the forest and made a jump for the pair, but
Aizawa's wraps snapped around it and pulled it back into the depths of the forest. Izuku and Katsuki crossed into the open field and Izuku threw him as hard as he could to the top of the rocky hill they came down from. Katsuki barely made it to the top, landing on his back. Izuku started jumping from foothold to foothold to get up quickly as Aizawa ran into the clearing too, followed by two of the three Noumus. The spider-like one was still missing.

Izuku made it to the top at the same time Aizawa cleared the half-way point. He waited for their former teacher and when Aizawa made it to the top he grabbed a hold of Izuku's shoulder to stop him from running.

"Midoriya, I need your quirk to help get rid of them," Aizawa said. Izuku heard a train coming in the distance and nodded, already having an idea of what Aizawa wanted to do. Katsuki scowled at his frozen arms for rendering him useless still.

Aizawa leaned down and whispered to Izuku, then looked up and pushed him out of the way as a Noumu landed on top of the spot he was standing. Aizawa saw the eyes in the back of this Noumu's head staring at him, though it moved forward to go after Katsuki instead. Aizawa threw his wraps out and tied it up, which left his back open to the chainsaw Noumu that just finished climbing to the top of the hill. One of the chainsaws came right for him and Izuku grabbed the limb, pulling it back. Its fist came next and Izuku jumped in front, trying to stop the blow with both hands and still being pushed back.

Two more of Aizawa's wraps swirled around the second Noumu, and Izuku grabbed all of the wraps to help Aizawa pull them down. The action sent both Noumus crashing into each other, and Aizawa slipped out of his wraps to let Izuku have full control of them. With Full Cowl enhanced strength Izuku began to spin on his heel, dragging both Noumu across the ground until they began to swing through the air as he gained more speed. The train they heard earlier came just in time for him to let go to send them both flying to the front of the train. It sped by and crashed into them, dragging them away as it continued down the tracks without falter.

Katsuki grinned at the sight, more than happy to see them begin carried away. "What about the others?"

"I left them tied up in trees," Aizawa answered, pulling his goggles down around his neck. "Don't worry about them. There's no point in trying to fight them right now."

"What about Todoroki?" Izuku asked, looking up at Aizawa. He wanted to know why Shouto had gone with the villains. Why he would forsake being a hero all of a sudden.

Aizawa continued to stare at the train as it grew smaller and smaller in the distance. He knew why Shouto was doing what he was, but that wasn't something he could explain to these two at the moment. Instead he dodged the question by turning away and walking back towards the hill where the forest was.

"We'll talk when we get back to the city. But first we need to make a small fire to defrost Bakugou's arms before the frostbite gets too bad. I assume you've lost feeling in them by now." Katsuki pulled his arms up and looked them over, nodding silently. He couldn't wait to get this ice off them either. "We'll have to walk back to the city after that. It'll be a long walk, so that'll give you plenty of time to get the feeling back in your arms. The train tracks will lead us there, so let's get started. Get some wood, Midoriya, but don't stray far."

Izuku nodded and went to slid down the hill to begin his task.
Either chapter 5 or 6 I finally get to really start working on their relationship, so be ready for that. I know it'll definitely be fun for me. I've been eager to get to it.
Chapter 5

Chapter Notes

I said I was eager to finally get to work on their relationship but I didn't think that would lead to me completing a 5,300 word chapter less than two days after the previous chapter. Yet here we are.

I know I've been referring to characters with their first names in non-dialogue forms, but I'm going to use Aizawa's last name here because his first name (Shouta) is literally just ONE letter away from Todoroki's first name (Shouto). And I don't want anyone to get them confused or I typo a bunch of them and not even realize it because it's such a small difference. So there's my reasoning for that in this and the last chapter.

Also the beginning stages of awkward fluff are finally here. So three cheers for that. But all in all a (somewhat) uneventful chapter. Just for plot advancement mainly.

Anyway, enjoying a raging Katsuki and confused Izuku.

(And an extra cheer to jyn for being first comment. First I've seen from you too, so welcome aboard! ^^)

See the end of the chapter for more notes

Aizawa and Katsuki sat atop the small cliffside. Izuku could periodically be seen between the trees looking for any sticks that could suffice for a short lived fire. The sun was beginning to set low, indicating the evening was well on its way. Katsuki swung his legs back and forth over the edge while Aizawa stayed cross-legged with his hands resting on his knees.

"I hope you know you can't keep going like this."

Aizawa's declaration was sudden and a little surprising. Katsuki glanced at him questioningly for a moment, then looked down to his arms.

"I know. The temperature will freeze my blood and kill my arms or something, right? Isn't that what the fire is for?" Katsuki asked, lifting his arms to examine them. It was amazing to him how even with no feeling the freezing cold could hurt his limbs so much while stuck on him. A prickly sharp feeling with a twinge of burning. The latter must have been frostbite setting in.

"That isn't what I mean," Aizawa drawled out, his words laced with a sigh. He kept his eyes on Izuku when possible while speaking. "I don't know how well you two have been fairing thus far, but you both can't keep running around and falling into traps with villains like these hunting you down. You're not in U.A. where the challenges are for training anymore. You're not among peers in a protected area where you can do what your pride wills you to and get away with it. You're being hunted now, and it isn't some training exercise. It isn't while under the safety of the hero society. There is no one stopping them from killing you both now, and I'm not going to be around to save you both the next time you're on the ground having a near death experience."

"What?" Katsuki glared at him and could've sworn if his arms weren't frozen he'd take a swing at him. "You're not even staying with us? What the fuck. You find two of your former students about
to die and you're going to desert them?"

"I'm not deserting you," Aizawa explained, waving his hand dismissively in Katsuki's face. "I'm going to help you both before I go. And I'm going to start right now. By lecturing you."

Katsuki rolled his eyes. He couldn't believe that after all this time the first thing Aizawa wanted to do when they had free time was lecture the boy. It felt a little insulting honestly. But he knew he would not get out of it so he would not bother trying. Instead he looked down the hillside and watched the grass swaying in a soft wind.

"First of all: you have too much pride." Katsuki scoffed a low 'whatever' escaped his mouth. "Have I ever been one to lie?"

"Yes," Bakugou snarled at him. "You said you were going to expel whoever got last place in the assessment test. But when Deku scored last you didn't expel him."

"And therein lies the root of this conversation. You need to help Midoriya if you're going to stay with him. Likewise you need to stop being a prisoner to that incessant pride of yours and let him help you as well," Aizawa said, finally getting to his main point. "Otherwise I'm taking Midoriya with me."

This time Katsuki did take a swing at him. Aizawa caught the frozen limb flying towards his face without turning his head away from the forest below. He could see from the corner of his eye the ballistic look Katsuki was giving him. His teeth were bared and his arm was pushing hard against the grip.

"Like fucking hell you will," Katsuki growled out in a low voice. "Try it and I'll kick your ass down this hill and right back up it."

He didn't understand how he'd struck a chord all of a sudden with that one utterance. With past acts of violence and reports of confrontation he'd long since assumed Katsuki hated Midoriya with all his being. So what happened to make him violent at the mention of having the other taken away?

"From what I remember you hated Midoriya. He was an obstacle in your way, wasn't he?" Aizawa pushed his arm down onto the ground with as little force as possible and grabbed his chin, pushing him on his back to end this insignificant struggle. "Why are you even with him now? Why would you care if he is gone?"

Katsuki stood up and loomed over Aizawa, still glowering as hard as his face would let him. "What the fuck does it matter to you?"

"Because." Aizawa finally tore his eyes off the forest below upon seeing another glimpse of Izuku, arms full of sticks, and looked up at Katsuki calmly. "I've seen you two "work" together. I've seen how explosive it is to leave you two in close quarters with each other for even a short period of time. I can't imagine you're both working well together currently, and as such your lives are in even more danger than if you were alone."

Katsuki knew it was true that the two of them did not get along too well, but they've been getting better. Somewhat. ...Sort of. Aizawa didn't know that either. He'd saved Izuku a many number of times and Izuku... Well he hasn't been completely useless. But all in all he'd rather keep the loser around himself where he knew Izuku had the best chance of staying alive. His home, his family, his friends, his future as the number one pro hero. He may have lost everything else to the League of Villains' doing, but Izuku was the one thing he could keep. Why he wanted to keep him Katsuki didn't know. But even a deku was better than having no one and nothing left at all.
"As such, I don't plan on letting you both die due to your own selfishness and pride," Aizawa continued. "The reason I won't be staying long is because I'm still actively working with a few other heroes to find and capture All For One. Not to mention it was rather lucky I found you two, as it seems Midoriya is our best bet for defeating him."

"What?" Katsuki asked incredulously. Nevermind how disbelieving it sounded, it was downright insulting to hear that. How the fuck did Izuku stand a better chance against All For One than himself?

"Nedzu, the principal of U.A., told me about All Might. Turns out he passed his own quirk on to Midoriya."

And with that one sentence Katsuki's world crumbled. Nevermind the idea that All Might's quirk could be passed on, but the very idea that he felt Izuku was the most deserving individual for such a blessing over anyone else. Over Katsuki himself. That Midoriya held the power of All Might in him, the only one person Katsuki believed he would have trouble surpassing. Now he has to beat Izuku to the goal and keep it from him as he runs around with the power to take the number one spot at any time?

Is this what Izuku was trying to tell him the day of the combat training exercise?

"I'm not supposed to say, so don't go telling people. But if you plan on staying with him then I thought you of all people should know about it," Aizawa continued. "Either you're going to help him strengthen his quirk and learn to fight better, or I'm going to take him to someone who will."

"You want me to help that little shit become better than me?" Katsuki asked, still in disbelief from what he was being told. "You have to be fucking joking."

"Like I said, your pride needs to learn to lower its standards. I will be with the both of you for a day or two. That's the most free time I can make. After that, depending on what I see between you two, I will decide whether I'm going to take him or not."

They both looked down to Izuku who was making his way towards the hillside with armfuls of sticks. He dropped them all to the ground and started waving at the two with a smile, signaling them to come down.

"I hope you make the right choice and don't fight me should I intend to take him." Aizawa looked at him with an emotionless expression, but Katsuki could see the warning in his eyes. "I will take him by force if necessary."

With that he stood and stepped over the edge of the cliff, beginning to slide down the rocky hillside. Katsuki glared at his back as he went down. There was so much to process in such a short time. Izuku had All Might's quirk, Aizawa wanted to take him away, Izuku was the only one who could stop All For One. How had he become second rate so quickly? But even through all that, only one thought stood over all else in his head.

Like hell I'll let you take him you shit.

Izuku ran forward and dropped the sticks on the ground, then began waving to his companion and former teacher to get their attention. It took him a while because there wasn't much wood on the ground, so he had to climb trees to break off sticks and twigs that looked good enough to burn for a while. He didn't really need great ones as it was just a fire that was going to be used to defrost
Katsuki's arms for a while, but they at least needed to burn.

His brows furrowed in concern when he noticed Katsuki was standing above Aizawa, glaring down at him aggressively. He'd never seen Katsuki be aggressive toward a teacher like that before, except maybe All Might. Even if Aizawa technically wasn't their teacher anymore it was still a little disconcerting. He looked ready for murder until Aizawa began sliding down the hill. Katsuki didn't follow immediately, which made Izuku wonder what they were talking about that riled the boy up so much.

Upon landing Aizawa made his way towards the assortment of sticks and twigs and began the process of making a small fire. Neither he nor Katsuki knew the first thing about survival stuff like this, but neither was surprised to see Aizawa seemed to know exactly what he was doing. Izuku stayed on the opposite side of Aizawa, away from Katsuki. He tried to keep his eyes down on his former teacher's actions to maybe learn a thing or two, but found it hard to concentrate with the feeling of being watched. His eyes darted up to glance at the other teen for just a second and found it a bit unnerving to see the way Katsuki was staring at him. Again. The worst part was there was no glare, no anger, no anything that Izuku was used to seeing on his face. Just staring.

The spark of the fire starting caught the attention of both of them. Aizawa fanned it a bit with his hand before sitting down next to it. "Keep your arms close, but don't let the ice touch the flames."

Katsuki dropped down and did as he was told. His arms hovered just above the flames and a drop of water already began to fall from the ice, causing the fire to hiss when it fell. There was an awkward silence between the group as Aizawa let the conversation from earlier settle with Katsuki and Izuku tried to think of what they spoke of that would make Katsuki act weird yet again. His point only being reinforced when Katsuki suddenly stood and walked around the fire silently to sit next to Izuku, rather than across from him.

It made Izuku a bit uncomfortable. Not because Katsuki was now sitting right next to him, but because Katsuki was now sitting right next to him. That's something he'd never do, as far as Izuku could remember. In middle school when they were supposed to sit next to each other Katsuki traded desks just to get away. The bus ride he, All Might and Katsuki took for their battle against each other Katsuki had sit on the complete opposite side of the bus, as far away as possible. Even on the train ride to this forest Katsuki sat opposite of him. But now all of a sudden Katsuki wanted to sit directly next to him?

The glare Katsuki was throwing at Aizawa was not helping his case either. He didn't even bother trying to hide it.

"Er..."

"As I was talking about earlier with Bakugou," Aizawa started, keeping Izuku from whatever he was going to say. "I will not be staying with you two long. A day or two at the most. During that time we'll find you both a sufficient hiding place, as they seem keen on killing you. As well as a good place to train."

*Is that why Katsuki seems upset? Because Aizawa is leaving?* Izuku pulled his knees up to his chest. It wouldn't make much sense though, as Izuku didn't think Katsuki would care about such a thing. They could continue to fend for themselves as long as they kept a low profile and didn't trust people giving them maps anymore.

*Or as long as I don't.*

"I'll tell you both what you need to work on and how to work on it when we find you a place to
stay. After that you will be on your own again. That means you can't go running into a villain base on your own again." Aizawa tossed another couple of sticks in the already dwindling fire. "I shouldn't need to explain to you how foolish that was and why."

Izuku hid part of his face in his arms in embarrassment and Katsuki averted his eyes. He felt ashamed yet again that he let Izuku talk him into coming here.

"Thank you for saving us anyway," Izuku said. His gaze shifted from the fire to Katsuki, whose arms were shaking. Izuku could only tell because they were sitting next to each other and he could safely assume the other's arms were getting tired from being held up for so long. The ice had made decent progress in melting by this point. He figured with how Katsuki was acting right now that it would be the safest time to try to help. "Um, Kacchan, do you want me to... To hold your arms up for you?"

Katsuki's glare finally moved from Aizawa to Izuku. He was about to yell in Izuku's face about how he didn't need help and could handle himself when the earlier conversation came to mind. Let him help you as well. Otherwise I'm taking Midoriya with me.

Katsuki looked over to Aizawa again, who, unsurprisingly, was watching expectantly. He looked bored, as though he knew what the outcome of this situation would be already.

Fuck you old man. Katsuki looked back to Izuku, who seemed to still be awaiting an answer. His gaze shifted to the fire and his voice was quiet as he answered. "...Whatever."

Izuku smiled and Aizawa leaned forward, suddenly interested in the exchange. This certainly wasn't the outcome that was expected. He was already making plans to fight Katsuki over taking Midoriya by the time he was sliding down the hill, though maybe they have made some progress during their time alone. Or Katsuki was forcing himself, which Aizawa would not accept. That just meant the duo would fall back to step one the moment he left.

Izuku got on all fours and crawled around to sit behind Katsuki, settling in with both of his legs on either side of the other. He grabbed hold of both of Katsuki's arms and held them up for him so Katsuki could relax them, resting his own elbows on his knees so his own arms wouldn't grow tired quickly. He briefly wondered if he might be sitting too close for Katsuki's comfort as his chest bumped into the other's back, but assumed Katsuki would do something about it if so. Which he hadn't yet, so Izuku guessed he was safe for now.

Aizawa and Katsuki were in a staring contest that Izuku did not seem to be aware of at the moment. Katsuki was glaring at him and Aizawa was staring back amusedly. Once Izuku was finally settled in enough Aizawa looked over to him instead.

"You know, Midoriya, the last time I saw you two together you were at each other's throats constantly. It seems as though you've both overcome whatever differences you had in the past. Is this true?"

Katsuki scowled even harder at Aizawa, knowing full well what he was trying to do. Izuku could feel Katsuki's body tense up at the question and looked over the shoulder in front of him to answer.

"I don't think so," Izuku answered with a small smile. Katsuki had to refrain from head-butting Izuku's face with the back of his head, turning around to hit him, and many other violent thoughts that came to mind. "But... I think we're making progress. Sort of. Kacchan... He seems less, um, irritable? But I wouldn't say friendly..."
"Does he still cause a lot of trouble?" Aizawa asked, sitting up straight once more and crossing his arms.

"Sometimes," Izuku said, glancing down at the ice that was slowly melting away. "Er, b-but, not like before, I mean! Like..."

Katsuki honestly could not believe the two of them were talking about him so brazenly right in front of him. One of them was even talking almost directly in his ear. About him. In his own ear.

"He blasted a car away earlier this morning, but if he didn't it would've hit me. He still yells at people who get in his way and stuff, but I normally apologize for him. To be fair they're just people who are worried about us doing something wrong, but they still shouldn't be bothering us I guess."

This idiot is going to make me sound like a fucking monster. Katsuki contemplated yelling in his face to shut him up.

"But he's been nicer to me. I think. I don't know if he means to be, but I feel like he has been." Katsuki turned his head a little, looking at Izuku from the corner of his eye.

What did he mean he was being nicer? He felt like he was still acting the same that he always did. If he'd done anything different he must not have noticed, but that was a farfetched thought to Katsuki. He still remembers hitting Izuku, yelling at him, calling him names, etc.

What the hell does he think I'm doing differently?

"He hasn't left me to fend for myself ever since we started travelling together. He hasn't threatened me recently." Izuku looked at Katsuki. When he saw those crimson eyes staring at him he looked back down to the fire. Though that didn't help much as the flames reminded him of the other's eyes. It may not have been the exact same color, but it was still similar. "W-well, not seriously threatened me. Just empty threats. He watches me a lot, even if he won't tell me why."

Izuku hinted at his curiosity there, squeezing Katsuki's arms to make sure he was paying attention. He could feel Katsuki starting to relax into him, bit by bit, as he explained. It was comforting to know Katsuki was beginning to trust him enough to let his guard down.

He took a chance and glanced at Katsuki again, seeing the other had resolved to stare at the fire as well. He almost wished Katsuki would continue to stare at him instead. He used to be so afraid whenever Katsuki would even look in his general direction, but these days he felt a weird sense of... Something else. Something akin to...

Safety.

It used to be a sense of dread, of fear. When the other looked at him he knew something bad was going to be coming his way. But now those eyes make him feel safe. Like he knew as long as those eyes were on him no one could hurt him.

Strange how it was Katsuki who caused this feeling now.

"I didn't ask for a love scene to play out before me," Aizawa stated. He felt Izuku was going above and beyond with his explanation and was already tired of the shy glances and affectionate body language between the two.

The both of them stared at Aizawa now. Katsuki glared and Izuku looked shocked.
"I-it's not like that!" Izuku shouted, causing Katsuki to cringe at the loudness directly next to his ear. Izuku could feel the other tense up all over again, and just like that he felt the progress he just made quickly withering away into nothingness.

"Keep it down shit for brains!" Katsuki yelled over his shoulder, pushing his back against Izuku hard enough to knock him down. "That was right in my ear!"

Izuku caught himself before he fell too far and pushed himself back up. He repositioned himself around Katsuki and held his arms up again so the other could relax them. "Sorry, Kacchan," he murmured.

"So you still don't get along completely then," Aizawa said, bringing their attention back to him again. What just transpired was evidence enough to conclude that.

Izuku stared at Aizawa questioningly and heard a low, almost animal like growl come from Katsuki. "Well, not exactly, but-"

"So if I gave you the chance, would you come with me instead?"

Katsuki stood abruptly, causing a few pieces of the almost fully melted ice to chip off his arms and Izuku to fall backwards.

"You lying sack of shit!" Katsuki shouted angrily. "You said you'd decide when you fucking leave!"

Izuku looked back and forth between the two, confusion laced all over his features. What was Aizawa trying to get him to do? Why was Katsuki so mad about it?

"And I will decide. But it's important to get Midoriya's feelings on the matter as well," Aizawa retorted calmly. "Midoriya, your answer?"

Izuku sat up with his hands on the ground behind him to hold himself up. "...Y-yes?"

Katsuki's head snapped toward Izuku. He stared down at him in shock, which was quickly replaced with anger and a fleeting sense of betrayal panged at his heart. After everything he did for this worthless little shit he was just going to abandon him like that? Without even a second thought? The few fingers he now had free from the ice curled up into fists as best they could as he attempted to hold back his rage.

"Interesting. So we'll find a place for Bakugou to be safe and then you'll come with-"

"Wait, Kacchan isn't coming with us?" Izuku interrupted, looking up at the other that was trying to contain his emotions.

"No. By 'come with me' I meant just me." Aizawa elaborated. "The work I'm doing has no place for someone who can not control himself enough to not be a hindrance. I assure you it's nothing personal."

"I'm not going without Kacchan," Izuku said, frowning and shaking his head slowly as he spoke. Katsuki's anger switched to surprise, looking down at Izuku with a new light in his eyes. "If he doesn't go, I don't go."

Aizawa looked to Katsuki, who was still staring at Izuku, and repressed a sigh. He had hoped to keep Izuku to himself for training, but he would have to take this another way instead. As useful as Katsuki was, it was his lack of control that kept Aizawa from wanting to bring him along. At least
Izuku's problems could be fixed with a little training. But Katsuki required a different kind of work to become functional.

"Very well then," Aizawa stated, tossing the last few sticks into the fire. "We will find you both a place to stay and I'll give you an assignment of sorts."

He put his hand up to silence Katsuki, who was about to complain that he wasn't in charge of them anymore. His hand then moved to point to the fire silently, and Katsuki gritted his teeth before dropping down to finish defrosting his arms. Izuku stayed beside him this time, as there was not much ice left and Katsuki would not have to keep his arms over the fire much longer. He didn't want to push his luck.

"I know, I am not your teacher anymore. You are free to ignore this assignment. But if you would like to help me defeat the League of Villains, then you will complete this assignment. You will not come join the fight a moment sooner or my colleagues and I will deem you adversaries."

Katsuki scoffed and Izuku stiffened. Regardless of his dismissive attitude, Katsuki knew he didn't want both the League of Villains and the leftovers of the pro heroes hunting them. One was bad enough.

"I will take you both to a hideout we used to use and you can stay there. I will leave you with my phone number and you can call me when you believe your assignment is complete. Then I will come test you." Aizawa gave a light glare as a warning, "and I will know if you did not do it."

Katsuki wiped off the remaining thin pieces of ice on his forearms, finally freeing his bluish limbs, then began rubbing his hands together over the fire to try to breathe life back into them.

"What's the assignment going to be?" Izuku asked, pulling his knees up to his chest again.

"I'll tell you it when we get there." Aizawa looked to the setting sun, then checked the time on his phone. "We'll head back to town and sleep for the night, then take a train to get to the hideout."

Both of them nodded and stood so the trio could begin their long trek back to town, Katsuki rubbing his hands together for half the trip.

They arrived at a hotel just before midnight. The sun had set long, long ago and there were but a few clouds in the sky hovering around the moon, occasionally blocking it for a few minutes.

Aizawa, having heard the two were low on funds, generously offered to give them enough to rent a room and buy food.

"Shove it and die."

That was Katsuki's response as he stormed off to the counter with his hands in his pockets. Evidently he was not happy with Aizawa, as was also apparent on the walk back to town when he kept a wide berth from him at all times. Izuku stayed back and accepted the money with an apology. Aizawa was not surprised by and did not question either action.

Izuku caught up to Katsuki just as the angry teen slapped money on the counter and snatched the room's card key out of the clerk's hand. He grabbed Izuku by the wrist and dragged him across the lobby to the elevator.
"Did you get a room for me too?" Izuku questioned, quickening his pace to keep from falling. He had the sense that, given the other's current state of mind, even if he fell on his face Katsuki would be liable to continue dragging him without pause.

"We're staying in the same room," Katsuki answered, still not letting go of Izuku's wrist even as they waited for the elevator.

"W-what? Why?" Izuku asked, now pulling at his wrist to be freed. Katsuki tightened his grip in response.

"Because I don't trust that scruffy, lying fuck," Katsuki spat out. Then as an afterthought he added, "plus it's cheaper."

Katsuki pulled Izuku in front and shoved him into the elevator when it opened its doors for them. Izuku rubbed his wrist and sighed while Katsuki pressed the button for the fifth floor. They both stood in silence as the doors close and the elevator jerked upwards, beginning its ascension. The only noise that could be heard was the soft whirring of the elevator's mechanics.

"Thanks."

Katsuki's voice broke the silence and surprised Izuku. Not because him talking was unexpected, but because of what was said. It sounded so foreign to hear Katsuki say that word. Has he ever actually thanked anyone in his entire life?

"Um, for... What?" Izuku asked, looking over to him.

For staying with me even though I treat you like shit. For helping with my arms even if you were scared to ask. For fighting when I couldn't. What the fuck do you mean for what?

Katsuki kept his hands in his pockets and stared down at the floor, choosing not to answer at all. The other would figure it out eventually, he assumed.

The elevator let out a loud 'Ding!' to let its passengers know it had arrived at its destination. The duo exited the small area and Izuku followed the other down the hall to their room. Katsuki slid the card in and out of the door handle's machine, unlocking it and entering so he could drop down face first on the bed without hesitation. Izuku closed the door quietly behind him and looked around the room. There was nothing special to it. The usual lamp on a nightstand, TV on a dresser, closet across the room and a couple of chairs here and there.

Izuku went to sit in a chair, not bothering to turn on the lamp as they were both no doubt going to sleep. He curled up in it, pulling off his overshirt to use as a cover for the night.

"What the fuck are you doing?" Katsuki asked, his voice tired and muffled from his face still being planted firmly into the mattress.

"You have the bed, so I was going to sleep over here-"

"It's a fucking queen sized bed you shit." Katsuki pushed himself up on his elbows to look at the other. "There's more than enough room."

Izuku stared at the person before him in bewilderment. Was this actually Katsuki? The person who, just earlier today, looked disgusted from Izuku simply wanting to sit by him at a ramen stand? That couldn't be the same person inviting, nay, demanding they sleep in the same bed for the night. His confusion continued as he watched Katsuki kick his shoes off and slip under the blankets, lying down with his back to the other.
"If you're not over here by the time I count to ten I'm going to kick your ass into the bed. Neither of us have slept in a bed in weeks and there's no reason to sleep in shifts tonight."

Izuku got up quickly and untied his shoes, slipping them off and leaving them by the bedside. He hesitated for a moment, standing frozen by the bedside, then crawled into bed and under the blankets. Though he stayed far away, almost off the edge, from Katsuki. It wasn't so much that he didn't want to be near the boy, but more so that he was afraid to get near him. Katsuki was obviously not in a good mood because of Aizawa, and when he was in a bad mood anyone and everyone became a target.

"I'm not going to hurt you, so don't sleep so close to the edge," Katsuki said in a quiet voice and Izuku wondered briefly if the other had eyes in the back of his head. It sounded like he was beginning to doze off already. Izuku scooted closer, turning his back to the other so that he could sleep as well. "And don't ever cry over me again. I'm not going to die that easily."

That was the last thing Izuku heard him say for the night. He didn't know, though, that Katsuki said it because he didn't like seeing Izuku cry over him.

Chapter End Notes

But ooooh~ they're sleeping in the same bed...

No I'm kidding they don't do anything. But hey, Katsuki is finally letting Izuku kind of close to him. He's getting there.
Katsuki woke from his sleep, but didn't open his eyes. Something didn't feel right. It felt as though gravity was pulling him down twice as hard today.

No... That wasn't the right description...

Rather, it felt like something was weighing him down. His sleep filled senses slowly began to wake and recognized there was indeed something weighing him down. A foreign object of some sort on top of him. And wetness.

Why wetness?

He slowly peeked one eye half-way open and found the object in question once his vision began to focus. Izuku was sleeping peacefully on top of Katsuki with his face buried in the other's neck. Both of his arms were draped around either side of the boy below him, his legs settled between Katsuki's, and a blanket encompassed them both. When Katsuki moved his head down to figure out what was on him Izuku nuzzled into him. The wetness Katsuki felt was coming from the smallest bit of drool seeping out of Izuku's mouth and onto his neck.

Oh, just Deku... Katsuki realized in his sleepy state of mind.

His half lidded eye closed once more and he sleepily tossed an arm over Izuku to pull him closer. His legs closed around the other's the slightest bit tighter and his face was brought down to Izuku's hair. He quietly breathed in the scent while falling back asleep. It was a strangely familiar, yet comforting, scent for him. One that he did not dislike in the slightest.

They lied like that for a few more moments before Katsuki's eyes sprung open and he looked down at the other. He shoved Izuku off of him, who landed on the floor in a heap while tangled up in the blanket. The abrupt landing caused him to wake and begin flailing to get out of the blanket. Katsuki sat up and began wiping the drool off his neck while glaring down at Izuku.
"What the fuck are you doing Deku?!"

When Izuku's upper half was finally freed from the covers he began rubbing his head, having hit it on the floor, and looked around in an attempt to get his bearings.

"What?" Izuku asked in sleeping confusion. He rubbed the sleep out of his eyes and stared down at the floor. It took a moment for his mind to register that he was on the floor. "What did I do?"

"What the fuck were you doing on top of me?" Katsuki asked, keeping his voice down a bit when he remembered they were in a hotel with walls that were probably not super thick.

"I was on top of...?" Izuku trailed off when he sat up on his knees and looked over at Katsuki.

"Yeah, why the fuck were you?" Katsuki's patience was growing thin with the stupidity that was a half-asleep Izuku. His patience thinned further when he looked down at Izuku and realized that the other wasn't even looking at his face when he spoke. Instead Izuku was staring at the pretty obvious tent at the front of Katsuki's pants. When the other followed his eyes and found what he was staring at his face began to turn red. His foot came down on Izuku's face and pushed him to the ground, blocking his view of everything but his sock. He was no longer worried about anyone else potentially hearing them, focused too much on the boy caught under him, as he began to yell. "Well don't fucking stare at it! For fuck's sake!"

Izuku flailed yet again and tried to pull Katsuki's foot off his face. "I-I-Im-sorry Kacchan!"

"You better fucking be!" Katsuki yelled, finally letting Izuku go. He stomped off toward the bathroom and slammed the door shut.

Izuku lay there on the floor, still tangled in the blanket from the waist down and arms spread out as he tried to catch his breath. He had no idea what was happening this morning. He didn't remember much of last night either. Just that at some point he wasn't sleeping so well, and then suddenly he was. He remembered having the same nightmare as before, but then it just... Stopped?

Though he had trouble trying to remember the night as one thought kept playing through his mind due to the last couple of minutes.

Kacchan... Was that because of me?

Katsuki leaned back against the bathroom door, sliding down slowly onto the tiled floor. He breathed out slowly, trying to calm down. He closed his eyes and began to relax, his legs that were previously bent with his knees up beginning to slowly relax as well. When his legs neared the floor he felt a horrible pain and pulled at the front of his jeans.

"Fuck!" Katsuki shouted. The zipper on his pants had just scraped against the head of his morning wood. That served as a reminder that he needed to get some type of underwear before they left the city later. He held back the urge to punch the door and began undressing instead.

Katsuki wasn't even really that angry. It was more so overreacting from a mixture of embarrassment and confusion. Mostly embarrassment. He was caught off-guard is all.

That's all...

He stepped into the shower and closed the curtain. Cold water spouted forth when the knob was turned and Katsuki shivered, pressing a hand against the shower wall to lean on. He kept his head down and let the water run through his hair and down his body while he tried to remember what happened last night.
He remembered a few things. He had a dream where he smothered Aizawa in the man's sleep. Or at least he hoped that was a dream. Surely it had to be. Another about pummeling the League of Villains into the ground, though he couldn't remember many details about that. Shouto was definitely in it and he definitely kicked the half n' half's ass. Then he remembered waking up in the middle of the night.

*Right. Izuku was having a nightmare again.*

The sound of shuffling and soft whining was replayed in his mind. The same noise he heard every time Izuku had a nightmare. He never bothered to ask what it was that was bothering him so much, but could probably attest All Might's death to it. He remembered listening to Izuku's whimpering in the sewers the other night as well and wondered if it was a recurring nightmare.

...Anyway.

He vaguely remembered pulling Izuku closer to try to shut him up. He must have been half asleep at the time as he could not remember it in great detail. Did he actually pull the other on top of him? *No way.* He'd never have done that. He felt like a fool for even thinking of the possibility. The little creep must have crawled on him when he fell back asleep. Although Katsuki did remember that the action quieted Izuku down for the night. Maybe he woke him up and Izuku took it as an invitation? Who knows.

With the feeling of the extra blood leaving his lower region he turned the water to a warmer temperature and began cleaning himself.

---

Izuku finished making the bed after their little morning fiasco and stared down at the floor. He could hear the shower turn off moments later and tensed up, afraid of how Katsuki would react to seeing him when he came out. Thankfully enough it seemed to be calm as when Katsuki entered the room he hadn't be yelled at yet, but he kept his eyes trained on the ground.

"I'm sorry about earlier Kacchan," Izuku blurted out. He glanced over at the other when he didn't hear any noises. Upon seeing him with a towel wrapped around his waist, another around his shoulders and holding his clothes over one shoulder his gaze snapped back down to the floor.

"Don't flatter yourself, asshole," Katsuki finally replied, seeing that Izuku was trying to avoid looking at him. "It's just like that some mornings."

Izuku felt an odd sense of disappointment when he heard that. It was a mystery as to why for him but he didn't think much of it. "O-okay," Izuku retorted quietly.

"I'm fucking serious!" Katsuki shouted, stomping one foot forward and gritting his teeth.

Izuku jumped and waved his hands in front of him, trying to dissuade the other from becoming violent. "I-I believe you! R-re-really! I do!"

Katsuki huffed and walked around to the other side of the bed, dropping his clothes to the floor and sitting on the edge. He grabbed the towel that was wrapped around his shoulders and began drying himself.
"Shower and let's go get breakfast before the bastard comes to get us then."

Izuku made his way to the bathroom with every intention of getting Katsuki out of his sight for the time being. He could use some food anyway.

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"Kacchan, we can't take that with us..."

"Shut the fuck up. If I want to take it I'll take it."

Aizawa felt like those two lines were all he heard since the moment they entered the store. Over and over again the two would find something and argue about it.

Currently the group was in a grocery store. Once the teenagers had met up with him in the lobby he explained that they would need to stock up on food before they left because there was not much left in the hideout. The catch, however, was that there was no way to refrigerate the food. So only things that would not spoil quickly could be taken.

Common sense would dictate the two only look around in the canned goods aisles. Yet so far Katsuki has dragged the group to the produce section, the frozen foods aisle and now the bread aisle.

"Kacchan, that'll spoil too quickly," Izuku warned, stopping the cart for the umpteenth time as Katsuki stopped to pick up a package of bread.

"Not if we fucking eat it in time!"

That was his argument for anything he picked up. Aizawa was at least happy to see Katsuki did not like frozen foods and only wanted to look at ice cream. Which even he himself knew he definitely couldn't take. He claimed he just wanted to see the flavors.

By the time the two were finished stockpiling food and made it to the front Katsuki started looking around as if he'd lost something. He turned his attention to the cashier who was ringing up their items. Aizawa had wandered off to fetch a couple of items before meeting them at the check-out.

"Hey, you all got a clothes section anywhere?"

The man glanced at him and snorted from a quiet laugh. Izuku covered his face. Suddenly he felt like crying because he knew exactly what was about to transpire and he really didn't want to be embarrassed like this in public. He could hardly handle being in the spotlight of his own former classmates, yet Katsuki was about to make a scene in the middle of a store while he was right next to him.

"Yo," Katsuki said in a raised voice, leaning forward and staring at the man that continued to ring up their items. "Did you hear me?"

The man looked at Katsuki again. "Dude this is a grocery store. Did you see a clothes section anywhere?"

"No, that's why I fucking asked you dumbass. There are stores all over the fucking place that sell
"Maybe you should've gone there instead then," the cashier said, still ringing up items without pause. The man clearly did not care for anything Katsuki had to say.

Katsuki grabbed the edge of the counter that separated him from his soon to be victim.

"Kacchan, I don't think-"

"Shut the fuck up," Katsuki demanded, gripping the counter harder. If looks could kill then this entire building would've blown up by now. Likewise if they weren't trying to keep a low profile and he didn't want a future as a hero this entire building would've been blown up by now. "Look here shit stain-"

Katsuki was cut off by one of Aizawa's wraps covering his mouth and pulling him back. "Bakugou, stop causing a scene."

"Aizawa, will you pay for our things and meet us outside?" Izuku asked, grabbing Katsuki's shirt and tugging at it. "Come on, Kacchan. We can go to a different store really quick."

Katsuki continued to glare at the cashier for another few seconds before, extremely reluctantly, being dragged away by Izuku's hand on his arm. At the very least he could get away from two people that pissed him off at once by leaving. Plus all the people staring at him was only serving to anger him more. The wrap around his mouth let him go when he got far enough away and he and Izuku exited the building.

"I'm going to kick his fucking ass if I ever see him again," Katsuki declared when they were outside, clenching his fists and baring his teeth. "I swear I'm going to kick his fucking ass. Then I'm going to kick Aizawa's ass and tie them both up and kick both their asses at the same time."

"I know, Kacchan," Izuku replied. He kept one hand on Katsuki's shoulder and the other on his back to lead him to another store while allowing him to vent his frustrations. He may have just been too angry to notice Izuku’s actions, but it was nice, Izuku believed, to see that Katsuki had decided to let his anger out to him instead of on him like he used to. "I know."

He mentally chalked it up as another win in the war that was getting along with Katsuki while travelling together as he listened to the other continue to rant, occasionally nodding and agreeing with him. He hoped if he did so long enough the other would calm down before they got back to Aizawa.

The three of them sat quietly as the train took them to their destination. Izuku was trapped against the window with Katsuki beside him and Aizawa across from Katsuki.

When Aizawa tried to sit next to Izuku, Katsuki came and shoved himself between the two. The action almost pushed Aizawa into the aisle and crushed Izuku against the wall. So when Aizawa, being the mature one, got up to switch seats Katsuki responded by kicking his feet up into the seat across from Izuku and crossing his arms, completely blocking Aizawa off from him.
Aizawa complained that he wanted the window seat, to which Katsuki replied with, "over my dead body."

Both knew he just didn't want Aizawa near Izuku.

The rest of the train ride was rather uneventful. Izuku tried to catch up on some lost sleep by leaning his head against the window, but found it hard to get comfortable. Regardless of such he did end up falling asleep, albeit a bit of a restless slumber. He would periodically squirm in his sleep, indicating his restlessness.

Katsuki stared at him for a few seconds, then pulled Izuku's sleeve so his head would fall onto Katsuki's shoulder. Just as he thought it would, the squirming gradually slowed to a stop. He got the idea from remembering how he helped Izuku sleep the previous night. The fact it worked both times struck Katsuki as weird, but not... Entirely displeasing for some reason. He looked over to Aizawa, who was making it a point not to stare. Far be it from him to ruin whatever moment they were having. If Katsuki could learn to get along with Izuku then he wouldn't separate them after all.

He just wished they wouldn't do it while less than five feet away from him. Though he did not have to worry long as the train stopped and the bell sounded to let the passengers know they'd arrived at their destination. Aizawa didn't hesitate to stand up, grab a few handfuls of grocery bags and exit, leaving the two alone. He didn't want to stay and see whatever awkwardness would follow.

Katsuki was about to shake Izuku awake until he remembered their position. He wasn't about to let Izuku wake up and see them like this. Instead he gently pushed Izuku away so that the other was leaning on the window again, then stood up to hide the fact he let Izuku sleep on him again.

He leaned down next to Izuku's ear and cupped his hands around his mouth so his voice would be louder. "Wake up Deku!"

Izuku's eyes snapped open and a yell escaped from him. He looked around and upon noticing the people shuffling out past Katsuki he stood quickly. "Sorry. I was pretty out of it."

_I noticed._ Katsuki waved a hand dismissively, grabbed the packages of water bottles and began to make his own way out. "Whatever. Let's go."

The pair followed the crowd out of the train and into the station, wondering why they had to bring all this food with them if the hideout was just in another town. But when they followed Aizawa out of the station and out of the town completely they startedh to understand.

"Where is this place at anyway?" Izuku asked, walking behind Katsuki. He and Aizawa were carrying a number of bags that held their food and Katsuki was precariously balancing four big packages of water bottles on his shoulders. Thankfully Katsuki was indeed smart and did not get many perishables.

"Only a two hour walk out of town. So not far out. But the point of stockpiling necessities is because while you're hiding here you can't be going back to town every few days to get something." Aizawa stopped suddenly and looked around, making sure he was going the right way, then turned to begin down a small hill. "You'll run the risk of getting seen by villains the more you stay in majorly populated areas."

They both knew he was right, even if they would prefer to be in the city.

Eventually they entered a forest of sorts, and once deep enough found a cave entrance. Aizawa
stopped at the entrance and pointed behind the both of them.

"Down that way is an opening free of trees you can use for your assignments if you wish." His arm moved slightly to the left, near the direction they just came here from. "Back that way is a lake you can use for bathing if you feel the need to. Do not go back to town to bathe. Not even every few days."

He began making his way into the cave, motioning for both of them to follow. The entrance was pretty dark, but further in there were lights strung up along the ceiling and walls illuminating the inner caverns. Support beam-like rocks could be seen every so often as they travelled deeper into the cave. Once far inside enough they entered a big, wide open room that had a few twin sized beds, lights strung up all around to keep the place brightly lit and a few desks with dusty maps on them. There was a bookshelf filled to the brim with books of different types and a television on the cave floor. The lights that lined the walls lead into another cavern in the back.

"Wow. This place is huge," Izuku noted as they entered, looking around and placing his bags down by one of the beds. "How did you find it?"

"We had a few heroes work together to create it recently." Aizawa placed his bags down as well and pointed towards the other cavern in the back. "Bakugou, that leads to a bigger room that was to be used as a trap should villains ever find this place. You can use that room to practice using your quirk. Do not do it outside where the whole world can hear you and the forest can be set ablaze."

"No fucking shit," Katsuki replied, placing the packages of water bottles down. "Why is there a TV in a cave?"

"Electric-type quirks exist, Bakugou," Aizawa said, pulling a notebook out of the back of his wraps and placing it on one of the desks. "I wrote all of your assignments down in here last night. If you feel like cooking any of the food make a fire inside the cave, not outside."

Aizawa approached Izuku and Katsuki took a step in front of the other, glaring up at the man. He pulled out a small bag of money and tossed it over Katsuki's head for Izuku to catch.

"That's the last I'm going to give you. Use one third of it for necessities, one third for luxuries and one third for emergencies. I'm sure you both are smart enough to do the math and figure out the numbers. My phone number is inside the notebook if you need anything and inside one of the bags are some charge sticks for your phones. Only call me if you absolutely need me." Aizawa then made his way to the room's exit, stopping just before turning the corner to get out of sight and looking over his shoulder. "Try not to need me."

With that he was off, leaving the two alone in their new temporary home.

Tomura sat on his regular bar stool next to Kurogiri, who was cleaning one of the glass cups behind the bar counter. He stared at the group of four that came to give their report, unamused by the details.

"None of you managed to kill either of them?" he questioned, resting his cheek on his fist and glaring from behind the hand that covered his face. The fact he kept this group of villains under his
wing instead of tossing them out the moment he no longer needed them showed he believed they had at least some potential, but they were more than trying his patience at this point. The fact it took them this long to even find the two former U.A. students he wanted the most only to fail at capturing or killing them just boiled his blood down to the very core. But he kept his composure for the moment. "You even had the second best pro hero's son with you, set up a trap, on top of using a Noumu, and still you failed?"

"Shigaraki," Kurogiri started, but was silenced by Tomura holding his hand up to stop him.

"All I want to know is how," Tomura continued, leaning forward for what must have been the greatest escape ever told.

"Eraser Head came to save them right as they were about to die," Shouto explained, taking a step forward. "Otherwise we would have had them."

Tomura threw his hands up and spun around on the bar stool. Not a sound was made by anyone but him until he finished the spin and was facing them yet again. "Of course he's still alive! Of all the heroes I can think of only he could cause the most amount of trouble for us."

"Bakugou also seems to cause a lot of trouble," Dabi added, sitting at a table on the other side of the room. "He's practically a one man army."

Tomura began scratching at his neck slowly with one hand in frustration, staring straight ahead at the wall. "Just because you can't fight worth a damn doesn't mean that he is unstoppable."

"Shigaraki, please," Kurogiri started again, looking over to Dabi now. "Surely there is some sort of weakness you noticed that we may exploit in the next attempt at his life?"

"Izukuuuu~" Toga called out. She stared at her knife, holding it before her face, as she said the name. "Katsuki tried really, really hard to keep him alive."

"Yeah. He almost took a few hits just to save Midoriya," Dabi pointed out. "Even shot him out of a window and left himself alone with all of us to try to save him."

Tomura stopped scratching his neck and looked to Shouto, and the boy could feel those eyes piercing through him. This was only the second time he'd been in front of the leader of the League of Villains, but he could safely say he didn't like being the center of Tomura's attention.

"Are they close?" Tomura asked. He figured it would be best to ask someone who knew the two on a more personal level.

"From what I remember, Bakugou hates Midoriya more than anyone else in the world," Shouto explained. "But he was definitely trying to keep Midoriya safe. I don't know what may have transpired recently that could have changed their relationship, but there's a chance we could use Midoriya to get Bakugou."

Tomura continued to stare at Shouto in unmoving silence. Shouto knew what he was doing, too. He was looking for some type of reaction while they spoke of his former classmates. Something that would indicate he'd still want to help them. It was fair that he was being put under such scrutiny all the time, having only recently joined and not having proved himself fully to them yet. Especially after what they did, and are going to do, to his own father. But he would not give them the satisfaction of finding any reason to remove him from the organization. Instead he kept his ever passive expression while waiting calmly for Tomura to respond.

"You tried to allow him into the League of Villains again, Dabi?" Tomura asked, finally moving
his attention elsewhere. When Dabi nodded he could only conclude that, due to the fact Katsuki was not currently standing before him, he rejected the offer yet again. "Then let us not bother trying to take him anymore. If he is so keen on opposing us then he will just have to be gotten rid of altogether."

Shouto would've noted that Stain had wanted to keep Izuku alive, but from what he had been told Tomura was not an avid fan of the hero killer. Much to Shouto's surprise, Dabi warned him not to bring Stain up as the last person in their organization who did ended up killed by Tomura. The story of the villain named Spinner who tried to stop the hero executions for heroes he believed shouldn't be killed was more of a warning to newcomers than anything else.

"Todoroki," Tomura called out. "You placed second in the U.A. sports festival, right behind Bakugou. Why don't you help our party level up some?"

Shouto was still trying to get used to the terms Tomura used, but at the very least he could assume that meant he wanted him to train the others. Everyone in the room stared at him expectantly and he knew he had no choice but to agree.

*I really don't think I could qualify as a teacher yet...* Regardless, Shouto knew he would have to try his best if he wanted to stay with the group. Refusal was not an option. Not after the things he'd seen.

Chapter End Notes

Next chapter things are going to be heating up a little. Hope you all are ready!
Chapter 7

Chapter Notes

Sadly it is officially the end of Commando Kacchan. For now anyway.

Besides that this is a huge chapter as I got carried away without even realizing it.
Usually each chapter is 4-5k works but this one ended up at 10k. So... Whoops?

I guess you can count this as two chapters in one. THEY'RE GETTING SO CLOSE THOUGH

Also flustered and embarrassed Katsuki is cute.

(First comment medal goes to seairu this time! Love that avatar a lot also. <3)

Katsuki sat in the grass at the entrance to the cave. He finally got the opportunity to change clothes and add a few pairs of boxers to his wardrobe, having spent the last of their own money on a few sets of clothing before leaving town for the final time with Aizawa. He was now clad in a dull white tank top and light grey sweat pants. A black, vertical stripe decorated each pant leg.

He read through the notebook of instructions while Izuku was off learning the lay of the land. It seemed like pretty standard stuff in terms of helping the two of them to train their quirks. Though apparently he was supposed to have quirkless sparring sessions with Izuku to help the other work on the fundamentals of combat. Personally he didn't care as much for that but he could understand Izuku's need for it sense his quirk involved hand-to-hand combat more than anything else.

The following few pages were full of tips for things to teach him, including but not limited to, surprise attacks, staying aware of your surroundings, reading the enemy's body language and more.

He flipped through a few of the pages and continued reading. Eventually he's supposed to spar with Izuku when the latter is using his quirk, although he himself would still not be allowed to use his own. Because that seemed totally fair. Then when deemed ready by Katsuki's judgment he would be allowed to use his quirk as well. Likewise, everything else would be deemed by Katsuki's judgment, apparently.

What am I? His fucking teacher or his babysitter? Katsuki glared at the page and turned to the next one. It had his name titled at the top, indicating the next section would be his own assignments to deal with. His eye twitched at the sight of the very first thing written under his section. You scruffy, old fucking bastard...

Bakugou, Katsuki

Allow Midoriya to help you in some way at least two times a week and help Midoriya at least two times a week. Any small act will do. Training does not count.

The rest of the page had small things in it that involved him interacting with Izuku and Katsuki refrained from tearing the page out, crumpling it up and burning it to ashes. Unfortunately he couldn't give Aizawa the impression that he didn't complete all the assignments and if Izuku was
questioned about these and knew nothing about them, or Aizawa checked the notebook and saw the missing page, he would know something was up.

That would, regrettably, be a problem that might come up. One that Katsuki did not really want to take a chance with. Skimming through the rest didn't show anything of too much interest. Practice maximum size blasts to strengthen his quirk, practice controlling power and size of explosions, etc. Things he normally did when he was younger.

Further into the notebook he found exercises of sorts for them to do together. It explained that it would be a way of working on their cooperativeness. Katsuki had little interest in that as well.

Flipping to the last page showed one single line written in giant text and all caps.

**BREAK THE CHAINS YOUR PRIDE USES TO HOLD YOU DOWN**

He tore that page out and burnt it without a second thought. Behind it was text written on the inside of the back cover itself.

*Do not let your superiority complex control you. Stop burning my pages.*

Katsuki stood up and threw the notebook in anger, watching it fly through the air and into the forest. After it disappeared from sight he heard the distant sound of the object hitting something and a small yelp that sounded like Izuku. He quickly made his way over, wanting to keep Izuku from seeing his own "assignments" that included he interact with the other so much if possible.

"Wait!" Once far enough in Izuku was spotted on his knees, rubbing his head and holding his hand out. He himself was dressed in a pair of tan cargo shorts, a red T-shirt and green hoodie. The notebook was on the ground behind him and Katsuki quickly made his way over to get it before the other found it. "Kacchan... you scared the bunny away," Izuku pointed out disappointedly.

"So?"

Izuku frowned at him before spotting the notebook and perking up. "Are those our assignments? Can I see them?"

"No." Katsuki did not want Izuku seeing the assignments that included the both of them. Or, more importantly, Katsuki's assignments that involved Izuku. The less he knew about that mess the smoother things would go. He would work on those on his own time, not be constantly nagged at with 'Kacchan Kacchan let me help you Kacchan it's your assignment!' He'd end up drowning Izuku in the lake before they even started if he had to put up with that. "I'm in charge of it and I don't want you to cheat somehow."

"I'm not gonna cheat!" Izuku whined, standing and reaching for the notebook. "Come on, Kacchan! I just want to know what I have to do!"

"What the fuck?" Katsuki placed his free hand on Izuku's face, trying to push him away as the other pressed up against him, trying to reach for the notebook that Katsuki was holding above his head to keep out of reach now. "I said no you shit! Do you have fucking ears?!"

"Kacchaanaa!" Izuku's arms kept swinging through the air blindly. Katsuki's hand was covering his eyes and he couldn't see, but he knew Katsuki was holding the notebook up above. He remembered long ago in the past... Not even that long ago actually, he would've been afraid of arguing with Katsuki like this. But now he felt he had the freedom to. Katsuki wouldn't hurt him, right? He hasn't even set off one explosion even though his hand was in the perfect position to scorch Izuku's
face. "Just let... Me see... Ah!"

Katsuki fell back, unable to sustain the weight of the other jumping up and down against him while trying to keep the notebook out of reach. Izuku fell forward with him, still trying to reach for the item of sudden value the entire way. He still continued trying to take it even while he lied on top of Katsuki, who was definitely beginning to become greatly annoyed by this little exchange.

"I'll... Fucking kill... You...!" Katsuki struggled to get out, trying to keep Izuku away from the object in his hand. He was trying so very hard to keep his resolve of not exploding the other into oblivion. Instead he kicked one leg up and over to flip them, landing on top of Izuku and straddling his waist with one hand down on Izuku's face to keep him from getting up. He then began to smack Izuku with the flimsy 'weapon'. "Touch. This. And. You. Die!"

Every word was accompanied by a smack on the head with the notebook, and Izuku tried to shield himself from the onslaught of attacks instead of reaching for it anymore. "O-o-okay! Okay okay! I- I'm sorry! I give! I give! I won't look at it Kacchan!"

Katsuki relented in his actions and removed his hand from Izuku's face, sitting up straight on the other with a huff. "You promise?"

Izuku nodded, keeping his eyes trained on Katsuki's to let the other know he wouldn't go for it. When Katsuki deemed him trustworthy he stood and grabbed Izuku by the arm to forcefully pull him up, counting that as one helpful act done for the week. Only one to go, plus the two of getting Izuku to help him.

"Did you find the places Aizawa was talking about?" Katsuki asked, keeping the notebook under his arm.

"Yeah. The clearing is actually pretty big, but there are some boulders in the way. I could try to move them-"

"Nah, leave those there. A lot of this is combat training, so we can use the rocks as cover and stuff. Take me over there and let me have a look." Katsuki turned Izuku around and pushed him lightly on the back to urge him onward. "What about the lake?"

"It looked really nice. The water is clear and I didn't see any fish or anything swimming around." Izuku answered, leading Katsuki towards the clearing. "Other than that it's just trees and some wildlife in the area. Nothing really special."

The two arrived in the big clearing amidst the forest. Katsuki could see the large boulders randomly placed around the big, circular area. The entire place looked conveniently enough like an arena of some kind. Katsuki placed his hands on his hips and scanned the area more thoroughly. It looked peaceful, too. A shame they would ruin that peace every so often, but what had to be done had to be done.

"Yeah. This place will do great for some of the sparring," Katsuki commented.

"Sparring?" Izuku questioned, looking to Katsuki worriedly.

"Yeah. We gotta fight. A lot." Katsuki glanced at the other with a smirk and raised his free hand to emit a very small explosion. "I'm not supposed to go easy on you either."

Izuku gulped and took a couple of steps away. "W-why?"

"Part of the assignments," Katsuki said. He wasn't actually going to beat Izuku up right off the bat.
Not too badly anyway. He opened the notebook to the first page and started reading the beginning once again.

Izuku watched the other curiously. He wanted to know what was written on those pages but knew he wouldn't stand a chance of getting it away from Katsuki. He'd be better off taking it while the other slept or something, but wouldn't dare betray his friend's trust like that. Even if curiosity was gnawing at him incessantly...

He smiled nervously when Katsuki glared at him from the corner of his eye. Probably making sure he didn't try to get a look at the page. Instead Izuku sat down on one of the smaller nearby rocks, clasping his hands together between his legs and waiting patiently.

Finally after a long while of Katsuki glancing between him and whatever he was reading the other approached while stuffing the notebook in the waistband of his sweatpants to hold it at his side. Izuku's smile vanished and he tensed up. Was the sparring supposed to happen now? Was he just coming to talk it over?

Izuku stared up at Katsuki when the other stopped just before him, staring down at him somewhat passively with his hands on his hips again. Suddenly he gave a smile so big that his eyes closed and held out his hand for Izuku to take. Izuku smiled at the peaceful gesture and took his hand. He didn't understand why Katsuki was suddenly giving him his hand, but guessed he must be leading him somewhere.

The moment Izuku's palm touched his Katsuki's eyes snapped open and his smile was replaced by a scowl. His grip on Izuku's hand tightened and he pulled the other up and over his head, the slightly smaller boy yelling all the way through the air, and slammed him onto his back on the ground.

"I just told you what we were going to do. Why the fuck would you take my hand after that?" Katsuki chastised, crossing his arms and glaring down at Izuku. "And don't even think about using your quirk yet."

Izuku began to stand, rubbing his lower back as he did. His tailbone was hurting from the impact and that was a pain not easily ignored. "I didn't think you were going to attack me right now."

He turned around in time to see Katsuki's fist coming for him and panicked for a second. His hands were thrown up just in time to accidentally block Katsuki's punch. His wrists were grabbed and pulled a part, leaving him open as he saw Katsuki's head approaching his. He could tell from the motion a head-butt was coming and he closed his eyes, bracing for the impact. When nothing hit he peeked one eye open, then other when he noticed Katsuki had stopped with less than an inch between their heads. Katsuki bumped their foreheads together softly, finishing his 'attack', while keeping his completely serious expression the entire time.

"Is that your answer to everything? Just brace for it and hope for the best? That's fucking stupid," Katsuki scolded. Izuku tried to free himself from Katsuki's grip and let his head drop down when he couldn't, embarrassed at Katsuki's assessment. But the other wasn't having that and grabbed his face with one hand, fingers squishing his cheeks hard as his head was jerked back in place to stare Katsuki in the eyes. "Don't fucking ignore me while I'm trying to teach you, bastard!"

"S-sowwy," Izuku tried to say, his face still squished by Katsuki's fingers. His cheeks were being pushed between his teeth and he couldn't close his mouth due to the other's actions, so he couldn't speak properly at the moment. "B-but... Kacchan... dis hurts..."

Izuku elaborated what he meant by grabbing Katsuki's wrist and lightly tugging at it. Katsuki
lingered a second longer before pushing Izuku back and simultaneously letting him go, causing the boy to fall on his bottom. Izuku rubbed his jaw and looked up at Katsuki, who was walking away to sit on the rock Izuku was on before. He sat down with one leg crossed over the other and rested his elbow on it so he could place his chin in his hand and look off to the side. Izuku couldn't tell if he was sulking or seething.

Izuku stared at Katsuki, trying to figure out where he went wrong all of a sudden.

"Um, Kacchan?" Izuku took the glare sent his way as his permission to continue speaking. "Did, uh... Did I do something wrong? Er, t-to make you mad I mean?"

"I'm not mad!" Katsuki barked out, causing Izuku to flinch. "I'm frustrated."

I've never taught anyone before and I'm suddenly supposed to be a teacher to someone as weak as him? Katsuki glared off to the side again, contemplating how he should go about this. Didn't All Might help him get into U.A.? How did he mentor the other?

He needed to come up with something because, as fun as it was, simply kicking Izuku's ass all day long didn't seem the best course for teaching. If he couldn't come up with something then he would be better off giving Izuku away to Aizawa. And he had absolutely no intention of ever doing that.

"Well we have a lot of time don't we?" Izuku interrupted his train of thought, causing the other to glance at him from the corner of their eyes again. "Why don't we take it slow or something? I don't have to get better instantly do I?"

Because you sucking this bad worries me, fucking Deku. Katsuki shook his head when that thought came up. That definitely wasn't it.

"And what happens if the villains find us tomorrow? Or even today? Are you going to defend your fucking self with that piss poor fighting?" Katsuki asked. "What if you get fucking killed? Huh? Then what? What the fuck..."

...What the fuck am I supposed to do then?

Katsuki refused to acknowledge that thought either. As well as the fact he almost said it out loud.

"What?" Izuku questioned, urging the other to continue.

"Nothing," Katsuki answered. He stood up and made his way over to Izuku who tensed up immediately and looked around in a panicked state. Katsuki could already see his first issue right there. He didn't seem to want to fight to win. He wanted to fight to run. Katsuki stopped in front of him and stared down at him passively. He held out his hand to pull Izuku up, who crawled backwards to avoid him and Katsuki did not blame him for it after what happened previously. It still pissed him off to see the other didn't trust him anymore though. "You just need to get fucking good, okay?"

Izuku dusted himself off when he finally stood. "But I have you to protect me until then, right?"

Katsuki silently fumed again. He felt like he was talking to some close-minded kindergartner who was trying to tell him the sky was purple and no matter how much he argued that it was blue the kid just wouldn't listen.

"That's not the fucking point!" Granted he would tear anyone that touched Izuku limb from limb and then blow up each limb until there was nothing left, but that didn't matter. "What if they get past me? Or what if we get separated? I need you to be able to fight for yourself you worthless
Izuku inwardly smiled at the fact Katsuki did agree that he would protect him. It probably wouldn't be smart to taunt him over it right now though. Not while he already seemed to be upset as it was. He finally approached Katsuki, who continued to glare at him with clenched fists.

"I understand Kacchan. And I'm sorry if I'm causing you trouble, but I... I can't get better overnight." He began rubbing one arm shyly and looked down at their feet. "So... Can't you be patient with me? Isn't it better that I learn eventually instead of not at all? We can take it slow, Kacchan."

Katsuki could feel his heart skip a beat when he heard that last line. He didn't know why that struck him, but tried to pay it no mind. For once he realized he was being a little irrational, though he believed it to be for good reason.

He sighed and stood before the other. "Fine. But you're still going to do whatever I tell you."

Izuku chuckled at Katsuki's attempt to assert his dominance. He wouldn't have tried to go against the other anyway. He knew he still didn't stand a chance against most people in the arena, least of all Katsuki. "Of course."

"I want you to try to hit me as hard as you can without the use of your quirk. I want to-"

Katsuki was cut off when Izuku punched him as hard as he could in the face, causing him to reel back. Katsuki held his cheek and stared at the ground in shock when he got his balance back. He didn't seem to understand what just happened until he looked up and saw Izuku rubbing his fist, giving him a small smile as if he did nothing wrong at all.

Katsuki then proceeded to lose his mind.

"What the FUCK WAS THAT?!!" Izuku's smile disappeared instantly and he stared at Katsuki worriedly as the other began to throw a fit, stomping his foot and letting loose small explosions from the hand that wasn't holding his face. "GOD that fucking HURT! What the FUCK DEKU?!!"

Finally his hand landed on one of the boulders and he immediately shattered it with an explosion. As the pieces flew every which way Izuku took a step back and shielded himself from any that may come towards him.

"Y-y-yo-you, um, told me to h-hit you as hard as I could..." Izuku didn't understand what he did wrong. He did exactly what Katsuki told him to do didn't he? Why would he tell him to hit him if he didn't want to be hit?

"I DIDN'T MEAN RIGHT FUCKING NOW!" Katsuki screamed when his eyes finally landed on the cause of his infuriation. "I SHOULD FUCKING KILL YOU! DAMN IT!"

"I d-d-didn't know!" Izuku took another few steps back, waving his hands around frantically. "I'm really sorry Kacchan!"

Katsuki finally took his hand off of his face and just glared daggers at the other. His breaths came out more like growls and Izuku could swear the other's pupils had morphed into tiny skulls. But still Katsuki stood there and glowered instead of making a move. Izuku was, quite frankly, absolutely terrified. Any other time his former bully would have charged straight for him and pummeled him into the ground without a second thought. The fact he was standing there and staring at Izuku menacingly was only so scary because he'd never seen Katsuki do this before.
Eventually Katsuki seemed to calm, taking in a deep breath and then letting it go. After long enough he closed his eyes and his breathing evened out to a normal volume. He opened his eyes again and began making his way forward, causing Izuku to take a step back.

"Don't move, Deku."

Katsuki's voice was calm with the undertone of a firm warning and Izuku wished with all his heart that Katsuki had screamed that command instead. That would've been less scary. This tone coming from Katsuki sounded so... *Foreign*. So unknown that it was far more frightening than when he yelled.

When Katsuki finally ended up in front of Izuku the smaller boy braced himself, preparing to be hit in retribution. But Katsuki didn't stop walking, going right past him and ending up behind him. He grabbed Izuku's right arm with his own and bent it at the elbow, then pushed his fingers down to his palm to form a fist.

"Kacch-"

"Shut up."

Katsuki continued by pulling Izuku's fist back and kicking the boy's left leg forward a little. Izuku let him do what he wanted, thoroughly confused and not wanting to anger Katsuki anymore than he already has. Katsuki grabbed Izuku's sides to straighten out his posture and Izuku jumped back at the sudden touch, bumping into Katsuki and ruining what the other was doing. Katsuki grabbed hold of both of Izuku's arms and pulled them up over his head to stop him from moving. Though it seemed to only make it worse as Izuku squirmed from their bodies being pressed together.

"Calm the fuck down and stop moving," Katsuki commanded with his head hovering right beside Izuku's ear. "I'm not trying to hurt you, fucking Deku."

Izuku appeared to relax at the latter statement, but his body still stayed tense due to the fact he could feel every part of Katsuki pressing against him. Katsuki took a step back and, as quickly as it came, the feeling was gone. Izuku noted that he liked the feeling of Katsuki's body, though. A thought he never thought he would have in the entirety of his life.

Katsuki pulled Izuku's fingers down into a fist again and kicked his left leg forward, then straightened his posture and bent him forward just slightly. His fingers lingered for a moment even after he was done, then slowly slid away. He looked a bit reluctant to let go.

"Twist your upper body to the right a little."

Izuku did as he was told and watched Katsuki walk around to his front. He held his hand up in front of him and watched the other boy.

"Hit my hand."

Izuku continued to stare at Katsuki confusedly. Was this a trick or something? Did Katsuki actually calm down that quickly? Either way he did agree to do as he was told, so he readied his fist and took a step back.

"No," Katsuki said immediately, dropping his hand and moving forward once more. "God no wonder you fucking suck so much. You can't even punch right."

"What?" Izuku was even more confused now. There was a right way to punch? Don't you just... Hit the target?
"You said you wanted to take it slow. So we're taking it slow," Katsuki explained, getting down on one knee to fix Izuku's stance again. "I don't really know what I'm doing when it comes to teaching. I've never taught anyone before."

Katsuki stood up when Izuku's leg and abdomen were in place again and pulled his arm down, then twisted his upper body to the right a little. He then took a step back to look Izuku over and held out his hand again. "Most of the things I do in a fight come from quick thinking and instincts. Mainly instincts. So I guess I'll just think about what I'd do and then show you?"

Izuku nodded to him. It sounded like a good idea to him. The only thing he was worried about is when he had to actually fight Katsuki once again. He knew he wouldn't be able to get out of that, but it was necessary for him to learn. Right?

"So when you swing, keep your shoulder low and push off with your right leg. There's a little twist to it, but the power comes from the back leg. You want the back leg to be on the same side as the hand you're using," Katsuki explained. "Now punch my hand."

Izuku positioned his right foot to push off with and pulled his right arm back. He swung forward, twisting his body forward, and punched Katsuki's hand hard enough to make the other pull back.

"Fuck," Katsuki started, taking a step back and waving his hand up and down to shake off the pain. "Maybe you're not actually the weak little bitch you look like."

Izuku furrowed his brows and stared at Katsuki confusedly. He couldn't tell if that was an insult or not. "Uh... Thanks...?"

He wasn't even using his quirk for that. Katsuki clenched his fist and relaxed it a couple of times, willing the last of the pain away. "Punch the air a few more times like that to commit it to memory. Then we can begin the actual exercise that's in the notebook."

Izuku nodded and went to work, getting back in the formation Katsuki put him in before.

"You're not using your size to your advantage enough."

Shouto ducked under another swing of Toga's knife. He slapped his right hand on the ground and froze the floor where she was charging for him again, causing her to slip and fall on her face.

They were currently training inside a big factory-like facility. Tomura has been using Shouto as a sort of training dummy for a while now. He felt that he, Magne and Shouto were the only three with any real combat experience. He didn't want to be the target dummy for his subordinates though and would have an easier time teaching from the sidelines. It was Toga's turn and from what Tomura could tell she was quite honestly a mess. She seemed to swing randomly and had little thought process when it came to fighting. If Tomura had to guess he'd say she never fought someone above the level of a civilian in her life before, let alone a pro hero.

"What's that even mean?" Toga asked while standing up shakily on the ice, sounding a little frustrated for the first time since she joined the group.

"You're smaller than most people. That makes you a harder target to hit, yet you throw yourself directly at your opponent as if they won't even attack." Tomura pointed towards Shouto as he
spoke, "you're used to murdering helpless civilians, right? Well this isn't a helpless civilian. This guy knows how to fight. If you throw yourself directly at him with no plan in mind you will fail. Be quick on your feet like small people are supposed to."

"So like, jump around a lot and stuff?" Toga asked while Shouto melted the ice around her feet.

"Yes. Put your abnormal amounts of energy and small stature to use. Be creative," Shouto said, trying to help. "Your quirk not only isn't suited well for combat but it also relies heavily on whether you can cut your opponent or not. Heroes aren't going to be so easy to hit and are going to try to hit back."


Toga dashed forward again and Tomura shook his head in disappointment. Did she even hear anything he said? He stood up, growing impatient with her, and took a step forward to go kill her off. It'd be better to get rid of someone who couldn't learn rather than wasting the time on them.

He stopped when Shouto let loose a puff of fire intended to hurt but not kill and Toga sidestepped it, beginning to close the distance. Shouto then stepped forward with his right foot and froze the floor.

"Weeee!" Toga yelled out in joy as she dropped down to slide across the ice and in-between Shouto's legs, grabbing his ankles and tripping him forward. Her slide stopped at the end of the ice and she crawled up, running to Shouto who rolled over onto his back to get eyes on her. Tomura slowly sat back down in his chair, interested in seeing how this will play out now.

She jumped up while running to land on Shouto with her knife, but the latter slapped his right hand on the ground and caused a wall of ice to block her path. She crashed into it and fell down, then stood up and examined the ice, but a spray of fire melted through the ice and just missed burning her. She moved again when another spray melted through and then far to the side as the ice bursted with a wave of fire following the flying shards. She spotted him through the chaos of flying fire and ice and threw her knife with sharp precision, then ran off to the side out of view.

Shouto tried to look for her through all the fire and shards of ice, then felt something implant itself in his shoulder and looked down to see her knife. The small distraction was all she needed to get the jump on him. She plummeted down onto him from above and grabbed her knife, pulling it out as Shouto grabbed her wrist with his right hand and quickly froze her solid.

"Aw man. I was finally going to win one," Toga complained as Shouto pushed her to the side, standing up and holding his bleeding shoulder.

"No, you weren't. But that was much better," Tomura commented, clapping slowly in the back of the room. "After that I can safely decide I don't want to kill you anymore."

"Glad to hear it," Toga said happily while waiting for Shouto to carefully melt the ice away.

"We'll work on you again tomorrow. Dabi, you're next," Tomura called out, waving his hand to call him in.

"Shouldn't I stop the bleeding first?" Shouto questioned, looking at his slightly bloody hand.

"I said," Tomura began with irritation, "Dabi is next."

Dabi stared down at Shouto silently when he approached, who was still holding his shoulder. Even though Dabi didn't look too eager to fight him while he was injured, Shouto could still tell he was
going to be having a long day.

He knew Tomura was still just putting him through the wringer. Dabi said he'd have a tough time getting on the leader's good side, but he imagined it would be a little worse than this.

"Start."

Katsuki sat atop Izuku's back as the other lied face down in the grass. He was currently resting his cheek on his fist and his elbow on his knee.

"Your reflexes are slow as shit," Katsuki said in a bored tone, glancing down at the other. He would have questioned if Izuku was even alive if he wasn't slowly rising and dropping from Izuku's breathing.

Izuku didn't land a single hit on him in all the four hours they spent out here. He wanted to see if Izuku knew how to do anything beyond hit someone hard. On top of that the other would panic every time Katsuki would take even a single offensive action to try to surprise him. Hence their current position.

His assessment?

"You're a fucking worthless fighter."

Izuku pulled his head out of the grass and tried to look over his shoulder at the boy on top of him. "Isn't that why we're doing this in the first place?"

"Yeah. That's why I said you're fucking worthless, not hopeless," Katsuki elaborated while standing up. He grabbed Izuku by the back of his shirt and pulled him up, marking that down as the second time he helped him for the week. At least that would be easy to keep up with. "But you're not gonna learn shit until you can move faster than a fucking snail."

"Are we going again?" Izuku asked, half whining. As much as he wanted to get better it was starting to get late. The sun was already set and he was exhausted from Katsuki toying with him all evening long.

"Nah. We're done for today," Katsuki answered, already making his way back towards the cave.

Izuku began making his way over as well, keeping a steady distance from the other. More than he usually did. Katsuki glanced over his shoulder when he heard the crunching of leaves and grass a ways behind him. He raised a brow but didn't bother questioning the boy over it.

Once they were back at the cave Katsuki tossed the notebook on the bed he used the previous night after Aizawa left them here. The two thought it would be better to begin the day after rather than right away.

Izuku watched him go through the bags, glancing at different cans of food as he seemed to be searching for something specific. Finally he pulled out a can of peaches and threw them backwards at Izuku, who fumbled before getting a secure hold on the can. He didn't expect Katsuki to throw it at him without any warning at all.
He started making his way to his bed to eat when Katsuki called him over. He spotted the other sitting cross-legged on the floor and made his way over to him, sitting across from him.

"Don't you know sleeping right after you eat is unhealthy? Dumbass." Katsuki peeled the top off a can of chicken noodle soup and began drinking it right from the can. "Eugh."

Izuku laughed quietly at Katsuki's 'plight'. "It tastes better when you cook it, Kacchan."

"Yeah yeah," Katsuki replied disinterestedly, already piling some of the sticks they gathered together beforehand between them. He put his hand near the pile of wood and was about to set off a small explosion to ignite them, but stopped and glanced up at Izuku. The other boy was watching him curiously, wondering why he stopped.

"You were watching Aizawa make the fire before, weren't you?" Izuku nodded slowly, obviously not seeing where this was going. Katsuki stood and stepped over the small pile of wood to crouch down next to Izuku. He opened his mouth to speak, but nothing came out. Izuku stared at him questioningly as Katsuki appeared to have some inner battle about what he wanted to say. "...Show me how."

_I don't need fucking help, but... That'll be one for helping me for the week._ Katsuki felt embarrassed asking Izuku for help and refused to look the other in the eye now.

"Can't you just use your quirk?" Izuku asked, popping another piece of peach into his mouth. He was more than happy to show Katsuki how, elated that the other even asked him of all people in fact, but... Why?

_Really?_ Katsuki fumed silently. He finally asks this little shit for help and he gets rejected?

"Fine then," Katsuki said angrily, standing up to go back to the other side of the wood.

"N... N-no!" He stopped when the hem of his shirt was pulled at and he looked down to see Izuku coughing and pounding on his own chest. His words were accompanied with the occasional cough as he seemed to have trouble getting down the peach he swallowed in a hurry so he could catch Katsuki before the other got away. "I didn't mean I don't want to! Just... How come you don't use your quirk instead?"

Katsuki lightened up a bit when he heard that. He crouched back down next to Izuku. "Maybe something prevents me from using it someday and I need a fire? I don't fucking know. Just show me."

Izuku rubbed the back of his head slowly, smiling sheepishly at the other. "Well... I didn't really learn much. I only saw him do it once and he didn't explain anything."

Katsuki stared at him, his expression so passive that Izuku couldn't tell if he was mad or something else. It made Izuku a little uncomfortable. Not being able to read Katsuki was a dangerous skill to lack and because of it he didn't know what to do in this situation. "Er... But I-I can try though...?"

Katsuki moved his hand forward and emitted an explosion to blow the wood away, setting a couple of the sticks ablaze and scaring Izuku. He stood up, snatched up his can of soup, and made his way to bed. He would ignore his own advice that he gave to Izuku earlier for tonight and go to sleep early after he was done with the food.
Katsuki woke in the middle of the night. Something wasn't right.

2:57 AM, he repeated in his mind as he read the time on his phone. He sat up and looked around the room, trying to figure out why he felt like something bad was happening. His gaze landed on Izuku moving around frantically in his bed and he got up to run over to the other. When he stopped at Izuku's bedside he pulled the cover back to make sure he was alright. From this close he could hear the whimpering and whining and seeing the boy's scrunched up face all told him that he was having a nightmare yet again.

He was fine last night, Katsuki mused while staring at him. He pulled the cover back up and turned to go back to his own bed. Whatever. I already helped him twice this week and Aizawa isn't here.

As far as he was concerned it wasn't his problem. As he walked away the sounds Izuku was making got quieter and quieter, and when he crawled back into his own bed he could no longer hear them. Even when the cover was pulled back over his head and he cocooned himself in the thin blanket to go back to sleep he still felt that small twist in his stomach. As if something was unbearably wrong.

He lied like that for another ten minutes before he flipped over onto his back and pushed the sheets down, staring at the ceiling. He knew who was causing it. He just didn't want anything to do with the situation. It wasn't his problem. Yet still he found himself kicking his legs over the edge and suddenly he was walking back to the restless teen across the room. He stopped in front of the other and glared down at him, trying to ignore the sounds that annoyed him so much.

The fuck am I supposed to do? He contemplated the course of actions he could take. Yell at him? Shake him awake? Punch him in the face? Would waking him up even help in the first place?

He sighed and stared up at the ceiling again, running a hand down his face in defeat. He knew one thing that would work, even if he believed he really didn't want to do it. Regardless of that belief in mind he still found himself crawling under Izuku's covers and slipping an arm across the other's waist to pull him back. Izuku writhed under Katsuki's hold and flipped around to face him. His head bumped into the other's chest as he seemed to curl into himself. Finally as he seemed to calm in his sleep his arms wrapped around Katsuki and hugged him, attempting to find safety in whatever the unknown object next to him was.

Katsuki's arm was trapped under Izuku and the other was resting on Izuku. He had absolutely no idea what to do under these circumstances. He settled his free hand on Izuku's head, awkwardly patting the smaller boy. His face betrayed the flustered panic he felt inside, showing instead a calmness that one would not normally see Katsuki Bakugou express. A gentle smile tugged at the corners of his mouth, causing him to bite his bottom lip to hold it back. At the feeling of a warm fluttering in his stomach he panicked and pulled back roughly, falling off the edge of the small bed and nearly dragging Izuku down with him. He landed on his rear on the hard, cavern ground and looked up through the dimly lit room to see Izuku's big, green eyes staring down at him over the edge of the bed.

"...Kacchan?" Izuku stared down at his companion, seeing the almost frightened expression on Katsuki's face. What happened that scared Katsuki of all people? "What's going on? Are you okay? Why were you over here?"

Katsuki's expression quickly changed from scared to angered and he glared up at Izuku. "Do you ever shut the fuck up?!"
Izuku wasn't going to buy the act, however. Something happened to his friend and he wanted to know what. What happened to scare Katsuki, the only person he ever knew to never be scared?

"Kacchan," Izuku called again, sitting up on his knees and continuing the staring contest between the two. It felt as though it was a contest to see whose will would break first. His voice was firm as he continued, "you never get scared, but you looked like you just saw a ghost. What happened?"

Katsuki kept glaring at Izuku, refusing to answer because there's no way he actually felt a strong sense of happiness seeing Izuku curled into him. There's no way that twinge in his stomach just happened and why the fuck did he want to crawl back into bed with him?

"Were you trying to sleep with me, Kacchan?" Izuku blurted out, realization hitting him. It was kind of a crazy thought, but if it was something dangerous he wouldn't have hesitated to say so at all. So it had to be something that involved only the two of them.

Katsuki's eyes widened a fraction and that was all the answer Izuku needed. When Katsuki stood to try to go back to his own bed Izuku grabbed his wrist to stop him. Katsuki only stopped long enough to throw a glare over his shoulder and turn around to jerk his arm forward, attempting to free himself. The action forcefully pulled Izuku forward, off the bed, and caused him to ram into the other, sending them both tumbling to the ground.

Once sitting up he found himself on top of Katsuki, straddling the waist of the one below him. Katsuki immediately tried to push him off and Izuku grabbed his wrists, pushing back to keep the angry teen from getting away.

The fact Katsuki liked Izuku sitting on top of him like this only served to confuse and anger him even more.

"Get the fuck off me Deku!" Katsuki yelled, his voice echoing through the room. "I'll fucking kill you!"

"Kacchan just... Just listen to me!" Izuku yelled back, struggling to keep Katsuki's hands at bay.

Katsuki suddenly pulled his arms back. Izuku was using all of his strength to push against the other, so when Katsuki abruptly stopped he lurched forward at the same time Katsuki sent his forehead flying upwards. Katsuki ended up head-butting Izuku on the nose and when the smaller boy reeled back. Katsuki punched him across the face, finally freeing himself.

He sat up and looked over at Izuku, who was holding his now bleeding nose with both hands and staring at him in shock. Katsuki stiffened when he saw the blood trailing down Izuku's face and the tears threatening to fall from his eyes.

*Shit.*

He didn't mean to do that. Really he didn't. He just acted on instinct. He felt threatened. He didn't mean to hurt him.

*Shit shit shit fuck shit fuck shit no no no.*

He got up and ran to the bags of clothes, letting loose a non-stop stream of curses in his mind, and took out a random T-shirt. He ran back and stopped in front of the other. When he crouched down Izuku frantically crawled backwards to get away until his back hit the bed, keeping one hand on his nose.

*Don't... I'm...*
"I'm not trying to hurt you Deku," Katsuki said, standing up and taking another step forward. Izuku let him near him but Katsuki still saw the slight fear in his eyes when he got down on his knees in front of him.

...I'm sorry. Just say that.

"Stop shaking, Deku," Katsuki said, pulling Izuku's hand away from his face. He could see the spot where he punched him on the cheek now, too.

No, you fucking idiot. Just say you're fucking sorry.

Katsuki wiped the blood off of the other's face with the shirt and tilted his head up a little to dissuade any extra blood from flowing out. He hoped he didn't break it. He put a hand on Izuku's shoulder, then took it off and looked him over. He didn't know how to act in this situation either. He never really had to be gentle with anyone before.

"I didn't... Fuck. I didn't mean to do that, okay?" Katsuki looked down for a second, then glared at Izuku. "Don't fucking do that and it won't happen again."

No... No, no.

"Er... That isn't what I meant. I..."

Izuku watched Katsuki carefully. He didn't really know what to think at the moment. First Katsuki was pulling him out of his bed, then beating him up, and now he was tripping over his words trying to say something. He didn't know what to think of Katsuki's actions, but he was a little afraid. He thought Katsuki was done with the whole hurting him thing. Then that happens all of a sudden.

What was even going on tonight?

"I'm," Katsuki started, pausing again while looking everywhere but at Izuku. He's never apologized to anyone in his life before. He didn't think it'd be this hard. Wasn't it just saying two words? Why was it so hard to do? And why did his chest hurt so badly? His insides felt so twisted up right now. "...I'm sorry, okay? I didn't want to do that. It was an accident."

Izuku visibly relaxed when he heard it was an accident. Even for Katsuki to go so far as to apologize. He's never heard the other do that. Ever. Maybe he really was getting past the whole bullying thing.

