### **Summary:**

The man in the helmet had no interest in those that he saved.

### **Notes:**

* Fuckton of abandonment issues vs the guy who really doesn’t want company

### **Too many alphas**

The scent that permeated out of them was disgusting. Coming from Midoriya, who spent all day cleaning gore and all night getting slathered in it, it was telling how putrid the stench was.

It was an alpha thing. He wouldn’t know, since he’s never been in a place where there were this many alphas in one congregated location. The smell made him feel like he was wading through it. If he was lucky, it would leave him with a headache, but on some days, he would spend all night puking instead.

At least now, he knew it for a fact. Even if he didn’t eat anything for a day or two, he could still throw up. It was an interesting observation.

That was neither here nor there. At the moment, he had to go back on patrol.

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Some people didn’t reek as much.

“Helmet? Are you alright?”

Midoriya dropped his hands from his side and straightened. He didn’t want to look weak in front of someone. Especially not someone like Aizawa.

“...If you’re injured, we should at least take a break.”

He was glad it was him at least, and not someone like Enji or Shigaraki, who’s smelled so strongly that Midoriya felt like he was being strangled, but still. It was someone when, once upon a time, he used to be alone.

He wanted to know who the first person who decided to stalk him was and shake them. Fucking idiot.

Picking up his bat, he turned for the door while giving Aizawa a wide berth.

### **s**