Warning: reverse harem, messy feelings

Disclaimer: I don’t own anything.

Summary: Within 3 generations, the 99% of the population that was born with a soulmate became 1%.

Alt: The five myths about soulmates that Midoriya Izuku debunks. The one that they wished they warned him about.

Alt: Aizawa and Yamada gets a new soul mate when they’re 15. His name is Midoriya Izuku, and he has secrets.

Alt: Between Yagi Toshinori and Midoriya Izuku, they could make a single, functioning human in relative good health.

Alt: Bakugo Katsuki has always thought that the whole soulmate thing was BS. It was clear to anyone with eyes that he and Midoriya were meant to be.

Paring: Aizawa/Midoriya/Yamada, not-what-you-are-hoping-for Yagi/Midoriya, one-sided Bakugo/Midoriya

A.N: Wow these kids are fucked.

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### Notes

* Wow these kids are fucked
* Soulmates
  + People don’t see the world in color until they meet their soulmates. Or so old people say
  + >>Yagi’s Generation is 99% soulmate
  + >>Deku’s Gen is referred to as the Heartless Gen b/c exchange of their Soulmate for a stronger Quirk and Deku’s got two soulmates but no quirk so what the fuck.
  + Myths (?)
* Aizawa & Yamada
  + Who were content and happy with each other and fine, but then Midoriya is born and they decide to wait for him to come find them
  + Big mistake
  + Because All Might got to him first and he has secrets now
  + And before, they only had the good things in life, but now, now they can say that they will all have
  + Aizawa - couldn't see yellow (and therefore orange and green)
  + Yamada- couldn't see blue (and therefore purple and green)
  + They have the soulmate mark on their chest, right above their heart. It glows sometimes. It’s the physical evidence to say that they are each others’.
* All Might
  + Who was born quirkless + soulmate-less and when he gives OFA to Midoriya, he feels a connection to him
  + He’s certain that this was the last thing his teacher could give him, a soulmate of his own. And it’s okay to want something for himself, right?
  + Feels physically connected to Midoriya. So they sorta lowkey share pain and can always find each other. Like soulmates do.
* Bakugo
  + This one
  + Born without a soulmate but a hero’s quirk, he thought that the quirkless Deku who had a soulmate was perfect for him
  + “Why do you have a soulmate? How would love your sorry, quirkless ass?” But Bakugo knows. “Why did I have to fall for your already taken, quirkless ass?”
* Todoroki
  + Who closed his heart because of his home world
  + And finally sees the Color Green
* OFA
  + Feels a … connection? To Midoriya? To whatever is in Midoriya? Idk but once Midoriya gets AFO, he feels a connection whether he wants it or not
  + Born with a quirk but no soulmate, but his brother was born with a soulmate and no quirk. (naturally) goes and kills his brother’s soulmate, takes their quirk.

### BakuMido - found

After the exam, Midoriya found Bakugo at the gates.

When he was younger, he would say that Bakugo Katsuki dedicatedly lit the entire horizon every night. The sun rose and set because Bakugo was the one that set it on fire, his hands crackling and popping. When he was a kid, he thought that against Bakugo, even the sun couldn’t win and those amber lights. The stretch of all the burgundies, mahoganies, scarlets and vermillions in the world and across the sky all originated from Bakugo.

And for a long time, when all he could see were the shades of red, his whole world was Bakugo.

“...You’re… blond.”

Bakugo’s eyebrow arched up as he stared at the only other person from his middle school who came here today. And then, when Midoriya’s words sunk into his heart, when he realized what it meant for him to say that, his eyes widened and his jaw slackened.

“No way,” he said, “there’s no way you found your soulmate.”

Midoriya, on instinct, took a step back and raised his (almost healed) arms protectively in front of his chest.

“There’s no fucking way you found your soulmate! There’s no way you have a soulmate!” he growled back, his quirk popping in his hands as he closed the distance between them in an instant. His hands came to grab Midoriya’s upper arms, and on impact, his shirt hissed and burned under his hands.

Midoriya gritted his teeth, but compared to the feeling of his limbs shattering, it didn’t hurt as bad. What did hurt, however, was the expression on Bakugo’s face. As the orange sunset stained his features in that amber light, Midoriya could clearly see his own reflection in Bakugo’s eyes and felt his heart squeeze.

“There’s no way!” he yelled back, voice becoming progressively louder. Somehow, Midoriya didn’t think he was yelling at him anymore. “Even if you had a soulmate, who would want a quirkless weakling like you?! You’re nothing! They’d be embarrassed that you were born to complete them! After all, if some worthless guy like you were to complete someone- I bet they’re already fine without you!”

And the part of Midoriya who treasures the beach wanted to fight back. These last ten months were audrius. They were hard and they were painful and he wouldn’t trade them for anything else. Still, the idea that someone who could feel his pain was ignoring him dogged his thoughts.

But that was fine too.

These last ten months would put his last ten years to shame and he would make a difference. He would get stronger. He’ll become a hero.

He’ll become someone that his soulmates weren’t ashamed of.

He was certain that, if his soulmate was here, they held the same aspirations as him. They wanted to be a hero. They wanted to be someone who saved people and protected the peace. They probably liked the same heroes that Midoriya liked, looked up to the same heroes that Midoriya looked up to, and were trying to get into the school with the best likelihood for them to make their dreams a reality.

He wouldn’t disappoint them. And until he could lift his head and say that he was a Hero, he wouldn’t dare approach them.

The sun set the horizon ablaze, and he met Bakugo’s eyes straight. The blond’s eyes widened, his red eyes vibrant like they embodied fire, and Midoriya thought it was a beautiful color. So lost in them, he couldn’t find any words to reply back and in his silence, Bakugo found loss.

“Kacchan,” he said, the same way he had been saying it since they were three and had matching All Might blankets. “I’m going to be a hero.”

Before he knew what to call it, it was always “Kacchan’s Eyes”.

But now, it was just red.

### Soulmates on My First Day

When Aizawa first meets Midoriya, the first thing he thinks is that he doesn’t know the name for the color of his hair. And then he realizes what that means and texts Yamada at his next opportunity.

But Aizawa was a teacher right now. And he was a teacher of children who wanted to be heroes. So obviously, he would do what he always did. He would test if they are capable of being a hero. How he handles these situations will decide how they will be for the rest of their life and give them a good dose of reality.

He wasn’t about to spill their blood on his hands, especially not his soul mate.

But he can’t meet his eyes-and the shade of color that he’s never seen before haunts him.

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The next time he saw Yamada, he finally understands Blond.

"Shouta? You good?"

".... You're blond."

Yamada blinked back, his shocked expression looking more and more concerned with each passing second. He leaned in closer and then whispered out.

"Yeah, I was born blond, remember?"

And yes, Aizawa remembered but holy shit. He didn't think it would be that bright. Often, they compared it to the sun, but the sun was just light, he wouldn’t call it yellow. Yamada, however...