"Um... It's okay. But were you? Trying to sleep with me I mean. Because I'm, uh, I'm not against the idea or anything." Izuku let his head tilt back down, feeling the wetness in his nose dissipate, so he could see the other more clearly. He smiled hopefully at the other in the dim light. "Do you want to?"

Yes.

"No," Katsuki lied.

Yes. I do.

The change in Izuku's expression was pretty obvious right away. He looked sad now, even if he was still smiling. Katsuki could see it in his eyes.

"Ah, alright," he replied, standing up and offering his hand to the other.
Katsuki was about to push it away, but mentally sighed and took it. He marked that down as one for the week as Izuku pulled him up. He watched Izuku retreat to bed and lie down with his back facing him. Katsuki took one step towards his own bed, then clenched his fists and turned around.

_Fuck it._

He slipped under Izuku's covers and pulled the other boy back into him with an arm around the waist. Izuku smiled and let himself be pressed into the other boy, closing his eyes to go to sleep. He wouldn't dare utter a word that might scare Katsuki off.

_He'd just have a stupid fucking nightmare and I'd end up over here again anyway,_ Katsuki reasoned with himself, closing his eyes and fully denying the fact that he came here of his own volition. Ignoring the reality of the fact he enjoyed this closeness with the other. _I might as well get it over with._

Katsuki slapped to tops of Izuku's hands. Izuku hissed in pain and pulled his hands back, rubbing them for a second before placing his palms on top of Katsuki's once more. The process repeats itself.

That is how the last two hours of their late morning has been.

The two slept in today and once finally awake ate breakfast. Or, in Katsuki's words, 'shitfest'. Evidently he was not a fan of a lot of canned foods. After that Katsuki decided that if Izuku was going to get anywhere he would need to get better reflexes that didn't depend on him seeing something coming from a mile away. The game involved keeping one person's hands on top of the other's, and the one on the bottom would bring his hands up to slap the top of the other person's hands as quickly as he could. The person on top just needed to slip his hands away before getting hit. He was starting to get better, but...

"Kacchan!" Izuku yelled, pulling his hands away again and rubbing the spots on each where they were already turning red. "This is starting to hurt. A lot."

Katsuki snatched Izuku's hands and pulled them out, rubbing his thumbs across the offended areas gently to try to soothe the pain. "Then stop sucking so much. If you went to the arcade more when we were kids you would probably already have good reflexes."

Izuku let the other have his hands for the moment, giving him a stern look. "You always threatened to beat me up for coming into 'your' arcade when I tried to go..."

Katsuki's eyes turned up to him, but he kept his head tilted down. He didn't have an argument nor a response to that. He was guilty of such an act and only now felt a little bad for it.

Just a little.

Izuku's hand flew under Katsuki's and tried to slap his. Katsuki saw it coming, he had time to react and the speed to dodge the little assault, but let Izuku hit him anyway.

"Damn it Deku!" Katsuki yelled. He tried to sound angry to play off the fact he let Izuku have one as some pathetic form of retribution, but Izuku could hear that he wasn't truly angry. His heart wasn't in that yell like when he was really irate.
He put his palms on top of Katsuki’s once more while giggling. "You should pay more attention, Kacchan."

Katsuki resumed the staring contest that accompanied their little game. He had to fight a smile tugging at the corners of his lips when he saw how earnest Izuku looked, how determined his eyes were, to dodge Katsuki at least once. He’d said if Izuku can dodge him three times they can start lightly sparring. Lightly implying he wouldn't start by throwing him on the ground the very first chance he got and would be moving slower so Izuku could keep up. Until he gained enough speed to fight on par, anyway.

"Hey, Kacchan?"

Katsuki smacked Izuku's hands, causing the other to yelp and pull them back again. "Don't distract yourself."

"I was trying to ask a question," Izuku said, giving a soft glare.

"Your enemies won't give a shit what you're trying to do. They're just going to hit you," Katsuki reprimanded him, pulling Izuku's hands forward again and placing his palms under the other's.

"What is it?"

"How come you're being so nice now?"

Shouto looked over at the door to his room that was opening, seeing Kurogiri walking in clad in his bartender's outfit. He sighed in relief, knowing Kurogiri was one of the more level-headed ones in the group and wouldn't come just to make ridiculous demands of him.

He's been 'training' the League of Villains for two days now and it was already taking a lot out of him. When Tomura told him he would be helping he didn't picture being the moving target dummy. When he asked why it was only him fighting everyone one by one Tomura said it was because he was the only other one who knew how to fight half decently and that "fighting an AI is better than hitting a block of wood".

"I truly am sorry for the way you are being treated," Kurogiri said, sitting on a chair nearby Shouto's bed and placing a glass of water on the nightstand.

It was late in the morning and Shouto knew he would most likely be helping to train again, so he was trying to get all the rest he could. Tomura said they would be at it every day until the tracking Noumu was found and brought back so they could all hunt down Izuku and Katsuki together. Tomura had stated it was time they stopped playing around and finished up the side quests.

"He is only being so strict because his teacher expects so much of him, so he feels that he cannot afford to continue messing anything up," Kurogiri continued. "As of right now you are still an unknown variable in his plans, so he is just being extremely cautious of you. I know that means nothing to you, but I assure you his trust will be earned in due time. Just keep at it."

Shouto didn't respond. He was surprised to see that one of the villains would actually be so... Supportive. He assumed they would all be horrible monsters, but both Kurogiri and Dabi were proving him wrong. If you could get past the fact that they wanted to kill the heroes, that is.
Kurogiri stood and made his way to the door, getting ready to head back to the bar where Tomura would be waiting for him. He looked over his shoulder before shutting the door to address Shouto one more time. "Most of us do believe you will be a valuable addition to the team and want you here."

With that the door was shut quietly and Shouto stared at the chair where Kurogiri sat. He couldn't tell if any of that was an act or not, as he still did not know all of them enough to judge. Regardless it was at least nice to feel welcomed for the first real time.

His phone vibrated on the nightstand and it was immediately snatched up. He read the message and sighed, beginning to write back a response.

_Him again..._

The question came out of nowhere. It confused Katsuki and made him hesitate in the slap he was about to administer to Izuku's hands. He took note of those big green eyes searching his own for answers again, but all in all didn't even understand what Izuku was getting at.

"I'm not?" Katsuki answered, for once thoroughly confused himself. He just gave Izuku a nosebleed last night and punched him in the face. He yells at him and insults him every day, but he still has the idea that Katsuki was being nice? "What the fuck are you talking about?"

"Well, your insults are empty these days. You don't attack me anymore, even when I speak out against you," Izuku said, then remembered last night. He smiled regardless, looking away from Katsuki's eyes shyly. "Er, not on purpose I mean. You're even helping me get better at fighting."

As if to prove his point, when Katsuki tried to slap his hands to shut him up Izuku dodged him just barely. Katsuki only grazed his fingertips. Izuku gave him a excited grin, elated that he finally got a point. Only two to go!

"You apologized to me, too," Izuku continued, placing his palms back on top of Katsuki's, who immediately slapped his hands.

"Reflexes aren't about being ready for what's coming, but reacting when it comes," Katsuki explained with a smirk when Izuku pouted at him. Really he did it just to get back at the other for the things currently being said.

"You also won't let Aizawa near me," Izuku resumed his rant, carefully placing his palms on Katsuksi's.

"Yeah? So?" Katsuki countered. He didn't see where Izuku was going with all of this anymore. "I don't trust the bastard."

"Kacchan, Aizawa isn't going to hurt either of us. You know that," Izuku said with a half-smile. He didn't know why Katsuki would think their former teacher would. "He even saved our lives the moment he found us."

Katsuki attempted to slap him and missed barely. Two of three.

"That isn't why I don't trust him," Katsuki said, putting his hands out to connect with Izuku's again.
"Then why?" Izuku asked, placing his hands on Katsuki's again.

*Because if he takes you... Then I won't have you.*

Katsuki closed his eyes and shook his head slowly, bewildering Izuku further. Why... Why did he keep having thoughts like that? Wasn't Izuku supposed to be his enemy? Why was it the more time he was forced to spend with him the more he grew to tolerate him? Why the fuck should he care if Izuku was gone?

"Because he probably wants to put you in dangerous situations and risk your life or some dumb shit," Katsuki finally answered after a long while of silence. Technically it was the truth, even if it wasn't the reason he didn't want to let Aizawa near the other.

"But aren't we getting ready to do stuff like that anyway?" Izuku questioned, concentrating on Katsuki's hands. He wanted that last point badly. He was so close.

"Yeah, but I'll be there too. And I'm the greatest so nothing bad will happen," Katsuki explained, sharing his thought process.

"So... You just don't want me to go without you?" Izuku inquired, smiling up at him. The question caused Katsuki to glower and Izuku knew what was coming, so he slipped his hands away the very second Katsuki's moved, then pulled them forward and smacked his instead. But before Katsuki could pull his own away Izuku intertwined their fingers, still smiling brightly. "I wouldn't go without you, Kacchan. You're my best friend."

Katsuki felt his heart skip a beat at the declaration and stared down at their hands. The thing that perplexed him most though is that his first instinct wasn't to shove the other away. Last month he would've decked Izuku across the face for even thinking of doing something like this. Two weeks ago he would've shoved the other away and yelled at him. Last week he would have given him a disgusted look and asked what the fuck he was doing before insulting him and storming off.

Now he wanted to pull the other closer.

Izuku followed Katsuki's gaze and realized he was still holding onto his hands. He started to loosen his grip and pull away, but Katsuki tightened his own and kept them in place. Izuku stared at him and smiled when he saw Katsuki staring at their hands. He looked to be deep in thought with furrowed brows and a small frown. It made Izuku wonder what the other was thinking about.

Yet what was going through his own mind was eating away at him more and more. He was starting to get the feeling there might possibly, maybe, and dare he say hopefully be something more growing between them?

He was most certainly was not opposed to the idea. Before the two of them started pretty much living together, being the only person each other could count on, he would've rejected him in a heartbeat. Maybe even been afraid. But he knew this never would've happened back then anyway. *Something* was changing. He couldn't place his finger on what, but something was definitely changing. Even if the other didn't notice it, Izuku did. Katsuki was changing. And he could see himself staying with this new Katsuki happily.

This Katsuki made him feel so good inside.

He couldn't pinpoint the cause of the change either. But whether it be because they were the only ones each other had for a while, or because Katsuki was stuck in close quarters with him for so long that he finally got to know him enough to not hate him, or that the both of them were just
maturing enough that they weren't acting so childish anymore he didn't care. Whatever it was he was just happy it was happening.

He squeezed the other's hands gently and smiled tenderly. "Kacchan?"

Katsuki's head darted up as Izuku's voice brought him out of his own thoughts. His hands retreated quickly and he looked away, his face starting to burn from embarrassment. How long were they in that position?

"Fuck... Uh, you got three, right? We can go spar now," Katsuki said, hurriedly standing and receding to the cave's exit with his head down and hands in his pockets. He grabbed a few water bottles they kept near the entrance on his way out.

Izuku watched Katsuki leave, his smile faltering just a little. He didn't believe he was wrong. There was definitely something there. He could see it in the way the other acted. But it looked like Katsuki needed time. So he would wait.

He got up and chased after Katsuki. They had to go train anyway.
Finally finished just a day before the one week deadline.

I feel like I'm pushing the boundary of this story's rating but I want to just use the excuse it's for the plot to make Katsuki freak the fuck out. But I like to think I'm still in the safe zone for now. >w> I mean I didn't go into super explicit detail or anything sooo (not that most of ya'll would complain if I did anyway I bet)

Anyway here have some more domestic fluff. Enjoy it while you can because I believe next chapter is going to be the last of it. Then it's finally back into the thick of it.

Hope ya'll are ready for future pain.

(Also shout out to dallaro for first comment! ^^)

Katsuki ducked under Izuku's fist, throwing a leg sweep out that the other boy hopped over. Upon landing he sidestepped Izuku when the latter tried to grapple him, grabbing both his arms from behind and holding them above his head from the wrist. His other arm locked itself against Izuku's stomach, pinning them together and trapping the smaller boy. Izuku began to struggle to get free.

He was still taking it pretty easy on the other, fighting against his natural instincts and slowing his movements some. For Izuku to get better he'd need to be able to actually keep up, so Katsuki would slowly up the pace as time went by. But he hasn't landed a hit on Izuku this fight, so would it be time to move faster already?

"K-Kacchan...?"

Katsuki was brought out of his thoughts by Izuku's voice. His eyes opened slowly, while he idly wondered when he even closed them, and he glanced down past the shoulder pressed onto his chest to see he was still holding the other. Izuku had long since stopped wriggling against the hold and was looking at Katsuki as best he could with their faces pressed together and arms still trapped in the air. He noticed his hand had moved to rest on the side of Izuku's waist instead of his whole arm being wrapped around his stomach now.

He felt a weird sensation in the pit of his stomach from seeing Izuku in this position, his back pinned to Katsuki's front and the feel of Izuku's skin in his hands, that caused him to let the other go instantly. When Izuku didn't move away he took a step back himself and let go of a breath he didn't know he was holding in. He spun around and began walking towards a rock to sit against.

"Let's take a break," Katsuki said quietly while shoving his hands into his pockets. At least they couldn't betray him in there.

When he reached the small boulder he turned around and dropped to the ground, sitting cross-legged and looking up to the sky tiredly. What was even going on in his head these days?

At the sound of footsteps pressing into the grass he tilted his head a little and saw Izuku standing
before him with a sheepish smile, holding out a half empty water bottle as an offering. This was strange because Katsuki didn’t remember bringing any water bottles, let alone drinking from one earlier.

Come to think of it, he didn’t even remember coming out here to begin training. He only remembered that they were fighting, and that’s it.

He continued to stare up at the other silently, still unmoving even when Izuku’s smile began to slowly fade.

"S-sorry," Izuku mumbled, turning to leave while staring at the ground. He decided that maybe Katsuki just needed to be alone with his thoughts for the moment.

He felt the back of his shirt being pulled before he could get away and suddenly he was stumbling backwards. He landed on his rear, his back colliding against the rock, and looked to the other in a surprised manner. Katsuki was leaning back against the small boulder and watching him closely from the side, his hand still gripping Izuku's shirt to keep the other from leaving. But rather than try to Izuku simply smiled and lightly leaned against Katsuki’s side.

Katsuki let go of Izuku's shirt and his unabated attention stayed on the smaller boy. His breath hitched when Izuku laid his head on his shoulder and one of his fingers twitched as he fought the urge to grab the hand just an inch away from his own. He opened his mouth to tell Izuku they could continue his training in an attempt to get away from this position, but no sound came out. He felt utterly trapped for some reason.

"Kacchan?" Izuku's voice rang out through the silence, the only other sounds being the leaves rustling from the light breeze.

"Yeah?" Katsuki responded, crossing his arms and looking back up towards the sky again.

Suddenly his view was blocked by Izuku’s face, the other now straddling his lap and holding both sides of his face. Katsuki’s eyes widened and he pushed down the initial urge to shove Izuku off of him from surprise. They were so close that Katsuki could feel Izuku's breath against his own mouth, see the detail of every freckle on the boy's face and count every eyelash that threatened to brush against his own and when the hell did Izuku become fast enough to do this without him even being able to react?

"Can we try something out?" Izuku resumed, brushing their noses against each other.

"What?" Katsuki questioned, his voice cracking for a split second. He felt the burn of his face that was becoming all too familiar in recent days that indicated his embarrassment as he wondered if any other part of his body was going to betray him today. He cleared his throat quietly before continuing. "What the fuck are you talking about?"

Izuku just gave a big, toothy grin, then instead of talking closed his eyes and pressed their lips together. Katsuki’s eyes widened further and he grabbed the hands on his face to pull them off. But slowly he began to lose himself to the other and his eyes slid shut, pressing forward and loosening his grip on Izuku’s wrists. His hands travelled down to Izuku's waist instead, pulling him closer and then pushing his own body forward until they fell to the ground as that feeling in his gut intensified greatly and he felt that all too familiar rising in his pants.

What the fuck is happening... Katsuki wondered to himself when he felt a pair of legs wrap themselves around his waist and the moaning of the boy under him caused by their groins rubbing together roughly. Even as Izuku clung to him tightly and pressed their bodies together as hard as
he could it took him a moment to realize they were dry humping each other and both were loving every second of it.

Katsuki finally pulled their mouths apart and stared down at the love-struck face of the boy below while panting. Izuku’s half lidded eyes and red face only served to turn him on even more, but what was finally said out loud convinced him that this wasn’t his Izuku at all.

"Fuck me Kacchan, please..."

Katsuki jolted upright and his eyes darted every which way for a moment. His breaths were coming out in quick and short pants and he realized that he was hyperventilating. He brought his hands up and saw they were drenched in sweat. He could feel his hardness below and a very small wetness seeping through his boxers to his pajama pants.

"Kacchan?"

Katsuki’s head snapped to the right and he saw Izuku staring at him worriedly, sitting up and so close to him that they were almost touching. The sight of the other after that only served to freak him out more and he hastily pulled back, causing him to fall over the edge of the bed and land on his back on the floor. He sat up quickly and started crawling backwards to add more distance between the two. Luckily the over-sized shirt he slept in covered the tent in his pants.

Holy fucking shit. God damn it. What the fuck was that?

Katsuki stood and leaned his back against the wall behind him, keeping his eyes trained on Izuku. He gulped down a mouthful of air and calmed his breathing, the initial shock of what happened beginning to fade.

Did... Was I... Was that a wet dream? About Deku? No fucking way...

He's had this dream a couple of times before during the past two weeks since they started sleeping together every night. But it never went that far. Never. The first time it stopped when he was holding Izuku the first time. The second time it stopped when Izuku leaned against his shoulder. But he never expected a dream like that about him.

Katsuki grabbed both of his arms, rubbing them up and down as the cold air hit him. He turned and began leaving the cave. He just needed space right now. Seeing Izuku was extremely weird after that. It boggled him to no end that it was even possible to have a dream like that about the other boy.

What the fucking shit triggered that bullshit? We haven't done anything like that at all.

He found himself being constantly distracted by his thoughts lately, even during training. The grand majority of his thoughts mainly consisted of Izuku's recently strange behavior. It didn't help that he was having trouble with his own thoughts, feelings and wishes all conflicting with each other at separate points in time during the days.

Lately Izuku has been so... Clingy? Needy?

...Flirty?
He couldn’t think of the right word, but it wasn't so much a bad thing as much as it just felt out of place. Even with how much time they’ve spent together recently it still felt strange. As though Izuku's presence had some ulterior motive behind it. He wasn't just there because they happened to be around each other anymore. Izuku liked to watch him practice his explosions in the deepest part of the cave instead of trying to make friends with the woodland creatures like he did the first two days they were here. He liked to walk really close when they would leave the cave to go spar and would sit abnormally close during their breaks. He would almost always be smiling when he was in Katsuki’s presence and was never paranoid of anything Katsuki did anymore. He seemed so much more confident around Katsuki now. He'd even made it a point to make room in his bed each night in case Katsuki decided to sleep with him.

Katsuki knew this because he has practically forsaken his own bed in lieu of Izuku's. The first night was horribly awkward as he argued with himself whether he even wanted to or not, ultimately deciding to just do it. The following nights he would crawl into the bed as normally as if it were his own and pull Izuku into him as though that was where the other absolutely belonged. Sometimes Izuku would curl into Katsuki's chest and hug him back. Sometimes he would keep his back to Katsuki and rest an arm over the one around him.

Izuku never fought against the hold. He didn't have nightmares. He only slept contentedly.

It wasn't anything Katsuki minded. He even enjoyed it somewhat. But that dream? That was so random, so unexpected. Granted he hadn't 'taken care' of himself in quite a while, but he still never had a dream even remotely like that until now. Not about anyone.

Izuku kicked his feet over the edge of the bed and stood up after Katsuki began leaving the cave, running to chase after him. The air was chilly tonight, making him grateful his pajama pants were over-sized enough to cover a portion of his feet so he could avoid walking completely on the cold, stone ground.

"Kacchan, wait," Izuku called out, slowing to a stop and almost tripping over himself when Katsuki's hand came backwards to stop in front of his face. A small explosion went off in his hand as a warning.

"Don't fucking follow me, Deku," Katsuki warned, refusing to turn and look at the other.

"Kacchan, I just want to help," Izuku said slowly, raising his palms in front of his chest defensively and as a means to show he meant no harm. He slowly reached forward to grab Katsuki's hand, putting his palm against the one in front of him. "It's me Ka-"

Katsuki blasted Izuku away with a much stronger explosion, caught off guard by the physical contact. Izuku flew back and landed against the wall, grunting when his back hit the hard surface. When he landed on the ground and opened his eyes Katsuki was gone. He looked down at the palm of his hand to see it was scorched black and his brain finally registered the burning, stinging pain as he gripped his wrist.

He sighed and stood up to go sit on his bed again. When he crawled onto the mattress he hugged his knees up to his chest and stared at the entrance.

What'd I do wrong? Izuku wondered, looking down at his hand again.
Katsuki glanced over his shoulder when he exited the cave to make sure Izuku didn't follow him. He knew what he did was an overreaction, but the hand touching his surprised him while he was already in a fragile state of mind.

_Excuses_, Katsuki spat at himself in his head. He knew he had no right to do that to Izuku and it only pissed him off to know he did it without proper reason.

Since when did he start caring about having proper reasoning anyway?

He shoved his hands into his pockets and began walking forward. He had an idea for what all this meant. He has for a while now but just hasn't wanted to accept it. But if his thoughts and fantasies start moving in that direction it will be too hard to continue to ignore it. Even though he still looks at Izuku and feels that burning hatred he would eventually have to accept the fact that lied before him.

That he actually likes the loser. Maybe even loves him.

In fact he could argue that he didn't actually hate Izuku anymore, but hated what he felt for him. In a moment of clarity a few days ago he'd decided he hated liking someone and it was in that moment that he actually realized he even did in the first place.

He closed his eyes and threw his head back, groaning in mock agony.

_I can't fight something like this, huh?_ That dream was the last straw that let him know it wouldn't go away just because he denied it.

The more he began to accept the unchanging fact the more his anxiousness over the situation decreased and the less his insides felt twisted up. Slowly his body and mind began relaxing as relief washed over him in a wave, feeling like a burden was finally lifted.

"I like Midoriya Izuku," he stated in disbelief, a scoffing laugh, half smile and small shake of the head all accompanying the declaration. Opening his eyes and lowering his head to look forward showed he'd still been walking without realizing it. He didn't even know where he'd ended up.

"Fucking Deku," he said, looking around to try to figure out where he was. He had to get back to the other and apologize for hurting him. Again.

He looked around once more to try to figure out where he really was, but couldn't find any landmarks the two had memorized before. So he decided to turn around and just walk straight, hoping he hadn't made any turns while lost in his thoughts. After a while of walking around Katsuki found the cave entrance and entered to find Izuku had fallen asleep while sitting on the bed. At least he assumed he was asleep as he wasn't moving and his head was tilted slightly to the side with closed eyes.

_Cute._ His very first unhindered thought upon seeing the other. Which made him mentally barf.

He would have to get used to that.

He approached his own bed for the first time in weeks and lied down in it, pulling the sheets up and over his head. He resolved to keep a distance until he was sure Izuku forgave him.

_I won't hurt him again_, he thought to himself while closing his eyes and falling back asleep. _Not anymore. Or else I'll kick my own ass._
When Katsuki finally woke he pushed the covers down and rolled over to address Izuku. To his surprise the other was not there though. He looked around the room and saw no sign of him.

*The fuck did he go?*

Katsuki stood and made his way to the bigger room in the very back of the cave where he practiced strengthening his quirk, not spotting Izuku there either. Finally he began to leave to go outside when he spotted the other returning and they both stopped in their tracks.

"Ah, um, g-good morning Kacchan," Izuku said slowly, looking down and poking his index fingers together nervously. He tried to slip by and Katsuki refrained from grabbing his arm to stop him from running away.

*Great. The fucker is scared of me again.*

Katsuki followed behind him from a distance until they reached Izuku's bed. Izuku sat on the edge and looked up to see Katsuki staring at him from almost the other side of the room. It made him uncomfortable to say the least, having the person with anger issues who just burned his hand the night before stare at him silently.

"Is, uh... Did I do something wrong?" Izuku asked sheepishly. "I didn't mean to-"

"I'm sorry. I didn't mean to fucking do that, okay?" Saying that caused Izuku to freeze suddenly and Katsuki took the silence as a sign to continue. He took a deep breath. "I know I said that last time and I just fucking did it again and even though I didn't fucking mean to and I don't want to do it again but I had a really really fucking weird dream about you that freaked me the hell out and I didn't know how to react and seeing you was making it worse but you kept trying to get near me because you always want to be a helpful piece of shit and it was making it worse so I'm really sorry damn it."

It was all said in a rush without a single pause. He immediately breathed in deep to replace all the air he used saying it, having run out of breath towards the end, and looked to Izuku hopefully. But he couldn't figure out what the other was thinking. He continued to stand there, clenching his fists at his side, but the silence was starting to get to him.

"...So are you going to forgive me or what?"

That came out more aggressive than he wanted it to and wished he could redo it, but the small smile that formed on Izuku's face told him it would be alright.

"Of course I forgive you, Kacchan," Izuku answered while beginning to kick his legs back and forth happily. He knew he always forgave Katsuki too easily but he couldn't really find it in himself to stay mad at the other for any long period of time.

Katsuki took that as his chance and proceeded forward to sit next to Izuku. He grabbed Izuku's burned hand and pulled it up to his face, examining the damage. It was nothing too serious but it still made his stomach twist knowing that he did it himself. He began rubbing his thumb in small circles on the back of Izuku's hand.

Izuku watched him carefully, only slightly cautious of what may happen next. Katsuki had been pretty irrational last night and he didn't know for sure whatever caused it was over and done with. Though as far as could be seen Katsuki looked pretty calm. More calm than he normally appeared
to be. There was no scowl or clenched fists that regularly accompanied his 'passive' expressions, giving him an air of peacefulness for once.

"Kacchan, are you afraid of me?" Izuku suddenly blurted out, watching the other's face for any type of clues. The only clue he got, however, is that he probably just pissed him off.

"What the fuck? Why the fuck would I be scared of you, you shit?" Katsuki started, his thumb stopping and a glare being sent towards the boy beside him. He still held onto Izuku's hand though.

"Er, w-well," Izuku paused while trying to think of how to word it without further angering his friend. "Because you're being very, uh, careful? And you wouldn't come near me earlier or let me near you last night. And sometimes you shy away from physical contact. But I guess that doesn't mean you're afraid of me or anything. Maybe you just don't like it when I touch you, or maybe you're starting to hate me again and I should be giving you more space but then-

Izuku's gaze moved to the floor as he placed the side of his index finger over his mouth, beginning to ramble on to himself in a low voice. Katsuki glowered at him in annoyance and let him go on for a moment. Finally when he'd realized Izuku wasn't going to stop and had enough he squeezed the hand still trapped in his to get the other's attention, causing him to wince.

"Kacchan!" Izuku whined, reflexively trying to pull his hand away. But Katsuki wasn't having that, refusing to let go and pulling it right back to his side roughly. "It still stings a little."

"Then stop muttering to yourself like a fucking psycho and listen to me." Katsuki's glare softened and he looked down at their feet. "I'm not afraid of you, fucking nerd. And I don't hate you. I mean, I'm still here aren't I? I...

He began to hesitate and Izuku could see he was struggling. Katsuki wasn't used to saying things like this and probably didn't even know where he was going with it. Or if he did he was just having a tough time getting it out. So Izuku scooted over so their sides were touching and bumped their shoulders lightly to urge him to go on. Katsuki looked up to him and Izuku could see the redness just beginning to form on his face before he quickly looked back down to the ground.

"...I really fucking like having you around, Deku. A lot. A real fucking lot. Like, fuck, just a lot, okay? A-and," he paused and Izuku took a second to register that wow Bakugou Katsuki just stuttered. "Do you trust me, Deku?"

Izuku raised an eyebrow and stared at Katsuki questioningly. Why wouldn't he trust him? Katsuki was his best friend and, from the sound of what Katsuki was saying, he was Katsuki's best friend now too. It would take more than one little incident in the middle of the night to break that bond all over again.

"Of course, Kacchan."

Katsuki looked to Izuku's hand in his and then stared into his eyes as he brought the hand to his face. He cupped both of his hands around Izuku's one hand and kissed the palm softly, causing Izuku's whole face to turn red instantly as he wondered what was happening.

"Then I promise I won't hurt you again, okay? If I ever do you can kick my sorry fucking ass all you want and I won't fight back," Katsuki told him quietly. He still held Izuku's hand close to his mouth, and Izuku shuddered a little from the breath that tickled his skin.

With his face still red as can be Izuku nodded quietly, shocked at the promise Katsuki was making. Where was this coming from all of a sudden? He would have never expected even a fraction of any
of this from the other in the past.

But we're not in the past anymore.

Izuku pushed his hand forward and rested it on Katsuki's cheek. "I'm not going to beat you up, Kacchan. That would be dumb. Think of something else."

Katsuki ran through some options in his mind, but almost all of them consisted of violence. So he took a moment to try to think of something Izuku might actually approve of. "I can't sleep with you for a month? I don't fucking know."

Izuku laughed and pulled Katsuki back, dropping them both onto the bed and wrapping his arms around the boy's neck in a hug as he lied on him from the side. "That would be punishing me too, Kacchan. How about you just don't do it? There doesn't have to be a punishment. Just don't disappoint me."

Katsuki lied there in surprise with his arms hovering in the air above Izuku's back, then slowly brought them down to hug him, too. The small smile on his face was soft and warm, but Izuku didn't see it because his own face was buried in Katsuki's neck.

"I won't."

Izuku nuzzled further into Katsuki's neck and hugged him tighter. It was hard to tell if this moment they were having was Katsuki admitting his feelings or not, so Izuku was afraid to push it any further with the danger of scaring him off.

"Deku." Izuku let out a low hum in response, not wanting to move from their current position. He would lie like this all day if he could, but knew Katsuki was most likely about to tell him they should start the day.

"I want to kiss you."

Or he was going to say something that would make Izuku choke on his own spit. Which he just did because where was the Katsuki that was afraid of holding hands and how did he find this one that blurted out his desires just like that?

Katsuki pushed him back and frantically looked him over as Izuku had a coughing fit, trying to figure out what just happened to the other.

"I-I'm... I'm fi-fine," Izuku reassured him between coughs, and Katsuki began patting his back gently after pulling him back down into another hug. "Do you know what you just said, Kacchan?"

"Yeah. I said I want to fucking kiss you. So can I or not?" Izuku coughed a couple more times and Katsuki began to glare. "Hey, are you fucking dying or what? Kissing me can't be that fucking bad, assrag. So quit choking on air and answer me you shit!"

"N-no!" Izuku pushed himself up with his hands on Katsuki's chest below. He watched Katsuki's face morph from annoyance to disappointment. "Er, w-wait! I don't mean... I-I mean no to the dying. I'm not dying. And to the disgust. You don't disgust me at all. I, uh, we, er... Y-you can totally, um, kiss me. Definitely. Yeah. Yes. Sure. I was hoping for that one day actually. I would love that, Kacchan. Please do it."

Katsuki stared at him, a little confused by his wording. But as far as he could tell he had permission to continue, so he grabbed the front of Izuku's shirt and pulled him down, securing their first kiss. Their noses bumped together and both pulled back, causing Izuku to giggle at him and Katsuki to
huff angrily at the ruined moment.

"Kacchan, you have to turn your head," Izuku informed him, to which Katsuki growled in response.

"I fucking know that! I thought you were going to do it you shit! But I guess I have to do fucking everything like always." Although in actuality he didn't know that. He didn't know anything about this kind of stuff and was just winging it. He never cared to watch or read anything that was sappy or didn't have to do with heroes. But at this moment, as his face began to heat up even more from embarrassment at his blunder, he started to wish he had known something beforehand.

Izuku held back his laughter at Katsuki's words, knowing he was just trying to save face for the fact he was probably excited. But Izuku couldn't blame him as he had gotten lost in the moment as well and didn't think about anything else.

They both closed in again and their lips connected for only a few seconds. A short, chaste kiss that was much better than the previous one. Izuku rolled over and laid his back on top of Katsuki, who grunted from the sudden added weight.

"The fuck are you doing, Deku?" He tried very hard to ignore where certain body parts were placed at the moment, focusing on the mop of hair just below his nose.

"As part of your apology I want unlimited access to your body," Izuku said while stretching his limbs, getting comfortable on top of the other and closing his eyes. Katsuki could feel that twinge in his stomach all over again and had to take a second to think about what was just said.

"You don't know what you're saying," he argued, knowing full-well there was no way Izuku meant what was nagging at the back of his mind now. Even though he would not fight against such a wish he knew the other probably meant something far less adult-oriented.

"Yeah I do. It means you have to hold me whenever I want and I can lay or sit on you whenever I want," Izuku explained, unknowingly proving Katsuki right. He'd wanted to be closer to Katsuki for a while now but couldn't muster up the courage to just randomly start doing things like that. He definitely couldn't ask the other for it either as he didn't officially know the extent to what Katsuki felt for him. He only had a hunch until now.

Katsuki had to take a moment to marvel at the boy's innocence and had to wonder if Izuku had any hormones at all yet. Regardless of such he couldn't really argue against this condition after last night. Not that he really wanted to anyway. If Izuku wanted to sit in his lap all the time he'd let him. Even if it was in front of other people. It would serve to let everyone know that Izuku was his and if they had a problem with it he would blow them sky high.

"Sure, whatever," was Katsuki's response. He pulled his arms up around Izuku's chest and squeezed him lightly. "But we still have to train today and we haven't even eaten yet. So we should get started on the day."

He could practically feel the disappointment emanating from the boy on top of him. His arms rose and fell as Izuku let out a silent sigh that he wouldn't have caught if he wasn't holding him. He could understand the other's dismay as he would be content lying here with Izuku for another hour or so before he needed to move around, but the League of Villains aren't going to wait for them and they shouldn't wait for the villains either.

"Come on, nerd. We can't stay here forever and you know it."

"Fiiiine," Izuku drawled out, sitting up on Katsuki's waist. He then turned and looked down at the
other. "But I have a question first, Kacchan."

*If you don't get the fuck off my dick you're not going to get to ask it.* Katsuki glared at him and held back the urge to shove the boy on the ground. "Shoot."

"Are we, uh," Izuku's mouth clamped shut and he looked around nervously, appearing to be too shy to say whatever he wanted to say. Which only served to anger Katsuki because he was just kissing him and blurting out things like having unlimited access to his body, so what was suddenly too embarrassing to say out loud?

"B-boyfriends?"

*Oh.*

He took back what he said as that actually was a little awkward. If only because it sounded like one of those sappy things Katsuki never kept up with before. But that's what he wanted, right? To be Izuku's boyfriend?

"...Yeah. We are."

"Cool," Izuku replied, grinning so brightly his eyes closed. "Then I can finally say this: I love you, Kacchan!"

Izuku didn't wait for a response, opting instead to finally get off of his new boyfriend and run to the bags where they kept their food and clothes. They'd both been in their pajamas all morning anyway.

They'd been working so hard on getting him combat ready that he hasn't had a chance to train his quirk any, so Katsuki tasked him with doing that for as long as he could today. His excitement was evident on his face this morning. He was finally going to be able to start getting One For All stronger, and given enough time would be able to use it at 100% consistently. It would be so much fun.

But more importantly, he was excited that he finally had Katsuki.

**Chapter End Notes**

This one took a while because I always feel like my emotional scenes are like soap operas and that bugs me. Had to re-edit some of this like four times, lol. BUT THEY'RE FINALLY TOGETHER AND KISSING AND BEING GAY AND STUFF SO YAY

AND MAYBE GOING FURTHER NEXT CHAPTER CAUSE KATSUKI IS A HORMONAL LITTLE FUCK

.....We'll see what happens. I'm excited to get to a certain scene in chapter 10 concerning a certain villain and a certain hero~ This song I'm listening to makes me play that scene out so much in my head.
Chapter 9

Chapter Notes

So first we'll start with a warning:

Yes the explicit smut has happened. I changed the rating and tags as well.

But no obviously this entire chapter isn't just a PwP. I KNOW I SAID THERE WOULDN'T BE SMUT TO A FEW OF YOU BUT... It happened anyway.

Anyway. Here's another monster chapter of 9.7k words. Things are heating up (haha pun intended) and the beginning of the pain train is now in sight. As well as the final arc of this story. Which also means this is, sadly, the final stretch of the story.

Hope you all enjoy!

(shoutout to Sellen23 for first comment this time! ^^ And also to toastedegg and Belmak for helping me get over my irrational fear of decision making for this chapter <3)

See the end of the chapter for more notes

"You ready?" Katsuki asked, pushing his right arm as far to the left as he could to stretch. He heard a small pop when he finally got it far enough and proceeded to do the same with the opposite arm. His eyes landed on Izuku, who was sitting on the ground with his legs out and bending forward to touch the tips of his shoes. He could feel the warm breeze pass through the sleeves of his shirt as he did so. He wore a short sleeved black T-shirt and dark blue shorts for today in an attempt to keep his movements as unhindered as possible for this.

"Just another minute," Izuku answered, throwing his arms up high above his head and arching his back forward. Izuku went almost the same route, but his T-shirt was white and his shorts were black and more fitting. "Am I using my quirk this time?"

"Nah." As much as Katsuki hated to admit it, Izuku's quirk was starting to become too much for him to handle. Around the time he began saying he was 'at 50%' was the time Katsuki was finally having trouble keeping up with him. Not to mention the punches really began to wind him around then. He trained his quirk each and every day for so long that he would collapse and Katsuki would have to carry him back. He was beginning to get more like All Might when it came to his speed and strength. Not quite there yet, but getting there. "My eyes can keep up with you but my body can't."

Katsuki still had no idea what he meant whenever the other boy went off spouting out percentages and such, but understood through experiences that the higher the number the stronger and faster he seemed to become. It was annoying to think Izuku will soon have the power to surpass him, but he didn't plan on letting that make him hate the other once again. He would always try to remember the words All Might spoke to him that day if he happened to feel a flare up of jealousy any time.

"If you compare someone at level 1 to someone at level 50... Then the pace at which they grow can't be totally even, now can it?"
If anything it just meant he wouldn't have to babysit him anymore, right?

Plus it helped train his own reflexes and quick thinking. But up to a certain point even if his eyes could keep up with Izuku, his body just couldn't meet the speed.

Through all the 'team building' exercises, as the notebook had named them, the two of them learned more about the other thought. Izuku had come to realize more than before that even if Katsuki doesn't talk about his plans he actually does think his actions through beforehand in combat. Somewhat. When his pride and anger aren't in the way mostly.

After two months of working together on various projects the duo had learned well enough what the other would do in most situations. It didn't take long for both of them to figure out Aizawa was making them do these things so they would work better as a two-man team. Unfortunately it had the drawback of making sparring a little more pointless as instead of getting better at fighting it turned into more of a competition between who can be more unpredictable. They learned how each other fought, synced up pretty easily now, and knew what moves the other would use.

Regardless of such the two continued to do it because it was more fun than anything else there was to do in the middle of a forest with only a lake, a clearing and an already explored cave to entertain them.

"Hurry up Deku!" Katsuki shouted. They still needed to go into town today and he didn't want to get back after the sun had already set.

"Alright, alright," Izuku said, standing up. He knew Katsuki got more of a kick out of this than he did. He didn't always care much for fighting just for the sake of fighting, but if it made Katsuki happy then he was happy to do it as well. Plus it was a way to spend time with him.

Katsuki pulled a pebble out of his pocket and tossed it up a short distance, then caught it and grinned at Izuku. "Ready?"

"Yep," Izuku replied, putting one foot in front of the other and preparing to charge.

Katsuki tossed the pebble high up into the air and got ready himself. As per usual the moment the pebble hit the ground they would begin. Both continued to stare at each other as the small rock flipped through the air.

The second it touched the ground they were off.

Within a couple of seconds they had approached each other, their fists colliding knuckles to knuckles. Katsuki grabbed Izuku's wrist with his other hand and Izuku threw his foot forward, stomping down on Katsuki's ankle to keep him from turning. He knew Katsuki was going to try to throw him over his head, so he turned on his own heel and pulled the other up. His hand snapped to Katsuki's own wrist to keep him from pulling away and as Katsuki flew through the air he brought his free hand down on Izuku's shoulder to drag him down, too.

They both landed on the ground, Katsuki on his back and Izuku on his face. Katsuki tried to roll backwards but was met with resistance from Izuku's hands on his stomach mid-roll. He'd predicted Katsuki would try to pin him, and so wanted to stop him instead of getting up. In response Katsuki rolled forward and stood up at the same time as Izuku. He punched forward and Izuku blocked the hit with the side of his forearm, pulling his hand around in a sideways chop that Katsuki blocked with his other arm. He kicked at Izuku's waist and Izuku jumped up, landing on Katsuki's leg and using it as leverage to jump forward and kick the side of Katsuki's head.
Katsuki ducked under him and let Izuku pass over his head, who spun around upon landing and was met with a push to the chest. He stumbled back a step and saw Katsuki taking a step forward to punch his stomach. He pulled his knee up to block it while throwing a punch himself that Katsuki took a step back to dodge. The fist stopped just in front of his face and he kicked forward. His foot hit Izuku in the stomach, pushing him back.

Katsuki charged forward, intent on keeping up the offense now that he'd gotten another strike in and his fist aimed for Izuku's face. Izuku caught it and narrowly caught the second fist that was coming for his side. Katsuki didn't hesitate from any of this, pushing his knee forward and hitting Izuku in the gut. The attack caused the latter to double over and stomp his foot down on Katsuki's, then pull him over his shoulder and slam Katsuki onto the ground. He punched downwards and his fist collided with the ground as Katsuki rolled away and stood up. They both ran forward and their fists struck each other once more. They both grabbed each other's hands and began pushing forward, attempting to wrestle the other down. Their eyes met while their faces were so close and they both smiled at each other, Izuku's a determined smile and Katsuki's a toothy grin.

All in all the two had hit a stride in their training in which they found out Izuku was much better at defense than at offense and Katsuki vice versa. It likely turned out that way due to Katsuki being the main aggressor when training Izuku to defend himself. All the training sessions must have caused them to fall into a rut of Izuku defending more than attacking and Katsuki staying the aggressor. But as far as the two were concerned that just meant they made up for each other's weaknesses.

Izuku made sure not to bring up that observation, not wanting to anger his partner with the word 'weakness'.

They pushed away from each other when they realized they weren't going to get the other down. Katsuki punched forward again and Izuku blocked it, immediately ducking under a kick aimed for his head and then jumping above another aimed at his legs. When he landed he did another sideways chop that Katsuki ducked under while spinning around to add momentum to his next attack. Izuku kicked his leg out at the same time Katsuki did, both legs striking each other and sending the two reeling back from the other.

Izuku took the opportunity to jump forward while Katsuki was still regaining his balance, his legs landing on Katsuki's shoulders and wrapping around his head to blind him. He clasped his hands together and pulled them up while Katsuki stumbled backwards, ready to administer a downward strike. Katsuki's flailing arms came up and reached around blindly for Izuku's, catching them as they came down and holding them together. He ran forward hoping to crash Izuku's back into a tree, and when Izuku glanced over his shoulder to see they were approaching one of the boulders he panicked and let go. His legs dropped down and he stomped on Katsuki's feet, causing him to trip and both of them to go tumbling to the ground while still rolling forward.

Izuku landed on top of Katsuki, mounted on his waist, and pinned his wrists down on the ground. Katsuki growled and began to struggle, but Izuku quickly brought his legs together behind him, under Katsuki's legs, to keep his stuck together so he couldn't kick Izuku off. They stayed like that for a while, Izuku waiting for Katsuki to yield as he knew there was no way the other could get out of this.

"Get the fuck off!"

It was in that moment that he realized something was poking him from below. He shifted back just a little and looked down, causing Katsuki to struggle harder. He then lifted himself a bit to try to see what was stuck between them and saw the hardness beginning to form between Katsuki's legs.
Izuku's face began to heat up when he finally figured out what it was that was poking him before and he looked to Katsuki, who had finally stopped writhing beneath him and was now glaring at him.

Reality dawned on him and Izuku learned that Bakugou Katsuki got turned on by fighting his boyfriend.

"I give. Now get the fuck off," he said calmly.

Izuku let him go and rolled off of him, sitting on the ground next to him. Katsuki sat up, cross-legged, and immediately spun around so his back was facing Izuku, placing his hands on the ground behind himself. He still found it awkwardly embarrassing when this happened. But at least it was a rather uncommon occurrence. And only the first time Izuku had caught him. Not counting that time they first slept together in the hotel.

"Kacchan, do I... Er, do I turn you on?"

The sudden question caused a small explosion to erupt from both of Katsuki’s hands, making Izuku jump in place. Katsuki quickly patted the ground to put out the small flames in the grass before they spread and looked over his shoulder to Izuku.

"What the fuck? Hell no. Who the fuck do you think you are?" Katsuki barked out at him, glaring as he did so.

One thing Izuku learned about Katsuki that he never would've expected was that Katsuki seemed to be big on physical contact. The word to describe him properly, that he wouldn't dare use in front of the other, would be 'cuddly'.

He thought it would be himself initiating all of the hugs and everything but in the end it was Katsuki that would lay his head in Izuku's lap for naps, and Izuku would always pet his head softly to help lull him to sleep. Or it was Katsuki that would pull Izuku down to sit in his lap during their breaks between training, and Izuku would always make himself comfortable without complaint. Or it was Katsuki that would hug Izuku from behind when he just wanted to be near him, and Izuku would always tilt his head to the side to let Katsuki bury his face in the crook of his neck. It was especially entertaining whenever Katsuki managed to keep his usual glare while doing any of these.

Not that he disliked Katsuki being all over him. If anything he thought he'd have a hard time getting near the other for extended periods of time. But Katsuki seemed to always cling to him as if he were overly protective. Possessive, even. Like he perceived anything and everything as a threat to Izuku's safety. But Izuku liked the intimacy all the same. It made him feel comfortable and safe when he could lean back and rest his head against Katsuki's shoulder, or during the rare occurrences when Katsuki would let his guard down just to be comfortable with Izuku.

It made him so happy to know that Katsuki trusted him in such a way. Even if it was only when they were alone.

So it was at moments like these, when Katsuki wouldn't even face him, that he knew he had to tread extra carefully.

"Your boyfriend?" Izuku answered, scratching his cheek with his index finger softly. A small, apologetic smile decorated his features and he scooted forward to sit next to Katsuki, who jerked his head to the side to look away from him. "I am, right?"
Katsuki grumbled, crossing his arms angrily, and Izuku assumed that was him agreeing. "So what you shit?"

"It's not like I'm mad or anything, Kacchan. I'm just curious," Izuku continued, pulling his knees up to his chin and rocking back and forth slowly. "It's not like I didn't already think so. I mean, that one night a couple of months ago, when you said you had that weird dream about me? You, uh... W-well, you were kind of, um... M-moving around and saying my name in your sleep. That's why I was already awake."

Another involuntary explosion, this one big enough to knock Izuku over even though it wasn't even pointed towards him. Izuku helped pat down the small flame that was created in the grass and crawled to sit on his knees in front of Katsuki. After that he was happy to believe it was good he didn't use the more specific term for what Katsuki was trying to do to him from behind in his sleep. Let alone explaining the places his hands roamed to during the event.

Great. So the second time he's caught me. Katsuki groaned quietly at the thought.

"I-it's really not that big of a deal, Kacchan!" If anything it made him a bit happy that Katsuki could think of him like that. He was not totally oblivious to things of that nature and wouldn't mind trying it out, but he wouldn't ever have tried to force Katsuki. At least knowing this, if they ever did try anything, he knew it wouldn't be against the other's will. "I've kind of, w-well, th-thought of you in the same manner before. I wouldn't be opposed to trying things out..."

He hoped admitting he was in a similar situation would help to calm Katsuki. To know it wasn't a one-sided attraction and that he wasn't alone in it between the both of them. Calming Katsuki would be a very important skill to have if they were going to spend their days together.

He could only assume it was doing the trick as Katsuki's scowl softened when his gaze shifted to him. Katsuki examined him in disbelief for a moment, his eyes slowly moving up and down. He appeared to be searching Izuku for signs of lying.

"Why are you looking at me like that?" Izuku questioned, glaring at him for the mistrust. He balled his hands up into fists and rested them on his legs, hunching his shoulders forward. He looked as earnest as could be. "What do you want me to do to prove it? Describe the first time I masturbated while thinking about you? Because the first time isn't even the most recent time."

Katsuki froze, his mouth hung open a small bit and his eyes widened as far as they could go...

...What?

Where the fuck did this kid's shame just go? He was a stuttering mess most of the time and then he would just get these random bursts of confidence whenever he was trying to convince the other of something. It made Katsuki wonder if this is more how Izuku would've been like if he hadn't been put down for so long in his life. It felt like he was getting small glimpses at the real, unhindered Izuku who was no longer so afraid.

"What the fuck, Deku? Even I keep a lid on it when it comes to this kind of shit," Katsuki finally responded.

"But you don't have to! I want to know you better, Kacchan. I love you, so you don't have to hide yourself from me, okay? I know it's kind of embarrassing because we haven't been together that long, and considering how much you used to hate me, but c'mon Kacchan. If it really bothered me I would've said something." Izuku held his hand out for Katsuki to take, tilting his head to the side a little and giving the other a hopeful smile. "I think it's kind of cool in fact. It just means you think
I'm, um... A-attractive. Right? Even with all the names you call me?"

Katsuki grabbed his hand and abruptly jerked him forward. Izuku yelped and placed his other hand on Katsuki's leg to keep himself from falling as he stopped right in front of Katsuki's face. He got a face full of Katsuki's angry stare and flinched reflexively.

"Do you think those stupid fucking insults mean anything?" In the past sure, and when addressing other people maybe. But he hoped Izuku knew his name calling meant nothing when directed at him anymore.

His hopes were ascertained when Izuku shook his head slowly, so he let the other go. But instead of moving away Izuku surprised Katsuki by closing the distance and kissing him, placing his now freed hand on the ground next to Katsuki's other leg. As per usual it didn't last too long, but when Izuku tried to pull away Katsuki grabbed the front of his shirt and kept him there while pushing forward to deepen the kiss. The two were still clumsily inexperienced, but always enjoyed the feel of the other's lips nonetheless.

"Agh!"

Until Katsuki decided to be too rough, that is.

"What the... Kacchan! You bit me!" Izuku sucked on his bottom lip to try to ease the sting, still stuck in close proximity from Katsuki's grip on his shirt. "That hurt!"

"Then don't try to get away when I'm not fucking done yet," Katsuki reprimanded him, giving the other an evil little grin. It was quickly replaced with a serious frown though. He wouldn't be beat out by Izuku in this matter either. If that little twerp could have all the confidence in the world then so could he.

"You don't want me to filter shit? Fine. I've wanted to fuck you for like three months now. I literally have dreams where I fuck you eight different ways and you scream my goddamn name the entire time." He paused to point down at Izuku's lap, "I hate when you wear those shorts during training too, because I can't focus when they show your ass off like that."

Even with his summoned courage he could still feel his entire face burning by the end of it. He could see Izuku regretted pushing him, too, as his face was completely red. Whatever he was expecting from Katsuki, it definitely wasn't that. He expected something simpler, like 'yeah you're attractive' or the like. Not a brief description of what went on in his head.

He wasn't complaining though. Not by any means.

The silence that permeated the air between the two of them was heavy. Katsuki was beginning to regret his own words. Did he say too much? Was Izuku going to hate that? Maybe he should've kept all of that to himself. But Izuku just kept pushing him. He didn't want to back down from Izuku of all people. And Izuku said he wanted to know more.

He was about to say something to dismiss all that he just said, play it off as a joke of some sort, but Izuku beat him to the punch with his own risky declaration. A deadly serious look was on his bright red face through every word.

"So why haven't you done it yet?"

Katsuki's eyes widened a fraction for just a moment, and then he was glaring at the boy right before him. "Don't think I won't fuck you into the goddamn ground right here and now, shitty Deku."
"Do it then, Kacchan," Izuku ordered confidently, his expression unchanging. Regardless of his embarrassment from talking like this, if Katsuki needed a push then he would gladly push. "I'm not stopping you."

They both stared each other down, the tension growing more and more palpable as the seconds ticked by. Katsuki didn't respond, holding himself back from tackling the other right here and now, and Izuku keeping his expression as serious as possible. He felt so ashamed for speaking in such a way, but he's had a similar dream or two before and at this point wouldn't be afraid to act them out right here and now.

"If I could interrupt before you two have at each other."

Both heads snapped to the side to stare at the intruder. Izuku pulled away from Katsuki quickly and covered his face in shame, trying not to cry from embarrassment at being caught in such a moment after having said that. Katsuki scowled at the intruder who killed the moment the two were having. Because of course it would be him to do it.

Izuku may be embarrassed about other people hearing him speak in such a way, being happy he didn't let himself succumb to using any vulgar words, but Katsuki couldn't care less now that he knew Izuku approved. Izuku's opinion was the only one he cared about.

"What the fuck do you want you scruffy shitrag?" Katsuki snarled at him. "We didn't call you."

"No," Aizawa stated calmly, still refusing to let Katsuki's attitude get to him, "you didn't. And that's why I came here. I haven't heard a thing from either of you in nearly three months. But now I can see why. You've been, ahem, preoccupied."

"Fuck you. We've been training every single day since you left," Katsuki argued, standing up now. "And how long have you been here, being a fucking voyeur, huh? You sick bastard."

"I arrived just a moment before that pebble you tossed in the air hit the ground and you both began your fight," Aizawa answered, shoving his hands in his pockets and beginning to approach the duo.

Izuku buried his face deeper into his hands. He heard literally everything. He saw them kissing. He heard Izuku talk about masturbating to thoughts of Katsuki. Not that that was bad per se, just... It was a private matter. One he didn't feel Aizawa needed to know at all. Even if he knew the man wouldn't care in the slightest.

"I didn't interrupt because, as I'm sure you two would've figured out, your assignments were designed to do a number of things," Aizawa continued, stopping just in front of the pair. "One being to help Midoriya get better at combat. By the looks of it he has progressed fairly well if he pinned you fair and square, Bakugou."

Katsuki didn't let the comment get to him. He worked his ass off to get Izuku this good, so in a way it was the same as saying he succeeded in beating even himself. He taught Izuku to fight for himself and no longer felt ashamed at the prospect of losing to him in a fair fight. If Izuku still lost a hundred times consistently then that would just mean Katsuki had failed him. And that would be no good at all.

"Another being for the two of you to get closer and hopefully form a good enough bond to become a team who could cooperate well together. I'm assuming from what I've seen, and heard, that the two of you have gotten closer than I ever expected. But could you see yourself working with Midoriya, Bakugou?"
"The fuck kind of question is that? You saw us sucking face, didn't you?" Katsuki couldn't believe this guy.

"Neither romantic interest nor sexual desire is equal to cooperation in combat or teamwork in general. A married couple can be just as uncoordinated as rabid chimpanzees," Aizawa explained, staring down at Katsuki. He took note of the fact that he did not have to look as far down anymore, either.

It really has been a while since the start of all of this.

"Are you comparing us-"

"No," Aizawa cut Katsuki off, shifting his gaze to Izuku who was just beginning to stand up. He also took note of the fact Izuku pulled on Katsuki's shirt to help himself stand and Katsuki seemed completely indifferent about the action, not even glancing over at the other boy. It showed they could tolerate each other more since he last saw them. "I am saying that your relationship only plays half of the role in your teamwork. You still need to practice actually working together."

"But we have been!" Izuku finally chimed in, trying to take a step forward but being stopped by Katsuki's hand moving in front of him. He rolled his eyes and glared at Katsuki for a brief second, having thought they were over this by now. "We did all the exercises where we have to work together! I think..."

"You think?"

"Well, Kacchan still hasn't let me see what's inside the notebook. He said he didn't want me to cheat so I didn't look inside when he made me promise not to."

Aizawa looked to Katsuki, who was frowning at him with both of his hands in his pockets now. His usual expression when he wasn't angry, but Aizawa could see the fire in his eyes. He could read behind the lines of Katsuki's expression that whispered 'go on and tell him'.

He could probably guess what two specific assignments he didn't want Izuku to see. He originally put them in there for the sake of helping him to get used to people helping him and getting him used to working with others. To teach him he didn't have to do every little thing on his own. But Aizawa could also see the merits in not allowing Izuku to know of the objectives, not to mention the wedge it could drive between them if Izuku were to believe that all the progress they made was forced upon them. So he would let it slide.

"Good. I told him not to let you see when we spoke alone," Aizawa said while staring at Katsuki. He would help the boy save face this once in the hopes of garnering more of his trust. Katsuki continued to frown at him, but he could see the fire in his eyes dissipating now. Katsuki's body appeared less tense now as well. "If you have been doing the exercises, then well done. Do you both feel ready to come with me yet?"

Izuku opened his mouth to answer, but Katsuki threw a hand over his face to shut him up while answering first. "No."

"Oh?" Aizawa questioned, a little surprised that Katsuki would hesitate to join the fight. Izuku looked at him in surprise. "Are you not done with all of the assignments?"

"Deku isn't ready. He still needs to finish getting his quirk to 100% or whatever the fuck," Katsuki clarified for the both of them. When Izuku pulled his hand off and tried to speak Katsuki held a finger up in front of the other boy's face. "You saw what that bastard All For One did to All Might
when they fought on the news, dweeb. Do you really feel prepared to fight that without being at your very best? You still haven't even beaten me while I'm using my quirk and, as much as I hate to admit it, I'm not even a scrap of shit compared to All For One."

Aizawa was surprised, to say the least, to hear that from Katsuki. He truly must be getting over his superiority complex faster than Aizawa expected. There was still hope for him to be a great hero after all.

"But I'll have you with me, Kacchan," Izuku tried to argue, and Katsuki turned his attention towards him now.

"It took the both of us just to get away from All Might while he was handicapped back then, Deku! We're going after the guy who beat him at full strength! It wouldn't matter if we had All Might himself with us, we can't just go waltzing in there like we own the fucking place!" Katsuki yelled in his face. He grabbed his arm and jerked him close, leaving little distance between their faces. "We're not going until you're ready. Not when you think you're ready, but when you're ready. And not a single goddamn fucking second sooner."

He wasn't going to risk losing Izuku to this guy unless he felt like the two of them could win for sure. He wasn't going to endanger Izuku's life without reason and a good chance of winning on top of said reason. He refused to.

"Well I will have to refer to Bakugou's judgment on the matter, given your history of rash decisions, Midoriya," Aizawa decided, waving a hand in-between their faces to bring their attention back up towards him. "Continue to strengthen your quirk and get it as strong as you can because Bakugou is correct. We're going to need every bit of strength we can get to fight All For One. Neither sheer numbers nor power will defeat him. It will take technique as well as power. And, as much as I hate to involve children in this at all, you two will be our main power houses."

Izuku frowned but nodded nonetheless. He wanted to get rid of All For One now. To end the League of Villains and bring the hero society back already. But both of them were right. If he rushed it he would only end up failing in the end.

"Okay."

Katsuki let him go and Izuku rubbed his arm where Katsuki had gripped it. It felt sore from the strength he used in the hold.

_He must be really upset about me going to fight All For One..._

"Good. I have to get back to Present Mic. I left him alone in the city and if he gets in trouble his quirk is not suited for staying low-key," Aizawa said. Both of the boys perked up and Izuku took a step forward, reaching out to Aizawa's retreating back.

"Wait, Present Mic is still alive? Who else is?"

"Present Mic's quirk, while not suitable for stealth, has a large area of effect that cannot be blocked as easily as covering your ears. Can you imagine how hard it would be to catch someone who can stop a large group of enemies with one utterance?" Aizawa explained, stopping and looking over his shoulder at the two. "Hence why I am paired with him. I cannot handle large groups for long periods of time should I get caught out. We balance each other out. All the remaining heroes operate in groups like that these days, covering each other's weaknesses. As for the others, you do not need to worry about them. I would appreciate it if you were to avoid them in fact."
"Avoid them?" Izuku questioned, confused as to why they should be avoiding their allies.

"Yes. We believed there to be a traitor in our midst among the teachers of U.A. in the recent past. We are still not absolutely sure they are gone. That is why I am the one in charge of keeping all the heroes connected and I only present heroes with information I feel that specific hero needs to know. Nothing more and nothing less. The group as a whole voted me for this position, unfortunately," Aizawa explained, beginning to walk away and waving his hand over his shoulder dismissively. He was not happy about having to be the human information hub. "I haven't told anyone about either of you yet, not even Present Mic knows what I am doing right now, and, on the off chance there is still a traitor, I would like for them to not get you killed while you're both secluded out here with no pro heroes to protect you. So avoid contact with all of them as best you can, please."

The duo watched him leave. Once he was out of sight and headed back for town Izuku turned and tackled Katsuki, trying to pin him on the ground again. A surprise attack to continue their long forgotten spar.

"I'll fuckin' kill you, shitty Deku!"

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"You all look like the same newbies I sent to capture Bakugou that night."

"Shigaraki, please."

Tomura sat on his barstool, elbow resting on the counter and cheek on his fist while leaning back just slightly. He was looking over his subordinates after deeming their training 'relatively complete'. They still needed a lot of work in his own opinion, as well as probably having no real teamwork built into them at all, but the tracking Noumu has been found and Tomura wanted to waste no more time getting rid of the two former U.A. students.

"Looks can be deceiving, Kurogiri. I am complimenting them in a way. They look weak, but now they are... Somewhat strong," Tomura continued.

"Sure doesn't sound like you're complimenting us," Dabi stated, tilting his head to the side. "Back handed compliments at best."

"Take it how you want," Tomura said, "as long as you do your job. We have the tracking Noumu, but, naturally, he has lost the scent after so long. Kurogiri, I will need you to retrieve an item from the Midoriya boy's home this time. A pillow, the bed sheet, something that would have his scent still lingering on it."

"Not from Bakugou's house this time?" Kurogiri questioned, setting down the bar glass and washcloth he was using to clean the cup.

"No. Evidently nobody here can deal with Bakugou in a regular fight. So I've come up with an idea to handle him." Tomura leaned forward, crossing his arms and pulling one leg over the other. "We still need our other party member before we go after them. Kurogiri and I will deal with Bakugou. The rest of you can handle Midoriya."

"Isn't getting that guy for this mission kind of over kill?" Dabi asked, referring to the 'other party member'. He sat back in his chair at a table while he spoke, "we should be able to handle it just fine with the people we've got now."
"Yes. It is," Tomura agreed, beginning to scratch lightly at his neck. The scratching slowly became more intense as he spoke, "but, you see, these two have proved that going in simply 'prepared' is not enough. I do not wish to be stuck chasing these kids forever. I want them gone. I want them deleted from this Earth. I want them gone now."

Suddenly he stopped as everyone in the room stared at him with unease. Kurogiri continued to wipe down the bar cups, unfazed by the show of frustration. Shouto stayed as far away as he could, leaning against the wall in a corner of the room with his arms crossed.

If he throws a tantrum and decides to kill someone, it will probably be me, Shouto thought to himself, wanting to keep a wide berth from the man.

"So we are going to get rid of them now. Then we are going to hunt down the remaining pro heroes and finish what was started. We've allowed them to continue their warped brand of 'justice' long enough." Tomura, instead of turning his head, tilted it to the side and his eyes rolled to the corner so he could get a glimpse of Kurogiri. "Why are you still here?"

Kurogiri sighed and placed down the objects in his hands, warping away to the Midoriya household. He knew the coordinates to both Izuku's and Katsuki's houses, as he and Tomura have both been there before for various reasons.

Tomura turned to look over the rest of his subordinates, all of them watching him carefully. His eyes fixated on Kenji.

"Bring the Noumu in and take Todoroki to his room, Magne." His gaze shifted to Shouto, who was now looking at him with surprise. "I'm taking no chances. I don't want him to have a sudden need to save his friends when they're in sight."

"I'm not going to help them, Shigaraki," Shouto argued quietly, but followed Kenji through the door regardless. He knew better than to be openly insubordinate in this organization. "You should learn to trust me more. I can help."

Tomura agreed with him on that. Shouto would be an enormous help, but the risk was too much. These two were always saved by something or someone.

Not this time.

Katsuki looked around the clearing again, the area illuminated only by faint moonlight and starlight, just to make sure Izuku wasn't there. He couldn't seem to find the other boy. Last he saw Izuku was in the cave while he was practicing explosions in the very back before Izuku walked out. He shouted something about going somewhere, but Katsuki didn't hear over the barrage of explosions coming from his own hands.

Maybe he forgot something in town, Katsuki reasoned with himself, turning to head towards the lake. He was going to tell Izuku that he would be at the lake if the other needed him, but if Izuku went to town then he'd be done bathing before the teen returned. They'd just meet back up at the cave.

Once he made it to the lake he began stripping, tossing his clothes onto a small, nearby boulder to keep from dropping them on the ground. He slipped one foot into the water, hissing at the chill
from it. He hadn't checked the date recently, but it felt like it was beginning to turn autumn. Slowly he let himself slide into the water, the water stopping at his neck when his feet touched the ground below. He shivered while he waited for his body to adjust to the temperature. It wasn't ridiculously cold, but it was quite a contrast compared to being clothed.

Suddenly he felt something grab his ankle under the water. He kicked his other foot forward in surprise as his hand fizzled, a small explosion emitting from the palm. He'd intended for it to be a big one that would blow the water, and whatever was in it, away, but in the heat of the moment forgot his quirk does not cooperate well with being wet.

His foot still connected with something below and he took a step back, staring at the water's surface and waiting for whatever was there to try to grab him again. Then Izuku popped out of the water, rubbing the side of his face with a glare, and used his other hand to push his wet hair out of his face. The water caused his hair to go down instead of in every which way like normal.

Katsuki had to stop himself from knocking him senseless when he appeared, not expecting it to be his boyfriend hiding under the water.

"You kicked me in the face, Kacchan. Geez," Izuku complained, still glaring at the other while rubbing his cheek. "You could've hit my eye or something."

"You scared the fuckin' shit out of me, asshole!" Katsuki yelled, glaring right back. At least now he knew where Izuku had disappeared to.

"All I did was grab your ankle. It isn't like I attacked you or anything," Izuku continued to complain, wading through the water that stopped just below his chin to lean his back against the edge of the lake. He may have believed it would be a fun idea to scare Katsuki, but didn't expect to get kicked in the process.

"You scared. The fucking shit. Out of me," Katsuki repeated slowly, watching him the entire way. "What the fuck were you doing under there anyway?"

"I was bored, so I was trying to see how long I could hold my breath. Then I saw you getting in the water and wanted to see if I could surprise you," Izuku explained, dropping the hand on his face to his side and softening his glare. He knew he couldn't be angry, as it was his own fault. But it hurt to be kicked in the face by Katsuki nonetheless.

"You saw me getting in the water? You had your eyes open?" Katsuki questioned, becoming slightly distraught. How clear was the water? Could Izuku see him naked under there?

"Yeah. It isn't salt water or anything. It doesn't sting your eyes," Izuku said. His eyes narrowed in confusion upon seeing the other's upset face. "Why?"

"The fuck do you mean why?" Katsuki barked out angrily. "You were watching me get in you fuckin' perv!"

Izuku tilted his head to the side, his eyes narrowing even more. He didn't understand why Katsuki seemed to be so upset over this. Didn't they just talk about having sex earlier today? Why was Katsuki throwing a fit over seeing each other naked now?

He never imagined Katsuki to be the bashful one when it came to matters in bed. But he supposed everyone had to be afraid or embarrassed of something.

"It isn't that big of a deal, is it?" Izuku asked, beginning to trudge through the water to get to Katsuki again. He walked on his toes so that he wouldn't have to tip his head up too far. Recently
Katsuki had managed to grow a couple more inches, though he himself was not so lucky. "Wouldn't you want to see me too?"

As fun as the thought was, Katsuki did feel a lingering sense of shame in the prospect. Almost as if he didn't deserve such a thing after all he's done to Izuku. Perhaps that he didn't earn the right yet. Although his embarrassment from Izuku seeing him simply stemmed from the fact that no one has ever seen him naked before save for his parents and himself in the mirror.

"Kacchan!" He was snapped out of his thoughts when Izuku waved a hand in his face, blinking rapidly for a second. Apparently he had been staring at Izuku's face while the other spoke, though he never heard a word that was said. "Did you hear me?"

"Huh?"

"I said you can. I-if you want to, that is," Izuku repeated. His head turned to the side to break eye contact. Evidently he was not as confident himself when it came to this matter. "I don't know why you've been too afraid to ever make a move when it comes to something that has to do with the both of us, but you have my permission if that's what you need. It feels like one of us has always been afraid of the other. I was afraid of you, and now you're afraid of me."

"I'm not afraid of you, you shit!" Katsuki shouted, causing Izuku to roll his eyes. He expected that, but it didn't change the fact that he could see how the other was acting.

"I just don't want us to be afraid of each other," Izuku said, grabbing Katsuki's hands. He took another step forward and Katsuki tried to take a step back, but Izuku pulled his arms and brought him closer. "I don't know what's wrong or why you're being so shy, but you don't have to be. You don't have to apologize anymore, or prove yourself anymore. So stop trying to run away from me, Kacchan."

Katsuki stared at him, dumbfounded by his words. Was that why he kept distancing himself every time they were in this position? Maybe he really did feel like he wanted to redeem himself before he could have Izuku.

"If, uh... If you're not ready, then that's fine. I'm sorry for pushing and I'll drop it and we won't talk about it until you want to. I'll wait for you." He moved forward again and left little distance between their bodies, his lips brushing against Katsuki's as he spoke. "But I'm telling you it's okay. I forgive you, and I love you, Kacchan. You're mine and I'm yours now. So it's okay."

_Fucking hell..._

Katsuki clamped his eyes shut and pushed forward to connect their lips, gripping the hands in his and pulling the other closer. Izuku closed his eyes as well and smiled into the kiss, grabbing onto Katsuki's shoulders when the other grabbed his thighs and pulled him up. Izuku wrapped his legs around Katsuki's waist and arced his back forward, pushing their stomachs together to try to get closer. Katsuki began carrying him to an edge of the lake and pressed Izuku's back to the small incline.

He could feel Izuku's hardness twitch between them, poking against him, and slipped one hand between them to grab at it and thumb the head. He pumped slowly, an agonizingly slow and teasing pace, and felt Izuku's body tense against him. Izuku pulled his mouth off Katsuki's, pressing their foreheads together with his eyes clamped shut, and breathed out slowly and shakily.

"K-Kacchan... Not so slow..."
Katsuki grinned at him and squeezed. This would be the one time he could enjoy Izuku squirming under his touch. Not from fear, nor pain, but from pleasure and anticipation.

"I'm not going to just fucking jerk you off, Deku." He waited way too long for just that.

Izuku's eyes finally opened when Katsuki let him go and wrenched himself out from Izuku's legs, climbing out of the water suddenly and snatching up their clothes as he walked. Izuku's clothes were found in front of the boulder on the ground, opposite of the direction Katsuki approached the lake from, hence why he never spotted them on his way up.

Izuku watched him questioningly until he was beckoned over and he climbed out of the water. The air wasn't *too* cold tonight, but immediately he shivered upon exiting the lake. His body had gotten used to the water long ago and the outside air felt like a giant ice pack covering his entire body.

He approached Katsuki just when the other finished his task, looking down to see their clothes neatly arranged in a circular sort of bedding on the ground.

"What'd you do that for, Kacchan?" Izuku asked, rubbing his arms and looking from the makeshift bedding to Katsuki.

"Because I'm not going to try to fuck you in neck-high water and fucking drown us. And I'm not rolling around naked in the itchy fucking grass."

"Couldn't we just go back to the cave?"

"You want to walk all the way there wet, naked and cold? Or do you want to do this right here so we can stop fucking shaking and I can warm you up now?"

Izuku stared at Katsuki in disbelief. How did he even think of these things? Even so, he was still correct. Izuku was cold and he knew if they started he would get significantly warmer.

So with that thought in mind he sat down on their clothes and fell back when Katsuki wasted no time pushing him down. Izuku leaned up, using his elbows as leverage, to see Katsuki was already on his knees between Izuku's legs and pushing them apart. He didn't realize by telling Katsuki it was alright to do this that he would awaken some eager beast inside the other.

"Kacchan-"

"Shut up. I fuckin' know already," Katsuki said, already sticking three fingers into his own mouth. He was no expert, but he at least knew a couple of things about *this*.

He grabbed onto Izuku's cock and started pumping at that painfully slow pace again. Izuku rolled his hips forward and Katsuki pushed him back down, taking his fingers out of his mouth and getting ready to finger Izuku. He pressed the index finger inside first and slowly pushed it in, looking up to Izuku's scrunched up face when he heard a small hiss. He bent forward and kissed under Izuku's chin, using his other hand to push him down on the ground while moving his finger around inside.

"I'll try to make it worth it," he said quietly, and then bit down softly on Izuku's neck. Just enough force to leave a light mark without adding too much more pain to the boy under him. It'll serve as the mark to let everyone know that Izuku was his partner. Heart, soul and body all. "I'll take care of you, stupid fuckin' Deku."

Eventually he inserted his middle finger as well, scooting back and bending down to take Izuku into his mouth.
It's the least I can do, he thought to himself, licking the shaft and then closing his eyes while sucking on the head, until he's ready for me to fuck him anyway.

Izuku curled his toes when Katsuki began spreading his fingers inside him. He was slowly beginning to grow used to it, but his eyes clenched shut and he released a breath he was not aware he was holding when he felt the warmth surround his cock, fighting his body's urge to jerk his hips forward. He brought his hands up to rest on either side of Katsuki's head, grabbing two handfuls of hair and glancing down with one half open eye.

Katsuki paused with Izuku still in his mouth, glancing up to see Izuku staring down at him. Their eyes met for a few seconds before Katsuki licked him again, reveling in the look on Izuku's face and the tightening grip on his hair. It was his first time doing something like this, but by the looks of the other he liked to assume he was doing a good job at the moment.

He'd still like to see what it'd be like to have Izuku staring up from between his legs, though.

Another time, he thought while closing his eyes and tilting his head back down to take more of Izuku's length inside his mouth. A third finger was pushed in as he did so.

The sound of Izuku's heavy breaths and small moans, along with the act of sucking him off was enough to keep himself hard at the moment. The small twitches of the cock in his mouth were strangely satisfying for him. Though he still pulled off slowly, sucking hard the entire way, as he didn't want Izuku to finish just yet.

"Ka... Kacchan," Izuku whined, complaining from the loss of warmth between his legs.

"I'm not gonna let you cum just yet," Katsuki said, sitting up on his knees and staring down at Izuku. He spread his fingers out one last time, grinning when Izuku gripped at their clothes on the ground and bucked forward due to the action. "I didn't wiggle my fingers around in your ass for nothing."

Izuku winced when Katsuki pulled his fingers out. His body finally relaxed and he panted quietly, letting his head fall back. He glanced up at the other to see Katsuki still sitting on his knees, staring down at Izuku with what looked to be... Admiration? Or perhaps just an overwhelming sense of love.

Katsuki offered Izuku his hand and pulled him up when he took it. Izuku sat up on his knees, wondering what the other was trying to do, when Katsuki turned him around and placed a hand on his hip. He spit in his other hand and wiped it around his cock, guiding it towards Izuku's backside. He pushed in slowly while pulling Izuku's waist back and Izuku gasped, leaning forward and gripping their clothing on the ground again.

Once he was buried all the way inside he grabbed Izuku's chin and pulled him back roughly. Izuku's back collided with his chest and Izuku could feel Katsuki's breath on his ear. He groaned as Katsuki pulled back slowly and his hands came back to hold onto either side of Katsuki's waist. He couldn't move his head while Katsuki was holding it in place, even having Katsuki roughly make him face forward when he tried to look over his shoulder. He felt the other slowly pushing back in and closed his eyes while gritting his teeth.

"Say my name," Katsuki commanded quietly, tilting Izuku's head so he could suck on his neck while waiting for the other to follow his order.

"Kaccha-"
Izuku was interrupted by a hand covering his mouth, followed by Katsuki biting his neck to leave a second mark.

"No," Katsuki snarled huskily when his mouth was removed from Izuku's neck. He moved up to Izuku's ear before he spoke again.

"I said say my name, Izuku."

He began pulling out again, a little faster, and didn't hesitate to begin pushing back in when his fingers separated to free Izuku's mouth. He heard exactly what he wanted to hear while pushing in, low and drawn out, pleasured and pleading.

"Katsuukiiii~..."

Katsuki grinned and pulled his arm up from Izuku's waist to wrap around his chest. The other hand was brought down to Izuku's neglected member and began pumping as his thrusts became faster.

Slowly he sped up after every other thrust until the sound of skin smacking skin, his groin against Izuku's backside, and Izuku moaning his name between pants and whines were all that was heard. Izuku arced his back forward and he pushed his lower half back while his head fell on Katsuki's shoulder.

"Goddamn you're hot when you're getting fucked, Izuku," Katsuki said, letting out a heavy breath. He kissed Izuku hard and felt that familiar twitching of Izuku's cock in his hand. He let go immediately and stopped moving when he was all the way inside Izuku again. The arm around Izuku's chest came down to rest on his waist again, pulling him back.

"Kacch-" Izuku tried to whine, but stopped to cry out when Katsuki bit him again. Hard. A third mark was left to show off.

"My name," Katsuki demanded. He then kissed the spot where he bit gently. Izuku panted a few more times, whining with each one.

"Ka-Katsuki... Please..."

Katsuki continued to kiss the spot over and over. It served as some form of an apology in his mind, whether Izuku knew that or not. "I don't want you to cum. I'm not done yet."

Izuku whimpered and tried to move his hips forward, but Katsuki forced him back with the hand on his waist. The other hand snatched Izuku's when it reached for his member. He whined, pleadingly, "Katsuki, I'm so close. Just finish me, please..."

Katsuki stopped kissing his neck and glanced at Izuku, who turned his head to stare back. He began thrusting in and out slowly again. So, so slowly, while staring into Izuku's eyes. He let go of Izuku's hand and grabbed his cock again, gripping it tight but refusing to move his hand.

"I want to take my time with you, but you want it that fuckin’ bad? Then beg for it." Katsuki brought his mouth close to Izuku's ear again and whispered, “tell me who you belong to."

"Y-you," Izuku answered, bringing his hand back to rest on Katsuki's waist again.

"Use my name," Katsuki ordered, speeding up the smallest bit.

"Ka-Katsuki. I belong to Katsuki," Izuku said pressing his ass backwards to try to get more.
"Wrong," Katsuki said, speeding up again. "You belong to no one. But I love you, Izuku, so I'll
protect you like you're mine anyway."

The declaration surprised Izuku, but he didn't have time to think about it as Katsuki began pumping
him slowly again. He began losing himself to the feel of an impending orgasm.

"I'll care for you like you're mine."

He kissed Izuku's neck once more and began pumping quicker.

"And I'll fuck you like you're mine, Izuku."

With that he shuddered as he came into Izuku, thrusting deep and holding there, Izuku not far
behind with his own orgasm. He fell forward, placing his hands on the ground to keep him up
while Katsuki pulled out of him.

"Kacchan," Izuku called out between breaths. He was pulled backwards suddenly and landed in
Katsuki's lap, who hugged him from behind.

"I know. My legs are shaky too. Just rest for a minute," he said, closing his eyes and laying his
head on Izuku's shoulder. He was sitting cross-legged with both arms wrapped around Izuku's
chest, hugging him close. "We'll clean up in the lake and I'll carry your sorry ass back to the cave if
you want."

"Mmk," Izuku said quietly, closing his eyes and leaning back into the other. He was sleepy after
that, but he could still walk back on his own. He just needed to rest for a moment.

"Do we have everything?" Tomura questioned, glancing around the room.

Something with Izuku's scent?

Check.

Kurogiri, Dabi, Toga, Twice and Mr. Compress?

Check.

Noumu with tracking quirk?

Check.

Muscular, freshly broken out of prison?

Check.

Shouto locked in his room with Kenji guarding him?

Check.

"It would appear so," Kurogiri stated, stripping his bartender outfit off to let his gaseous body flow
freely.
Kurogiri opened a portal and let the others usher the Noumu through with Tomura waiting to go last. Once Tomura stepped through he came into view of the factory-like building Dabi and the others said they fought Izuku and Katsuki at. He looked around briefly and pulled out a notebook that had "Hero Analysis" written on the top and "No.13" in the middle, then walked towards the Noumu.

"Time to wrap up this shitty side quest."

Chapter End Notes

Also for the record, I wanted Katsuki to say:

--"And I'll make love to you like you're mine, Izuku."--

Instead of:

--"And I'll fuck you like you're mine, Izuku."--

But the latter just seemed more in character. And I doubt he'd know the difference between the two yet, LOL. So, perfect moment made just the slightest bit less perfect because of that.
Chapter 10

Chapter Notes

I'M BACK

Sorry for the long wait (first time I've taken more than a week to update I think) but Katsudeku week happened and I wanted to do some prompts for that. So I did. And I had fun with them. I think the domestic/food prompt was my favorite to do. Or maybe the festival...

...Anyway.

The Pain Train has finally arrived and its first stop is poor little Izuku (he gets it pretty bad here). And don't even get me started with what happens to Katsuki. The major character death warning finally gets tested again here.

Whoops I've said too much. Here's the chapter.

P.S. Tomura is an asshole.

See the end of the chapter for more notes

Izuku roused from his sleep and checked over his shoulder. Katsuki was still asleep behind him.

It was strange to see him still asleep as Katsuki was usually the first to wake. He reveled in the rare sighting of a truly at peace Katsuki. It was really something to behold.

Although that's not why he was awake at the moment. He pried the arm around his waist off and quietly crawled over his lover to get out of bed.

"Deku," Izuku heard when he was across the room. He wondered if it was the small echoes of his feet patting against the rock floor that woke the other. "Where ya goin'?"

Izuku stifled a laugh at Katsuki's sleep filled and slurred words.

"Bathroom, Kacchan," he answered over his shoulder. The sound of his footsteps could be heard again as he continued on his way.

Katsuki glanced over his shoulder with one eye half open at Izuku's retreating back, watching him put on his shoes at the room's entrance before leaving. He then closed his eye and yawned, pulling the cover over his head to fall back asleep. It felt like it was too early in the morning to be worrying about anything.

Izuku exited the cave and squinted when he was outside. It was a little later in the morning than he thought it would be and the sun was already out with its blinding light. He waited a moment for his eyes to adjust before going deeper into the forest to find a bush to pee in. He noticed a weird claw mark on one of the trees that wasn't there the day before, but paid it no mind. Surely there was an animal or two that lived here that he and Katsuki were not aware of.

It's been two days since the night at the lake and Katsuki has been much calmer than before that

*Maybe that’s why he’s so angry all the time.*

Izuku found his usual bush to do his business and while there thought about how he might be able to keep Katsuki in this calmer state of mind more often. Maybe then he could get Katsuki to make more friends without alienating himself via his own anger issues. The thought was nice if not a little farfetched. He didn't really want Katsuki to change his core self, but he wanted him to at least be happier. And maybe not pick a fight with someone every hour.