"Shota? You're scaring me."

"Ah, sorry," Aizawa said, shaking his head. "I just… It's like that first time all over again."

"You mean…?"

Aizawa managed a loose smile, "Yep. One of my students."

"Haha…!" The joy in Yamada was palpable, but it quickly died against his lips as reality sunk in. "Well, it could be worse. Like super worse, you know? We are all alive and now we have a chance. None of us are on opposite sides, and we know where each other are, right?"

As expected of the other part of his heart, it was like he was mistakenly born with all of their energy and optimism. However, he was right, they were together. This was their hope.

"Yeah," Aizawa nodded. "It's a start."

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Yamada confirmed it.

He told Aizawa that, while he was explaining the exam to the students, he thought he saw green. He didn’t think anything of it, thought it was a different shade of gray or whatever, but now that he thinks about it, this makes a lot of sense now.

“Yeah, the lawn is actually green now,” Yamada said. “I finally get it.”

The look that Aizawa shot him for that made him quail. Giving an awkward laugh, he turned around.

“A-anyway, I’ll let him know to stay behind in class. See you then hahah-”

And with a speed that would make Ingenium start, Present Mic had safely evacuated the vicinity.

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Midoriya Izuku was not in the classroom as he had asked. Yamada visibly deflated and Aizawa frowned. While he understood the fear that could come from the unknown, especially since both his soulmates were his teachers, he didn't think it would outweigh everything else. You only meet your soulmate for the first time once right? This was going to decide how they would conduct themselves for sometime.

And then, a hole began to worry itself in his heart.

What if Midoriya didn’t want them? What if they were wrong, and it wasn’t a soulmate that they found, but some genetic or biological defect instead? How would they even begin going about this whole thing?

And the back door slammed open and Midoriya was there.

Aizawa released a sigh of relief, but before he could say anything, Yamada barreled through all the desks and chairs and had already scooped the young man into his arms. His laughter echoed through the room, filling the silence with so much joy that the windows rattled. Aizawa's lips twitched, a conditioned response to seeing that kind of glee from him, and regretfully put an end to it.

"Hizashi, put him down. Don’t scare him."

Yamada, remembering himself, finally dropped him to the ground.

"Oh sorry about that," he said. He took a step back, his grin threatening to split his face as he started speaking excitedly, "This is going to sound crazy but I'm your other soulmate! And so is Shota! And it's gonna be weird since we are your teachers but don't worry, we'll do our best! So let's get along. C'mon there's a lot we need to talk about. What’s your favorite color? Who’s your favorite hero? Please don’t say it’s Midnight-" his words died when Aizawa wrapped his capture scarf around his mouth and yanked hard.

The blond stumbled, and after a meaningful stare, wilted. Satisfied that he (probably) wouldn’t act up again soon, he released him.

Yamada turned right back to Midoriya, a big grin on his face as he rolled back on his heels like he was a teenager all over again. The actual teenager in front of him lifted his schoolbag prospectively over his chest.

Aizawa narrowed his eyes. They really should have made a real plan that he could force Yamada into. His student was clearly spooked out of his mind now, and really, that wasn't a good first impression. He didn’t want Midoriya to think that he had no choice.

"Despite how he acts, we won't do anything outside of your comfort zone," he called out, stepping closer to them.

However, as he came closer, Midoriya was inched backwards and he stopped instead. More than eight feet away, but it felt like he could fit the entire universe between them. It was because Yamada spooked him, Aizawa forced himself to think. He had to think positively. Obviously, they would be wanted as much as they wanted.

Midoriya was pale-faced, and no matter how much he wished it was a good thing, a lifetime of rescuing people made him recognize fear when he saw it.

Even worse, his student wasn't even looking at them. His eyes remained on the ground, a tremble running through his body.

"... If you want, we won't do anything at all. We can pretend that we have never met, and that we aren't soulmates," the words felt thick in his throat, but he would do it if it means that his soulmate, his student, could at least meet his eyes.

Yamada, however, sputtered back, clearly objecting to this sudden decision that Aizawa made without him, but Aizawa didn’t even look at him. His entire focus and being remained on Midoriya, the kid who was ready to destroy himself to save someone. Whatever he saw, from those hunched shoulders, the white-knuckled grip on his school bag against his chest, the tight expression and trembling lip, it made something inside of him change and he regained his composure.

“Ah, I guess we should start from the top, huh? Sorry for scaring you, I got really excited,” the blond said and then opened his arms to make a proper pose, “My name is Yamada Hisashi, I teach your English class. And of course, my Pro-Name is Present Mic!” He gave a grand bow, before straightening and pointing at Aizawa. “And he’s-”

“Aizawa Shouta. Pro-name: Eraserhead,” Aizawa said, cutting him off and keeping his eyes fixated on Midoriya. “Nice to meet you.”

Please, he begged, please look at me. Please let this be a ‘nerves’ thing and not a permanent thing.

There was a long silence, and for a moment, they thought that Midoriya just lost consciousness standing up when he spoke up instead.

“I’m… Midoriya Izuku. I-I want to be a Pro-Hero,” he said. “I’m in class 1-A.”

He took a deep breath, seeming to regain his composure and little more of his senses.

“...I am nothing right now, and I have nothing to bring to the table,” he continued. “So I understand if you would like to pretend this never happened. W-we can properly sever this bond.”

The look on his face said that he had been sent to the gallows.

“No no no no no,” Yamada said, shooting Aizawa a look that went unnoticed, and instead he focused on Midoriya, “We definitely don’t want that. Unless you want that, then, well. I guess we will respect that. But uh, why don’t we try this out first. And then we can decide later to go with it or not. Or uh. We can wait until you graduate from UA to make any final decisions to start or stop or anything, okay?”

Midoriya’s eyes seemed to shine at the idea, finally lifting his head, and Yamada had to bite back the urge to just grin and coddle him.

He couldn’t believe it. A world without green, without those eyes? Yamada didn’t want to go back to that.

“Midoriya, I want you to know that there will be no favoritism in my class,” Aizawa said, before a loose grin began to form at the corner of his mouth, “and if you decide to pursue this, we will be with you every step of the way.”

Midoriya nodded slowly, as though slowly understanding.

“...I’m really sorry,” he said, dropping his head to give them a full bow from his waist, “but I need some time to think about this.”

Aizawa nodded, he was prepared for that. All things considered, this was even the better outcome. Given how reckless Midoriya was, he had been worried that his new soulmate was going to be someone with as little self-control as Yamada, so this was a welcomed surprise. “Take as much time as you need. We’ll be here. Don’t be late tomorrow though, there’s a lot to cover in class.”

“Yes sir,” Midoriya replied, more out of habit than anything. He sketched another bow, one for Aizawa and one for Yamada, before he was out the door.