Izuku pulled the front of his pants back up and stretched, throwing his arms up and standing on his toes before heading back. By the claw marked tree he noticed a fallen branch that wasn't there when he came by a few minutes ago. He stopped for a moment to stare at it and look around. He was no expert in tracking, so he had no intention of finding whatever was roaming around, but quickened his pace to get back to the cave before whatever it was decided to find him. With his quirk he could easily handle any animal found out here, but he didn't want to harm whatever it was.

Not to mention the situation just felt a little creepy.

With the cave in sight he relaxed, but when he looked at the dirt heading towards it where the grass disappeared he noticed a few big, deep footprints. Ones that definitely did not belong to him and definitely were not there when he left a few minutes ago. His eyes widened and he broke out into a run into the cave.

"Kacchan!" Izuku's voice echoed through the cave as he ran through the tunnel to get to their room. He was stopped half-way through when he rounded the curve and almost ran into the Noumu that had been chasing them before. The eyes in the back of its head focused on him and immediately made a grab for him. Izuku ducked under the giant hand and ran past, activating his quirk and stopping in the entrance to the room when he heard an explosion go off.

Tomura's back collided with the cave wall beside Izuku and he slumped to the ground, glaring up at Izuku.

"I was going to kill him in his sleep. It would've been quick. Now you've gone and made things painful."

Izuku's eyes darted to their bed and saw Katsuki sitting up with his arm out, wide awake and glowering at Tomura.

"Do you know how fucking pissed off I get when I open my eyes because Deku yelled for me and I see your ugly ass goddamn hand reaching for my face?" Katsuki said, kicking his legs over the edge of the bed and standing up while stretching his fingers. A few small explosions went off in his right hand as he began walking forward. "Not that your dumbass would understand."

The Noumu reached for Izuku again, who grabbed its hands and started pushing back as his feet dug into the ground. This thing was stronger than it looked, and with all the muscle it had that was saying something.

"Kurogiri," Tomura called out while standing up and placing a hand on his neck. He craned his neck to the side until a few cracks were heard and stared at the approaching Katsuki.

"You think I'm afraid of Deku getting hurt by that thing? He'll fucking demolish that piece of shit now," Katsuki commented with a slight laugh when he saw Tomura's amused eyes. "And I'm going
to wreck your goddamn face for showing up here while he does."

Kurogiri's black mist appeared and enveloped both Izuku and the Noumu, and Katsuki's smirk disappeared. He threw both his hands behind himself and let off two explosions to propel himself forward, but Tomura stood in his way.

" Fucking move!" Katsuki shouted, landing on his feet and throwing his arm out with an explosion. As much as he wanted to blow this entire place up to get to Izuku, Tomura was also standing in front of the other and he couldn't make the blast too big for fear of hitting Izuku as well.

Tomura ducked under the explosion and pushed forward, trying to grab Katsuki's arm. Katsuki kicked forward and his foot connected with Tomura's shin, sending him down on one knee for Katsuki to blast away while running past.

By the time he got near the cave's entrance the mist was beginning to dissipate and Izuku and the Noumu were both gone. Katsuki spun on his heel and glared absolute death at Tomura, who was picking himself back up off the ground.

"Where the *fuck* did you take him?"

---

Izuku fell to the ground when he exited the portal, immediately picking himself up and turning to stop the Noumu's punch that was coming for him. He grabbed the fist and pulled the Noumu forward, punching it hard enough to send it flying right back into a tree.

He looked around briefly. He was still in the forest near the cave. He had no idea exactly where in the forest, but close.

He needed to get back to Katsuki. If their plan was to separate them then they've obviously come up with something to kill one of the two of them. And seeing how it was Tomura that stayed with Katsuki, they were probably going to handle him first.

"Hey kid. It's been a while."

Izuku glanced over his shoulder at the familiar voice and his heart sank.

Muscular, Dabi, Toga and Atsuhiro were standing before him. He could also hear the Noumu behind him getting back up to continue its offensive.

---

" Fucking answer me!" Katsuki yelled, shooting off another explosion that Tomura side-stepped, slowly closing in as he dodged explosion after explosion.

Katsuki jumped back, using an explosion to propel himself again. He didn't know what Tomura's quirk did and didn't intend to be the test dummy to find out. But all he needed to know right now was where Izuku was so he could get to him. He had no intention of staying in a prolonged fight with this guy.
"He'll be landing in the forest by now," Tomura finally answered as he walked forward slowly, scratching under his chin with his index and middle fingers. His eyes turned upwards again to show his sadistic joy as he thought of the scene he was missing. "The others will be there to kill him while I deal with you."

Tomura dashed forward with his hand out while Katsuki grit his teeth and pointed his arm out, letting out a blast big enough to completely encompass the room before him.

"If I get out there and he's hurt I fucking swear on everything I will come back and murder you so goddamn dead they won't even be able to identify your shit fucking face," Katsuki growled to him, then turned to run for the cave's exit.

When he took a couple of steps forward a hand reached out from the side and he ducked backwards to go under it. Tomura stepped in front of him and made another grab for his face. Katsuki threw his hand out and Tomura grabbed his arm before the explosion sent him flying backwards.

Katsuki grabbed his arm and held back a pain induced hiss as Tomura was blasted away, examining the limb where his skin stung horribly.

_He only grabbed me for a split second and it hurt that much? The fuck does his quirk do?_

"You're going to get yourself killed worrying about him, you know. But that's what I'm banking on now. You fight like a pro already, but can you keep it up while there's someone out there that needs to be saved? Someone so close that you could probably hear them scream at the top of their lungs while they die slowly." Tomura stood up again and placed a hand to his ear. "Maybe if we listen closely we'll hear his bones get broken. A choked scream or two. Perhaps a cry for help as he burns alive? Who knows which quirk will be the one to finish him off. It might even be all of them at the same time. It is six on one out there, after all. Won't you go save him, _hero_?"

Katsuki blasted himself forward and Tomura grinned. This was exactly what he hoped for. For Katsuki to lose his mind trying desperately to get to Izuku. The worry and mental strain will impede his combat ability enough for Tomura to kill him while the others handle Izuku outside.

_You can't fight well if you're too distracted._

Tomura reached forward and Katsuki reached downwards, using another explosion to send him up and over Tomura's head, then another to go towards the cave's exit again. Tomura coughed and waved the smoke out of his face with one hand while holding onto the hand on his face protectively with the other. He looked over his shoulder with a grin as Katsuki approached the cave's exit.

Katsuki made a running land and continued to the exit as fast as he could. When he approached the archway that separated the room from the tunnel that lead outside he was covered in black mist and immediately found himself in front of the tunnel entrance again.

His run halted and he stared at the archway, which Kurogiri was now visibly guarding, in anger. _The fucking warp gate._

He held his hand out and emitted an explosion that Kurogiri opened a hole in the mist to avoid. Katsuki blasted himself forward and used another explosion to open a hole in Kurogiri's body, but instead of dodging it Kurogiri opened a pair of gates that sent the explosion right back in Katsuki's face, sending the boy flying backwards.

Katsuki landed on his rear on the ground and wasted no time getting up, staring at Kurogiri in
thought. There had to be some way around him. Finally he remembered Tomura and spun around with wide eyes, ducking under the hand that came for his head and scooping up a rock to throw at him. He jumped back and watched Tomura catch the rock. It disintegrated into dust while being held in his hand and Tomura opened his palm to let the dust fall to the ground, charging forward again while Katsuki resolved to not ever being grabbed by him again. Now he knew what to avoid.

With that in mind he felt more comfortable with close-range combat and let Tomura close in, shooting a blast when he got close and another when Tomura side-stepped the first. He kicked forward and Tomura turned his body to the side, trying to grab Katsuki's leg as it passed. His hand pulled back when a finely aimed explosion shot where his hand would've been and he reached for Katsuki's arm instead. His hand retreated once more when another small explosion went there as well.

Tomura figured out quickly that Katsuki was now trying to bait him. Probably to get rid of his hands so that his quirk would be rendered unusable. But he wouldn't be out-smarted by a raging teenager.

Tomura reached forward and Katsuki grabbed his forearm, so he threw his other arm out and Katsuki grabbed that arm as well. Tomura could feel the heat rising on Katsuki's hands and stomped on his barefoot to hold him in place. The stomp caused his grip to loosen and Tomura tore his arm away to make a grab at Katsuki's face, stumbling when he missed due to Katsuki leaning to the side.

Tomura kicked his foot back and up as he placed a hand on the ground to keep from falling forward and it connected with Katsuki's chin when the boy reached forward to blast Tomura away. He stumbled backwards and his explosion went up to the roof. When he regained his balance Tomura was already reaching for him and Katsuki slapped the hand away, throwing both hands forward to let out a flurry of point-blank explosions. Tomura dodged each one, jerking himself from side to side and then jumped backwards into a warp gate that just opened behind himself.

"You're going to have to do better than that."

Katsuki moved to the side when he heard the voice directly behind him and Tomura's hand went past his head, just barely missing him. He pushed the hand away when it tried to grab onto his shoulder and reached backwards with an explosion. Tomura moved to the side and ran forward into the warp gate again. Katsuki turned around and saw another gate both beside and behind him. Tomura came from the one to the side and he blasted him back in, hearing the familiar sound of another gate opening both above and to the side of him. He glared at each one, waiting for Tomura to come out, when he felt a hand grab onto his ankle and he swiftly kicked out with his other leg.

His heel connected with Tomura's wrist, who let go and fell back into the gate that was on the ground. Katsuki examined his ankle and saw the disintegration only got through his pajama's pant leg. Another second and it would've started on his skin next.

He took a step back as Tomura fell from the gate above, hands first. Tomura landed on his hands and pushed himself away to another gate. Once inside Katsuki spun around, noticing the pattern that he was coming from the opposite of whichever gate he entered. That theory was proved false when Tomura came out of the gate to the side and Katsuki jumped over him, kicking him down. Tomura landed on the ground and rolled into the gate below, then came out from another gate.

The process repeated of Tomura jumping from gate to gate and Katsuki trying to figure out the pattern. Eventually Katsuki couldn't stand this anymore and pointed both hands out at two of the gates, issuing an explosion from each that travelled throughout all of them while he pressed his back to the corner of two of them. He smirked when the blast dissipated and Tomura didn't come
Each gate closed one by one and Katsuki made another run for the exit, but a new gate opened up right in front of him and Tomura's hand came for him. Katsuki panicked as the hand closed in and he didn't have time to stop his run, letting out a strong blast from one of his hands that sent him flying to the side. As he barreled through the air he crashed into one of the support-beam like rocks and some of the rocks above came falling down.

Katsuki jumped away to avoid them and looked around.

Aizawa said they had a trap or two here didn't he? The top of the cave must be hollowed out and ready to fall. Why would a cave need support beams unless it was meant to trap people inside of it?

But he could end up trapping himself inside, too. That was the biggest drawback.

A loud crash was heard outside, followed by the sound of wood snapping and cracking as a tree fell to the ground.

"Ah, do you hear that? The sound of agony. Midoriya must be in a lot of pain by now," Tomura said tauntingly, grinning behind the hand that hid his face and stepping forward. He scratched his neck lightly as he spoke, "won't you go and save him, Bakugou? I'm sure he's trying to get back to you, too. He must be terribly scared right now."

Fuck it.

Katsuki aimed his hand to the side and emitted a huge explosion that took the support beam out, along with a few of the lanterns that kept the room lit. Tomura cocked his head to the side questioningly, glancing at where Katsuki's other hand was pointing towards. Another explosion went out and took out another support beam. The cave began to shake and rumble as Tomura looked around the room. Slowly Katsuki's plan began to come together in Tomura's head and he grinned yet again.

"You're willing to risk your own life just to kill me?" Tomura asked with an amused tone, dashing forward to stop him from taking out the last rock that held this place up.

Katsuki's arm stayed pointed towards the rock while he glared at Tomura. "Don't flatter yourself, shitbag. I couldn't give less of a fuck about you. But I'm willing to risk my life for Deku."

Katsuki let loose the blast and a warp gate opened in front of the lone rock that held this crumbling cave up, taking in the explosion. Another gate opened behind Katsuki and the explosion came out of there, blasting him forward and into Tomura's hand.

Tomura grabbed onto Katsuki's shirt and Katsuki grabbed the wrist of his other hand, stopping it just short of his face. He slipped out of Tomura's grip when the handful of his shirt disintegrated and blasted Tomura backwards. He took a step backwards and turned around to let out another blast when he heard footsteps behind him. Another Tomura was reaching for his neck, but had to jump out of the way of the blast and Katsuki grabbed their wrist. He then looked over his shoulder and grabbed the wrist of the first Tomura.

Well if they aren't real...

Katsuki emitted explosions from both hands, blowing off the arms of each Tomura as they both made a grab for him with their other arms. Both began melting and he launched himself toward the final support beam with another blast, using another explosion to change direction mid-way when a gate opened in front of him. He changed direction several more times to avoid multiple gates that
got in his way until he finally reached the rock and slapped his hand onto it, using a point-blank blast to destroy it.

The entire cave began crumbling and Katsuki blasted himself towards the exit now that Kurogiri was absent. Most likely he'd taken Tomura and escaped the moment Katsuki got to the support beam.

He ran down the tunnel as fast as he could. When the exit was in sight rocks began to fall in it, blocking the only way out. Katsuki threw his hand forward as he approached to blast them out of the way, but a rock fell above him and hit his hand down. He tripped over said rock and fell on his face, then quickly picked himself back up as another rock came down and hit him on the back of the head. When his face hit the ground again he rolled to the side and looked upwards to see the ceiling collapsing down on him. His hands came up to shield his face while his eyes widened.

Fuck!

Tomura stepped out of the warp gate just outside of the cave's entrance and glanced over his shoulder.

"It would appear his desperation got the better of him like I had hoped." Tomura's gaze shifted to Kurogiri who manifested next to him and they both turned to stare at the caved in entrance.

"Do you think he is still alive?"

Tomura's head cocked to the side, his arms hanging limply in front of him as he stared the cave down. Katsuki was indeed durable, but if there was any type of pocket that he luckily got trapped in instead of being crushed to death then they would have heard the explosions from him trying to get out by now. Regardless of that...

"If he is alive then he will be immobile until he starves to death or dehydrates. He might even be slowly driven mad while trapped," Tomura explained. "If he isn't dead right now then he will be in due time. Now let's go finish the Midoriya boy and we can all be on our way."

Izuku's fist met with Muscular's again, the two of them having clashed three times now. He glared at the man towering above him while Muscular smirked down at him.

"Have you gotten stronger? You might actually be worth fighting now," he commented, using his quirk to enhance his muscles even more.

The glow around Izuku's limbs brightened in response and he knocked away Muscular's fist, following up by punching him square in the jaw and sending him flying backwards. He spun around to the sound of heavy steps and caught both of the Noumu's fists, pulling the creature down and kneeling it in the chin. He darted around to its back and jumped up, doing a drop kick that sent it barreling forward and crashing right into Muscular some ways away.

Izuku took the opportunity to sprint away, using the strength of One For All to charge away at a blistering speed. He jumped forward and landed on his hands, seeing the world behind him upside down and noticing the blade that the villain Twice used waiting in place to cut his legs off had he not jumped over it.
He was about to push off with his hands to continue on his way when someone kicked him in the back and he began to fall towards the now upturned blade. He kicked his legs down and landed on his toes, holding himself up with both his toes and fingers to hover above to blade, then pushed himself upright with his fingers and stumbled back a step.

Twice came out from behind the tree, reeling his ribbon blade into his wrist gauntlet and standing next to Atsuhiro who had kicked him before. They both jumped away as Izuku took a step forward to fight them and he paused, looking around for them before someone else crashed into his back again.

Through the air he went until he crashed into a boulder in the clearing where he and Katsuki trained every day. Muscular followed directly behind him and Izuku leaned to the side to dodge the punch aimed at his head, which connected with the boulder behind him and split it into pieces.

Izuku slapped Muscular's arm away and crawled between his legs while the giant man reeled back. He was going to grab Muscular's legs and trip him but a knife implanted itself in his shoulder and had to move over as Toga came dropping in. One of the needle tubes from the machine on her back was jammed into the ground where Izuku was when he moved and he tried to hit her but she bent backwards to dodge it.

"I'm so excited to see you again, Izuku!" Toga shouted while pulling another tube out and attempting to stab him with it. Izuku caught it and crushed it under his grip right before Muscular's foot stomped down onto his back.

"Hey that's great and all, but can you both not fight under me? I don't like fists and sharp pointy things moving around between my legs. You know what I mean?"

Izuku ignored him and grabbed Toga's arm when she tried to pull the first tube out of the ground, swinging her up and into Muscular hard enough to send them both away into the forest.

Izuku pulled his legs back and then kicked forward to roll into a crouched position, standing up and glancing around to make sure no one else was about to attack. When he deemed it safe he pulled the knife out of his shoulder and took one step forward, preparing to run back to the cave, and was crushed into the ground when the Noumu landed on him. It grabbed both of his arms with one hand and pulled him up and over its head, slamming him into the ground face first and then dragging him across the dirt to throw him to the side.

Izuku flailed while flying through the air and before he crashed into a tree Muscular's fist came from the side and hit him right in the face, pushing his head down into the ground. His fist opened up and his hand encompassed Izuku's face, lifting the stunned boy up and pulling him up to slam his back into the tree.

Izuku slid from the middle of the tree to the ground and opened his eyes, throwing both hands out to block Muscular's next punch. He pushed himself up off the ground while holding back Muscular's fist and the Noumu came from the side to shoulder tackle Izuku.

"I gotta say, I'm not a fan of the whole six on one thing," Muscular called out while watching Izuku slam into another tree and dodge a swipe from Twice's blade. He swung at him while Twice bent backwards to dodge, kicking his leg up and connected his foot with Izuku’s chin. Toga came in from behind and slashed her knife across Izuku’s back and they both jumped back into the forest's depths again, waiting for another opportunity to attack. Muscular enhanced his leg muscles and blasted himself forward hard enough to leave a dent in the ground, smashing Izuku between his enlarged arm and the tree. "If it were up to me I'd kill you by myself for what you did to me way back when. But orders are orders. And as long as I get to kill someone, well I'm a happy camper.
Izuku pushed Muscular away, holding his head and looking around. The others were hiding in the forest waiting for opportune moments to hit him while he was busy with Muscular and the Noumu. Katsuki taught him to watch his surroundings, but being told to do so and actually having to do so for the first time turned out to be two very different things. It was hard to keep track of four other people while there were two muscle heads coming at him relentlessly.

Izuku blocked another attack from the Noumu, holding its fist back, and another from Muscular. He held both of his arms out on either side, keeping both fists from getting to him, and the Noumu and Muscular brought their other arms around to smash him into the tree hard enough that the trunk broke with a loud crash and it came falling down with the sound of wood snapping.

Izuku moved out of the way before the tree landed on him. He picked it up and spun around, swinging it with all his might. Muscular caught it mid swing and tried to push back, but ended up being carried away with it. The Noumu was caught in the swing as well and Izuku swung the tree upwards, throwing it away with the both of them. He then looked around the surrounding area, having knocked all other nearby trees down, and saw no other villains around. So he took the chance to continue on his way to the cave.

He cleared the distance in a matter of seconds, using One For All to speed up his approach and entered the clearing at the beginning of the cave. As he exited the forest his eyes landed on Tomura and Kurogiri staring at the entrance full of fallen rocks and boulders.

"If he is alive then he will be immobile until he starves to death or dehydrates. He might even be slowly driven mad while trapped," Tomura explained. "If he isn't dead right now then he will be in due time. Now let's go finish the Midoriya boy and we can all be on our way."

Tomura turned around and spotted Izuku staring at them in shock. The entrance had caved in. Tomura and the warp villain were outside and Katsuki was nowhere to be seen.

_They were just talking about him, weren't they?_

"Oh. Speak of the devil. Look who it is, Kurogiri," Tomura said, cocking his head to the side while staring at Izuku.

**If he's alive? Immobile?** Izuku looked around slowly. His eyes landed on the cave's entrance again and he slowly began putting the pieces together. _Kacchan is in there?_

"He appears to be confused," Kurogiri pointed out. "We could finish him off while he is in a daze."

"No," Tomura said, shaking his head as a grin spread across his hidden face. "I want to see him figure it out. Let him figure out for himself that his PvP all-star is gone."

_Kacchan can't be in there. He wouldn't be taken out like that._

"Hey," Tomura called out, taking a step forward and cocking his head to the other side. "He died trying to get to you. So it could be seen as your fault he's gone."

_Kacchan... Gone...?_ Izuku's teeth clenched together and he glared at Tomura.

Tomura's eyes darted up to the sky above, seeing Atsuhiro coming towards them with two small orbs in his hand. He brought his attention back down to Izuku, whose limbs were beginning to glow brighter and his fists clenching harder.
"Kacchan's not gone. He wouldn't be beat by you."

"Is that so?" Tomura jabbed his thumb over his shoulder towards the cave's entrance. "Because he's been in there the entire time we've been talking. Kurogiri and I have been waiting by the entrance and we've yet to see him come out. We haven't heard any explosions and when we left the entire place was coming down." Tomura walked forward slowly, holding his hands out to his sides as he spoke. "Let me be the one to tell you something, Midoriya. Bakugou was an idiot. A foolish child who was offered the chance to thrive where he belonged. Instead he chose to stay with the people who didn't deserve him, like yourself. That's why he hated you so much. That's why he wanted to be better than that pitiful, lying trash All Might. Bakugou was no hero. He was a villain down to his very core. And if he had embraced that and come with us he would still be alive right now. But instead he chose to die for no good reason at all."

Izuku charged forward at a blinding speed when Tomura stopped walking, fist out and ready to knock him senseless. When his hand collided with something hard he looked up through the tears forming in his eyes and saw Muscular standing before him, muscles enhanced to an enormous amount to soak the damage.

"Can't let you do that, kid. I'd be a bad teammate if I let you take my boss out like that."

Izuku pulled his fist back again, ready to furiously knock Muscular away with everything he had, when the Noumu grabbed his arm and pulled him back. The stumble in his step was all the opening Muscular needed to punch him in the gut. The Noumu tossed him to the side and Muscular followed, slamming his fist into Izuku's face when the teen crashed into a tree on the edge of the clearing. Izuku used both of his hands to grab Muscular's arm, who knee'd him in the stomach and pulled him off the tree. He swung Izuku towards the cave and when Izuku's back smashed into the rock wall the Noumu was already there, grabbing onto his arm and swinging him around. It brought Izuku around to slam his front into the rock wall, then grabbed his head and pulled it back.

The Noumu grabbed both of Izuku's arms with one hand and held them behind his back, keeping the other hand on the back of his head, and slammed his face into the rock wall repeatedly. Each time the Noumu pulled Izuku's head off the wall it slammed him right back into it harder than before, causing the dent that formed in the wall to become a small crater over time.

As time went by and all the villains came out into the open, watching Izuku be repeatedly slammed into the wall until the glow around his limbs slowly dimmed with each impact. The Noumu slowed to a stop and held him up by his arms when Izuku's quirk was fully deactivated and Toga walked beside him and bent down to gaze up at Izuku, who was hanging limply from the Noumu's grip with his eyes closed.

"Hmm. Definitely bruised enough," Toga commented with a grin as she tapped her chin with her knife in thought. She examined all the shallow cuts and bruises on Izuku's face, taking note that he definitely seemed more durable than back in the forest that night they kidnapped Katsuki. She could safely assume his quirk, when activate, made him far more durable. She felt if she had been the one to have her head slammed into a wall that much she probably wouldn't have survived. "But not even close to enough blood. Tomura, can I drain him? Pretty please? I want his blood so baaaad~."

"No. Toss him over here," Tomura commanded, and the Noumu obliged by throwing Izuku forward as hard as it could. Muscular, standing next to Tomura, pulled his fist back and punched Izuku in the stomach the moment he was in range. He drove his fist downward when Izuku connected with it, ramming him into the ground flat on his back. Tomura delighted in the coughing fit Izuku threw when he curled into himself on the ground. "Hold him down."
Everyone converged around Izuku, standing in a small semi-circle around him while Muscular held his arms down and the Noumu held his legs down.

Dabi kept his hands in his pockets and watched with little interest in what was going to happen. There were multiple reasons he decided not to participate in the ‘fight’ that happened here, the second biggest reason being that setting the forest on fire would not have been a good tactic here.

Atsuhiro came up and leaned to the side with one foot crossed over the other, resting one hand on his cane and the other in his jacket’s pocket. Even with the combat training he was forced to go through he figured he’d have been better off as a support here. His compression quirk was good for saving Muscular and the Noumu from things like getting carried too far away by the tree Izuku swung, catching Toga in mid-air when she got knocked away, etc.

Toga watched disappointedly, sad that she got no good amount of blood from Izuku whatsoever. But she knew if she tried to fight for it now she would only get herself killed in the process. And as much as she felt she loved the boy, he definitely wasn't worth that. There would be others to cut up.

Twice kept quiet, knowing that Tomura was not an avid fan of his usually boisterous personality. He's had two death threats from the man already and didn't plan on making him act them out. He could celebrate with Dabi and the others later on when Tomura was not around.

Kurogiri stayed by the cave and watched from afar. He would be ready to open a warp gate for everyone to leave the moment Tomura said they were done here.

Izuku opened his eyes and jumped when he saw Tomura's hand hovering just above his face. He tried to pull his arms up to stop him and felt something holding them down, looking up to see Muscular with strongly enhanced muscles keeping him from struggling with hands on his wrists and down to see the Noumu holding him down by the ankles.

"You're going to be the spark that ends it all. I want you to know that," Tomura said in his crouched position next to Izuku, down on one knee with his hands still as stone. "Your death will be the reason the last of the pro heroes come at us furiously. Eraserhead will mount a last ditch effort assault on us when he finds out you and Bakugou are dead. Then we're going to kill them all. And this whole matter will be ended."

Before Izuku could bother to respond Tomura reached forward. Izuku could feel the tips of each finger connecting to his face as he shook his head from side to side to try to get away.

No...

One finger.

He tried to pull his head back, but couldn't due to the ground below him.

Don't...

Two fingers.

He jerked his head to the left as his heart sped up with fear.

Please don't...

Three fingers.

He jerked his head to the right and felt a lump form in his throat, holding back a choked sob at the
thought of Katsuki not coming to help him this time.

Stop.

Four.

Because Katsuki was gone, Aizawa didn’t know he was in trouble, and no one else knew they were even out here.

Please stop!

He began kicking his legs and pulling at the hold on his wrists frantically, pushing his chin up to try to shove the hand away and shaking his head violently. No matter what he did the fingers wouldn’t be removed from his face and eventually he settled down and stared in defeat at his impending doom.

Kacchan!

The blocked off entrance to the cave exploded behind Kurogiri, sending both him and the boulders that blocked the only path in away. Everyone’s heads turned in that direction as Katsuki walked out of the cave, shoving rocks aside and dusting himself off.

"Fuckin' hell,” he murmured to himself while kicking his legs out to get the pebbles and everything out of his pant leg. He shook his head and a few small pebbles came out of his hair as well. His hand came up to wipe some of the dirt off of his scraped face and he proceeded to shake his lightly bruised arms. Digging his way out to avoid a second cave-in took forever, but it would've been better than being crushed a second time.

"Why?" Tomura asked aloud, still down on one knee next to Izuku and glaring at Katsuki over his shoulder. "Why are you still alive? What does it take to end you?"

"More than you can throw at me," Katsuki stated, still looking down at his body to make sure nothing was too seriously injured.

Finally when he looked up and saw everyone crowded around Izuku with Muscular and the Noumu holding him down and Tomura's hand on his face, Katsuki felt his jaw clench so hard his entire face hurt.

"Get your goddamn worthless piece of shit fucking hands the fuck off of him," Katsuki ordered, pointing his hand just above the group of villains' heads and letting out a blast big enough to blow them all away while simultaneously tearing off the tops of every nearby tree in the explosion's path. It was clear that he didn't care if he set the whole forest ablaze or even if he killed one or two of the villains.

If they were smart they'd get out of the way. If not they would die for trying to stay near Izuku.

Izuku rolled onto his side when the villains let him go so his back was facing the explosion and curled into himself, shielding his face with his arms as the explosion just barely grazed the tips of the highest locks of his hair. When the smoke dissipated he separated his arms and looked forward, ignoring the footsteps he heard from Katsuki running towards him. He was thoroughly impressed that Katsuki managed to aim an explosion that big to barely singe the very tips of his hair at all.
Aizawa stopped with his foot half way in the train. He'd decided to stay in town for a couple of nights in case Izuku or Katsuki might have forgotten to ask for anything, but as it appeared they would be fine he and Present Mic were about to head out.

He and every other nearby person looked south of the train station when the explosion was heard and everyone saw the blast make it's way a fair distance into the air before evaporating into nothingness. Aizawa could already tell at first glance that was Katsuki's quirk, and if he was using it outside then something was wrong.

And if he's using an explosion of that size...

Aizawa pushed past Present Mic and went in a full out run, intent on getting back to the cave as fast as humanly possible.

"Heyyy, where ya goin'?!" Present Mic shouted to Aizawa, catching himself before he fell from the shove. He ran after him, wanting to see what it was about that explosion that put Aizawa in such distress.

Chapter End Notes

I feel like at some point you all are just not even going to trust my death scenes anymore.

And I wish they'd given us more insight into the villains like Atsuhiro and Twice because I have little to nothing to go on with them!!! Agh!!!

Anyway. I have a one-shot to finish (a kind of prequel to the Katsudeku week birthday fic) and then I'll get to work on chapter 11.
Chapter 11

Chapter Notes

Ah, it looks like very few bought my "death warning" last chapter. :D (but more than two did so I still feel accomplished) Not gonna lie though while I was writing the part about Tomura getting ready to kill Izuku even I thought I was going to kill him for a second. I got a little too into that.

But on two brighter notes:

This chapter may or may not but probably definitely did play out in a way that is going to create another arc I had not planned out (probably not a long one but hey that means more story for you all to read and more plot for me to write regardless, so hooray). So we'll see where it goes from here. Cause it seems like this story is writing itself and not going 100% according to what I had planned out anymore, lol. Only like 95% according to plan.

And the second, much brighter, note:

IZUKU AND KATSUKI WORKING TOGETHER FIGHTING TOGETHER DOING THE TEAMWORK THING AND KICKING BUTT TOGETHER FNOIERNGR I'VE BEEN WAITING SO LONG AND BUILDING UP SO MUCH TO WRITE A SCENE OF THEM DOING A COMBO ATTACK

GET READY FOR AN INCOMING KATSUDEKU WOMBO COMBO ATTACK ON MUSCULAR'S FRIKKIN FACE

Ahem.

Enjoy!

See the end of the chapter for more notes

Katsuki ran up to Izuku and kneeled down next to him. He examined Izuku carefully when the other rolled onto his back to look up at Katsuki.

Katsuki couldn't express the relief he felt at seeing Izuku still alive. All the tenseness visibly left his body and he grabbed one of Izuku's hands. It both angered and terrified him to no end seeing Tomura's hand on Izuku's face after watching what that very same hand did to a rock earlier in the cave. His eyes closed and he breathed out a sigh of solace.

Izuku darted up to his knees and wrapped his arms around Katsuki tightly. Katsuki felt like his arms were being crushed in the hug.

"Kacchan..." Izuku's voice helped to soothe him as well and Katsuki relaxed into the hug as best he could. They would be okay now as long as they stayed together.

"You idiot!"

"The fuck did you just call me?" The smile Katsuki felt tugging at his lips vanished in an instant
and he glared down at Izuku's back. Izuku's arms tightened around him and Katsuki swore he could feel something inside him physically breaking. If Izuku kept it up he might actually have a better chance of crushing him than the rocks did. "For fuck's sake Deku you're going to break my goddamn bones. When did you get a grip like an iron fucking claw?"

"You scared me, Kacchan," Izuku continued, ignoring the voice slowly growing louder right next to his ear. Katsuki felt a couple of drops of something wet hitting his shoulder where Izuku's head was. He assumed they were tears if Izuku's shaking body was any indication. "I thought you were dead in there. Tomura kep-kept... Saying bad things about you that made me so angry and I couldn't get to you. Th-they got in my way. My h-heart was hurting. I thought I was... Wa-was gonna die and wouldn't be able to stop All For One."

"Well I'm not dead. I'm right fuckin' here." Katsuki's glare softened. He would have gotten out sooner but he was afraid if he used his explosions to get out he'd cause more rocks to fall. So he had to dig his way out. But seeing Izuku this shaken up made him wish he just took his chances and blasted his way out anyway. "I'm not dying today and neither are you, Deku. But we have to go before they come back."

Izuku reluctantly let him go and Katsuki stretched his arms out. He probably had a new bruise on each arm from that death grip alone. Worse than the finger-sized ones on his waist from the night at the lake. When they stood Katsuki looked around to make sure they weren't being snuck up on, then grabbed Izuku's wrist and took one step forward. He immediately stopped and looked up, then jumped backwards and pulled Izuku away as the Noumu landed where he would have been should he have kept going.

Predictable. What the fuck is with this thing and jumping on people? At this point he could swear if they murdered this thing, buried it a hundred feet under the ground and filled the grave with cement it would still come back one day just to fall from the sky and land on top of their heads.

Katsuki let Izuku go and whirled around behind him, catching Toga's arm as she swung for Izuku's back. He ignored the sound of fists pounding behind him, leaving Izuku to deal with the Noumu while he pulled her forward to emit an explosion in her face. Her head cocked to the side to avoid it and she stabbed one of the tubes in Katsuki's leg. He ignored the pain and let out a low, feral growl at the thought of getting shown up by someone he considered to be a third rate trash villain that was smiling at him like she just accomplished a great feat.

"You fucking bitch!"

Izuku grabbed both of the Noumu's hands and pushed forward, letting his back leave Katsuki's for a moment while the sound of explosion after explosion went off behind him. He kept pushing the Noumu back bit by bit as it struggled to fight against his One For All enhanced strength, its feet leaving a trail in the dirt as they went.

"Deku!"

Izuku suddenly let it go and spun around while stepping to the side just as Toga came flying in his direction. She crashed into the Noumu that tripped forward from the loss of resistance and Izuku ended his spin with a strike on Toga that blew back both her and the Noumu. He turned to grin at Katsuki, but saw Muscular knock Katsuki his way. His arm shot out and caught Katsuki's hand, spinning on his heel and swinging Katsuki around to kick Muscular, who had charged forward to Izuku, in the face.

Muscular reeled back and the moment his eyes opened up he was met with an explosion in his face. Izuku punched him in the stomach while Muscular coughed and blinked rapidly from the smoke in
his face and Katsuki jumped off of Izuku's shoulders to knee Muscular in the face. Muscular swung his giant arm at them blindly and Izuku caught it, pulling him down into Katsuki's fist. Katsuki's hand opened up and another explosion came out, sending Muscular stumbling backwards before he was jerked forward and over Izuku's shoulder, crashing onto the ground. Muscular heard a small explosion before Katsuki landed on his face and pointed an arm down, setting off a blast in his face that sent Katsuki far up into the air.

"Not so fun getting ganged up on, huh?" Izuku asked him with a grin, feeling a fun sense of retribution in all of this, while swinging Muscular to the side like a giant bat and smacking the approaching Twice away. Izuku continued to swing him in a circle and then angled him so when he let go Muscular went flying straight upwards. "Get ready, Kacchan!"

Muscular flipped through the air and caught small glimpses of Katsuki using explosions to spin himself round and round in the air. He pointed his hands down towards Muscular and let loose a giant explosion from each hand. Each explosion spun through the air, creating a giant tornado-like effect and dragging Muscular straight down with them. The giant man crashed into the ground so hard he bounced back up a few feet and Izuku came barreling down himself, landing right on Muscular's stomach feet first and slamming him into the ground hard enough to cause a crater to form.

Izuku jumped out of said crater in the ground and looked around. He took a step back when Tomura reached for him and grinned mischievously at the villain. Tomura reached for him again, but never made contact as Katsuki landed on top of him. Katsuki did a little hop and Izuku kicked Tomura away.

Katsuki's feet barely touched the ground before Izuku grabbed onto his wrist and pulled him back. Atsuhiro had landed near them and was about to compress Katsuki into a small orb, but Izuku caught sight of him beforehand. They both kept jumping from side to side, staying on their toes, as Atsuhiro compressed the air around them into orbs, trying to get at least one of them. If they could be separated again the villains could deal with the two of them one after the other.

Katsuki got a wicked, toothy grin after a moment of watching Atsuhiro using his quirk, quickly figuring out a weakness for it. He glanced at Izuku and they nodded at each other. It looked to them like he could only compress what was directly in front of his palms.

Izuku pushed forward after dodging another compression attack and grabbed onto the hand that was reaching for Katsuki, pulling it away and giving Katsuki the opening needed to let loose an explosion. Atsuhiro reflexively tried to jump away, but Izuku held him in place. When the explosion went off Izuku let him go so the villain could be blasted away, then used One For All's strength to run past him and stop behind him. He held his leg out and Atsuhiro's back collided with his foot. Izuku held that position for a couple of seconds while Katsuki caught up and used an explosion to blast Atsuhiro's mask off of his face. The explosion caused him to flip backwards and Izuku's fist connected with the back of his head before he got too far, sending him flipping forward instead and onto the ground face first.

They both heard the heavy footsteps of the Noumu approaching and Izuku grabbed Katsuki's arm, pulling him as he ran at an enhanced speed to get away.

"What the fuck are you doing? We can kick their asses right here and now!" Katsuki shouted as his body flailed in the air. He reached out and grabbed onto Izuku's shoulder with his free hand, pulling himself closer and wrapping his legs around Izuku's torso, just under his arms, to hold on better. He felt like he was hanging onto the side of a moving car at this speed.

"We're doing well, Kacchan, but if they hit us all at once we may not be able to handle it," Izuku
explained, dodging trees and looking behind himself to see the Noumu just barely keeping up. "We have to get away and find Aizawa or we could be in big trouble. Especially if the warp gate comes back and separates us again."

Katsuki hated to admit it, but Izuku was right. If the villains found some way to separate the two of them again they might not survive a second go around like that. Not to mention it seemed like the villains had learned a thing or two about fighting. Even he had a tougher time with Toga than last time.

Katsuki glanced behind them when he heard the sound of wood cracking and trees falling. Muscular could be seen catching up to them with Toga and Tomura on each shoulder. Atsuhiro was lagging just behind the Noumu, jumping from tree top to tree top with an orb in his hand that Katsuki could assume was Twice. He looked around for signs of Dabi or Kurogiri, but saw none.

"Hey, keep your balance," Katsuki called out, pointing his arm backwards and taking time to aim an explosion. He was already well past the point of worrying about something like a forest fire. Much bigger, bulkier and deadlier reasons to worry about were chasing them right now.

Katsuki looked down at Izuku's feet and watched them, waiting for the right moment to let off an explosion. Izuku looked back and figured out what he was doing. His right foot glowed brighter for a second and that was the sign Katsuki had been looking for. When Izuku's right foot touched the ground again he set off the explosion just as Izuku pushed off the ground.

The two of them exploded forward, blasting through the air at an incredible speed. Katsuki looked backwards and saw Muscular had took the explosion head-on with greatly enhanced arm muscles as a shield. The thought his explosion could be brushed off so easily annoyed him, but he looked forward again regardless. Now wasn't the time to start raging about a villain being threateningly strong.

Katsuki aimed downwards and set off another explosion to send them up into the air at the sight of an approaching chasm. If they could get across it the villains definitely wouldn't be able to follow.

They approached the edge of the chasm with Katsuki setting off big explosions every few seconds to keep them afloat. When they arrived just at the edge of it a tree that had been ripped out of the ground crashed into their backs and separated them, sending them tumbling down into the dark unknown below.

"Fuck! Deku!"

They both flipped through the air a few times before catching sight of one another. Katsuki, being a little further out than Izuku, reached for him and Izuku reached back. Their fingertips just grazed each other when the Noumu instantly split them apart, falling down at an alarming speed and slamming into Katsuki feet first. Izuku looked over his shoulder and saw Muscular coming to do the same to him. He kicked his leg out to turn around and crossed his arms in front of himself to shield the blow, then climbed over Muscular, using him as a platform to jump towards Katsuki. He only got a foot away as Muscular caught him mid-jump and swung him the opposite direction, causing Izuku to collide into the cliffside.

Izuku tried to use the cliffside as a platform to jump now and was halted again when Twice appeared on either side of him, running along the rock wall. They both took a swing at him with their ribbon blades and Izuku kicked off the wall to avoid them. He didn't get to put as much power into the kick as he wanted, only getting so far away, because he was in a rush to avoid getting cut in half.
Both of the Twices kicked off the wall as well and swung at him again, slashing Izuku across his arm and leg. Another clone formed between the two of them and they both used him as a stepping stone to come at Izuku again.

"Sucks you can't fight in the air so well!"

"I bet you never lose a fight while falling like this!"

Izuku ignored their taunts, twisting his body around to a prone position avoid the blades aimed at his neck and waist. He looked over his shoulder at Katsuki, who was trying, and failing, to get away from the Noumu that seemed so intent on keeping Katsuki at bay. He then looked forward again at the Twices that were kicking off the cliffside again and came up with an idea.

When both Twices approached he twisted his body around to avoid their swings and then grabbed onto their ankles as they passed by. He pulled them back towards himself and threw one upwards. He heard Twice collide into someone and glanced over his shoulder while restraining the second Twice to see the clone melting as Tomura disintegrated its face. He pulled Twice under him and kicked off of his upper back, travelling through the air at a crazy speed towards Katsuki and the Noumu.

He didn't even think twice about potentially killing that guy to get to me. The idea that Tomura wanted him dead that horribly made Izuku cringe, but he quickly straightened up and aimed his shoulder to smash the Noumu into the other cliffside, firmly implanting it in the rocks and slowly beginning to fall again.

"Kacchan! The ground!"

Katsuki looked down and saw the approaching rock ground that would surely kill them on impact after falling so far. He emitted a few explosions to slow his descent and grabbed onto Izuku when the other caught up to him below.

"Get ready," Muscular said in a low voice, holding onto Toga with his giant hand around her small frame. He chucked her forward like a spear while both of her hands held a tube each from the machine on her back.

She rocketed through the air directly towards them and aimed for their torsos. At this speed even if she didn't hit somewhere vital she was liable to tear directly through their bodies anyway, so she figured she might as well aim for the biggest target she could. Right as she approached, however, Izuku was already holding onto Katsuki's waist and Katsuki blasted them both upwards with an enormous explosion. Her tubes were firmly planted into the cliffside and she rammed face first into the wall.

"Oh darn it!" she shouted, hanging onto the tubes so she wouldn't fall and gazing over her shoulder at the retreating teenagers with a love-struck smile. "I thought I was finally going to get him..."

Katsuki kept emitting explosion after explosion to send them further and further up, effectively flying upwards to the top of the chasm and past Tomura who glared death at the two of them. His glare hardened in anger and he began scratching his neck with both hands in frustration until two giant arms encompassed him and Twice. He recognized them as Muscular's muscle enhanced arms and realized that he was still falling through the air.

Their impact was cushioned by Muscular's body and he let them go quickly, knowing Tomura must be furious at the moment. He didn't want to be what Tomura took his childish tantrum out on.
But Tomura just stared at the sky angrily, watching the two dots that were his prey become smaller and smaller as they escaped.

Atsuhiro compressed the Noumu into an orb, letting himself fall lower and compressing Toga on the way down. He pulled out a few more orbs and uncompressed them. Large patches of dirt and grass came out below him, all converging together into one humongous pile and cushioning his landing. He quickly ran over and compressed both Muscular and Twice into one orb, then approached Tomura.

"I can get us to the top and we can still get them. We have to hurry, though." Tomura didn't answer and Atsuhiro took that as his cue to compress him as well. He placed all the orbs in his mouth and pulled out a bunch more from his pocket, then jumped up to the cliffside. He kicked off the rock wall, gaining significant height, and tossed an orb up, uncompressed it for a boulder to come out. He landed on top of the boulder and kicked off of that to the cliffside, kicking off there again and throwing another orb with a boulder in it. He repeated the process to effectively 'wall bounce' his way up to the top of the chasm.

It wouldn't be anywhere near as fast or effective as Katsuki's method, but it would do without Kurogiri there to warp them to the top right away.

Aizawa and Present Mic arrived at the cave, the former a bit ahead of the latter, and both found Kurogiri unconscious on the ground with a boulder on top of his small, metal plated body.

"Heyyy! Isn't that one of the League of Villains?! What's he doing here?!!" Aizawa ignored Present Mic, looking around at all the signs of combat that surrounded them. Bent and broken trees, some on fire and some fallen over altogether. Rocks split in two and small craters in the ground everywhere. He looked to the cave and saw the very front of the entrance open, but the rest blocked off by fallen boulders.

"'Sup."

Both pro heroes spun around to face the origin of the voice, spotting Dabi standing by an intact tree with his hands in his pockets. Aizawa immediately activated his quirk and sent a few wraps his way, but much to his surprise Dabi kept his hands in his pockets and ducked under the first wrap while twirling to the side to avoid the second. The third he stomped down on and held in place while ducking under the returning wraps without bothering to glance back at them.

Aizawa wasted no time charging forward, pulling on the wrap under Dabi's foot to cause him to stumble and keeping his quirk activated so Dabi couldn't use his. From what he remembered this villain was not too combat savvy and he could surely take him down in a matter of seconds.

His memory was proved wrong when Dabi finally let his hands out of his pockets to slap away Aizawa's fist. Aizawa jumped off the side of the tree to kick Dabi in the back of the head, and Dabi caught his foot, pushing him away without much force. When Aizawa landed he dashed to the side and all Dabi could register from that point on was blistering pain in his ears.

His hands came up to cover both of his ears and the only sound he could hear from any and every direction were the words "OH YEEEEAAAAHHH!" He took a step forward to try to escape, but dropped to his knees from the pain the sound was causing. He felt he was going to have a hell of a
migraine from this.

His arms were pulled down and restrained and he fell forward into the dirt. Although finally the screaming stopped and he could think straight again. That's when he noticed he was caught up in Aizawa's wraps and the man was resting one knee on his back to keep him down.

"Man, you two sure are rough with someone who isn't fighting back," Dabi said, shaking his head lightly at the sound of his distorted voice. His ears must be slightly damaged from that, if the constant ringing he still heard was any indication. "I didn't even try to hit you."

"Where are they?" Aizawa asked aggressively, pulling the wraps tighter. He was in no mood for games.

"Your aggression and scare tactics get in the way of civil conversations." Dabi smirked over his shoulder at Aizawa, staring into his black eyes. "I'm trying to talk to you, but you're not listening. So give the scare tactics a rest, because what are you going to do to me? Break a few limbs and turn me over to the police for the League of Villains to get me out the next day? If one of us pisses off Tomura we're afraid of being outright murdered. You won't top that."

Aizawa seemed to consider his words while Present Mic approached, pulling his directional speaker system away from his mouth and looking down at the two on the ground. "Yo, he has a point there Eraserhead! He didn't really seem too hostile to begin with, so let's let him go and see what this villainous listener has to saaay!"

Aizawa reluctantly undid the wraps and let Dabi up, taking a few steps back to stand next to Present Mic. His quirk was no longer recharging, so he kept ready to activate it at a moment's notice.

"You're loud and annoying, but helpful. Anyway, I don't want to take too long here in case Kurogiri over there wakes up and sees us talking. I've talked to Todoroki and he and I are going to help you guys. Not right away, but we will. So don't come hunting us down if you happen to see us out anywhere."

Aizawa and Present Mic glanced at each other, then looked back at Dabi disbelievingly.

"Todoroki has attacked me on multiple occasions, nearly killed Midoriya and Bakugou with your help, gotten almost every one of his former classmates captured by the League of Villains and turned his own father in to them. On what grounds are we to believe that he has had a sudden change of heart?"

"Heh, yeah he's built up a pretty decent rap sheet. But all I can give you is our word. He's pretty torn up about the things he's done. Looks calm almost all the time but you can tell he's still just a kid inside. I've seen the way he gets scared when he looks at some of us. You can't hide the terror in your eyes when you're a little hero in training standing in a room full of villains who will kill you without a second thought, when potential death is staring you in the face every day." Dabi cocked his head slightly to the side and placed his hands back in his pockets. He didn't particularly care for Todoroki's physical, emotional or mental state himself, but he could tell almost right away during the first week that Todoroki was not happy to be there. And in that he sees an opportunity to make an ally that he wouldn't get out of any of the other villains. "If you're not the reason he's in the League now, then I don't know who or what is. But I'm not really worried about all that," Dabi said, closing his eyes and turning his head away while waving his hand. "I just want to accomplish my own goal. And for that I need you guys to not beat me into the ground at every chance you get."
Aizawa seemed to think this over and Present Mic took a step forward. "But how are we to trust you, villainous listener?! What's to prove this is no evil ruse to get us pro heroes to let our guard down?! You know what I'm sayin'?!"

Dabi side-eyed Present Mic and smirked. "Todoroki is a pretty honest guy. He was willing to tell me about what happened with Stain. You know, the Hero Killer? Apparently Stain's vision was not to kill every single hero there is and both Midoriya and himself were on the 'Do not kill' list. However another student, Iida Tenya was it? He's on the kill list. When he told me one of his classmates was on the kill list I was a bit more inclined to believe him."

Dabi turned his back to the two and began walking away. Present Mic stopped Aizawa from attacking him, thinking it would be better to let him go for now.

"I'm still a villain through and through. I still want you heroes out of my way. But I joined the League of Villains because I thought they would carry out Stain's ideals. And they're not doing that anymore. I had an easy enough time staying low on the radar and avoiding pro heroes for my petty crimes, so I don't really need a world without heroes. But it would be nice to get rid of all the fake ones who make the hero and villain world look like a cesspool. So, about Todoroki and I. Help us so we can help you." He waved slowly without turning to look at the pro heroes, then jabbed his thumb in the direction Izuku and Katsuki were chased in. "They went that way, by the way. I don't know how Stain feels about Bakugou, but keep Midoriya alive for me would ya?"

Aizawa didn't bother watching him leave like Present Mic did, already running in the direction Dabi pointed in. The flaming trees in that direction were proof enough he was most likely telling the truth. Present Mic stayed behind for a moment, trying to figure out the exact situation of what was happening right now. He was well aware Aizawa knew things he did not, as he himself was one of the ones to vote Aizawa to be the human information hub between all the remaining pro heroes, but would he really not have told him about finding former U.A. students around?

He shook himself out of his thoughts and ran after the other. Now wasn't the time to worry about what else Aizawa wasn't telling him. If there were students in trouble then he needed to do his duty as a pro hero right now.

Izuku and Katsuki both landed in a heap on the opposite side of the chasm they jumped from. They both glanced down into the darkness below, seeing no villains and then stood up.

"Fuck yeah!" Katsuki yelled, pumping his fist in the air at the same time as Izuku. They opened their hands and slapped them together in a high five as they walked past each other, then turned around and hugged each other tightly.

"That was awesome, Kacchan!" Izuku shouted, bouncing up and down in Katsuki's arms. That was the very first time they got to put all their hard work and training to the test and actually work together as a real two-man team and Izuku loved every second of it. He wished they had been working together like that all their life. The prospect gave him the idea of them being unstoppable.

"We even did combo attacks! They could hardly keep up!"

"I know, it was fucking badass! Fuck! I love you, Deku," Katsuki said still high on adrenaline and excitement. He was always the greatest fighter in his mind, but he felt he may have actually never fought as well as he did when he fought with Izuku by his side. "So mu-"
Katsuki was interrupted when Izuku grabbed his face, a hand on each cheek, and kissed him hard. Katsuki returned the action fervently until Izuku’s tongue flitted across their lips. Katsuki's hands came to rest on the small of Izuku's back and neck and he opened his mouth, allowing Izuku access while pulling his head closer. Their tongues danced across each other as Izuku's hands slid down from Katsuki's face to his shoulders. He swiped his tongue across the roof of Katsuki's mouth and held back a giggle at the flinch it elicited from him.

He pulled away slowly, wincing when Katsuki bit down on his bottom lip to keep him from getting away, and then kissed him one more time quickly to try to appease him. Katsuki let him go, but they both stayed pressed together with Izuku's hands on Katsuki's shoulders and Katsuki’s hands on Izuku's neck and lower back. Izuku sucked on his own bottom lip, trying to ease the slight sting where Katsuki bit him, while smiling up at Katsuki.

"I love you too, Kacchan," Izuku finally responded. His combat high was beginning to go down now, which happened to be the cause of that rough and partially sloppy kiss, and he nuzzled his face into Katsuki’s neck. "I can't wait until we're pro heroes together, Kacchan. It's going to be so cool."

Katsuki smiled warmly at him. He hadn't thought about that, but now he definitely wouldn't mind being a hero team with Izuku. As badly as he wanted to surpass All Might and become the number one hero, All Might was gone. So he could pass anyone else up with little to no effort in his own eyes. That goal died with All Might.

Now he wanted to be the best hero duo there ever was with Izuku. Together they'd both be better than All Might ever was, too.

"Yeah. We'll be the fucking best, Deku."

Izuku kissed him again, forcing his tongue past Katsuki's lips and swiping the tip of it across the top of his mouth again. Katsuki jumped and shoved Izuku away, causing Izuku to fall on the ground while laughing.

"What the fuck, Deku? Give a goddamn warning or something before you just attack me like that," Katsuki barked at him, obviously caught off-guard by Izuku's actions. The unpleasant, tingly feeling at the roof of his mouth lingered for a second and he cringed at the thought of it. Then he reached out to Izuku to help him off the ground as some form of apology for shoving him.

"You didn't tell me the roof of your mouth is ticklish, Kacchan," Izuku said through his laughter, letting himself be pulled up by Katsuki. He found himself falling once more when he was only half-way up and realized Katsuki had suddenly let him go.

"The fuck? That's why you did that?!!" Katsuki shouted indignantly, clenching his fists and storming past Izuku while leaving him on the ground. "Fuck you, fucking shitty ass motherfucking shitrag Deku!"

Izuku's laughter died down slowly to a mere half smile, sitting on the ground and watching Katsuki's back as the other walked away. He knew he ran the risk of angering Katsuki with that, but deemed it worth it. Besides...

"Are you fucking coming or not?!" Katsuki yelled, stopping and spinning around to glare daggers at Izuku on the ground. Even though he was seething with anger he still stood there, waiting for Izuku to come to him.

...Kacchan won't hate me now.
Izuku got up and ran over to Katsuki, who began walking away from the chasm again, and when he caught up he shoved his hand in Katsuki's pocket and grabbed his hand in there. "Love you, Kacchan."

"Shut the fuck up," Katsuki responded aggressively. Though he still squeezed Izuku's hand lightly and murmured out through gritted teeth, "love you too, fucking nerd." When their arms bumped together Katsuki questioned how he didn't notice it before, growing angrier at the realization.

"You're covered in fucking blood, Deku! What the fuck!"

"Oh, yeah. I got cut up some by Toga and that villain that makes clones. It isn't as bad as it looks, though. I swear. Wait, what are you doing, Ka... Kacchan?! Not my shirt! Kacchan stop!"

Chapter End Notes

Also not sure if anyone else may have noticed something like this or not but I swear AO3 deletes random words when I upload new chapters... Sometimes I go back and read a scene or two and notice words missing that I didn't notice before when proof reading.

But maybe I'm just blind because sometimes I also notice some horribly written sentences that just make no sense at all once every blue moon after I've already posted (and get horribly fuckin' embarrassed because how many people read those before I caught them?).

But if anyone else notices like a sentence that seems to be missing a word or something feel free to let me know? I'm trying to figure out if AO3 does it for really big chapters or if I'm just negligent or something.

(I should probably also stop proof reading while half asleep at 3-5 in the morning after writing for like four hours straight)
Chapter 12

Chapter Notes

Grr there's little itty bitty things that keep changing in the plot here and there and I need to rework a couple of things. This story is honestly writing itself more than I am. So the first half of this chapter will be more villain-centric.

As for the second half, well have some fluff and the poor babes trying to get back on their feet after a long day of almost dying.

See the end of the chapter for more notes

Aizawa dropped to the ground and pressed his back against a fallen tree near the cliffside with Present Mic sliding in beside him. They both kept low to the ground when they saw a villain coming up from the chasm and heard the sound of the others being uncompressed from their orbs. He took note this tree looked like it was torn from the ground, roots and all.

"It seems as though they have escaped before we could get to the top," Atsuhiro pointed out, glancing around the area while tipping his hat up. "I apologize greatly for being too slow."

The sound of Muscular's muscles returning to normal did great to cover up the sound of Aizawa's relieved sigh. Present Mic still placed his index finger in front of his mouth to shush to other, though. He dared a peek at the villains, poking his head out just barely over the tree trunk. He darted back down when Toga's gaze shifted in his direction. She grinned and began walking towards the tree, gaining everyone else's attention.

"Hey, is that you Izuku~?" She pulled out one of the tubes from the machine on her back and held her knife in the other hand. "I saw someone. Please oh please tell me that's you Izuku~." The sound of Muscular's muscles enhancing split through the air, along with Twice's ribbon blade being pulled out. Present Mic pushed his directional speaker system onto his mouth and Aizawa pulled his goggles out of his wraps, about to place them over his eyes and ready himself for combat. He'd hoped to get out of here unnoticed after hearing that Izuku and Katsuki escaped, but it didn't look like that would be happening.

"Nah. Just me," Dabi called out, stepping out from behind the leaves on the fallen tree. He walked to the middle of the tree's trunk and stepped directly over Aizawa's head as he crossed over. "Sorry to disappoint."

Toga continued to smile at him anyway, placing the tube back into the machine on her back. "Whatcha doin' skulking around like that? You could've gotten yourself killed."

"Why were you not helping us kill them?" Tomura asked in a low voice, still staring at the ground. He hadn't moved an inch since he was uncompressed.

"You all left in such a hurry. I thought someone should've stayed behind and made sure Kurogiri was okay. Would really suck if our warp gate got attacked without knowing where any of us were, ya know?" Dabi placed his hand on the back of his neck, keeping the other in his pocket as he approached. "So did you guys get them?"
Tomura began scratching under his chin with his index and middle fingers, side-eyeing Dabi with a glare. "Do you see dead bodies at our feet? Do you see a pile of ash or bodies drained of all their blood around? Bruised, battered and broken corpses anywhere?" Tomura's voice steadily rose with each question, beginning to show case the anger he was barely holding in. "Charred cadavers? No? Why do you think that is?" He added a third finger and scratched more intensely. "Because our fire quirk user was **nowhere to be found.** Do you see them trapped in orbs? Any evidence of them being cut to pieces? Does it look like we are celebrating them having fallen to their deaths off the side of this cliff?" A fourth finger was added and Dabi had effectively stopped approaching, beginning to inch away instead. Everyone but Muscular and the Noumu seemed to shrink down at the off-handed mentions of each of their quirks and abilities. "Do I sound as pleased as I would be if they were dead? No. That should be the obvious answer. Yet you feel the need... You have the audacity to ask if we **got them?** You..."

Tomura stopped his rant and his hand dropped back to his side, hunching over and staring at the ground again. Everyone had managed to gain a wide berth from the man while he was wholly focused on verbally tearing into Dabi. He released a shaky sigh and began walking towards Dabi, who held his arms out at his sides and took a step back, looking ready to run at a moment's notice. But his body froze from the intensity of the murderous aura emanating from Tomura's very being. A single bead of sweat slid down the side of his face as Tomura was now within arm's reach, but the man simply walked directly past Dabi and continued onward.

"Let's return."

The Noumu followed the order obediently, being the very first to follow him and ignoring its urge to chase after Izuku and Katsuki. The rest of the villains followed suit and all of them headed back towards the cave, passing by the still frozen Dabi. Twice flicked his forehead when he walked by, bringing Dabi out of his trance and he looked over his shoulder to see the group leaving him behind. He ran to catch up.

Aizawa and Present Mic came out now, walking to the edge of the chasm and staring at the other side. Present Mic thought of yelling for them, hoping if he screamed at his max volume he would get their attention should they be close enough, but the villains would hear and get to them long before Katsuki and Izuku ever did.

"Tch."

"Heyyy! Don't even worry, Eraserhead! They'll show up again and we'll get them back, yeah yeeaaah! Just have patience!"

Aizawa began to leave, trying to think of how he would track them down now. There was no way of knowing where they would go from here and no way of contacting them. He could only hope they would call him the moment they got a chance. But if they haven't by now then Aizawa could safely assume Katsuki had lost his phone. Likely in the cave-in. But they still had his number, right? So they just needed to get to a phone and call him was all.

"So you lost your phone, the notebook that had Aizawa's number in it, all of our clothes, money and food," Izuku began while glaring forward and pouting with his arms crossed, then glanced down at Katsuki's bare feet before continuing, "and your shoes? So we have literally nothing?"
"I was trying to get to you, you ungrateful fucking shit!"

Izuku was a little peeved at the moment, looking down at his now ripped up shirt that Katsuki used as bandages for his slashed arm, leg and back. There wasn't even anything left to cover his torso. More than that though, they had no way of contacting Aizawa as his number was in the notebook that was now buried in the cave. Along with Katsuki's phone and all the rest of their belongings.

They both travelled in silence, walking through the rocky, desert-like area that lead to who knew where. The closest city they knew was in the complete opposite direction they were walking in, along with a plethora of dangerous villains that wanted to kill them.

All in all they were pretty screwed.

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"Shiga-"

"SHUT! UP!"

Another cup shattered against the wall next to Shouto's head.

When all the villains returned to their base Tomura immediately began his rampage, swiping cups off the bar counter and throwing chairs against walls. A table was disintegrated and almost everyone either escaped to their rooms quickly or left the base altogether to avoid Tomura's wrath. The only ones that remained were Kurogiri, who was trying desperately to calm Tomura, Shouto, who was denied the right to leave, Dabi, who wanted to make sure Tomura did not kill Shouto, and the Noumu that stayed still in a corner of the room with no thoughts about the situation playing out before it at all.

"Why? Why is it every time we take one step forward it's always another FOUR STEPS BACK?!!" Tomura screamed while flinging another chair across the room. It broke to pieces once it hit the wall. "By what right do these fucking newbies have to stand against us? What sort of rigged trial have I been put in that I can't even kill these two teenagers?" Another cup shattered against the wall with the utterance of the word 'teenagers'. "Midoriya is NOTHING. Dealing with Thirteen during our first ever mission to kill All Might was more troublesome than Midoriya. But now all of a sudden he fights like a pro? Bakugou refuses to embrace the villain in himself and join us and fights so hard to protect that worthless fool. It's because of him that Midoriya is not dead. It's because-"

Tomura suddenly stopped, holding up another chair with two hands and his eyes slowly shifted to Shouto, who tensed under his sudden gaze. The chair in Tomura's hands finished disintegrating as he stared down Shouto, beginning to walk towards him now.

"You. This is because you lied to us."

“What? I didn’t tell you anything but what I know,” Shouto said, attempting to talk Tomura down. “I only told the truth.”

Shouto backed away until his back hit a wall and a light coating of frost began to form at his feet. Dabi stood and rushed over to stand between Tomura and Shouto right before Tomura grabbed
"It isn't his fault. You know that. He hasn't been in contact with Bakugou or Midoriya in months and has no way of knowing what has changed between them."

Tomura grabbed Dabi's chin with his palm, keeping his index finger off to not disintegrate his head. At the same time Dabi's hand came to rest under Tomura's head, heat dancing across his palm as a warning of retaliation. The murderous aura that stunned him before was not here now and he was not afraid to strike back, sure that his quirk would kill Tomura much faster than Tomura's would kill him.

"I don't believe I was talking to you. Move."

"Not if you're going to kill him. He can still be useful to us if you'd just trust him."

"Trusting him is the reason we're standing here, having failed our side quest for the hundredth time. If I want to kill him, I. Will. Kill. Him."

Kurogiri's mist enveloped them both, separating them from each other. Tomura glared at Kurogiri and Dabi silently thanked him in his own head, looking over to the little patch of frost near Shouto's right foot and Shouto's narrowed eyes.

He was ready, too.

"Shigaraki, I cannot condone you killing our members. They are still of use to us. I need you to please calm down. Now."

Tomura breathed in and exhaled shakily. He was beginning to calm enough that he realized he was being irrational and decided to leave. Kurogiri and All For One were the only voices of reason he would listen to, and if Kurogiri was beginning to get stern with him then he knew he was taking things too far. He glared at Dabi as he passed by and left the room.

"Todoroki, please go to your room and keep your door locked for a while. Take a nap or read a book if you wish, something to help calm down," Kurogiri told him.

"A locked door won't keep anyone here out," Shouto argued quietly. He knew there wasn't a single person in this group that would be stopped by a big piece of wood. Most could break it down without even using their quirks. He also didn't want to stay in his room any longer. He was beginning to feel more like a prisoner in this place than a member of the group.

"No, but it will give you precious seconds needed to assess the situation should someone decide to break through. Shigaraki angers easily, however it is rare to see him throw a tantrum of this size. There is no telling what he may do today. But I will stay awake tonight and watch over everyone's rooms just in case," Kurogiri explained while grabbing a nearby broom and beginning to sweep up the mess Tomura created.

Shouto nodded. "Okay. Thank you, Kurogiri."

When he was gone it was just Kurogiri and Dabi left in the bar alone. Dabi began making his way towards the hallway that lead to the bedrooms when Kurogiri called out to him, stopping him mid-stride.

"What are your intentions with this group?"

Dabi tensed, but kept calm even when Kurogiri placed the broom against the wall and faced him.
He could not automatically assume Kurogiri was conscious during his conversation with Aizawa and Present Mic. He would have to play it cool for now.

"To get rid of the heroes. Isn't that what we're all here for?"

"Shigaraki has taken the majority of my patience this afternoon. I am afraid I cannot guarantee this matter will be handled with civility between us, but it simply is not something that can wait for long." Kurogiri took a step forward, his yellow eyes narrowing at Dabi. "Please answer the question truthfully."

Dabi placed his hands in his pockets and frowned harder at Kurogiri. He was definitely listening to the conversation from before. But that brought up the question of why he did not bring this up sooner, take the chance of letting Tomura kill him a few moments ago, or tell anyone else until this very moment. Regardless of any of that, if he was being given this chance then he would need to come up with something to appease the one before him. This moment in time was going to decide whether his own plans got overly complicated or not.

"What's making you ask this all of a sudden? Have I done something to make you question my loyalty?"

Kurogiri took another couple of steps forward, shedding his bartender outfit and shooting out multiple gaseous limbs at Dabi. Dabi dashed to the side to avoid them and each limb smashed into the floor, nearby table, two chairs and wall. The table and chairs were smashed to pieces and holes were placed in the floor and wall. Said limbs dispersed into regular fog again while returning to Kurogiri and more were sent in Dabi's direction.

"I will not have all my hard work trying to keep this group together ruined by a traitor such as yourself, Dabi. You have been a great asset to our organization, but I will not have you endanger the League of Villains. I believe it is time you ended your relationship with this group." The League of Villains has become like a family to him and he would not let it be ruined by any one person. He has been here since the very beginning and will not allow his home to be destroyed by some pitiful turncoat.

Dabi ducked behind a turned over table, courtesy of Tomura's earlier rampage, and flinched when one of the gaseous limbs burst through the other side and barely missed him. He rolled forward as three more crashed through the table and it was lifted up. Each limb pulled in a different direction and broke the table altogether with more following suit.

"Listen! I'm not betraying you guys!"

"I regained consciousness during your conversation with the pro heroes Eraserhead and Present Mic! Do not take me for a fool!" Dabi dived to the side when one of the limbs grabbed a chair and threw it at him, landing in a roll and leaning to the side to avoid another limb that tried to strike him across the face. "Everyone here but Shigaraki has treated you with only respect and comradery. I will not tolerate you repaying us with betrayal. But I cannot let the others know what you have done. We are in a crucial time of war and we cannot suffer a blow to morale as big as one of our members turning on us. So I will not warp you away, but I will not let you escape with your life either. As far as the other's will know, you simply left for a walk and were subsequently captured by pro heroes for information."

Wow. He really thought this out. Dabi stood and glanced around, searching for Kurogiri's next attack. "Listen to me, Kurogiri. I'm not betraying the League of Villains. I had to say those things to the heroes so they wouldn't notice you under the rocks and wouldn't capture me. Now they think Todoroki and I are on their side and won't be expecting us to attack them the very next chance we
get. Todoroki and I can strike at a crucial moment when they think we'll help and we can end them."

Kurogiri's eyes narrowed at him again, but the limbs stopped coming for Dabi. He took that as his chance to press on.

"I haven't attacked any of you once even though I've had plenty of chances to. And if Todoroki and I teamed up and attacked while everyone was asleep on any given night we could probably kill a good handful of the group before escaping and going to the heroes. But we haven't done that. I-"

"Enough." Kurogiri pulled his suit back up and clothed himself once more, grabbing the broom off the wall and pointing it at Dabi threateningly. "You are cunning, Dabi. You're like a snake in the grass. My trust in you remains damaged, so I will be watching you carefully. Please do not give me reason to kill you. I am not afraid to make an example out of you to the heroes and, as much as I would like to keep this matter hidden from the others, I will not hesitate to kill you in front of the group if I deem it necessary. They will take my word over yours."

He began sweeping up the mess both he and Tomura have made. He would need to go take some new furniture from a store or warehouse at some point. The ability to warp said furniture from whatever location he chooses to steal it from straight to here will be helpful as well. He watched Dabi silently leave from the corner of his eyes.

Kurogiri could not tell for sure just whose side Dabi is playing for, but had to admit he does a good job of being convincing to whoever he speaks to.

"Kacchan, there's a town up ahead!" Izuku shouted excitedly, pointing towards the city lights that stood out in the night. The two of them walked all day long while trying to find a place to go, not seeing so much as a road anywhere during their seemingly endless walk.

"So? We don't have any fucking money." Katsuki glared at the city in the distance as if it were to blame for that. They couldn't get a hotel room, food or new clothes even if they did go there. But it would still probably be better to sleep in town, even if it were in an alleyway, than to sleep out in the wilderness. Maybe. Not to mention his feet just plain ached at this point. "The fuck ever. Let's go anyway."

When they both entered the city limits they already had people staring at them. Katsuki clenched his fists and jaw to try to contain his anger at everyone being so obviously nosy. Izuku elbowed him softly to try to get him to loosen up.

"We both look like wrecks, Kacchan. If it was anyone else wouldn't you stare, too?"

"Doesn't mean it isn't fucking annoying as shit," Katsuki replied, not caring if other people heard him. "Where the fuck are we supposed to go now anyway?"

Izuku looked around town as the two sauntered down the sidewalk. True enough he had no idea where they would even go at this point, but just being here was better than being in the middle of nowhere. Not to mention there was a far, far better chance of running into one of the pro heroes Aizawa said were left in a city than there was in the wilderness. If they could find just one of them maybe they could get back to Aizawa before long.
Even though Aizawa said to avoid the other pro heroes he believed their current situation was one where they would be allowed to look for one.

"I guess let's just find a place to sleep for now. I don't think we're going to find anyone around willing to give us food for free."

Katsuki glanced around dramatically, waving his hands as he did so. "Right. Of fuckin' course. Let's just head over to anyone one of these free fuckin' hotels and take a room!"

Izuku glared at him and crossed his arms, feeling a chill in the night air on his upper body from the lack of a shirt. "I didn't mean a place that costs money, Kacchan. Just somewhere that isn't on the sidewalk or something."

The both of them were obviously irritable for many different reasons, but Izuku tried his best to stay as civil as possible. He knew Katsuki well enough to know the other, at this point, will get set off by the smallest of things. It won't be any better for their current condition if Izuku were to get mad as well, but it turns out an easily irritable boyfriend was pretty high up on the list of things that quickly frustrated him.

"The only place we're going to find is some shitty fucking alleyway or something." Katsuki didn't relish the thought of sleeping on the ground after spending so long getting used to sleeping in a bed again. They had regressed right back to where they were three and a half months ago. The only difference being they were now out of money, didn't have sufficient clothing and he didn't hate Izuku's guts anymore.

"We could go back into the sewers for a wh-"

"No." Katsuki definitely didn't want to go down there again. He didn't remember what the stench was like anymore and didn't want to be reminded of it. Plus Izuku still had unhealed cuts that could get infected down there.

"Alleyway it is, then." Izuku sighed and looked around at all their various choices. The preferable choice would be one that had a hiding place of some sort. Maybe a few trashcans to sleep between. Though after a while of searching they both finally decided to just pick one for the night and settled in next to a dumpster behind a restaurant.

"This is fucking stupid," Katsuki complained, sliding to the floor with his back against the wall. "Utter bullshit."

"It's the best we can do, Kacchan. It's just until we find Aizawa again," Izuku tried to reason, walking past the other to sit next to him. Katsuki grabbed his arm as he passed and dragged him down between his legs, then wrapped his arms around the other. "What are you-"

"It's starting to get fucking cold as shit and you don't have a shirt," Katsuki answered quickly, keeping his feet flat on the ground and knees bent upwards as a sort of cage for Izuku. He had no intention of letting Izuku freeze in the approaching autumn's cold night air. "You got a fuckin' problem with this?"

Izuku brightened up when Katsuki squeezed him as if daring him to object to their current position. Of course he had no problem with the way they were situated. Maybe an obvious problem with the location they were in, but there was nothing to be done about that at the moment. So he pressed his back against Katsuki's chest and settled in, leaning his head back under Katsuki's chin and loosely crossing his arms and legs.
"No. I was just a little surprised is all."

Katsuki stared down at him when Izuku closed his eyes. He didn't know what time it was but with how dark it was out here, only the street lights and few showing stars illuminating the streets, the lack of people about and the nearly silent area all told him it was pretty far into the night. The thought, however, made him more paranoid when coupled with the fact the villains had a Noumu that was tracking them.

But were they even still tracking them right now? With how fast the Noumu regularly travelled wouldn't it have caught up to them long ago? The two of them, once out of the chasm, didn't leave at an abnormally fast pace. Just a regular walk all day long with no signs of trouble. Were the villains still trapped down there, too?

It was probably safe to assume the villains have given up the chase and wouldn't be pursuing the duo tonight at the very least. But it was, in Katsuki's mind, smarter to assume they could come at any moment. All encounters they've had, not only with the villains, but with anyone since the beginning of their time running away together has been unexpected encounters. So if the villains did attack tonight, it would most likely be while they least expected it.

...I'm starting to think like fucking Deku when he's mumbling to himself. He looked around the alleyway, or what he could see of it from beside the dumpster, and frowned. He wasn't going to sleep tonight at this rate. He knew he needed to, but he couldn't shake the feeling that something would happen to Izuku if he did.

"Kacchan, at least sleep a little," Izuku told him sleepily as if he read the other's thoughts. His eyes remained closed and he didn't bother moving, but he could feel all of Katsuki's smallest movements. The way his arms would tense and relax. The way his chin brushed against Izuku's hair when he looked around. The deep breaths he took suddenly that would mess up his regular breathing pattern. The speed of the soft heartbeat against Izuku's back increasing. It all pointed to the same thing to Izuku. "If they were going to attack they'd have done it by now. So just sleep."

Katsuki glared down at Izuku's closed eyes and Izuku smiled back at him. He could tell Katsuki was glaring at him by the way his arms relaxed and his chin grazed Izuku's hair when he looked down. Katsuki debated whether he wanted to hit him for being so smug or not, but opted instead to flick Izuku on the nose, who cringed and finally opened his eyes with his smile disappearing, and ran his hand across Izuku's forehead to pull his hair back and expose his forehead for a small kiss. Another chaste kiss on the lips followed quickly after.

"We'll sleep in shifts again. I'll take first watch."

Izuku frowned up at him, believing Katsuki was overreacting and that nothing would happen tonight, but silently agreed by closing his eyes and letting his head loll to the side. His cheek rested on Katsuki's collarbone and Katsuki let Izuku's hair fall back over his forehead.

They stayed like that through the night with Izuku asleep on Katsuki and Katsuki glaring death at any late night civilians that happened to pass by, whether it be through the alley or just by the entrance. A few hours into the night Katsuki was fighting the urge to doze off. Occasionally his eyes would nearly droop shut and he'd have to bring himself back to reality. Normally he wouldn't have trouble staying awake if and when he needed to, but there was a large difference between staying awake while doing something and staying awake while sitting still and doing absolutely nothing.

After a long, long while Izuku eventually woke up and glanced over his shoulder slowly, coming face to face with Katsuki's half-lidded eyes and painfully bored expression. If it wasn't for his chest...
rising and falling against Izuku's back, Izuku might have mistaken him for being dead.

"You look terrible, Kacchan," Izuku stated worriedly. "Are you okay?"

"Fuck you," Katsuki replied slowly, blinking a few times and stretching his arms out. His voice was slow, slurred and pitiful sounding. "I am better than you have ever been or ever will be."

"You really didn't sleep at all, did you?"

"I'm fine." Katsuki let out a long yawn that betrayed his words, forming a tear in one of his eyes. "Let's go. We need to find food or some shit."

Izuku looked up at the sky, seeing the moon was still out. Dawn was barely even beginning to break and if he had to guess he would say it was only around five or six in the morning. There was no way he was going to simply let Katsuki go about the day with less than zero energy.

"Kacchan, you need to sleep..."

"I said," Katsuki paused to yawn again, one that opened his mouth so wide his jaw began to ache, "that I'm fucking fine, asswipe."

He shoved Izuku off of him and tried to stand up, nearly falling back down when a sudden rush of lightheadedness overcame him. Between fighting for his life, running away, walking from morning to night, staying awake all night long and not eating anywhere between any of that time he was pretty much completely and utterly empty on energy.

"See, Kacchan? You can barely stand. Come on. Just sleep for a few hours at least." Izuku sat up on his knees and tugged on the hem of Katsuki's shirt.

"For the last time I'm fucking fine! Fuck! What do you want me to do to prove it? Level a goddamn building?"

Izuku flinched when Katsuki shouted at him, but he steeled himself shortly afterwards. Normally he would never do something like this, but his worry for Katsuki was overpowering his timidness and he knew Katsuki would not be able to fight back too easily or for too long in this state. So he would take advantage of the other's physical state just this once.

He crawled back over to where Katsuki was sitting before while Katsuki stretched again, trying to get the blood flowing to the rest of his body, and jerked Katsuki downwards from the back of his shirt. Katsuki fell backwards onto the ground beside him, his back hitting the brick wall of the building they were by, and he instantly took a swing at Izuku. Izuku closed his eyes, shielded his face with his hands and braced himself, but Katsuki's fist stopped just short of knocking Izuku's head right into the side of the dumpster. When Izuku's eyes opened and he looked past his hands to Katsuki he could see the other's fist frozen in front of him with a hard scowl directed at him.

Katsuki's fist clenched harder as he fought the instinct to seriously hit the other boy, remembering his promise to not hurt him again. He was too tired to deal with all of this or think too clearly right now.

"Don't fucking jerk me around, Deku," Katsuki warned in a low voice, slapping his hand on the ground to push himself up again. He stopped and looked over when Izuku grabbed his wrist to stop him.

"Please, Kacchan."
Katsuki grit his teeth and continued to glare at Izuku. Something about the look in Izuku's eyes, the way his eyebrows were knitted together in worry, and his tone of voice made him, extremely reluctantly, comply though.

He pulled his wrist away harshly and slammed his back against the wall like a frustrated child being forced into something they didn't want to do. He crossed his arms over his chest and turned his head to the side, away from Izuku, to go to sleep.

"Don't you dare fucking say I never do anything for your fucking whiny ass."

Izuku smiled at him softly while crossing his legs. "I'll never say that, Kacchan. You've done so much for me in the past few months."

"Where's the switch to shut your motherfucking mouth? Fuck. Just shut up!"

Izuku went silent and looked away, continuing to smile anyway. He knew Katsuki didn't mean it. He was just irritable from the lack of food and rest, so Izuku ignored his angry little outbursts and looked around the alleyway for something to hopefully entertain him while Katsuki slept. After a few seconds he felt something fall in his lap and looked down to see Katsuki had fell over, his head landing in Izuku's lap. His arms were still crossed angrily and Izuku couldn't tell if he was actually awake or not at the moment.

He suppressed a small laugh and dug his fingers into Katsuki's hair, massaging his scalp and running his fingers through the spiky head of hair slowly.

So soft...

Chapter End Notes

Chapter thirteen may or may not take longer than usual to come out. I know I usually update about once every 3-5 days but I got some non-fic related stuff to catch up on.

On top of the fact I keep getting distracted fighting the urge to not begin on the other three big fics until I finish this one but GOSH I CAN'T STOP THINKING ABOUT THEM!! I may actually have to start on them for a bit just to get some of it out of my system. But mainly non-writer things that are going to overwhelm me if I don't deal with them for the next few days.

SO! I guess what I'm trying to say is the next update may be late but for everyone to not worry because I'm definitely not abandoning this fic. I love this story just as much as you all do!
Chapter 13

Chapter Notes

Hello all I am back and active again.

Alright so when I finished this chapter I was actually over 12k words. But I decided, you know, why post one monster chapter when I can cut it down the middle (at a decent stopping point of course) and make two chapters to buy more time for the next one.

I especially need the time because the new Deus Ex game is coming out and I am, unfortunately, a gamer. And I do love the Deus Ex franchise.

So the bad news (well for you all) is the most interesting parts (--SPOILERS--: semi-light smut, Izuku being a cute and slightly moody little shit, huge leap forward in character development for Katsuki, little drama between Katsuki and Aizawa, Katsuki almost crying) got cut off and will be in chapter fourteen. So this is just a progress chapter more than anything else. Moving the story forward and what not.

More good news/bad news in the ending notes. I'll shut up for now.

Enjoy the chapter!

See the end of the chapter for more notes

Izuku kept his head down low and his arms crossed while he and Katsuki strode quickly down the sidewalk. His lips were pursed into a thin line and he could feel the heat on his own face rising up as he tried to ignore the people staring at him. He stayed extremely close behind Katsuki, almost bumping into him every few steps, to try to hide from everyone around them.

He didn't generally like being the center of attention even under regular circumstances, so people gawking at him as his half naked self stood out like a sore thumb was downright mortifying to say the least.

Katsuki glanced over his shoulder to see Izuku's expression and his frown deepened. "What the fuck is wrong with you?"

"Everyone is staring at me," Izuku said, his voice small.

Katsuki looked around, now noticing all the people that were staring at the two of them.

No, at him, Katsuki mused while looking at Izuku again. None of them were really bothering to be discreet, either. Though it still made little sense to Katsuki as to why Izuku would, or should, even care. It wasn't like he should be ashamed and he seemed fine coming into town last night as is. Although it was also darker, they were both half asleep, and there were significantly less people at the time. As opposed to now where it was a bright late morning, they were both fully awake, and there appeared to be no end to the people walking about to live their daily lives.

He wanted to do a lot of things at the moment. Yell at the crowd to mind their own business first and foremost. Also to yell at Izuku for being embarrassed by something so trivial and inane.
Though doing either, along with anything else he had in mind that would definitely include explosions, would no doubt bring even more attention their way. Not to mention it was hardly his place to judge Izuku's personality at this point. So instead he grabbed Izuku by the arm and dragged him off into a nearby alley.

"What are you doing?" Izuku questioned. He looked around frantically when Katsuki started stripping off his shirt and took a step back once the shirt was shoved in his face.

"Put it on." Izuku stared at him, confusion evident on his face, until Katsuki jerked his arm forward harder as if to emphasize his words. "What the fuck are you staring at me like that for? I said put it on, you shit!"

"Why are you-"

"Because you're a self-conscious little fuck and won't get over your damn self!" Katsuki threw the shirt at Izuku and shoved his hands into his pockets while glaring. "So either you put it on or I'm putting it on you, fucking Deku."

"But what about you? They'll just stare at you then." Izuku appreciated the gesture of course, but didn't want to put Katsuki in a position to be as uncomfortable as he was.

"So what? They can all drop dead for all I fucking care," Katsuki answered while walking past Izuku. "They should be kissing the ground beneath my fucking feet for a chance to see the fucking glory that is me anyway."

Izuku laughed at that and watched Katsuki leave. Despite whether Katsuki was joking to make Izuku feel better or was actually serious, Izuku still wished he could have that type of confidence about certain things. It must be nice to be able to think like that.

He slipped into the shirt and ran to catch up to Katsuki, pulling it down as he went. When he caught up he walked beside Katsuki instead of behind him and noticed, now that he wasn't staring at the ground, that everyone was staring at Katsuki instead. Although from the looks of Katsuki’s mien he either didn't care or refused to show that it bothered him. His stride was confident and he didn't bother trying to hide.

"Where should we go anyway? We can't just stick around here forever."

Izuku looked around the bustling city while trying to think of what the two should do next. Surely the villains have given up the chase if they haven't shown up by now, but going back to the cave even to try to dig up their stuff would be almost impossible. Neither of them had any idea what direction the place was even in anymore.

"Like I fucking know. We found Aizawa by dumb luck last time. How the fuck are we supposed to imitate that?"

Izuku groaned inwardly and slouched forward. Katsuki was right; they couldn't very well come up with something to find him without luck being involved in one way or another. At this rate the villains will get to them long before any pro heroes do the next time they decide to hunt the duo down. Katsuki glanced at Izuku, his movements catching Katsuki's attention from the corner of his eye. When he looked over at the other he noticed a news station across the street and stopped walking. Izuku continued onward a few more steps before he realized Katsuki was no longer with him and stopped to look back at the other. He followed Katsuki's line of sight and looked to the news station.

"What is it, Kacchan?"
"Think any pro heroes watch the news?" Katsuki asked with a grin, looking to Izuku and jabbing his thumb in the direction of the station. Izuku took a second to figure out what Katsuki was getting at, but when he did he grinned as well and they both ran towards the building across the street to enact Katsuki's plan.

Aizawa stood on the edge of the hotel building's roof overlooking the rest of the city. The lack of sleep was evident on his features, though his eyes continued to scan the bustling area below for signs of his two former students. He's been watching the surrounding areas for any indication to their whereabouts since he returned, hoping they'd have made their way back here after their escape from the villains, and had Present Mic search the areas further out. Present Mic insisted on sleeping the night before, but Aizawa refused to and continued searching through the night and well into the morning.

His phone buzzed and he almost considered ignoring it in order to keep his full attention on the area below. It was still his job to keep up with everyone else, though, regardless of what situation was currently sitting in front of him. So he pulled the device out of his pocket and pressed it to his ear to answer.

"Yeah." His voice was quiet and expectant. The same type of greeting anyone who called him would expect. The hidden hint of tiredness did not go unnoticed, however.

"Heyy, Aizawa! Check channel seventy-four!" Aizawa pulled the phone away from his ear when he heard Present Mic's unnecessarily loud voice on the other side, still able to hear him perfectly fine with the receiver a couple of inches away. "The wonder duo is on the weather channel!"

Aizawa hung up while jumping off the edge of the building. He grabbed onto a windowsill mid-drop and opened it, climbing into the room that belonged to Present Mic currently. As soon as he was in he turned on the room's television and changed the channel to seventy-four. The first thing he saw was a chair flying across the screen and a couple of people panicking as they ran by.

"I don't care! The forecast is gonna be a 100% chance of ass kicking if you don't get the fuck out of the way!"

Aizawa recognized the voice off-screen as Katsuki's instantly. As good as this was for him to find the two of them he still wished Katsuki would control himself a little more.

"Kacchan, don't blow up the equipment. That stuff is expensive," Izuku warned him as his bruised, cut-up and worried face appeared on-screen. He looked over his shoulder at someone else and pointed towards the camera directly in front of his face. "I'm sorry about him. We'll only be a minute. Um, is this one on? Okay, thank you." Izuku smiled into the camera and gave a small wave. "Hi. Aizawa or Present Mic, if either of you see this we got attacked by the villains and lost all of our stuff. Kacchan's phone got destroyed and we lost the notebook with your number in it, so we can't contact you. I think we're in the city of Yokohama right now. If you could come get us that would be really great."

Aizawa stared exasperatedly at the screen. These two couldn't have picked a worse way to try to contact him short of simply shooting explosions into the sky and hoping he saw them. Weren't they aware of the trouble they could get in for pulling a stunt like this? His annoyance only grew when he saw Katsuki appear in the background, shirtless and barefoot, wrestling against three security
guards as Izuku continued to speak to the camera. His image was already in a poor state after the sports festival and this would only make it worse.

"But Kacchan is going to use his quirk to signal you on top of a building until you come to get us. So we'll be waiting somewhere in the Kamino ward." Katsuki yelled in rage as the guards surrounded him and tried to pin him down, emitting an explosion from both hands to blast them all away. Izuku's smile faltered and his eyes grew more worried as he stared into the camera. "Please hurry." Another security guard appeared behind Izuku and tried to grab him. Katsuki aimed his hand at the man and issued another explosion, blowing the camera to the ground and cracking the screen while blasting away the guard. Izuku's shoes appeared in front of the camera and his voice could be heard while he walked towards where the guards were attempting to wrestle Katsuki to the ground again. "Kacchan! We agreed you wouldn't blow anything up! This stuff is expensive!"

"Shut the fuck up, you shit! They started it and I'm fucking ending it! Fuck these asshats!" Another explosion was heard and the screen flickered. "Get your fucking hands off me you four-armed piece of shit!"

"Kacchan don't-!

One final explosion was heard and the screen cut to static. Aizawa dragged a hand across his face and sighed. The sigh worked as an indication of his relief that they were safe, fatigue from lack of rest, and fury that the two would cause such a scene in a public place just to get his attention. On television, nonetheless. But if they can't contact him any other way then it might be necessary. Of course the idiots are going to set off explosions on a rooftop, too. He thought them more intelligent than that. But at least he knew what to look for when he got near the city. He pulled out his phone and texted Present Mic to meet him at the train station.

Katsuki and Izuku sat back to back on the highest rooftop they could find in the Kamino ward. The sun was beginning to set and their stomachs growled as loud as ever. The two were silent as they waited for some type of result for their earlier plan. Even if Aizawa didn't see it, another one of the pro heroes could have and might have contacted him. They didn't care much if any villains saw it, because if the villains wanted to hunt them down they could just use the Noumu that tracked them to do so.

"It's been about an hour I think. Do you want to let off another explosion, Kacchan?" Katsuki's head fell back onto Izuku's shoulder and he groaned at the idea of having to expend more energy. Even after sleeping this morning he felt like he was running on air, having not had water or food in over thirty hours. Izuku smiled gingerly at Katsuki's squeezed shut eyes and let the other lean against him. His hand came up and fingers intertwined with soft, spiky locks of hair as his eyes closed and his head leaned down. "I know. I'm sorry. But my quirk can't really send off a signal or anything. At least not one anywhere near as visible or audible as yours."

Katsuki let out a long, drawn-out and dramatic sigh with another loud groan mixed in and turned his head to the side. "Don't wanna."

"Come on. If Aizawa finds us we'll be able to get food. So the faster he finds us the faster we'll get food. Think about it like that." Izuku grinned when his appeal appeared to work. Katsuki pulled off of him, mumbling curses as he stood and stretched.
Katsuki pointed his arm up into the air lazily, attempting to trigger another explosion like he'd done every hour. Or as close to an hour as the two could figure without anything on their person to tell time. He shook his hand violently when no blast erupted from his palm, then brought it down and glared at his hand.

"What the fuck." He curled and uncurled his fingers a few times, trying to let off a blast with his other hand. Still nothing came out. His stomach growled again and he couldn't tell if what he was feeling was anger, hunger, frustration or all three. "I think I'm too hungry to blow shit up."

Izuku cocked his head with furrowed brows. Was that something that could even happen? Katsuki's quirk didn't have anything to do with his stomach, so it seemed out of place for his hunger to affect his quirk. His arm swung into view and he tried to activate his own quirk, but his limbs refused to glow and he didn't feel that familiar surge of power through his body. A small smile crepted onto his face and he looked around at the surrounding buildings slowly.

"No. I think Aizawa is around somewhere." He spotted the man on another rooftop some ways away, staring at them while rooted in place. Katsuki followed his gaze and saw him as well.

"He can't just fucking come over here? That lazy old shit," Katsuki growled while grabbing Izuku's arm and pulling him up.

"I think he just wanted to stop you from using your quirk to signal him while he was already here." Izuku walked to the edge of the rooftop and pulled Katsuki close to him, picking him up bridal style and activating his quirk now that Aizawa stopped erasing it.

"What the fuck are you doing?" Katsuki slapped his hand onto Izuku's face and pushed him, making Izuku stumble backwards. "Don't fucking hold me like this!"

"K-Ka-Kacchan!" Izuku tried to move his face away from Katsuki's hand, but the other kept pushing harder and harder trying to get Izuku to put him down. Izuku fell backwards and they both landed in a mess of tangled limbs.

Katsuki forced his way away from Izuku and stood up, glaring down at him. "Don't carry me like I'm some shitty princess in distress or some fucking shit!"

Izuku huffed and stood up, glaring back at Katsuki. "Well what do you want me to do then?"

"Grow a fucking brain you shitrag," Katsuki responded while walking behind Izuku and climbing onto his back. Izuku stumbled forward from the sudden weight climbing on him and pulled his arms under Katsuki's legs to hold him up.

"That's mean, Kacchan," Izuku's slightly hurt voice said with a deep frown as he walked to the edge of the building again. He crouched down and jumped in the direction Aizawa was in. While they were travelling through the air Izuku heard Katsuki's quiet voice right next to his ear and his expression softened when he heard the word.

"...Sorry."

They both landed on the rooftop Aizawa was on, Izuku running forward during the landing to keep from falling. When they stopped just in front of him Izuku let Katsuki down and Izuku seemed to shrink under Aizawa's intense glower. Katsuki stepped in front of Izuku and scowled just as hard back at Aizawa. Aizawa's angry stare shifted towards Katsuki.

"Why did you not call me the moment they attacked?"
"You think they just fucking stepped aside and waited politely while I reached for my goddamn phone? We were barely even fuckin' awake when they came at us," Katsuki spat at him with a stomp of his foot. "Next time I'll try asking the shitheads trying to murder us nicely if I can make a call first. How about that?"

Aizawa's eyes narrowed further at the boy in front of him. "Why did you not memorize my number?"

"Why the fuck should I have to if it's in my phone and written down?"

"For this very reason," Aizawa responded quickly, waving his hand in front of him to emphasize the situation they were currently in. "You're living the very reason why right now."

Katsuki's jaw clenched harder when he couldn't think of something to say to that. He felt Izuku shift behind him and threw his hand back to keep the other in place. Katsuki refused to watch Izuku cower because of this guy again as long as he could help it.

"You couldn't think of something more subtle to try to find me? Something that wouldn't potentially get the attention of everyone within every surrounding city?" Aizawa continued to question, not bothering to hide the irritation in his voice. "After I specifically told you to avoid other pro heroes and stay under the radar? Not to mention the villains that I'm sure now know exactly where you are. Or the people who would have come to inspect explosion after explosion on the rooftop of a random building."

"Look, you worthless fucking scruffy ass piece of shit; we took exactly what we thought was the best course of action. They have some big fucking creature that can track us and can find us anywhere. So it didn't fucking matter if we got the attention of the league of shitrags anyway because if they wanted to find us they could just do it." Katsuki stepped forward until he was inches away from Aizawa and glared up into his eyes. He refused to let Aizawa think he was intimidating him even in the slightest. He wasn't in charge of them anymore and Katsuki was determined to let the man know it. He and Izuku were in charge of themselves right now. "You want to tell me a better fuckin' idea to try and find you? Because obviously you weren't doing a very good fucking job of finding us like you were supposed to."

"Kacchan, calm down. Try breathing," Izuku insisted.

"Shut up! He's fucking provoking me! This fucking asshole."

Katsuki fell silent when Izuku's hand landed on his shoulder and he kept from yelling at Izuku in response. He sucked in a breath through his nose and glared at Aizawa as it came out slowly.

Aizawa's glare eased as he soaked in the new information. He was not aware there was something, or someone, the villains were using for the purpose of tracking. Suddenly everything the two did was relatively more acceptable to him and rather than being disappointed with their actions he was now frustrated with the fact they were backed into a corner that forced them to do such things. Though there were still other questions that he felt needed to be answered, and he figured he may as well get to them while Katsuki was relatively pacified. Small things such as where they stayed for the night, what they've been eating since they escaped. He was slightly afraid to hear the answer to the first question that came out of his mouth, however.

"...Why are you nearly naked?"
"Kacchan, slow down." Katsuki made a noise somewhere between a growl and a grunt in response while still practically inhaling his food. Izuku frowned and poked Katsuki's cheek, who finally lowered the bowl in his hands into the lap of his crossed legs and glared at Izuku.

"I'm fucking starving. Why should I eat like a fucking sloth just because you are?" Izuku grabbed Katsuki's wrist when he attempted to bring the bowl back up to his mouth to begin scarfing his food down once again. He refrained from jerking his wrist free of Izuku's grasp to avoid spilling the food everywhere.

"Come on. I don't want you to choke or something. Just eat a little slower, please." Katsuki glared at him from his side of the bed and proceeded to hesitantly eat at a much slower pace. Izuku smiled at him from behind the knees pressed to his chin and continued eating his own food.

Aizawa was, naturally, nice enough to get them a set of clothes and food. The, what Katsuki considered, downside to the deal is that they stay with Aizawa and Present Mic now. But Katsuki realized fairly quickly he was in no position to deny this deal. So they both sat in their hotel room with food brought in via room service and Izuku flipping through channels on the television while idly taking small bites of his food.

"Oi, the fuck's wrong with you?" Katsuki suddenly asked. Izuku lowered the remote and looked to Katsuki, their eyes meeting and Katsuki frowning at Izuku's questioning stare. "You're barely eating anything. And don't give me that not hungry shit. We haven't eaten in nearly two days."

Izuku looked down at his food and shrugged. He didn't notice until Katsuki pointed it out, but he really has barely touched his food. The tray was set aside on the nearby nightstand and he continued going through the channels on the television. Katsuki placed his bowl down in his lap and snatched the remote out of Izuku's hand, burying it beneath himself and glaring at the other. Izuku could already tell what that look meant.

Tell me before I fucking kill you.

Izuku glanced away and hugged his knees closer to his chest. It wasn't so much that he didn't want to tell Katsuki what was wrong as much as the trouble it could potentially cause.

He looked towards Katsuki when he heard the other's bowl placed on the other nightstand. Katsuki crawled across the bed and sat on his knees in front of Izuku, who watched him cautiously. Katsuki grabbed both of Izuku's hands and pulled them apart, entwining their fingers and pushing them back. Izuku fell back just short of the headboard and Katsuki loomed over him, staring down at Izuku's look of confusion. Izuku tried to sit up again, but Katsuki kept his arms pinned down to the bed and his face came down to hover directly above Izuku's. His legs were placed on either side of Izuku's, pulling them together and keeping the other teen from kicking him off.

"Wha-"

"Shut up." He moved in closer and brushed his lips across Izuku's, moving his mouth up a small amount and exhaling softly in front of Izuku's nose. Izuku smelled the food still fresh on Katsuki's breath and the sound his stomach made caused Katsuki to back up while keeping him pinned to the mattress. "You're still hungry. What fucking gives, Deku? The fuck did you say that one day? 'You don't have to hide yourself from me' or some shit. What happened to that shit, huh?" Izuku tried to turn his head away, feeling weirdly uncomfortable with their current position, and Katsuki grabbed his chin to force Izuku to face forward again. "If I don't need to hide from you then why the fuck do you need to?"
He figured he wasn't going to get out of this now and knew that he shouldn't try. Katsuki was right; he was being hypocritical by trying to hide something after he told Katsuki they didn't need to do such a thing anymore. His hand came to rest on Katsuki's and the grip on his chin relented to a soft hold.

"I'm just worried about taking advantage of Aizawa." Izuku watched the look on Katsuki's face. Passive yet again, with a mix of pensive. The quiet kind of look Izuku couldn't figure out. It was something generally foreign on Katsuki's face and Izuku could only guess it meant he was thinking. "Er, um, I-I just mean because we haven't really done anything for him in return. He's done a lot for us and you keep being mean to him and we just keep taking more and adding more onto his responsibilities without really doing anything for him. N-n-not that you can't be mean if you want to! Just-" Izuku paused while staring at Katsuki's unchanging countenance and tried to pick his words carefully. It was nerve racking to not be able to tell what was going through the mind of such a temperamental person hovering above him. Even if Katsuki promised not to hurt him again the built-in fear was not so easily rid of with a mere utterance in a situation like this. Even more so when he was being held down. "-I feel bad about it."

Katsuki squeezed Izuku's hand and ran the thumb of his other hand across Izuku's chin slowly. He could vaguely understand what Izuku was talking about. He did realize he was being more defensive against Aizawa then he needed to be, but the man kept inadvertently antagonizing him and doing things involving Izuku that made him angry. If he never threatened to take Izuku in the first place Katsuki might have never taken such a negative stance against him. But now that thought of loss looms in his mind every time Aizawa is nearby. It was infuriating to think of all the progress the two have made being dashed by the actions of someone who, in Katsuki's mind, should no longer be affiliated with the pair at all. His eyes narrowed at the very thought. That on top of how Aizawa looked at Izuku earlier. The look of disappointment and disapproval that made Izuku shrink down clicked something on in Katsuki's brain. No one should be looking at him like that because Izuku did nothing wrong. Least of all Aizawa who lacked the benefit of having all the facts at the time.

"He's an asshole. Who fucking cares if he wants to use his time on us?" Katsuki finally spat back angrily. "If he doesn't want to be nice and treat us like equals then fuck him. I'm not going to fucking try either. We're not his fucking students anymore and I'm not going to be his fucking tool."

"Maybe he doesn't know he's upsetting you and-"

"I'm not fucking upset!" Katsuki felt Izuku flinch under him and instantly regretted losing his temper with the other yet again. He loathed seeing Izuku flinch away from him and didn't mean to keep going off on Izuku, but the topic was beginning to grate his nerves.

He climbed off of Izuku and rested his back against the headboard. Izuku opened his eyes slowly and watched Katsuki until the other pulled him around. He ended up on his knees in front of Katsuki, staring at him confusedly, and Katsuki continued to pull him until he was sitting on Katsu’s lap. Katsuki glared half-heartedly up at him and rested his hands on either side of Izuku's waist. He hoped placing Izuku in a less confining position would help to ease the tension. "I said I wouldn't fucking hurt you. Stop being so fucking scared of me you shit."

Izuku's head turned to the side and his gaze went to the mattress. "I... S-sorry. I know, I know."

"No you don't." Katsuki's hand came up and slapped Izuku's cheek lightly, turning his head forward again to face him. "Because you're still not fucking looking me in the eye."
"Yeah. You're right. Sorry." Izuku finally began to settle down with Katsuki's soft voice and his hands came down to the mattress as he relaxed into Katsuki's lap fully. "It was just... You were holding me down and it reminded me of when you would corner me when we were younger."

Katsuki scowled at the thought. He didn't really want to remember those days anymore. "We're past those shitty times now."

Izuku smiled down at Katsuki. "Yeah, but that stuff doesn't go away easily, Kacchan. You almost hit me just this morning. It's all just reflex."

Katsuki's frown deepened and his hands slid from Izuku's waist down to his thighs. Hearing that brought him to believe that maybe he was being presumptuous in thinking that they would just forget everything and start over all because of a promise Katsuki made. But he didn't plan on giving up just because of that. Patience wasn't his strong suit, but he would be willing to keep trying for as long as it takes.

He'll overcome whatever stands in his path. He decided that long ago. If reflexes and bad memories are in his way then he'll overcome those as well.

"Fine. Whatever. You still have to fucking eat." As important as all of this was, there was still the matter of the original reason this entire conversation began. He didn't plan on letting Izuku get away with conveniently forgetting about it all of a sudden. "Even if you feel like you're taking advantage of him you can't do shit in return if you're dying of fucking hunger like a dumbass."

"Obviously I'm going to," Izuku said, his smile dwindling to a look of annoyance. It wasn't like he planned on letting himself starve to death because of something like that. He felt he didn't need to be reminded to, in a nutshell, not let himself die. It was a pretty obvious thing to prevent. "And it hasn't even been two full days."

"Doesn't fucking matter. This thing," Katsuki jabbed his index finger into Izuku's belly, eliciting a surprised look from the other, and dug his finger deeper in. He lost his train of thought, suddenly focused on the feel of Izuku's still developing abs under the shirt blocking his view of them, and bit his bottom lip to try to stop himself from staring at the body just in front of him.

Fuck, those are hard.

"What?" Katsuki's attention was quickly brought up to Izuku's eyes. His gaze slowly slid down to Izuku's mouth when the other leaned down to stare at Katsuki's finger and as the conversation was lost to him the feel of Izuku's body on his became more clear to his consciousness. "What thing?"

"Your stomach. That thing is the one calling the shots. And it says to fucking eat," Katsuki finally continued, Izuku's words dragging him out of the daze he was beginning to slip into. He sucked in a quick breath in a pitiful attempt to appease the growing desire aching in the pit of his stomach. "So do it. Now."

"Alright, alright." Izuku leaned back to separate himself from Katsuki. He was almost free until he felt his shirt being gripped and stopped to look at Katsuki again, who was staring at Izuku and biting his bottom lip as if musing over something. "Kacchan? What are you- Ah!"

He suddenly let Izuku go, who was depending on his grip to keep from falling backwards, and moved forward over Izuku when the other landed on their back. He secured Izuku's lips with his own, grabbing two fistfuls of the sheets around Izuku's head. The feel of Izuku's fingers tangling into the hair on the back of his head and the hand grabbing onto his leg urged him to push their lips together harder. His eyes were squeezed shut and he could feel the heat rising slowly in his entire
being, feel the other's smile against his mouth and feel all of Izuku's smallest movements under him. Izuku murmured Katsuki's name against his lips and he pulled away quickly when Izuku rolled their hips together.

Katsuki's eyes sprang open with the parting of their mouths and he stared into Izuku's wanting gaze. Izuku tried to push forward and kiss him again and Katsuki placed a hand on his chest, holding him down. Confusion worked its way into Izuku's features and his hand moved from the back of Katsuki's head down to the back of his neck. He was pretty sure Katsuki wanted it to go on, too, if the way his eyes were roaming and darting around Izuku's body were any indication. So why was he stopping all of a sudden?

"Fuck." Katsuki shoved himself off of Izuku and rolled off the bed. His steps were quick and light as he made his way towards the bathroom, pointing over his shoulder with his thumb at Izuku's food. "I'm taking a shower. Just fucking eat."

Izuku sat up and stared at the bathroom door that slammed shut behind his back with disappointment washing over him. Bewildered, he spun around to face the TV and crossed his legs. He reached for the long forgotten bowl on the nightstand and began eating slowly while trying to figure out what went wrong. But recently with Katsuki it was hard to be able to tell if it was him that did something wrong or Katsuki that did it.

He sat in the middle of the bed with what just happened replaying in his mind the entire time he heard water running in the bathroom.

Chapter End Notes

The continued good news is chapter fourteen is already done! I just need to proof read it and what not. Fix typos all that jazz.

The continued bad news is I'm going to wait a few days to post it instead of doing it right away because I don't know how distracted I'll be by the game release on top of the others I already play. Will probably post it Tuesday or Wednesday. Absolutely no later than Thursday. Depends on how much of chapter fifteen I get done.

I know; kind of a rollercoaster of good news/bad news. But, hey, I'm writing again. So you can look forward to more updates in recent times!

Have a nice week everyone.
Katsuki emerged from the bathroom with a long towel wrapped around his waist and another around his shoulders and saw Izuku idly staring at the TV while eating. He dropped the clothes in his hands on the floor by the bed. He could tell right away from the look on Izuku's face that he was not paying any attention at all to the images on the muted screen. He didn't even seem to notice Katsuki had returned, either.

"What the fucks wrong with you now?" When he got no response from the other Katsuki approached him and bent down with his hands on his hips, glaring into Izuku's eyes and surprising the other as he finally came back to reality.

"Oh, sorry. I didn't notice you were back, Kacchan."

"No shit. You look like you're off in another fucking world." His eyes moved to the empty bowl on the nightstand and then back to the half empty one in Izuku's hands. "You're still not done, either. Fuck does it take to get you to eat quicker?"

Izuku's frown persisted and he looked down at the bowl in his hands. Granted he could've finished by now, but his mind was more preoccupied with a few other things at the moment. Katsuki could see the confliction in Izuku's eyes and pulled the towel up to dry off his hair while sitting on the edge of the bed. Izuku watched him quietly and took another bite of his food, staring at Katsuki's back. He still couldn't figure out what scared Katsuki off earlier and, regardless of knowing it was most likely an irrational fear, found it hard to try to bring it up.

"I'm not mad at you," Katsuki finally blurted out through the heavy silence. He kept his back to Izuku with his head down and continued toweling off his hair. "I don't know what the fuck is going through your head right now, but from the look on your face it's something pretty fucking irritating." Finally he pulled the towel away and turned his upper body some to look at Izuku, placing a hand on the mattress to help him stay turned as he glared at Izuku half-heartedly. "So what the fuck, Deku? Is it about earlier?"

Izuku stared for a moment, a little stunned that Katsuki would bring it up in such a way. He wasn't
aware that the other could be so understanding. Slowly he nodded, and then realized Katsuki would probably become irritated if he didn't give a verbal response.

"Y-yeah."

"I stopped because I practically jumped you without any fucking warning. I shouldn't have forced you into that." Katsuki paused to wipe his face off with the towel while Izuku took in his words. He opened his mouth to say something, but Katsuki started up again, "And it was fucking pissing me off that you still hadn't eaten much. It would've just taken more energy that you didn't have if we fucked. I wasn't going to distract you further from it just because I was fucking horny."

"But I also wanted to do it, Kacchan. You weren't forcing me into anything." Izuku tried to put the bowl on the nightstand again and froze when Katsuki glared over his shoulder. Slowly he brought the bowl back to his lap and took another mouthful of food. Katsuki seemed pleased with that, facing forward again and continuing to towel the rest of his upper body off. He wasn't completely full, but he'd already lost interest in the food in lieu of the conversation they were now having and could understand why Katsuki retreated from the room for long enough for him to eat.

"You weren't even thinking about it until I fucking kissed you. And I wouldn't have been thinking about it if I didn't pull you onto my fucking lap and I wouldn't have done that if I didn't pin you to the fucking bed."

Izuku smiled at Katsuki's words while taking in another mouthful of food. It was strange seeing Katsuki actually be considerate of his actions and for once taking the blame. Strange, but not unwelcome. It was, however, unneeded in this situation. He swallowed the food and placed what little was left on the nightstand, crawled to the edge of the bed and sat next to Katsuki.

"I don't mind that stuff though. Er, well, I would appreciate it if you wouldn't pin me down like that actually. I don't really like that." Izuku tensed when he saw Katsuki glare angrily at the floor. The dour drop of his shoulders led Izuku to believe he was getting angry at himself and he quickly waved his hands around in a frantic manner. "I-I-I mean, you didn't know! So it's okay this time! You couldn't have known I don't like that, so I don't blame you or anything. But now you know: I don't like it when you corner me or pin me against stuff. So now you won't do it anymore, right?"

Katsuki side-eyed Izuku and gave a curt nod in agreement. He was quickly realizing that, even though he wanted to be with Izuku a lot now, he didn't actually know much about what Izuku did or didn't like. All he knew was that Izuku apparently loved him and that he didn't like to be cornered in anyway. Likely due to how much Katsuki used to threaten him in the past while he had him trapped in other places.

"But I like kissing you, I like when you kiss me, I like touching you and I like when you touch me. So you didn't really do anything wrong. You always have my permission to do those things unless I say otherwise." Izuku grabbed Katsuki's hand and squeezed it, then grinned and leaned against Katsuki's shoulder. "You aren't hurting me anymore. So don't feel like you're forcing me into anything unless I tell you to stop and you don't, okay?"

Katsuki stared at Izuku, slightly dumbfounded by his words. His eyes narrowed and he pulled his hand away from Izuku's, throwing his arm around the other's shoulders and crossing one leg over the other.

"You know you're opening yourself up to some pretty vulgar shit, right?" Katsuki closed in and breathed against Izuku's mouth, taking pleasure in the quick shudder he felt run across Izuku's body. He smirked and licked Izuku's lips roughly, and was caught off-guard when Izuku licked him back.
Izuku giggled at Katsuki's taken aback reaction. "I said I like it, didn't I?"

He followed the statement by leaning towards Katsuki, resting his hands on the bed in the thin line of space between the two of them, and pressing his lips to Katsuki's. He pushed his tongue in without awaiting any type of permission and ran it across Katsuki's own tongue sloppily.

Katsuki glowered and bit Izuku's tongue hard, driving the other out of his mouth with a yelp. He was not entirely sure he didn't draw blood with how hard he did it and only considered an apology for a moment.

"Fuckin' shit, Deku. I was joking." Katsuki could see Izuku moving his tongue around in his mouth, obviously trying to ease the pain from Katsuki's bite, and noticed the desire in Izuku's eyes right away. He then realized just how badly he messed up by essentially leading Izuku on. "Are you really that fucking worked up over one kiss? From twenty fucking minutes ago?"

"I've been thinking about it almost the entire time! Then you come out here naked and pull me close and lick me. What am I supposed to think, Kacchan?" Izuku tried to pull away, becoming frustrated with the mixed signals, and Katsuki held him in place with the arm around his shoulder, not letting him escape. "I thought you wanted to?"

"I did earlier. But I already jacked off in the shower. And I'm fucking cold. I'm way over that shit already." Katsuki finally let Izuku go and stood up, shaking his head from side to side to get the remaining droplets of water out of his hair. He chuckled before he spoke again, "I didn't think you'd get all fucking horny over one shitty fucking kiss. Fucking Deku."

Izuku huffed while watching Katsuki walk around the bed to and stood up himself. He figured he'd just take care of himself too and began making his way to the bathroom. He wasn't about to just get over it at this point. Izuku then stopped when he heard his name called out.

"Get the fuck over here."

Izuku raised an eyebrow at Katsuki, staring at him from in front of the bathroom door. Katsuki was pulling his pants up when Izuku saw him. When he finished dressing his lower half he sat on the bed and laid his back against the headboard. The cold, hard wood sent a short-lived chill across his back and he waved his hand at Izuku, signaling him to approach.

"I was going to-"

"I know what you're going to do. Get the fuck over here." Katsuki hid his amused smirk at the glare Izuku sent his way, deciding Izuku was cuter than usual when he was trying to look threatening.

"What do you even want?" Izuku's voice, not even trying to hide an undertone of aggressiveness, left Katsuki momentarily stunned. Izuku frowned harder at Katsuki's wide, surprised eyes. Suddenly he was feeling disappointed in himself for snapping. Still, he refused to relent. His voice managed a softer tone, "Sorry, just... Can't it wait? I really want to deal with this right now. I've been waiting for a while."

"Will you just fucking trust me and get your ass over here?" Katsuki took note that a sexually frustrated Izuku was an angry and potentially somewhat confused Izuku. Not particularly intimidating to him personally, but it was definitely something uncommon to Katsuki's eyes. Uncommon, pretty surprising and strangely refreshing. He scooted to the side when Izuku stood next to the edge of the bed. His hand came down and patted the spot next to him and Izuku dropped onto the bed ungracefully, still watching Katsuki with narrowed eyes and an unforgiving stare. "You look like you want to fucking kill me, Deku. Chill the fuck out. C'mere."
Katsuki grabbed Izuku's arm and, to Izuku's surprise, guided him to his lap. His pull was gentle and careful as Katsuki was beginning to feel legitimately threatened by the look Izuku gave him before he pulled the other over. He pulled Izuku back by the shoulder so his back was resting against Katsuki's chest. His hand came to rest on Izuku's hip and the other dipped into the hem of Izuku's pants.

"K-Kacchan?" Izuku was now officially confused, looking over his shoulder at Katsuki, who was staring down at Izuku's lap where his hand was moving into the other's underwear. Katsuki smirked at him in reply.

"The first night we fucked I said I'd take care of you, didn't I? I started this shit, so at least let me fuckin' end it for you." His fingers wrapped around Izuku's half hard length and he began to stroke it slowly. His mouth came to rest next to Izuku's ear and he asked in a low voice, "You'll let me do that, right?"

*We can take it slow, Kacchan.*

Izuku's head snapped forward and he could feel the heat rising on his face as he remembered his own words from so long ago.

He was aware of what he said earlier, about how Katsuki could do what he wanted unless Izuku said otherwise, but talking about it and it actually happening was evidently two very different things. It was actually more embarrassing than he thought it would be to have Katsuki do things like this so suddenly. To say things like that and to use a voice like that so close to his ear. So close he could feel the heat from Katsuki's breath tickle the back of his neck.

If he wasn't so turned on, and getting more so by the second, he might have reflexively tried to escape. But instead he found his hands coming to grip at Katsuki's thighs that were pressing against his bottom. He was getting harder and harder by the second under Katsuki's touch and shortly his cock was already standing at full attention inside of his pants. He brought his legs together tightly and pressed back against Katsuki's chest.

Katsuki watched Izuku's legs come together and read the movement as an attempt to try to stop him. Silent rejection perhaps. He came down next to Izuku's ear and said in the same low, careful voice, "Speak if you want me to stop, Deku. I'll let you go if you want. I won't get mad. Don't be scared."

Izuku bit his lip and held his breath, refusing to make a sound of any type. The last thing he wanted Katsuki to do at this point was stop. Even more so when Katsuki's other hand worked its way into his pants and felt around his legs after a long pause to wait for Izuku's answer.

"You said you like it when I touch you, right?" His outer thigh was groped and the same hand slowly made its way to his inner thigh, rubbing and feeling the skin softly while Katsuki's other hand continued to pump him softly. Finally he couldn't take it anymore and let the breath go, whining softly and laying his head back against Katsuki's shoulder. The sexual frustration that had been building up since the beginning of the first kiss was finally being appeased and he was grateful that it was Katsuki fulfilling his desire instead of himself.

"Ka-Kacchan." Izuku's voice was just a notch above a whisper. It was breathy, wanting and full of lust, but Katsuki heard it loud and clear and frowned at the call of his nickname. Whether it be because he wasn't aroused at the moment or that the call of his nickname over his real name seemed too... *casual* for his liking, he didn't get as much of a kick out of it. Though the fact Izuku was obviously thinking of him was good enough at the moment. So he would let it slide without much protest this time around.
Remembering earlier about how he knew far less about Izuku than he'd like to admit, he saw this as a chance to learn a few things. He intended on learning more than just information that was sexual in nature, but now would be one of the best chances to get that out of the way while he could stay semi-level headed himself. His pumps were kept extra slow so as to keep Izuku from finishing too quickly. This way he would have more time to 'experiment'. His legs came up and around, pushing between Izuku's legs. When his limbs squeezed their way in-between Izuku's he used them to push Izuku's legs a part, opening the way for his hands to have more freedom below. Izuku didn't seem to notice, or maybe didn't care, as he reclined further back onto Katsuki. Katsuki kept his legs against Izuku's, to keep him from closing them again, and moved his free hand around Izuku's inner thigh.

"Let me know where you like it most, Deku."

He'd grab and squeeze small handfuls of skin in some places, watching Izuku the entire time. He seemed generally unphased, or rather no more lost to Katsuki's ministrations than he already was before, and Katsuki worked his way up to the small nook where leg met pelvis. He kept his touch light, running his index finger through the opened niche and felt Izuku shiver against him pleasurably. Izuku's hips bucked forward and Katsuki grinned, running his finger across the skin in the same spot.

"Right there?"

Izuku nodded silently. Right there definitely felt like a delicate spot all of a sudden. A place he never tried touching himself for something like this. Katsuki squeeze the skin of his innermost thigh around that same point and Izuku squirmed lightly.

By this time Katsuki could feel the precum starting to seep out of Izuku, but didn't let that deter him. He brought his thumb up and rubbed it along the head, spreading the clear liquid around and rubbing his hand down and back up the length. He squeezed the head in his palm briefly and continued stroking again. Izuku murmured Katsuki's name again and he used his legs to spread Izuku's further, moving his hand down to play with Izuku's balls.

"How about here?"

Izuku's hands moved to the sheets and gripped them hard. A muffled whimper could be heard in Izuku's throat and Katsuki noted this as another possible place of interest, but that response was too unclear for now. Katsuki pushed his lap upward and his hand moved down to grab a handful of Izuku's ass while his free hand moved up through Izuku's shirt, fingers running along his skin and coming to rest on his nipple. When his fingers brushed over one he could feel that they were already, as expected, perky and hard. He pulled it between his index and middle finger and played with it. Squeezing, pulling, rubbing, flicking. Small actions of pleasurable abuse.

He watched Izuku's face the entire time to see if the actions would elicit a reaction from him, and was not disappointed to see Izuku's mouth open in a long, silent cry. The only noises that came out were labored breaths, but Katsuki could tell from the look on his face that Izuku was thoroughly enjoying it. Even more so when Izuku pressed his backside into Katsuki's hand harder. Katsuki squeezed the handful of skin harder and thrust his own hips forward for Izuku.

"Ka-Kaccha... Kacchan, everything feels so sensitive." Katsuki tried hard to ignore the call of his name yet again. The slight whine in Izuku's voice as he said it again, and then again and again once more. It was hard enough trying not to get aroused from the faces Izuku was making while undoubtedly thinking of him. His name being called in that voice made it all the more difficult.

And then Izuku's eyes opened and looked into his. Half-lidded and lustful, his cheeks flushed and
lips parted. Katsuki nearly lost himself in that intense gaze. Izuku looked so needy, so expectant of him. He’s never seen this type of look on Izuku’s face before. On anyone’s face before. But it was most definitely a treat to see Izuku with this face. He couldn’t explain why, as this expression looked horribly out of place on the face of someone generally so upbeat, but it looked so good on him nonetheless.

Katsuki looked down at Izuku's shoulder to try to avoid the gaze. Another mistake, as the moment he did Izuku craned his head to the side lazily, offering his neck to Katsuki. Katsuki graciously took the opportunity to chomp down on the crook between Izuku's neck and shoulder. Izuku yelped and Katsuki's hand came out from under his shirt to cover his mouth. Katsuki took a moment to suck on the offended area, and then a faint kiss was placed in-between the teeth marks and he brought his head up.

"Not so fucking loud. Other people are nearby."

"Sorry, but you bit really hard. And this feels so good. Your hands are so warm, Kacchan," Izuku said when Katsuki's fingers moved off his mouth. He turned his head on Katsuki's shoulder and closed his eyes, breathing on Katsuki’s neck as he spoke, "Please don't stop. Keep touching me more, Kacchan, please. I-I want your hands everywhere."

“For fuck’s sake, Deku. It can’t feel that good for me to just grope you everywhere. You could do this shit on your own.”

“Isn’t the same as touching yourself, Kacchan. Your touch is different. Yours is so much better. It’s because it’s yours that I love it this much.” Izuku smiled against Katsuki’s neck and his hands came up to rest on the other’s knees. “You’ve stopped. I-I don’t mean to be demanding, but please keep going, Kacchan. My body is begging for you.”

What the fuck is with this guy…

Katsuki glared at him, but moved the hand in his pants up and out to pull the front of Izuku's pants down. Izuku's cock sprang out and Katsuki grabbed onto it to pump at a much quicker pace.

"My hands aren't warm. Your entire body is just burning hot." His free hand moved to Izuku's chin and pulled his head up and to the side to face forward again. Izuku took Katsuki's index finger into his mouth without warning and started sucking on it. Katsuki eyed him disbelievingly.

Is he seriously this fucking horny? Fuck, Deku, is this what a little teasing does to you?

Katsuki bit his bottom lip again and hesitantly gave Izuku his middle finger. Watching Izuku suck on them and feeling that tongue he was recently beginning to know better glide around them proved too much for him. He pulled his hand up from between Izuku's legs to pull the shoulder of his shirt down, then bit down on Izuku's shoulder to try to focus on something else. With his teeth firmly planted in Izuku's skin he brought his hand back down to start pumping the other's cock again. He could hear Izuku whimper quietly around his fingers, and added more pressure to his bite to draw out more volume from the other.

Izuku bit down on Katsuki's fingers lightly and Katsuki could feel the vibrations in Izuku's mouth from his whine when he squeezed Izuku's member. He removed himself from Izuku's shoulder, moving just slightly closer to his neck and biting between the two marks, leaving a third. Neither compared in intensity to the first, but all were just as visible.

"Fuck, Deku. Next time you want something in your mouth this badly let me fucking know." His mouth ghosted across the first bite mark left on Izuku's skin, purple and already bruised, and he
licked it carefully. His tongue trailed up across Izuku's neck, then the cheek, and stopping just before his ear. He bit down on Izuku's earlobe and started pumping faster.

Izuku licked Katsuki's fingers hard and rubbed his body against the other in reply. He used the hands on Katsuki's knees as leverage and grind against Katsuki's lap once. His body demanded more and that feeling in the pit of his stomach refused to subside until it got what it wanted.

Everything felt so strange at the moment. So much more sensitive than normal. He couldn't explain it, but he wanted Katsuki in so many different ways right now and he couldn't fulfill all the demands his body was making this time. It was frustrating but pleasing and what he was getting right now would just have to do.

Hell if he didn't want it all though.

Katsuki's lips pressed against Izuku's cheek and then he pressed their faces together, staring down at Izuku's lap as he masturbated him. It wasn't often he got to take in the sight of Izuku's length and he wanted to enjoy it while he still could. But he felt it was about time this ended. He'd probably tortured Izuku enough during his experimentations by now.

His legs kept Izuku's legs wide open so no part of it could be hidden and he could hear and feel all of Izuku's soft and loud moans, whines and whimpers with their cheeks pressed together and his fingers in Izuku's mouth.

Izuku let Katsuki's fingers go and started calling his name again, chanting it repeatedly and thrusting his hips forward to desperately try to match the movement of Katsuki's hand.

"K-Kacchan, I'm…" Katsuki didn't need to hear it. He could already tell from the small twitches of Izuku's cock that he was about to finish and Katsuki kept his eyes trained on it. Katsuki's other hand covered Izuku's mouth softly and he grinned at Izuku's closed eyes, getting a sense of satisfaction in knowing that he could make Izuku act like this with a few mere touches.

"Go on and cum for me, you shit. You know you want to."

He felt a soft cry against his hand as Izuku came. The first couple of spurts shot out onto Izuku's shirt, and then the rest seeped out and covered his fingers as he kept pumping slowly to milk out what was left. He stopped when nothing was coming out anymore and held onto Izuku's member as it slowly softened and shrunk back down over time. He uncovered Izuku's mouth to let the small panting free, now that Izuku had calmed, and wrapped his arm around Izuku's chest to hold them together. His legs were untangled from the other's and he watched Izuku's relax onto the mattress.

Finally Katsuki's hand was removed from between Izuku's legs and he brought it up to his face to stare at what was on it. His face morphed into a grimace as he moved it away and refrained from touching anything else.

"Fucking nasty, Deku."

Izuku laughed breathlessly at him. "You told me to do it." He let his body go limp and melted onto Katsuki as he basked in the afterglow of his long sought-after orgasm. "You didn't even get it over with quick. You played with me a lot and just kind of felt me up at first."

"What, are you fucking complaining?" Katsuki shoved Izuku away and watched him roll to the edge of the bed and stand up. He turned his back on Izuku to stand and head for the bathroom to wash his hands off. Right before he got to the doorway he was stopped by a pair of arms wrapping around him from behind.
"Thanks, Kacchan. Really."

"Why the fuck are you thanking me this time?"

"Because you weren't even in the mood anymore and you still did that for me. And no, I wasn't complaining. Play with me more next time."

"Not like I was being punished or some shit. Watching you get that turned on is pretty fucking hot, actually. You make some great faces." Katsuki glared over his shoulder and tried to turn around, but Izuku followed his steps and stayed behind him while refusing to release him from the hug. "Damn it Deku, you better not be pressing that fucking cum stained shirt against me or I'll fucking kill you!"

He could already tell from the feel of the cloth against his skin that Izuku was, though. Izuku let him go and Katsuki whirled around to see Izuku still wearing the shirt, as it was currently the only one he even had, but he was already naked from the waist down. He was looking at the ground bashfully and Katsuki couldn't tell if Izuku's face was red because of what he said about seeing his faces or because of being caught with the shirt on.

"Uh, y-yeah, I was. Sorry. B-but I don't think it got on you." He pulled the shirt off, leaving himself completely nude and quickly walking past Katsuki into the bathroom. Katsuki watched him go incredulously.

Is this guy a fucking child? The thought reminded him of the fact that he himself was liable to throw tantrums like a child, so Izuku could be asking the same thing, and he quickly dismissed the topic in his head in lieu of going to the sink and washing off his hand next to Izuku who was wiping his shirt off with toilet paper.

"Why the fuck are you walking around naked now?"

"Oh." Izuku glanced down as if he didn't notice he was. "I'm going to take a shower. Sense it's just you here, and I don't care if you see me, then I thought there was no point to bringing my clothes in here if I'm just going to take them right back in there. Does it bother you?"

Katsuki looked at Izuku from the corners of his eyes while wiping his hand off under the running water with a washrag. He could see Izuku staring at him expectantly with a half-smile. It didn't so much bother him as much as he wasn't used to someone being so comfortable or trusting around him. Ever. And it felt out of place to see someone take being naked in front of him so casually.

He could see Izuku's smile beginning to fade the longer he took to answer and Katsuki figured he was instilling insecurity into him now. Then his gaze landed on the bite marks on Izuku's skin and he fought the urge to grin. His attention came back down to his hands, which were cleaned off by now, and he shut the sink off and grabbed a towel to dry them. One quick pat on the top of Izuku's head later and he was walking away, resisting the urge to slap Izuku's bottom on the way out.

"I'll get used to it."

Izuku broke out into a full blown grin and watched Katsuki from the mirror until he was gone. He tossed his clean shirt out of the doorway and into the bedroom and closed the door to start up the shower.

Katsuki grabbed his own shirt from the floor and pulled it on, then left their room. He figured now would be the best time to do what he decided to do for Izuku, while Izuku would be distracted. He didn't really want to let Izuku know he was going to do this anyway, so it would work out best like
He went for the elevator, pressing the button and grimacing when it arrived nearly full of people. Regardless, he squeezes himself in and tries to keep his own bubble of space as best as possible. The moment the elevator reached the lobby he was the very first one out, shoving past two other people that tried to get out before him and walking fast across the room. He approached the front desk and rung the bell to get the attention of the person behind the counter.

"Yo, I'm looking for a guy. Tall, old, scruffy, kind of an asshole, looks annoyed by everything around him, probably in a yellow sleeping bag somewhere?" The person pointed towards a corner of the lobby and Katsuki saw the back of the yellow sleeping bag in the corner of the room. He walked over quickly, slowing down to a stop once nearby and staring down at the bag. "Oi, wake the fuck up, you old shit."

"Not interested," Aizawa responded sleepily. Katsuki figured he must have just woke him up for real, but considered this too important to care.

"Too fucking bad. We need to talk."

"Unless it is concerning life and death it can wait until tomorrow. Otherwise speak with Present Mic. I'm sure he can handle it."

"It's going to be about life and death if you don't fucking talk to me! I want to do this while Deku isn't fucking bitching at me and shit!" Katsuki refused to try to do this with Izuku standing behind him and complaining about him doing it in a more polite way. If he was going to do this it was going to be on his own terms, not while he had the other whining 'Kacchan don't be so mean Kacchan that doesn't sound sincere Kacchan Kacchan Kacchan Kacchan' over his shoulder.

"I'm going to assume that is a threat and dismiss any belief you can sufficiently threaten my life at this very moment," Aizawa said while still refusing to turn around and look at Katsuki, who was now fuming and glaring daggers at his back.

Katsuki kicked his foot out at him and Aizawa pushed off the ground, still inside his sleeping bag, to spring over Katsuki's assault. Katsuki clenched his fists and tried to stomp down on Aizawa, who rolled out of the way of each stomp. Finally Katsuki decided he'd had enough and pointed his palm at Aizawa. No explosion emitted when he tried to use his quirk and he grinned evilly at Aizawa's red eyes.

"I slept in pretty late this morning. I'll keep this up all fucking night until you listen to me. But you can only erase my quirk for so long."

Aizawa sighed and unzipped his sleeping bag, stepping out and throwing a few wraps towards a surprised Katsuki. Katsuki tried to jump out of the way and fell when one of them caught around his ankle. The rest followed suit and bundled him up, dropping him to the floor in a cocoon that left only his head from the nose up free.

"Sleep tight, Bakugou," Aizawa stated as he stepped back into his sleeping bag and zipped it up.

He closed his eyes, ignoring the muffled screams of rage and fury next to him until Katsuki kept rolling back and forth to bump into him repeatedly. After the fifth time Aizawa was becoming more than frustrated with his antics and stepped out of the sleeping bag again. He reached down and picked up the giant bundle that was Katsuki Bakugou, hoisting the boy over his shoulder and heading for the elevator. Katsuki continued to squirm and scream regardless of his mouth being covered by the wraps and Aizawa considered covering his nose, too. At least until he fainted from...
lack of air and then letting him free. But despite how badly he just wanted to sleep at the moment he was well aware he couldn't rightly do such a thing.

"You can writhe around all you want and yell as loudly as possibly, but none of that is going to free you. I'm taking you to Midoriya and I will instruct him to let you go in fifteen minutes." Aizawa ignored all the stares they were both garnering and stopped in front of the elevator, pressing the call button and waiting with Katsuki still slung over his shoulder. "After that time I will be asleep in another place. Do not look for me. I will leave Present Mic with the two of you. He will be sufficient protection if anyone comes for you both."

Katsuki thrashed around harder and harder until his head crashed into Aizawa's, causing Aizawa to drop him. He reached for Katsuki quickly to avoid the boy hitting his head on the ground and just caught him by the wraps around his mouth, accidentally pulling them back enough for him to finally speak, though his feet hit the ground with a hard thud.

"I'm trying to apologize you fucking dirty old shit eating assrag motherfucking piece of shit fucking old fuck!" A nearby woman covered her child's ears and glowered at Katsuki, leading her kid away to take the stairs and get as far away from him as possible. A few other people stared at him as well. Aizawa, thoroughly surprised by Katsuki admitting he was trying to do such a thing as apologize to him, slung him back over his shoulder and began walking back towards his corner of the lobby. "I'm going to fucking kill you! I'm going to blast your ass to pieces and then blast those pieces to pieces and throw them in a fucking hole and blow the hole up and dig it all up, throw all the dirt into the sun and fucking blow that up too! Fuck you!"

Aizawa pulled the wraps over Katsuki's mouth and continued on towards the corner, stopping by the front desk when the worker called out to him. "Sir, if he keeps causing a scene-"

"He won't," Aizawa responded curtly while walking away. He stopped in front of his sleeping bag and placed Katsuki on the floor, then sat in front of him and watched him thrash around trying to get free. He waited until Katsuki tired himself out enough to stop and stared at Katsuki's crazed eyes. "If I let you go you can't start yelling and screaming. If you do I'll cover your mouth up again."

Katsuki gave no response, still glaring at Aizawa in that same psychotic way that gave the man zero reassurance that Katsuki even understood what he just said. Nevertheless he pulled at the wraps around Katsuki's mouth, and braced himself for the shouting that never came. With the look on Katsuki's face he was sure that, if Katsuki were able to, he would be breathing fire at him the moment the wraps came off. Yet surprisingly the teen stayed completely and utterly quiet. Save for the hard, angry breathing.

"I suppose I should have heard you out first. I assumed it was going to be something trivial and unmeaningful. I'm sorry for upsetting you, Bakugou." Aizawa began unwrapping the rest of his body, keeping his eyes trained on Katsuki's arms for any sudden movements that would indicate an explosion coming his way. His quirk had finished recharging a while ago, so if needed he wanted to be able to erase Katsuki's quirk the moment he felt threatened. "Now I'm very tired because I never slept the night before or at all today as I spent the whole time searching for you two after I saw the cave had been attacked. So let's be fast. What is this about wanting to apologize for something? If you want to do such a thing then I am inclined to believe it must actually be important."

Katsuki visibly calmed as Aizawa spoke, now simply glaring at the man before him and sitting cross legged on the floor in front of him. Aizawa could see Katsuki trying to calm himself, simply sitting still and breathing, and waited patiently for Katsuki to speak. As much as he wanted to get
this over with, Katsuki would only regress to more shouting and threats if pushed before ready.

"Deku feels like we're taking advantage of you, and it's making him feel shitty," Katsuki finally started after a while of silent glaring. He didn't exactly rehearse this in his head before he decided to come down here, nor did he plan to do it tonight in the first place, so he guessed he would roll with whatever was said and come up with it as he went along. "And it's making him feel shittier that we're not getting along or some dumb fucking shit." Katsuki bit his tongue and paused, battling the next words in his head. He believed Aizawa to be the one at fault for provoking him each time, but was slowly beginning to realize, the more he tried not to go off on Izuku, that he didn't have a very long fuse to begin with before he exploded. Both metaphorically and literally. So he, reluctantly, ground out the next bit through gritted teeth. "So I'm fucking sorry for starting shit all the time."

"Is that all?" Aizawa questioned bluntly, and it took everything Katsuki had to not storm off with a string of curses and explosions just then.

I'm doing this for Deku, don't fucking run off. I'm doing this for Deku, don't fucking run off. Fuck this guy, but do it for Deku...

"I'm more than aware of your personality, Bakugou. As irritating as you are, I couldn't care less for what petty grievances you, a teenager still growing and being shaped into a, hopefully, respectable person, cause. You could have just decided to stop causing trouble without saying anything instead of coming to me about it."

Fuck this guy, fuck this guy, fuck this guy...

"And despite that, I appreciate that you did."

_Huh?_

The fury bubbling up inside Katsuki vanished quickly and he stared at Aizawa, unsure of exactly where the man was going with all of this now.

"Even though you may believe I have been trying to antagonize you, I can assure you I have not been purposefully attempting to. Unfortunately our goals just did not completely see eye to eye the entire time. It was never anything personally directed at you and I was not going to sugarcoat things just to preserve your ego or pride instead of working efficiently and logically." Katsuki's eyes narrowed, but he stayed silent with his hands resting on his knees and listened on. "However you will be happy to hear there is no longer a need for me to take Midoriya. You two have obviously set aside your differences and have bonded greatly. Separating you would be more detrimental to everything at this point and I don't want to hurt our chances of success. So you can stop being so overprotective."

Katsuki felt a strange sense of relief wash over him at hearing that. His body seemed to relax, him being completely unaware he was even so tense just because of _that_, and he nodded to Aizawa to show he understood.

"Then I'll try to be less defensive and overprotective if you don't fucking provoke me. I don't really give a shit for you personally, but us not getting along is upsetting Deku. And I do give a shit about him." Katsuki stood and turned his back on Aizawa, placing his hands in his pockets. "So we'll get along to the best of our ability for his sake."

He took a couple of steps away and stopped when his name was called. A glance over his shoulder showed Aizawa already in his sleeping bag and staring at him from the ground.
"If you care about him so much then be sure not to abuse him anymore."

Katsuki bristled and spun around with a small explosion emitting from each hand next to him. Who the fuck did this guy think he was all of a sudden? "I'm not fucking abusing him, you shit eating asswipe! I haven't hurt him in the longest fucking time!"

"I hope so. But you may want to drop the derogative nickname if you plan on sticking with him. It can't be good for his self-esteem to keep calling him worthless."

Katsuki blew a puff of air out from his nose and shoved his hands back into his pockets. If that's what this was about, then he had no reason to care about what others say. He turned and began walking away, responding to Aizawa with his back turned.

"Don't need to. Last I heard his Deku means 'I can do it' or some shit. And he can do it." He stopped once more and hunched forward, staring down at the ground and speaking just loud enough for Aizawa to barely hear him, "He's not a worthless punching bag anymore. I know that. He's... He's shy and irritating as fuck and sometimes I wish he'd grow a fucking pair. And he has started to. But he's also strong and capable and pretty smart and he's my boyfriend." Katsuki's shoulders were shaking now and he whirled around, stomping his foot at Aizawa and baring his teeth.

He shouldn't be letting someone else's words get to him as much as Aizawa's just did. But Aizawa struck a chord in him. A chord that was still ringing through his being and boiling his blood. Not so much because of what Aizawa said, but because it reminds him of the things he did.

"So fuck you and anyone else who thinks otherwise for even a second! You can all go shove your shit assumptions in a fucking rusty iron pipe and fuck yourselves with it! Just leave our fucking relationship out of it. We're working our own shit out and you should all worry about your fucking selves."

Regardless of Aizawa's disinterested looking stare, he was actually watching Katsuki with rapt attention. He could see Katsuki's bottom lip quivering, though whether he was holding back rage, tears, or both was lost to Aizawa. He could tell he shouldn't push Katsuki any further from this point.

"Bakugou, I didn't mean-" "I promised him I wouldn't hurt him again," Katsuki interrupted, pointing at Aizawa accusingly. "I've been trying my fucking hardest. Do you know how goddamn hard it is to do something you really, really want to do when everyone expects you to do the opposite? When people fucking accuse you of shit you aren't doing?"

With each word Katsuki's voice rose until he was yelling at Aizawa now. He never let others get to him about other things before because he had concrete proof to prove them wrong every single time. If someone ever tried to tell him he couldn't be a hero he could beat them in a fight and say no one would be as good a hero as him. If anyone tried to tell him he was weak and couldn't be strong he could show off in so many different ways to prove them wrong. But this was something so, so horribly different. And the thought of not having proof of his forthcoming success irked him so.

"I know I was a fucking asshole to him and I'm still scared as fuck about screwing this up. So stay the fuck out of my fucking head! Leave me the fuck alone about it and stop trying to make me doubt my fucking self! I'm not fucking this up! You hear me, you shit stain?!"

He turned on his heel, seeing the same employee from behind the counter approaching him.
angrily, and shoved past them quickly. He didn't pay attention to them landing on the floor and stormed away, wiping away the freshly forming tears in his eyes, to the stairs. He refused to get on the elevator in case any other people were using it and let anyone see him like this. The situation was stressful enough without bringing others into it.

Halfway up to his and Izuku's room he wiped his eyes again, stopping his crying before it truly began, and wondered if this might be karma for the way he and everyone else treated Izuku in the past. Nearly everything he just complained about, he slowly realized, were things he did to Izuku before. How Izuku wanted to become a hero and everyone told him he couldn't. How Katsuki accused him of hiding his quirk all his life when he wasn't.

And Katsuki was at the head of it all. Both the direct and indirect coordinator of almost all of Izuku's obstacles.

He hated remembering any of that now and hated having it brought up. And now that he felt a small taste of the receiving end of that treatment he didn't want to do it to anyone else anymore. He didn't want anyone else to feel how he was feeling at this moment. Like an addict that everyone expected to relapse at any given moment.

It angered him so much that his chest hurt.

"Kacchan?" Katsuki looked up at Izuku, coming down the stairs and stopping in front of him. He was dressed and dry, save for his hair still being completely wet. He pushed the large, wet clumps of hair attempting to cover his eyes aside for what felt like the hundredth time since he got out of the shower and stared at Katsuki intently. "Are you okay? I didn't know where you went and got kind of paranoid."

"I'm fine. I was just talking to Aizawa." Katsuki grabbed Izuku's hand and pulled him along up the stairs. "Come on. I'm getting tired. Let's finish eating and go to sleep."

Izuku frowned at Katsuki's back, pushing the swinging strands of hair out of his face again. "What were you and Aizawa talking about?"

"Stupid shit. Forget about it," Katsuki answered quickly. The fast response and avoidance of the question only raised more questions in Izuku's head, but he let it go for the moment.

"The food is going to be cold by now," Izuku tried to argue, changing the subject. When Katsuki was spotted at the bottom of the steps he didn't look like he was doing too well, so Izuku didn't want to push him too hard right now.

"Whose fucking fault is that?"

Izuku grinned when they entered the hallway, still allowing himself to be pulled but squeezing Katsuki's hand. "Technically yours, Kacchan." Katsuki threw a half-hearted glare over his shoulder at Izuku, but didn't slow his stride toward their room. "What about not eating before you sleep?"

"Have you seen your fucking body? One night won't kill us."

Izuku laughed at Katsuki's remark, speeding up his pace to walk next to Katsuki and feeling the tension slowly begin to melt away. He could feel Katsuki's grip on his hand loosen and see his shoulders relax a little. He didn't know what had Katsuki so worked up, but he would try to help him relax for now.

"Fine, but I get to choose what we watch on TV, okay?"
Katsuki's brows furrowed and he looked at Izuku with disbelief. "Fuck you. You've had the remote since we fucking got here and haven't picked one damn channel. It's my turn."

"But I found something good this time! It's really cool," Izuku pleaded. He grinned again when Katsuki stepped closer and bumped their shoulders together.

"If it's shit I'm changing the channel," Katsuki reluctantly agreed. "Try to fucking stop me and I'll blow you up."

"Don't worry. I'm sure you'll like it!"
So first a warning: I kept it very PG for the most part but there's a little body horror (missing limbs and what not) in the latter half of the first scene. Just in case anyone wants to avoid that or prepare for it or whatever. It isn't very graphic though.

Anyway. References to both canon and past chapters of this story in the first scene. Almost the entire chapter is bullying Katsuki’s feels again (sorry my little bby but it's needed for your character development just bear with it).

I WAS going to do a Todoroki scene but I didn't think I could fit it in organically with the rest of this. But we're going to shift some attention to him again soon.

Uhh I think that's about it (I know I talk too much instead of just leaving things to surprise). Here's your chapter.

Ash.

Ash is falling.

Why is ash falling everywhere?

Katsuki looked up at the sky to see where it was coming from. But nothing was there. No clouds either. Strangely enough not even a sun was present. Yet the sky was still lit up as if there were one.

A quick glance around showed he was outside the cave again. He curled his toes and looked down when he felt grass in-between each of them.

Why the fuck am I barefoot again?

Katsuki ruffled his hair to get the piling ash out of it and took a few steps away. He noticed it wasn't raining ash everywhere now. Only directly above him. The more he walked he realized the ashy rain was following him in a concentrated space no matter how far he went.

He entered the cave and it stopped. When he came upon their room through the caverns the first thing he noticed was everything was disorganized. Borderline chaotic even. The bookcase was knocked over, the TV's screen was shattered, the bed he and Izuku slept in turned over and a few chunks of the ceiling had fallen and shattered upon the floor.

"Deku?"

The only reply he got was his own faint echo calling back. Just how he remembered if he spoke loud enough.

He attempted to go to the back room, but the way was blocked off by fallen boulders. So he turned around and made for the exit. Once he was outside the ash immediately began falling upon him once more.
“What the fuck,” Katsuki growled out while swatting at the falling particles. He looked over his shoulder to see if the cave was still safe and saw the collapsed entrance was no longer accessible. The weirdest part was he never heard a single sound from it. No crash of falling rocks, no explosion or anything to cause it. It was just suddenly inaccessible.

“I swear if you’re playing some fucking trick on me, Deku!”

He whirled around in a circle, looking every which way as he went, but saw no one anywhere. Just the ashes drifting towards the ground around him. Then the ash rain stopped again and he heard the voice that put him on edge.

“You're going to have to do better than that.”

He looked all around again, still seeing no one anywhere. Then a loud crash, followed by the sound of wood snapping and cracking as a tree fell to the ground. But no matter where he looked he saw nothing. No villains, no tree falling, no Izuku. But he knows he heard the voice. He's here somewhere.

Katsuki ran to the forest and through the trees. He didn't stop until he reached the clearing. Smashed rocks littered the area. The fallen tree was finally seen, yet still there was no sign of anyone around.

"Kacchan!"

Katsuki glared in the direction of the lake. It sounded like Izuku saying his name and just like Tomura's voice he couldn't tell what direction it was coming from. It sounded like it was coming from everywhere.

"Deku?"

Katsuki ran towards the lake. Everything on the way looked completely normal. But when he reached the lake he saw their clothes spread out in the grass. Just like the night at the lake. Only there was now a pile of ash on them and still no sign of Izuku.

He looked down at the clothes on his body. They were the same ones on the ground. The same ones he was wearing that night, even.

"Alright, what the fuck. Who the fuck is using a quirk on me or some shit?"

Still no response. Regardless of the fact he knew something was not right he could still feel his heartbeat speeding up bit by bit. One weird occurrence after another would leave him standing more and more on edge and the sound of the leaves rustling from a small gust of wind caused him to jump and curl his fingers as if readying an explosion.

"Where the fuck are you, Deku? This isn't fucking funny. I'm getting pissed off." He spun around again, looking every which way for some sign of someone being nearby. Anyone at all. He would even prefer a villain to this right now.

At least then I would have an ass to kick.

The ash began falling again and Katsuki let out a low growl. He reached up and let off an explosion into the air, blowing all the ash directly above him away. After the smoke cleared it began raining those very same particles again and Katsuki huffed.

"Kacchan, it hurts!"
"Deku?" His eyes widened a fraction and he turned his upper body to look around again. Frantically his eyes scanned the surrounding area to try to find where the voice was coming from. "What hurts? Where the fuck are you?"

"Make it stop, Kacchan!"

"What?" Katsuki looked up at the ash falling from an unknown source directly above him. He held his hand out and caught a few, examining them closely to see they were in fact not ashes. They were chipped pieces. He looked at them as closely as possible, but still couldn't make out what they were pieces of. "Is it these, Deku? What the fuck is going on?"

No answer was given. Katsuki dropped the pieces from his hand and looked around again. He decided to head back towards the cave, hoping to see something changed there. Maybe it opened back up again. When he arrived just before the clearing to the entrance the pieces stopped falling from above and he passed the last tree to see Tomura crouching on the ground, hunched over something.

"About fucking time someone showed up," Katsuki commented while taking a step forward. His fingers were furled and unfurled a few times, stretching them out to prepare for a fight. "Hey shitrag, where's Deku?

He froze in place when Tomura looked over at him and he could see Izuku on the ground. Izuku's arm were missing and Tomura's hand was on Izuku's leg, currently disintegrating the limb. Katsuki ran forward, holding his hand out to blast Tomura away, but nothing came out. He shook his hand in frustration as still nothing happened.

"Fucking let him go! Deku!!" Katsuki rammed into something face first suddenly. He reeled back from the impact, holding his face and glaring forward. Nothing was there, but he knew he felt something hit him. He charged forward again, ramming into whatever it was a second time. But still nothing showed. He wasn't even within arm's reach of the two.

"You're going to have to do better than that," Tomura said. There was no sadism in his eyes. No pleasure from the pain he caused like before. Just a deadness in the eyes buried between the fingers of the hand on his face.

Katsuki punched the air in front of himself and his fist hit something obviously solid. Still nothing was seen. Some type of unseen barrier was keeping him out.

Okay, okay. Keep calm. There has to be a way around. His body betrayed his thoughts as he frantically felt around the barrier, trying to find a way in. His eyes darted to Izuku, seeing Tomura finishing up on his leg as Izuku lied there motionlessly.

"Fucking kick him or something Deku! Get him the fuck off you! Fucking shit! Let me in!!" Katsuki's screams caused Izuku's head to loll to the side. His normally vibrant and full of life eyes stared at Katsuki with the same deadness Tomura's had. Katsuki found it hard to focus on anything with Izuku looking at him like that. He tried jumping to get above the barrier. He tried using his quirk again. Clawing, kicking, running around the side. No matter what he couldn't get inside. Yet somehow the wind managed to get through, blowing away the disintegrated bits of Izuku's lost leg.

"I'm trying for the next life, Kacchan. Like you told me to."

Katsuki stopped running and stared at Izuku, puzzled by his words. "Next life? What the fucking shit are you talking about? We're not fucking done with this life goddamnit!"
"If you care about him so much then be sure not to abuse him anymore," Aizawa's voice echoed through the area.

"What the fuck are you talking about?!" Katsuki roared, looking up at the sky and seeing the chipped pieces beginning to rain down briefly again. When he looked back to Izuku he could see Tomura already beginning on his last limb. Katsuki banged against the barrier harder. Harder than when he punched a hole in his room's wall due to a massive tantrum being thrown. Harder than any punch ever thrown at an enemy of his. The crack in his voice went unnoticed as he focused wholly on trying to get inside, "Fucking stop!!"

"You should just dive off the rooftop!"

Katsuki's fists dropped as he heard his own voice echo around him.

Where did that come from? He didn’t just say that. He didn't feel that way.

The wind gusted by again, blowing away the pile of disintegrated pieces from Izuku's last leg. Katsuki fell to his knees and slammed his forehead against the barrier. He stared at the ground uselessly until he felt it raining those stupid ash-like chips again.

"I promised I wouldn't anymore, Deku," Katsuki whispered. He knew it wouldn't matter if he screamed his lungs out anymore. He knew he could take Present Mic's quirk and scream until his own ears exploded and still nothing would come out of it. "You heard me say it. I don't want to hurt you anymore. Don’t let yourself die."

“I'll protect you like you're mine.”

Katsuki clenched his fists and scowled at the grass below his knees at the sound of the voice that sounded like his. It was as if it were taunting him, knowing he can't protect Izuku in this situation. He can’t even get in there to try to save him.

Then it started raining that ash again.

But it isn't ash, Katsuki thought to himself, holding his hand out and catching some of it again. He examined it closely and turned to look at Izuku when the breeze blew by once more. He watched the disintegrated pieces that used to be Izuku's head fly up into the air and around to start falling above him.

...Izuku!

Katsuki jerked awake with his back on the floor. He stared up at the ceiling in the dark hotel room for a moment before sitting up on his knees and looking to Izuku on the bed. Izuku rubbed his eyes while holding himself up with his hand on the mattress, staring at Katsuki sleepily.

He was already partially awake from when Katsuki started thrashing around in his sleep. He thought nothing of it at first, as Katsuki had a bit of a restless sleep the other day in the alley as well, but not half as bad as this.

"Are you okay, Kacchan? You didn't hit your head or anything, right?"
Katsuki launched himself up onto the bed and grabbed Izuku's face. He sat on his knees with a palm on each cheek and stared down at Izuku's confused, squished face. Izuku placed both hands on the bed and stared back at Katsuki with wide eyes now, completely lost to what was going on. He only remembered a couple of kicks from under the covers that he tried to ignore, then the shout of his name as a loud thump sounded. Presumably from Katsuki falling to the floor.

But now Katsuki sat before him with tense shoulders and a hard hold on his face, eyes darting across Izuku's features as if trying to make sure he were real. He brought a hand up to Katsuki's wrist, grabbing lightly and furrowing his brows.

"Kacchan, this is starting to hurt. What's-" Izuku froze as Katsuki pulled him into a hug. Katsuki's head dropped onto Izuku's shoulder and his arms wrapped around Izuku's torso under the other's arms.

Izuku could feel him shaking. This didn't feel like any of their regular hugs. This didn't feel like overwhelming love or care, nor want or desire. This felt like an act of fear and sadness. Of lingering regret and sorrow. The way Katsuki clung to him and the way his entire frame shook against Izuku's told Izuku all he needed to know emotion-wise.

Izuku's arms came to wrap around Katsuki slowly and he patted the other's back softly. His hand made soothing motions, rubbing in circles and pulling him in tighter. He felt a sudden wetness on his shoulder and Katsuki's face dug deeper into his shirt. Izuku could only guess it was a nightmare that did this so late into the night. What a nightmare it must have been, too, to reduce Katsuki to a frightened, crying mess.

Still, even as Izuku tried to comfort him, Katsuki remained completely and utterly silent. Izuku could feel the familiar pattern in Katsuki's bodily shakes. The ones that indicated held back sobbing. He knew the feeling all too well himself. Katsuki's body was trying to let it out, but Katsuki himself was trying to hold it in.

"I-it's okay, Kacchan. I don't know what you saw, but it wasn't real."

He could feel the other gripping handfuls of his shirt around his back and racked his brain trying to think of what to do in this situation. He couldn't think of one other time he's ever seen Katsuki so emotionally distraught and he felt like he was walking blindfolded into a sandy wasteland full of landmines. One wrong step and he could end up blown sky high.

"Okay, um, you don't have to answer. Just nod or shake your head, how about that? Do you want me to leave?" Katsuki shook his head quickly and Izuku felt a quick sprinkle of relief fall on himself. He was afraid he may have been the problem.

"Do you want me to stay quiet?" A long hesitation ensued, but Katsuki shook his head slowly. He kept his face buried firmly in Izuku's shoulder and Izuku smiled softly, happy to know Katsuki wanted to hear his voice.

"Okay. Do you want to try talking about it?" A short pause this time, and then another shake of his head. Izuku briefly wondered if Katsuki was just going to say no to everything and tried to think of something not too obvious he would say yes to.

He couldn't come up with anything that wouldn't sound like a blatant attempt to make him say yes to it, so instead he opted to pull Katsuki down with him onto the bed. He stayed still while Katsuki shifted in various ways to get comfortable, letting Katsuki have them lie however the boy wished.

Izuku's chin ended up buried in the top of Katsuki's hair as Katsuki pulled him in with his arms
around Izuku's back. Even though Katsuki had stopped shaking he could still feel the tears soaking through his shirt when Katsuki's face was pressed against his chest. Izuku placed one hand on Katsuki's back and the other on his chin, pulling him up to look at his face.

He never once thought in his life he would see Katsuki so vulnerable. The only other times he could remember were when Katsuki was trapped in the sludge monster and outside of the school after their first fight in the training exercise. But neither compared to this. Neither time had Katsuki clinging onto him and refusing to let him go.

And neither had Katsuki willingly staring at him with tears flowing freely from his eyes, his lower jaw quivering from sobs he refused to let out. Izuku stared for a moment, his smile long gone due to the sight of Katsuki like this, and let Katsuki jerk his head away to hide his face in Izuku's chest again. Izuku could tell now the reason Katsuki has refused to give a verbal response of any kind is because if he did it would undoubtedly break the dam holding back the worst of his crying. But Izuku caught a small detail when he made Katsuki look at him.

Katsuki's lower jaw didn't start shaking until he looked at Izuku.

"...Does it have to do with me?"

Katsuki nodded slowly against his chest and Izuku stiffened, trying to think of what he could've done to cause this. Slowly his free hand came to rest on the back of Katsuki's head, running his fingers through Katsuki's hair and holding him in place.

"I don't know what I did, Kacchan. Can you tell me somehow?"

Katsuki pulled his fist back, still behind Izuku, and slammed it into Izuku's back. Izuku jolted and froze again when Katsuki held on to him tighter to keep him from escaping.

Was that retribution? Is he trying to tell me I'm wrong?

"I don't understand." Izuku's hand darted back to catch Katsuki's fist when it reeled back again and he held it by the wrist. "P-please don't hit me, Kacchan. I-I honestly don't know what that means. Was it something I did?"

Katsuki shook his head vigorously and Izuku relaxed.

So it had to do with him but it wasn't something he did himself. That confirmed his thoughts about it being a nightmare of some type. It would explain his restless sleep the morning before, too. Probably one that felt real enough to convince him everything happening was real.

"Okay. I think I understand now. You had a nightmare about me, huh?" Izuku let Katsuki's wrist go when the other nodded against him and Katsuki rested it on Izuku's back again. Izuku brought his own arm around Katsuki's back and hugged him. "Well I don't know what happened, but it won't happen in real life, okay? Nightmares are just your subconscious lashing out at you, Kacchan. They're just memories or imaginations you don't want to hear or see. But you're here with me now. Nothing is going to change that."

Katsuki bitterly listened to Izuku's little lecture. He was well aware of what a nightmare was, but everything felt all too real. Yesterday it was just Tomura trying to get to Izuku. Tonight Aizawa’s words must have struck something in him and brought out more.

He didn't want Izuku to stop talking. Izuku's voice was soothing to him right now. It was calming and it let him know Izuku was still alive. It let him know Izuku was indeed with him by choice and wanted to stay with him. It let him know someone he trusted was with him without being forced to
He acted on that trust, finally opening his mouth to speak regardless of the sob that immediately broke out the moment he did. He ignored the crack in his voice, feeling, nay, knowing now that Izuku wouldn't dare look down on him just because he was showing an emotion he normally didn't.

"You're not allowed to fu-fucking die, Deku."

Izuku captured the hint in that sentence. Even through the broken and cracked voice that was racked with finally uncaged sobs and sniffles he got the message.

"I died in your nightmare, didn't I?"

"Shu-shut the fuck up. Yo-you're not allowed to fucking die. Ever."

"Okay, okay," Izuku said in a soothing voice. His fingers dug into Katsuki's hair again and he slowly petted the spiky locks. "I'm not going to die, Kacchan. I promise."

Izuku continued to pet him softly while Katsuki quieted down, trying to pull his sobs back in and lock them away like before. Eventually Izuku believed Katsuki to have fallen asleep. His assumption was proven true when Katsuki's grip on his shirt released and his limp head rolled just slightly to the side to reveal his sleeping face. Izuku could see the dried tear streaks on his face, along with the ones still drying, and rubbed his thumb across Katsuki's cheeks softly to wipe them away.

Katsuki looked far more at peace now. Whether that be because he found peace at some point before falling asleep or simply because he was no longer conscious was something to find out another time. For now Izuku was content with helping Katsuki sleep.

He's done a lot for me the past few months. This is the least I can do in return.

Aizawa shook his head from the other side of their door, having woke long ago and come up when he heard a noise from their room. A hard thump on their floor.

His hands retreated to his pockets and he began walking back down the hallway to return to the lobby.

"Only an idiot would make a promise like that, Midoriya. Hopefully you don’t have to learn that," Aizawa murmured to himself.

Katsuki cracked one eye open and stared confusedly at the shirt in front of him.

What the fuck?

The night came rushing back to him bit by bit as he woke up more. The more he remembered the more horrified he became at the prospect of acting like that in front of someone else. At the thought of breaking down so horribly in front of another person all because of something Aizawa said working its way into his head and reminding him of things he need not remember.

Katsuki tried to jerk his head away and growled when Izuku, still mostly asleep, pulled him right back.
"S'okay Kacchan. M'right here."

Katsuki grabbed Izuku's arms and tore them off of his back and head. Without skipping a beat he shoved Izuku off the bed and sat up to glare at the other after hearing the thud of Izuku hitting the floor. Izuku's head popped up from below the edge of the bed and he stared at Katsuki disbelievingly. He could see Katsuki's eyes were still red and probably a little sore from the crying last night, but that didn't change the fact Izuku was confused and a little peeved at the abrupt and rude awakening.

"What was that for?" Izuku asked incredulously, sleep no longer clinging to his voice.

"Fucking forget what you saw last night," Katsuki spat at him while rolling over and pulling the blanket up to cover his head.

Izuku glared at Katsuki's back and climbed back into bed. He placed a hand on Katsuki's shoulder and Katsuki shrugged it off harshly.

"Why are you so mad, Kacchan? I didn't do anything." Katsuki's constant mood swings were starting to get on Izuku's nerves. Not that he would really hold the other boy personally accountable for it, knowing Katsuki never really had a good handle on his emotions to begin with, but it was still rather frustrating during times like these when he suddenly went off on you and you had no way of knowing why.

The silence he got in return only fueled Izuku's frustration.

"Will you please talk to me? I don't know what I did. Help me understand before shutting me out."

Still nothing. Izuku wondered if Katsuki had already fallen back asleep and poked him in the back a couple of times. Katsuki shot up and grabbed his hand, glaring directly into Izuku's eyes, and Izuku glared back. Inside he felt afraid. Katsuki was giving him that look that, to anyone else, would mean he was thinking of twelve different ways to kill you. But he stood his ground and kept eye contact, because he wasn't anyone else to Katsuki, and he was well aware of it at the moment.

Katsuki's scowl lightened up when Izuku didn't back down and his eyes began searching Izuku's body language.

"Talk to me, Kacchan," Izuku ordered, and Katsuki bristled from the fact that someone was actually attempting to give him an order. As if they were above him. Even if he could hear the barest crack in Izuku's voice from fright, it was still a personal insult to him for someone to think they could control him without full consent.

His hold on Izuku's hand tightened and he bared his teeth. Even though his body was all but screaming at him to blow Izuku's face up he held his instincts in check and just continued to glower at the other.

_I'm not going to hurt him._

_But he's challenging you. He needs to learn._

_I refuse to seriously injure him in anyway._

_You can't let him think he's above you._

_He doesn't fucking think that._
"Kacchan." Katsuki's expression had lessened to one of mere annoyance and Izuku took it as his chance to press on.

"Shut up," Katsuki said while shoving Izuku's hand away and falling to the mattress to cover up his head again. Izuku quickly grabbed the blanket before it completely encompassed Katsuki and held it back against Katsuki's pull. "Fucking let go, Deku!"

"Is it about last night? I-

"I told you to fucking forget what you saw last night!"

"Is it because you were crying? That's not something to be ashamed of, Kacchan." Izuku let the blanket go when Katsuki stopped trying to jerk it away.

Why is his grip so fucking strong...

"I cry a lot and you don't think I'm weak, do you?" Katsuki stared at him passively for a moment, completely silent. Izuku's smile completely flattened suddenly. "Right?"

"...Right," Katsuki replied slowly and unconvincingly. Izuku's eyes narrowed and Katsuki grinned mischievously. It took him a few seconds to realize Katsuki was joking and his smile slowly returned. "I personally made sure you know how to fight, stupid fucking nerd. Of course you aren't weak."

"No one ever believes me when I say you have a sense of humor."

"Looks like you forgot too." Katsuki flipped over and Izuku frowned again.

"I didn't... We were just talking about something important. I didn't think you'd-

"Chill the fuck out, Deku. I'm just screwing with you."

Izuku glared half-heartedly with a little smile. He never knew Katsuki to have so much levity. It pointed to what Katsuki was really trying to do; change the subject enough that Izuku would forget about the original topic in the first place.

"Kacchan, don't try to change the subject. Come on."

"Don't you ever shut the fuck up?" Katsuki snapped with his back still facing Izuku.

Izuku ignored his aggressive tone, knowing Katsuki was only annoyed his plan didn't work. So now he would resort to lashing out to make Izuku stop. But Izuku didn't intend to stop until he got through to the other.