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The next couple of days, it was like the conversation never happened at all. Save for the fact that Midoriya seemed to be a little distracted, but that died once he realized the fast pacing of learning was in class.

Aizawa pretended that there wasn’t a hole in his chest. Yamada had a harder time pretending when it was just them.

And Midoriya didn’t meet their eyes.

### Connection To All Might

Midoriya was on the way home when it happened. While this was becoming increasingly more and more frequent, occasionally, it got really bad. Before it was a mild discomfort, like trying to get a burp out and being unable too, or like there was too much air expanding inside his chest and throat. Some nights, he would suddenly jerk awake to a dull thudding in his chest and no way to explain it.

But today was bad. It was bad in a way that didn’t make any sense, and it was bad in the way that he didn’t see it coming.

It was as though something was stabbing him in the side, pulling open his chest by the ribs and was violently punching his organs. It was an awful feeling that had him hunched over, sweating and shaking. His strength deserted him, his knees knocking into each other, and for a brief moment, his entire existence was defined by agony.

In that moment, all he could think about was All Might. Not the hero he always idolized, but the bony figure he calls his mentor.

“-doriya, Midoriya, can you hear me? C’mon little listener, I know you can hear me. Everyone can hear me. Midoriya?”

He panted hard, and when a hand came onto his shoulder, suddenly felt the world refocus on the man next to him.

“...Sensei?” he whispered quietly.

Suddenly a bucket of cold water was figuratively dumped over him. All the blood rushed away from him and a fear unlike any other crept into his heart. It was said that, if your soulmate is suffering from a grievous injury, the other part of that bond would be able to feel it. It was something that alerted each other that something was wrong. It’s not scientifically proven by any means, but it was something that any soulmate pair could attest to.

“...Did Aizawa-sensei just die?” he asked, fearfully.

The spine of a book dropped onto his head, and he craned his neck up to see his homeroom’s unimpressed expression looking down at him.

“No,” Aizawa deadpanned. “Hizashi, are you hiding something?” He asked, his eyes darting from the blond to the boy hunched on the ground.

Both of Yamada’s hands came up in the signature surrender pose, “If I am, I have no idea that I am.”

They both turned to Midoriya, who felt the pain subside just as fast as it came. The young boy’s hands came up to the side, trying to figure out where that pain came from and why it suddenly disappeared. He gulped nervously, and wondered why he felt the incessant need to run and keep running.

Someone needed help. He didn’t know who or where they were, but he knew that they needed help.

“...I guess you’re not injured either,” Aizawa said slowly, “Because we didn’t feel anything.”

And suddenly, Midoriya felt very, very cold. His eyes widened in realization, but he didn’t share his thoughts.

He looked up at them and then back to the ground. “I… I think I’m just tired,” he said. He got up to his feet suddenly, and the sudden wave of vertigo almost knocked him off his feet, and his homeroom teacher’s arm shot out to steady him through his shoulder. “S-Sorry,” he said.

“If you wanna wait a couple more minutes, I can drive you home,” Yamada said.

“No, no I’m fine,” Midoriya said. “Thank you for the offer,” he added, clearly trying to remember his manners. “I’m fine, I’m sure I’m just tired.”

Something in his heart tightened. He needed to be somewhere.

“...Alright,” Aizawa said, slowly, like he wanted someone to stop him. Midoriya was too focused on something else to notice. “Get home quickly.”

“Yes sir,” Midoriya barely gasped out, rushing between the two of them and out the doors, leaving his two soul mates feeling as though something was very, very wrong.

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“I thought so,” Midoriya said, making it to that beach.

He had just ran and ran, straight from school. He had no way of describing how he knew where to go, but that he just knew where to go. It was a bizarre feeling, but now that he was here, he felt as though this was the place that he was needed.

All Might, coughing blood into his hand, stared at him in surprise.

“...Midoriya-shounen?”

“It’s your injury. I… I can feel your injury,” he said.

All Might’s eyes widened.

“...I see,” he said, after a moment, “I’m sorry-”

“No, I… I’m sorry!” Midoriya said, “This whole time, I could feel it. It was something that I didn’t know how to feel and I didn’t realize where it was from but it only started after I took OFA so it… It was you, wasn’t it? You were in pain and alone this whole time. And I… I didn’t even pretend to notice.”

“This injury is my own,” All Might replied, voice low, “and not for you to worry about-”

“I can’t help but worry about if it’s you!”

There was a long silence and the Number One hero, who carried a secret and a burden so heavy that Midoriya swears that it was breaking him (he could feel it), sighed in defeat.

All Might, who can smile in the face of any adversary, conceded defeat to a 14 year old fanboy as he sat down on the bench and motioned for Midoriya to join him.

“...That day, when you went to take the test… I could feel it,” All Might admitted quietly.

“...Feel what?” Midoriya asked, but he had an awful inkling that he already knew the answer.

“I could feel my entire arm shatter, the blood vessels pop and the muscles tear.”

Midoriya’s eyes watered.

“I’m sorry,” he said quietly.

“No, Midoriya-shounen, I am sorry.”

Both of them knew what it meant, to be able to feel each others’ injuries. It wasn’t something that they ever expected, but both of them thought it was for different reasons.

Yet, they were able to pretend that it wasn’t the case.

### Secrets - Post USJ

“Uh… All Might,” Midoriya said quietly, “I uh… I was wondering if maybe we could tell uhm… Aizawa-sensei and Yamada-sensei.”

“...Midoriya-shounen,” the blond replied back, reaching out to rest his hand on his trembling ones, “I… I would not recommend it. The less people know about One-For-All, the better it is for them. For their sake.”

Midoriya opened his mouth, and the memories from their awful training session flooded in, he closed it. He dropped his head and trembled harder.

“...However, I also know that you are a meticulous thinker,” All Might said, “Why did you decide that you wanted to tell them?”

Midoriya stared at his hero and then looked back down. He weighed his options.

What was he supposed to say? They were his soulmates? To the guy that he was actually connected to? That he was stringing along three of his teachers, whether they all knew it or not? Was that something he could explain? That someone brought the color into his world but Yagi was the one that completed him?

“I just thought, they are trust-worthy. And my teachers. I thought, since Principle Nezu knew, it would be safe to let them know too, at least the teachers that I feel the closest to.”

Yagi tilted his head, “And after that? You’re also going to tell your friends? And your mother?”

Midoriya hesitated.

“...It’s bad enough that Bakugo-shounen knows and is exposed to all of this as well,” the blond said, sighing deeply. He took a deep breath and then turned back to the young man in the infirmary bed, “So, Midoriya-shounen, now that you know how far those villains are willing to go, are you sure you want to tell them something that they’ll carry forever?”

The teenager looked at the thin hand holding his, and shook his head.

“...It’s hard, I know,” All Might said, “But I don’t want you to make the same mistakes and live with the same regrets I did.”