"I don't think any less of you, you know." Izuku turned to the side and pulled his knees up to his chin, wrapping his arms around his legs and staring down at Katsuki's back. "I think I would freak out pretty badly if I saw you die, too. You were scared, so-"

"I wasn't fucking scared!" Katsuki shouted, glaring over his shoulder at Izuku.

"R-right. Of course. You were, uh... worked up?" Izuku paused to gauge Katsuki's reaction to that wording and continued when Katsuki didn't protest. "And people get really, um, emotional during
a time like that. It doesn't make you weak or anything. Just human."

"Would you shut the fuck up?" Katsuki turned his back on Izuku again, causing the other boy to sigh. "It was a lot more than just watching you die and it fucking pisses me off thinking about it. So fucking drop it before I blow something up."

"Okay, okay."

Obviously Katsuki wasn't going to give him any details. Not that Izuku could blame him after how Katsuki freaked out last night. At this point his number one priority was just making sure Katsuki felt safe. And forcing him to talk about emotions he didn't want to revisit wouldn't do that. So it was time, Izuku sadly decided, to drop the subject altogether.

"It's almost 8 AM," Izuku commented while looking at the nearby clock on his nightstand, "want to go see if Aizawa and Present Mic are awake? They never told us where we're going or what we're doing next."

"No."

Izuku was surprised by the curt refusal. He figured Katsuki would've wanted to get out and get distracted to forget all of this. "Oh, um, do you want to be alone for a while then?"

"No," Katsuki answered in a much smaller voice after a long pause. Izuku could already see this going in the same direction as last night and decided to stop it in its tracks.

"What do you want?"

Katsuki didn't answer, instead keeping his back to Izuku and pulling the cover up to his shoulders. He stared at the wall ahead and thought about that.

"Sleep," he finally answered. His head still hurt and his eyes still burned. He would hardly call it rest when he was asleep during the nightmare and in actuality would guess he only got three or four hours of real sleep.

Izuku nodded and grabbed the remote, turning on the TV and turning the volume down very low. Despite being forced awake earlier he was already pretty much fully awake at this point and wanted to move around some, but he'd wait for Katsuki for the time being. Katsuki said he didn't want to be alone right now and Izuku didn't want to risk keeping him awake by making too much noise.

He was still curious about a lot of things. What Katsuki and Aizawa spoke about last night, what all Katsuki's nightmare entailed, what the group would be doing next-

"YEAAAAH!"

-and why Present Mic suddenly sounded so excited.

Chapter End Notes

So I got an idea for a one-shot I'm going to work on (and I STILL need to finish that birthday fic that was a prequel to the day one Katsudeku week fic) and chapter 16 may be delayed for those. But it'll come out.
Also need to rework some plot points for another long fic I'm working on. Holding onto a fic for a few weeks helps when you're as indecisive as I am.

So yeah. Just letting you all know to be nice I guess.
So uh, I took two weeks to write like four paragraphs for the birthday fic and then decided "this is taking too long I haven't updated On The Run in so long" and wrote both chapter 16 and 17 within the span of like a day and a half.

There's obviously a pretty huge difference between something you want to write and something you feel like you have to write.

So 16 is kind of short as I get back into the swing of this fic (and because I'm terrible at make-out scenes aghh I need to get better at those) but hey it's an update. 17 is when the shit starts going down again. Also Shouto's story gets a little more clarification in chapter 17. So I'll post that in a few days.

Anyway. I'm rambling because I'm like 80% asleep here.

Here have a small angry Izuku defending his boyfriend and comforting him and stuff.

See the end of the chapter for more notes

Izuku nearly jumped out of bed to get to the door when he heard someone knocking on the other side. He opened it just enough for him to slip out, keeping the knob turned when he closed it so as to avoid the click. He held a finger up to his mouth to silently shush Aizawa, who was standing before him with his fist still up like he were about to knock on the door again.

"Sorry. Kacchan didn't sleep well last night. He just went back to sleep about an hour ago."

"We need to get moving soon. He can sleep another time."

Izuku rubbed the side of his arm and looked back at the door. He really wanted to let Katsuki get his sleep, but if they had to move on then he would have little choice in the matter.

Izuku looked to Aizawa again and opened his mouth to speak. He paused when he saw Aizawa was no longer paying attention to him, but staring at something else. His eyes tried to follow the man's gaze, but it led to a part of his own body he couldn't see.

"What? Is there something on me?"

*How would I even go about bringing that up?* Aizawa wondered, staring at the purplish teeth marks on Izuku's neck and shoulder. He made no attempt to hide his gawking and Izuku desperately searched around his upper body, trying to find what Aizawa was staring at.

"Your-" Aizawa started slowly, rubbing the back of his head and shifting his view off to the side. Maybe getting it out of the way quickly and bluntly would be best. He's never had to deal with a situation like this before. He coughed lightly to clear his throat before continuing, "-hickies are showing, Midoriya."

Izuku froze, stunned with the realization that the entirety of one of his shoulders and half of his neck were covered in Katsuki's marks from yesterday still. Embarrassment heated his face quickly
and he slapped a hand over his neck, trying to hide the marks even though Aizawa had already seen them. He'd completely forgotten about those and didn't even know how to begin to explain that.

"Oh, uh, yeah. Um, I... I mean, we just..." Izuku trailed off, staring at the ground with his face burning hot and his hand pressing harder onto the crook of his neck and shoulder.

It wasn't that he was ashamed. It was more so just embarrassing to be outed in such a way. If Katsuki wanted to bite him all over during those times then Izuku wouldn't ever object. Whether Katsuki did it by instinct, for pleasure, to mark him in some lame attempt to let anyone who saw know that he was Katsuki's territory, or some combination of all three, it was still flustering to suddenly be called out on it.

"Is he forcing you?"

The question caught Izuku off-guard. He glared up at Aizawa, still covering the marks on his neck and Aizawa could see the anger filling Izuku's eyes.

"Forcing me? You think he's... No! Of course he isn't!" Izuku glared harder and his former embarrassment was now entirely replaced with exasperation. "How could you even think that?"

"I'm just making sure, Midoriya. I don't know what has happened between the two of you in the past months. Nor during your entire lives together. But seeing how you two interacted when you were both students at U.A., well, I think it fair to be at least a little concerned." Aizawa placed both of his hands in his pockets and gave Izuku a calm look. He wouldn't get angry in return. To do so would be pointless and it would be best if he could calm the other down. "I don't mean to call him a bad person. I don't mean to insult either of the two of you. But anyone is capable of almost anything. I'm just making sure you're safe."

Izuku glowered at the ground, his brows furrowing in thought.

"I don't approve of you two being sexually active while so young, but I also cannot stop you." He grabbed Izuku's hand and pulled it away from his neck, inspecting the bite marks as Izuku continued to stare at the ground like he were about to be scolded. "If he is not forcing you into these acts, then why are you trying to hide it?"

"I'm not," Izuku replied sternly, looking at Aizawa again. "You just caught me off-guard is all. It was a little embarrassing. He isn't hurting me in any way."

Aizawa let him go and glanced at the door to Izuku and Katsuki's room. He was glad he at least found this out without Katsuki present. The night before today his assumption that the bullying was still happening seemed to affect the other boy in such a horrible way that he didn't want to think of what this topic might bring about had Katsuki been around to hear the conversation. There would've undoubtedly been explosions and a horrible rage involved, and that would just be for starters.

"Just remember that I'm only trying to help," Aizawa stated finally and turned his back on Izuku. "I'll give him another hour. I want to leave no later than 10:30. Please have him ready by then. Present Mic and I will be waiting in the lobby preparing for the next mission."

"Okay." Katsuki heard Izuku say from the other side of the door. He kept his back to the door as it opened and closed his eyes with the lower half of his face hidden under the covers. He could hear Izuku's soft footsteps come around the room to the other side and the quiet squeaks of the mattress springs when the other climbed back onto the bed with him. He tried his best to look like he hadn't been woken up by the two, guessing he did a good enough job as Izuku didn't bother him.
Instead of saying anything he just subtly inched away from Izuku a little and tried to go back to sleep.

An hour later he was being woken up again by Izuku. Instead of opening his eyes he swatted away the arm that was shaking him and rolled over. Izuku continued to shake him instead of letting him sleep.

"Kacchan, it's time to get up. Aizawa wants to leave soon."

"Fuck 'em," Katsuki replied in a low mumble.

"Kacchan, don't be like that. Come on." Izuku shook him a little harder and grabbed Katsuki's hand when the other tried to swat him away again. "I'm going to sit with Aizawa instead of you the next time we ride on a train if you don't get up."

His empty threat appeared to work as Katsuki's eyes sprung open and he glared up at Izuku. Izuku grinned sheepishly and let him go, holding his hands up in front of himself in mock surrender.

"I'll derail that entire fucking train."

"Well get up and let's avoid that."

Katsuki groaned loudly while sitting up, still groaning in annoyance even when he was up and throwing his head back to groan at the ceiling. "I don't want to fucking go anywhere today."

Izuku hugged him and laughed. "I know. You just want to sleep right now and no one will let you. But we have important stuff to do. I'm sorry."

Katsuki stared at Izuku from the corner of his eyes, fighting the sudden instinct to pull away from him. Once again Aizawa's false accusations had worked their way into his head and he idly wondered if Izuku was actually with him because he truly wanted to be, or if he felt he had to be because it was Katsuki coming onto him.

"...Deku."

"Hm?" Katsuki looked into Izuku's eyes when the other sat back to smile at him. The super serious look Katsuki was giving Izuku made him suddenly uncomfortable and his smile dwindled down to a frown after a few seconds. "What?"

Katsuki tried to think of what to say. How to properly bring up the point he wanted to make. But how would one go about telling someone you used to treat so horribly that they didn't have to be with you if they didn't want to, when you still wanted to keep them yourself?

"You know I don't want to hurt you again, right?"

"...Yeah?" Izuku's face scrunched up in confusion from the question. Izuku knew Katsuki wasn't usually one to be afraid of something, or at least not one to show he was, but was the other anxious that he was doing something wrong? "Does this have to do with you pushing me around earlier? I know you didn't really mean it, Kacchan. You don't have to worry about that."

"No, you dumbass, it doesn't have to do with that. Just... Fuck. You're with me because you want to be, right? I don't want you to be with me because you feel like you fucking have to or some dumb shit. If for whatever reason Izuku didn't actually want Katsuki then this entire relationship would feel like one giant lie to him. Katsuki wanted nothing to do with anything like that."
"If I didn't want to be with you I would've left a long time ago, Kacchan." Izuku felt a little anger beginning to bubble up inside him at the thought of Katsuki potentially hearing what Aizawa said earlier. That was what this was beginning to sound like. Whether Katsuki was trying to show it or not he looked genuinely worried about what Izuku was going to say. Worried that Izuku would take this chance to reject him like others might think he should have done. He grabbed at the neck hole of his shirt and pulled it away, showing the bite marks on his skin to Katsuki. "You see these? Those are there because I want them there. They aren't there because you forced me into anything. They aren't there because I'm afraid to tell you no. They're there because I wanted you to put them there. That's why I moved my head yesterday in the first place."

Katsuki seemed to relax the more Izuku explained to him. He felt relief slowly flooding his senses and ran his hand across the marks on Izuku's shoulder.

"Don't be scared of me anymore, Deku," Katsuki warned, sliding his hand around to the back of Izuku's head and pulling him closer. "I told you I'll beat the ever living fucking shit out of anyone who tries to hurt you. That means me, too. Don't be afraid to tell me no anymore."

Izuku shuddered from the sharp look of seriousness Katsuki was giving him. Their lips brushed together when Katsuki spoke and Izuku placed his hands on Katsuki's shoulders.

"I'm not afraid of you anymore, Kacchan. I know there's nothing to be afraid of." Izuku kissed him, soft and chaste, and breathed against Katsuki's lips with his eyes closed. "Just don't change yourself so much, okay? I like how you are already. I'll tell you to stop if you ever go too far."

Katsuki pressed into Izuku and continued their kiss, looming over him as Izuku fell onto the bed and mashing their lips together hard. He licked Izuku's lips while separating for a moment, pushing himself up with his hands on the mattress and staring down at the other.

"Does this count as pinning you or what? I remember you said you don't like that shit."

"It's fine for this," Izuku responded, grabbing Katsuki's face and breathing a sigh of relief, happy to see that Katsuki was already feeling better. "But we probably shouldn't do anything. Aizawa is waiting-"

"Yeah, yeah," Katsuki said, capturing Izuku's lips once again for another quick kiss. "I'm not trying to fuck or anything. Just make-out with me a little."

Izuku chuckled into Katsuki's mouth until the other brushed their tongues together. He pushed back against Katsuki's until Katsuki gave way and let him in. Izuku took the chance to quickly lick the roof of Katsuki's mouth just like before and squeaked when Katsuki bit his tongue, holding it in place when Izuku tried to pull away.

"Ka-Kacchan!" Izuku shouted when Katsuki finally let him go. He held his tongue out to let the cold air in their room wash over it and ease the pain a little. "Thwat huwt."

"Reflex," Katsuki said as an excuse that they both knew wasn't entirely true. Both were aware it was more along the lines of retribution. Katsuki grabbed Izuku's chin with a thumb in his mouth and forced Izuku's mouth wider to dive in so he could explore like he didn't get to do often enough.

He ran his thumb across the freckles on Izuku's cheek to try to ease his anxiousness when Katsuki touched his injured tongue with his own; gently prying at it to show he meant no harm. His lips moved against Izuku's and Izuku tried to mirror his actions. Izuku called his name against his mouth quietly; mouthing that name he's so used to hearing in the only voice to ever say it regularly.
Izuku can swear he feels Katsuki trying to suck the very breath out of him. As if he *needed* the air inside Izuku, and Izuku pushes him away to catch his breath, panting and staring with half-lidded eyes at Katsuki's wanting eyes.

"Kacchan," Izuku whines, believing he knew where Katsuki was trying to go with this and finding himself unable to completely fight against it. "Don't."

"I fucking know. I'm not trying to do that."

In he went again when Izuku moved his arms from Katsuki's chest to his shoulders. Their tongues met again without hesitation and Izuku could feel the message in Katsuki's inexperienced movements.

*Just let me have this for now.*

He nibbled on Izuku's bottom lip softly and deepened their kiss further, licking and biting what he could. He ended his little expedition by running the tip of his tongue across the roof of Izuku's mouth and was annoyed to find that Izuku either did not have that same ticklish feeling he did, or else didn't react to it as prominently.

Katsuki pulled away once more, breathing silently through his mouth while glaring down at Izuku. Izuku smiled back sheepishly, his teeth beaming through his now red and slightly bruised lips.

"That doesn't work on me, Kacchan."

"Fuck you."

Izuku giggled and pecked Katsuki on the nose. "Love you, too."

Katsuki looked at the clock and pushed himself up onto his knees, grabbing Izuku's arms and pulling him up as well. "Let's go. Or we'll be late."

"Also, do you have to be so rough?" Izuku touched his own lips tentatively when Katsuki moved to the edge of the bed to slip his shoes on, feeling the slight swell in them from where Katsuki pressed against him so hard.

"You literally just fucking said not to change too much. What the fuck do you want from me?"

"I'm not really complaining. Just sort of asking," Izuku clarified, moving to sit next to Katsuki and pull his own shoes towards himself. "Do you not like soft kisses?"

"Yours are always too fucking soft," Katsuki complained as he finished tying his second shoe. Not that he didn't like them, but sometimes he wanted to be rough. And if Izuku wasn't going to fulfill that role, then he sure would. "Be more fucking rough sometimes and I'll be more gentle. Sometimes it’s like I can’t even feel your fucking lips when you kiss me."

Izuku smiled to himself while tying one of his shoes. He slipped on the other and looked at Katsuki from the corner of his eye, who was watching him and waiting for him to finish.

"Okay."

Katsuki did a double take and stared Izuku down as the other continued tying his second shoe. "Okay what?"
"I'll try to be a little rougher." Izuku sat up straight and elbowed Katsuki in the side. "But you have to try to be a little gentler. We'll see who can do both better."

"That supposed to be a fucking challenge or what, Deku?"

"Sure. Let's go with that," Izuku said, standing up and stretching.

He felt Katsuki's arms snake around his waist and turned his head, his lips once again being assaulted by Katsuki's. The kiss was significantly tenderer this time around, as well as Katsuki's hold on him being softer. Izuku found himself leaning forward when Katsuki separated himself from Izuku and grinned at Izuku's slowly unpuckering mouth. Izuku stared at him in surprise for a moment before suddenly realizing what Katsuki had done. He grabbed Katsuki's face and pulled him in, mashing their lips together briefly and biting onto Katsuki's lower lip like Katsuki liked to do to him. He pressed their bodies together and pulled Katsuki's lip with his teeth, staring at his eyes and letting go.

*Is that how he does it? Maybe I was supposed to make it last longer. Or less biting…*

Katsuki touched his bottom lip with his index and middle finger, feeling the small teeth marks Izuku left and his grin grew.

"Not perfect, but that's more like it. Hopefully you figure that shit out soon."

Izuku blushed, realizing he got caught up in the sudden start of their contest and played right into Katsuki's hands. He slipped out of Katsuki's hold, making his way to the door. "Er, w-we're probably late. We should go."

Katsuki followed him out to go meet up with Aizawa. He figured he definitely had this one in the bag. No way would Izuku be brave enough to be as rough as Katsuki.

*This'll be an easy win.*

---

"This place?" Katsuki asked incredulously. "We're living on the fucking lamb, moving from hotel room to hotel room and carving out fucking caves to live in while these assholes are living it up in the lap of fucking luxury? Are you shitting me?"

"Evidently the League of Villains did not care about the departments of support, management or general education. Only about the students in the department of heroics that aspired to become heroes," Aizawa said as he shielded his eyes from the sun and looked up at the giant, forty story tall building.

"As well as the pro heroes themselves, obviously," Present Mic chimed in, leading the group into the building. "Power Loader was, unfortunately, targeted also. He was our best engineer. I can't wait to avenge him! Going to make some ears bleed for him!"

"Sir, please keep it down," a passing woman with a clipboard scolded Present Mic. "Some of our employees are working with sound sensitive equipment."

Aizawa slapped a hand over Present Mic's mouth to keep him from responding, knowing full well with his personality that the man wouldn't be able to tone his voice down even for a simple
"We'll keep our voices down."

Izuku side-eyed Katsuki, who growled at him in response. He already knew the implication of that look and had to fight himself, both mentally and emotionally, to not yell at Izuku for insinuating that he wouldn't keep his voice down. If he did yell it would just prove the other boy right in the end.

Aizawa took the lead from Present Mic and led the group towards the elevators, which took them up to the twenty-third floor. Down a set of hallways and through a door the group found someone hunched over a table, working on some type of robotic suit.

"I asked you to knock first, Samuel!" The girl glared over her shoulder and pulled the goggles on her face onto her forehead. "Oh, Aizawa and Present Mic! And… Midoriya! That was your name, right? You're still alive!"

"Hatsume?" Izuku flinched when she zoomed up to him, grabbing his hand and shaking it fervently.

"I can't believe you're still alive! Wow! With a quirk like yours that breaks your own bones I'd have thought you'd be one of the first people killed. It's amazing to see you're still alive and kicking." Mei's gaze shifted to Katsuki, jutting her hand out in his direction. "Hello guy I don't know. You look pretty capable. Want to help me test out a new invention? I need someone sturdy like you."

Katsuki slapped her hand away, scowling harshly and holding back the urge to yell profanities at her.

"Uh, Kacchan will pass for now," Izuku answered for him, feeling the pent-up anger and tension oozing from Katsuki's very being.

"Kacchan? That's a pretty weird name. Seems like he has a pretty nasty attitude, too." She turned her back on the group and began her return to the table, pulling her goggles down. "Anyway, nice seeing you all. Have a good day."

Present Mic amusedly watched Izuku wrestle with Katsuki as Izuku tried to stop him from attacking Mei. It was bad enough she insulted his attitude and just casted the entire group aside like they only came in for a quick hello, but she had the boldness to call his nickname weird on top of all of that?

Aizawa approached her and pulled at the goggles on her head before she could get back to work. "We came here for a reason, Hatsume. Remember the hero costumes I asked you to make two months ago? I need them now."

"Ohhh, that's why you came. Yeah I definitely got you covered." She hopped out of the chair and ran to a closet door across the room, sliding it open and pulling out Izuku and Katsuki's old hero costumes. "I made them how you asked."

"Exactly how I asked?" Aizawa questioned.

"Yes."

Aizawa stared at her as she held the costumes up and gave them a little shake, signaling him to take them.
"Exactly how I asked?" Aizawa repeated.

"Yes. I made them to your exact specifications." Mei looked them over and then grinned at Aizawa. "And then I made a couple of modifications-"

"I told you to make them just how they were before, Hatsume."

"Well now hold on!" She dropped the costumes and held up one of Katsuki's grenadier bracers, poking it repeatedly. "Like this thing here. I noticed it could hold more of whatever it was designed to hold if you just thinned out the insides a little bit and put that extra space into the holding capacity. It just means the bracers will break easier under severe force, so you should be careful of that."

Katsuki stopped struggling with Izuku and began listening, interested in hearing about this now. "So they can create even larger explosions now?"

"If they were designed to create explosions by holding some kind of fluid before then yeah. You'll just have to fill it up more is all. And then set it off and kaboom! Bigger explosions!" She dropped the bracer and picked up one of the boots. "I also changed the orange material on the bottom of your boots to a sturdier metal. It should hit harder in case you ever want to kick someone or something. But it’s going to be heavier and it might slow you down at first while you get used to the added weight."

“Fuck yeah.” Katsuki, happy about hearing these little changes, decided not to kill the girl now. Izuku looked at his own costume when Mei held it up for the group to see.

"And for this little baby, I tightened the elasticity that's supposed to hold this metal mask up for ya! It shouldn't depend on the hood anymore and you can pull it up and down just like my goggles here. I added some iron soles that attach separately. Eraserhead here gave me your approximate shoe size, but I can make adjustments if need be! I also buffed up the padding on the legs and added some arm supporters for you. He said you were a hand-to-hand fighter. You are, right? So there's that now!"

"Thank you, Hatsume," Aizawa said, snatching the costumes away to end her rant. "That's all we'll be needing."

"Just remember that I'm always right here if you need any tweaks! Or if you want to help test my inventions. Samuel is always too afraid ever since my power suit twisted his upper body."

"We'll keep that in mind," Aizawa responded, carrying the folded up hero costumes out of the room with the rest of the group.

"Is that all we came for?" Izuku asked, following Aizawa back to the elevators.

"Yes. You both are going to need your costumes in the very near future." Aizawa handed them each their respective suits and pulled his phone out as he got a message. He read the message over and held it up to Present Mic for him to see, putting it away after the other man nodded. Present Mic looked like he could barely contain his excitement.

Both teens exchanged a look and glanced down at their suits.

"What the fuck are you about the drag us into?" Katsuki questioned.
For the record a few things from this chapter will come up in later chapters. So do try to remember them~

Also let's hear it for hitting 10k hits! Or at least I'm going to cheer for myself because this is the first story I've ever written in ANY fandom that has gotten anywhere NEAR this many hits. Or anywhere near this many comments. Or anywhere near this many kudos. It was pretty exciting for me. So thank you to all the readers and commenters. You're all great.

Now I'm going to go pass out.
Chapter Notes

SO FIRST AND FOREMOST HELLO IMPORTANT ANNOUNCEMENT

Someone (http://chibichibisha.tumblr.com) made some fanart of this story and it made my friggin week because I've never had someone do fanart of anything I've written before (that I know of anyway). Like brightened up my whole day in an instant and if you all love this story I hope you love this art and this artist too. They said it was okay to post them here so here are the links on their blog:

http://chibichibisha.tumblr.com/post/150470832113/aaah-i-really-love-this-scene-its-a-scene-from

(a whole comic of some of the make-out scene from chapter 16 with the dialogue PLEASE TAKE NOTE OF HOW THEY EVEN DID THE LITTLE SIGH OF RELIEF AND THE BITE MARKS AND THE HAND PLACEMENTS AND ALL THE LITTLE DETAILS THEY PUT INTO THEIR WORK TO MAKE IT SO ACCURATE)


(the head bump from the training scene in chapter 7! I love those little thought bubbles of anger/confusion they each have too. The artist puts these little details in their work and I just love spotting them out)

Sorry for caps too I was just really excited about all of that. So, fanboying out of the way...

Look everyone Shouto has come to grace us with his presence and give us a little (keyword: little) clarification on his side of the story! Hopefully more about what he's doing will be revealed soon...

We also have a bunch of characters finally being introduced into the fic! But one of them is a villain. Who could they be? Someone fun I bet. Yep, definitely someone fun. (not actually fun for the heroes but fun for us readers probably)

See the end of the chapter for more notes

Vibration after vibration.

The incessant vibration of the device in his pocket annoyed him more than anything. He understood the person texting him could only ever do it in short bursts but it was still horribly, horribly annoying every time regardless of how important the information may be.

His phone emitted another vibration right when he reached for it and his hand paused, waiting to see if anymore would come. After the eleventh message received it finally stopped and he pulled his phone out to read them.
The usual questions from that person. He considered it fair they would worry so much, but he liked to think he could handle himself well enough for the time being. If anything all these messages coming every day risked getting them both in trouble.

"You seem popular today, Todoroki."

Shouto glanced up at Dabi, then back down at his phone to continue reading.

They were both sent as 'additional security' to guard the captives as Tomura believed the heroes would be coming for them next. Or so they were told.

Shouto's eyes moved to look at one of the cameras in the corner of the room. Those, no doubt picking up both visual and audio, along with the other thing here that has been guarding the captives long before the two of them arrived told the pair all they needed to know. They were not being trusted and this would be a chance to see just what they would choose to do.

They both listened to the order given to the creature that was lurking about the building. The captives don't leave alive for anyone but All For One. Not even Tomura himself. And they're both well aware that thing could and would outright murder the two of them without skipping a beat. Without a second thought. Neither of them were about to test their boundaries here.

"Just someone that's worried," Shouto answered in a low voice so whoever might be watching them wouldn't hear.

"Eraserhead?"

Shouto shook his head, placing the phone back into his pocket. "I told you I'm not working with him."

Dabi stared down at Shouto. The teen didn't even bother trying to hide the fact he was working with someone from Dabi. Even if he won't say who. It was as if, ever since figuring out Dabi didn't entirely agree with how the League of Villains was currently doing things, he has bestowed some amount of faith and trust into him. Dabi didn't know whether to feel flattered or annoyed that something good was expected of him.

"You never bother to say you're not working with someone. If you want to keep that a secret-"

"I know what I said," Shouto interrupted while standing and patting himself off. He was well aware of what signs he gave out to whom. Both verbal and non-verbal. He made his way towards a metal door in the back of the room, keeping a hand around the phone in his pocket.

He felt strangely overprotective of it most times. It was his only current connection to anyone that wasn't a villain. Losing that would mean only being completely and utterly surrounded by them from then on.

Once through the door he spotted all the separate cells that held his former classmates. Some glaring at him, some paying him no mind, some further down the hall walking towards the bars of their cells to see who had entered. The ice he kept on the floor just outside of their cells crushed as the spikes in his boots kept him from slipping. It simultaneously refroze with each step due to him using his quirk. He'd been coming in every so often to make sure it didn't all melt away and to check on the captives. Not that they would try to escape anyway.

As far as all of them were concerned those bars kept them safe more than captive.

Shouto met the gaze of a few of them as he passed by, each with differing expressions upon sight
of him. Disappointment, anger, indifference, sadness.

Yuuga, Mina, Tsuyu, Tenya, Ochako, Mashirao, Denki, Eijirou, Mezou, Kyouka, Hanta, Rikidou, Fumikage, Minoru, Momo.

Then at the end of the hall, in two cells across from each other, Nedzu and Chiyo.

"Hello, Todoroki. Doing the rounds again?"

Shouto stopped and stared at Nedzu, who was smiling back at him warmly. He refused to converse with any of them despite all the questions the others have tried to ask since he and Dabi arrived. Nedzu and Chiyo were the only ones who still treated him the same as before yet he still wouldn't give either the attention they tried to get.

Instead he turned and made his way back down the hall again, ignoring Nedzu's warning of 'it's almost time'. Nedzu always said that to him any time he came near the small creature.

Entering the other room again led him to Dabi, where he hovered over the sitting man's shoulders to look at the monitors. While they were more than simply suspicious that the cameras were being used to watch them, they were still told the devices were for the two of them to monitor the area.

"They all still angry at you?"

"I'm sure the vast majority are. It's my fault most of them are here to begin with." Shouto's gaze moved to one screen in particular, seeing that monster walk by as it kept eyes out for intruders or escapees.

"You know they would've been caught eventually. All of you would have. All you did was speed up the process," Dabi tried to reason.

"Doesn't mean I don't feel bad about it. Shouto side-eyed one of the cameras staring directly at them when they appeared on one of the screens. He wouldn't say he felt bad out loud at the moment. Not with the potential for them being listened to so high.

"I just did what was asked of me. That's all."

Dabi glanced over his shoulder at Shouto, then back to the screens. He was aware of what the boy meant.

"I bet."

They both brought their attention to a single screen when some type of blur flitted across it.

"That hasn't happened before," Dabi pointed out.

"It isn't supposed to happen, either." Another blur by a different screen. "Neither is that. Shigaraki was right. The heroes are coming."

"Only two so far. With that speed I'd guess Gran Torino and Edgeshot. Those two are paired together because of their speed, right?"

"Yeah. But I don't think it's them. I have an odd feeling I know who it is," Shouto said as he backed away to go stand in the middle of the room.

"Heroes never want to give up. It's as admirable as it is annoying," Dabi stated while standing to go with Shouto. At the very least they could try to warn them that it isn't the smartest move to try to
free the others just yet. But he was aware that they most likely wouldn't listen. Especially while he
couldn't directly explain why they shouldn't do it.

Before he walked away he saw Katsuki coming on screen. Katsuki stopped and looked around the
room he was in, spotting the camera in the corner and blowing it up. The screen turned to static and
Dabi sighed. With him there it was definitely a given that the two of them wouldn't be able to talk
them out of it.

"Does Bakugou always give away his position like that?"

"That just means he's confident enough they'll win that he doesn't care," Shouto stated. "One of the
others must be Midoriya. I don't know who the other one was."

Dabi had a pretty solid guess, but wouldn't mention it. To his knowledge no one else but Kurogiri,
and likely Tomura because of the former, knew he talked to Aizawa and Present Mic by the cave.
For now he would like to keep it that way.

The door opposite of the captives bursted and Dabi ducked out of the way as it flew by. Katsuki
entered the room fully clad in his hero costume and Dabi gave a low, impressed whistle.

"Where'd you dig up that little number?"

"Fuck does that matter?" Katsuki said, approaching the both of them slowly. "You getting out of
my fucking way or am I kicking your asses? Because I'm pretty pissed off about a few things and
I've been looking for something to take it out on."

"The department of support made the hero costumes at U.A. I don't think Tomura killed them off
because they didn't do any actual hero work. They're probably still helping the remaining heroes
and made the costumes for Bakugou and Midoriya," Shouto explained to Dabi. He then turned his
attention towards Katsuki. "You know we can't-"

"Shut both halves of your fucking face," Katsuki demanded, pointing an accusing finger at Shouto.
"I'm not asking the traitor piece of shit lackey. I'm talking to the other asshole."

"We can't just step out of the way," Dabi explained, "but I hope to convince you not to try to break
the prisoners out. More so for the safety of everyone here. Including yourself."

"For my safety? You should be more worried about yourselves," Katsuki growled. This guy
actually had the audacity to attempt to threaten him? Katsuki was tempted to look around the room
to make sure Dabi wasn't speaking to somebody else.

Dabi groaned inwardly and looked to the camera from the corner of his eyes for a second. Katsuki
obviously wasn't going to listen to him, but maybe Aizawa would if he was in the room. Even
Izuku might catch what he was trying to warn them of.

"I'm not talking about us threatening your safety. There's another guard here and it's under orders to
not let anyone that isn't a villain leave here alive. No one. And I really don't want to get caught up
in a fight with that thing running around. I feel like even I wouldn't be safe, and I'm on its team. It
would also be pretty pissed to find out you broke in if you keep making a racket--""
him it just meant bringing whoever it was out of hiding and into the open so they could beat everyone here in one go. Katsuki took a step forward and paused when frost started covering the ground in front of Shouto. A warning, if anything. Katsuki grinned and curled his fingers into a fist. "Try me, fuckmunch."

"Where's Eraserhead and Midoriya?" Dabi asked, attempting to distract the two and diffuse the situation. He really just wanted them to leave.

"What the fuck makes you think they're here?"

"Well-" Dabi started, holding up one finger to count the reasons off on his hand, "-even you're smart enough not to come here alone. If you're here then Midoriya is here, too. If the both of you found this place without anyone leading you here, then you must have heard about it from a pro hero. The only pro hero that has been actively hitting important facilities in the past month has been Eraserhead. His concern for his students, or I guess I should say former students now, would be too great to ever allow you both to come here by yourselves. And if I recall correctly, according to intel, Eraserhead is travelling with Present Mic. So he would be here as well, right?"

"You're certainly smarter than the average villain!" Present Mic entered through the doorway Katsuki did. He'd been hiding behind the corner for when combat inevitably started, but if they knew he was here then there was little point in continuing to hide out. "But we're not leaving without the others."

"So are you getting the fuck out of our way or am I going to kill you both right here and now?" Katsuki asked for the last time. He began walking forward without waiting for an answer.

"Well we're currently outnumbered two to four. But when the third guard gets here just don't say I didn't warn you." Dabi raised his right hand. He already knew Aizawa would be in the room somewhere to erase his quirk, so he didn't bother trying to use it. It would only be another second or two anyway...

*Crash!*

Katsuki stood frozen in place, blinking a couple of times before looking over his shoulder and seeing Present Mic was missing. Further back was a hole in the wall the size of a small car.

*What the fuck was that?* Katsuki saw Izuku run through the hole to chase whatever it was and Aizawa drop down from his hiding place up above.

"What exactly were you trying to warn us of?"

---

Izuku stopped when he ran through the second hole in a row of walls, looking around the room for Present Mic. He was really hoping the flash of purple wasn't what he thought it was.

His body glowed under his hero costume as he ran through the third hole in the wall and finally found Present Mic pinned against a wall under the grip of the Noumu from USJ. He was struggling futilely to pry its fingers off his face so he could use his quirk, but the Noumu wasn't having it. Izuku dashed forward and grabbed its arm, trying to pull it off Present Mic and being swatted away by the creature. He caught himself before falling back too far and charged again, pushing the Noumu's arm up as it tried to crush Present Mic's head against the wall. Instead the pro hero was
simply shoved upwards into the air and the Noumu, having had enough of Izuku, tossed Present Mic out of a window and turned his attention on the boy.

Shit-!

"Haven't seen what the thing can do myself, but Todoroki here told me all about it. It's that thing you fought as USJ." Dabi took a couple of steps back, pulling Shouto with him.

"However," Shouto continued for him, "we still have orders not to let you all take the captives. So..."

Aizawa and Katsuki eyes widened and Katsuki turned to go get Izuku. Aizawa activated his quirk when both villains tried to shoot flames at the pair and the moment Katsuki turned around Izuku crashed through the wall, ramming into Katsuki and sending the both of them across the room and against the opposite wall. The impact cracked the concrete and winded Katsuki as they both slid to the ground.

Izuku held his head and looked around to see where he'd ended up. His eyes landed on Katsuki's glare not two feet away behind his back and he gave a curt apology while standing quickly. His gaze shifted to the Noumu who was just entering the room through the newest hole in the wall. Its eyes slid back and forth across the room as it appeared to assess the situation. Strange to most everyone there as they didn't think it possible for these creatures to have any coherent thoughts.

Finally its eyes rolled around in a full circle and snapped towards Aizawa, who still had his back to the creature. Izuku saw where it was looking and bolted to defend him. The moment he landed behind Aizawa he crossed his arms and blocked the Noumu's blow. The wind alone from the impact sent Aizawa, Dabi and Shouto across the room towards Katsuki and the hit caused Izuku to skid across the ground until his back hit the wall once more.

"For fuck's sake. Does this thing not know how to pull just one goddamn punch?" Katsuki questioned in a rage. He aimed an explosion towards the Noumu and it soaked the damage, looking to Katsuki relatively unphased.

Aizawa pushed himself up, jumping away quickly when he saw ice beginning to cover the ground around him. He threw one of his wraps towards the railing of a catwalk and swung himself away from Dabi's fire blast aimed at him in mid-air. He landed behind Shouto and pushed his left hand away while dodging his right. He kneed the boy in the stomach and grabbed him by his left arm, swinging him around and throwing him at Dabi.

Dabi moved out of the way and let loose another flame burst at Aizawa. The flames were quickly dissipated and both combatants blown away by another blast of wind. Katsuki came flying past, going between the two and plowing through the wall between them.

"Bakugou?!" Eijirou called out, stepping aside when Katsuki slammed against the bars of his cell. "How-

He was cut off by the Noumu stepping through the hole in the wall of his cell and kicking Katsuki through the bars. It shoved Eijirou down onto the ground when he hardened his skin to attack and continued stomping towards Katsuki like Eijirou didn't even exist.
"Fuck!" Katsuki sent a blast at the Noumu, then another and another. He picked himself up backed away down the hall, trying to keep his balance on the icy floor. All of his former classmates approached their cells and watched him pass by. A chorus of his name rang out, but he ignored them all and kept focused on the giant monster currently walking towards him and soaking up his explosions. The weight of the creature was enough to crack to ice every time it took a step, almost shattering each spot it walked on and allowing it to walk across the floor without worry of the ice as its feet hit solid ground. "What the fuck even is this shit!"

"Bakugou!" Tsuyu called out to him, reaching through the bars to try to get his attention. "It's the same monster All Might fought at USJ, remember? It has shock absorption. Blunt impacts like your explosions won't affect it."

Katsuki's back hit the wall next to Nedzu's cell and he caught himself before slipping. The Noumu approached, reeling its fist back to smash him into a pulp. It swung downwards and Katsuki snapped his eyes shut, holding up his arms in a futile attempt to shield the blow that never came. His eyes reopened to Izuku holding the Noumu's arm back, his feet planted firmly on its shoulder as the size difference between the two really began to show.

"M-move, Kacchan! I c-can't hold-"

Katsuki didn't even let him finish, already ducking under the Noumu's legs and using an explosion to slide by before its hand darted forward and completely demolished the wall where he was standing before. Izuku fell from its back and landed on the floor, looking up and crossing his arms again to guard from the next attack. The Noumu didn't bother looking back. Instead it was already mid-swing as it turned and stopped to let out a loud howl of pain. Izuku looked past his arms and saw where Eijirou had used his hardened hand to slash across the creature's chest.

"Shock absorption, huh? So I just have to cut instead of hit, right?" Eijirou grinned and slashed the Noumu's arm, causing it to take a step back and hold its limb. The slash across its chest was already closing up from its super regeneration and its sights were now set on Eijirou, whose grin dropped the moment he saw its eyes focus on himself.

He hardened his skin and felt it shatter instantly the moment he was struck. He landed on the opposite side of the hallway and held his stomach, curling up on the ground and sliding down the rest of the hall across the ice. He tried not to vomit from the sheer force of the hit he took and glanced back down the hallway to see Izuku wrestling with the beast as it tried its best to get to him to finish the job.

"I can't stop this thing. It has as much strength as All Might and I'm only at 80% still. Izuku held it from around the waist with one arm, the other grabbing onto passing cell bars, and slid across the ground as it stomped forward. Each bar Izuku grabbed onto only stopped it for a second or two before the metal was torn from the cement confines and Izuku had to grab a different one. I need a way to immobilize it or something... Wait-

"Kacchan, get the others free and help them escape!" Izuku suddenly called out. "Kirishima, use the holes in the ice to run through your cell into the other room! Quick!"

"You want me to leave you with that fucking thing?!" Katsuki yelled, moving aside as it continued to drag Izuku along. It completely ignored him and continued after Eijirou, its priority obviously being to stop a captive from escaping alive. Eijirou was already up and running, not bothering to question Izuku in this situation. He always seemed to have some sort of plan at a time like this.

"Kacchan, trust me. Please."
Izuku let the Noumu go and rushed to keep up with it as they both disappeared after Eijirou. He clenched his fists and growled, reaching backwards and blowing up the nearest set of bars keeping someone captive.

Eijirou entered the main room and hardened his fist to hit Dabi in the back of the head while running by. He could see Aizawa fighting Shouto a little further away, but didn't stop to help. He was sure he had more pressing matters to attend to and that Aizawa could handle himself. He kept running until he bumped into something and took a step back. A cursory glance upwards showed Izuku holding both the Noumu's hands back with his feet planted on its chest so he could reach them.

"Whoa, you guys are fast." Eijirou backed away quickly and looked over his shoulder for another way out. He hardened his skin to protect himself from the flame blast that was currently coming his way and the flames passed by him, leaving him relatively unharmed save for some residual flames on his hair and clothes that he patted down frantically. "Uh, did you want me to do anything-?"

Eijirou paused when he didn't see either Izuku or the Noumu behind him any longer. Outside he heard a few screams and surmised Izuku had led the creature away to fight it alone. He jumped out of the way of another flame blast and glared at Dabi.

"Yo, chill dude. That doesn't work on me," Eijirou complained, waving his hardened hand in front of himself to show his point. "Do you know how hot your fire would have to be to burn a rock?"

"Shouldn’t matter," Dabi said, bringing his other arm up to ready another wave of fire while the one he just used cooled down. "It’s just like any other quirk. You can’t keep it up forever."

Eijirou charged Dabi and pushed through the flames sent his way, swinging at the villain and narrowly missing. "Yeah, but that just means I have to beat you before that happens!"

Shouto continued to run across the catwalk, stopping every couple of feet to dodge Aizawa's wraps and make sure the walkway stayed frozen during the small moments his quirk wasn't being erased. He kept constantly using his ice side so that whenever Aizawa's quirk would fall he would freeze the metal walkway over and more and more until it was icy and slippery enough that only he could walk across with the small spikes on the soles of his boots.

Aizawa slid across the ice, throwing a wrap or two to try catching Shouto whenever his balance would allow. If he could just get in close enough he could no doubt overpower the boy, but the problem lied in actually getting close enough right now. Without getting a surprise attack on him, Aizawa found the task surprisingly troublesome.

"The actually competent villains like you are the most annoying," the man drawled, grabbing the frozen railing and pulling himself forward to continue sliding across at an even pace.

Shouto ignored him and sent a wall of ice that reached the ceiling to freeze Aizawa the moment his quirk was back in action. He used the opening to drop down, using his flame side to warm himself on the way, and landed next to Eijirou and Dabi. He grabbed Eijirou from behind with his right hand the moment he touched ground.

Aizawa jumped over the edge when the ice approached him. His hand was frozen into the ice and he hung there in the air. A dagger was pulled out and he quickly started stabbing at the ice to break his hand free.

"Shit-!" Eijirou braced himself for the freeze over, defenseless with his hands full of Dabi's arms.
He was instantly frozen over in a block of ice that left only his head exposed.

"I'm going to safely assume you can't harden every part of body." Dabi grabbed Eijirou's chin and forced his mouth open, placing his palm just in front of his mouth and readying a fire blast that would travel through his insides.

Eijirou tried to clamp his mouth shut and attempted to turn his head. Both were stuck in place and Shouto glanced around the room quickly. The camera inside this room was still watching them and he cursed under his breath for that.

"Kirishima!"

He quickly froze the hole in the wall of Eijirou's cell, blocking the others from coming, then stepped forward and shoved Dabi aside.

"Let me do it," he said, placing his left hand in front of Eijirou's mouth.

"Why does it matter who does it?" Dabi asked, clearly confused and a little insulted at the insinuation that he shouldn't be the one to do it. He'd killed plenty of people before and could kill this person just as easily.

"Because," Shouto said slowly and paused. He looked at the camera in the corner of the room, trying to buy as much time as possible. Dabi followed his gaze and stared at it, too. "They're probably watching, so let me prove that I can be trusted to them."

"You've really sunk low, Todoroki," Eijirou tried to say angrily with his mouth stuck wide open.

Shouto paid him no mind and kept his hand in place, looking to where Aizawa should be from the corner of his eye and seeing nothing.

*Why is he taking so long?*

"If you're not going to do it-"

Dabi got cut off by one of Aizawa's wraps tangling itself around his mouth and pulling him backwards. Shouto mentally sighed; relieved he could procrastinate long enough, and backed away from Eijirou.

"He's erasing my quirk. I have to deal with him, so I'll finish you off later."

Shouto ran a couple of steps forward and stopped in place. Cellophane tape careened past his face and he ducked under Dark Shadow's claws. He looked back at Eijirou and saw Katsuki and Denki already standing by him.

A perfect excuse.

A giant wave of flame was issued from his left hand towards the pair. Katsuki and Denki moved out of the way and the flame melted all the ice around Eijirou, setting him free and leaving his hardened skin unharmed still. With that Shouto ran towards the exit where Dabi was already trying to escape Aizawa. Aizawa moved out of the way, unable to keep his eyes on both of them while they were on opposite sides of him to erase their quirks, and they both used the opportunity to escape outside.

"Shouldn't we try to catch them?" Mina asked. Nedzu shook his head, running across the room as
quickly as his little legs would take him and jumping onto the chair in front of the monitors.

"No. Our first priority right now is escaping this place. We don't know if more villains are on the way or not."

And as if he just told the future, on one of the monitors that showed the front exit where Shouto and Dabi were running by was a massive warp gate opening up. Villains were already pouring out to meet up with Shouto and Dabi. Tomura and Muscular were at the head of the pack and Nedzu looked around for a different way out.

"Please be ready for combat everyone. I don't think we'll be able to get out of here quietly anymore," Nedzu warned, dropping onto the ground and following Chiyo to meet up with Aizawa.

---

Izuku sped through the city with the Noumu hot on his trail, slowly gaining ground on him. With each step the two would push off the ground hard enough that they'd fly through the air and hover just above the ground for a moment before touching ground and pushing off again. Rather than running they kept this up, pushing off as hard as they could on every stride for maximum speed and distance.

He tried to keep as wide a berth from civilians as possible knowing this creature wouldn't care about killing a few people that got in its way to catch him. He couldn't outrun it while it could use All Might's strength and he could only use One For All at 80% at the moment, nor could he overpower it in anyway. But being reminded of the shock absorption quirk it had also reminded him of something he could do.

When it got close enough to make a grab for him Izuku stopped in his tracks and met its fist with his own. Both fists collided and neither gave way, causing Izuku to grin at his own correct assumption.

"If his quirk absorbs the blow, my arms won't break."

Another swing and Izuku met its fist with his own, then the next, the next and the next again. He had to be careful not to miss, but didn't think this thing was smart enough to even bother trying to make him. As long as he made contact with the Noumu the shock absorption would do the rest and he could meet it head on with just as much power.

That at least took care of him being smacked around so much, but there was still the matter of actually stopping this thing and immobilizing it completely. He would still need something else entirely for that. As things were now the Noumu could still do damage to him, but he couldn't do anything to it at all.

His attention was brought forward and he barely met the Noumu's fist again, having nearly gotten lost in his own murmuring and thoughts.

*Can't get distracted right now,* Izuku mused while speeding away again.

The two moved at such as speed that they appeared as a blur to anyone they might pass. Likewise their surroundings appeared as an entirely blurry world to them. The lights, colors, and sounds all melded together yet they still managed to avoid any obstacles and make any sharp turns that got in their way.
Present Mic watched the two of them from on top of a roof, trying to predict where they would stop next. From what he could tell Izuku was trying to keep the beast within a certain vicinity of the building they all started at. But where they stopped appeared to be random. His eyes could hardly keep up and he had to wonder how these two were getting to such speeds.

The only pattern he could pick up was that whenever they stopped it was for eight strikes every time. After the eighth hit Izuku would run again.

Another stop to the top right street. Eight hits. Move again.

Another stop. This time the middle. Eight hits. Move again.

They were too far away for his quirk to reach, and both of them stayed so close that if he did use it he would have to hit Izuku as well. He wasn't too keen on that idea. If Present Mic were a betting man, he'd guess the Noumu would be the first of the two to rouse from its stun and get free hits on Izuku for it.

He looked toward the building again when a giant warp gate opened up. Shouto and Dabi were running outside and Present Mic cringed.

"If the black mist villain is here then reinforcements are surely on the way."

Have Aizawa and Katsuki even helped the prisoners escape yet? Should he continue to focus on the Noumu or shift his attention to the others?

Decisions, decisions.

He jumped from one nearby roof to another to get to the warp gate. Helping the others to escape would be first priority if anything. Izuku looked like he had things under control for the moment.

"Time to suppress a crowd!"

Chapter End Notes

I physically cannot believe I stopped 89 words short of breaking 100k. Just 89. It's too close for me to add an entire scene without going well over 100k and there's no where for me to add a couple of sentences without it being completely unnecessary. My OCD is hurting I almost had a perfectly even 100k...

...Anyway.

Ooh so much is going on. How will the former U.A. students escape all the villains with only two pro heroes to protect them? How will they all escape the original Noumu who can destroy the sun with one punch? Who is going to get a Katsudeku combo on their frikkin face when the two of them reunite on the battlefield?!?!

Uhhh you're guess is as good as mine actually. We'll all find out together when I figure it out, write it all down and post it. So until then. <3
Chapter 18

Chapter Notes

Busy busy busy.

Just barely made the one week deadline I like to impose on myself per chapter (today is day seven since last update) and hell if it isn't hard to write a chapter that focuses on this many characters at once with combat on top of that. I'm drowning in a sea of plot events all happening at once here.

But hey I finally passed 100k words. Hoorah.

See the end of the chapter for more notes

Things were not going entirely according to plan. But they didn't look like they were going horribly yet, either. It was a slightly confusing matter for Tomura to attempt to figure out.

In the event of any other heroes coming the Noumu would've made quick work of them. With this group Tomura wanted to take the coin flip of a chance that it would kill one or two of the group before Izuku could stop it. But sadly the creature was not one for much thought.

Hence it being a gamble, Tomura thought while walking through the warp and onto the street in front of the building. Not the best plan, but currently the best we could manage.

The moment his foot touched ground in the middle of the street the sound of a horn honking rang through his ears. He glanced to the side to see a car coming directly towards him, but did not bother to move from his slouched position. A split moment before it hit him Muscular's arm emerged from Kurogiri's warp gate and the car rammed directly into it, stopping instantly with the front half crushed as if hitting a wall. Tomura stared at the driver's limp head on the horn, annoyed by the constant sound.

The rest of Muscular's body came forth from the warp gate and he looked at Tomura to make sure he was alright. Tomura continued to stare at the driver as large groups of other villains manifested from the massive gate.

Symbol of Peace or no, you were never safe. Tomura looked up at the sound of a loud noise far away, seeing dust and rubble flying into the air in the distance.

"Should I go check that out?" Atsuhiro questioned when he appeared from the gate.

"No," Tomura said and faced forward to see Dabi and Shouto running towards the group. "That Noumu will not be overpowered by anyone still alive. We will deal with the pro heroes here. Eraserhead and Present Mic are our targets. The rest are just fodder. If they get away we'll just catch them again later. If they get in your way do not hesitate to kill. The small white animal and the old lady are off limits. Capture them, don't kill them."

"How mad would you be if one accidentally died?" Muscular asked with a grin.

"Consequence will be immediate death. No excuses for it." Tomura cocked his head a little to glower at Muscular. "So I suggest you don't even put yourself in the position for a kill."
“It’s about time you got here,” Dabi commented as he and Shouto approached the group.

“Shut up and move,” Tomura ordered, pushing past him and pointing towards the door that was creaking open. "Stop scouting and get out here you worthless little wretch."

The door opened the rest of the way and Nedzu's head poked out, staring at Tomura with an innocent little smile. "You mean me? If I were worthless wouldn't you have killed me off already?"

"You’re worthless to me. Now get over here. Bring the old lady, too. You don't want to break the deal we have, do you?"

"No, of course not." Nedzu waved behind himself and he and Chiyo exited the building. The two of them walked leisurely towards the street, stopping just on the edge of the curb in front of Tomura. "But that is a pretty impressive force of villains you have behind you. How can we know you'll hold up your end of the deal with all of them present?"

"I haven't killed all of you yet, have I?" Tomura crouched down to meet Nedzu at eye level, resting his hands on his knees and glaring into the rodent's irises. More anger filled him still from the look he was getting in return. Smug satisfaction masked behind an innocent look. The creature before him knew full well Tomura would not kill him right now and the reason Tomura kept him in a separate building is because Nedzu liked to poke at him whenever possible to attempt to rouse him into a rage. "Even though I really, really want to."

"But you cannot."

Tomura's eyes shrunk further, becoming mere slits. If All For One wasn't the one who wanted these two alive he would've killed them long ago. With that in mind he fought the urge to grab Nedzu's face and disintegrate him until nothing was left. Instead he stood and scratched under his chin, hoping to relieve some of the stress with this motion.

"Where are Eraserhead and Present Mic? They aren't part of the deal." Tomura furled the fingers of his other hand into a fist, leaving his index finger hovering just off his skin. "I don't care about the students. I just want you four."

"Are they here? I wasn't aware. I've only seen Midoriya and Bakugou." Nedzu looked around briefly and shrugged. "Perhaps they've escaped."

"You may be an essential character, but you are not the main character here." Tomura whirled around and pointed towards the Noumu carrying a container in its mouth. "Noumu, carry them both back. Break an arm and a leg each."

The Noumu wasted no time beginning its trek towards Nedzu and Chiyo. Tomura stepped past the two as he made his way to the building that housed the prisoners. When he approached the door a loud screeching echoed through the town. He spun around quickly and saw all the villains, the Noumu included, on the ground covering their ears. Nedzu and Chiyo were already running through an alleyway. He took a step to give chase and something hit him his back, causing him to trip and fall down on one knee.

A glance over his shoulder showed the door had swung open and hit him in the back. Katsuki and Aizawa were standing over him and Katsuki issued an explosion that sent him across the street to the other villains. As he reached the area the rest were in, the ear-splitting screams of Present Mic entered his head and he covered his ears desperately to try to block out the sound.

Present Mic stopped for a couple of seconds to breathe in deep, getting air to continue his
onslaught, and let loose more stunning screams on the villains below. From the corner of his eye he spotted the students following Nedzu and Chiyo on the streets below, all of them retreating from the scene. He stopped and sucked in another large breath.

The scream he was about to release was lost to a surprised gasp as the Noumu Izuku was fighting appeared before him, barely on the edge of the rooftop, with a powerful swing already on the way. Present Mic ducked out of the way and Izuku tackled the creature off the edge. Present Mic looked back to the group of villains, seeing most of them had already recovered and scattered during the pause in his attacks.

"Aw man. Don't they know the crowd should applaud a show before up and bolting?" He turned around and bent backwards quickly to dodge a swing from Twice's blade, then sidestepped a swing from a second Twice and dodged a stab from Toga's knife.

"Well then, welcome to the backstage!"

Aizawa and Katsuki continued to keep watch for the back of the group, a fair distance behind all them but gaining ground slowly. They turned a corner and passed by Izuku wrestling with the Noumu and Aizawa grabbed Katsuki by the back of his collar the moment the younger tried to turn.

"He's doing fine. Leave him."

"Didn't that thing nearly fucking kill you? You want me to fucking leave him with that shit?"

"Midoriya is the only one who can fight it on fair ground right now. Our concern is helping the others to esca-""

Aizawa was suddenly jerked away from Katsuki, being dragged backwards and into the air. Katsuki growled and ran after him, using his explosions to get to the roof Aizawa was dragged off to. As much as the man pissed him off he couldn't leave him to deal with whatever was getting a sudden sneak attack on him. Izuku could deal with the Noumu alone for another few minutes if he's lasted this long.

Upon reaching the rooftop he found the spider-like Noumu sinking its claws into Aizawa's sides while the man wrestled with the head of sharp teeth trying to clamp down on him. He ran towards the pair and slapped his hand onto the Noumu's face, blowing it back a fair distance and glaring at Aizawa.

"You're supposed to be watching out for me, asshole."

"I was. Then I got caught off-guard because of it." Aizawa picked himself up and flinched from the wounds on his sides.

The two turned their attention to the approaching Noumu. Katsuki readied another explosion and paused when something wrapped around the creature. Hanta dropped down and ran around it, tying up the Noumu in his cellophane tape and leaving it to fall to the ground while completely cocooned.

"Why did you leave the group?" Aizawa questioned, wiping the blood trickling down his hands
from the wounds on his sides off on his pants.

"I heard Bakugou's explosion and saw you getting dragged off. Thought you guys could use some help," Hanta replied with a thumbs up and a grin.

"I didn't need your fucking help," Katsuki said, turning him around and shoving him towards the edge of the building. "Let's fucking go. The others are way too far ahead of us now."

"All this time and you still haven't learned how to thank someone? Rude."

Hanta jumped over the edge and shot tape out to a nearby building to pull himself away. Katsuki followed suit and jumped off too, throwing his hands back for an explosion. A blast erupted from both hands, yet he gained no distance at all. Curious, Katsuki looked down and caught a quick glimpse of the Noumu Izuku was fighting holding onto his ankle. Then his vision was filled with the blurred lights of street lamps and lamps through windows as he was thrown backwards and crashed through a window.

The Noumu kicked off the building, ignoring Aizawa's wraps circling around it, and chased after Hanta. A mere inch away and the Noumu was stopped from snatching the boy out of the air. Its eyes darted back as it fell and was swung backwards, seeing Izuku pulling it away with Aizawa's wraps around it.

"Focus on me!" Izuku yelled at it, swinging it around and around until the Noumu grabbed hold of the wraps and jerked back.

Izuku lost his balance from the pull and rocketed toward the Noumu, both on a path of collision with each other. Katsuki poked his head out of the window and saw the scene, aiming an explosion at Izuku and blasting him higher up to avoid the creature.

_That'll hurt less than running into the bastard, _Katsuki thought as he jumped out of the window and followed Aizawa on the street. He stopped for another moment and glared at the fighting pair, battling his urge to get to Izuku and instead ran to catch up with the rest of the group.

_He'll definitely be fucking fine._

"Where are we even running to?" Momo called out to Nedzu.

Nedzu's head poked out from Mezou's arms with Chiyo beside him. "For the moment just anywhere that doesn't have villains. There's a place we'll be heading for once deemed safe."

"I'm sure they have some sort of plan for us." Tenya kept ahead of the group to watch for any ambushes. Even if the school was gone, and with it his title of class president, he still felt it his duty to help lead and protect the others. So with Nedzu keeping eyes in the rear he would protect the front. "We just have to trust the pro heroes and follow them to safety."

Some distance ahead of the fleeing group Kurogiri's warp gate opened again. Shouto, Dabi, Muscular and two Noumus exited the portal along with a handful of others. Muscular enhanced his muscles and dashed forward immediately, going for his target once he spotted the little patch of white fur sticking out from behind Mezou. Tenya jumped up as Muscular approached and the villain grabbed his leg, tossing him aside and continuing to charge into the crowd of would-be
"Do try not to get yourself caught, Muscular," Kurogiri said while closing the gate and materializing his large, yellow eyes. "These children have proven their worth before."

"Noumus," Dabi called to the creatures. He pointed towards Nedzu while looking at them, "Get the rodent and the old lady."

Both creatures followed Muscular's path. Muscular continued to shove everyone out of his way as he approached Mezou in the back, only being stopped by a large Dark Shadow, unencumbered by too much light in the night.

"Oh ho ho. Looks like not all of you are pushovers," Muscular stated joyfully while pushing against the shadow creature. His eyes followed the being’s body to Fumikage standing under a street lamp.

Denki jumped on the man's back and released a strong electrical charge that stunned him momentarily, allowing Dark Shadow to pin him onto the ground. Ochako ran up and tapped him on the shoulder, continuing to run by as Tsuyu's tongue wrapped around his waist and flung him over a building. Ochako held onto her quirk while watching Muscular's stunned form float away, letting him drop once he was a few buildings over and looking around to make sure no one else was coming for them.

They all looked ahead and noticed the other half of the group dealing with the villains ahead.

"Ready?" Momo asked Rikidou, both standing on the sidelines. She lifted the back of her shirt up and began creating something. "Took me a while, but I think you're the only one strong enough to use it for what we need. Mineta! Come here!"

Mineta approached the pair, staring at Momo's raised shirt, for two completely different reasons, and the giant thing flowing out from her back. "Uh, are you going to use me for something dangerous?"

"Potentially. Pull some of those balls out of your head and get ready. We're going to stop the warp gate villain to make our escape easier," Momo explained, finally finishing up her creation. She pulled the back of her shirt down again and looked over at Rikidou. "Use that to get rid of the mist when you see an opening. Then we can get to his real body. Mineta, when the mist is gone you come in and stick him to the nearest surface you can. Just whatever will keep him held in place."

Eijirou kept his entire upper-body hardened, blocking chainsaw after drill after hammer and trying to keep the Noumu that towered above him and Mezou at bay. The other Noumu approached and was electrocuted by Denki, had its legs kicked out from under it by Tenya and shoved into the ground by Dark Shadow. Kyouka's earphone jacks plugged into the creature and she pumped it full of the heightened volume of her heartbeat, causing the Noumu to writhe in pain. Yuuga and Mina kept Shouto's ice at bay with their laser and acid quirks and Tsuyu and Mashirao kept Dabi distracted.

Seeing the opening they were waiting for, Rikidou ran forward and used the giant fan he held with both hands to create a wind that blew at Kurogiri's mist. Kurogiri squinted and his eyes moved towards where the wind was coming from, his mist fighting to not be blown away. Bit by bit it dispersed as Kurogiri attempted to move out of the way, Rikidou following his every move by turning to face him not matter where Kurogiri went, until the metal plating of his real body shined through the mist and Minoru dashed out of his hiding spot in a nearby alleyway. Four of the balls from his head were slapped onto Kurogiri's back, and he tried to shove the villain onto the ground,
finding it difficult with his small stature.

"I can't get him!" Minoru shouted back, a small amount of mist trying to swirl around Minoru to warp him away. A loud blast resounded through the area and Minoru fell forward, landing on his hands and knees and looked up to see Kurogiri stuck against the side of a building a little ways above the sidewalk. "How…?"

"Quit fucking around and get the fuck out of here," Katsuki barked with his smoking hand held out in the same direction Kurogiri went, standing over Minoru.

"We're trying to!" Minoru glared at Katsuki's back as the other ran away to go help Eijirou with the Noumu.

Eijirou jabbed his arm into one of the chainsaws, stopping the machine from revving and trying to break it. Alas he could not hold when another two chainsaws came down and tore up the street where he was standing once he moved out of the way.

Eijirou dodged and ducked under another few swings, letting out a little cheer once Katsuki blasted the Noumu in the back of the head. Its attention turned to him and the chainsaws came down for him, but Katsuki didn't bother moving. Both chainsaws tapped him on either shoulder, doing nothing by bumping him hard and Katsuki grinned.

"Too late. You're fucked, asshole."

The Noumu brought all of its tools in front of its face, noticing now that the drills and chainsaws were stalled by Hanta's tape overflowing each and stopping them from functioning, rendering each mechanical tool useless. Dark Shadow's large claw came and slammed the Noumu down into the ground, picked it up by the leg and swung it into the other Noumu as that one began to stand. Both creatures landed in a heap of trash in an alleyway and Minoru plucked off ball after ball from his head, throwing them at the two Noumus until they were completely stuck to each other, the trash, the ground and the wall. He ran around the corner and hid from them, peeking his blood trickling head around the wall to see if they were restrained.

"Bakugou!" Ochako called, she and the rest of the group running up towards him. "Where's Deku? Wasn't he with you?"

Katsuki glared off in the direction he and Aizawa came from, ignoring all the expectant looks he was getting. It was only now that he realized he hadn't heard any loud sounds usually caused by Izuku's quirk battling it out with someone with as much strength as Muscular or the Noumus. He gritted his teeth and whirled around, storming off towards Dabi and Shouto where Aizawa had begun to help the others fight them.

"He's fucking fine. Let's go."

"Are you sure? That Noumu-"

"I said let's fucking go!" Katsuki yelled, cutting off Denki and quickening his pace. He didn't want to think about Izuku fighting that thing right now, knowing it would only lead to him running off to find him. The others stayed rooted in place. Katsuki looked back at them incredulously, baring his teeth and stomping his foot. "If I have to tell you motherfucking shitrags to move your fucking asses one more time-

"Kirishima, where's Shouji?" Tenya questioned.
Izuku landed on another rooftop and blew out a breath of air, looking over his shoulder and meeting the Noumu's fist with his own again. Using One For All this long was starting to take a toll on him. His arms and legs were beginning to ache most of all, but he was fully aware that if he slacked off against this creature it wouldn't hesitate to kill him the first chance it got.

*I'm slowly getting used to the quirk, but I'm not used to using it at this level for so long,* he mused while blocking another hit and kicking the Noumu in the stomach. *I can't even tell if this thing is getting worn down. Is its absorption regenerating as we go? Am I close to breaking the effect? There's no way to even tell.*

The Noumu's hand came around and slapped Izuku to a different rooftop. He skidded across the concrete and landed on his side, rolling out of the way to avoid any incoming attacks. He sat up and saw nothing, then looked around and spotted the Noumu staring off into the distance. Izuku looked in the same direction and saw a giant wall of ice the Noumu seemed to be fixated on far, far off in the distance.

*Does it want to go to Todoroki?* Izuku waved his hand and called out to the creature, still not getting its attention.

It zoomed off into the direction of the ice when it saw Mina sliding across the ice wall on a small patch of her acid and Izuku stood to follow, freezing when he saw Atsuhiro jumping from rooftop to rooftop in the opposite direction. He spotted a marble in the villain's hand, but couldn't make out what was inside of it. He took a step towards where the Noumu went and stopped again, staring over his shoulder with furrowed brows at the retreating villain.

*When they abducted Kacchan he said he didn't like to fight. Maybe he's just getting out of the fight?* Izuku couldn't shake the feeling he really needed to chase after him, but he needed to keep that Noumu busy as well. The longer he looked at the villain the more on edge he became and it was beginning to eat away at him.

Finally he decided to chase after the villain when he saw Tenya speeding through the streets below in the same direction. He landed beside his friend and followed him down the street, ignoring Tenya's surprised look at seeing Izuku keep up with him.

"Are you after the masked villain in the coat? What's in the marble he had?"

"How are you-?"

"I'll explain later. Focus on the villain, Iida. What does he have?"

"I didn't see any villain besides the ones we fought. Shouji, Recovery Girl and the principal are all missing. Shouji was carrying both of them in his extra limbs and I'm trying to find him."

Izuku felt his heart drop into his stomach. He knew something wasn't right the moment he saw the villain fleeing. While wrapped up in his thoughts he almost missed a sharp turn, taking that as his cue to return to reality. He needed to get the three of them back before anything else.

"There's a villain that has them. He's the one who kidnapped Kacchan during that field trip we were on when the villains attacked us. His quirk lets him compress people and objects into these little marbles, so he's going to have them all in one of those. He wears a white mask, a top hat and a brown coat, so look for him." Izuku jumped up onto the rooftops again after describing the villain.
to Tenya, not waiting for any type of reply. Once up top he shouted down again, "If you get the marble from him, check what's inside of it before running away!"

His head turned slowly while scanning the area, looking for anything that would lead them to the villain. Once he spotted the man still jumping from building to building he dashed in that direction, shouting for Tenya to follow him. Tenya ran up the side of the building and followed suit, doing running jumps to travel across the buildings and chasing after the retreating villain.

The pair caught up quickly and Izuku pushed off the very edge of a building as hard as he could, speeding through the air and just missing catching Atsuhiro as the man, instead of landing on the next building, kicked off the edge backwards and fell down into an alleyway.

"My oh my. Seems I've been caught red-handed," he stated while jumping across from one wall to the other when Tenya tried to grab him. "But I'm afraid Shigaraki has tasked me with bringing two of these three back to him without excuse. So if you'll excuse me."

He continued on his way, jumping from wall to wall and practically gliding over streets to travel through alleyways only. In there he would keep their visibility low and hopefully lose the two. He had no interest in trying to fight or capture either of these two, only wanting Nedzu and Chiyo for Tomura.

After jumping out of another alley he spotted Izuku trying to cut him off in the alley ahead. His arm jerked outward and he grabbed onto a street light with cars honking at his antics, swinging around in a circle and taking off in a different direction. He travelled via street lights and street lamps now, looking below to see Tenya keeping up with him effortlessly.

"You aren't the one I'm concerned about. Atsuhiro looked from side to side, up, down, and all around to try to find Izuku.

He suddenly stopped on one street light, taking a quick second to look around. A second was all he was given before Tenya ran up the side of a building and jumped off, swinging his leg out to take Atsuhiro down. Atsuhiro jumped over him and was yanked down by Tenya's hand grabbing onto the tail of his coat. The both of them fell onto the street in the middle of ongoing traffic. Cars honked and swerved to avoid hitting the two, Tenya running off to the sidewalk and Atsuhiro jumping overhead.

Izuku came by full speed and kicked him out of the air with both legs, sending him off with a marble dropping out of his hand. Izuku caught the small object and pulled it up to his face after landing on the sidewalk to inspect it. Inside was a small iron pipe.

"Shoot." Izuku waved his arms to Tenya on the sidewalk across from him and then pointed in the direction Atsuhiro was sent. "Tenya! He still has them!"

Atsuhiro skidded along the sidewalk, ramming into a few civilians and knocking them all over. He picked himself up quickly and ran into another alleyway, opening the dumpster and jumping inside before closing it. He compressed himself into an orb, the one holding Shouji, Nedzu and Chiyo dropping down beside him. The three of them stared at him as both marbles landed side by side and Atsuhiro lied down while kicking his feet up.

Now we play the waiting game.

Izuku and Tenya met up on a rooftop again after searching for a few minutes. Tenya could tell from the way Izuku’s head jerked around endlessly that he was beginning to grow frantic. He walked up to Izuku and placed his hands on the other’s shoulders, forcing Izuku to look at him.
“Midoriya, you should calm down. We won’t do any better if you can’t focus.”

Izuku knew what Tenya was saying was true, but couldn’t help the pang of guilt growing inside him. If he had just chased the villain right away instead of wondering about it then he would have caught him so much sooner. Shouji, Chiyo and Nedzu would all be in his hand right now instead of who knew where at the moment.

Not knowing where someone was reminded him of something else, too. Something that caused him even more anxiousness.

The Noumu still hadn’t come back to him.

Katsuki emitted another explosion, blowing back two more villains while everyone handled what was left. He looked around to make sure everyone was still alive, taking note that Tenya had just gone missing as well.

"Yo, Aizawa, we're missing four people now," Katsuki called out to him. "We should get the fuck out of here while we still can. Figure out what the fuck is picking us off and shit."

Aizawa knocked out another villain, swinging around two more that were caught up in his wraps and slamming them down into a third. While he couldn't agree more, there was still the small problem of finding the ones who went missing and actually escaping. He jumped over another villain and used the rest of them as stepping stones to make his way across the battlefield towards Dabi. Each villain he stepped on was taken down by a different former student, and within moments Dabi and Shouto found themselves surrounded by everyone.

"Oh how the tables have turned," Denki declared with a crack of his knuckles and a glare directed at Shouto.

"I vote we beat the crap out of him. Anyone else?" Minoru questioned with a smirk.

"You probably couldn't beat your way out of a fucking paper bag," Katsuki snarled needlessly at Minoru. He approached the two villains, ignoring the indignant shout from Minoru and glaring at Shouto. "The fuck is your goddamn problem anyway? You just the type of asshole who wants to be on the winning side or what?"

Shouto kept his expression as neutral as possible. He still couldn’t let anyone know what he was up to, least of all someone like Katsuki. If Katsuki knew then Izuku would no doubt find out, and if Izuku found out then he would most likely attempt to help. For the sake of keeping things running as smoothly as possible, he would need to drive them off instead of keeping them around.

All of them escaping this early actually went entirely against some of the things he was trying to do, but the alternative would be potentially getting all of them killed by the Noumu that was with Izuku. He didn’t want to be responsible for that.

"If I were, would I be that much different from you?"

He hoped if he poked at Katsuki hard enough the other boy would throw a tantrum and Aizawa would drag him away. It took significantly less than he thought it would, however, as he watched Katsuki already suck in a breath through gritted teeth with that one comment. Katsuki kept himself
from yelling at the other, instead he pointing backwards at Minoru suddenly and waving for him to approach.

"Yo, midget, get the fuck over here."

"Bakugou," Aizawa started, frowning when Katsuki held a hand up to him to silence him. He knew what Aizawa was thinking already. What probably the entire group was thinking.

Don’t do anything too rash.

Don’t do something you’ll regret.

We need to escape before more villains come. Don’t cause us to linger.

He was already more than aware of the situation they were in. He believed he knew that Shouto was trying to keep him around by taunting him. But Katsuki wasn’t going to let him have the win if that’s what his plan was. If anyone else around him won’t fall for petty tricks like that then Katsuki more than refused to as well.

Minoru cautiously approached him and Katsuki grabbed hold of one of the balls on his head, ripping it off and earning a yelp from Minoru. He grabbed onto Shouto's shirt with his free hand so Shouto wouldn't move out of the way and slapped the ball onto Shouto's surprised face, an explosion following immediately after that sent Shouto down to get stuck to the street. Katsuki looked at his bare hand, which was now missing his glove, and clicked his tongue in annoyance when he realized his glove was stuck on the ground with Shouto.

"Forgot that shit would stick to me, too. Whatever. Let's fucking go." He stuck his middle finger up at Shouto when the other glared up at him. Shouto didn't bother trying to pull himself off the ground, knowing he would be stuck there for a while, and the entire group all glared at him as each passed by. Katsuki shoved Dabi out of his way, glaring daggers at him too. "Hope hell is hotter than those dumbass flames of yours, you fucking assclowns."

Dabi crouched down next to Shouto, examining the ball that was keeping him stuck to the ground.

"There some way I can get that off?"

"No. Just have to wait for the stickiness to wear off. I don't know how long that'll be, so just make sure no cars run me over or something." Shouto lied flat on his stomach and closed his eyes, letting out a shaky breath. Each look he got from everyone gave him a feeling similar to a knife twisting in his gut. Each time he passed by their cells and now after they had all walked passed.

Dabi dropped down next to him and rested his arms on his knees, looking over to Kurogiri who was still stuck to the side of a building. Kurogiri glared at him and Dabi looked instead to the incapacitated Noumus and various villains. Once again his attention was brought down to Shouto, who was lying there quietly, and he shook his head.

What makes you think the League is the winning side?

The Noumu that was with Izuku dropped down in the middle of the group of villains, cracking the ground with its landing. Its eyes circled around in its head and looked in every direction, settling on Dabi and staring at him expectantly. Shouto's eyes snapped open from the sound of the asphalt cracking and he felt fear beginning to creep through his body at the first thought that came to mind.

Where's Midoriya?
Dabi looked to Kurogiri, who was watching him to see what he would do. Dabi realized he would have to give the order or be openly branded a traitor here and now, so he jabbed a thumb in the direction Aizawa and the others ran off in. "Take them all down."

Chapter End Notes

Poor Toddy. It'll get better he just needs to hang in there.

So I don't know if anyone else has noticed the pattern but apparently I've been doing a few chapters of domestic-like relationship focus, then two to three combat chapters, and going back and forth between that. I literally just noticed that yesterday.

Which means, as you can guess from that, next chapter is the last of the combat. Then we're moving on to the final two arcs (I know I said that before but I'm pretty sure of it this time) of the fic. One more training arc and then the All For One fight arc.

Hope you all are ready for it all!

Now I gotta finish preparing for new patch content coming out on this game on Tuesday.
Okay so I know what I said about not disappearing for two weeks but in my defense it hasn't technically been two weeks yet. >w>

But yeah things got busy with a new patch and new content coming out on one of the games I play and I was talking to SOMEONE about a new fic that they've convinced me to start on (you know exactly who you are and I'm calling you out on it in the first chapter) so from here on I'll be working on two fics instead of just this one (Kouta is gonna be in it and he's Izuku's, uh, 'not legally but still pretty much' adopted 'son' so that'll be fun).

So I hope you all enjoy that fic at least half as much as you enjoy this one. ^^

Anyway. Have some slight (you kinda gotta squint for it but you can totally see it) Kirikami to go with your increasing amounts of Katsudeku.

Oh and also Katsuki shooting a fucking nuke in the Noumu's face. Because fuck that monster.

See the end of the chapter for more notes

"I swear I don't know where they went!"
"Shut the fuck up and keep moving."
"Who died and put you in charge?"
"Guys come on. Now isn't the time for us to be fighting."
"I-is anyone keeping an eye out for ambushes?"

Aizawa kept trudging forward at the back of the group, clutching his side to try to keep too much blood from pouring out of his wounds. Although as it were he was not sure which would be worse; losing consciousness or listening to the bickering amongst this group of teenagers.

Having left the villains far behind everyone stopped to regroup and ask Aizawa where they were all headed. With their destination set for the train station to get out of this town they continued walking on, no longer in such a hurry with no one left to pursue them. He trusted Present Mic and Izuku to get out on their own and hopefully find the missing group members on the way out. With most of the big name villains incapacitated Aizawa could think of little else that would stop the two from escaping.

"You got it from here, right?" Everyone looked at Katsuki as he approached Aizawa. He waved his hand in Aizawa's face impatiently when he didn't get an immediate response and glowered at the man. "You fucking deaf or what? You can take them wherever the fuck you're going alone from here, right?"

He already knew this would be coming a while ago. He didn't even expect Katsuki to make it this
far without wanting to go find Izuku and help him. The only drawback so far from bringing him is trying to separate him from Izuku to help with other tasks.

"I suppose." Katsuki would only throw a fit if he were to tell the boy no. And he didn't expect any more trouble from here on out. Most of the named villains have been accounted for, and with those down Aizawa considered it easy to be able to handle any others with overwhelming numbers as long as the group stuck together. Especially with the warp villain no longer around to give the villains the option of divide and conquer. "But there's no reason to. I'm sure he's fine. Even more so if he is with Present Mic."

"I didn't ask if he's fucking okay," Katsuki grumbled, walking around Aizawa and turning around to face him. He spoke in a low voice to prevent the others from hearing, "I'm just fucking paranoid, okay?"

Aizawa nodded and turned to continue herding the rest of the group onward. A few of them questioned why Katsuki was parting ways with them, but Aizawa only pushed them forward and told everyone not to worry about it. Eijirou kept eyes on Katsuki until he ended up in the back and Aizawa pushed him onward too, but his lingering eyes caught sight of something that made him shove Aizawa's hands away and go running towards Katsuki.

"Bakugou, move!"

Katsuki looked over his shoulder to see what Eijirou was warning him of. His eyes widened and body snapped to full attention at the sight of the purple behemoth towering over him threateningly. He jumped to the side and the Noumu grabbed his arm, pulling him up and examining him.

Katsuki emitted an explosion in its face, watching the burn marks heal almost instantly. The Noumu stared at him for a brief moment, then shrieked in pain in Katsuki's face. Katsuki was swung around when the Noumu turned and used Katsuki as a make-shift bat to swat away Eijirou, who had used his hardened hands to stab at the creature's back, and Aizawa, who had dug two knives into the Noumu's legs. Aizawa, Eijirou and Katsuki careened through the air, crashing into the side of a car and setting off the car alarm. They each fell to the ground in a heap, one atop the other.

Dark Shadow's claws came out, raking the Noumu across its chest and the Noumu grabbed it before it could retreat, shoving Dark Shadow onto the ground and crushing the shadow creature beneath its foot until he dissipated. Its eyes focused on Fumikage and he moved from under the street lamp that was keeping Dark Shadow under control, reluctantly letting the creature out again as the Noumu rocketed towards him, fist colliding with Fumikage's face to send him flipping through the air before the uncontrolled Dark Shadow could materialize. He rammed into Rikidou, who tried to catch him, and the force he was travelling at simply dragged Rikidou off with him for the both of them to slam into the side of a building and send the wall tumbling down on top of them.

"You know how to use this, right?" Momo inquired, handing a sword she made to Denki and frowning at his response.

"Heck yeah I know how to use it! What's to understand about swish, swish, stab?" Denki retorted, swinging the sword around with a giant grin. He always wanted an excuse to use a sword for something.

"No, I mean use it with your quirk. Sink it in the Noumu and electrify it when you see an opening," Momo directed, pointing towards the creature as another sword came out of her leg.
"Gotcha."

The Noumu's eyes swirled around again, stopping to focus on Mina and rushing at her. It stopped mid-dash and nearly fell, its eyes snapping around in its head and coming down to stare at the purple balls all around its feet. It looked up at Mashirao when the boy swung down in front of its face, hanging from the street lamp directly above the Noumu by his tail.

"Hey," Mashirao called in a taunting tone, giving a little wave.

The Noumu swiped at him, its gaze landing on Tsuyu when her tongue wrapped around Mashirao's waist and pulled him away. As the Noumu swung a javelin flew through the air and impaled its hand, piercing the street lamp and sticking his hand to the metal pole. The Noumu's eyes snapped over to Ochako, who was standing next to Momo and had her hand out as if she had just thrown the spear.

A burning sensation filled the Noumu's abdomen then and it dropped to its knees, a gaping hole settling into the middle of its stomach.

"Take a seat, vilain monstre," Yuuga said from behind the Noumu with his hands on the back of his head.

Hanta's tape surrounded its body then, wrapping the Noumu's arms together so Kyouka's earphone jacks could pierce its skin unchallenged. The sound of her heartbeat blasted through the creature's body, rocking its frame and distracting it enough for Denki to drop in from above and sink two swords into the Noumu's shoulders. He released an electrical charge through both weapons when Kyouka’s earphone jacks retreated, just bordering on the brink of shorting out his own brain, and stood on its back once that was over, watching the completely stunned purple behemoth sitting on its knees unmoving.

"You don't think we killed it, do you?" Denki asked, looking over to the others with concerned laced into his face. Granted it would've been counted as self-defense, but that wasn't the point. They didn't mean to cause any lasting damage even to this thing.

"Dunno. Try shocking it again just to be sure," Minoru stated from a distance, peeking out from behind a light pole.

"I don't mean we should!" Denki exclaimed, letting go of the swords and standing up straight on the Noumu's shoulders. "We're not supposed to kill anybody at all. I just meant-"

The Noumu suddenly broke out its tape-confines, the action scaring everyone. Kyouka’s earphone jacks rushed towards the beast and blasted more of her heartbeats through its body, though it seemed unphased as it grabbed Denki by the face, fighting through the pain to get him.

"Shit! Kill it, kill it, kill it!!" Denki screamed as the Noumu swung him down and used his head to break a hole into the street they were on. Denki fell limp, unconscious in the Noumu's hand, on impact.

The Noumu, having grown tired of the painful sound thumping through its body, grabbed hold of the wires from Kyouka's earphone jacks and jerked her towards it. She was flung forward, Tsuyu just barely missing grabbing Kyouka with her tongue, and the Noumu shoved its foot out to connect with her head and smashed her down into the street next to Denki.