For a split second, Midoriya swears that he could feel his chest aching, right where All Might suffered his wound but on his body, and shook his head again. He could feel the tears coming, but couldn’t muster enough strength to stop them before they began to fall.

He couldn’t get the words out. He couldn’t explain why it was so hard to swallow something down when he saw Aizawa or Yamada. He couldn’t get the words out to try and explain why it had to be those two in particular.

“Don’t worry Midoriya-shounen. I am here.”

All Might’s arms came around him, it was bony and warm. It was thin and lanky, and Midoriya really wanted to protect it. Since coming to UA, he feels like the things he wanted to protect had quadrupled.

At the same time, the things he couldn’t share also seemed to exponentially increase.

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“Sensei, can I have a moment of your time?” Midoriya said, appearing at the teachers’ lounge under the late evening sunlight.

As it was, the only other teacher there was Cementosss, and the man was clearly grieving over the papers he had to grade, and didn’t seem like he noticed nor cared about the fact that Midoriya was there.

Yamada looked at Midoriya, and his hand made a jerky movement, as though he had to consciously stop himself from moving, and then he nodded.

“Of course, Little Listener!” he said, getting to his feet, “One sec, lemme give Aizawa a call, okay?”

Midoriya nodded and took a step back, but the blond put his hand on his shoulder before he could get too far. As though realizing what he did, he quickly pulled his hand back.

“Ah, sorry about that,” he said, “Oi! Shouta! Got a minute?!” he yelled, letting his voice echo through the room.

Cementoss groaned, looking ready to complain, when the supply closet slammed open and Aizawa came out, still in his sleeping bag.

“What?” he growled out, clearly annoyed and then his eyes fell to his student next to Yamada. His eyes snapped right back to the blond, and he straightened out of his tired slouch.

“C’mon, we got someone to hear out,” the blond said.

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Midoriya thought they would pull him back into their classroom, or any classroom, but actually, they went straight to one of the faculty and staff meeting rooms. Yamada closed it and Aizawa took a seat. Midoriya awkwardly stood against the wall, feeling out of place.

“You can sit down,” Aizawa said, “Like this, no one will bother us for a while.”

“I don’t think it’ll take that long,” Midoriya replied back.

The blond raised an eyebrow, and the other teacher understood what was going to happen. He didn’t want to hear it. His expression tightened, shutting down into something cold and unapproachable.

“I see. You made your decision then, right? Don’t worry, we won’t let any of our feelings get in the way of how we teach.”

Yamada frowned back, and Midoriya’s eyes remained on the ground. The student understood what was going on, was grateful that Aizawa could read him and the situation so easily, and no matter how hard he was crying in his heart, knew that this was the right thing to do.

“Wait, wait, what do you mean? You don’t… you don’t?”

The blond stared at Midoriya for a long time, his grin twitching before it fled his face and he took a seat. He ran his hand through his hair, taking slow breaths as he tried to sort through this.

“I’m sorry,” Midoriya whispered out quietly. The silence accompanying his words seemed to ring in his ears.

“But just, just why-”

“It doesn't matter why,” Aizawa cut in, unable to even look at Midoriya, “We got an answer, there’s nothing more than just a teacher-student relationship here. We need to respect that-”

“No, no no no! I want to know why. Why? What made you think like this? There’s no reason for you to think and come to a conclusion like this, so Midoriya, why? Was this because of the USJ incident? Do you think that this,” he made a gesture at Aizawa and his new scar, “is your fault?”

The green-haired student took a deep breath, and before Aizawa could say anything, blurted out.

“There’s something that I can’t share with you!” Midoriya said, “And I … I don’t want to ask you to wait for me or be okay with the fact that I can’t tell you something. And it’s not fair to you!”

“We can work through that,” Yamada snapped back, slamming his hands onto the table, “that’s all things that we can work through! We can work through everything together, that’s what being soulmates mean! When you want to, to, to,” he stuttered and stammered over his words before he made another wild gesture at Aizawa and himself, “when you don’t want us and when you don’t feel anything for us, that’s when you stop being soulmates!”

The blond would have, probably, been more accepting if Midoriya admitted to being involved with someone else. He would have accepted it, thanked the young man for being able to say it to them, and move on with his life and cry himself to sleep for a few years. That was fine. He could do that.

But prematurely cutting things shut for something as ambiguous as this? He couldn’t do that.

He kept going, “So, that’s not what you mean, is it? Do you… Do you not feel complete? Do you want to wait? We don’t know anything unless you say it, so just say it.”

They were heroes. They were teachers. They weren’t going to let someone slip between cracks because of something as flimsy as this.

The student hesitated, and Aizawa wanted this moment to end. He didn’t want this. He wanted to cut this out of his heart and put it in a box where he can pretend that he’s fine with this. He was satisfied with just Yamada, but the more he saw of Midoriya, he knew the hunger was going to grow.

In these last couple of weeks, where he had been teaching and watching over Midoriya, the desire has gotten even worse.

“Yamada, just let him go-” -god please, he didn’t want a memory of the person who holds a piece of his soul telling him that he wasn’t wanted.

“I don’t want to! This is something that …. That’s going to just fester the longer we wait. There’s nothing in our way right now, so why should we act like there is? Running away isn’t going to solve this!” the English teacher snapped back at his longtime friend and companion, “I can wait, but I won’t run!” He turned right back to Midoriya, “Actually, I think that even if you walk out right now, then I’ll be waiting anyways, so tell me, Midoriya, what is it that you actually think?”

Aizawa stared at the blond in shock, and then closed his eyes in defeat. Of course Yamada would fight this. Where Aizawa was always content to let the defeat wash over him, and pick his fights, Yamada wanted to know the whys. Yamada always wanted to fix things.

He loved him and hated him in the same breath

“I… I don’t think it’s fair to make you wait. You’ve been waiting all this time, right? Don’t you want someone worthy of that time you spent waiting?” Midoriya said, ignorant of the emotional pitfall he just threw his teachers into.

Midoriya was a painfully independent kid. Without anyone to rely on, he thinks and makes assumptions about the best possible solution that would lead to solitude.

“I don’t care about that. The final piece of my heart is standing in front of me and you think I’m just going to let him slip through my fingers?”

He shot Aizawa a look at that, but the other man couldn’t keep his gaze. He took a deep breath.

“I’m a Pro. He’s a Pro. And you’re trying to become one. We probably got short lives as it is, we gotta live it to the fullest. And it helps, it really does. Knowing that someone is waiting for you, it really helps.”

The student’s shoulders trembled, but his eyes were wide with a hope that they didn’t see earlier.

Aizawa sat up a little at the sight, as though hope was infectious and very, very slowly, he finally spoke.

“...Midoriya, we don’t need an answer today, or tomorrow. We don’t need it this week or this year … There is no hard deadline to this. There’s nothing wrong with taking your time. There’s no rush,” Aizawa lied through his teeth, even though his hands were shaking in his casts with all the strength he was putting into not forcing this bond onto his student.

“I!” Midoriya suddenly shouted, his hands clenching tightly into fists as he looked at the two of them. He opened his mouth, ready to say something, and his eyes shined with a hope, but he must have reminded himself of something else. He visibly deflated, closed his mouth and looked down. His eyes watered even more. He bowed deeply, “I’m sorry.”

“Hey, hey, no need to be sorry,” Yamada said, much quieter, “We got you.”

They definitely didn’t need the meeting room for as long as they thought, as they hoped, and Midoriya ran out of the room. All three of them were emotionally exhausted at the encounter, but it gave them a lot of clarity in a different way.

“God, he’s so cute when he stutters,” Yamada said, rubbing his forehead against the wall. “I want to just hold him in my arms forever.”

“He’s still our student,” Aizawa called back, “And he literally just requested for more space.”

“You’re probably breathing down his neck in homeroom,” Yamada snapped back, pointing at him, “It’s your scary face that’s probably made him tangle this bond so hard.”

Aizawa rolled his eyes, but his heart was stuttering in his chest. Unable to handle being upright any longer, he laid his forehead against the table.

“Augh, I wish I was his homeroom teacher. I would make him do everything.”

“Don’t abuse your position,” Aizawa chided without any heat.

They spoke lightly, but it was clear that there were more problems that they would have to address.

-

Midoriya shifted this whole soulmate thing down his priority list. First, homework and grades. Second, more training. Then he could worry about the other regular school events and just being a young student and pretend that the gnawing fear of Shiragaki and being the next Symbol of Peace.

Even if it took a while, he would like to be worthy of his soulmates. He was glad that they thought the same.

### Defeated

Midoriya’s shoulders seemed to be at a permanent -35 degree slump. Defeat sat there, stiff and unmoving like it was on a throne, and weighed down on Midoriya’s entire posture. The only time it wasn’t like that was when he was feigning confidence, or his anxiety had peaked and his shoulders met his ears instead.

That Midoriya was laughing.

Aizawa heard it by perchance. It was a small sound, quiet in comparison to the jovial boom that was the rest of the class, laughing at something Kaminari and Ashido were re-enacting from a tv show. It was, in his humble opinion, not at all funny.

But it made Midoriya laugh.

He texted the title of the tv-show to Yamada, and just like that, they had a new mission to plough through. It was basal, yes. It was petty, yes. It was also probably a little creepy and made him feel desperate in a way he has never been, but he couldn’t help it.

He wanted to feel closer to his soulmate.

When he walked into the class, ready to start homeroom, he pretended that he didn’t notice and he didn’t care about the return of his defeated shoulders and downward-facing eyes. The days moved on.

Their wounds healed. The class came closer. There was nothing wrong with this. This was a good thing.

### AizaYama - aching

He never knew how empty he could be until he was standing right next to Yamada and he realized that he still felt the empty void.

From the way that Yamada had stopped humming along to the microwave while waiting for it to finish reheating their dinner, he wasn’t alone.

He rubbed his eyes with his hands. As the adult, as the responsible one, as the teacher, he wants an answer ASAP. He needs that answer, and then he’ll explain it to Yamada, who would wait with a blank smile on his face for the answer.

As the person waiting for the last fragment of his soul, he only wants an answer if it’s going to be what he wants to hear. It’s selfish. He also doesn't think he would be able to explain to Yamada that a piece of their soul doesn’t want them.

“It’s going to be okay,” Yamada said, coming to join him on the couch with their food. He handed the dish to Aizawa as he sat down next to him and turned the news on. He ruffled his friend’s hair a little, and it was telling on how dissociated Aizawa felt with his life when he didn’t bat it away, but kept his eyes on the news.

Aizawa really just wanted to lay down and die, but he had a class to teach, some bright-eyed freshmen to lead, and a League of Villains to bat away from them.

### Between Classes - YamaMido

He shouldn’t do this.

Yamada had watched Midoriya walk away, and since he was carrying a stack of books, he figured it was okay and only right so-

“Hey, Midoriya-kun, can I get a hand?”

“Ah, Yamada-sensei!” Midoriya turned over to stare at him, and the stack, and then nodded at Uraraka.

“I’ll see you later then, Deku,” the girl said. “Bye Yamada-sensei.”

Were they seeing each other or something? Well, Midoriya just gave her a grateful smile and didn’t throw another glance as he came over to his English teacher. The blond wasn’t jealous, of course. There was no reason to be jealous.

But when Midoriya’s hands brushed against his, he felt an electric shock all the way up to his shoulder.

Midoriya flinched, but didn’t drop any of the books.

“Ah, I meant that you could just take half,” Yamada said, trying his best to play it cool. He took a moment to see how hard it was for Midoriya to look over the large stack of books, and he suddenly felt parched.

Was it like this for him and Aizawa, when they first met? God, that felt like an eternity ago. And it makes him feel even older. It was rare for him to ever have anything with Midoriya outside of the classroom, and this memory was already becoming a great treasure to watch on repeat all night. Actually, all week.

“It’s alright, sensei. Where do you want these?”

“Lemme grab half,” Yamada replied. He reached over, taking half of the stack and seeing Midoriya’s face, so close and without students in between them in some classroom, made his brain short-circuit a little.

“...Sensei, are you feeling well?”

Fucking christ, Yamada thought, forcing himself back to the world and out of his bond. How the hell did this teenager have better control over himself than him? An adult? What was even going on with the world? Whatever, it wasn’t Yamada’s fault that Midoriya was that fucking cute.

“Uh…. the staff room,” he said, hoping that that was where he was going.

They walked together in silence, something never before seen where Yamada was concerned, but he had no clue what to even say right now. For every single thought he thought of, it would flee his mind as soon as he tried to open his mouth. So instead, they spent the entire walk with Yamada opening and closing his mouth like a gaping fish.

Midoriya, bless his heart, didn’t mention that his English teacher was a fucking retard.

He placed the books down onto his desk and looked up at his teacher. He gave a polite bow and turned away and the soft sounds of his footsteps echoed in Yamada’s chest.

The door closed quietly behind him, and Yamada wondered if that was the sound of a broken heart.

“Yamada? Didn’t you just leave with those?”

Ah, as it turned out, he wasn’t supposed to go to the staff room after all.

### Echoes - Post Kamino- YagiMido

Once, they sat side by side at their regular meeting site. Midoriya watched the oceans push and pull, an abyss of darkness where he couldn’t even see where the skyline and the horizon met. It was an eternal darkness with only starlight to accompany it.

“...I eat really well,” Midoriya said quietly, “the new diet was a little hard at first and my mom didn’t really get it, but it’s all good. I definitely feel stronger than I did before. Moving into the dorms, I got more than enough food that tasted good everyday, although I do miss my mom’s food sometimes.”