"That was everything we had and that thing is still trampling over us!" Minoru yelled, pointing at it with a shaky finger after approaching the rest of the group. "What the hell are we supposed to do
Momo racked her brain, trying to think of something and coming up with nothing. The situation felt even more hopeless when she watched the Noumu stand and kick its other foot up, tearing off the sole of its foot and letting the skin regenerate as what was torn remained stuck to Minoru's ball on the ground. The hole in its stomach regenerated long ago, now showing with Hanta's tape being torn off its body.

At least the other villains had weaknesses. They were humans with quirks. This thing felt like an unstoppable force. Momo could equate it to attempting to fight a mountain with nothing but a stick in hand.

The Noumu's eyes swirled around again, snapping in every direction, until it landed on the group of them some distance away. It took a step toward them and froze when its sight became clouded with smoke and fire briefly. Once the smoke cleared the Noumu's gaze shifted to the side, staring at Katsuki's slowly approaching frame.

"Didn't say I was fucking done with you, you bird faced shitrag."

A laser beam shot out and scorched the Noumu's shoulder, followed by a small puddle of acid landing on its chest. The Noumu stared back at the group, specifically at Yuuga and Mina, and Katsuki shot another two explosions at the creature to bring its attention back to him.

"Don't get its fucking attention, dumbasses," Katsuki shouted at them, issuing another explosion at the Noumu to make sure he kept its attention. "I need at least five of you fuckers to carry the unconscious people away. So fucking get to it."

"He's right. Let's go," Ochako states, grabbing Tsuyu and Momo's hands to drag them along. "Come on, I can make some of them lighter so we can move quicker!"

The Noumu's eyes darted to the retreating group, then back to Katsuki when another billow of smoke and fire clouded its vision. Katsuki stopped walking towards it, still a fair distance away, and held his hand out again. He focused on the Noumu's feet, waiting for it to charge him.

If I can't keep up with you with my eyes-

The Noumu's feet turned to face him and its knees bent, readying itself to take him down. Katsuki took a step to the side as the giant creature disappeared from his sight, moving his hand down with palm facing upwards and setting off the biggest explosion he could. The shockwave alone rocked nearby cars and broke a few windows.

-then I'll just have to use predictions.

When the smoke cleared the Noumu came into sight, frozen in place with its head hovering directly above Katsuki's palm and fist stuck mid-swing to hit Katsuki had he not have moved in the instant he did. Katsuki let off another giant explosion for good measure when the Noumu blinked, ducking back before the smoke cleared this time.

Another lucky prediction, as doing so managed to dodge the giant hand that swung at his head. Katsuki moved around its back and followed it as it turned. As he and the creature circled around he saw that Eijirou was the last one around, carrying Denki and Kyouka's unconscious bodies to safety, and deemed it safe enough to try his next plan of action. He grabbed two grenades from his belt and pulled the pins, tossing them up high into the air, and pulled back the compartments that hid the pins on his grenadier bracers. He ducked under the Noumu's legs, coming out in front of the
surprised creature while pulling out both pins at the same time and pointing both of his arms up at the purple behemoth's face.

"Eat shit and die," Katsuki ordered with a psychotic grin on his face.

His grenadier bracers both went off simultaneously at point blank range in the Noumu's face, jerking his shoulders back from the force, at the same time the grenades he tossed exploded directly behind the creature's head all while he emitted two maximum sized blasts from his palms. While normally being able to hold his ground from the knockback of his own explosions, the force of all six blasts going off at once sent him backwards and down onto the street.

He made sure to send his bracers and palm explosions up at an angle so as to avoid collateral damage to nearby city structures, but still heard multiple car alarms get set off and glass shattering from every direction. He opened his eyes after landing and waved the smoke out of his face, coughing as he did so. When his vision was cleared enough he saw the Noumu standing above him, still as stone, with its eyes wide and mouth hanging open. All of its skin from the waist up was completely and utterly charred black and it even appeared to be missing a few patches of skin. The way its arms hung limply from its sides begged the question of exactly how much damage Katsuki did to it.

Katsuki's grin dropped instantly when the Noumu's hands shot out and grabbed both of his arms, twisting them backwards suddenly with a sickening snap coming from each. Katsuki screamed in agony and kicked the Noumu's chest with both feet, unable to push it off. He kicked it across the chin, in the shin, emitted explosions that caused pain to jolt throughout his arms, writhed and squirmed and did everything he could think of to try to get away from this monster that was pushing down on his already broken arms.

“I swear I’m going to fucking murder you!” Katsuki screamed at the beast’s face, glaring absolute death at the patches of skin that were regenerating and all the damage he did to it becoming undone.

The Noumu grabbed his head and pulled him up a little, Katsuki staring at it from between the big fingers covering his face, and slammed his head down into the asphalt of the street reminiscent of what it did to Denki.

Before feeling the hard collision of the street on the back of his head Katsuki heard a yell that sounded like Present Mic and a loud, distressed 'Kacchan!' screamed in his direction before everything went black.

Izuku's eyes fluttered open yet again. He looked around the hospital room quickly, eyes pausing at each frame in the dark room, until he was certain everything was okay again. He looked over to Eijirou sleeping in a chair, his cheek resting on his fist, with Denki in the chair next to him leaning on his shoulder and snoring lightly. Izuku stared at the bandages wrapped around the top of Denki's head and a fleeting twinge of guilt seeped through his body before he looked over to Katsuki in the hospital bed not two feet away from him.

Izuku's frown deepened when he saw Katsuki was still unconscious. Both of Katsuki's arms were in casts from just below his elbows down past his fingertips and he had bandages around his head like Denki, the both of them having suffered light concussions.
Izuku looked over to the time now, the glowing clock on the wall telling him it was still the middle of the night. The progression of time seemed lost to him since they arrived here with this being the fourth time he's awakened in this night alone. Getting Katsuki and escaping the Noumu was another hell entirely that Izuku didn't want to think of right now. Had Tenya, Ochako and Present Mic not been there he undoubtedly wouldn't have been able to do so.

He still wasn't sure where all the others were staying as he has refused to leave the hospital since Katsuki was put in it. Occasionally the others would stop by and check on him. Most of the time they simply wanted to thank him for staying behind to cover their escape but often enough Tenya, Ochako, Eijirou and Denki would stop by to either keep Izuku company or make sure he'd eaten and was taking care of himself.

Izuku, seated in his own chair directly next to Katsuki's bed, stared at Katsuki's peaceful expression and his hand instinctively reached for the other's only to be blocked by the cast wrapped tightly around it. Izuku sighed and crossed his arms over his chest, leaning back in the chair to stare at the ceiling above.

"Midoriya." Izuku's gaze shifted towards Eijirou, who was staring at him with one eye open, and stood to approach at Eijirou's silent request via hand signals. He sat on the other side of Eijirou, leaning in when Eijirou started whispering to him so as to not wake Denki. "You should try to get more sleep."

"Ah, y-yeah, I know." Izuku looked to Katsuki again, staring at him longingly through the dark room. "I'm just worried. He's been asleep for three days."

Eijirou threw an arm around Izuku's shoulder, pulling him closer and giving him a big grin. "Yeah, that monster hits pretty hard, so it's to be expected. But Bakugou is tough. I bet he'll be awake before the week is over."

Izuku couldn't help the smile that fought its way onto his face, finding Eijirou's grin infectious. The doctors said they didn't know when Katsuki would wake up, but that he was physically fine besides the broken arms. So it shouldn't be super long. Still Izuku felt the anxiousness settling into the pit of his stomach every time he saw Katsuki's sleeping form. Even more so because he felt it was his fault that so many of them got hurt in the first place. None of them would've gotten hurt had he just stayed with the Noumu.

But then Present Mic might not have gotten away had he and Tenya not gone back for the man after losing the compression villain. Plus the villain escaping with Shouji, Nedzu and Chiyo was another story entirely. He should've been able to catch him as well-

Izuku jumped when his head was pulled down onto Eijirou's shoulder, Eijirou's hold around his shoulder tightening. Eijirou patted Izuku's head a few times, his grin reduced to a soft smile, as he interrupted Izuku's murmuring right next to his ear.

"Just go to sleep man. None of it is your fault." Eijirou frowned at Katsuki briefly. "We all left him there, too. He was just doing what he thought was best and you did what you thought was best. We'll get those villains back next time we see them. We'll all hit extra hard for payback for what they did to him."

Izuku glanced at Eijirou before closing his eyes in silent agreement. Worrying about all of it won't change anything in the present. All he could do was prepare for the future.

"Thanks, Kirishima," Izuku mumbled before dozing back off.
Eijirou looked down at Denki on his other shoulder to check on him, pushing one of Denki’s bangs out of the boy’s face, before going back to sleep himself.

The sunlight shone through the slits between each of the blinds in Katsuki’s room. The rays of light hit him in the face and Katsuki’s eyes opened slowly, blinking a few times as his eyes adjusted to the bright lights shining directly in his eyes. Once his eyes adjusted he shot up and scanned the area quickly, looking for the Noumu, before he realized he wasn't in the middle of an empty street at night anymore. It took him another moment to realize he was actually inside of a hospital room. He brought his arm up to scratch his face, bopping himself on the cheek with his cast and then staring at his covered limb in annoyance.

*Fucking figures.*

His eyes landed on the group of three sleeping in chairs across the room from him then. Katsuki glared at Eijirou, seeing Denki's head resting on one of his shoulders and Izuku's on the other. He tossed his legs over the side of the bed, trying to touch the ground until he felt something tug at his leg. A cursory glance showed an IV taped to one of his legs and he tore it out promptly so he could drop down onto the floor.

He landed on wobbly legs and held one of his cast-covered arms on the bed for balance, standing still for a short while to make sure he was steady and then making his way over to the three of them. He ignored the cold tiles of the hospital floor chilling the soles of his feet, taking note that he had been changed from his hero costume to a hospital gown and would need to find his hero costume later, to walk over and stop a few feet in front of Eijirou. The sound of his feet on the floor caused Eijirou’s eyes to open, squinted from the morning light filtering into the room.

"Midoriya, buddy, just-" Eijirou's face lit up when he saw it wasn't Izuku going over to Katsuki, but rather the opposite. His arm around Izuku's shoulder retreated and he practically jumped out of his chair in excitement, suddenly completely awake and absolutely elated. "Oh, Bakugou! You're awake! We were so worried about you man! I knew you were too manly to stay down that easi-"

Katsuki's arm reeled back and swung forward, striking Eijirou across the face with a nasty scowl. It took everything he had to not drop to the ground and shout from the pain that jolted through the arm he just used to hit Eijirou, though his eyes squeezed shut and his jaw clenched nonetheless. Eijirou fell backwards into his chair, the sound from the two of them jolting both Denki and Izuku awake.

"Kacchan!" Izuku jumped up and threw his arms around Katsuki's shoulders, oblivious as to what just happened, and squeezing him in a tight hug the moment his eyes opened.

"What the heck are you guys doing?" Denki complained, rubbing the sleep out of his eyes. "It's too early to be messing around."

Eijirou held his chin, moving it from side to side, while staring up at Katsuki. "Geez, that hurt Bakugou. What was that for?"

Katsuki silently continued to glare down at Eijirou from over Izuku's shoulder, paying little attention to Izuku nuzzling the crook of his neck affectionately. At the sound of Eijirou's complaint Izuku looked back and noticed Eijirou slumped in his chair, holding his jaw, then took a step back
from Katsuki and stared at him incredulously.

"Wait, what did you do?"

"He hit me the second I stood up!" Eijirou shouted indignantly, pointing an accusing finger at Katsuki. Although the act of violence against him was already forgiven, Eijirou still wanted to know what warranted it in the first place. "What'd I do?!"

"Shut it before I fucking murder you," Katsuki snarled, glaring down at Denki next. Denki grinned at him nervously, hoping he wasn't next, and Katsuki turned around to leave.

"Does he know who we are?" Denki whispered to Eijirou, his hand next to his mouth so Katsuki wouldn't hear him. "Like, he doesn't have amnesia or something and think he needs to fight us, right?"

Eijirou shrugged in response and the three of them chased after Katsuki once they realized he was leaving the room, meeting up with him in the hallway as Katsuki stalked down a random direction.

"K-Kacchan, where are you going?"

"Wherever the fuck the exit is," Katsuki answered, not slowing his pace in the slightest regardless of the fact he had absolutely no idea where exactly the exit is. He growled when Eijirou stepped in front of him with his arms out to stop him and Izuku and Denki grabbed him from either side.

"You can't leave yet. You literally just woke up," Denki argued, pulling at Katsuki's shoulder to try to bring him back to his room. "Where are you even trying to go?"

"Yeah, come on Bakugou. You're one of the manliest guys I know but you still need to recover before you do anything," Kirishima said, walking forward and pushing Katsuki back lightly to urge him back to his room.

"We'll talk to the doctors first and when they say you're ready you can leave, okay Kacchan?" Izuku pulled at Katsuki's other shoulder.

Katsuki threw both of his arms up, one pointed at Denki and the other at Eijirou, and hesitated emitting an explosion from both as he remembered the casts on his hands. He swung at them both, frustrated from too many people trying to talk to him from too many directions at once, and bared his teeth angrily when they both dodged his swings. Even though he didn't hit either of them a sharp pain still flowed through both of his arms and the dull, almost unnoticeable headache he had flared up to what felt like a migraine.

"Fucking shit! All of you shut the fuck up!" His arms came up to hold both sides of his head, trying to ease the pain that echoed throughout his body. Everyone's voices sounded louder than they actually were and it was only angering him more to hear so many noises at once. People getting wheeled around in wheelchairs, employees at the hospital writing and typing, other people talking around them and everything hurt his currently sensitive ears.

"Bakugou, we need you to go back to your room for now," Katsuki's doctor, having been alerted by passing hospital staff members that Katsuki had been seen leaving his room, stated as she approached the group of teenagers with two nurses behind her. She reached for him and her hand retreated quickly when Katsuki swung at her.

"Don't fucking touch me," Katsuki growled, glaring at her from the corner of his eye. His eyes widened a fraction as his gaze shifted to one of the men behind her pulling out a syringe.
"Patient is irrationally aggressive upon gaining consciousness," she said out loud while writing the same thing on a clipboard she was holding. "Recommending sedation to help control him. Can you boys help us restrain him?"

"The fuck?" Katsuki took a step back and Eijirou and Denki moved in front of him protectively, waving their hands frantically to dissuade the hospital staff from putting him to sleep.

"W-wa-wait!" Izuku shouted, stepping between Katsuki and the nurses approaching him with the syringe. "He's usually like this. You don't need to sedate him. We're taking him back to his room right now and he's not going to hurt anyone, right Kacchan?"

Katsuki glared at them all as everyone turned to stare at him, awaiting an answer.

“Whatever. Just everyone shut the fuck up.”

Chapter End Notes

And with that the heavy combat scenes have ended for a while again while everyone recovers. Little more detail about how Katsuki got saved will be revealed within the next chapter or two. But now Katsuki has two broken arms to deal with, so we'll see where all that leads.

Also I haven't forgotten their little challenge to each other~

Thank you for reading and see you all next chapter. <3
Chapter 20

Chapter Notes

-sighs soooooo heavily- Time for a bit of a long story.

So this chapter is so late because last week I had it nearly done (talking like I just needed to proof read it and add a few sentences and I'd have been done) and I decided to do it the next day, so I went to sleep and woke up to find out the power had gone out at some point while I was asleep. I turned my computer back on, not too worried because I save the document when I'm writing like every two sentences out of habit for that very reason. But when I got all my programs up and running again I opened the document and some how, for God knows what fucking reason, my computer copied and pasted a completely different document over chapter 20 here and saved it as THAT.

So I lost literally the entire chapter and had to start from scratch. But I got so mad and depressed over it because I really, really hate having to redo things and wasting my time (and that was like six hours of my life wasted for no good reason) that I didn't even want to write anymore. It took me two days just to write a sentence and say screw it and walk away.

I'm still a bit upset about it but I finally got over it enough to start writing again, albeit much slower than usual, so this chapter is a little bit shorter than normal and probably not as well done but I hate that I've taken two weeks to update again.

So yeah, that's what happened if anyone was wondering where I disappeared to. Sorry for that. But hey, here's chapter 20 briefly setting the mood for the current arc.

See the end of the chapter for more notes

Katsuki stares down at his pants on the hospital bed next to himself as he attempts to think of some way to dress himself without the use of his hands. Izuku, Eijirou and Denki all offered to help him get dressed but Katsuki ended up yelling at them all to get out so he could get dressed by himself. As far as he was concerned he wouldn't need help. It wasn't like he couldn't move at all.

He reaches down and runs his cast along the pants again. The hospital staff left his underwear on when he was admitted at least, but now came the trouble of trying to get the rest of his clothes back on. He slipped his barefoot into the hem of his pants, lifting them up so he could put one of his arms through. With that he held them up and tried to push his leg all the way through, but couldn't get all the way as he couldn't pull the pair of pants up and his foot just pushed them away once far enough in. His tongue stuck out of the corner of his mouth as he concentrated, slipping his other leg in and falling backwards onto the bed to lift both legs in the air.

Feet kicked back and forth in the air and casts slipped along the sides of the pants, trying to pull them down onto him, but the tight elastic waistband refused to let the pants slide any further without hands to properly grip and pull them. Katsuki stopped with his legs still in the air, growling in frustration and dropping down with his pants only a little farther than half-way up. His gaze moved to the shirt laying on the bed next to him and he tried to move his cast under the garment to lift it up. After getting frustrated of that not working he drops down and bites the edge
of it, lifting the hem of his shirt with his teeth and slipping both arms inside. The fitted shirt didn't get far on him when he lifted his arms up into the air, too tight to simply fall onto him, and he struggles to find the arms holes with his casts because he can't feel where his arms are moving.

Through his struggling he doesn't hear the door open slowly nor see Izuku peek inside and watch Katsuki thrash around inside his shirt. Izuku can't help the amused grin that surfaces and he sneaks inside, closing the door quietly behind himself with a soft click. Once he's standing in front of Katsuki he waits for the other to notice him.

Katsuki tears himself out of the shirt, throwing it onto the bed and glares forward when he notices Izuku. "The fuck do you want?"

"You were taking a long time." Izuku's eyes move down to Katsuki's pants, only partially pulled up, and he tries very hard not to laugh as his eyes snap back up to Katsuki's. "I j-just, uh, wanted to make sure you were okay?"

"I'm fucking fine. Get out."

"Kacchan," Izuku looks down at Katsuki's pants again, making his gawking obvious, to silently prove his point that no Katsuki isn't fine. He grabs Katsuki's shirt and frowns at the twitch he sees in Katsuki's arm, already able to tell Katsuki wanted to take a swipe at him for trying to help but not doing so simply because it's Izuku and not anyone else. "You need to stop trying to hit people or your arms will never heal."

"My arms are fine," Katsuki replied while moving away from Izuku when the shirt is positioned over his head. "Quit trying to fucking dress me!"

"Kacchan," Izuku whines. He bends forward and places his hands on Katsuki's legs to keep him from crawling away, staring him dead in the eyes. "The doctors said your head was hurting so much because you were going through too much stimulation so soon after waking up with a concussion. Calm down or it'll start hurting again."

Katsuki glared at him and blew a puff of air out of his nose angrily. It was annoying enough being told he needed to sleep as much as possible for his head to recover, but to have people offer help at every turn at the same time was just insulting to him. Still he realized just how troublesome it'll be for him if he doesn't accept even a little help here and there until his casts are off.

"So will you please let me help you?"

Katsuki continues to glare at him as he thinks about it. His eyes shift to the shirt in Izuku's hand and he can't in his right mind think of a way to safely get that on by himself that would take less than an eternity of struggling and a bit of luck. Maybe if it wasn't so fitted and his casts not so large, but as of the current situation it definitely wasn't going to happen easily. As for his pants; well that just isn't going to happen at all. Deep down he knows it.

"Fuck off."

Yet on the surface he denies it.

"Fine then." Izuku glowers at him and drops the shirt in his lap. He's, more than anyone, well aware of the issue of Katsuki's inflated pride and far be it from him to personally pop that bubble at this moment. He moves back to sit in one of the chairs along the wall and crosses his arms, slumping in the chair and staring at Katsuki from afar. "I won't help, but I'll be waiting right here if for whatever reason you change your mind, okay?"
They both enter into a staring contest, Katsuki holding onto his pride and Izuku waiting patiently for it to dwindle just enough so he can safely help the other. If he forces Katsuki then it'll cause nothing but problems both in the short and long term future. So he sits and watches Katsuki intently as Katsuki glares down at his shirt now.

Katsuki is more than fully aware what's going to happen within the next few minutes. He'll struggle to get dressed a while longer, fail just as miserably as before, Izuku will offer help yet again and he'll reject it only to cycle around and repeat all of that again and again. Eventually Eijirou and Denki will come in and the three of them will probably try to dress him so that they can all leave before the hospital staff comes to tell him he should've been gone by now and they need the room. If he isn't gone by then, then the entire hospital will be on his case and if he just gave up this one thing now he could at least keep a shred of dignity in knowing it's only Izuku who can know just how helpless he currently is.

"Kacchan." He's dragged out of his thoughts, unaware that he was beginning to zone out as he imagined the horrible things that would be happening soon, by Izuku sitting on the bed next to him and elbowing his side softly. Izuku can see the expression on Katsuki's face and sees the chance to push this into his own favor now. "I'm not going to think any less of you if you let me help. No one will. I know what it's like to not have both of your arms. It sucks and it makes you feel helpless, right? But you're not. I bet you could find a way to do everything yourself, but I just want to make it easier so you don't have to."

Izuku laid his head on Katsuki's shoulder and waited for a response of any kind from the other boy. He looked down when Katsuki raised his arms in silent resignation and Izuku kept his mouth shut to avoid saying anything, anything at all, that might take this rare chance away. He stood and helped guide Katsuki's arms through the sleeveless holes and pulled the shirt down so his head would pop out of the neck hole.

Katsuki glared up at him when his head was free and Izuku smiled at him nervously. "Um-"

Katsuki stood abruptly, still glaring daggers at the other. Izuku tugged at the waistband of Katsuki's pants to bring them up the rest of the way and jerked back when Katsuki's arms came around his lower back and pulled him closer.

"Tell anyone and I'll kick your ass down a flight of stairs. I don't need my arms to do that." He closed the distance and gave Izuku a quick kiss before sitting back down on the bed and slipping his feet into each boot.

Izuku beamed at him and waited by the bedside for Katsuki to finish with is boots. "Of course."

"Quit messing with his stuff," Denki whispered at Eijirou, nervously glancing at Katsuki's, supposedly, sleeping form in the seat across from them. "I didn't survive the monster just to get killed by Bakugou."

"It's fine," Eijirou whispered back, still examining Katsuki's grenadier bracer curiously. "I just want a closer look. He's asleep anyway."

Eijirou pulled back the chamber that hid the pin to activate the bracer and the metal clanged loudly. All nearby eyes on the train snapped in his direction, Izuku no longer staring out of the window
and Katsuki jerking awake. Eijirou grinned nervously when Katsuki glared absolute death at him. If it wasn't bad enough that he was messing with Katsuki's hero costume accessories then there was also the fact he was actually wearing a couple of them.

"What the fuck are you doing?" Katsuki asked in a low, dangerous tone when Denki dropped the rest of the accessories in Eijirou's lap. He ignored Denki and continued to glare at Eijirou, who was wearing one of his grenadier bracers, his mask, and his neck brace.

"I told him not to! I swear!" Denki said quickly, scooting further away in his seat next to Eijirou.

"Wait, wait, I was just taking a look," Eijirou tried to reason as Katsuki stood from his seat and scowled down at Eijirou. He really felt uncomfortable with this situation because if Katsuki were to try to hit him and he hardened his skin then it would hurt Katsuki's arms more, but if he didn't harden his skin then he would get hurt.

"D-don't get too worked up." Luckily for him the situation didn't come to fruition because Izuku stood and put his hands on Katsuki's shoulders, calmly pushing him back down into his seat. Izuku reached for Katsuki's things and Eijirou handed them over disappointedly. "I'll hold onto them, okay Kacchan?"

Katsuki appeared to calm significantly with that compromise. Eijirou and Denki watched his glare disappear in awe as he rested his arms in his lap and closed his eyes to try to go back to sleep. Since when did Katsuki trust Izuku over anyone else? They could've sworn the last time everyone was all together, before All Might's death, that Katsuki would have trusted a rotten banana peel over Izuku any day.

Their gawking moved to Izuku and he looked back at them nervously. "W-what?"

Denki opened his mouth to speak and immediately clamped it shut when Katsuki opened one eye to stare at the two of them.

"Did you tame Bakugou?" But that didn't stop Eijirou in the slightest. He stared earnestly at Izuku in anticipation for the answer, completely ignoring Katsuki's death stare and Izuku nervously side-eyeing Katsuki.

"Tame? What are you talking about?"

"Yeah," Katsuki chimed in, sitting forward expectantly, "what the fuck are you talking about?"

Denki elbowed Eijirou in the side hard and covered his mouth with his hand to whisper. "Don't."

"What? Midoriya will stop him." Eijirou looked back to Izuku and pointed at Katsuki. "He was definitely about to hit me and you stopped him even though he hates your guts. What'd you do to tame him?"

Izuku sighed when Katsuki stood abruptly and kicked Eijirou in the face. Katsuki's jaw clenched as he shifted his boot slightly and saw Eijirou's hardened skin. He jumped up on Eijirou's seat after Denki moved to sit next to Izuku where it was safe and continued his onslaught of kicking and stomping on Eijirou. Denki slid into the seat next to Izuku and watched the scene playing out before them.

"Shouldn't you stop him or something?"

"No, just let him tire himself out," Izuku said while shifting in his seat to lean back some. "Kirishima can handle it, right?"
They both watched Eijirou struggle under Katsuki's boots, laughing amusedly at Katsuki's attempts to subdue him without the use of his quirk, and Denki nodded in agreement. To them it looked like Eijirou was actually enjoying the situation, almost like he considered this simple roughhousing, and they could see that clearly only angered Katsuki all the more.

"Yeah, he'll be fine." Denki realized now that Katsuki was more like a feral cat that's lost his claws than anything now. Without his quirk he's still relatively dangerous, but nowhere near as much as before.

Izuku moved all the stuff in his lap over to Denki after another few moments and stepped in to talk Katsuki down before he caused too much more of a scene. Izuku was already growing uncomfortable with all the eyes of other passengers on them and Eijirou took the chance to escape and sit over with Denki in the other seat while Katsuki was distracted with yelling at Izuku.

Izuku pulled Katsuki down to sit with him and poked him on the shoulder. "You seem more aggressive than usual, Kacchan."

"Because these two dumbasses are fucking with my stuff and talking shit!" Katsuki shouted with one of his arms pointing towards Eijirou and Denki, who were both staring at him innocently.

"You hit Kirishima this morning and still haven't even explained why," Izuku chastised him calmly. The anger that flashed briefly in Katsuki's eyes didn't go unnoticed by him and he poked Katsuki on the cheek. "Let's start with that."

Katsuki glared at Eijirou from the corners of his eyes, who had sat forward with fervent attention at the mention of the incident, and resisted the urge to take another swing at him for the memory being brought up.

Katsuki couldn't care any less if Izuku and Eijirou wanted to be friends, if they wanted to talk or hang out, they could even sit down and watch porn together for all he cared. Surprisingly enough Katsuki wouldn't even throw a tantrum if someone flirted with Izuku. He trusted their relationship enough that he didn't believe someone could break them apart with a few honeyed words. He may even laugh at their attempts.

But as far as Izuku sleeping on someone else, sleeping that close to someone else, or being touched even remotely intimately by anyone else, well Katsuki will break his arms over and over to knock someone out for that.

Not that he was going to let anyone know that. Katsuki, instead of answering, laid his arms in his lap and stared out the window. Izuku leaned back with a sigh and closed his eyes. After the earlier display of hostility towards Eijirou, Izuku didn't plan on giving the two boys watching them anything else to say in regard to Katsuki being 'tamed'. He didn't like that term anyway.

"Why the fuck are we here again?"

"Again?" Denki questioned, shifting his weight from one foot to the other uncomfortably when the hero costume accessories in his arms almost fell. "You guys were here before?"

"Aizawa brought us here to get our hero costumes right before we rescued all of you," Izuku explained, staring up at the giant building that housed Mei and the rest of the former students of
"Oh, well they've been letting us all hide out here," Eijirou said, pulling both Katsuki and Izuku forward to enter the building. He remembered Aizawa saying something about not staying out in public too long, especially right outside of this building, as long as they were hiding here. It wouldn't be good if the villains decided to attack tear this entire place down like they did to U.A. under the pretense that the people working here were hiding the remaining heroes and former captives.

The four of them entered the building and the man at the front desk waved at them happily. Eijirou waved back and Denki, still carrying all the objects, tried his best to wave. Once they were inside the elevator Izuku asked if they knew the guy and Eijirou explained that most of the people working around here were friendly with them.

Eijirou pressed the button for a basement floor, which strangely enough there seemed to be many basement floors, and the elevator began its trek downward. Izuku and Katsuki both looked around suspiciously when the elevator suddenly jerked to the left rather than continuing downward and Denki and Eijirou sniggered at them.

"It freaked all of us out when it did that our first time here, too," Denki said from behind Katsuki's grenadier bracers. "The engineers here are crazy. They built a whole fortress underground."

"They have some really cool stuff down here. But they get pretty upset if we go anywhere other than the residential area they assigned to us."

Katsuki and Izuku's suspicions dropped with that explanation, but Izuku perked up again as something Eijirou mentioned finally sunk in. "Residential area?"

"Yeah, they said they have bedrooms and stuff down here. They're letting us use two of the rooms to live in and one area to share." Denki paused as the elevator jerked down again, then to the right after a few feet and stopped with a 'Ding!'. The doors opened and a woman in a lab coat staring at a clipboard stepped in, followed by a man with big glasses in a giant, robotic suit that barely fit in the elevator on its own. The four of them were pressed up against the walls when he entered and the elevator closed to continue its journey through the various tunnels of this underground facility.

The next stop was for them to get off and they each squeezed past the mechanical suit, Denki dropping Katsuki's mask and snatching it up right before the elevator doors closed. Katsuki and Izuku stared around at the dark blue, metal walls and blue, carpeted floors of the open room. The first things they noticed were a big television with a few of their friends sitting and lying in front of it. A couple more were sitting on the couch in front of it. Their gaze moved around the room as they noticed a few doorways that led to various other rooms and a random, red beanbag chair in the corner that looked horribly out of place.

Eijirou put his index finger up to his lips, silently signaling for the two of them to remain quiet and they followed Denki through a doorway into a hall. Down the hall they passed a few more doors, all but two of them closed. In one room the floor was littered with sleeping bags, a single twin sized bed in a corner with a lamp on a nightstand, clothes in a big pile in another corner of the room, and other random miscellaneous objects. The other room, which the four of them entered, looked relatively the same save for the clothes being strewn out all over instead of in a big pile and the random objects being vastly different.

"They gave us two bedrooms to stay in. The other room is the girls' room and this one is ours." Eijirou pointed towards the bed in the corner of the room with a nightstand next to it. "We saved the bed just for you, Bakugou. 'Cause, you know, we wouldn't have gotten away without you. It's
the least we could've done."

"Mineta's been trying to take it every night," Denki said while placing Katsuki's things next to the nightstand by bed, "but I gave him a good shock every time he tried to get in it."

"He scared most of us the other night when Mineta tried to be sneaky and take the bed in the middle of the night and Denki shocked him so hard he passed out. You should've heard him yell," Eijirou commented with a slight chuckle. "It was pure gold. We all thought we were under attack or something and Denki was all like 'Back off of Bakugou's bed!'".

"Yeah, I totally got you covered buddy," Denki said with a grin and a thumbs-up in Katsuki's direction. His grin morphed into a frown quickly when Katsuki ignored their little stories and dropped down on the bed face first. "What? I can't even get a 'thanks' or something?"

Eijirou pulled Denki by the arm and led him to the doorway as Katsuki lied there silently, his face buried in the pillow. "He walked around you instead of shoving you out of the way, man. I think that's Bakugou's way of thanking you."

Denki's smile returned with that thought, happy he did something that even Katsuki would appreciate, and they both returned to Izuku by the door.

"Um, I don't mean to impose or anything but do either of you have some clothes I could borrow for a while?" Izuku inquired with a cursory glance around the clothes littered room. "I've been in my hero costume for days and I'd like to change now that I have the chance."

"For sure. I think Kaminari is about your size." Eijirou looked Denki over, who was already rummaging around the room and gathering a shirt. He pointed towards another door in the back of the room, which Izuku could see housed a small bathroom for their use. "Each room has its own bathroom, so you can change in there if you like."

"Here you go," Denki said as he dropped the clothes into Izuku's arms. "I just washed them yesterday. They're all yours until you get your own."

Izuku thanked him graciously and moved into the bathroom to change. After he was changed he came out and placed his hero costume, neatly folded, on the floor next to Katsuki's accessories. He quietly told Katsuki he'd be back later, to which Katsuki groaned in response, and left the room where Eijirou and Denki were waiting on the other side of the door.

"Do you guys know where Aizawa is? I need his help with a few things."

Chapter End Notes

This is going to be a very difficult and painful arc for Katsuki here, having to actually depend on people for a lot of stuff. Poor bby (but hopefully it teaches him a little humility). Also Eijirou and Denki are a couple of dorks and I love them for it.

On an unrelated note: I'm also working on a new katsudeku/bakudeku fic with the first two chapters already out and a third on the way~

It's titled "Hunting The Past" if anyone is interested. I implore you all to at least give the first three chapters a chance. It's going to have a lot more domestic stuff than the
summary would imply and Kouta is going to be Izuku's 'adopted' son and Mashirao is like Kouta's older brother while Kyouka and Hatsume Mei are sort of like Izuku's sisters (they're not all biologically related though).

It's a cute little makeshift family with an interesting plot and future pining Katsuki and ahhhhHHH I don't know I'm just excited for it all and hope people enjoy it as much as I will I don't mean to self-promote too much or anything so I'm just mentioning it here once.

Thanks for listening.
SPRAYED A CAN OF WRITER’S BLOCK BEGONE AND I AM BACK

I could not for the life of me write anything. I had about 1.2k words for about a week. Then I said "fuck this", turned on my music last night, sat down and just wrote 4.6k words in three or four hours. Now if only I could do that on command...

Anyway. Another super amazing person did a fanart for Hunting The Past and I'm going to gush about it in more detail in HTP's chapter four but until then here just have a link to it cause hnnngh they did such a good job I want everyone who is interested in it to see it anyway.


The elevator doors opened and Izuku froze in place, hands full of bags, in front of the elevator doors with multiple sets of eyes on him. He bowed his head down to hide part of his face inside of his scarf bashfully as he looked around at all the faces staring at him expectantly. He looked back at Eijirou and Denki coming off the elevator after him and they stopped in place directly behind him upon seeing the big semi-circle of their peers around them. Yuuga, Mina, Tsuyu, Tenya, Ochako, Mashirao, Minoru and Momo all stepped forward in unison and Izuku jumped from the collective stomp of their feet.

"Why didn't you tell us you and Bakugou were back?!" Mina shouted at Izuku when the silence got too much for her.

"We just randomly found him lying on the bed in the boys' room. We didn't even know you guys had come back," Tenya explained. "You should have let us know you were back and Bakugou is okay. Doing so is only proper!"

"We didn't even get a chance to thank him for saving us, so a heads-up would've been nice," Momo said.

"Uh, y-yeah, sorry," Izuku interrupted their tirade. "Kacchan's been in a pretty bad mood since he woke up. His head and arms have been hurting and we just went out to get him some clothes and the painkillers the doctors prescribed for him. I think he still has a light concussion and he's supposed to rest as much as he can to recover from that. His arms are also broken and he's pretty angry about that, so try not to mention it any. You all didn't disrupt him, did you?"

Everyone shook their heads and Izuku let out a breath of relief. It's a good thing that even though the entire class hasn't been together for a long, long time the ones that are here still remembered to keep a healthy distance from Katsuki.

Minoru stepped forward then. "So did he say he wants the bed for sure?"
"Mineta leave it alone," Ochako said as she moved to Izuku and hugged him. She could feel Izuku tense up greatly under her arms and pulled back with a big smile. "It's great to see you back, Deku. We all missed you."

"T-tha-thanks," Izuku stuttered out while slipping past them. He could see Rikidou and Hanta waving at him from the kitchen when he passed by and made his way down the hallway. None of them could find Aizawa but Present Mic was nice enough to take the three of them out to get Izuku and Katsuki some clothes and get Katsuki's painkiller subscription.

Finding someone that loud was much easier than finding Aizawa anyway.

Izuku couldn't thank the people upstairs enough when they said they would pay for everything for them. They said it would be a nice 'investment' to getting rid of the League of Villains in the future. He would need to remember to hunt down Mei and thank her as well sense she was the one to convince them to help the group in the first place.

He entered the room quietly and saw Fumikage coming out of the bathroom. Fumikage waved at Izuku briefly as he passed by and Izuku dropped the bags next to the bed, along with his shoes, to sit on the edge by Katsuki.

"You try to get this bed from me one more fucking time you midget little shit," Katsuki warned, keeping his back to whoever was joining him on the mattress.

Izuku frowned at the thought of Minoru bothering Katsuki that much. He didn't understand why Minoru wanted the bed so badly anyway. He understood the boy was greedy and always wanted the best but the bed didn't even look that great to begin with.

"It's me, Kacchan. How are you feeling?"

Katsuki rolled over and glanced up at Izuku, staring at the scarf around his neck. "The fuck are you wearing that for?"

"Because it's getting colder outside. Season change and all." Izuku reached down and grabbed a shirt out of the bags at his feet to show off in front of Katsuki. "Look! We got you new clothes."

Katsuki stared at the shirt being held up in front of him. Surprisingly it was actually something that looked comfortable. Nothing super special, it being just a plain, black V-neck, but it would be nice to finally have a V-neck shirt like he liked beyond his hero costume's shirt.

"I got your painkillers, too. Have you gotten much sleep?" Katsuki shook his head and Izuku reached for the small white bag that contained the bottle with Katsuki's pills. Izuku shook them in front of his face and moved them out of the way when Katsuki swatted at them lazily. "If it's because you're hurting too much then these will help a lot. They make you drowsy too, so they'll help you fall asleep. Two for one."

Katsuki glared at the small white bag in Izuku's hand. "Get that shit away from me."

"It really isn't that bad." Izuku opened the bag and pulled out the bottle, reading the instructions and warnings over. "I had to take painkillers a few times when I had surgeries for my arms. They really don't do anything that bad to you. Look, it's even a low dosage."

Katsuki stared at the bottle in Izuku's hand thoughtfully. Truth be told he's only slept a few minutes in the three hours Izuku was gone. His biggest trouble was trying to get comfortable without his head or arms beginning to hurt. It wasn't overwhelming pain, but rather just enough to keep him from falling asleep while still falling short of driving him insane. So it would be nice to be able to
actually sleep, especially considering it was getting to be evening already.

Izuku shook the bottle lightly with a smile, attempting to entice Katsuki more, and his grin grew when he saw that defeated look in Katsuki's eyes. Katsuki sighed and sat up, wincing from the pressure put on his arms as he instinctively used them to push himself up. Izuku opened the bottle and reached in, pulling out a single pill to put in Katsuki’s mouth.

"What are you fucking doing?" Katsuki questioned, backing away from Izuku's hand with great annoyance.

"Kacchan, how do you expect to take it yourself? You can't hold onto this without fingers. It's too small."

"Just put it on my fucking cast!"

Izuku stared at him with a deadpan expression. Slowly he put the pill on Katsuki's cast when Katsuki held his arm out for it and Katsuki downed it quickly to avoid a change of mind. Izuku already knew that Katsuki would do whatever he could to retain his ego as much as possible by the time Katsuki woke up this morning, yet Izuku still isn't fully prepared for just how ridiculous it's going to be.

"Do you want to change clothes now?"

Katsuki looked down at the forgotten shirt on the bed and frowned. He knew that Izuku meant to help him and that concept annoyed him all the more. As far as he was concerned he should at least be able to do that on his own. He'd even complain that the doctors should've left his fingers free so he could do simple things on his own but he didn't have any feeling in them at all and, even as far as the cast will let him right now, can't move them at all. So even if they were free he likely still wouldn't be able to use them anyway.

"Yeah," Katsuki finally answers in a low voice.

The crestfallen look painting his face didn't go unnoticed and Izuku smiled sadly at him. Izuku took his scarf off and grabbed Katsuki's face, a hand on each cheek, to pull him close and touch their foreheads together. His glare doesn't deter Izuku in the slightest and Izuku kisses him on the tip of his nose.

"I'm sorry, Kacchan." Izuku winced, holding back a loud yelp when Katsuki bit his nose hard.

"Don't start with that 'it's all my fault' bullshit again you fuck." Katsuki bit Izuku's nose again, even harder the second time around, when Izuku uttered the quietest "but" and grinned when he realized he still had plenty of ways to shut people up without the use of his arms. "I could've run with the others. I could've come up with something else to get them all away. But I chose to be a fucking idiot and use myself as bait and this is what happened. So the next time you try to apologize to me for my decision because you think it's your fault you weren't fast enough I'm going to drop kick your ass. I don't care if it's four in the morning, if you're out in public, if you're on the fucking toilet. I will find you and I will take you down. Now fucking change me."

Katsuki reveled in Izuku's laughter and repressed the smile that tried to show on his face. It was one thing for him to get saddened by his own injury limiting him but Katsuki would be damned if he was going to let Izuku get depressed over it or blame himself for it.

He moved forward and connected their lips, trying his best to help Izuku get over it, and was surprised when Izuku was the one tilting Katsuki's head back and diving into him without
hesitation. Katsuki could feel Izuku smiling smugly against him and bit his bottom lip, surprised yet again to find Izuku refusing to retreat even through that. Instead Izuku moved his hands down from Katsuki's cheeks to his shoulders and pulled away just a bit as Katsuki let his lip go.

Izuku's mouth brushed against Katsuki's while speaking, "Ten points to me."

Katsuki stared at him with furrowed brows, confusion evident upon every part of his face. "What the fuck are you talking about?"

"I told you I'd be rougher for you." Katsuki suddenly remembered the bet they made not even a week ago and his heart stopped for a split second. He'd completely forgotten about it with everything else going on. "So I'm ahead now."

"You fucking-"

Izuku hopped off the edge of the bed, twisting his upper body to the left and right a few times to stretch his muscles after sitting twisted in one direction for so long. He ignored Katsuki's glare burning a hole into his back and gathered the shirt from earlier with a pair of loose jeans. He beckoned for Katsuki to join him, intent on helping him change clothes now, and ignored Eijirou's concerned stare from the doorway. He wasn't aware of how long Eijirou has been there and didn't mind much as he didn't really intend on hiding his relationship with Katsuki from anyone.

However he is immensely startled when his shirt is suddenly lifted up from under him and he feels unfamiliar hands running along his skin that he knows doesn't belong to his boyfriend because Katsuki is currently walking towards the bathroom in front of him and he can practically feel his soul leaving his body because why is Eijirou feeling him up with no warning whatsoever.

"Are you alright, Midoriya?" Eijirou asks as his eyes roam Izuku's back and sides carefully. "You have a really nasty looking wound on your neck. You shouldn't hide injuries man. Those will get bad if you don't take care of them."

Izuku couldn't even understand the words coming from Eijirou, each utterance being lost to his shock-induced stupor. He could briefly make out one of Katsuki's casts whizzing by his head and a loud thump from, what he presumed was, Eijirou hitting the ground. He finally came back to his senses from the sound of Katsuki yelling curses and saw Katsuki down on the ground, hugging the arm he hit Eijirou with to his chest and cursing incessantly.

"W-what were you doing, Kirishima?!"

"Holy heck. You never hit me that hard even when your arms weren't broken, Bakugou," Eijirou said as he sat up and rubbed his nose, wiping off the blood that trickled down slowly. "I came to get something from the room and you looked like you had something on your neck, Midoriya. I was checking to make sure you weren't hiding a bunch of bruises or anything." Eijirou pointed up at the crook of Izuku's neck with his other hand. "You have this big purple mark on your neck! Go look at it in the mirror."

Izuku felt the redness consuming face all over again, just the same as the first time when Aizawa pointed out his hickies. He didn't know whether to be relieved or not that Eijirou didn't seem to know what exactly they were either.

"Er, yeah, I know about that. They're nothing bad. I promise."

Izuku looked over to the doorway when he felt more eyes on him and noticed a few others had come to see what the commotion was about. The redness on his face deepened and he crouched
down to help Katsuki up, pulling him into the bathroom quickly and dropping the clothes in hand to the white tiled floor while closing the door.

"I thought the painkiller was supposed to stop the fucking pain!" Katsuki shouted angrily, still keeping his arm close to his chest. He wanted to hold it with his other hand but couldn't, so he just held it close with no idea what to do to try to ease the pain.

"They take a while to kick in," Izuku stated absentmindedly. He pulled at the tight shirt collar around his neck in front of the sink and examined the bite mark on his neck. Looking down into the neck hole of the shirt he could see the lighter hickies on his shoulder already nearly gone, but looking in the mirror at the one on the side of his neck he could see it was only just beginning to fade. "They also aren't going to help if you hit somebody as hard as you can."

Katsuki watched Izuku from the other side of the small room, his arm still throbbing inside its cast, and moved toward him to see what he was staring at. Izuku let go of the shirt collar when Katsuki appeared behind him in the mirror and spun around to meet his gaze.

"Are you embarrassed about it or what?" Izuku shook his head, leaning back with his hands on the sink when Katsuki moved into his space. "Then why are you freaking out so fucking bad?"

"I-I'm not. I'm just a little distressed. Kirishima surprised me." Izuku quickly grabbed Katsuki by the shoulders when Katsuki whirled around and held him back. "D-d-don't. Please don't hit him again. It isn't that big of a deal. I was just surprised, okay?"

Katsuki glared over his shoulder at Izuku's attempts of dissuasion and bit back the urge to jerk away from Izuku's hands pulling his shirt over his head. Katsuki's arms lifted into the air and he watched Izuku go to gather the other shirt in front of the door and return to him. His arms remained in the air for Izuku to drag the shirt down over him and he shook his head a little as the neck hole fell over him easily. He then realized the arms holes held little resistance to his oversized casts and dropped his arms to inspect them curiously.

"Is this bigger than my usual size?"

Izuku nodded while pulling at the sleeves to make sure the casts got completely out. "I thought it'd be easier on you if we didn't have to struggle to get the casts through. Sorry if the neck hole is cut too low, but I couldn't get the sleeves bigger without the neck hole getting bigger too. Is it okay? Do you want me to take it back?"

"No, no." Katsuki held his arms up some to examine the sleeves further. "That was actually smart."

Izuku froze on his way over with the jeans in hand. He stared at Katsuki disbelievingly and Katsuki turned his attention to Izuku inquisitively upon seeing the other's shocked expression. Izuku suddenly grows a grin that spreads from ear to ear and he drops the pants to run forward and hug Katsuki tightly. Katsuki stared down at Izuku's back questioningly with his arms at his sides.

"What the fuck are you so happy about?"

"That's the first time you openly complimented me. Ever. In the entirety of my life." Izuku squeezed him tighter and Katsuki could feel tears dropping onto his shoulder.

"What the fuck, Deku? Are you seriously fucking crying over that?" He knew Izuku got emotional pretty easily, but this seemed a bit much. "Suck it up, you shit!"

"I-it's not just that." Izuku wiped his face on Katsuki's shoulder and took a step back. "I'm happy
you're comfortable enough to let your guard down that much. And that you're okay. I was about to
cry this morning too, but you hit Kirishima and it distracted me. There's just a lot to be happy about
right now."

"So I should go hit him again to shut you up."

"N-no, no! I'll stop." Izuku wiped his eyes again followed by a sniffle. "Sorry."

Katsuki sighed and pointed towards the jeans on the floor. "Just hurry the fuck up and let's get this
over with. Did you get sweat pants? I don't want jeans right now."

"Of course, of course." Izuku hugged him again, then scooped up the jeans from the floor and
backed away to the door. "I'll go get them right now."

Izuku closed the door behind him, tossing the pants into the same bag as before beside the bed and
digging through the others for one of the two pairs of sweat pants he got for Katsuki. He looked
over his shoulder at the set of eyes he felt boring into his back and met Ochako's gaze. She waved
at him with a soft smile and Izuku waved back excitedly.

"Hey Uraraka. I need to help Kacchan for a bit but we can hang out and catch up after, okay?"

"Yeah, take your time. We're all just happy to know you both made it out okay." Ochako waved at
Izuku's retreating form and left to go join the others again.

Izuku brought the sweat pants into the bathroom to find Katsuki had already taken off his own
boots and pants. "Hey, you undressed yourself some! That's a start."

"Don't fucking patronize me." Katsuki tried to cross his arms, the casts bumping into each other to
remind him of their presence, and instead brought them back down to his sides frustratedly.

"Okay, okay," Izuku said with a slight laugh. He stretched the waistband of the sweat pants for
Katsuki to step in and pulled them up the rest of the way once Katsuki's legs were through. He took
a step back and grinned at Katsuki, practically bouncing in place from elation. Never before had he
gotten Katsuki to let him help so much. It felt great to be needed by his angry boyfriend so much.
Although it felt better to be wanted rather than needed, it was still nice to be able to help Katsuki
without being vehemently rejected.

"What the fuck is that look for?" Katsuki glanced down at himself, attempting to find whatever
Izuku was looking at.

"N-nothing. Um, you haven't eaten today have you? Want to see if there's any food around? I think
I saw a kitchen on my way here." Izuku gathered the shirt and pants from Katsuki's hero outfit,
freezing in place at the boots from Katsuki's gaze. He reached for one of the boots and Katsuki
stepped on it to keep him from taking it.

"What the fuck is that look for, Deku?" Katsuki repeated, intent on getting an answer. He refused
budge regardless of the innocent grin Izuku gave him in response.

"Nothing really." Izuku grabbed the other boot and hugged the set of clothes to his chest, standing
up straight to stare back at Katsuki. "Just you're being more cooperative today. You don't seem to
be in as bad a mood as usual."

Katsuki stared at Izuku a moment longer, then moved his foot for Izuku to take the boot and made
his way out of the bathroom. Izuku quickly scooped the boot up and followed behind Katsuki,
dropping the clothes down by Katsuki's bed and following him down the hallway. On their way
down the hall they noticed all but one of the earlier doors was shut. The one that was left open showed them a room full of computers on tables. The room reminded the both of them of their middle school's computer room. Inside Izuku noticed Kyouka, Ochako and Tsuyu gathered around one of the computers.

The two of them entered what Eijirou and Denki told Izuku was the common room. Katsuki kept soldiering onward to the kitchen, spotting the small room off to the side, as Izuku stopped in the middle of the room and looked over his shoulder at the others gathered around the couch. He could see Mina and Tenya arguing over keeping the television on the news or a show Mina wanted to watch, Momo sending the two of them annoyed glances while trying to read her book, and Denki sitting in front of Eijirou on the floor with a handful of toilet paper in hand to attempt to stave off the bleeding from Eijirou's nose.

"Back off!"

Izuku took a step towards them, intent on apologizing to Eijirou for Katsuki's actions, but instead moved for the kitchen upon hearing Katsuki's shout. Better to apologize later and stop something else from happening right now than to have to apologize for even more later.

Entering the kitchen he saw a pretty stark contrast from this room and the rest of the rooms he'd seen so far. A white tiled floor, white walls instead of the dark blue metal ones in the common room and hallways, a long counter both above and below in a U-shape with cabinets all along each counter. Izuku's eyes landed on Katsuki in front of the open refrigerator with Hanta standing next to him. Rikidou stood in front of the oven, holding it open yet staring at the two of them rather than at whatever was cooking inside.

"Kacchan, don't be so mean."

"I don't need fucking help opening a dumbass fridge door." Katsuki stared inside the open appliance and Izuku stepped between the two of them, facing Hanta.

"Sorry, Kacchan doesn't, um-" Izuku looked around nervously, trying to think of how to word it exactly. "-just don't help unless he asks for it, okay? Or he gets mad."

Hanta glanced over Izuku's shoulder at Katsuki, ignoring his complaints of nothing good to eat being inside, and leaned in to Izuku to whisper, "He does know he can't do everything on his own right now, right?"

Katsuki's head snapped in his direction and Hanta moved back quickly to continue making dinner for everyone upon seeing Katsuki did indeed hear him. Katsuki kicked the refrigerator door closed harshly, the contents inside shaking on impact, and Izuku grabbed his shoulders.

"Kacchan, please calm down just a little," Izuku said quietly, staring directly into Katsuki's eyes. He could see Katsuki's glare soften the smallest bit under his gaze and pulled him lightly away from the other two in the room. "They just want to help. They don't know you don't want their help. So don't go off on them right away, okay?"

Katsuki jerked away from him and headed back to the other room. Izuku looked back at Hanta and Rikidou, then went chasing after Katsuki when Hanta told him he and Momo were making dinner for everyone while Rikidou made dessert.

Izuku spotted Katsuki standing over Eijirou and Denki and sighed quietly as the anxiety of what he'd do now built up slowly. Keeping up with Katsuki today felt more or less like trying to babysit someone older than him. Though considering the situation this pretty much was exactly that.
Denki glared up at Katsuki from his position on the floor in front of Eijirou. "Is there any reason in particular you keep hitting him out of everyone?"

"I think he just doesn't want me touching Midoriya for some reason," Eijirou said before Katsuki could respond. "Both times he hit me today I touched Midoriya."

"Think he really has turned into a guard dog then?" Denki asked with a playful grin flashed towards Katsuki.

Katsuki gritted his teeth as he listened to the two of them talk about him as though he weren't even there. He fought the urge to reel his foot back and kick Denki right in the mouth, wishing he'd kept his boots on so he could take a few of his teeth with the action, and ignored his instincts telling him to set off an explosion in his hand.

"Kacchan isn't a fucking dog!"

Everyone's heads snapped in Izuku's direction, even Katsuki's eyes widened from the sudden yell. Izuku stayed rooted in the doorway, hands clenched into fists and glower fixated on Denki across the room. Everyone seemed afraid to move, lest Izuku's attention shift to any of them. Rare as it was to see Izuku angry it was rarer still to hear him swear in such a way.

"We're just teasing him some, Midoriya," Eijirou tried to explain carefully.

"Yeah, I don't mean anything by it," Denki followed up.

"I don't care. It's mean and degrading! Sure he's a little overprotective and he shouldn't be hitting anyone, especially while his arms are broken-" Izuku paused to glare at Katsuki now, who stood stark still from the accusation and reluctantly bit his tongue to keep from spatting something back at him. Izuku obviously wasn't in the mood to be tested and Katsuki wasn't about to push his buttons at the moment. Even he knew when to back off, especially with all of his anger completely replaced with surprise and a little shock from this outburst. "-but I didn't tame him and he isn't some pet to be kept on a leash. He's still the same as he was before. A really strong, super smart person who is going to be easily one of the top heroes in the future. He proved that more than ever before three days ago when he saved your ass from the Noumu!"

The stunned silence remained even through Izuku storming forward, grabbing Katsuki by the shirt and dragging him down the hallway and into the boys' room. On their way down the hall Izuku spotted Ochako, Tsuyu and Kyouka poking their heads out of the computer room and managed a small 'hey' to the three of them as he passed. Once inside he shut the door and moved to sit on the bed. Katsuki stared at him from across the room, and then slowly made his way to sit next to him.

"Shit, it isn't that big of a deal, Deku." Hypocritical thoughts considering Katsuki's own earlier violent thoughts. Although him acting out of anger was an everyday thing, while seeing Izuku do so felt surreal. "I know they're just being dumbasses. It's not like they're hurting my feelings or anything."

"Doesn't matter," Izuku muttered back, staring down at the floor sullenly with his hands clasped together between his legs. "It's just making me mad hearing them talk about you like that. You're beginning to trust me and we're finally so close and everything and they're making it out to be something bad. It's really upsetting."

Katsuki gradually begins to recall earlier, realizing he has actually been letting Izuku do things he'd never let anyone else do. Letting down his walls around the other was beginning to become so natural that he was hardly consciously aware of doing so anymore. More so when he remembers
yelling at Hanta just for trying to open the refrigerator for him while not even five minutes before he let Izuku dress him.

He could understand a little where Izuku was coming from also. He didn't care as much as his actions would lead people to believe about Eijirou and Denki talking about him, but in the process of putting himself in Izuku's shoes and picturing them saying similar things about his boyfriend caused the rage to begin to simmer in his gut.

"Well as cute as it is to see you grow a fucking pair and try to be all intimidating and shit, I can still fight my own battles even with these holding me back," Katsuki said, finally breaking the silence and holding up his casts in front of Izuku. "So chill the fuck out and let me handle it."

Izuku perked up and beamed at Katsuki once again, the earlier mix of gloominess and anger instantly vanishing from his face. Katsuki jerked back slightly, taken aback from the sudden shift in mood and stared him down.

"Now what the fuck is that look for?"

"You called me cute," Izuku replied, giggling at the word coming from Katsuki. "You never call anything cute."

"Yeah? So?" Katsuki glared at Izuku. "Am I not supposed to call you cute? You're stupidly adorable. Captivating, even. Fucking gorgeous. Your eyes are almost as beautiful as your stupid fucking freckled face-"

"Kacchan," Izuku said, trying to stop Katsuki's onslaught of compliments. He felt more and more heat rising to his cheeks with each one and put a hand on Katsuki's chest as the other leaned forward, the smirk on Katsuki's face practically yelling at him that Katsuki was enjoying turning this around on him. He turned his head and closed his eyes when Katsuki's lips brushed against his cheek.

"-You're so appealing and attractive," Katsuki continued in a low, gruff voice. Katsuki's smirk grew when Izuku shuddered lightly under his breath. He'll let down this wall and pepper Izuku with flattery to teach the boy not to tease him for a playful compliment. He slowly kissed Izuku on the cheek, almost tauntingly, and grinned at the other's opening eyes. Now was the time to put the final nail in the coffin. "And I never get tired of looking at you, because I love everything about you. So suck on that, fucking nerd."

"I-" Izuku's breath hitched in his throat, his stomach doing flips on top of flips and heartbeat feeling the same as a congo drum. He couldn't get out the words he wanted to say anymore, suddenly lost to Katsuki's intense gaze. Never in his life did he expect to hear anything like that from Katsuki Bakugou. Only once has he heard Katsuki confess his love so openly and it was while the boy was practically high on adrenaline after their escape from the villains. This was foreign and entirely new. Not frightening per se, but surprising and overwhelmingly pleasing because as if it wasn't enough that someone was actively and openly showing such an interest in him there was also the fact the one showing interest was Katsuki.

"Yo, Deku, wake the fuck up." Katsuki backed off a little and patted Izuku's cheek with one of his casts. The look in Izuku's eyes didn't look very good to him at the moment and he wanted to make sure he didn't just screw up too majorly. He inwardly panicked when tears started rapidly streaming down Izuku's face and cursed the casts keeping his hands from wiping them away. He had no idea what to do in a situation like this. Were these even bad tears? Is Izuku overwhelmed? Remembering something bad?
While every word of it was true, he was only trying to get back at Izuku for laughing at him. He'd forgotten that Izuku wasn't used to being showered in praise, frowning deeply when he remembered Izuku was more used to bullying than this.

Their attention turned to the opening door and Katsuki scowled at Ochako, Eijirou and Denki's heads all poking in.

"Can we come in?" Ochako asked, waiting for Izuku's eager nod to open the door the rest of the way.

Denki kept his hands deep in his pockets and Eijirou rubbed the back of his neck sheepishly. Ochako stood in the doorway with her arms crossed, staring at their backs and waiting for them to do what they came to do.

"We wanted to apologize for upsetting you, Midoriya," Denki started.

"And for saying that stuff about you, Bakugou. We didn't know it would mean that much to you guys," Eijirou finished.

They both bowed deeply and said in unison, "So we're really sorry!"

Katsuki rolled his eyes and Izuku smiled at them, wiping at the tear streaks on his cheeks absentmindedly. "I forgive you guys. Sorry I snapped at you both."

"No way. You had every right to," Eijirou said, looking up at him now. "Don't even feel bad about it."

"Yeah, and we promise we don't do it again," Denki added on. "We're even sorrier for making you cry. Do you want us to do anything for you?"

"What?" Izuku wiped at his eyes again, this time realizing he was indeed still crying some in front of them. "Oh, no, this isn't because of you guys. I was talking to Katsuki about something."

All three of their heads turned towards Katsuki and Ochako stepped in now.

"Deku, Is he still bullying you? Even when we're all trying to survive the villains coming after us?" Katsuki stood up and glared daggers at her, but she ignored him and looked to Izuku for an answer.

"No, no, no," Izuku replied quickly with vigorous shakes of his head. "He, er, I mean... They're good tears, not bad ones."

Katsuki looked down at him, glower softening immensely, and felt relief flooding his system at the sound of that. It meant he didn't actually mess up and Izuku was just overwhelmed with happiness. Still, he felt annoyance welling up again at the accusation that he would hurt Izuku. He could understand well enough that the accusations weren't baseless, given his history, but they still infuriated him regardless because no one even considers the possibility that he is trying to change. Yet again, just like Aizawa, they expect the worst from him right off the bat when he's trying his best to do better.

"That's good," Ochako commented, frowning at Katsuki briefly before waving for Izuku to follow her. "Can we talk alone for a bit, though? Dinner should be ready soon, so I'll try not to keep you for too long."

Katsuki stared her down from his spot beside the bed. He was more than sure he already knew what would be their topic of conversation, and the fact Izuku agreed and walked away without a
second thought irritated him even more.

Chapter End Notes

This chapter actually ran away from me in that I was going to deal with Katsuki figuring out how to eat, go to the bathroom and do general things on top of people figuring out they're together but all of this happened instead.

So struggling!Katsuki staring at his food like "how the fuck am I supposed to eat do I just smash my face into the bowl or..." and all of that will be chapter twenty-two.

And if you want a clearer idea of what I meant by Izuku practically feeling his soul leaving his body, think of chapter 100 when Hatsume came out of nowhere and suddenly started feeling his body. The look on Izuku's face there is what I was picturing here.

There's also the fact that Toddy, Shouji, Nedzu, Chiyo and Tomura need to be addressed at some point as well... >w>

Now I need to start on that and also work on HTP 4 soon. So see you all next chapter!
Chapter 22

Chapter Notes

Hi I'm back after struggling to write yet again. No real excuse other than just not being able to get the words down on paper for one reason or another. But hopefully the content of this chapter makes up for it as we continue down the road of character development. :D

And for anyone concerned about what Ochako is going to do, let me say a few things first.

1. She is not going to start a whole big thing and turn this into a corny soap opera love triangle type thing. I don't feel like that would be in character at all and frankly this just isn't that type of fic.

2. I'm not going to ignore the fact she has a crush on Izuku. It's very obviously defined in canon that she does and I'm trying to keep this as close to canon as possible.

3. This is a katsudeku fic above all else. So while her struggle will be hinted at here and there for the sake of staying true to canon, her relationship with Izuku beyond being friends is not going to get a big spotlight.

4. I actually like Ochako as a character, so if anyone feels like coming to me to bash on her expecting me to do the same just cause I ship katsudeku: Don't.

None of this is directed at anyone in particular, it's just to curb any worries and let you all know what exactly you're getting into. That's all.

So, yeah, enjoy. :D

See the end of the chapter for more notes

Izuku continued to stare at Ochako boredly, having already had enough of this conversation within the first sentence. It felt like she was going in the exact same direction Aizawa went in upon finding the two of them.

*How long have you been stuck with him?*

The question might not be as bad if he didn’t expect to hear it a hundred times in the coming days.

“I haven’t been stuck with him. I chose to stay with him.”

Ochako’s concerned gaze lightened only a little. “Has he been, you know, like Bakugou?”

Izuku felt the frown already in place tug harder at the corner of his lips. He is aware of what she is asking already. If Katsuki has been bullying him, essentially. He’d like to think he had more confidence than to let someone put him down for so long now that he could handle himself easily enough.

“No, Kacchan hasn’t been bullying me for a long while now. Months in fact.”
Ochako’s face brightened up considerably upon hearing so. “Really? That’s great! So you two are friends now?”

“We were for a couple of weeks I guess. Now he’s, well…” Izuku placed both hands on his knees as he sat on the bed in the girls’ room and looked off to the side in thought.

Would Katsuki care if the others knew? Izuku himself wouldn’t mind if anyone knew, and he would like to assume Katsuki didn’t care, but he knows he can’t freely assume such a thing.

“He’s-?” Ochako repeated, urging Izuku to continue.

“Don’t tell the others, because I don’t know if he cares if anyone else knows yet, but he’s actually my boyfriend now,” Izuku said shyly, finally meeting her eyes.

Ochako stared at him, dumbfounded by the statement. Izuku tensed up suddenly, due to the look on her face. It was hard to tell what she was thinking at the moment, but it became uncomforting very quickly to see one of his best friends react in a relatively unknown way.

“He honestly hasn’t been bad to me, Uraraka,” Izuku tried to convince her. “There’s nothing to worry about.”

Ochako shook her head lightly, then smiled at him brightly. “No, sorry, I’m just really surprised is all. I just wanted to make sure, you know? Being with Bakugou for so long and all. Aizawa told me you were with him for months when I asked about you.”

Izuku could feel the elation fill his body. It was so uplifting that one of his closest friends isn’t against their relationship right off the bat. He figured he’d have to convince everyone that, once through the cursing, yelling, threats, violence, and pretty much everything else, Katsuki is actually a surprisingly caring person.

“Yeah, he’s great now. It was weird to think of him in that kind of way at first, but I’ve gotten used to it.” The corners of Izuku’s mouth tugged upwards in a small smile as he looked down at his feet with Katsuki beginning to fill his thoughts. “He kissed my hand, told me he’d never hurt me again, and then asked if he could kiss me. It was pretty cute.”

“It sounds like he’s really turned around,” Ochako said, poking her index fingers together repeatedly while looking down at the floor. “Did you always like him like that?”

“No, definitely not,” Izuku answered with a shake of his head, his eyes still fixated on his own feet. He glanced up at her and could swear her smile looked forced, even if only a little, but continued anyway. “I was pretty nervous about being with him after we rescued him from the villains, but we couldn’t go home and endanger our parents and we had nowhere else to go. So I guess at first we were stuck with each other, but the more time we spent together the less it felt like being stuck and the more it felt like wanting to be together. Because we were staying together I tried being his friend and I guess eventually he became more receptive to that. Maybe I worked my way through the walls he keeps up? Or he developed some kind of feelings for me first? I’m not sure really, but I definitely didn’t think about him in this way until we were on our own for a long while. I think I first felt something when he started sleeping in the same bed as me every night.”

“Don’t want to know that!” Ochako shouted, covering her ears and closing her eyes. “Too much info.”

“N-not like that,” Izuku murmured with an increasingly reddening face, “just sleeping.”

She peeked at him with one eye, uncovered her ears, and opened the door behind herself. “As long
as you’re happy. I’m going to head back into the computer room with Tsu and Jirou until dinner is ready, which shouldn’t be much longer. Remind me to show you around later.”

Izuku looked down at his feet again once she was gone, thinking about when Katsuki was most likely to have developed feelings for him. Or who thought of the other in that way in the first place. Then he noticed the big pile of clothes in the corner of the room, realized he was still sitting on the bed in the girls’ room, and promptly left with his eyes fixed on the ground to avoid seeing anything he shouldn’t.

In the hallway Izuku spotted Katsuki with an antsy look, which was replaced with annoyance once Izuku was seen. Katsuki’s mouth opened and quickly clamped shut. Izuku stared at him, confused by the vague waving of his casts, and eventually approached cautiously.

“Uh, do you need something-?”

“Shut up!” Katsuki interrupted with a snarl. He couldn’t believe he was being reduced to doing something such as this and it was infuriating that his mind and body wouldn’t simply cooperate. All he had to do was say it. “I…”

Katsuki glanced over Izuku’s shoulder at the others in the common room. Seeing that no one was looking in their direction, he pulled an arm around Izuku’s back and led him into the boys’ room.

“What’s the matter?” Izuku furrowed his brows, watching Katsuki kick the door shut and stare at him anxiously. Katsuki looked at the door one last time, then to his casts, and finally off to the side. He muttered something unintelligible that caused Izuku to lean forward. “What?”

“I said-! Fuck, will you-” Katsuki paused to suck in a large breath and let it out angrily, then continued through gritted teeth, “-fucking help me with something…”

Oh. So that’s what this is about. Izuku grinned, mentally marking this down as the first time in history he’s heard Katsuki ever verbally ask for help, resisted the sudden impulse to tease him about it, and nodded. Being anything other than supportive in this moment would be a very good way to make sure Katsuki never in his life asked for help again and he’d very much like to avoid that as much as possible. “Sure, just tell me what you need.”

Katsuki muttered again, his voice even lower than before, with his head down low. His voice was so low in fact that the only reason Izuku was aware he said anything is because he saw his mouth move. Izuku leaned forward again and poked Katsuki’s cheek softly.

“I can’t hear you, Kacchan. What did you say?” He could very clearly see Katsuki’s jaw clench, shoulders tense up, and he was sure if it weren’t for the casts Katsuki would be balling his hands up into fists. Katsuki muttered something yet again, his voice still too low to make out any words at all.

On request for him to speak up again, Katsuki whirled around and kicked the wall hard, causing a loud ‘thump’ to resound through the room. He spun back around and scowled at Izuku, his cheeks red as can be.

“For fuck’s sake! I fucking said I need to use the goddamn bathroom,” Katsuki finally said just loud enough for Izuku to hear.

“Oh, um, okay.” Katsuki’s reddened face and bad temper made sense now. Of all the things Izuku thought he’d have to do for Katsuki he’d completely forgotten about that. “Yeah-”

“Shut up and let’s fucking go,” Katsuki interrupted again while storming off towards the
bathroom. On his way by he tried to grab Izuku’s arm, forgetting about the cast again and growing more frustrated. “Don’t say a fucking word.”

Izuku followed close behind, keeping his mouth clamped shut to avoid embarrassing Katsuki any further.

Click.

Clack.

The sounds reverberate through the small room every so often, interrupted only by idle chatter between All For One and Nedzu.

Click.

A pause for thought.

Clack.

Shouji is bored out of his mind, lying on a couch with three arms draped over the side. Chiyo has been given a book to read to pass the time, the words lit dimly by candlelight.

Click.

“You’re being more careful.”

Clack.

“I’ll never win if I rush every time. Sacrifices are useless if not used correctly.”

“Is that the same train of thought you use for the League of Villains?”

Click.

All For One smiled at Nedzu as his piece is placed. “I don’t think it’s fair to try to gauge information from me while I’m concentrating on our game of chess.”

“The times we talk are few and far. When else will I be able to make an attempt?” Nedzu picked up a rook, placing it down and taking a pawn that belonged to All For One.

Clack.

“I’ve given you the luxury of staying in my own place instead of in a cell. Is that not enough?”

“The trade-off being we’re under your constant supervision rather than the monster’s,” Nedzu said, eyes scanning the board in anticipation for the next move. “I hope our deal still stands.”

“I’ve pushed your mind and body to the brink of death and still could not take your quirk from you,” All For One states with a knight in hand, taking one of Nedzu’s bishops. “Evidently, to get it I will need to cooperate with you through this infernal trade of children for quirks. But do be aware if you and Recovery Girl fail to let me take them, the children die one by one before your eyes.”
“That’s fair.” Nedzu had no intention of seeing this trade come to fruition in the first place, and so has no problem with agreeing to such horrible outcomes. Once all the children of heroics classes 1-A and 1-B are trapped in one place the remaining pro heroes will waste no time coming to their rescue. With Izuku’s quirk leading the charge, and the villains horribly outmatched, escape should be easy enough. Defeating them altogether will even be a lucky possibility.

Though with the amused look All For One is giving him, Nedzu wonders if the man might have some type of mind reading quirk.

If that were true he’d have won at least one game by now, Nedzu mused, moving his second bishop in place. He’s too petty to not use something like that by now.

Clack.

“Tomura is aware of where the children are hiding. It’s only a matter of time until they’re all brought here.”

Click.

“I’m not aware of where they are myself. I was taken before any plans were discussed.”

Clack.

“Well then, you’ll be happy to learn they’re hiding in the building of a company that produces technological advances and tools that I wouldn’t like to endanger. If they were still going to be given to heroes I’d let the whole complex be destroyed, but all of their research is going to be used for us now,” All For One explains while waving a knight around. “Tomura will get them in due time though. They can’t all hide in there forever. Eventually they’ll think they’re safe enough to start coming out more leisurely. When nothing goes wrong, they’ll want to go outside more and more. Eraserhead might even think it safe, given enough time. Then at least a handful can be taken at once. Perhaps they organize a search party for them if we’re lucky, then they can be taken one by one after that.”

Click.

Nedzu stares at the knight that was finally placed on the board. “Why tell me this if I want you to get them?”

“Your quirk may make you more brilliant than me, but you can’t really believe me to be so stupid as to think you want all of your former students in one place just so you can give me your quirk. You expect to use them all for a jailbreak of some sort I assume.”

“So, again, why share this information with me?” Nedzu questioned, moving a pawn forward.

Clack.

“Because I know you’ve been talking to someone,” All For One said, relishing in the disturbed look on Nedzu’s face. He used a bishop to take the pawn Nedzu placed at the same time Shouto happened to walk in the room. “The frog girl, Asui I believe, snuck a phone in that she hid in her stomach that you’ve been using, correct? Now you don’t have that phone here, and you have no way to contact whomever it is you were talking to. So sharing information with you is safe so long as you are under my watch.”
“Check.” All For One added on quickly.

Nedzu watched Shouto approach All For One. Shouto gave him a quick glance, but paid no further mind to him, and waited for whatever it is he was called in for.

“Ah, the Todoroki boy. I would like you to help guard this place with the Noumu and I. I feel I can trust you more than Tomura can,” All For One said, not bothering to look at the boy standing next to him. He remained focused on the board, expectant of Nedzu’s next move.

“Not that I have a problem with it, but why me?”

“Because I’d like Nedzu here to know that not all heroes are pure of heart simply because they had a dream,” All For One explained with a grin. “You’ll be a constant reminder of that for him.”

“Wouldn’t it be better for me to help recapture everyone?”

“No,” All For One said, watching Nedzu replace the earlier bishop with the animal’s own, “Tomura has already explained his planning to me and you don’t seem to play a significant part in it.”

“What a surprise,” Shouto retorted with a roll of his eyes.

Nedzu picks up All For One’s bishop and adds it to the pile, smiling at Shouto as he does. “A shame for the person I was in contact with, but I’m sure they’ll get by without me.”

“Let’s hope they do,” All For One said, placing his knight next to Nedzu’s bishop. “But sadly, whoever they are will crumble to dust under Tomura’s touch like all the rest.”

“I wouldn’t be so sure,” Nedzu retorted, taking that knight with his own. “Aizawa seems to be getting a firm grasp on things from what I can see. The proof of that being that he organized a hostage rescue with only two pro heroes.”

“One that was not entirely successful,” All For One added, moving his queen across the board where it was now safe from the knight he baited away. “In case you haven’t noticed you and the other two being trapped here. Check.”

“Yes, you and the Noumu certainly will be an issue,” Nedzu said, his gaze switching between All For One’s king and queen. He moved his king diagonally and awaited All For One’s move.

All For One’s queen followed, putting Nedzu in check yet again, and Nedzu could clearly see what the villain was attempting to bait him into.
“You should tell Tomura to be careful not to get too caught up on Midoriya,” Nedzu commented while using a rook to take the queen. “Tunneling your vision on one thing can cause quite the amount of damage.”

Clack.

“So it can,” All For One said, annoyed at the subtle slight towards himself. The bishop he had lying in wait is then used to take said rook.

Click.

“You should make sure he watches out for the wild cards, like Bakugou,” Nedzu stated, moving his queen across the board to All For One’s king. “He’s a clear winner. Someone you shouldn’t overlook. If you’re not careful, he may even be a bigger thorn in your side than Midoriya’s quirk. Check-mate.”

Clack.

“Doubtful,” All For One retorts, clearing off the board to start again.

Katsuki sneezed into his arm, shook his head to rid the feeling that someone was talking about him, and looked back down at the bowl of food before him with his back to the bed in the boys’ room.

It baffled him to think of why they even bothered to place a bowl of food in front of him knowing full well he can’t feed himself. What do they expect him to grab his chopsticks with? His toes?

“Kacchan.”

How degrading would it be to just shove my face in and eat from the bowl? Katsuki quickly dismissed the thought. If he’s going to shove his face in a bowl it won’t be while it’s on the floor, and he definitely isn’t going to try to balance it between his casts.

“Kacchan.”

Izuku watched Katsuki continue to stare at the bowl below. He wanted to call out to Katsuki again, but the boy looked so lost in thought that it’d most likely be a futile effort. Instead he opted to try something more direct. So he grabbed a piece of meat from Katsuki’s bowl with his own chopsticks and quickly shoved it into Katsuki’s mouth before the other could react.

Katsuki’s head snapped in Izuku’s direction and the only thing that stopped him from spitting the food in Izuku’s face was the stupidly cute smile plastered on the boy’s face. From the look on Izuku’s face he obviously believes he accomplished something, and far be it from Katsuki to steal that joy away from him.

Instead he chewed slowly. It’s easy to tell from the look on his face that he is full of irritation, though hard to see the glint of contentment in his eyes from Izuku’s jubilant expression.

“I kept trying to get your attention to ask if you’d want help with the food,” Izuku explained, still trying to contain the joy from the fact that Katsuki neither spit the food back out at him nor yelled
in his face. Seeing Katsuki swallow, he picked up another piece and held it out for him to eat. “So, sorry for doing that so suddenly. Here.”

Katsuki stared at the food being held in front of his face, then his eyes slid up to stare at the other boy. Izuku couldn’t figure out just what Katsuki was thinking from the look on his face, but was pleasantly surprised when he took the food into his mouth.

“You’ll let me feed you then?” Izuku’s grin grew, already knowing the answer. But he felt like pushing his luck just to hear it out loud.

“I just did, didn’t I?” Katsuki responded calmly after swallowing the bite of food.

Izuku remained surprised by how calmly Katsuki was beginning to take this situation. No yelling, no insulting, no violence of any kind, verbal, physical or otherwise. Then Izuku looked into Katsuki’s eyes and noticed the slight glaze in them, the drooping eyelids, the half-vacant look on his face.

“The painkillers are kicking in, huh?” Izuku asked, his smile dwindling at the thought of Katsuki only being so cooperative due to drowsiness and a little bit of a high.

“Probably. I’m really tired right now,” Katsuki said, looking to Izuku with half-lidded eyes.

“You haven’t eaten since before the Noumu knocked you out, so you should really try to finish eating before you go to sleep.”

“Yeah, yeah,” Katsuki responded in a low voice, slowly working his way down to lay his head in Izuku’s lap. His eyes closed and he relaxed into the side of Izuku’s crossed legs fairly easily. Sleepy or not, he knew he couldn’t get comfortable like this on just anyone.

Izuku ran his hand through Katsuki’s hair while taking a bite of his own food. At least the earlier situations with Katsuki were actually him beginning to show trust and care. He’ll be happy enough to count those as victories for the day.

Another piece of Katsuki’s food is placed in front of his mouth, and Katsuki opens up once he felt it touch his lips. His eyes opened when he heard noise from the others shuffling into the room. His chewing halted as he glared at Eijirou, Denki, Ochako and Tsuyu all entering with their own food.

“Hey, we wanted to eat with you guys if that’s okay,” Ochako said, moving some of the miscellaneous items on the floor out of the way so she could sit with the others across from Izuku and Katsuki. She waved at Katsuki briefly with a grin. “Nice to see you up and moving today, Bakugou.”

Katsuki’s eyes roamed the four of them, slowly beginning to continue eating and idly listening to their conversation. From what he could pick up, apparently there is some type of room downstairs that the inventors use to test their more dangerous inventions and the would-be heroes often use it to ‘stretch their quirks’, so to speak. Something useful for them after not having been able to use their quirks regularly.

He might have cared if he could even use his quirk in the first place, but as it is now the place would be absolutely useless to him.

Izuku poked him on the mouth with another piece of food, and Katsuki looked to the others to see none of them paying him any mind at all.

The majority of the conversation seemed to be Izuku telling them about the ‘adventures’ the two of
them went on. Though he predictably omitted specific parts of it. The rest of the conversation turned towards the four of them telling Izuku about the places they have free reign over in this building, but Katsuki is more interested in the fact that no one has said a word about their current position or the fact that Izuku has fed him multiple bites of food right in front of them.

He took another bite that Izuku absentmindedly fed him, the motions becoming so repetitive that the two were doing them without any thought at all. Through it all he can only remain fixated on the realization that no one seemed to be looking down on him for either this position or the help he was accepting from Izuku.

“Kacchan,” Izuku waved his hand in front of Katsuki’s face to get his attention, “do you want to come with us?”

“Huh?”

“Wow,” Denki said, staring at Katsuki in disbelief, “he wasn’t listening to a single word any of us said, was he?”

“I got better shit to do than listen to you,” Katsuki retorted, turning over in Izuku’s lap to give the group of four his back.

“But you weren’t doing anything,” Tsuyu mentioned, placing a finger on her chin. “You’re just lying there.”

“And if I consider that something better to do then that should tell you how much I fucking care.”

“So you don’t want to go see the room they’ve been using for their quirks?” Izuku asked. “You don’t have to, but they’re going to show me around tomorrow if you’d like to go.”

Katsuki thought it over briefly. At the moment he didn’t want to move, having already gotten mostly comfortable as such, but as long as it’s tomorrow it should be fine.

“Yeah, I guess I’ll go,” he finally said. If anything it would help to get to know his way around a little better as well as having an excuse to go somewhere other than this room.

Izuku looked to the rest of the group with a grin. “We’ll go tomorrow in the morning then?”

“Sounds good,” Eijirou said, reaching for Izuku’s and Katsuki’s empty bowls. “I’ll take these back to the kitchen with my own stuff.”

Izuku thanked Eijirou as the four of them got up to leave the room. After a few moments of them being gone, Izuku poked Katsuki in the side.

“Kacchan, my leg is asleep.”

“I’m about to have something in common with it then.”

Izuku leaned back against the side of the bed, running his fingers through Katsuki’s hair again. “If you’re going to sleep, wouldn’t you be more comfortable on the bed?”

“I’m fine right here,” Katsuki stated, pressing his face further into Izuku’s shirt.

Izuku knew he should’ve expected that type of answer, yet still he finds himself fighting the desire to sigh. Most anything he said at this point would just be answered with some subtle ‘I don’t want to move’ from Katsuki, but the uncomfortable feeling in his sleeping leg has become more and
more unbearable as time passed. It was minor enough to ignore during his conversation with the others, but now it’s beginning to cross the line from ‘uncomfortable’ into ‘painful’.

“If you get in bed I’ll go with you, but please Kacchan, my leg,” Izuku tried again.