All Might was quiet next to him, but with the way his right arm has been squeezing his knee consistently, Midoriya had an awful premonition about this entire ordeal. Knowing that, if he kept staring, he would start crying, he turned his attention back to the sea.

“When I shattered my legs or my arms, I was in a lot of pain. That makes sense, and now that I said it aloud, I feel even stupider,” he chuckled dryly. He pursed his lips, and took his trembling hand to the side of his chest. “But I… I didn’t get injured during the Kamino Ward incident. Iida-kun made sure of it, haha... And yet,, I thought I was dying.”

He sighed deeply.

“And all I could think about was you, All Might. You weren’t there, but I swear that I could see you.”

The blond was quiet before he took a deep breath.

“One For All… I thought maybe that was the origin of this bond, but that’s not the case is it? The ember is out, right? But I can… I can still feel it.”

Yagi closed his eyes, and took a slow, shuddering breath. It was enough confirmation for him though, and the green-haired man closed his eyes and suppressed a sob. Like the waves in front of them, all his emotions seemed to crash against each other, ebbing and flowing until there was nothing left but his tears.

“I see,” he said. “I’m sorry. I’m really sorry.”

“No, shounen, I should be the one to say that. I never thought that the person who would carry this burden would be my…” he trailed off, staring at Midoriya.

According to popular media, soulmates are able to recognize each other just by a glance. The overwhelmingly common story is that, upon making eye-contact with their soulmate, the world will explode in color and the gray-scale world that everyone is born into will disappear. A lot of things build up here and there, but soulmates that are particularly close are able to feel each other’s pain. Otherwise, soulmates will just be able to sense when their One is dying.

Midoriya buried his head into his hands.

He was quirkless. He was colorblind. There was an ache in his soul in the shape of his homeroom teacher and his English one. There was a pain in his body that belonged to the skeleton of the man next to him. His entire body ached from the weight of these bonds and the way they mangle his body into a certain mold as his thoughts always escaped to a blond from his childhood.

“Are… are we soulmates?” he asked quietly.

“I don’t know, shounen. However, regardless if we are or not, I am a hero. And you are trying to be a hero, the next Symbol of Peace, my successor,” the blond replied back. “...We do not have to act impulsively or differently just because of the societal expectations that rest on us.”

The four inches between them felt like miles.

“I”m sorry,” Midoriya whispered again. “I don’t… I don’t know what to do or what I want.”

“There is nothing to apologize for,” the Symbol of Peace replied back. “I am here, Midoriya-shounen. And I will be here for you. You just need to say the word.”

But the pain that he felt, the one that Midoriya could feel, it echoed between the two of them, and reminded them of reality. He didn’t know how someone who was always in that much pain could smile so gently at him.

He thinks that he’s breaking.

### Dorms -

Moving into the dorms was

### Bakugo - Leading On the Explosion

“And then, he just gave me the keys to his place!”

“...Deku,” Bakugo said suddenly, cutting his long-going mouth-babble without turning away from his desk. “Why are you telling me this?”

“Eh? Because… Because I don’t have anyone else to tell.”

There was a sudden explosion from Bakugo’s hands before the blond turned around and grabbed him by the shoulders, like he always did.

“Why?!” he snapped back, “Why me?! You got that floating girl and our class president! Hell, even that Half-and-Half bastard would be fine, wouldn’t he?!”

Midoriya reeled back. Although he was used to getting yelled at by Bakugo at the drop of a hat, he always got caught off guard about what he was going to be getting yelled at about.

“It-It’s different?!”

“Oh, is it? How?”

“I don’t know, Kacchan! It just is!”

“Then stop! Stop telling me this shit!” Bakugo snapped back, “Stop leading me on!”

“What?” Midoriya’s brain short-circuited.

“What the fuck am I supposed to think?! You come to me when you’re upset! You come to me because you think you’re alone and no one is going to take your side! I tried, so hard, to push you away and you still keep coming back, what the fuck am I supposed to think?!”

And Midoriya’s back hit the wall and Bakugo, unshakable, strong, confident Bakugo looked so vulnerable. The sight of it made the fight desert his body.

“Don’t fucking play me around like that.”

No explosions, no more yelling, like a candlelit snuffed out, Bakugo turned on his heel and walked out instead. Midoriya’s back slid down the wall and he sat down, all the strength deserting him. He leaned his head back, tilted his head back, and wondered what the fuck he was supposed to do.

It wasn’t like he could tell anyone. It wasn’t like he could ask for help. While he’s certain that people could give great advice and ideas concerning all of his separate problems, when he tried to blend it all together, it all fell apart. The closest person who would be able to understand him and see him, it would be Bakugo.

It was always Bakugo.

Bakugo knows that, too. But where Midoriya is eager to see the world and abandon the one he used to know, he knows that the blond isn’t like that.

### Understanding Something Without Lecture Notes

Midoriya always thought that when you met your soulmate, your whole world would explode in color. This was, in fact, not the case for him. In actuality, he only saw bits and pieces at first.

However, a lifetime without things taught him something.

He didn’t need a dad to know that he should carry the heavy things for his mom when they do groceries. He didn’t need to be a student to know that he should pay attention and learn something if he wanted to ever be anything in the world. He didn’t need a quirk to study hard. He didn’t need a girlfriend to know that there is love in the world.

He didn’t need a soulmate to know that he’s incomplete.

So, no matter how much he adored the thought that someone was brought into this world to complete him, he felt as though there were too many parts of himself that were missing for any one person to complete for him.

Staring his teachers in the eye, he thinks that there is too much color. There is too much in this world. Their eyes are filled with patience and wonder, vibrant reds and soft yellows, but Midoriya doesn’t get why.

What could they be looking at to have that expression on their face? Even though he could see with his own eyes they were looking right at him when they promised to wait and promised to stay, he couldn’t comprehend it in his head. And overwhelmed by a kindness he couldn’t name, a shade of color he’s never experienced, he can’t meet their eyes.

When he shook his head, when he couldn’t make sense of it, when he said no, the resigned looks of disappointment on their faces brought relief to him. That expression made more sense. It was the expression that he grew up seeing.

He didn’t need color to know when he let someone down. He didn’t need a quirk to know that he wasn’t enough.

But, without him knowing it, he began to be able to see more of the world.

His world, which used to be filled with just him and his dreams, his mom and the people who told him he couldn’t do it, seemed to be in overabundance of everything now.

Now, there was a letter in his desk from a kid that he saved. The All Might posters and figurines that decorated his room shined and glistened with bright and bold colors. His classmates smile when they see him in the morning, frown when they see his injuries, and invite him to go to the arcade. His teachers are harsh and equal, soulmate or not, but he has never questioned their devotion to their titles and jobs.

All Might, the Symbol of Peace, stands in front of him as a goal and Shiragaki stands right behind him, a constant reminder of what’s to come.