Katsuki, hearing the desperation in Izuku’s voice, reluctantly obliged him. He didn’t bother to hide his own dramatic sigh while lifting himself up off of the other. Once sitting up straight, Katsuki watched Izuku kick his leg out and move it around briefly before holding it stark still with a grimace that signaled the feeling Katsuki himself knew all too well.

The feeling of pins and needles, or what he assumed would be the literal incarnation of television static happening inside of your limb.

Once that was over with, Izuku stood up carefully and helped Katsuki to his feet. By this time a few others had come into the room, more than likely getting ready for bed themselves.

“I think I can hear them undressing,” Minoru said, his ear pressed against the wall that separated the boys’ and girls’ rooms.

Katsuki looked at the line for the bathroom that suddenly appeared with disdain. He’d wanted to brush his teeth before bed, but by the looks of it that wasn’t going to happen. Not seeing how his patience grew thin and drowsiness filled him more and more.

“I’m going to bed,” Katsuki said, falling backwards onto the mattress. He turned and twisted to position himself to lie properly on said bed, using his feet to lift the cover so he could slip his casts under and pull it over himself.

“Ohayou,” Izuku replied, backing away a couple of steps, “but I’m going to go do a couple of things first. So I’ll be back.”

“What ever, do whatever you want.”

Izuku made his way down the hall and through the common room to the kitchen. He spotted Tenya and Mashirao washing dishes in the sink and came over, grabbing a hand towel to start drying them off.

“You can wash also, Ojiro. I’ll dry,” Izuku said.

“You don’t need to do that,” Tenya told him, glancing over Mashirao’s back at him. “You just got back today, so don’t you want to settle in first?”

“I think I’ve already done that. I don’t want to just take without giving anything back, you know?” Izuku said, beginning to dry off one of the bowls and placing it in a nearby cabinet with the rest. “I’d feel bad if I didn’t do anything around here at all.”

“You really don’t need to, but okay. We’ll add you onto the chore wheel tomorrow.”

Izuku nodded at them and continued drying off the dishes they handed to him. He figured most of them would argue he’s done enough by helping rescue everyone, but to do absolutely nothing would make him feel lazy.

After that was done he helped clean up what was left of the mess from cooking and went back to the bedroom. Everyone else had, by the looks of it, finished getting ready for bed and the floor was now littered with people wrapped up in their sleeping bags. It was only now Izuku questioned why everyone was in sleeping bags instead of mats with blankets and pillows, but he didn’t want to
bother anyone with that now while they all looked like they were trying to sleep.

With carefully placed steps in between each person he arrived back at the single bed in the room that Katsuki occupied.

“The girls said you can bring the bed from their room in here and use it, Midoriya,” Tenya said as he entered the room. “We don’t have any extra sleeping bags. I told Aizawa we needed one more for you, but he insisted we didn’t for some reason.”

“Ah, yeah, I have a place to sleep,” Izuku replied with a sheepish grin. “Don’t worry about me.”

Izuku crawled over Katsuki on the bed and under the cover with his back against the wall, pushing Katsuki to make room. Katsuki pushed back, causing the two to enter a brief struggle before Katsuki’s eyes opened and he realized who it was shoving him.

“What the fuck are you doing, Deku?”

“You’re shoving me against the wall,” Izuku complained quietly, “move over some.”

“Fuck that. I’m not lying near the edge,” Katsuki argued back, shoving Izuku against the wall harder with his foot. “Just get on top of me.”

“I was right, Bakugou does swing that way,” Minoru mumbled, keeping his back to the scene and listening with horror to what he imagined was happening.

“This is most unethical behavior! This is a shared room not meant for such acts!” Tenya’s voice boomed through the room, his finger jutting towards the two accusingly from his position on the floor. “Stop that at once!”

A myriad of complaints echoed through the room from each and every person, ranging from the imaginations run wild via Katsuki and Izuku’s banter to gripes about it being too loud, until loud banging emitted from the wall adjacent to the girls’ room.

“Shut up!” Kyouka yelled at them. “We’re trying to sleep!”

“So are we, but you don’t hear us making a big deal out of it,” Katsuki grumbled, ushering Izuku onto his chest. “We’re not doing anything ‘unethical’ you uptight fuck. You’re all bitching and whining about us trying to get comfortable. Shut the fuck up and go sleep.”

Izuku buried his face into Katsuki’s neck, and he could feel the embarrassed heat from Izuku’s face burning itself onto his skin. He tried to hug Izuku, but the casts, in his mind, took away the ability to comfort him. So instead he nuzzled his face into the fluff of green hair and closed his eyes.

He hoped Izuku was comfortable, because he could feel himself quickly succumbing to sleep once more.

Katsuki’s eyes opened to the same green hair all around his face. He couldn’t remember their position from before he fell asleep too clearly, but he’d guess Izuku hadn’t moved an inch in all the time they were asleep. With a quick glance around the room he could also confirm that it likely
hasn’t been too long.

Everyone is still asleep, the room still utterly dark, Fumikage still asleep under the two nightlights plugged into the wall directly above him, and Minoru still sleeping pressed up against the wall adjacent to the girls’ room.

Katsuki couldn’t see a clock anywhere, nor would there be any moonlight or sunlight even if there were a window, so he couldn’t even begin to guess what time it actually is.

After a while of lying there and growing fed up with becoming more and more restless, he gently makes his way out from under Izuku and steps carefully between the bodies that his eyes could make out in the faint glow of the distant nightlights. Once through the door he stares down into what should be the darkness of the hallway, but instead sees a glow of light coming from the other end of it.

He turns the corner into the common room and sees the top of someone’s head sitting on the couch, the light that he saw down the hall coming from the T.V. The volume is turned really low, but as he approaches he can just barely make out what’s being said on the show.

“I didn’t wake you, did I?” Ochako suddenly asked, seeing Katsuki’s faint reflection in the television’s screen.

“No. Pills made me sleepy, but I guess it didn’t last the whole night.” Katsuki stopped by the side of the sofa, looking down at her with minimal interest. He couldn’t bring himself to care much about the solemn expression on her normally cheerful face, but remembered that this was Izuku’s friend. For that reason alone he thought it couldn’t hurt to at least try to get along with her, and so he dropped down next to her. “What about you?”

“I was just thinking about too much to sleep. The villains, the collapse of the hero society here, how my parents are doing, and Deku.” Ochako took in Katsuki’s now curious stare at the mention of Izuku. “A-and the rest of you risking your lives to rescue us.”

Katsuki turned to the T.V. and grew instantly uninterested of whatever show was on it. So instead he laid back against the couch and stared up at the ceiling, until Ochako asked the question that brought a handful of unwanted memories and intrusive thoughts flooding into his mind.

“What was Deku like before he got into U.A.?”

Stupid.

Loser.

Nerd.

Quirkless.

Worthless.

A pebble.

A total Deku.

A Deku is someone who fails at everything.

Deku.
Katsuki’s eyes closed, and he exhaled a soft, shaky breath.

*A quirkless loser like you can never make it into U.A.!

*Why would you even want to go into heroics? You can’t save anyone!

*You’re just a worthless Deku.

*You’re nothing.

“Strong. He held up to any adversity that came his way. Just like he does now.”

*You can’t even spell your own name!

*Stupid Deku.

*Why keep a journal about heroes? You’re never going to be one.

*You don’t know anything, dumb Deku.

“Smart. He always noticed everything. He studied a lot to keep up with the people around him.”

*You can’t do anything right.

*You’re so stupid, worthless Deku.

*Quirkless loser, you can’t be like All Might.

*All Might wins at everything and you never win at anything.

*You could always make a last ditch dive off the rooftop and hope you’ll get a quirk in the next life!

“And determined. He wouldn’t let anything crush his dream.”

Ochako listened with rapt attention, oblivious to the pain Katsuki felt in his chest, and he oblivious to the small pain in hers.

“So he was always as confident as he is now?”

Katsuki shook his head slowly, still staring at the metallic ceiling above. “No. He was pushed around, beat up, put down, and abused a lot. He couldn’t ever defend himself when he was quirkless.”

“How far back are you remembering exactly? People get their quirks when they’re really, really young,” Ochako said, confused by what exactly Katsuki was trying to remember.

Katsuki’s blood ran cold, his breath hitched and he could swear his heart stopped beating for a few seconds as he remembered the warnings.

*I can’t tell you who I got this power from.

*I’m not supposed to tell you, but Izuku’s quirk came from All Might. Don’t tell anyone.

*All Might’s quirk.
“He didn’t have a quirk until earlier this year. It manifested really late. Something in his dad’s genes,” Katsuki finally replied, now keeping his eyes glued to the ceiling so as to not give anything away with the slight panic he felt. “We thought he’d be quirkless forever until it manifested. That’s why he’s had trouble using it without breaking bones. Because he’s still getting used to it.”

Ochako nodded, looking back at the ceiling sadly with Katsuki. “So people abused him because he was different?”

“Pretty much. Everyone was collectively one big asshole to him.” Katsuki glanced at the flickering television, the screen displaying commercials at the moment. “He was told to jump off a rooftop to try to be reborn with a quirk.”

“What?” Ochako gawked at Katsuki, finding it hard to believe someone would tell Izuku of all people to do such a thing. “Do you know who it was? Did they ever get punished for it?”

“Yes, and no, they didn’t,” Katsuki answered, his statements becoming quick and brief.

“I hope someone like that didn’t try to go into heroics. Or try to come to U.A. They shouldn’t be allowed to become a hero after that,” Ochako said angrily, glaring at the television now.

“Yeah, they were pretty fucking dumb,” Katsuki eventually agreed, knowing there’s nothing he could say to defend himself from that. He pushed the frustration welling up inside down as best he could and stood up, walking around the couch and toward the hallway. “And you’re right, they probably shouldn’t. I’m going to try to go back to sleep.”

“Bakugou.” Ochako smiled over the back of the couch at him as Katsuki stopped and glanced over his shoulder back at her. “Keep showing him the love he deserves. Let’s make up for the times he didn’t have friends. From the way he talks about you, he’s lucky to have you. When you’re not all grumpy and angry, that is.”

He’s lucky to have you.

He was told to jump off a rooftop to try to be reborn with a quirk.

They were pretty fucking dumb.

Katsuki nodded and continued down the hall, making his way back to bed and crawling onto the mattress with Izuku. He carefully tried to guide his sleeping boyfriend back onto his chest without waking him up, ignoring the growing pain in his arms from the use of them. Only a few murmured, sleep-ridden complaints came from Izuku, but once back in place, Katsuki kissed the boy’s forehead and nuzzled his face into Izuku’s hair once more.

He’s lucky to have you, Katsuki repeated in his head sarcastically. He knew the truth that Ochako didn’t.

Truth is; it’s a fucking miracle that I have him.

Chapter End Notes

Hopefully some of you got the chess game metaphor/foreshadowing. I won’t say what exactly the conversation meant until what all it was foreshadowing, but yeah, there were a few events in there worth trying to figure out. >w<
Katsuki is riding the character development train and, although it'll never be as good as the manga cause I'm an amateur writer, I have high hopes for it. ^^

Let's see where it takes him next, shall we?

(Hopefully the next update doesn't take me half as long as this one did D: )
“This place is huge,” Izuku said. His voice echoed through the giant white room, the walls and floor made of stone blocks.

Targets, ranging from simple red and white circles on sticks to detailed, painted mannequins, dotted the floors as they lay inactive. A ceiling high enough that it would take a quirk suited to boost you high distances to touch it loomed over their heads.

Katsuki tapped one of the mannequins on the floor with the tip of his shoe, his disinterest obvious. Without his quirk he had no real use for this place, and suddenly he felt horribly out of place. He’s surrounded by people using their quirks to their heart’s content, yet here he’s stuck feeling practically quirkless.

Quirkless. His gaze shifts to Izuku as the word is repeated in his head. Izuku feels the set of eyes and looks towards him, giving a smile and a small wave in return.

It causes him to wonder if this was how Izuku felt long ago. Powerless and out of place. The anger and annoyance that flared up earlier when Eijirou mentioned something about making sure nothing happened to him until his arms were healed is most likely not something Izuku ever felt. He’s aware of that much at least.

Izuku walked out into the middle of the room, looking down at the different targets and dummies waiting to be activated. A majority of them had scorch marks, dents, holes, stains and splatters of different types and colors on them. Some even melted to a certain point, leading Izuku to believe Mina was down here at some point.

The dummies sprang to life, all shooting upward and standing straight with a loud beep emitting from the speakers built into the ceiling. Denki is amused at the sight of Izuku nearly jumping out of his skin, being in the middle of everything suddenly coming to life around him. Eijirou slapped his hand away from the button with a disappointed glare.

“They’re connected to the floor and can move around on these tracks,” Ochako explained to Izuku from behind, pointing down to where the mannequins connected to the tracks on the ground. “We were told we can use our quirks as much as we want on them as long as we leave them partially intact. They have a person with a quirk that manipulates plastic who can fix whatever we do to them. We just can’t destroy the walls or ceiling, or else the room could collapse in on us.”
Izuku looked around the room, suddenly not feeling so safe here, and nodded as she spoke. His eyes landed on Katsuki again, who was staying close to the only exit in the room and watching Eijirou and Denki from afar. To Izuku he looked as though he didn’t want to be here, and slowly it dawns on him just how Katsuki might feel in a place like this with those casts.

This is a place meant for battling, in a sense, for practice and testing. All things Katsuki can’t do in his current state.

“Do we just have the two places, or is there anywhere else to go?” Izuku asked Ochako. He waited patiently while she tapped her chin in thought.

“Well, there’s the upstairs places where Mei works. The cafeteria, but none of us bother going there because we can keep our own food in the kitchen where we stay. Then there are some places outside, but Aizawa told us we shouldn’t be going above ground until the villains are taken care of.”

The few places above ground sounded promising, though he agreed with Aizawa that as long as all of them are being hunted they shouldn’t be going anywhere in public. Staying at the hospital was bad enough, and would’ve been avoided if possible.

He tried to think of something else that could be done, and Ochako could clearly see from the look on his face that the gears in his head were turning. It was at this moment, when he snapped out of his thoughts and stared at Katsuki once more, that Izuku realized something.

He has no idea what Katsuki does in his spare time.

Up to this point, ever since he stopped following Katsuki around as a kid, he’s known very little about what Katsuki does outside of training and, probably, studying.

“Do we have any books or movies?” Ochako’s look of confusion wasn’t much of an answer for him, and only egged on Izuku’s impatience to give Katsuki something, anything, to do.

“I think Yaoyorozu has all of the books. She keeps them in one place so no one loses them. But we don’t have any movies that I know of,” Ochako responded, trying to recall where the books are. “Yaoyorozu keeps the books on a bookshelf she made in the girls’ room. How come?”

Izuku not so discreetly pointed towards Katsuki, who eyed them back curiously when Ochako glanced over her shoulder at him. She realized the same thing as Izuku just now, that Katsuki couldn’t use his quirk and so didn’t have much to do for a long while, and mentioned something about going to talk to Aizawa about getting movies of some sort.

“What the fuck are you two planning?” Katsuki asked the moment Izuku came over to him. It didn’t take a genius to figure out something was up with the way the two of them kept looking at him, and he really wasn’t in the mood for any surprises.

Izuku rubbed the back of his neck and looked down at their feet, a sad smile gracing his face as he prepared to ask something he felt bad for not knowing. In his mind he shouldn’t even need to ask something like this, he should just know by now. After knowing Katsuki almost their entire lives, even if they were never really friends, he felt he should at least have some idea.

“Kacchan, what do you like to do to pass the time?”

Katsuki raised an eyebrow in response. That question was rather out of the blue and not what he was expecting them to be talking about behind his back. Not that he expected something bad coming from those two, but...
“What the hell does that have to do with anything?”

“Well,” Izuku looked around the room briefly, ignoring Eijirou and Denki in the background, “I was just thinking about your, um, condition. I don’t really know what you do besides train and fight. But you can’t do that for a while, and I don’t want to just leave you to sit and stare at a wall while I work on controlling my quirk and stuff. So, what do you like to do?”

Katsuki understood more clearly what Izuku meant now. He didn’t like what was being brought up, but understood it nonetheless. How does one respond to such a thing when you can’t do much of anything you used to do anyway? Though that’s not only because of the casts currently keeping him from using his hands. There’s also the gaggle of villains that want his head keeping him from going out into public.

Training is obviously off the table, unless he wants to make his current condition worse. Video games? Forget the fact he can’t hold a controller or press buttons accurately right now, where would they even get any in this place? Studying might be doable, and something Izuku might be willing to do with him when they’re both together, though with no more school he hasn’t the foggiest idea where to even begin with such a thing.

Should I even bother mentioning mountain climbing? Katsuki wondered while Izuku grew more and more concerned the longer Katsuki silently stared off into space.

“Kacchan?” Izuku waved a hand in front of Katsuki’s face. Relief filled Izuku when Katsuki jerked back, pulled out of his thoughts from Izuku’s call. “Did you hear me?”

“I was thinking, asshole,” Katsuki growled, clearly annoyed.

“Oh, sorry.” Izuku jumped when an arm dropped down on his shoulder. Looking to the side he saw Eijirou with his arms around both him and Katsuki.

“Hey guys,” Eijirou greeted them, pausing due to the intense stare Katsuki was giving the arm on Izuku’s shoulder. He slowly removed his arm from Izuku after Katsuki blinked and shifted his gaze to Eijirou’s face. “Kaminari and I were wondering, how was Midoriya able to deal with that purple guy the other night when even All Might had trouble with him back at USJ? Is there some kind of trick to beating it everyone should know?”

Eijirou could feel Katsuki’s shoulders stiffen under his hold and brought his full attention to him, expecting an answer from him after that. The silence that ensued left him feeling awkward, and he looked to Izuku instead, who happened to look far more rigid.

“Well-”

“He just trained his quirk a lot for months,” Katsuki interrupted Izuku, shrugging Eijirou’s arm off. “Every day until he was so exhausted he could barely stand anymore. If you tried that hard you could probably be at least a little useful too.”

Katsuki left with that, hoping the insult would be enough to make him drop the subject. Although he’s unaware of it, it worked well enough as Eijirou looked to Izuku for an answer concerning another matter.

“Seems like he’s in a worse mood than usual,” Eijirou commented, glancing over his shoulder toward Denki, who was watching the scene from afar.

“Well, his arms are broken,” Izuku said, watching Katsuki stalk off toward the elevator. “He’s definitely the type to be upset about that, don’t you think?”
“Yeah, that’s true. But what’s his deal with people touching you? Kaminari and I figured out he only gets really violent when someone is too close to you or something. I mean, not to be disrespectful, but is he actually guarding you from something?”

“I don’t think so. He’s just-” Izuku stops to think of the right wording, remembering all the times Katsuki wouldn’t let even Aizawa near him, “overprotective. Maybe he’s trying to atone for all the grief he’s caused me by not letting anything else hurt me? I don’t know.”

“I think he’s just jealous,” Denki cut in, moving next to Eijirou.

“Probably both.”

“I don’t think Kacchan is the jealous type,” Izuku said, attempting to disregard his growing curiosity on the matter now. It would be pretty funny if he actually was, but Izuku didn’t believe it. Katsuki’s too proud to be jealous, right?

He heads off in Katsuki’s direction after letting Denki and Eijirou know about the movie he and Ochako are going to try to get everyone to watch later. When he approaches the other boy the elevator is just opening up for them to enter. Izuku quickly presses the button for the floor their room is on and eyes Katsuki warily.

He wants to try to figure it out in a way that hopefully wouldn’t embarrass Katsuki, or catch him off guard. Either could make him defensive and close up immediately. Subtlety will be required for this, and so he thinks carefully about how to proceed.

“You still didn’t tell me what you like to do for fun.” Hopefully starting with something off-topic will make it easier.

“There’s nothing to do, Deku. We’re stuck in the fucking ground, can’t go anywhere, and even if we could we have no money and I don’t have the use of my motherfucking arms. This is only the second day I’ve been awake with my arms broken; I don’t know what I can do for fun. I’m not used to this shit. What do fuck do you expect me to say?”

Katsuki could see the anxious welling up in Izuku’s now stiff frame after his rant and mentally cursed his tendencies for outbursts, knowing Izuku doesn’t do well when it comes to him being angry. He sucked in a breath and let it out slowly, only a partially beneficial action in calming himself down.

“I’m not mad at you. I’m just pissed off about this whole dumbass situation,” Katsuki tried to explain, glaring at the ground. “It isn’t just my arms. Even if they were fine, what are we supposed to do for fun when the people who want us dead control the country? We can’t even live in a secluded cave without being hunted down at some point.”

Izuku smiled at Katsu’s attempt to defuse the tension. “Yeah, it sucks, but it’s still better than just rolling over and dying for the villains. Now that everyone is safe, Aizawa said when your arms are healed we’ll take the fight to them and finish off the League of Villains for good.”

“Sounds like my kind of plan,” Katsuki said with a satisfied smirk. Finally getting rid of them and becoming free once more sounds like a dream come true at this point.

“Well, if you think of anything you want to do let me know and I’ll try my best to make it happen. Maybe we can do something with Kirishima and Kaminari later?” Izuku listened in anticipation for Katsuki’s refusal to be around Eijirou. Once the offer is refused, then he can innocently pry into the issue without gaining any suspicion.
“As long as it isn’t something completely stupid.”

Izuku waited for something, anything else, regarding Eijirou to be added on, yet nothing came. No refusal, no conditions, no real complaint at all.

“Wait, so you don’t have a problem with Kirishima?” Suddenly subtlety and tact are thrown out of the window as Izuku trades up to the direct route. It wasn’t meant to happen, his words the result of surprise and confusion, but there’s no taking it back now.

“Why would I have a problem with him?” Katsuki’s words sound just as confused as Izuku’s, if not more so.

“Because you keep attacking him and glaring at him whenever he touches me and I don’t get it. Are you jealous?”

He’s well aware just throwing the question out there like that is no way to get a proper response. Just like on the train ride here he expects Katsuki to turn away and go silent, to ignore him until the topic is dropped. He wouldn’t get upset from that outcome, but he’s growing more apprehensive about being around Eijirou the longer this isn’t resolved.

So the ‘Hell yes I’m fucking jealous’ that came from Katsuki was the last thing he expected to hear, but he’s still relieved to hear it because now it’s out in the open for them to deal with.

“Oh, um, do you want me to avoid him or something?”

“No. I told you before, you don’t belong to me-”

“And I said I do,” Izuku interjected, wrapping his arm around Katsuki’s waist, “I’m just not a piece of property.”

“That’s what I meant. So I’m not going to tell you that you can’t be around other people. I don’t care if you’re friends, but I’m going to get pissed off at anyone who thinks they can just put their hands all over you like that.”

Izuku chuckled and Katsuki flared with indignation, glaring Izuku down. As nice as it is to hear Izuku’s genuine laughter, something Katsuki has never gotten used to hearing up until now, he still doesn’t get exactly what it is that’s so funny.

“I was asleep on Kirishima because I was worried about you, and he was worried about me because I wasn’t sleeping well. He just wanted to make sure I went back to sleep instead of overthinking the rest of the night.” Izuku wrapped his other arm around Katsuki’s waist and rested his cheek on the other’s chest. His eyes closed, but he didn’t wait for Katsuki to hug him back, instead nuzzling his cheek against the boy softly. “I would’ve gotten in bed with you instead if I wasn’t afraid of hurting you. But now you’re all right, so I’ll only sleep with you, okay?”

“And when he was all over you under your shirt?”

“I’m pretty sure he was just worried about the mark on my neck. He didn't know it wasn't really a wound.” Izuku buried his face deeper into Katsuki's shirt and brought his hands up around his back. “If he does that again, then you can hit him.”

Izuku is sure enough that Eijirou won't do it again, so he has no problem agreeing to that.

Katsuki’s arms came around Izuku, though with the casts in the way he couldn't hug Izuku back in a way that he liked. He couldn't feel Izuku like he wanted to. It was beginning to become more than
a little frustrating.

The elevator doors opened, reminding the both of them that they were even in it in the first place. With all the twists and turns this elevator takes, the rides end up taking forever. Even more so if it stops to pick up more people along the way. Thankfully there are more than a few elevators though, so it's not too common for them to run into people that they didn't know. Especially because they stay down on the lower floors in the places they're only allowed to go and the employees tend to avoid them like the plague whenever possible.

The doors opened to reveal the two of them to everyone in the common room. No one seemed to notice them at first, so Izuku tried to take the chance to untangle himself from Katsuki, only to be pulled right back in.

“Kacchan, the elevator is going to leave with us in it.”

Katsuki obviously heard him, because he stuck his foot out to stop the elevator doors from shutting, but didn't seem to care much for actually getting out of the small room. Izuku practically pulled him out, the commotion gaining the attention of a few others in the room, but at this point no one seemed to care. After last night the majority of them have to come expect things like this, in fact.

Katsuki finally let Izuku go when one too many pairs of eyes were on them, his upper lip curling up in annoyance, and made his way over to the couch to sit on the floor next to it. Mashirao offered his spot on the couch to Katsuki, but merely got an ambiguous grunt in return.

“Uraraka is asking Aizawa if he can get us some movies to watch for a while,” Izuku said, sitting down next to Katsuki with a big grin on his face. “Does anyone have any suggestions?” Numerous voices go off all at the same time before Izuku realizes his mistake of not asking one at a time, and he's sighing while trying to sort out who is saying what titles. “Why don't we go one movie per person?”

A long list, many complaints, multiple critiques and a mostly unanimous decision later, the group arrived at the idea to watch The Lion King. Unfortunately Ochako returned minutes later with the news that Aizawa would not be paying for any movies they decide to watch.

“He said it would be a waste of money and that we should just use our imagination to entertain ourselves,” Ochako explained, retelling Aizawa’s words.

It was annoying, to say the least, but none of them can complain and all of them know that because it isn’t actually Aizawa’s responsibility to entertain them. Although this only occurs as a minor setback in Izuku’s mind, because he’s already come up with an idea to get the movie anyway, and potentially more to go with it.

“I’ll be back,” Izuku said, already running to toward one of the elevators and repeatedly pressing the call button. Everyone watched him go, but no one made any move to stop him.

He only vaguely remembered the way back to Mei’s workspace from the lobby, but thankfully the receptionist was there and gave him more detailed directions on how to get there. When he’s finally there he opened the door and peeked his head through cautiously, knowing full well the dangers that could possibly be lurking inside.

“Hatsume?” With no answer in return, he pushed the door the rest of the way open and moved inside slowly, looking left to right and scanning the room. “Are you in here?”
“Mido-something!” Mei shouted in his ear, scaring him horribly. “I was hiding behind the door because I thought you were my assistant.”

Izuku turned to stare at her, hand over his sharply beating heart and adrenaline rushing through his system. “Why would you be hiding from your assistant like that?!”

“Please, have you met him?” she questioned as if it were the most obvious thing in the world, walking past him and to her workbench, “he won’t test anything that has even a slight possibility of him getting maimed. I don’t know how he plans to become a researcher with an attitude like that. I have to hide and jump him with a new invention if I want to get it on him to test. He probably wants to be one of those pretentious biochemists. I can’t understand that fun in that line of work, honestly. It’s virus this, cure that, and bioweapons everywhere. But robotics? That goes as far as your imagination allows!”

Izuku took a moment to calm his rapidly beating heart, and then approached her at the workbench. “So, I have a favor to ask-”

“Oh, um, okay. What do you need?” Izuku asked with a nervous smile in return. Knowing Mei, it’s most likely to be just an invention he would help test, and then he’d be good to go. Although with the way she’s suddenly looking his body over and circling him like a shark, grabbing various parts of him, he’s not so sure he likes this idea anymore.

“I need somebody with a good body like yours-”

“I-I have a boyfriend,” Izuku suddenly squeaks out. He’s not sure why he said it, as he knows that is probably the last thing on Mei’s mind. It just slipped out on its own.

“And I have a significant other. Their name is science,” Mei retorted while feeling Izuku’s arms, “but you don’t hear me bragging about it. Now, I need somebody with a good body like yours to test all my inventions, because Samuel just isn’t making the cut. He breaks too easily. But a hard, sturdy boy like you, yes you’ll do perfectly.”

He’s not sure he likes this idea much better than the previous one, but if that’s what it takes then he might as well up the price while he’s at it.

“Okay, then for that I need you to get me movies whenever I need them,” Izuku said, pulling his arm away and rubbing his wrist where she twisted and bent it during her examination. “Aizawa won’t get us any and Present Mic is away right now.”

“Ha! Is that all?! Alright, deal made then!” She snatched his hand up and shook it vigorously. “And to think I thought I would have to pay you money.”

“Wait, you would’ve paid me for this?”

“Of course, you’re practically selling me your body here. The company pays all my assistants, and you’d have only been working part-time. So the company would have paid you. But too late now, I’ll get you those movies.”

Izuku lifted and finger and opened his mouth to say something, but Mei was already running out of the room, eager to get her new assistant what he needed so they could get started.
“What’s taking so long?”

“The other remote is missing…”

“Stop hogging the whole couch!”

Around the late evening, when Izuku returned with a firestick full of movies, the chaos of everyone beginning to get ready for a movie night started.

“How did you get that thing?” Katsuki asked, wrapping what he could of his arms around Izuku’s body.

Izuku had given the device to Momo to handle when he got back, and while everyone was getting ready he and Katsuki had sat on the floor next to the couch, directly under its arm. He was nestled into Katsuki’s lap at the moment and any time he tries to shift his position Katsuki is quick to keep him from getting up.

“I’m working as Hatsume’s new assistant for a while.” Izuku leaned back against Katsuki’s chest and smiled when Katsuki rested his chin against the top of his head. That was the easiest, and least worrying, way to say ‘I’m her guinea pig for testing dangerous contraptions’, but she assured him that she wouldn’t make him do anything that could cause absolute death, so that made it less concerning when she started walking in with power gauntlets, throwing on helmets and giving him tools to try out earlier today. “She’s going to get us whatever movies we want as long as I help her out every so often.”

“And you assholes chose the fucking Lion King.” Katsuki complained, glaring at the screen when it came to life. The firestick menu showed up on the screen and a multitude of movie titles, both from Disney and Pixar, showed up. “And all the rest of this shit.”

“I only asked for Lion King. She must have added all the rest thinking that’s the kind of stuff we’d want,” Izuku said, although he wouldn’t complain. There’s a few titles on there he hasn’t seen before that he’d like to at some point. “I’m sorry that no one wanted to watch Mad Max. Maybe you and I can watch it some other time.”

Katsuki kept his eyes glued to the screen ahead, though he’s staring more into space than at what is on the television, choosing not to respond. He knew Izuku would watch the movie with him if he asked, but he feels like a burden as it is. He already has Izuku do almost everything for him at this point and it pisses him off to think about the list of things he can’t currently do normally until his arms are healed.

Izuku squirmed in his lap, and the strands of hair tickling his nose caught Katsuki’s attention.

“You’re having bad thoughts again.” Izuku keeps his voice low so that the others in the room won’t hear him.

“How the fuck do you know?”

“Because your body tenses up when you’re worried, and your breathing gets irregular when you’re mad,” Izuku explained, rubbing Katsuki’s knee as he spoke. “You’ve done it before when you’re holding me in your sleep. What’s wrong?”

Katsuki’s eyes grow wider, and he’s at a loss for whether he should be happy that Izuku takes the time to learn that much about him or mad because Izuku can read his emotions so well with some
simple body language signs. Still, he relaxes his body when he realizes that he is indeed tense, and loosens his hold on Izuku.

“Nothing important,” he finally responded after a bag of popcorn was dropped into Izuku’s lap by Eijirou. Where and how they got enough for everyone is beyond the both of them, but neither are too worried about it.

“If you’re thinking about it then it’s probably important,” Izuku said, tearing the bag open and staring inside to make sure none of it was burnt. He grabbed a single piece and held it above his head, poking Katsuki on the nose with it as he searched for his mouth. “I’m here to listen if you want to talk.”

Katsuki bit his finger in retaliation, though not hard enough to hurt too badly, and then ate the piece of popcorn. “If I want to talk about it then I’ll fucking talk about it.”

Izuku didn’t respond, instead sinking further into Katsuki’s arms and waiting for the movie to start. His knees were brought up near his chest and he kept the popcorn bag nestled in his own lap. Katsuki felt slight guilt welling up in his chest from seeing Izuku practically curl in on himself and pulled Izuku’s head up with a cast placed under his chin. An apologetic kiss is placed on Izuku’s forehead, and Izuku blinks back with confusion.

“You’re worried again.” Izuku smiled and kissed Katsuki on his chin. “You didn’t make me upset, if that’s what you think. You’re just really warm. It’s cozy.”

Katsuki scoffed, dropping his arm to let Izuku’s head fall. When he was sure Izuku couldn’t see him anymore, he let a smile creep onto his face and held Izuku a little tighter, letting his body relax.

For some reason, no matter how stupid he decided it was, it felt nice to have someone trust him so much. For someone to actually want to rest on him and for them to be so comfortable while doing it.

The lights turned off, effectively hiding Izuku’s own smile, because he knows Katsuki is happy right now. He knows because Katsuki always holds him a little tighter than normal when he’s especially happy, but he won’t say anything or try to see the soft smile he knows is on Katsuki’s face because to do so would ruin the moment.

He’ll just deal with knowing for now.

Chapter End Notes

Ah yes, fluff is in the air.

I was actually going to add in a scene of them watching the movie, but I felt like that was a better stopping point. So next chapter is going to start with them watching it basically.

There may also be smut in the coming chapters, but we’ll see what happens.

Now I gotta go proof read HTP 7 to post it.
Chapter Notes

First things first: This chapter has smut. I know not everyone likes to read that so I'm letting them know now that you'll run into it some ways in. It's quite a ways in though.

Not much else to say beyond that. I'm sick but still writing as best I can. I had a beta reader for this chapter because I don't trust myself to catch mistakes very well in this condition. :'D (they were also very helpful in some wording changes and tips)

So thank you Remmy for the help. <3

See the end of the chapter for more notes

The group is only five minutes into the movie, but Katsuki is already annoyed that they started out with a song he considered stupid. All that revelry just because a cub was born.

Now there’s a lion with a scar over his eye rubbing him the wrong way and by the end of the scene he can’t help but agree with the stupid bird, a hornbill he believes it’s called, about turning said lion into a rug.

But Izuku seems to be enjoying it at least, if the fully lax feel of his body in Katsuki’s lap is any indication. The others speak quietly to each other at slow parts, but Katsuki manages to tune them out.

Izuku holds another piece of popcorn over his head, and Katsuki takes it with his mouth while his eyes are glued to the screen. Izuku looks up at Katsuki to see his attention focused solely on the screen, and he can’t help but to grin at the sight considering Katsuki was the first one to turn down this movie when it was brought up.

Twenty-six and a half minutes in and Katsuki is frowning deeply, his thoughts about the lion named Scar reigning true in his head. Then, as the line ‘I’m surrounded by idiots’ is spoken, he glances around at the others that he can see and can’t help but feel that should be his line.

The more Scar speaks, or sings in this current case, the more Katsuki relates the scrawny lion to Tomura Shigaraki, and the larger his contempt for the animal grows.

“Kacchan,” Izuku coos, squirming in Katsuki’s lap and dipping his head back to look up at Katsuki’s face. “Why are you mad?”

With the way Izuku reads his emotions even while distracted, he isn’t going to let the other stay in his lap much longer. Although as comfortable as they both are, he might let it slide. It’s a tough call.

“Because this lion is a fucking scumbag,” Katsuki answers quietly. He flares with more indignation when Izuku starts giggling at him.

“It’s just a movie,” Izuku said while facing forward again.

While Katsuki is aware of that, it doesn’t make the character any less of an asshole. Who even tries
to kill their own nephew just for a position they wouldn’t hold for long because they’re probably so
old?

Even more maddening is when he actually succeeds in killing the lion named Mufasa, and in one
of the worst ways possible. Looking him in the eye and letting his blatant betrayal be known in the
other lion’s last moment alive.

Izuku is giggling quietly again, causing Katsuki to stare down at the boy sunk low into his lap.
Katsuki is left wondering if Izuku actually finds this scene funny somehow.

“It’s because you’re so into the movie,” Izuku reassures him, feeling the annoyed gazed boring
down into the top of his head. His eyes are kept on the screen, but his attention is more so focused
on Katsuki’s body language. “You didn’t want to watch it, but now you seem so into it.”

It seems immensely more entertaining for Izuku to pay attention to Katsuki’s reactions to the movie
than it is to watch the actual movie. Whether that’s because he’s already seen the movie before, or
because Katsuki doesn’t often let his thoughts be known and he can now get a general feel for
them in this position, he doesn’t know.

But now, further into the movie, Katsuki seems to be keeping himself under control and not letting
much show. He’s been so still that Izuku actually glances up at him to make sure he’s still awake.
Upon doing so he sees that Katsuki is actually paying rapt attention to the movie and, as
disappointed as he is to lose the ability to read his boyfriend for the time being, he decides to leave
him be.

Now, the more Timon speaks the more Katsuki gets the urge to glare at Denki, which then forces
him to relate Pumba to Eijirou.

And just how many fucking songs are in this movie, Katsuki wonders as yet another begins. His
eyes roll from the line ‘Can you feel the love tonight’ and he can’t help but think of blowing up the
television if he didn’t have these stupid casts on. Though by the end of the song he’s staring down
at Izuku.

“Can you?”

Katsuki raises a brow at Izuku’s sudden question. “Can I what?”

“Can you feel the love tonight?” Izuku asked with the taint of held back snickering.

It takes Katsuki a second to realize Izuku is using the song’s line to make a joke. He’s
contemplating whether hitting Izuku over the head for making such a joke would be worth the pain
that would surely jolt up his arm, but he comes up with a better idea.

“You didn’t tell me lions were a turn on for you, Deku,” Katsuki whispers in Izuku’s ear. He takes
pleasure in watching Izuku go rigid, the stupid grin washed off his face and replaced with an
expression of shock.

“I-I’m not–”

“This is a pretty big surprise, but I suppose I can live with it,” Katsuki continues with a
condescending tone. He leans down and lets loose a breath on the shell of Izuku’s ear, then
whispers, “I guess I can be your lion king.”

The statement is followed by a low growl, leaving Izuku flustered. He looks up at Katsuki, and
only after seeing the smirk on the other’s face does he realize Katsuki is joking. It took another
couple of seconds for a smile to slowly form on his face. He sat up and faced forward again with a quickly murmured ‘Shut up’.

Katsuki brushed his lips against Izuku’s ear, causing him to fidget. He let out a quiet breath and grabbed onto Katsuki’s knees as the other dragged his lips gently across Izuku’s skin. Behind his ear, down his neck…

Out of the corner of his eye Izuku spotted the couch. The very same couch that was holding at least four of their former classmates with more seated in front of and on the other side of it, all within very close range of the pair.

“Kacchan…” Whether Katsuki is still trying to fluster him or actually managed to turn himself on with his joking he can’t tell, but he knows he has to stop this now lest the others find out what’s going on. “The others–”

A gasp shoots out of his mouth, cutting off his own sentence. There’s a pain jolting through his neck, and soon enough he realizes that Katsuki bit his collarbone. He’s flabbergasted that Katsuki would actually do such a thing with everyone else in the room, even if they’re not in the direct line of sight of any of them, and as alluring as the threat of being caught is he still isn’t willing to take this much of a chance. Not where all someone has to do is turn their head towards them.

“You’re lucky I can’t use my hands right now.” Katsuki’s mouth is removed from his skin just long enough to say that, and he can follow Katsuki’s line of sight right down to his own lap.

“Will you stop right now if I promise we’ll do it later?” The question sounds more like a plea coming from him. He needs to stop this now before he ends up not wanting to stop it.

Katsuki’s nibbling on his neck come to a halt. He’s frozen in place, unmoving even though his lips are still on Izuku’s skin. Another few seconds and he’s retreating, having left faint red spots to go with the new bite mark on Izuku’s collarbone.

“Fine,” he said in a low tone. He’s not angry, nor is he too displeased. Impatience is the closest he can relate it to.

He enjoys watching Izuku squirm under his touch, to know that it’s him causing Izuku such pleasure. His actions weren’t intended to lead to something right here and now, even he isn’t brash enough to engage in sexual activities in such close proximity to so many people he’ll have to see every day, but he’s grinning at the way Izuku’s legs are pressed together as if trying to hide something.

That’s enough for now.

By the time he’s looking back at the screen, Scar and Simba are fighting and he’s silently hoping for the former to die horribly.

He’s silently hoping Tomura Shigaraki and All For One both die horribly, too.

“Kacchan.”

He’s roused from his sleep by the loss of weight on his chest, rather than the call of his name. One
eye is cracked open to see Izuku hovering above him, and the other slowly follows suit.

“What?”

“Everyone else is asleep,” Izuku whispered, moving off of and reaching under the bed for the covers to Katsuki’s casts.

Katsuki groans inwardly, but he knows this is his own choice, and moves off of the bed to head for the nearby bathroom. He has to step over multiple people with the only light guiding him being Fumikage’s dim nightlight. Once he’s inside the bathroom he’s waiting for Izuku to come, and the boy shows not long after.

“Ready?”

“Yeah, yeah. Let’s get this over with.”

Izuku gives him an apologetic smile while turning on the shower and opening the sliding glass door.

The issue of Katsuki bathing came up earlier that day, and to save face Katsuki decided it’d be better to do it at night when everyone else is asleep. It isn’t something either of them really mind, but it does cause some loss of sleep.

“I’ll be inside in a second,” Izuku said, sending Katsuki on his way after undressing him and putting the waterproof covers on his casts.

Katsuki stepped inside the shower, and then immediately jumped back out. His glare is directed at Izuku, who is in the middle of stripping. Izuku stares back while taking his pants off, brow furrowed in confusion.

“Wha-?”

“You have it so fucking cold,” Katsuki hissed through gritted teeth, making a conscious effort not to yell.

“I thought I turned it on warm?” Izuku finished stripping and moved to place his hand in the water’s path. Sure enough his hand is jerked back to get away from the sheer coldness of the water. With a wince he turned the knob the other way, taking a good look at it before realizing there’s no signs for which way is hot and which is cold. “Sorry.”

It takes a few seconds for the water to warm up, but once warmed Katsuki moves inside and leans back against the shower wall. His head is turned up and his eyes closed while he lets the warm water wash over him. It’s one of the most calming things for him, to simply stand in the shower as such. It lets him forget all of his problems, if only for a moment, as if they were being washed away.

The shower door slides closed with a soft thud, which causes him to open his eyes halfway. He sees Izuku standing a little ahead of him with soap, a washrag and a bottle of shampoo and stares at the shampoo for a couple of seconds, until Izuku looks down at it questioningly, and then closes his eyes again.

“Don’t put that shit in my hair.”

“But there’s nothing else—”
“Don’t put that shit in my hair,” Katsuki repeated, his voice more authoritative the second time around. “It isn’t the kind I use.”

“There’s nothing else to use,” Izuku tried again, looking the bottle over. “It isn’t the greatest, but it’s something.”

Katsuki glared at the bottle, and Izuku opened the door to put it on the floor for later. Once the shower door is closed again, he motions towards where he placed it on the floor.

“Okay, it’s gone. Happy?”

Katsuki closed his eyes once more and visibly relaxed, leaving Izuku to look him over and smile. It’s become more common for him to see Katsuki in a relaxed state, but even he hasn’t seen Katsuki this relaxed before.

He decides to leave the other alone for a while, opting to clean himself first. Though by the time he’s just started working his way down from his neck to his chest he can feel a pair of eyes glaring into his back. A glance over his shoulder revealed Katsuki staring angrily at his back.

“You’re blocking all the fucking water,” Katsuki complains, his eyes fixating on the mop of green hair that is now being weighed down by water. “And you look like a wet fucking dog.”

Izuku pushed a few large strands of hair out of his eyes and looked up to Katsuki’s hair, noticing that even though it’s just as wet as his it still manages to stay upright. He remembers from the lake how Katsuki’s hair stayed upright even after being completely submerged as well.

“How do you get your hair to do that?”

Katsuki’s anger quickly turns into confusion. “Do what?”

“It doesn’t go down when it’s wet…”

Katsuki looks as far up as his eyes will allow, just barely seeing his bangs and how, even though they’re stuck to his forehead right now, they don’t seem to be weighed any further downward than normal. His cast comes up to brush across the tips of his hair, and as he feels the cover of the cast move across his hair he realizes that the spikes are in fact staying upright.

It’s something he never really noticed, or even stopped to think about, so he doesn’t have a real answer to the question. Izuku expected just as much from the look of contemplation he sees on Katsuki’s face.

“I don’t know.”

He let his arm drop back down to rest against the wall with his back, and it’s a second later that he realizes his feet are slowly slipping forward from the water under them because Izuku seems to be suspiciously growing taller right before his eyes. He quickly stands upright to prevent his oncoming fall, the action followed by a growl directed at Izuku’s stifled laughter.

“You’re always so angry, Kacchan. It’s nice to see you when you’re relaxed. You’re almost like a whole other person.”

Katsuki scoffed. “I’m not always angry.”

Izuku stared at Katsuki with a small smile, and Katsuki can practically hear the ‘Yes you are’ dangling on the tip of the other’s tongue. His jaw clenches and he glares back, frustration growing
more at the sight of Izuku’s eyebrows raising. The words on his tongue shift to ‘I told you so’ and Katsuki is trying not to yell at him now. Not only because it might wake someone up, but because it would just prove Izuku right.

Izuku continues to wash himself then, and Katsuki takes it upon himself to watch now as he works towards his lower regions.

“I thought you were trying to relax,” Izuku said, feeling the pair of eyes gawking shamelessly at his back. He’d kept his back to Katsuki to be polite, but at this point he isn’t sure if Katsuki didn’t want to see him as such or not.

“Watching you touch yourself is relaxing too,” Katsuki tried to argue. A weak, unconvincing argument at that, and he knows it.

“You’re such a pervert,” Izuku commented jokingly while bending down to start on his legs. “I’m not touching myself, I’m cleaning myself. There’s a difference.”

“You’re bent over with your bare ass barely a foot away from me and you’re calling me a pervert?”

“I can turn around if you want, so you can’t see it.” Silence is his only answer, and Izuku finds it funny that of everything, that threat is what shuts him up.

He’s done with his legs and works on his back, down to his backside. Once he’s finished he rinses out the washrag with the water, and then turns the knob slightly further to warm up the water that’s beginning to feel cold.

“Your turn,” Izuku said cheerfully, grabbing the bar of soap and taking a step towards Katsuki while rubbing it in the washrag.

Katsuki grimaced from the sight. This is another one of those things he’ll have to get used to for a while, but needing somebody else to clean him is, among other things, not something he wants to get used to.

“I know you hate it,” Izuku commented while lifting one of his arms and washing under it, “and I’m sorry you have to deal with it. But it’s just until you can use your hands again.”

He tried to make it go as fast as possible in the same order he did his own body, but while he’s working on Katsuki’s back he ends up taking his time while trying to think of how to get the other to let him wash his hair.

He has one idea he’s not entirely opposed to.

“You should really let me do your hair, Kacchan. It’s–”

“No.”

“–been a long time since it’s been washed properly,” Izuku continued after the abrupt interruption, still scrubbing Katsuki’s back. He expected refusal right at the beginning, but he thought he could at least get his first argument out beforehand. “It’s worse to not wash it at all than to use a shampoo you don’t like.”

“That’s debatable.” At this point he’s more so refusing out of stubborn pride to not put, what he deems, absolute shit in his hair.

“Will you use it if I do something for you in return?”
Katsuki glances over his shoulder at Izuku curiously when the other stops washing his back.

“Like what?”

Izuku pushed the hair out of his face again and grinned sheepishly at Katsuki. “Remember when I said we’d do that later?”

Katsuki stared at him for another few seconds, then turned around and pressed his back against the shower wall again. He’s intrigued by the offer, but there is the slight problem that everyone is technically within earshot if they were to make too much noise. Or at least all of the boys are. Even running the shower is a risk they decided to take.

“You know everyone is right on the other side of that door, right?”

“Yeah, but the door is locked and we’ll stay quiet,” Izuku reasoned with a suggestive smile, pressing himself flush against Katsuki. He’s sure enough Katsuki will take the bait, even more so when he feels Katsuki’s lower region slowly springing to life the longer he’s pressed against him. “They won’t find out.”

“Then what stopped you earlier?”

“Because we were two feet away from someone,” Izuku said, slipping his hand in between their bodies and grabbing hold of Katsuki between the legs. His thumb rubs across the tip and he takes in the look on Katsuki’s face when the other’s eyes close. He can feel Katsuki’s stomach expand with the large breath he sucks in, and deflate with the slow, shaky exhale. “Now we’re alone.”

Once Katsuki’s eyes peek open, he can follow the gaze down to one of his casts, and he knows Katsuki wouldn’t stand for being idly played with if he could grab hold of him. But he can’t, and Izuku plans to take advantage of that for now.

“So what? You get to wash my hair and I get to fuck you? Is that the best you’ve got?” Katsuki makes a show of rolling his eyes. Though as nonchalant as he tries to act about the whole situation, he’s still well aware of how his body is betraying him and showing his fervent interest. “I can wait. I can get you in the mood when my casts are off.”

“Kacchan, you can’t touch yourself until then,” Izuku points out with a small smirk. “Do you want to go that long without any type of release?”

Katsuki bites his lower lip with that thought in mind. It’s a problem he didn’t think about until just now, and one he wishes Izuku didn’t think of either.

“You can’t seriously be trying to seduce me just to wash my fucking hair,” Katsuki said, though he’s only complaining because it’s actually working.

“N-no! of course not.” Izuku takes a step back and looks down. His face turns a faint pink with the thought of what he’s planning to do, and he gets down on his knees in front of Katsuki. He stares up at Katsuki after giving the cock in his hand a long, slow lick from the base to the tip. “It’s also because I want to.”

Katsuki shuddered and his legs wobbled due to the sudden contact, then he’s glaring down at the boy staring up at him expectantly. “So fucking do it.”

“Say I can wash your hair first.” Izuku poked his tongue out and held it an inch away from Katsuki’s hardened member, waiting for an answer. His tongue retreated back into his mouth when Katsuki bucked his hips forward in an attempt to get the two to touch. With his hand still wrapped
around it, he pulls Katsuki’s cock to the side and rests his cheek between it and Katsuki’s thigh. “I’ll do it, but you have to agree first.”

Katsuki bites his lower lip harder than before. Having Izuku’s mouth so close reminds him of the few fantasies he’s had. Not uncommon fantasies ever since the night at the lake, but in none of them did he have to agree to anything for it to happen, and Izuku has been more than aware of him wanting this for a while now.

He sucks in another breath, this time because Izuku is nibbling on his inner thigh while pumping him painstakingly slow, and throws his head back against the wall with a soft thud. One word is murmured, but it’s too quiet for Izuku to hear over the running shower.

Izuku stops his nibbling and looks up at Katsuki’s strained expression. Softly he coos, “I didn’t hear you.”

“I said fine, so suck my fucking dick already.”

Izuku grins while reaching back for the shower knob. The water is turned slightly warmer, and then he takes the head of Katsuki’s cock into his mouth.

Katsuki can feel the warmth from the water envelop the upper half of his body just as well as he can feel the warmth from Izuku’s mouth envelop the lower part. He has to make another conscious effort not to slip from the water under his bare feet when the hand that was wrapped around him moves to rest on his thigh, all so Izuku can move forward and take more of him in. The motions cause his legs to widen as his body practically begs for him to take every last bit of it, and he has to hold down the soft whine fighting to escape his throat when Izuku stops halfway so he can begin to lick and suck what he has.

He glares down at the cast on his right arm, annoyed by his lack of ability to grab Izuku by the hair. His frustration begins to dissipate once Izuku starts bobbing his head, slow at first, and then he picks up speed bit by bit. His tongue is kept against the bottom of Katsuki’s cock, and he slows back down to a stop to vigorously lick along the length.

“Fucking shit,” Katsuki said in a breathy voice. His eyes are squeezed shut and the back of his head is resting against the wall, his face turned upwards to the ceiling.

Izuku grins up at Katsuki from his position on his knees. He rests his free hand on one knee while taking the few seconds he’s pumping Katsuki with his other to catch his breath. Obviously it’s a common enough occurrence for Katsuki to curse, but hearing him do so right now is enough to cause a feeling of pride to bubble up inside him.

Katsuki stares down at him when the feeling of warmth has left his lower region. Seeing that stupidly huge grin on his face is enough to make him clench his jaw, realizing what hell he has potentially wrought on himself. Izuku is forever going to hold that over his head now.

Before he has a chance to protest or make an excuse, Izuku slaps the cock back down onto his tongue and licks the length roughly. Instead of stopping at the tip, he licks his way down and right back up to lap up the precum at the tip.

Katsuki is losing his mind from the view alone at this point. The way Izuku closes his eyes and turns his head to lick the side, sticks his tongue as far out as it can go to run it across the underside, and ends it all with a kiss to the tip that leads to him taking every bit in.

It takes a second for his brain to register the fact that Izuku Midoriya, the person he feared and
hated for so long, now his trusted boyfriend and person of his fantasies, is actually on his knees deep throating him.

The thought is interrupted with the sound of coughing, and Katsuki’s gaze snaps down once the warmth leaves him. Izuku is wiping his mouth and coughing, until he’s opening one eye to look up at Katsuki.

“S-sorry–” another cough, then one last wipe of the mouth, “–I got too excited and tried to do too much.”

“If you practice it a lot you’ll get better at it,” Katsuki commented with a smirk.

Whether Katsuki is being serious or just trying to get him to do it again, Izuku can’t tell, but he can’t deny the logic either. He also doesn’t exactly want this to be the last time he ever does this…

“Try not to move,” Izuku said, a small, sheepish smile in place while pumping a few times.

He took Katsuki into his mouth once more, pushing forward more and more until he’s at the base. He breathes in through his nose slowly, not wanting to make any sudden movements, and then wiggles his head from side to side at a slow pace.

Katsuki is biting his lower lip, staring down at Izuku’s face. He’s getting close, but the words are caught in his throat as his mind screams at him not to disrupt this moment in any way, shape, or form. Unfortunately, he knows if he finishes without any warning while this deep in Izuku’s mouth, then his chances of getting the other boy to do this again would likely lessen greatly.

“Izuku–” he pauses to take a quick breath, “-fuck, I’m cumming.”

Izuku is already pulling away a little before his warning, licking along the entire length as he makes his way back to suck on the head. He guessed as much from the familiar twitches of Katsuki’s cock, and he’s waiting eagerly for what’s on the way. He continues to lick and suck until Katsuki finally cumms, then waits patiently for him to finish letting it all out.

Once he’s done, Katsuki looks down at Izuku, who’s staring up at him as if waiting for his attention. Once he’s sure he has Katsuki’s attention, Izuku swallows and retreats with one final lick, causing Katsuki to let out a shaky breath.

Izuku glances down at his own hardened cock jutting up from between his legs, and he’s filled with a sense of wanting. He didn’t bother to pleasure himself at all during that, so he looks up at Katsuki, who smirks in return.

“You got that shitty look on your face,” Katsuki says, stepping back to right himself from how much his feet have subtly slipped forward, “the one you get when you’re thinking about something.”

“Ah, n-no, I mean–”

“Shut up and stand up already. I can see your dick twitching from here.” Katsuki’s command is heeded quickly, and when Izuku is standing before him, with everything out in the open, he looks him over. His eyes come to rest between Izuku’s legs. “Put two fingers in my mouth.”

“Wha-?”

“Just fucking do it,” Katsuki barked, then side eyed the door for a second as if expecting the door to swing open for that.
Izuku was under the impression he’d have to take care of himself, given that he doesn’t want to ask Katsuki to do something for him if Katsuki isn’t in the mood anymore. Nevertheless, after Katsuki has licked and sucked on his fingers for a few moments, his hand retreats quickly after being bitten.

“Now press yourself against me,” Katsuki ordered, his voice unshaking and authoritative.

“What are you-?”

“Just fucking do it,” Katsuki hisses.

Izuku quickly pushes himself against Katsuki, still unsure of what to do with his hand and absolutely clueless as to where Katsuki is going with all of this.

“Now finger yourself,” Katsuki finally said, moving one of Izuku’s legs to the side with his foot. The motion is slow and gentle so as to not cause Izuku to suddenly slip and fall.

Oh. It clicks in Izuku’s head where Katsuki is going with this, and as eager as he is to do so he’s still feeling a little guilty about Katsuki pushing himself into this.

“You don’t have to, you know, if you can’t-”

“Don’t finish that sentence,” Katsuki growled. He’s almost offended that Izuku would be concerned about stamina or his arms being a problem. “I can’t get you ready, but I sure as hell don’t need my arms to jam my dick in your ass.”

“I-I meant if you weren’t in the mood or something, but okay,” Izuku said while positioning his fingers. He starts off with both, squeezing his eyes shut and biting his lip as they go in. His body moves forward on its own, and he quickly figures out why Katsuki told him to lean on him.

Katsuki watches him, pleased both by the face Izuku is making and by the way Izuku is pressing up against him harder and harder. His smirk grows from the sound Izuku makes when Izuku begins to stretch his fingers apart, and he’s already beginning to grow hard all over again from the sight.

Izuku attempts to kiss Katsuki, and frowns when Katsuki turns his head away.

“I’m not sure I want your mouth on mine after all of that,” Katsuki taunts him, not deterred at all from the glare the forms on Izuku’s face. “You just swallowed a load, you know?”

“Katsuki, please,” Izuku whines, dropping his forehead down onto Katsuki’s chin, “I need you.”

Izuku calling him by his name would’ve been enough by itself, but that last part really drove him to kissing the other. He can feel the desperation and lust in the way Izuku begins to stretch his fingers apart, and he’s already beginning to grow hard all over again from the sight.

Izuku adds a third finger, and to try to keep himself quiet he stops the kiss and bites down on Katsuki’s shoulder.

“Fuck, give me a goddamn warning before you do that,” Katsuki complained. He’d be more upset if Izuku weren’t rubbing against him and making such cute noises and faces, but currently he’s content with the way things are playing out. More so he’s not truly upset because he bites Izuku without warning from time to time as well.

He can feel the ‘Sorry’ mouthed against his shoulder. His head leans back again and he continues to watch Izuku, taking pleasure in the way the other’s wet body grinds against him. For all the times Izuku is easily embarrassed, Katsuki has quickly found out that the boy has virtually no
shame when it comes to activities that are sexual in nature, so long as it’s kept between the two of them.

He’s stuck briefly wondering if part of that is because Izuku is compensating for never having gotten close to anyone before this year, as even a friend or anything more, but he’s snapped out of those thoughts by Izuku moaning against his shoulder.

“You should be ready now.” He was waiting for Izuku to tell him when he’s ready, but Izuku has been at it for so long now that he’s afraid it might get done without him.

Izuku pauses and opens his eyes, panting softly against Katsuki’s shoulder. “Are we doing it right here?”

“In the shower? Fuck no. I can’t even fucking catch myself if I fall. Fuck that.” Katsuki nodded towards the shower’s glass sliding door. “Down there, but leave the shower on so there’s less of a chance for them to hear us.”

Izuku pulled his fingers out, wincing as they slid, and moved to open the door and let Katsuki out. Katsuki waited by the door for Izuku, who turned the shower as cold as it could get on his way out to preserve the hot water.

Once the door is shut, Izuku feels a chill run up his spine and turns to see Katsuki trying and failing to not show how cold he is.

“Where did you hide the bottle? Get it and then get on your back. And find some towels. It’s cold as fuck.”

“Actually,” Izuku glanced off to the side, rubbing the back of his neck, “I was thinking, maybe you can get on your back this time?”

“You’re not fucking me.” Katsuki is quick to deny him, his face empty of emotion. He’s not even angry that it’s brought up, as he expected one day it might, but he doesn’t plan on it happening soon, if ever.

“No, no, I mean, because if you’re on top you might hurt your arms trying to steady yourself, you know? S-so, m-maybe, um, I’ll r-ride you?”

Izuku is a stuttering mess while trying to propose this idea, but once the words are finally out in the open he’s grinning at Katsuki like an idiot with a red face. Katsuki seems to be processing this idea, and eventually he nods a couple of times.

“Fine,” he said while moving to lie on his back on the floor. He almost instantly regretted it when he realized the tiles would be freezing cold to his skin. Meanwhile Izuku is pulling out a bottle of lube they had hidden in the room and a towel from the cabinet.

He gets on his knees next to Katsuki and lays the towel out on the floor. Katsuki is quick to roll over onto it to escape from the coldness of the floor, and Izuku squirts himself a large handful of lube, then rubs it on Katsuki’s cock. A few moments later he’s still rubbing out of nervousness at this point. Katsuki can’t decide if he’s getting annoyed by this, because he wants Izuku to get on already, or if he’s pleased because he’s practically being masturbated right now and it does feel good.

“Deku-”

“I know, I know, sorry.”
Izuku moved on top of Katsuki, sitting on his knees, grabbed his cock and positioned it. He sucked in a deep breath and moved down, wincing as it first penetrated. He keeps going down at a slow pace until he has it all the way in and then lets out the breath in a contented sigh.

A glance down shows him a strained looking Katsuki, who is trying hard not to move until he’s sure Izuku is ready for him to. It’s getting harder and harder to hold still with the faces Izuku is making and the way his hard cock is hovering just above Katsuki’s stomach.

Izuku leaned forward and placed both hands on Katsuki’s chest. He starts moving his waist forward and back, starting off slow. Bit by bit he moves in a faster and faster pace until Katsuki reaches up to place his casts on Izuku’s hips. Immediately he’s pushed back down by Izuku’s hands on his shoulders, and he glares up in response.

Katsuki might complain about Izuku hardly giving him a chance to move if Izuku wasn’t clenching every so often as he moved. Izuku leaned back when he was sure Katsuki wouldn’t move again, placed his hands on the floor and started thrusting his waist up and down.

Katsuki boosted himself up on his elbows and watched Izuku with half lidded eyes. He tries to match the other’s rhythm, thrusting up when Izuku comes down, though his focus is stuck on the quiet moans and whines coming from him. He wants to tell Izuku to keep his voice down but the sounds are like music to his ears that he wouldn’t dare silence.

He’s aware of the view he’s giving Katsuki, nothing being hidden, his cock swinging wildly the more he moves, but he’s also well aware that it’s just the type of thing his boyfriend would want to see. Luckily for Katsuki he has lost all sense of shame, just wanting pleasure right now.

It’s not as though he should feel any shame in this situation, anyway.

Izuku brings one hand forward to start pumping himself, his other used to balance himself while he continued to ride Katsuki. He’s panting between moans and whines until he can feel himself getting close. His body has been aching for release since before they left the shower, feeling teased from being so aroused with no stimulation until now.

Katsuki is still matching his pace, more than appreciative of the view before his eyes. The sight Izuku is giving him, coupled with how tight Izuku squeezes around him when he finally cums, makes it all the more easier to finish as well.

Izuku freezes after pushing down, shuddering as he cums and feeling his backside become filled. He releases a shaky, satisfied sigh. Once the feeling of satisfaction begins to leave him he looks down at Katsuki and goes stiff.

Katsuki is lying flat on his back, his eyes closed while still within his own glow of pleasure. He cracks one eye open and glances up at Izuku. He can already feel the reason Izuku looks slightly horrified, but he isn’t angry about it like Izuku might think he is. He opens the other eye and looks down at the cum still dribbling out of Izuku onto his stomach, following the trail along his chest until he can’t see it anymore.

“You came on my face.” It isn’t a question, and the matter of fact tone reflects that. He already knows because he can feel the sticky gobs on his cheek, forehead and chin.

“I…” Izuku is at a loss for words. As much as he likes the sight, even finding it a bit of a turn on, he’s afraid of the reaction Katsuki is going to have. Does he actually not mind, or will this be one of those angry outbursts that starts off calm and then explodes out of nowhere? The suspense is killing him, and not in a good way.
Katsuki lets out a small laugh, causing Izuku to quickly relax and grin. “How does it look?”

“K-kind of hot?” He definitely likes the look, even more so knowing it’s his own cum all over Katsuki’s face.

Katsuki lay there for a bit, staring at the ceiling. Izuku doesn’t know whether to try to get his attention or not, but they should clean themselves off and get to bed soon. He especially wants to be up so he can start morning exercises to help continue to improve his quirk more now that he feels settled into this place.

After what feels like an eternity of waiting, the only noise in the room being the running shower, Izuku jumps a little when Katsuki’s voice pierces the silence.

“I kind of like it. Let’s do it like this again sometime.”

Izuku feels like pushing his luck, seeing how Katsuki seems to be so cooperative lately. “Maybe next time I-”

“No.”

“Kacchan,” Izuku whines, “you don’t even know what I was going to say!”

“You’re not fucking me.”

“But you don’t know you won’t like it if you don’t even try!”

Katsuki goes quiet, still staring at the ceiling, thinking about the truth behind what Izuku just said. “Fine, but not tonight.”

Izuku is already bouncing with joy, shaking his fists excitedly at getting Katsuki to agree. “Okay, cool-”

“Stop fucking bouncing and get off of me!”

Izuku is quick to climb off of him and pull him up. He leads Katsuki back to the shower, getting the sliding door half open when Katsuki calls to him. When he turns around he barely has any time to react at all before Katsuki’s face is shoved up to and rubbed against Izuku’s. Once he’s sufficiently rubbed the semen onto Izuku’s shocked face he retreats and grins at him.

“Yeah, you’re right, it does look a little hot.”

Izuku quivered with a grimace. For revenge, instead of saying a single word, he lets Katsuki walk past him, shove the sliding door the rest of the way open with his foot, and walk right into the freezing cold water.

“Fuck!”

Chapter End Notes

There's less than ten chapters (I believe) left. It's almost over, so I hope everyone is ready for the final push!
See you all next time~
And after a long, long time I’m back at it again.

I know a lot of people probably think I abandoned the fic, but nah. Just had writer’s block that led into a long break. But now I have two chapters to post for both fics.

So, ya know, enjoy.

(I posted both 25 and 26 on the same day. Saying so in case anyone skips one on accident)

“Just another few seconds.” Katsuki’s arm is tired. He’s getting annoyed by the sound of the saw. Izuku is sitting next to him and keeping him calm while the technician does their work, holding his already freed hand. “And there we go!”

The second cast splits in half and drops to the ground. Katsuki started stretching his freed fingers, the fact they’re horribly stiff and don’t go very far at first not deterring him in the slightest. Izuku grabs his arm gently to get him to stop.

“The muscles are still weak from not being used for so long, so you have to limit your movements for a while.” Katsuki nodded and curled his fingers into a loose fist. His arm is pale and slightly shrunken from just below the elbow to his fingertips. “Think of it like you just manifested your quirk-”

“I get it,” Katsuki interrupted, staring at his palms. It’s been well over a month since his arms were put in casts, and seeing them drop to the ground is nothing short of pleasing.

His gaze landed on the signatures everyone wrote on each while he was asleep one morning. As stupid as the gesture was, it still felt somewhat endearing. There’s a few drawings and colors decorating some of the names, such as the sound waves around Kyouka’s name, the lightning bolts around Denki’s, the flowers around Mina’s and what he assumes are sparkly laser beams above and below Yuuga’s. There are rocky lines drawn around Eijirou’s, crudely drawn sweets around Rikidou’s, and two black claws that resemble Dark Shadow’s around Fumikage’s.

Bittersweet. The term brings itself forward in his mind. That’s what he would define watching the casts be carried away for medical waste.

He doesn’t remember exactly when they did it. He does know Izuku is likely the reason for it. The past month Izuku has been waking up early in the morning to run laps around that target practice area they’ve been using. It’s a big enough room that he can treat it like a track field, and often Katsuki would join him. If he can’t use his quirk he might as well do something to burn off extra energy.

He, Aizawa and Izuku exit the room once the technician tells him he’s fine to leave. The doctor’s words about taking it easy and using his arms gradually to help the muscles recover repeat themselves in his head.
“Don’t use your quirk for at least a week. Only do very light explosions to get used to it again when you do,” Aizawa said as if he were reading Katsuki’s mind. “And wash your arms carefully before you try. We don’t know just how much sweat your hands have accumulated during the time you’ve had those casts on.”

Katsuki grimaced, remembering all the times he felt the sweat amassing under his casts. Had he ever used his quirk during one of those times there’s a good chance he could have potentially lost an arm from all of it igniting at once.

It’s a short trip from the nearby hospital back to the building that housed everyone else. The entire way Aizawa can’t help the feeling of eyes on them. Once inside, the feeling vanishes, though his suspicion does not.

“Take Bakugou back down and help him get situated. Let everyone know he’s fine,” Aizawa said to Izuku, “I’ve got to find Present Mic and take care of something.”

Katsuki is already moving into the elevator, leaving Izuku to come running to catch it before the doors shut after he’s done speaking with Aizawa.

“Were you just going to leave me up here?”

“You were taking too long,” Katsuki responded, already pressing the button to go down to the residential area.

Katsuki has already been forgiven with a roll of Izuku’s eyes. He can understand Katsuki’s eagerness and impatience to get back and start getting his arm muscles back in shape. Katsuki wants to get back to using his quirk as soon as possible, and Izuku can understand that well enough after the times he hasn’t been able to use his own quirk due to damaged body parts. Just a few days is maddening, so a whole month must have been killing Katsuki on the inside.

Izuku jumped from the sudden ‘Pop!’ that jerked him out of his thoughts. He looked over to Katsuki’s outstretched arm. Another miniscule ‘Pop!’ goes off in Katsuki’s hand, and then another.

“Kacchan, you really shouldn’t–”

“I know what I’m doing,” Katsuki interrupted, switching to his other hand.

“What if you hurt yourself?” Izuku said, reaching for Katsuki’s hand.

“What if you get shot out of a cannon into the fucking moon?” Katsuki retorted, backing away and glaring Izuku down.

“What does… what?” Izuku asked, bewildered as to how that scenario came up.

“What if I hurt myself? What if you get shot out of a cannon into the fucking moon? The answer is the same for both questions,” Katsuki explained, setting off a series of explosions that gradually get bigger and bigger. “You shut the fuck up and deal with it. That’s what.”

“That isn’t even close to the same thing!”

“ Shut up!”

Izuku snaps his mouth closed and stares down at the ground. Even with all they’ve gone through in the past months Katsuki’s enraged shouts still prove to be enough to shut Izuku down from time to time. The shout has put him in a position to continue worrying while being afraid to help.
Instincts instilled into him from past encounters are not so easily overcame.

From the corner of his eye he sees a small movement. A twitch of Katsuki’s hand reaching for his and then stopping just short. Again it moves for Izuku’s hand, and again it stops.

Izuku, confused, chanced a glance at Katsuki. He’s staring at their hands, no more minuscule explosions radiating from his, as though he’s trying to make a decision. His pinky finger twitched one last time before Izuku tentatively grabbed his hand.

The both stood in silence, hand in hand, the rest of the elevator ride down.

It’s been a few days since Katsuki has gotten his casts off. He had immediately gone back to doing everything without help the moment he could, much to Izuku’s pleasure. Not that he minded helping Katsuki with anything that was needed. It makes him happier to know when Katsuki is around him, it’s because he is wanted instead of needed.

Much to Izuku’s displeasure however, Katsuki has rarely been seen awake by anyone ever since the casts came off. The day he came back he went from the elevator straight to the bedroom. He stays in bed all the time now.

True that it still isn’t uncommon for him to be seen, given that there are very few places for him to go and a fair amount of his peers are all around. Still, it feels as though he’s making an attempt to not be seen.

On the fourth night Izuku wakes up from a lack of warmth. It doesn’t take long to come to his senses and realize he isn’t sleeping on top of Katsuki. He sleepily reaches around to find the other, intent on crawling back on so as to not shove Katsuki out of bed by accident. His arm moves slowly from left to right, then increasingly faster until he realizes Katsuki isn’t there.

Katsuki is gone, and with him goes Izuku’s will to sleep.

Izuku tiptoes around the various people still asleep on the floor, having long memorized the spots they sleep in enough to avoid them in the utter darkness. He doesn’t find Katsuki in the bathroom, common room, or the kitchen.

It’s not unusual for Katsuki to go off on his own. What is unusual is for him to go off on his own in the dead of night without saying a single word to Izuku about it. Izuku, knowing the threat that’s after all of them, begins to worry enough that he considers searching the girls’ room.

The thought of Katsuki sneaking into the girls’ room in the middle of the night is so alien that Izuku decides against checking. Instead he goes to the place his peers have dubbed the ‘training room’. That’s the only half-sensible location left to search. If Katsuki ended up going outside, something must be very wrong.

He stepped out of the elevator to see Katsuki sitting on the floor some ways into the room, back facing him and shoulders hunched forward. Neither say a word as Izuku moved to sit next to Katsuki. He hugged his knees up to his chest and stared ahead into the brightly lit room.

He could tell Katsuki is upset about something. It shows in the way Katsuki stares silently with him, still not acknowledging Izuku’s presence.
Izuku wished he knew what to say to make Katsuki feel better about whatever is bothering him. He only has a couple of ideas of what might be wrong and picking the wrong one could possibly make things worse.

“Why are you awake?” Katsuki asked.

Izuku looked at him briefly, wondering why the answer to that isn’t obvious. “Because you weren’t there.”

“I’ve only been gone for fifteen minutes.”

Izuku shrugged. “You’re warm. It got really cold without you. Our bed is right under the vent.”

Another bout of silence. Izuku learned from the last few times that if Katsuki has something to talk about, it’s probably best not to push him. If Katsuki wants to sit in silence then Izuku will stay up all night. He has nothing important happening tomorrow to prevent him from doing so. If Katsuki needs him to leave, he’ll reluctantly do so. If Katsuki needs to talk, he’ll happily listen.

They sat in silence too long for Izuku to know how much time has passed. Katsuki raised one hand in front of his face and stared at it. The action caught Izuku’s attention too. Izuku watched him stare at his hand until the thoughtful expression morphed into one of irritation.

“They’ve already gotten a lot of color back,” Izuku tried, his guess for what’s bothering Katsuki narrowed down to the state of his arms. “Look, they’re not so shrunken anymore either.”

Izuku reached for Katsuki’s hand and slowly ran his index and middle finger across the palm. A small explosion goes off in Katsuki’s palm. Izuku jumped and pulled his fingers away, then stared forward again timidly. While it was surprising and disconcerting, it didn’t harm him.

“They piss me off.” Katsuki’s gaze stayed steady on his hand. “I don’t like looking at them. They’re ugly and remind me of the failure.”

Izuku glanced at Katsuki’s hand, then forward once more. He leaned to the side and rested his head against Katsuki’s shoulder. Katsuki’s hand didn’t look that bad anymore. The color is almost all back, the shrunched appearance all gone, and the size already back to normal. The only semblance that Katsuki’s hand is still recovering is the slight paleness of his skin from the elbow down. Izuku doesn’t see any ugliness where Katsuki is looking.

Izuku raised his scarred hand and held it next to Katsuki’s hand. He doesn’t consider this scar a sign of failure, just like he doesn’t consider Katsuki’s recovering arms a sign of failure. They’re symbols of success to him, in fact. Something to learn from too, not to feel remorse over.

“The scars on my hand look far worse. Do you think they’re ugly?” Katsuki stared at Izuku’s hand, and then shook his head. Izuku grabbed Katsuki’s hand and intertwined their fingers. “Your arm, your hand, isn’t ugly either. You didn’t fail. So many of our friends are alive because of you. Because you gave them the chance to escape. You put yourself in horrible danger so everyone else would be safe. Your injury isn’t a symbol that you lost the fight. It’s a symbol that everyone else got to safety.”

Katsuki continued to stare at their hands. Their interlocked fingers wouldn’t stop him from pulling away should he want to. Izuku’s grip is loose enough that he’d get away without a fight.

He grips Izuku’s hand and lays his head on top of Izuku’s. “I hate when you’re right.”

Izuku smiled. “What were you down here for anyway?”
Katsuki answered with an explosion from his free hand. The sound, even without the echo that rang through the large room, is enough to make Izuku jump. A safe guess would be that Katsuki has been down here using his quirk to regain strength with it.

“I’ve been down here for a few hours every night. Haven’t been going crazy or anything, just getting used to it again.” Katsuki furled and unfurled the fingers on his free hand. “Fucking hurts sometimes, so I have to take a lot of breaks. Pisses me off every time I have to.”

“I don’t think you should be doing them at all yet, so it’s good you’re taking breaks.” Izuku’s eyes scanned the room. There’s no evidence of Katsuki blowing up anything in specific. No scorch marks on any of the targets, walls, or floor. No broken dummies. “I don’t suppose I can talk you out of doing it at all for a little while longer?”

“No.” Katsuki’s answer is quick and decisive. His tone gives no leeway to argument or debate. “I want to end this shitty lifestyle as soon as possible. If I didn’t get injured we would’ve already dealt with the league of assholes and been moving on with our lives.”

“Don’t blame yourself for that.”

“It’s true.” Katsuki reeled back from the sharp pain on his shoulder. He stared incredulously at the angry expression Izuku had and considered Izuku might have gone mad from lack of sleep already. “You fucking–”

“You can’t blame yourself for that if you don’t know that’s what we would even do next! Aizawa didn’t clearly say we would do that immediately after freeing everyone else. Especially because Shouji, Nedzu and Recovery Girl didn’t get away. And that’s my fault. Not yours. We still haven’t even found any of the students from class B yet.”

Katsuki shoved Izuku away, breaking their hold on each other’s hands. “You just fucking bit me!”

Izuku scooted away, hugged his knees to his chest, and looked away. He believes he’ll regret saying this, even if Katsuki needs to hear it right now.

“Yeah, I did because you’re being dumb.”

Izuku can feel the glare directed at him, hear the irregular breathing beginning from Katsuki. Regardless of not wanting to say that, sometimes it just needs to be said. This is one of those times, he felt. Perhaps it isn’t and he’s made a mistake. Either way it’s already done, and now he’s awaiting the outburst that’s sure to come from insulting Katsuki Bakugou.

He stayed braced and waiting for what felt like forever, the only sound being Katsuki’s angered huffing and puffing that’s slowing down. There’s no outburst before the noise dies back down to regular breathing that Izuku can’t hear. He looks to Katsuki from the corners of his eyes, curious as to when Katsuki will lose control.

Surprisingly Katsuki looks well in control. Still a faint scowl, yet no evidence of an oncoming outburst.

“Just because it doesn’t make sense to you doesn’t mean it’s dumb, fucking idiot,” Katsuki said.

“It makes sense to me because I’ve had similar thoughts about myself before. That’s why I know it’s dumb.” Izuku looked to Katsuki again and rested his cheek on his knees. “I mess up a lot. Because of that I think a lot about how my screw ups inconvenience everyone. I don’t know how it feels for you. I can only assume it feels almost the same. It hurts to think about and you can’t think about anything else because you want to stay by yourself. You feel like if you go to someone else,
you’ll think about how you screwed them over. So you stay by yourself and think about how you screwed everyone over by yourself. You think about how you want to get better so it doesn’t happen again. So things that are out of your control are no longer out of your control.”

Katsuki stared at Izuku. Most of that is true, and Katsuki is a little surprised Izuku does understand. Not that he should be surprised, given how Izuku is merely speaking of his own past experiences. Katsuki should’ve known Izuku of all people would know what he’s feeling. Up to this point in his life Izuku has almost always been one of the very, very few who ever do.

Izuku crawled on his hands and knees to stop in front of Katsuki. He sat on his knees and grabbed Katsuki’s hands, holding them between the two of them and rubbed his thumb across one of Katsuki’s hands once.

“I know at least a little about how you’re feeling, and feel free to tell me if I’m wrong about any of it. You don’t have to think about how we’re waiting on you before we go after the villains. We’re waiting for you because we need you. Because I need you. You’re truly amazing, Kacchan, and I don’t think we could do this without you.” Izuku tilted his head to the side and a bright smile broke out on his face. “If you didn’t get hurt, we’d be going after the villains with everyone else either captured or dead. Because of you we’re going after them knowing everyone we got is safe, and I’ll feel so much better knowing you’re fighting right next to me.”

Katsuki rolled his eyes, groaning at the mushiness of Izuku’s words. “All right, all right, I get it. I did well and all that shit.”

Izuku crawled back to Katsuki’s side and laid his head in Katsuki’s lap. He doesn’t believe Katsuki is fully over it; it’s rare for someone as full of pride as Katsuki to shrug off what they consider a failure so easily. Even so, they both need sleep, and Izuku is falling asleep already.

A large yawn escapes him. “Come on my morning run with me tomorrow. I’ll help you get used to your quirk again afterwards.”

Katsuki raised an eyebrow. “How are you supposed to help with that?”

Izuku shrugged, and then buried his face in Katsuki’s shirt. He said something too muffled for Katsuki to hear. Katsuki pulled his head back by his shirt collar and told him to repeat himself.

“I said we’ll spar or something. Or I’ll just watch you and be there for you. Whatever helps.”

Katsuki released Izuku’s shirt and Izuku’s head dropped back down into his lap. He considered the proposition, and then shook his head slowly.

“No. The size and power of the explosions are coming back pretty fast, but I don’t think I’m ready for sparring or anything. At least not with someone who can break a brick wall with his fucking pinky finger.” Katsuki heard a muffled snort from below. The corner of his mouth tugged upwards, a hint of a smile working its way onto his mouth from Izuku’s sleepy laughter. “We’ll wait a couple of weeks just to be sure. And I’m not using this place during the day. I don’t want any of these assholes to see me like this.”

He isn’t afraid of his arms getting injured from his explosions. As long as the explosions aren’t too big he doesn’t need to worry about the recoil harming his arms. He is afraid of something, or rather someone, he can’t control hitting his arms and potentially breaking them all over again because they don’t know how much strength to use. Whether it’s Izuku or not doesn’t matter, though the fact Izuku has the power of All Might coursing through him at will doesn’t do well to make him think twice about trying.
He doesn’t want to be in this state any longer than he has to. Preferably he wouldn’t be in this state at all.

“Okay,” Izuku said in a muffled voice. He turned his head up at Katsuki with his eyes closed. “They won’t make fun of you, but if it’s what you want I won’t talk you out of it. Will you come sleep with me tonight still? I miss you.”

Katsuki rolled his eyes again and ran his hand through Izuku’s hair. “I’m not tired because I’ve been sleeping during the day so I could be up at night when no one else is.”

Izuku laid there in silence for a moment, his eyes still closed, before replying in a quiet voice, “Okay.”

Katsuki, unable to tell if Izuku is disappointed, half asleep, or both, sighed quietly. “Fine, I’ll come lie down with you awhile.”

Izuku turned his head again and pulled Katsuki into an awkward, sideways hug. Katsuki let him stay like that for a few seconds, then patted him on the head and stood up to lead Izuku back to their bed.

Izuku leaned against Katsuki in the elevator, eyes still closed and head on Katsuki’s shoulder. Katsuki snaked an arm around Izuku’s waist and let him stay like that. After the elevator stopped he grabbed Izuku’s hand and led him down the hall to the boys’ room.