And right before he falls asleep, after an exhausting day where he does nothing but try, he can always see them. They linger and wait until he’s at his weakest before appearing. His heart threatens to concave in and he curls in on himself.

Aizawa, leaning back in a chair, with a lazy grin on his face and Yamada standing right behind him with a grin so big it didn’t make sense that it fit on his face.

After so long where he wasn’t enough, Midoriya felt his chest being blown open because now there was too much to take in.

### Ending (1)

“...I think… I almost died,” Midoriya said, as soon as he woke up.

Next to him, Bakugo looked up from his lap and meets his gaze. It looked like, even though the blond had gone home, changed his clothes, and took a shower, he hadn’t slept. There were dark bags under his eyes, and Midoriya’s heart ached for him.

How long had he been out? Did everyone make it out? Was the mission a success? Did someone let his mom know that he was alive and fine? Was he going to have any more lasting injuries? There were a thousand questions, but finally, finally, finally, he has his answer.

“Yeah,” Bakugo said.

“...Right when I was about to die,” he said quietly, “I realized I didn’t want to die.”

“Yeah?”

There was a long silence, the tears filling up Midoriya’s eyes, and the bandage on his eye became soaked in an instant.

“...You get your answer then?” the blond asked.

Midoriya sniffled loudly, but couldn’t lift his casted hand to his face so his tears streamed down the side of his face, ending up soaking the bandages by his ears too.

“I saw… Aizawa-sensei and Yamada-sensei,” he croaked, “and I thought, I didn’t want to die.”

Bakugo, as though he was expecting this, closed his eyes. Due to the angle and placement between them, Midoriya failed to see it, as he was laying on his back, staring at the blurry ceiling and trying not to cry any louder.

“Kacchan, I’m sorry. I-”

“Shut up. I’m not some fucking loser that needs to be comforted by you. There’s something else you need to say right now, isn’t there?”

“Kacchan, please help me.”

This time, when Bakugo grinned, Midoriya recognized forgiveness.

-

Aizawa and Yamada were having one of Those Nights.

These nights have gotten more and more frequent with the way Midoriya gets injured, refuses their bond, and remains uncertain. It was a night where they are together and they pretend that the void in their heart that they never knew existed didn’t ache.

It was a sad little pity-party.

It was a biological reaction that translated into destroying their mental states, deteriorating them beyond comprehension-able measure. Since they’ve always had each other, it was even worse because they knew that it didn’t have to be this way.

But someone else had gotten to Midoriya, the entire world did, and had already convinced him in his first 14 years of his life that this was the way it needed to be. It was a lot of work, and it wouldn’t be worth it, because he wasn’t worth it. If anything, Aizawa felt ashamed.

He should have, 14 years ago, thrown everything away to find him. Maybe then, it wouldn’t be what it was today. It was something that he regretted and thought about more often than he would ever admit.

A sudden knock came to the door. Pizza.

“I got it,” Yamada said, walking over to get the door and when the door opened, gave a loud gasp.

Prepared for the worst, Aizawa grabbed the Capture Gear and ran for the entrance. Experience told him to keep his back to the wall, his senses keen and sharp, and then all of that shattered when he heard the blond call out.

“Oh my god, Midoriya, what the fuck happened to you?!”

He ran out at that. Time slowed down as he took in the absolutely devastated look that was Midoriya Izuku. There were thick bandages on him, both his arms were in a cast and it was clear he had very limited mobility with his casted leg dragging behind him as he leaned heavily on his crutch. He looked dirty and ragged, his hospital gown ripped in some areas and his blood coming through the fabric from whatever other injuries he was hiding. He seemed to be gasping for breath, and his head was wrapped, and covered one of his eyes.

But the eye that was visible, it was clear that he was fully awake and aware of what was going on.

“Midoriya, what-”

“I have my answer!” Midoriya blurted out, pale-faced as he gasped for every breath. “I have my answer for you both, please-”

“We waited this long for your answer,” Aizawa snapped back, already letting the correct people that they had a wayward patient several miles out, “Yamada, get him to our couch so he’s not bleeding all over our doorway. We can wait a little-”

“I want to be yours. I want to complete this bond. I want to live and spend the rest of my life with you guys.”

Aizawa nearly dropped his phone in shock, and Yamada made this defeated noise in his throat. His heart swelled, aching for the final piece to slide in where it belongs.

“I… I know I’ve… I’ve been wishy-washy and I... “ he cut himself off, coughing up a storm and Yamada finally managed to pull him off the crutch and against his chest. “If you’ll take me, I’ll spend the … the rest of my life making up for it. But this. I want this. I want you both.”

Midoriya slumped down to his knees, wheezing, and Yamada tried to pick him up but he shook his head and refused the help. He rasped out another breath, and the other two men were just too shocked to do anything other than gawk as Midoriya pressed his forehead to the floor.

“I wanna….I wanna be worthy of your… your love and I wanna… I don’t wanna-”

“Midoriya!” Aizawa said, cutting him off and kneeling down in front of him, “We will listen. We are happy to listen. Just. You just have to stop dying.”

Midoriya picked his head up, and Yamada’s hand seemed to burn against his back.

“What…?”

“Yeah, Midoriya, you don’t have to worry. We’ll still be here. We’ll properly listen. We still want you.”

And Midoriya, finally hearing something that was relieving, released a shaky breath. And then, he promptly passed out.

-

For the second time that week, Midoriya woke up in the hospital. This time, he was strapped down and there was even a quirk-limiter on him. Figures. He sighed and wondered how he was supposed to even call for anyone when he was strapped down, and figured that he better call for Bakugo-

“Given the two people that are here, I really hope you don’t call for the person who isn’t.”

Midoriya’s jaw clicked shut immediately, a million thoughts running through his head and through everything, panicked. The straps snapped off at 25%, and he was ready to jump into action when suddenly, his quirk failed him.

He opened his mouth, ready to shout, and met eyes with his teacher’s red eyes.

“...Enemy?” he mumbled out.

“There are none.”

“But your quirk-”

“-Had to be activated lest my dear soulmate decided to absolutely destroy his stitches again, and force the good doctor to come back before his rounds,” Aizawa replied back in his standard, dead-toned manner.

Midoriya blinked back and looked at the ceiling. It was a fair point.

“Man, you wouldn’t believe the line down there! I can’t believe that-” Yamada’s voice was predictably heard before the door opened and then he came in, two drink balanced in one hand, and then stopped cold when he saw Midoriya sitting up, straps broken. “Ah! You’re awake!”

He tossed the drinks to his soulmate, and Aizawa caught them as he sat back down, clearly already tired of all of this, as the blond closed the distance between himself and his other soulmate.

“Hey! How are you feeling?” Despite appearances and quirks, Yamada is quick to quiet down. His face comes close, his arms stretched out wide, like he was about to hug and smoother Midoriya in kisses before he stops himself and maintains a few feet between them instead.