They stopped in the doorway for a moment, and then Katsuki lifted Izuku up to prevent the half conscious boy from stepping on anyone. Izuku wrapped his arms around Katsuki’s neck and rested his head on Katsuki’s shoulder. His legs wrapped around Katsuki’s waist and he let himself be carried to the bed.

Katsuki laid them both down with Izuku on top of him. He brushed a tuft of hair out of Izuku’s face and laid there listening to Izuku’s soft breathing.

*Can’t believe I love this fucking nerd*, Katsuki thought while hugging Izuku and closing his eyes.
Chapter 26

Chapter Notes

And here we have the beginning of the end. Only a handful of chapters left now before the fic is done, so I hope you all are ready for the final battle!

It begins next chapter!

(I posted both 25 and 26 on the same day. Saying so in case anyone skips one on accident)

Izuku landed on the floor hard, the surface almost cracking under his glowing legs. He can’t let himself get caught here or it’s all over. He’ll die and all will be lost.

He jumps over to the side, then the other way, and follows up with a charge forward into a leaping kick. The kick is dodged and Izuku is hit, sent tumbling to the ground hard enough to bounce off the floor a few times as he went. He rolled over onto his side and glared at his opponent.

*I can’t lose. I’ll die if I do. I can’t die yet.*

No one else is going to help him. Even if anyone else was around he wouldn’t accept the help anyway.

“What the fuck are you mumbling about?” Katsuki yelled at him, a maniacal grin on his face. “Didn’t I tell you I won’t let you think? A villain isn’t going to stop and let you think either!”

Katsuki propelled himself toward Izuku with an explosion. Izuku stuck his hand out to catch Katsuki and was kicked in the face when Katsuki used his explosions to twist himself in mid-air. Before he could hit the ground Katsuki caught him by the shirt collar and threw him up into the air.

*I can’t lose cause Kacchan will totally kill me if I lose again!*  

Izuku did a downward strike with all his strength, sending a strong gust of wind down to blow Katsuki to the ground. Katsuki tried to move out of the way, but didn’t make it out in time. Izuku landed back down on the ground and stomped his foot. A chunk of the floor flew up in front of him due to the impact and he kicked it towards Katsuki, who was just beginning to stand up.

Katsuki ducked and the rock whizzed by. When he looks up again Izuku is already standing above him in mid-swing. Katsuki slapped the punch away with an explosion from his palm while still down on one knee, and then did the same to another. He headbutted Izuku in the stomach and lifted him up with his hands on Izuku’s chest and stomach.

Izuku flailed as Katsuki let loose an explosion from each palm, sending Izuku up into the air again. He propelled himself upward to follow immediately after, intent on keeping Izuku off the ground.

*You can’t fight in the air, but I can.*

Izuku scrambled about in the air, his arms swinging at nothing. There’s nothing for him to grab onto, nothing to stop him from going up, and only one thing that’s now stopping him from going
Katsuki met Izuku in the air with a knee to Izuku’s stomach. He set off another explosion from each hand to push them both higher up and slapped his hand onto Izuku’s face.

In any normal situation he wouldn’t dare think to do this to his boyfriend, but he knows now more than ever Izuku can take it. He knows when Izuku has that strange glow all around his body that he can take anything Katsuki throws at him.

And so he lets loose the explosion on Izuku’s face, only to find in his hesitation, in the moment he doubted Izuku could take the hit, Izuku had grabbed Katsuki’s wrist and moved his head out of the way.

“Fuck me,” Katsuki grumbled, knowing full well how much he just screwed up.

Izuku twisted his body around to swing Katsuki over his shoulder and down to the ground. Katsuki rocketed through the air and landed on the floor. The cement cracked on impact and he lost all the air in his lungs the moment his back touched the ground. A wave of pain erupted through his entire body and everything went blurry for a split second.

Izuku landed on the ground, his quirk already deactivated. He ran to Katsuki’s side and knelt beside him, panic on every feature of his face.

“Crap, are you alright?” Izuku touched Katsuki’s cheek gingerly. “I-I didn’t mean to throw you that hard. I got a little carried away. I’m so sor-”

Izuku is cut off by a hand shoving him down onto the ground face first. There’s no explosion like he would expect, but he’s waiting for the yelling and screaming that will inevitably follow. His arms are bent behind his back and Katsuki holds them in place. Izuku can feel a knee digging into his back and Katsuki’s other leg holding his own legs down.

“You let your guard down. Again.” Katsuki pressed down on Izuku’s head harder, then grabbed Izuku’s hair and rubbed his face into the ground. “You want to stop eating dirt? Then quit getting worried about hurting your opponent.”

Izuku closed his eyes and gritted his teeth. When Katsuki lifted his head he replied, “I let my guard down because I was worried about you. Forget being my opponent for a minute, I was worried that I had hurt you.”

Katsuki snorted in response. He got off of Izuku to let the other up and stood with his arms crossed, glaring Izuku down while Izuku dusted himself off.

“I’m not that fragile. Yeah it fucking hurt, but that’s the point. You’re supposed to hurt your enemy, because they’re not going to worry about hurting you.”

“We’re supposed to be heroes, Kacchan. We still have to hold back to some degree. Hurting them permanently isn’t what we do and, no offense, but I have a lot more strength to worry about and learn how to control than you do.” Izuku rubbed his arm and stared down at the ground, a forlorn look about his face. “I’m just barely at 100% with One For All now and I’m still trying to figure out how to, you know, hit someone without tearing their head off. It kind of scares me a little to know I could accidentally kill someone if I get desperate or something.”

Katsuki’s glare softened. He forgot that Izuku hasn’t had that long to gain control of his quirk like everyone else. Anyone else has been using their quirk since before grade school, learning their limits and how to keep within safe boundaries as they progress through the years.
Izuku, on the other hand, has had less than a year to gain precise control over a quirk that has recently been growing exponentially in power. Just when he thinks he has it figured out, it gets stronger and more dangerous, and he has to compensate for the newfound strength.

Katsuki remembers well his own time spent trying to control his explosions. His attempts to gain precise control over size and power to be able to use an explosion right in someone’s face without seriously injuring them or to maneuver around the field of combat without overshotting and sending himself flying.

“All right, fine, yeah.” Katsuki scratched the back of his head and scowled at the ground. “You have a point. Still, we’re going to need you at your best tonight. Everyone is going to need to be at their best tonight. You’re afraid of hurting someone too badly, but this is the guy who took out All Might. There’s a chance we might not get out of this without somebody dying.”

“Kacchan-”

Katsuki slapped a hand down on Izuku’s shoulder and stared him dead in the eye. The intense fire in his eyes is enough to silence Izuku.

“We might get him without any deaths, or he might have to be the death. Whoever the fuck dies, you make sure it isn’t you.”

“Kacch-”

“You make sure that it isn’t you. Because I’m going to make damn fucking sure that, if anyone, it’s going to be him. If I have to choose between being a proper hero or keeping you alive, I’m going to choose you.”

Izuku’s heart clenched in his chest. “O-okay. But you have to make sure it isn’t you either.”

“As if I’d die,” Katsuki retorted.

The elevator doors opened, catching the attention of both of them. Aizawa stepped out and waved for them to approach. They did, though they already know what he wants them for.

It’s been a little over three weeks since Katsuki’s casts were removed. He’s been considered healed enough to fight for a while now, but Aizawa insisted on giving him a little longer to be sure. Truthfully Aizawa doesn’t like the idea of dragging the two of them out into the fight at all.

He knows he can’t, and shouldn’t, protect them forever.

“Suit up. The others are upstairs. We’re going to discuss the plan and then head out to the villain’s main base. We should arrive there by nightfall. That’s when we’ll start.”

Izuku and Katsuki looked to each other, nodded once, and stepped into the elevator with Aizawa.

They stopped in the residential area. The moment the doors opened to let them out the three of them are surprised to see almost the entirety of the rest of Izuku and Katsuki’s peers gathered around the elevator. A handful of them are sporting glowers and scowls, very obviously annoyed at something.

“How come they get to go and we don’t?!” Mina asked Aizawa, pointing an accusing finger at Katsuki and Izuku.

“What?” Izuku said. He looked up to Aizawa questioningly, his brows furrowed. “Go where?”
“The pro heroes have decided not to take everyone with us to this battle. Too many people for the few pros we have to make sure they don’t get seriously injured.” Aizawa waved the pair off to go get their hero outfits on, blatantly ignoring the looks the rest of his former students are giving him. He doesn’t care as much what they think as he does their safety and, were it not for Izuku’s quirk being a necessity and Bakugou’s extremely possessive attitude and innate battle sense, he wouldn’t be taking the two of them either. “This isn’t field training for experience or some movie you saw with your friends where everyone goes to the final battle together and everything turns out okay. We decided ahead of time that a small, qualified team will be best for this and cause the least amount of chaos.”

“That still doesn’t explain why they get to go,” Eijirou complained. “It’s not manly at all for all of us to hide out here while two of our friends go risk their lives. What kind of heroes are we if we let them go without us?”

“You’re not heroes whether you go or not,” Aizawa stated firmly. He pushed Katsuki and Izuku forward to get them out of this conversation and expedite their order to go get ready. Coming back into the residential area to be bombarded with questions and demands is something he wanted to avoid, even though he knew he couldn’t.

“They aren’t either,” Tsuyu argued quietly, pointing at the pair’s retreating backs.

“I’m aware,” Aizawa replied, watching the both of them go and proceeding to ignore all other arguments.

Aizawa, Izuku and Katsuki all entered a room upstairs. They’re on the third floor of the same building they’ve been living under, in a small meeting room. In the middle of the room is a circular table with the rest of the remaining known pro heroes seated around it.

Present Mic, Cementoss, Snipe, Edgeshot, Gran Torino, Ectoplasm and Midnight. Izuku and Katsuki know them all by name and face and, given their quirks, neither are surprised to see these are the current survivors.

Aizawa didn’t hesitate in closing the door and making his way to an empty seat, leaving Katsuki and Izuku to be stared at until the duo quickly found a couple of seats for themselves. Izuku sat in an empty chair next to Gran Torino, and Katsuki between Izuku and Aizawa.

“Now that we’re all here,” Gran Torino said, “We’ll discuss how to go about this assault. After that, we can officially consider this mission started.”

All but Izuku and Katsuki nodded in unison.

“From what we know right now, they are likely to know that we’re coming. We believe the girl, Himiko Toga, has been using her quirk to disguise herself as civilians to keep an eye on us. We don’t know if she’s made it into the building and figured out what we’re up to, but at least two employees have been noted as acting strange recently and there’s been a large spike in activity from Noumus. They’ve all been congregating to what we know to be their main stronghold, where All For One is currently holed up,” Nemuri explained. “They’re convinced we have no chance at all, so they have yet to move to another base.”

“How sure are we of that?” Ectoplasm asked
“Edgeshot and I have been keepin’ a steady eye on their movements up to this point,” Snipe reassured everyone, his statement being followed by a nod from Shinya. “We took turns keepin’ watch while the other slept to make sure we didn’t miss a thing. Only way out without us knowin’ would be if Kurogiri warped them somewhere.”

“Doubt it,” Katsuki interjected. All eyes turned to him and suddenly he felt a pang of something he isn’t used to feeling ring through his body.

Anxiousness? he wondered.

He was sure of himself when he spoke, though now that he has the eyes and ears, the unwavering attention, of eight pro heroes who were in the middle of their most important meeting on him he suddenly isn’t so sure he should’ve spoken.

There’s a feeling of inadequacy accompanied by the anxiousness. However small it may be, it drives him to realize he just interrupted an important conversation between people who have been doing what he aspires to do all their adult lives.

They know what they’re talking about. He’s just a high school kid.

“Out wit’ it then, boy,” Snipe urged him. “We ain’t got all day. If you’ve got knowledge on these guys, let us know.”

Katsuki glanced at Aizawa, almost as if silently asking permission. If this were a group of his peers he’d have said his piece, called them all idiots, and moved on before even being urged to. But even Katsuki, in all his bloated pride and ego, knows when not to make enemies of his superiors.

“You and Midoriya weren’t only brought into this meeting because you’ve been allowed onto the field with us,” Aizawa said from his spot next to Katsuki. “You’re here because you’ve both been the closest to the villains out of everyone here. You’ve each had your own personal conversation with Shigaraki. You’re also here because you could have knowledge of him that we aren’t aware of. Your input is more than valued here, so don’t hold back.”

Katsuki looked back to the rest of the eyes on him and steeled himself. In his mind he can’t be the number one hero if he can’t even talk to other pro heroes. That timid kind of attitude is something he has come to expect from Izuku, but definitely not himself.

He mentally slapped himself for letting his mind drift to thoughts of submission.

“Hand-face or whatever the fuck wouldn’t run away from us. He’s fucking full of himself and believes he can get whatever he wants. That’s why he came after me, because he thought if he tried hard enough he could turn me to their side.” Katsuki grimaced at his next thought. “Especially now that he has half-n-half—”

“Todoroki,” Izuku clarified for the group.

“—on his side and has killed a large majority of pro heroes in his wake. He probably feels invincible and won’t back down. He’ll let us walk right on up with the expectation of finishing us off. If anything they’ll just be waiting by to launch a counterattack or some shit on us.”

“It would make sense as to why he’s gathering all the Noumu at their base,” Izuku chimed in, keeping his eye sight glued to the table to avoid any additional nervousness from seeing everyone staring at him. “When they attacked us at U.S.J. Kurogiri separated us students into smaller groups to overwhelm us with villains in separate areas. They might try something similar, like separating us so we’re each alone with a villain or two and a number of Noumus.”
“Left in a secluded room where I can scream to my heart’s content? That ought to show me,” Hizashi mocked the idea.

“Hopefully we can prevent that, as we already have a similar plan ourselves,” Gran Torino said. “We’re planning on separating them into groups that would be favorable for us to handle. The plan is to have Cementoss here and the police force handle the Noumus outside. While that’s happening, the rest of us will make our way inside and separate the villains to the best of our abilities. The groups will hopefully come out as: Edgeshot and Snipe against Kurogiri, Present Mic and I against that muscled behemoth they broke out of prison and Sako Atsuhiro, Ectoplasm will keep Bubaigawara Jin busy, Midnight will handle Hikiishi Kenji and Himiko Toga. That leaves Eraserhead to capture Shigaraki Tomura, and Midoriya and Bakugou to handle All For One.”

“Oh, I see,” Izuku said quietly, his chin held between his index finger and thumb with a thoughtful look on his face. “Cementoss will be with the police force handling the Noumus because they’ll be fighting outside where there’s concrete everywhere. Edgeshot can disable Kurogiri while Snipe is distracting Kurogiri’s fog with his gun long enough for Edgeshot to get close. Present Mic can keep Muscular and Sako at bay with his quirk and stun them so Gran Torino can use his hit-and-run tactics on them without worry. Ectoplasm can conjure his clones to deal with Bubaigawara’s clones, and maybe even handle them all at once with his Forced Internment Giant Bites move. Midnight can deal with Hikiishi and Himiko because if either of them get close to her they’ll be in trouble with her quirk. Aiza— I mean, Eraserhead can handle Shigaraki in a one on one situation easily, especially if he gets the drop on him.”

Katsuki is the only one to not stare at him for that long-winded explanation of the plan. While the others are surprised Izuku figured all of that out by himself in a matter of seconds, Katsuki has been well aware of Izuku’s analytical nature and knowledge of heroes and quirks longer than anybody.

“Yes, actually. That was all spot on,” Gran Torino finally said in his surprised state.

“There are still two problems,” Izuku continued, rubbing his chin in thought. “There’s a Noumu that isn’t like the others. I believe it has just as much strength as All Might did. Er, just as much strength as my quirk does now, and he has two other quirks that I’m aware of. Shock absorption and quick regeneration. Even with Kacchan I won’t be able to handle that Noumu and All For One at the same time, and nobody else but me can match its speed and strength.”

“I can attest to that,” Aizawa stated, raising one hand in the air. He pointed to the scar under his eye. “It’s the same creature that gave me this at U.S.J. Its strength isn’t a quirk I can cancel out either. It’s just that strong.”

“Same thing that broke my arms,” Katsuki added. “That thing didn’t even fucking blink. It’s like it puts no effort into breaking body parts at all.”

“I can attest to that as well,” Aizawa said again.

“Does its shock absorption have a limitation to it?” Ectoplasm asked.

“Yes,” Katsuki and Izuku answered simultaneously. They both glanced at each other for a second, and then Katsuki continued, “It took absolutely everything I had—grenades, gauntlets and quirk—just to be able to stun it, but I did stop it for a few seconds.”

“All Might was able to overpower the shock absorption when he fought it at U.S.J. with an overwhelming amount of speed and power behind a non-stop flurry of punches, but I don’t think I could do the same thing,” Izuku explained. “The punches didn’t stop it from hitting back at first,
and All Might was a lot bigger and heavier than I am. I have his strength, but I still weigh nothing compared to him. I'll get thrown around easily."

"Its strength may not be something you can cancel out, but its shock absorption must be," Hizashi offered with a look to Aizawa. "Cancel that out long enough for Midoriya to pound it into the ground. Cementoss can trap it in the ground where it can’t break out, and bam! It’s out of the picture!"

"Not a terrible plan, coming from you," Aizawa replied. He turned his attention to Cementoss. "Think you can bury it deep enough that it can still breathe but not be able to break out?"

"I’m sure I can," Cementoss replied matter of factly.

"Then the plan is settled. Eraserhead, Cementoss and Midoriya will handle the strongest Noumu and immobilize it. Afterward, Eraserhead, we’ll need you to keep an eye out for Kurogiri to prevent him from separating us. Once Snipe and Edgeshot are in position to handle Kurogiri, you branch off and find Shigaraki. Midoriya and Bakugou, you will both need to find All For One to keep him from using his teleportation quirk to pull all the villains into one place, so move fast once the Noumu is dealt with." Gran Torino clapped his hands together to signal the end of the meeting. "Is there anything else before we go?"

Everyone remained silent. Katsuki grabbed Izuku’s hand under the table and ran his thumb across to top once. Izuku looked to him, and squeezed his hand back in a reassuring manner.

"Good. Then let’s go."
Hello and welcome to another chapter of Anger Boy and The Nerd.

We're nearing the end of their adventure (I estimate another two chapters after this one, maybe three). Because of such, I'm going to put the other six things I'm currently writing on hold to try and expedite the process of finishing this.

I already started chapter 28 in fact. I'm hoping to be done within the next month. Then I can pour more of my attention into other things.

So thank you to everyone for your support and for reading my content! Hope you all continue to enjoy.

“You don’t seem very interested in keeping us from escaping.”

Shouto glanced to the side at the person who addressed him. He caught a glimpse of Mezou on the floor, who was staring him down. Nedzu was doing the same, though with a much more positive and casual stance on their situation. Shouto then went back to what he was doing before being interrupted.

His gaze returned to the table he was staring at, and his attention back to his thoughts.

“We outnumber you,” Mezou pressed on. “You could at least pretend like we could give you trouble.”

Shouto side-eyed him, and then focused on the table again. He fiddled with one of the chess pieces on the board All For One left behind. A bishop was twirled between his fingers absentmindedly as he thought of a response.

“Have I done something to upset you?”

Mezou stared at him, bewildered by the question. Did he mean besides joining the villains, helping to capture his former classmates, and trying to prevent their escape on multiple occasions?

“You’re helping the league.” Mezou settled with that answer. It easily summed up the majority of his thoughts, and his irritation.

“Oh,” was all Shouto replied with. He could understand having hard feelings about that, but he knew what he was doing. As did a couple of other people.

He looked to Nedzu this time, who continued to smile back at him. His thoughts became clouded again, and he returned to staring at the table.

Shouto wasn’t happy with himself either. Not by a longshot. Regardless, he simply did what he was told to and tried to stay out of whatever trouble he could for the time being. It made his role easier if he had as little hands-on activity as possible.
Mezou glared at Shouto’s back, unsatisfied with the response he got. He kept a level head and refrained from doing anything that could get the three of them in trouble, but he also noted how antsy Nedzu had started to become as the day went on.

It didn’t take him long to figure out something was going to happen tonight, and Nedzu obviously didn’t care who knew. Whatever it was, there was evidently no stopping it.

Shouto sighed out of boredom and stood up. He went past the three prisoners he was supposed to be guarding and toward the door, intent on going somewhere.

“Where are you going?” Mezou asked, his voice laced with an obvious confusion. Normally captors didn’t leave their captives alone in a room they could simply walk out of.

“To talk to someone.” Shouto stopped with his hand on the doorknob and thought for a second. Mezou’s confused tone reminded him that he was supposed to be keeping them here. He looked over his shoulder at the three set of eyes watching him. “Can you guard yourselves for a bit? If I’m not back in thirty minutes then do whatever you want.”

He left with that. Mezou turned to look at Nedzu and Chiyo, who both simply sat back and waited. He stood up and went to go check on the other side of the door.

“No one is there,” Mezou commented as he checked both directions of the empty hallway. He glanced back at the two of them. “We can get out of here if we hurry.”

“No need to rush,” Nedzu stated. He hopped up, patted down his suit, and began to rummage through the nearby drawers and shelves. “He said he would be back momentarily. He trusted us to stay put while he went to go handle some type of business. To betray that trust would be rude. Not to mention that, while I would like to finally get out of here, there is a correct time for doing so. The time is not quite right. Thirty minutes from now will be right. If he hasn’t returned by then, that is.”

“In other words, you’re trying to act too soon, dear,” Chiyo chimed in. “Nedzu has been plotting for a long time. He knows what he’s doing. Come sit down and be patient.”

Mezou stared at her, and then noticed the pile of objects Nedzu was now tinkering with. He reluctantly closed the door and went to sit back on the floor beside Nedzu. Nedzu held up a small device not long after. It looked like something he should not have easily been able to replicate with what little he had to work with.

Nedzu placed it on the ground and began working on something else, an innocent smile on his face the entire time.

He’d been under the impression that he should be protecting them, given that their quirks didn’t seem too combat oriented. But he was slowly beginning to realize that they likely didn’t need any form of protection.

They weren’t two of the few surviving pro heroes for nothing.

Izuku peeked over the edge of the building with the rest of the group.
Six villains guarding the front door. That seemed rather lackluster for what they knew was coming.

“I don’t like the look of this,” Shinya said. “We know their leaders are here, they probably know we’re coming, but this is all they sent to stop us?”

“They know that any amount of common villains, whether a large group or single person, has significantly less of a chance of stopping us than they themselves do,” Aizawa responded. He scanned the area around the building the six were guarding, trying to find anything else that might be there to try and slow them down. “I’m sure they’re—”

A loud grunt caught everyone’s attention, and they all whirled around to find a Noumu standing behind them, staring straight ahead silently. Whatever it was doing, it didn’t appear to notice any of them at all. It had a canister in its mouth, and they couldn’t see its eyes behind the visor blocking them.

Izuku and Katsuki recognized it as the one that was with Dabi at the factory. Likewise, they remembered well the weapons that could sprout from its body.

“–a distraction,” Aizawa finished, annoyed that he’d walked right into that.

They all watched it curiously. Not one of them moved a muscle as the hulking blueish monster continued to stare ahead at seemingly nothing and no one.

Izuku slowly raised his hand and waved it in front of himself, and the Noumu’s head snapped down toward him. He immediately froze.

“Can it only see us if we move?” Ectoplasm asked in a hushed tone.

“That was never the case before,” Gran Torino responded. “Something is off about this one.”

After another few seconds the Noumu turned around and leaped off the other side of the building.

“Okay…?” Nemuri said.

Aizawa looked over the edge at where the Noumu had jumped off to. It was nowhere to be found below. Only people going about their business in the late evening, unaware of the fight that was soon to break out.

“If it isn’t hostile then I wouldn’t worry about it for the moment,” Shinya said. “If they could communicate in any way, or even think for themselves, then it might be more troublesome. But as far as we know, they cannot.”

The big double doors to the building opened and the six people that were guarding the entrance scattered. Tomura, along with Kurogiri and two Noumus exited the building. Katsuki and Izuku recognized both creatures as the ones that had chased them for the longest time.

“Get down. They’re going to know where we are,” Katsuki stated loudly enough for all around him to hear. “That thing can track Deku and I.”

The moment he finished speaking the Noumu’s gaze turned to where all of them were hiding, followed by Tomura’s and then Kurogiri’s.

“Well that’s annoying,” Nemuri said. “Kind of takes away the element of surprise.”

“We didn’t truly have it to begin with if they knew to come outside with that thing in the first
“We might be able to have it.” Izuku glanced at Katsuki, and then back to the rest of the group. “It only knows the two of us. Let Kacchan and I go. The rest of you can find the league members you’re supposed to deal with while they’re talking to us.”

Aizawa glared at the duo. “You’re not—”

“What makes you believe they want to speak with you?” Gran Torino interrupted Aizawa.

“Because the Noumus haven’t come up here yet. He’s waiting for us,” Izuku answered with a quick peek over the ledge.

“He’s being cautious,” Katsuki said, “because he doesn’t know if we actually are alone. Let us make him think we are. Paper guy can get inside the foggy asshole and disable him like last time while we’re talking. Aizawa can go after Tomura. The rest of you can go around and find your people.”

Aizawa stared ahead at nothing in particular, ignoring Shinya’s indignant complaints to be dubbed ‘paper guy’.

He’d been the only one against bringing the two of them into this in the first place, and he still was. The only reason he’d relented was because Izuku was the only one who could fight that hulking monster or All For One on even ground. He’d been outvoted, and for good reason.

The only consolation he had was that everyone else agreed with him to some degree. None of them liked the idea of bringing kids into something like this. If possible they’d rather handle it without endangering anyone else. But they knew they couldn’t.

Dangling the two of them in front of the league like bait was yet another thing none of them wanted to condone, yet none of them objected. Because just like before, they knew it was their best course of action. Even if it wasn’t the most favorable.

Shouto peeked around the corridor corner before he continued walking. His steps remained light and his senses alert. Being caught away from the prisoners would lead to questions. Questions he knew he wouldn’t be prepared to answer. And if he were to get in trouble now, All For One himself wouldn’t hesitate in dealing with him.

That was made abundantly clear before All For One left him to guard the others.

He peeked around the next corner, jerked back upon seeing someone and felt his heart stop.

“Hey! That you, Todoroki?!”

Twice. Of course he ran into the loudest person possible.

He jumped and nearly froze the entire hallway over when a hand landed on his shoulder. Relief washed over him as he saw it was Dabi, who continued to walk past him and around the corner.

“It was me. Go get ready. Something big is going down,” Dabi called out to Twice.
“Quit sneaking around like that! You won’t ever surprise anyone if you do!” Twice shouted at him with a shake of his fist, and then continued on his way.

Dabi backtracked to Shouto and then stared down expectantly, waiting for answers to obvious questions.

“I think the heroes are here, so I went looking for you,” Shouto explained. “We never said where we were going to meet.”

“Because I was going to come to you when my Noumu returned,” Dabi said. He waved toward the other end of the corridor where his Noumu stood waiting for orders. “I told him to come back to me if he found the heroes nearby, so they’re here. That means the fighting is about to start any minute.”

“Then we need to go.”

Dabi grabbed Shouto’s arm before Shouto got too far away. “Are we not going to free the others first?”

“I told them to go if I’m not back in thirty minutes.” Shouto rubbed his arm after being released and followed Dabi down the corridor. He looked at the Noumu upon hearing its loud footsteps begin to follow the pair.

“You’re not worried they’ll run into opposition?” Dabi asked.

“A little,” Shouto admitted, his gaze fixed on the hard cement ground. “But one of them was a classmate. Nedzu and Recovery Girl aren’t pro heroes for nothing. He’s capable of supporting them, and they’re all capable of handling themselves.”

Someone dropped to the ground from around a corner a ways in front of them, but neither of the two, nor the Noumu, slowed their stride in the slightest. As they passed the body they glanced down the turn toward a third hallway and spotted Nedzu, Chiyo and Mezou. Nedzu was grinning down at the unconscious villain with a small device in his hand that was emitting electricity.

Both groups gave each other a small nod, with the exception of a confused Mezou, and continued on their separate ways.

“Did you give them a taser?” Dabi questioned once they were out of earshot.

“No,” Shouto admitted with a similar confusion to Dabi’s.

Izuku and Katsuki gave each other a look as they approached Tomura. They stopped on the other side of the street, what they considered to be a fair distance in case the villains tried something, and waited.

They couldn’t see his expression behind the hand on his face, nor could they read his mostly passive body language. Though they could sense the hatred radiating off of him as he stared the two of them down.

Tomura finally decided to break the silence and took a step forward. “Do you know how long I’ve
wanted to kill you, Midoriya?"

Katsuki and Izuku glanced at each other again. Izuku could see the fury slowly starting to build in Katsuki’s eyes from that one question, but still he took a step forward as well.

“Since the first day I attacked you and the Noumu saved you from me?”

Tomura glared at him, regardless of the fact that no one would see it. That was the correct answer, but what bothered him was that Izuku didn’t seem to be phased in the slightest.

“You’re carrying yourself with a lot of confidence tonight,” Tomura said. “Where are the other heroes that came with you? Surely you both wouldn’t be stupid enough to come all this way by yourselves. Or do you suddenly think that little of us and all that we’ve accomplished?”

“If all the other heroes were here, then why would we be the only two to show up at your doorstep?” Izuku pulled at his glove to tighten it. “We came to free the last of our friends and stop you. You can still stop all of this yourself if you--”

“You sound just like the so-called ‘Symbol of Peace’. It’s sickening.” Tomura tilted his head and scratched at his neck. “It pisses me off. We already killed that sorry excuse for a hero. So why do more of you keep stepping up? Why won’t you all just lie down and die like him?”

Both of them had to stop themselves from attacking Tomura as he began to insult All Might. It was something neither of the two of them could stand by and let happen, and they knew that Tomura probably knew that as well. If he was trying to provoke them, they couldn’t let that happen.

“He died the same as he lived. A failure. I would have thought after that the rest of you heroes would follow suit. That the rest of you would realize what failures you all are. But you came after us as a wave of vengeance to avenge your fallen pillar of peace, solidifying the fact that he truly was all about violence. Every one of you are. It only proves my point.”

Tomura lowered his hand as he paused and glanced around the block. This part of the city was mostly empty a majority of the time. It made it easier to keep an eye out when people weren’t in the way.

“And then the majority of you ‘heroes’ died, and all that’s left is a sorry excuse of a group that wants to make a last stand. Well make your last stand, because I’ll be happy to finally be rid of the last remnants of you people. There is no peace in this world, and you’re all living proof of it. Each and every one of you.”

Izuku could almost hear Katsuki’s teeth grinding and practically feel the rage emitting from him. He grabbed Katsuki’s hand in an attempt to calm him. They didn’t have to fight Tomura or Kurogiri, they just had to distract them for the time being. Even if that meant listening to the ramblings of a madman.

“All I can say is that you’re wrong. About everything.” Izuku said after a long pause. “If you can’t see that, then there’s nothing more for us to talk about.”

“Finally, something we can agree on. There is no more for us to talk about. If you really came here alone, then you’re going to die alone. If not, then this ought to expedite the others coming out of hiding,” Tomura responded with another tilt of his head. He pointed at Katsuki.

“Separate and kill them.”

Izuku activated his quirk and charged Tomura. He’d be damned if he was going to sit back and let
them separate Katsuki and himself again. Not without a fight.

In the blink of an eye he found himself stopped dead in his tracks where Tomura was, his fist having connected with something else. He looked up and locked eyes with the only Noumu that could withstand his punches. The perpetual thorn in the heroes’ side.

It grabbed him by the arms and fought to keep him from moving as the other two Noumus charged past them to go after Katsuki. Before Katsuki could move out of the way he found himself suddenly falling from a portal beneath his feet. The two creatures didn’t hesitate in jumping in after him, and the portal closed.

Izuku glared at Kurogiri, only to see that Kurogiri’s metal plating was actually lying on the ground and unmoving.

Edgeshot retreated from inside him as Kurogiri and Tomura both melted into a pile of black goo, just as surprised as Izuku was.

“They were clones,” he growled at the black liquid on the sidewalk. “Snipe, let’s go find the real Kurogiri. Cementoss, trap that thing.”

Izuku fought against the Noumu’s hold and tried to keep him in place. It was a struggle to do so, especially considering the size advantage the creature had on him, but he managed to keep it moving slowly rather than letting it plow right through him.

It pushed against Izuku, shoving him back at a snail’s pace. Izuku’s feet slid against the pavement as he was pushed back, both his and the Noumu’s arms shaking from the effort being used to attempt to overpower the other.

The Noumu began sinking into the sidewalk like quicksand, and still it didn’t stop moving forward. Even as the cement hardened around its feet to try and slow it more it only tore through and continued pushing Izuku back.

“Very well, we will do this the hard way,” Cementoss said to himself. He rubbed his hands together and slapped them back down onto the pavement.

The ground beneath the Noumu opened up wide like a predator’s maw, leaving it with nothing to stand on. It dropped down into the hole, losing grip on Izuku’s hands, and the concrete slammed shut around it right before its head went under.

Izuku fell back onto the sidewalk and quickly stood in a fighting stance. He glanced around, and then down at the Noumu’s head poking out from the concrete.

“I will hold it here. Go and find their boss.”

Izuku watched the concrete cracking around the Noumu, but it was almost instantly repaired each time it did. More cement from the surrounding sidewalk and street moved to its spot and compacted itself with the rest, making it more and more dense with each passing second. So long as Cementoss kept focus, he should be able to keep the creature locked down.

For how long was up for debate, but Izuku would just have to trust him.

He glanced around the block, more concerned with where Katsuki had been teleported to with the other two Noumus. A hand landed on his shoulder and turned him in the direction of the building across the street.
“He can handle himself,” Aizawa said. If there were anyone he trusted to handle themselves in a situation such as this, it’d be Katsuki. And even though he wanted to run off and find him too, they might not be able to afford the lost time.

They had a goal, and it needed to be seen to the end.

Izuku stared down the street for a few more seconds, nodded, and ran across the street.

Fucking annoying.

People screamed and ran to take shelter from the monstrosities that appeared out of nowhere. A few bumped into him, but he held his ground and tried to get past them. Fed up with the people bumping into him, he climbed on top of a car and launched himself into the air with an explosion.

Fucking annoying.

So long as they were after him, anyone else near him was in danger. He needed to get away from the crowds. Not only for their own safety, but because he couldn’t fight in a mess of people.

They’re all so fucking annoying.

Katsuki landed off to the side and moved out of the way of another oncoming group of civilians. Getting away from them all was one option, but if he managed to hold out long enough then everyone would simply leave on their own.

He ducked and dodged the combined attacks of the Noumus, using his explosions to propel him around and away. There was too much potential for collateral damage if he were to use any big explosions, something he wanted to avoid for now.

At least until he felt he was in life threatening danger. At the moment he wasn’t too afraid of these two.

Katsuki landed on his feet and swung his arm forward, an explosion trailing along with his palm. It burned the webbing that was shot at him to cinders, and he spun around in time to see and barely dodge the fist that came swinging down at him from behind. He slapped his palm onto its chin and blasted it hard.

It swiped wildly, blinded by the smoke, while Katsuki ducked forward. Another shot of webbing flew over his head and tied both the Noumu’s wrists together. Even so, it still continued to swing wildly.

Katsuki sidestepped any swipe or punch that came his way and backed away as it stumbled toward him. He glanced over his shoulder at the other Noumu that was now charging their way. Thankfully all the people that were fleeing the scene were no longer in the way, save for some random onlookers keeping their distance to watch.

Katsuki blasted the Noumu’s hand up into the air. The explosion incinerated the webbing tying its wrists together, but gave him much needed time to turn around, get a running start, slide under the charging Noumu’s spider-like legs, and prepare an explosion that would send it flying into the other.
Unfortunately, as he slid across the ground, nothing went over him. There was suddenly no sign of the charging Noumu. He sat up and stared forward, annoyed yet again by what he saw.

Rikidou and Eijirou were holding it back. They fought against its struggling arms while Hanta wrapped his tape around its legs.

Katsuki looked to the other Noumu. It was flailing wildly, floating in the air, as Denki hugged it from behind where it couldn’t reach him and electrocuted it relentlessly.

“Where are the others?” Tenya appeared in front of him and asked. He held his hand out for Katsuki to take.

“Don’t know,” Katsuki replied, almost taking Tenya’s hand. It’d started to become second nature with how much he and Izuku helped each other. At the last second he realized what he was doing and swatted Tenya’s hand away, then stood on his own. “Got teleported away with these two.”

“Do you know the best way for us to help out right now?” Momo asked, coming over to stand next to Tenya. “We couldn’t sit back and let you guys go at this alone, but we don’t want to get in the way of the pros either.”

“Take care of these two and find the cement guy. Make sure that monster doesn’t get away if he already has it trapped. The villains will probably try to get it free if they can,” Katsuki said, already running back in the direction of the other heroes and villains. He shouted over his back as he went, “And stay away from Deku and the leader!”

The last thing he needed was more people getting in his and Izuku’s way.

Izuku turned another corner and stared down the hallway. He felt the need to be extra cautious now that he was alone. Especially since he had no idea where he was going, or where he was trying to get to.

He’d run into several of the other heroes already, both trying to find their assigned villains and already in fights. The first fight he ran into he wanted to help with, but they told him to go where he was supposed to.

The problem was that they never scouted this place out. He had no idea where All For One was, or if he was even here to begin with.

Izuku turned another corner and backtracked to hide. Shouto, Dabi, and a Noumu were walking by. They’d made no plans for the two of them because, for whatever reason, Aizawa was under the impression the two of them would not be there.

After Izuku was sure the two of them were gone he turned the corner and spotted a set of big, double doors. They were the first set of doors he’d encountered that looked relatively out of place, as though they were recently added.

He approached them and placed his hand on the frame. The very presence of those doors filled him with a sense of dread. This had to be the place he was looking for.

Izuku took a deep breath and steeled himself for what was to come. He was chosen for this, and he
wasn’t going to let All Might’s death be in vain. All For One had so much to answer for, and Izuku wanted to make sure justice was dealt.

So long as he kept that in mind, he would be ready for anything.

Izuku marched forward and shoved both doors open, only to come face to face with an empty room. He scanned the area carefully and stared down every corner. Nothing and nobody was here, but he couldn’t fight the feeling that someone was here.

Someone terrible.

A whirring sound started behind him and he had little time to react. He activated his quirk and, not a second later, was sent careening forward through the now destroyed wall, through the adjacent building, and into the next one over.

Izuku dug himself out of the rubble, got up off the ground, and coughed from the dust floating around the air. With a few waves of his hand the dust began to disperse, but that lingering sense of danger did not.

That was the same attack Izuku had seen take out that group of pro heroes the night he and his friends went to save Katsuki.

Izuku whirled around at the sound of the league boss landing on the ground. The click of his heels hitting concrete in the dark room resounded throughout the room and the sense of dread returned full force. The same one from a few moments ago, and the same one from that night so many months ago. It left Izuku nearly paralyzed, but he repeated in his head the reasons he was here and clenched his fists in anger.

He would fight the fear with anger, the same way he would fight villainy with justice.

“A mere teenager is the best the remainder of the heroes are able to scrounge together?” All For One leaned forward, the black helmet on his head a mere shadow in the darkness. “Oh, you are Midoriya Izuku. No wonder you survived that. I thought you were Bakugou Katsuki for a moment.”

Izuku’s head cocked to the side and his glare was replaced with a confused stare. “You know us?”

“Yes. Bakugou is someone Tomura has talked about much, and I was well aware of whom One For All was passed to before Toshinori was removed from my path. I’ve lived through a multitude of the quirk’s users. I would think by now I could tell who has it with a little observation.”

“Well that isn’t important,” Izuku said, his stare turning back into a glare. “What is important is—”

“You’re right,” All For One interjected, his arm already transforming into a hulking mass of muscle, “it isn’t important anymore. What is important is that I take back what belongs to me, because it has been used against me for too long. Right now may not be the most opportune time, but it will suffice.”

“Take back…?”

Izuku crossed both arms in front of himself and braced for the incoming attack. He was only sent a few feet back as he fought against the shockwave trying to blast him away. He looked up into the air, now able to see the night sky through the utterly devastated building they were—used to—be in.
He glared forward and attempted to charge, but was stopped when he realized his legs wouldn’t move. A quick glance down revealed wooden tendrils wrapped around his ankles that were slowly growing up his legs and encasing him in a wooden cocoon.

Izuku could feel all the energy in his body waning, as though the wood itself were sapping any strength he had, and fast.

He recognized the wood quirk as Kamui Woods’ quirk, though he didn’t remember it ever draining energy from its victims. That must be something else All For One had that he was combining with this quirk.

“I made sure to grab these two quirks specifically for you,” All For One explained. He tightened the wood around Izuku’s body and levitated forward until he was within arm’s reach. “You’ll find it increasingly difficult to break out. Until then, I’m going to take back One For All so that it will never be a nuisance to me again.”

Izuku gritted his teeth and jerked his head away from All For One’s hand when he reached for Izuku’s forehead. “You can’t take it. You outlived all the other people who had this quirk, but you’re not going to take it from me. You should be the one who’s afraid of me.”

All For One grinned under his helmet, amused by Izuku’s spirit even when in a dire position. It reminded him of his disgust for humans.

“If the deceased symbol of peace couldn’t stop me with neither the full power of this quirk or the vestiges of it, why need I fear you?”

Izuku’s gaze shifted upward for a couple of seconds, and then back to All For One.

“Because I have something the others didn’t have, and it’s even better than this quirk that was gifted to me.” Izuku grinned at him mischievously. “It’s going to kick your ass, too.”

All For One’s hand retreated. Izuku could see his curiosity even through the helmet. Something more powerful than One For All had to be worth knowing about.

“And what would that be?”

Izuku looked up again, and then grinned at All For One once more.

“Kacchan!”

The moment Izuku yelled for him, Katsuki came rocketing through the air and landed on All For One’s head with both feet at an angle. He rammed All For One’s helmet into the ground and, caught off-guard, the wooden tendrils from All For One’s hand broke off and dissipated.

Katsuki spun around and, in his fury at seeing Izuku in such a position, unleashed a barrage of unrelenting blasts on the prone All For One. He screamed ‘Die!’ with each one, and didn’t pull back a single bit. He knew full well this guy could not only take it, but absolutely deserved it.

The explosions finally died down after a moment, and Katsuki panted while glaring down at the still body of All For One. For a brief second he thought he may have gone too far, but that thought disappeared swiftly as a hand shot out toward his face and he had to dodge out of the way.

Izuku, finally free of the tendrils, ran forward and grabbed both of All For One’s arms. Katsuki used an explosion to jump over their heads and land on All For One’s shoulders. He kicked All For One in the face as he launched himself high up into the air.
All For One pulled himself up onto one knee and Izuku took the opportunity to kick him in the shin, lift him up, and slam him down onto the ground. He dragged All For One across the ground in a circle as he spun, and then tossed him up into the air.

Reminiscent of their previous fight with Muscular, All For One flew high up into the air, flipping as he went, and caught glimpses of Katsuki using his explosions to spin himself in the air. Katsuki aimed his hands downward and set off a huge blast from each hand that, with the explosions spinning along with him, created a sort of explosion tornado.

All For One was too slow to do anything about it and was sent flying back down to the ground from the explosions hitting him. He hit the concrete hard enough to bounce back up a few feet, and then was subsequently slammed back into the ground by Katsuki’s explosion-filled dive bomb on his head and Izuku’s feet on his stomach.

Both of them jumped away from the small crater he was left in as spikes erupted from his body in all directions. The quirk left holes in his suit, which then began to repair themselves as he picked himself up off the ground.

Izuku and Katsuki landed side by side, glanced at each other, and then glared at him.

“In case you’re wondering,” Izuku said, “the thing that’s stronger than my quirk is what happens when Kacchan and I work together. Nothing can defeat that.”

All For One stared at the two of them, though they couldn’t see his expression under the now cracked and dented helmet. Although his clothes had repaired themselves, it seemed his helmet couldn’t do the same. But they didn’t need to see his face to feel the intent to kill radiating off of him.

If he didn’t want to kill them before, it was extremely clear he had every intention of doing so after that little stunt.

In that moment, Katsuki felt fear once again. Not the same type of fear he felt whenever Izuku flinched away from him, or whenever someone questioned if their relationship could truly work out.

No. This was the same fear he felt the night he was with the league of villains. The night All Might died. This was the fear of having a real villain, who wanted nothing more than to kill you, right in front of you. And to make matters worse, just like the night Tomura Shigaraki was standing in front of him while he was tied to a chair, this villain had far more than a fair chance of killing him.

But, unlike that night, he wasn’t alone. Not this time.

Katsuki looked to Izuku, and then back to All For One.

Unlike that night, they also had more than a fair chance of taking him down.

Together.

“Let’s kick his ass, Deku.”
Chapter 28

Chapter Notes

me: time to knock out these last three chapters
my hands getting cut up in an accident: oh no you don't
me after my hands are healed: time to knock out these last three chapters
cold weather sickness: oh no you don't

Hello and welcome to tonight's episode of Why Did You Do That To Katsuki!

If you look up you'll notice I've finally changed the number of chapters. Chapter 30 will be the end of the fic. This chapter is the big fight, twenty-nine will be the short epilogue (which is already done and only needs to be proof read so that will also be posted in the next couple of days), and thirty is going to be a special Todoroki-centric chapter (which I have already begun writing).

Chapter thirty will feature and focus on all of the important events Toddy went through, including the things he did during chapter twenty-eight here that weren't written in both because it might make the chapter too long and because it will forever kill me on the inside if this fic ends at twenty-nine chapters instead of thirty. My OCD will not have that so long as I can help it.

And because I didn't give his part of the story as much attention as it deserved. So it's also my attempt to mend that.

I'm half asleep, so that's all I can think to say right here. I hope you all enjoy this and the last two upcoming chapters!

Aizawa moved silently through the halls. The was a growing tension the deeper he went, like a cloud of smoke that refused to disperse. It would give most people a chill, maybe a sensation of choking, if they weren’t used to it, but he had long been used to it by now.

The only thing that gave him tension was the thought that if he took too long to find Tomura, then the villain could already be helping another league member to take down a different hero.

Their plan wasn’t perfect. While they had their assigned targets, there was still the problem of both finding and isolating said targets. Luckily the heroes with him tonight were not rookies. Save for two, technically. Everyone would know how to handle themselves, and whatever situation they got put in.

“You’re awfully sneaky for a big group of people.”

Aizawa spun on his heel and caught sight of Tomura, ready to fight with eyes glowing red. It took a few seconds until his eyes returned to normal, and he slowly took a more casual pose.

Tomura wasn’t attacking. Simply staring from the other end of the corridor.

“We’re here minding our own business, simply taking a night off from our very busy lives, and in
come a large band of trespassers tearing down our walls and attacking us.” Tomura took the hand off of his face and narrowed his eyes in a sharp glower. “That’s downright despicable, don’t you think? It pisses me off.”

Aizawa kept quiet. He had no intention of having a conversation with this man. He knew, just as well as anyone else, that Tomura’s opinion on the matter would not change. The same way that Aizawa’s own opinion wouldn’t budge in the slightest.

They were both the antagonist to each other. They both saw each other as the evil that plagued this earth. It wasn’t something that would be resolved with a conversation, and even though both knew that fact, Tomura still felt the need to get his point across.

“I saw a couple of fights happening and put two and two together. You have specific heroes going for specific villains, huh? And the fact you haven’t run off yet means you were looking for me, weren’t you?”

Silence ensued once more. Tomura placed the dismembered hand back on his face, but Aizawa didn’t need to see his face to know that Tomura had no interest in him. His slack body language said all that needed to be said.

Aizawa intended to stop him right here, but apparently Tomura had other plans.

“I’ll take your silence as a yes. I have to decline the invitation. Apparently I’ve a few rats in the area, both figuratively and literally. I need to hunt them down. I can come kill you after I’m done with them.”

“Rats?”

Tomura perked up, a grin hidden behind the hand. “Oh? Now you’re interested in talking? Only when we talk about what you want instead of what I want? Well I don’t have time to talk to you anymore. Goodbye.”

He turned around and started walking away, hands in pockets and guard completely down. A perfect chance to subdue him without much struggle.

Aizawa ran forward. If he was quick enough, he could double back and help the others, and then they could all go after All For One with Katsuki and Izuku.

A mere few feet away, his quirk activated to keep Tomura from fighting back as well. He reached for the villain with wraps in hand.

And then Aizawa heard a loud crash as the wall to his left exploded. He was sent flying through the wall to his right and onward, breaking through wall after wall until he was buried under a pile of rubble with only his head sticking out.

Everything felt hazy. His mind was cloudy and body numb, though he could see what hit him. Off in the distance, from the same direction he’d been hit, he spotted Izuku and Katsuki fighting All For One.

Aizawa could barely make out the big, black helmet facing him even from such a distance. In his clouded state of mind it took him longer to put the pieces together, but eventually he got it before he blacked out.

*Ragdoll’s quirk.*
Shouto and Dabi stopped in front of another door with the Noumu still behind them. It was a large, ironclad door similar to the vault of a safe. They knew that behind it the majority of the former students of class 1-B were being held, and they intended to free them. Especially after learning why all the students from both classes were being collected.

“You should have it from here,” Dabi said with a wave of his hand. “I’m going to go do my part outside. If I know Shigaraki, the other Noumus should be on their way to free the big one.”

“How do you know the heroes handled it already?”

“Because if they’re smart, that’s the first thing they’d try to take care of.”

“I’ll be sure to lead everyone else away from there then,” Shouto replied. He placed his right hand against the door and froze it, then turned to the Noumu and pointed at the door. “Break this, please.”

The Noumu didn’t acknowledge him in the slightest. It only continued to stare ahead at the wall, waiting for orders.

“Break the door down,” Dabi commanded. The Noumu then smashed its fist into the frozen door without hesitation, shattering it to pieces. “It only listens to me. Remember?”

“Oh, right.”

Dabi patted Shouto on the head before turning to leave. The Noumu followed him automatically and only stopped when Dabi did.

“You still never told me who you were working with. Or for. Whichever. Be sure to get out of this whole thing alive so I can know who to thank for getting rid of Tomura and his crap teacher.”

Dabi left with that, with the Noumu in tow, to go keep a lid on the second biggest threat in the area. Shouto watched him leave, and when Dabi was out of sight he went into the room and informed the former class of 1-B that they were being freed.

Dabi made it outside and looked down the street at the destroyed buildings. Off in the far distance he caught a glimpse of Izuku, Katsuki and All For One battling in the air. His attention came back to what was in front of him, counting himself lucky that he wasn’t part of that fight.

He stopped in front of a large majority of the former students of class 1-A, all surrounding Cementoss and the Noumu buried up to its neck in the asphalt. From the sight of all the angry stares being sent his way, maybe the other fight wouldn’t be so bad.

“If you came to free the creature, I’m afraid you will have to give up that hope,” Cementoss said.

Eijirou hardened his fists and pounded them together. “Back off.”

“Whoa, whoa, whoa, calm down,” Dabi said, waving his hands in a placating motion. “I’m here to make sure that thing doesn’t get loose. I didn’t know there were already a hundred more of you here.”

“Why would you want to keep your own monster from getting free?” Tenya asked.
“Because I’m on Todoroki’s side, and he’s on yours,” Dabi explained. He pointed behind the group at the approaching horde of mindless, monstrous creatures. “I can tell you more later. Looks like the other Noumus have come to free this guy.”

Everyone else turned around and saw them. A large number of other Noumus being led toward them by Tomura.

“Kurogiri warned me about you,” Tomura called out to Dabi. He scratched at his neck, irritated at Dabi talking to these people instead of attacking them. “I told him we should wait and see what you do. I should’ve just killed you after all.”

“After you killed other villains for calling you out on not truly following Stain’s will, I couldn’t just jump right out with the rest of them and die too.” Dabi raised his hands as smoke started to rise from them. “Most of the other league members may be happy with what you’re doing, but I’m not.”

“Then you can die by my hand. The Noumus can handle the children.” Tomura glanced toward Cementoss, anticipation rising at the situation. “Unless you want to save them. Let that Noumu go and keep them safe, won’t you Mr. pro hero?”

Katsuki’s eyes darted from left to right as his stare followed the dueling pair. He kept his distance and bided his time, waiting for another opening.

As much as he hated to admit it, he knew his role in this. Something he’d never really done for anyone, but was now shoehorned into doing.

He had to play support for Izuku, rather than being the vanguard.

The idea wasn’t exciting in the least, but he understood full well his position. Both of them had nearly, if not just as much, strength as All Might did. Strength that his quirk dwarfed to in comparison. He’d fought All Might before, and knew the pain of taking hits like those.

At least he and Izuku went over how they would fight him, lest Katsuki spend his first time fully supporting another attempting to figure out how exactly to go about doing that.

But he still felt partially lost. He wasn’t used to this. To watching the fight happen and waiting.

There was a hundred things Izuku did every passing second that Katsuki would have done differently. But it still worked out for Izuku, so he shouldn’t be complaining.

Katsuki’s gaze snapped to where All For One was going to land after Izuku got a hit on him. He propelled himself in that direction with his quirk.

It was hard to tell whether he was doing any actual damage to All For One, but damn it if he wasn’t going to keep up the assault to the best of his ability. Whether he was an opponent taken seriously or a minor annoyance, he was going to make sure All For One felt some type of pressure from him.

He heard the familiar click from his grenadier bracers, indicating they were ready to be of use. With a quick change of tactics in mind, he turned himself around in the air and dropped to the ground on his back. From under All For One he pulled the pin, his bracer aimed upward to the sky,
and let the blast fly free.

All For One, while an impatient man, did not go without learning. He could tell that their tactic was to not let him have a chance to do anything. With that in mind, he could surmise Izuku would be coming for him as he was forced into the air once more by the explosion.

A puddle of black liquid formed in front of him. Right at the moment Izuku met him in midair, already sending a punch his way, Katsuki’s confused and panicked face appeared through the puddle. Izuku stopped just short of Katsuki’s face and tried to reach around, but his lost momentum kept him from hitting All For One.

“Throw me at him,” Katsuki growled, ready to continue the onslaught. “I can distract him.”

Both of them went into a free fall while All For One stopped his fall and levitated high up in the air. They’d done a great job of not giving him a moment to breathe up until now, but Izuku knew when it was time to back off and regroup.

All For One was waiting for their next move, and it would be suicide for either of them to go charging after him in this moment.

Izuku shook his head and hugged Katsuki close. He landed on his feet hard, unperturbed by the cracks that appeared on the ground as a result.

“He was waiting for something like that. We need to start over,” Izuku said. It was a reasonable assumption, given that All For One was still levitating in the air and staring at the both of them. “I need you to do something for me.”

Katsuki pulled himself away from Izuku’s hold and stared at him curiously. Izuku waved for him to come closer and Katsuki leaned in so Izuku could whisper whatever it was he needed.

All For One strained his ears to hear them. He could hear them making noise, but couldn’t make out any definitive words.

He was quick to grow tired of humoring the two of them—of letting them have their time to talk—and raised his hand toward them. Ragged, black tendrils shot out toward the two. They took notice and jumped in opposing directions, but the tendrils turned and sank themselves into Katsuki’s chest and shoulders.

Katsuki felt pain, but nothing too bad. He still pulled at them frantically, panicked by the fact these things that had implanted themselves in him. Especially because he didn’t know exactly what they did. An explosion emitted from the hand clinging to the tendrils against his will and the recoil blew his arm back toward Izuku, who was running over. A large blast erupted from the very same hand right as Izuku reached him and sent Izuku flying back away.

Rage flared up inside of Katsuki. Not only at the prospect of someone harming Izuku, or controlling his quirk against his will, but using his quirk to hurt Izuku. Forcing his hand to harm him.

He wanted to glare up at All For One, but instead was jerked forward, down onto the ground, and dragged away by the same tendrils embedded in him. His body skidded across the ground, face scraping on the concrete, until he was suddenly lifted up into the air.

Two more explosions went off, this time of his own volition, in an attempt to both break the tendrils and propel himself away from the nearing All For One. Neither worked, and within seconds his face was held firmly in All For One’s hand.
“You’re more of a nuisance than he is,” All For One said in a low voice.

Izuku rushed toward the pair, getting a running start for his jump, and he reached out toward Izuku with one arm that then split into two. One stopped Izuku’s attack, and the other used an air blast to send him back to the ground. The second arm retreated back into the first immediately afterward.

“It is becoming clearer why Tomura wanted you on his side.” All For One cocked his head to the side and listened for Izuku’s movements. While he had a quirk to keep track of his position, it still helped to know what he was doing. To know what movements he was making.

“If you couldn’t see the potential in either of us, then you’re stupider than I thought.” Katsuki’s eyes slid to the side, throwing a sidelong glance down at Izuku’s crouched legs.

He was about to come up again, and Katsuki wanted to make an opening for him. *If this idiot wants to talk all damn night,* Katsuki thought to himself as he opened his mouth, *he should know I’m not the talking type.*

“Midoriya is very straightforward and easy to read. You are not quite the same, so I’m going to do away with you—”

All For One let go of Katsuki’s head as a sharp pain filled his hand. He quickly figured out Katsuki had bitten him and tried to balance himself in the air when Katsuki grabbed onto his arm to keep from falling.

“How barbaric,” All For One stated blandly, evidently unsurprised by the action. He’d expect nothing less from someone so desperate.

Katsuki ignored him, uninterested in All For One’s opinion of him. Regardless of how he fought, he needed Izuku and himself to win. This was ultimately a fight for survival above all else.

He let off an explosion behind himself to propel his body forward and up, high enough to wrap his legs around All For One’s neck. Katsuki could feel the muscles tightening on All For One’s arm and swiftly pulled it up to change the direction of his next air blast toward the sky. At least up there it wouldn’t cause damage to anyone or anything.

Upon seeing the opening Izuku jumped into the air without hesitation. He closed in and sent All For One’s other arm upward with a heavy kick. He started to fall, but grabbed onto All For One’s shoe and covered his face as spikes erupted from All For One’s body in all directions.

Izuku noted that those spikes appeared to be his regular response to danger.

One scraped his arm, but he got out okay otherwise. A quick glimpse at Katsuki showed he’d also gotten out fine, perched on top of All For One’s helmet on one hand.

Katsuki let loose an explosion that sent him up, and then on his way down slapped his hand onto All For One’s helmet and blasted him downward.

Izuku, while falling with All For One, pulled the man down to his level and grabbed his arms. He pulled them back, hands held tight around the man’s wrists to keep the two extra arms attempting to grow out from being free, and pulled with his foot pushing down on the helmet.

They landed with a loud crash, and as the smoke cleared Izuku could see where the helmet’s cracks began to crumble. Bit by bit, piece by piece, the helmet broke away until there was but a scarred, eyeless face staring back at him.
Izuku remembered seeing it on the giant screen in the middle of town the night All Might fought him, but it felt more menacing up close. Worse than fighting him while he had the mask on, in fact. Because now Izuku could see the amused grin on his face. Almost as though he were simply playing a game with them.

“You stink of fear.”

Izuku lifted All For One up by his arms and threw him over his shoulders in one swift motion. He waited a couple of seconds, crouching low to prepare, and then kicked off in the same direction.

All For One rocketed through the air, trying to use his levitation quirk to fight against the sheer speed he was gaining. Katsuki clapped his hands together, took a step back, and then stomped forward and swung one arm forward. The palm of his hand connected with All For One’s face with an explosion.

The force of both the hit and explosion caused All For One to stop in place and flip backwards, but before he could fall to the ground Izuku’s feet slammed into his stomach with a dropkick and sent him off once again. He crashed into a wall that had already been damaged by their fight earlier and it came crumbling down on top of him.

“We’re smacking him around a lot, but it doesn’t feel like we’re getting anywhere,” Izuku said as he picked himself up off the ground.

Katsuki exhaled heavily, annoyance filling him as their opponent stood once more. “He has to tire out eventually. No one is invincible. Not even him. He has to be hurting.”

All For One shook the rubble off, seemingly unfazed by the attacks. He looked towards them with disdain.

“No one is invincible, and I do feel the pain from your attacks,” he admitted, unashamed by those facts. To think otherwise would be foolish. “However, I most certainly do not have to tire out before the both of you. I will admit, you two are rather annoying. I am used to simply overpowering anyone in my path, or being unchallenged in the first place. But even where I lack the experience of fighting multiple people at once, I assure you that I am a fast learner.”

He moved forward at a blinding speed, faster than either of them had seen from him before. Katsuki blinked after noticing that All For One had vanished from sight, gritted his teeth and whirled around with an explosion already primed.

His open hand met with All For One’s and the explosion that followed was all but snuffed out as All For One seemed to absorb it in his hand.

It had quickly become obvious that All For One was letting himself get tossed around in an effort to learn how to fight back, and this was going to be his first real move.

All For One reached around and caught Izuku’s fist in his other hand, then pulled Katsuki up and over and slammed him down onto Izuku. A large flame then erupted from the palm of his hand down at the pair.

It was Endeavor’s quirk this time.

He’d rather take both of their quirks before killing them, but evidently they’re too much to deal with together. He’d decided that killing them would be both easier and safer.

Izuku flipped them over and swung his arm as he continued to roll over. The power from the swipe
of his hand caused enough wind to blow the flames out. As he continued to roll, his arm linked with Katsuki’s so that Katsuki would switch places with him. Katsuki, once facing upward, tossed a grenade that had already had its pin pulled into the air, which exploded almost instantly in front of All For One.

They both used the distraction to jump onto their feet, whirl around, and hit him in the stomach in one fluid, synchronized motion. Izuku’s punch and Katsuki’s explosion sent him rocketing away, and gave the both of them a brief reprieve.

They used the moment of freedom to look around and really notice what their fight was doing. Entire buildings had been leveled, damage to the surrounding area was increasing, and there were already police evacuating people.

The two looked at each other. They needed to end this soon. The fight was becoming too much, and innocent people were beginning to be put in danger. There never was going to be a quiet way to take care of this, but it shouldn’t have gotten this bad either.

As heroes they’re supposed to be minimizing as much damage as possible. Even if their opponent is a psychopath who can cause large-scale destruction at will.

Izuku’s gaze snapped up behind Katsuki and he shoved him out of the way. His fist struck All For One’s, though while All For One appeared to be completely calm, a shockwave of pain spread through Izuku’s arm to the rest of his body.

That must’ve been the impact recoil Gran Torino warned him about.

“You’re not the one I want,” All For One stated as he grew another arm from his side and swatted Izuku away.

Izuku landed on his back and was immediately grabbed by his ankles and wrists. A cursory inspection showed Kamui Woods’ quirk again, coming from All For One’s legs, through the concrete below, and up through the ground below Izuku.

Even though All For One had no eyes, Katsuki felt an intense gaze land on him when All For One’s head turned towards him.

“The both of you are far too troublesome together,” All For One said, “but without you following up his attacks, it will be a lot easier to deal with him. You can leave now, or I’ll kill you.”

Katsuki felt his stomach drop, but held himself together nevertheless. Even threat of death isn’t enough to make him consider ditching Izuku. Not during a life threatening fight or any other situation.

“Piss off.”

All For One didn’t bother responding. He simply reached for Katsuki, who ducked under his arm, blasted it away, and then used another explosion to jump over All For One’s head.

He needn’t bother with trying to fight All For One. He needed to get Izuku free and keep up what they were doing. As long as they both had each other–

Katsuki stared at Izuku questioningly. He wasn’t getting any closer. No, he was simply staying in place. Why wasn’t he moving? Why was Izuku screaming at him? Why couldn’t he hear Izuku screaming at him?
Something wasn’t right.

“As instinctive and experienced as you appear to be,” All For One’s voice cut through the strange silence he was experiencing, “emotional bonds will always make someone predictable.”

The pain set in suddenly. Katsuki looked down and finally noticed it. The spike that had pierced his back and was poking through his side. His body going into shock must’ve kept him from realizing it at first. He was stuck in the air, held up by the very thing that had impaled him.

He gripped what little of the spike had made it all the way through him with both hands and tried to blow it up. The explosions that came from both hands were small and weak. Barely half of what he had intended to do.

It was something that had slipped their minds. All For One used the quirk so defensively this whole time that Katsuki didn’t consider it when he was trying to get to Izuku. It was unexpected, and he was pretty sure that was exactly what All For One had intended. To make them believe that he wouldn’t use it in this way.

“I gave you the chance to run, but you chose the wrong direction,” All For One continued.

All For One clenched his fists, a movement intended to release more spikes from his back. The fastest one made it out and into Katsuki’s shoulder and the ground shook violently enough to send them both toppling over before the others made it through him. The spikes coming from All For One receded into his back as he fell, and the ground shook again. Both of them looked over at Izuku, who had gotten one arm free and was pounding wildly on the ground.

Izuku tore the rest of his bindings off and rushed over to Katsuki. He picked Katsuki up and ran towards a nearby building to hide in the alleyways. Surely the area would’ve been evacuated by now, and if they kept quiet they could remain unfound. Even if only for a few minutes. He just needed a few minutes.

Izuku laid Katsuki down on his back and examined him. The wounds looked serious. He needed to stop the bleeding first–

“Stop wasting time with me and go stop him,” Katsuki said. He shoved Izuku’s arms away and pushed himself up onto his elbows, and then further into a sitting position. The pain he felt became very obvious in his expression the more he moved around. “The longer he’s running around without one of us to distract him, the more damage he can do to everyone else.”

“But–”

“Shut up and go!” Katsuki yelled at him. He lowered his voice at the sight of Izuku wincing, “We knew the risks, and this isn’t about the two of us. This is about finally stopping that asshole.”

Izuku stared at him. He didn’t want to leave Katsuki like this. The thought of doing so made him sick to his stomach. But Katsuki was also right. If All For One didn’t come looking for them, then he’d go looking for the other heroes.

Izuku closed his eyes, sucked in a shaky breath, exhaled, and opened his eyes. “You have to get out of here then. Go find someone to help you. Get to a hospital. If he catches you again he’ll kill you. So go find help.”

“There won’t be any help for the two of you.”

Izuku glared over his shoulder at the voice. All For One was levitating slightly off the ground at
the entrance to the alleyway. His hand rose as the familiar sound of that air cannon made it to
Izuku’s ears. Izuku hugged Katsuki and covered him as best he could. He held onto Katsuki tightly
when the two of them were blasted away and tried to take as many hits as he could from the walls
they rocketed through.

They slowed to a stop and he landed on his back with Katsuki on top, then he let his arms fall to
the ground. He was beginning to get covered in blood, but none of it was his. It was all seeping
from Katsuki’s wounds down onto him, and his emotions were becoming a non-stop rollercoaster
of worry, anger, and regret.

He could fix all of this. He knew he could if he could just stop and think. If everyone would just
stop.

But Izuku knew All For One wasn’t going to stop, if Katsuki could help it then he wouldn’t stop
either. There was no pause to be had here, no distractions coming to help them, and no one coming
to save them. They had to save themselves this time.

“Kacchan, you have to get away while I keep him busy.”

“I’m not done with him.” Katsuki tried to push himself up, slipped on the blood pooling on the
ground and fell back down onto Izuku. “Need to kill him for this—”

“You can’t fight him like this,” Izuku tried to reason with him. He helped Katsuki up and propped
him against a wall. “You need to leave. You need to get to a hospital as soon as possible. Even if
we win, it’ll still be the biggest loss ever for me if you don’t survive. Please, you have to leave.”

Katsuki appeared to barely register anything Izuku said. His eyes were fluttering open and closed.
Izuku grabbed his face and made Katsuki look at him.

He didn’t know much in the way of medical knowledge, but he could tell Katsuki was losing too
much blood from the way his eyes had begun to glaze over. He didn’t seem able to focus that well.
Although Izuku did see Katsuki’s gaze fix itself on something. Or rather, on someone.

“He’s going to die of blood loss, if nothing else.” Izuku whirled around and glared absolute death
at the levitating villain. “I don’t quite care for him, but I’ll kill him quick if you move. I’m not
interested in playing cat and mouse until his body gives out.”

He faced Katsuki again and ushered him to the corner of the alleyway, and then urged him to
continue on. Katsuki, in his hazy state of mind, did little to fight against being shooed away.

Izuku didn’t want to leave him alone. He didn’t want to send Katsuki away in that state and hope
for the best. He wanted to carry Katsuki to the hospital himself and watch over him, but so long as
All For One was coming for him, he couldn’t stay with Katsuki.

“You won’t need to worry about that,” Izuku reassured him. He stood in front of All For One and
clenched his fists. “Because you gave me a reason to end this right now.”

Katsuki kept his hand with the injured shoulder pressed to the wound on his stomach. It didn’t do
much for the gaping hole in his back, but he needed the other hand against the wall so he wouldn’t
fall over with each step.
He made it out of the maze of alleyways and onto a sidewalk, where he fell to his knees and grabbed onto a nearby street light with a curse under his breath.

In the distance he could hear the crumbling of stone and cracking of cement. He didn’t like the thought of it, but it didn’t take much to realize that Izuku was on a rampage. Likely going after All For One with everything he had.

The sharp, intense pain in his abdomen began to wind down into a dull ache. His arms had begun to go cold and he was losing feeling in his face.

“I really fucked up this time.”

He’d have been fine if he didn’t go straight for Izuku in that moment. He’d already figured that out, but even now every instinct he had screamed at him to go to Izuku. He knew that if he were put in that very same situation, he’d have gotten impaled trying to get to Izuku all over again.

Katsuki slid down the light pole to the ground, then rolled over onto his back and stared up at the sky. Each movement was accompanied with a groan of pain.

The stars that dotted the darkened sky reminded him of Izuku’s freckles. Bright, gorgeous, and something he could stare at forever.

Izuku and All For One flew by his line of sight, high up in the air, and then the sky left his view as a face blocked it out. Someone standing over him and staring down at his wounds. It took a few seconds for him to recognize the face.

“Oh, great. You,” Katsuki said weakly.

Izuku’s fist crashed into All For One’s again. Exactly the same as last time, All For One appeared to be unfazed while a shockwave of pain flowed through Izuku’s entire body.

He continued to push through the pain still, until his fist slipped by All For One’s and collided with All For One’s face. He was quick to follow up with a swift quick to the shin, and then an uppercut that sent All For One into the air.

Izuku hesitated for a second. He was used to waiting for Katsuki to come in at that point, and then he remembered that he was on his own here.

He jumped up into the air to chase after his prey. He flipped in the air until he was upside down and gave All For One a light punch on the leg, something to get rid of the impact recoil in case it was waiting for him, followed by the hardest kick possible on the head.

Izuku was no longer pulling punches. He wanted to subdue All For One without injuring him too much, but now he just wanted to end this as quickly as possible. The only things on his mind were keeping this fight in as deserted a place as possible, stopping All For One, and getting back to Katsuki.

All For One landed on the ground, creating a crater in the hard concrete. He raised his hands up and caught Izuku’s feet, yet his arms buckled under the sheer power Izuku had landed on him with. Izuku jumped off of him, predicting the spikes that erupted from All For One’s chest and jumped to
the side from the following air cannon attack.

He pounded his fists on the ground to get rid of the wood that was surely coming. As he predicted, he could see the wood in the newly formed cracks in the ground. He jammed his hand in and grabbed one of the wooden tendrils, ripped it out of the ground, and jerked All For One along with it.

All For One was hurled through the air, over Izuku’s shoulder and down onto the ground. As Izuku neared him, flames exploded from his body and Izuku had to cover his face with both arms to shield himself from them. When Izuku uncovered his face, his eyes widened at the dragon-shaped flame racing toward him.

Izuku shielded himself with his arms again and waited for the flames to hit. It was too late to react to them, and he felt the heat burn through his clothes—

Yet the flames never touched him.

Izuku opened his eyes and saw a separate set of flames derailing All For One’s. He followed the trail to Shouto, who was holding Katsuki up with Katsuki’s arm across his shoulder. Katsuki pulled the pin on his unused grenadier bracer, despite Shouto’s protests, and the recoil knocked them both onto the ground.

All For One raised one hand toward the two of them, already aware of their presence before the explosion had gone off, and blasted the explosion away with another air cannon.

Or rather, he tried to. But nothing came out.

He didn’t feel the increased muscle mass that normally came with it, either. Nor could he control the flames anymore.

In fact, similar to a television, the infrared ray he used to see and Ragdoll’s quirk had shut off, leaving him completely in the dark.

He was blasted away by the explosion, where he hit a wall and felt pain like he hadn’t felt in a long, long time. Pain on a level he hadn’t felt since before he had a handful of quirks to reduce the damage he would take from attacks.

Izuku ran after him, following up on the chance to get in some hits, but halfway there he could feel all the strength his quirk gave him leave his body. A feeling he knew all too well.

He shifted mid run so that he would hit the wall with his shoulder, well aware of the fact he wouldn’t be able to stop himself at this speed without his quirk. On impact with the wall he stopped and fell on top of All For One, knees on the villain’s arms and started hitting him relentlessly.

All For One tried to do something, anything, to stop him. No quirks were working at all. No spikes came out, no flames burst forth, no black liquid to teleport this boy off of him, no air cannon, no strength, no wood, no vein-like appendages, nothing.

One of Izuku’s punches knocked his head to the side, where he could picture the culprit now. A set of red eyes under floating black, messy hair, half buried by rubble. There was no other explanation as to how this could be happening.

With each punch to his face, he felt himself slipping more and more into unconsciousness. He had no quirks as long as he was under that man’s quirk erasing gaze. And while Izuku didn’t either, All
For One was still well informed about the training one had to go through to inherit One For All. Quirk or no, the boy still had power behind his every hit.

All For One kicked Izuku in the back with one foot. It budged Izuku just enough for him to get an arm free and catch Izuku’s next punch. He slipped his other arm out and caught Izuku’s other hand.

Izuku struggled to get another hit in, and All For One struggled to keep him at bay. He just needed to last until the hero had to blink. The second he was free he’d finish that man off, and then continue with Izuku.

He fought against Izuku until he managed to get a swift hit on Izuku’s stomach. Izuku doubled over and All For One shoved him off.

Both of them got on their feet at the same time and glared each other down. Quirk or no quirk Izuku wasn’t going to relent. He was still just as used to not having one and he was used to having one. He wasn’t going to let something like this slow him down.

Izuku ran forward, arm pulled back and ready to strike. All For One appeared to still be dazed after Izuku’s onslaught, and he had to take advantage of that while he could.

He reached All For One as the man began to snap out of it. All For One quickly threw out a punch of his own with what little time he had to react, and right before his fist connected with the villain’s cheek his arm began to glow once more.

His fist hit All For One, backed with the full force of his quirk, at the same time All For One hit him. The sound from each hit was loud enough for anyone nearby to hear as All For One went straight down to the ground and Izuku fell backwards.

Izuku began to quickly lose consciousness as his back hit the cold pavement. He saw All For One lying next to him, unmoving, and Shouto in the distance trying to keep Katsuki from toppling over.

*I kept my promise, Kacchan.*

His eyes slowly closed, gaze fixed on Katsuki.

*So don’t you leave me either.*
Epilogue

Chapter Notes

Here’s the epilogue for you all! It’s super short (compared to other chapters) but finishes the series off pretty nicely I think.

Chapter thirty, as said before, will be all about Toddy and his time with the villains. It’ll be the very last chapter, and then On The Run will finally be marked as completed. I’ve already started on it some, but it’ll take a while, so be on the lookout for that!

I should really get to work on a few other things as well (A couple of things for Manage Me [yes i finally decided to expand on that AU a little bit...], Camp Crush, Hunting The Past, and then a few one shots in that order), and because the epilogue is out I'm not really going to scramble to get this out quickly. So keep an eye out for it and it'll be out before too long hopefully!

See the end of the chapter for more notes

Izuku sat in front of the flower littered gravestone, knees up to his chest and arms wrapped around them. The sun was setting, giving the area an orange glow. People had come and gone since he arrived a couple of hours ago, but he didn’t want to leave just yet. He still wanted to mourn properly while he had some free time.

First responders had shown up to the scene that night after some of the heroes had gotten them to come arrest what villains had been captured. The only ones who had gotten away were Toga Himiko, Dabi, and Tomura Shigaraki. Izuku had been informed earlier today that while Tomura escaped, his former classmates let Dabi go before the police saw him this once because he helped defend them.

He wasn’t totally clear on the details. It was hard to listen to anything not pertaining to Katsuki at the time.

Izuku, after he had woken up, had been surprised to be approached by his former classmates. The group had seen Shouto carrying Katsuki after Katsuki’s last attack and a few came running over to see what had happened.

The first responders wasted no time taking Katsuki to a nearby ambulance. Izuku tried to go with him, but Katsuki’s condition was apparently too bad to allow anyone but paramedics onboard. He had to watch Katsuki, who was unconscious at that point, get loaded on and taken away.

It was a painful scene to see, but Izuku tried to distract himself by watching over the villains that were being arrested at the time. He kept a close eye on both All For One and the strongest Noumu, even when he was urged to go meet Katsuki at the hospital.

There would’ve been no point at the time. He wasn’t a doctor, but even Izuku knew that they would have had to do some work to try and save Katsuki. And if they were doing that, Izuku wanted to avoid sitting in the waiting room and worrying himself to death until either Katsuki was stable enough to be visited or...
Izuku glanced up at the sky. He’d not only stayed here longer than he meant to, but went and made himself cry again. He needed to get back. It was too cold to sit in a graveyard all night.

He started walking back, still unable to stop the feeling of paranoia that accompanied him everywhere. He was too used to being with Katsuki, running and hiding from people who were hunting them. It would still take time before it really sinks in that all of that is over.

Unfortunately, it meant both the good and bad was over.

Memories began flowing through his mind like a movie. The night they both saw All Might fall on that big screen in the middle of town, and then the school being raided the following week.

Had it just been the league attacking that day it would’ve been a suicide mission, but with All For One openly backing them up at that point the only reasonable goal was to get the students away safely. Something that wasn’t easily done, but was done.

Izuku remembered running into Katsuki at the school’s entrance. He remembered the reluctance they both felt at the idea of running away, and yet they both ran regardless. The place was far too chaotic to do anything else, and the pro heroes were risking themselves to get all the students away. It’d have been stupid to run right back in.

The worst part was the realization that they couldn’t go home. It’d be too big of a risk drawing the villains to their homes.

Izuku’s thoughts jumped ahead to the two of them by the campfire with Aizawa talking to them. He didn’t know what happened between the two of them while he was gone, but he definitely noticed Katsuki seemed more on guard around Aizawa from that day on.

He also remembered it as the first day Katsuki kind of ‘officially’ accepted help from him for the first time.

He never did get to the real truth behind the friction between Katsuki and Aizawa that developed that day. He only had a few guesses and assumptions as to why. As well as the short-but-definitely-not-the-entire-truth explanation Katsuki gave him once.

Whether Katsuki accepted Izuku’s help from that day on to spite Aizawa or because he genuinely wanted it, Izuku felt a certain warmth every time afterward. A warmth that resembled the feeling of acceptance, in a way.

Izuku reveled in that thought. One of the few times Katsuki had accepted him as more than a nuisance.

His mind wandered on to the two of them in the cave, and with all those memories he realized that the times Katsuki didn’t think of him as a nuisance actually weren’t so few anymore. Living in that cave together was the real beginning of their new relationship.

Izuku jumped when he heard a car horn go off. He looked to the side and saw several vehicles waiting on him as he stood in the middle of the road. He ran ahead to the sidewalk, apologizing profusely even though he knew no one could hear him. He must’ve been standing in the middle of the crosswalk, lost in his own thoughts.

Once on the sidewalk he glanced around to get a bearing on his surroundings. He was on the right path at least. He placed his hands inside his coat pockets, continued forward, and tried to remember where he left off in his thoughts.
The cave. The place where he’d really taken note of Katsuki’s changing behavior. It was obvious even before, but that was when he had really begun to change. That was when he’d really started showing increasing amounts of concern, care, and respect.

He remembered when they first held hands, too. Their first kiss, first hug, first everything. As awkward as some of those were, he still wouldn’t have changed them in the slightest. He’d happily bump noses with Katsuki in an awkward first kiss again. He’d happily let Katsuki crawl into bed with him and hug him. He’d happily do it all over again if he had to.

“Back already, Midoriya?”

Izuku blinked a couple of times, almost as though his brain were trying to process that someone was speaking to him. He hadn’t realized he’d made it back already.

“Y-yeah. Sorry, I’m a little distracted today.”

“I see. Well, it’s the same two rooms. You’re still allowed inside both.”

Izuku smiled, thanked the person, and left with a wave. He was hoping to have heard good news, but they probably wouldn’t have been the person to let him know. He would have to remain hopeful for now.

He retreated to his thoughts again. It had almost become a temporary coping mechanism over the past couple of days. To let himself get lost in happy memories. Nothing could bring him down while he was there. In those memories it was only Katsuki and himself enjoying each other’s company.

Even the bad memories were laced with good, if he looked in the right places. Such as when the villains found the two of them, but they managed to escape on their own by working together.

Never had Izuku felt so alive during a fight than he did when he and Katsuki worked together. He felt like they could do anything as long as they stayed together. Things like escaping villains, navigating an unfamiliar city with no money or food and finding the right people to help them, and saving their friends from the villains.

The time they lived underground with the rest of their friends helped to remind Izuku that if they could live casually, even in an underground network under a building dedicated to science and tech industry, then the two of them could’ve managed even better without the threat of the villains looming over them the whole time.

Izuku opened the door to the soft, constant beeping of a heart monitor. He didn’t expect to hear the two voices in the room talking over it. One was Mitsuki, and the other–

“And where the fuck were you?”

Izuku grew a tender smile at Katsuki’s accusatory pointing. He made a mental note to thank Aizawa and Shouto since Katsuki was okay. He couldn’t have won the fight without their help. Especially not without Katsuki’s. He would’ve thanked them earlier if he had seen either of them recently, but now that Katsuki was awake he felt more comfortable going other places.

But for now Katsuki was going to get his full, unabated attention.

He and Mitsuki had both stayed in Katsuki’s hospital room for the past two days, waiting for Katsuki to finally wake up. Izuku had told her almost everything he could remember from the moment they ran from the school up until now, and she told him about how Inko, Masaru and
herself were put in hiding for their own protection.

Of course Katsuki would wake up the one time Izuku decided to go out for a while. But as worried as he was before, he knew deep, deep down that Katsuki was going to come out okay. Because Katsuki didn’t give up so easily. Katsuki would fight death in the depths of hell if he had to. If that’s what it took for them to stay together. And Katsuki hated to lose a fight.

“I was visiting All Might. I wanted to let him know what we did, and that everyone is safe,” Izuku explained as he pulled a chair up to Katsuki’s bedside.

“So we won?” Katsuki asked, ignoring his mother’s complaints about how she just told him that mere minutes ago.

Izuku leaned forward, kissed Katsuki, grabbed his hand, and leaned back in the chair sleepily.

“Yes, we won. It’s over.”

Chapter End Notes

Turns out I stayed true to my word. The major character death tag was specifically for All Might. But I won't lie I considered killing one of the two of them in the big fight.

Maybe one day I’ll post the alternate fight chapter I had in mind where Izuku is the one who gets hurt and Katsuki loses his shit trying to keep All For One away from Izuku.

Maybe.

Works inspired by this piece:  
Reconciliation: Wildfire by Hanta_Sero

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