And so, he stands there awkwardly with his arms open, legs bent into a half crouch, wide eyes taking in Midoriya’s features. There was seldom anything that could be more handsome than Yamada in that moment, Midoriya was certain about it.

“I-I’m okay,” he said. “Just a little tired.”

“Hm, I called the doctor,” Aizawa spoke up, “They should be able to get a look at you soon.”

And before Midoriya could say anything, the doctor came in. Maybe it was a dream, he thought. But regardless of it being a dream or not, he had come to terms with it. He knew what he wanted. They were sitting right next to him, and he was going to do it.

He’ll be greedy. He’ll work hard for it, even if it means there would be nothing left of him. He’s fine with that.

“Yeah, but we’re not.”

Midoriya blinked. The doctor had long left at that point and Aizawa’s steady stare locked into his.

“There will be none of that. We got a lot to talk about.”

“...We do?”

“Well, if we had it our way, we would have done something a little better than…” Yamada said, motioning at the hospital room before closing in from the other side of the bed. In an instant, Aizawa was on his left, Yamada to his right, and Midoriya swears that he could feel their love resonating off of them. “But alas, you moved way faster than either of us could.”

“You’re getting old,” Aizawa called back and Yamada gave a scandalous gasp.

Midoriya smiled back, and red eyes turned to him.

“That feeling you have right now,” he said, “I… We want you to have it for the rest of our lives. That’s what we want to promise you. It’ll be hard, but I think we can manage.”

The youngest of the three blinked twice, his eyes flooding with tears but kept them from falling.

“I won’t… I won’t disappoint you anymore!”

“No, no, dear Izuku,” Yamada said, sliding in onto the bed, pressing a kiss on his head, “That’s when you say, I love you, too.”

Midoriya nodded, “I… I love…”

His arms ached. His scars itched. He can’t see out of one eye. If he doesn’t die a hero, One-For-All will kill him. He can’t tell them that he smeared the title of <Soulmate> for All Might. He can’t let them know how he ruined Bakugo as much as he was ruined by him. He can’t. He can’t can’t-

“I love you too.”

But this one time, this one thing, he can do.

And in the stiff hospital room, with the smell of anesthetic and faintly of blood, Midoriya finally completes his heart.

-

Later, when Midoriya sleeps, Yamada has his hand loosely on top of his. He stares at it, in no little amount of awe.

“Could you believe it?” he murmured, “I’m holding his hand. Like, I’m finally holding his hand. His hands are so small.”

Aizawa, who could feel the ache in Yamada echo in his own chest, remained silent. While to anyone else, it might sound juvenile, the black-haired male thought otherwise.

“He has hands and I’m holding one of them.”

Midoriya Izuku could very easily die, just like anyone else, and this time was another close call. The new scar that decorated his arms, the ones that showed a fight with a villain determined to saw off his arms, were every bit a source for the way Yamada’s hand trembled.

“Haha. Oh god. His hands are so small. Look at them, Shota.”

Aizawa stared for another moment, and finally walked over. He placed his hand over Midoriya’s hands, and wrapped his fingers to include Yamada’s. He gulped, and didn’t trust his voice to come out properly. Instead, he held on tighter.

Finally, he couldn’t help but think. They were finally where they belonged, with him.

### Sweet Kiss

One day, late at night, Aizawa was making rounds around the campus. He said he was making rounds, but in reality, he felt too restless to sleep. He yawned, wishing that he could go back to sleep for the three hours he has before class, but figured he might as well watch the sunrise.

It was then that he had unexpectedly ran into Midoriya.

The young man was clearly dressed to go on a run, and he had to admire that hard-working attitude. He wondered if he should tell him to march right back to bed, when he was only cleared out of the hospital a few days ago, but he clearly wasted too much time.

The student gave a polite bow, a little wave, and went back to running in the other direction.

Disappointed with himself, Aizawa crouched down instead. He rubbed his face with his hands and suppresed the urge to murder something. Real smooth of him, what an adult, you can really feel the experience just oozing out of him, huh? Aizawa was hunched over, staring at his shoes, when someone came back in front of him.

Hope rekindled in his heart, and he lifted his head. And then, Midoriya leaned in closer to press his lips against his cheek.

It was soft, a simple brush, and it pained his cheeks red. His heart stopped and he wondered if he just died.

Midoriya backed away, a small smile and his face pink. “...Is that too fast?” he asked quietly, “...When I see you with your hair tied like that, I feel like I’m being provoked.”

He straightened and nodded again.

“Good morning, Aizawa-sensei-”

The rest of his words were muffled as Aizawa shot to his feet and grabbed the younger man by the elbows, and yanked him close. The hunger came forth like a tidal wave, and he wrapped his arms around him in a tight hug. While he was honestly shocked that he didn’t just kiss him senseless, drag him to his room, and reforge their bonds, all of those thoughts drained out of him when Midoriya’s arms raised to wrap around his waist.

“...If you do that again,” he said, voice much lower than he was expecting, “I’m going to do something to move our relationship much faster.”

“Oh, should I let Yamada-sensei know then?”

The image of Yamada opening Midoriya up in front of him flooded his mind, and he scowled. Aizawa pulled back and eyed Midoriya critically.

“You won’t be able to back out after that. We won’t ever let you go.”

Despite how the sun brought a blanket of amber light over Midoriya’s features, he’s certain that the grin on his face made him shine brighter. Aizawa swears that he’s glowing, literally radiating light with how bright his eyes were and how wide his grin was.

“Lucky me, then.”

Aizawa mentally thought about his schedule. He thought really hard, and looking at Midoriya’s eyes, he thought that he would do anything.

“Friday,” he said, “We’re taking you. Prepare yourself.”

-

“Prepare yourself?!” Yamada cackled, slapping the table with his hand, “Oh my god, are you a drill sergeant?!”

“Shut up,” Aizawa said, looking like he regretted the whole ordeal.

“I can’t… oh god,” the blond wheezed out.

Aizawa narrowed his eyes, clearly failing to see what made the situation this entertaining, and as though remembering something leaned back in his chair instead. He waited patiently for Yamada to calm down a little more, and when he was done wiping his eyes, gave him a cruel smirk.

“You can laugh now, but he gave me a kiss.”

At the look of gobsmacked shock on his face, Aizawa was the one with the last laugh.

But this was also how Ectoplasm found them, Aizawa leaning back on his chair with malicious glee and Yamada shaking his chair by the armrests, incoherently yelling at him.

-

It was the longest week of their lives.

The sheer amount of grading that had to occur, the level of dumbassery that his classes were led to even more paperwork, that fucking villian riot that pulled him out of his desk only to partake in the worst mashup duo between Midnight and Mountain Lady and then got more paperwork dumped into his lap- but then Friday came around.

Aizawa felt fucking exhausted. He had no idea where the fuck Yamada got his energy, but he was almost convinced that the bond that they shared sapped the vitality out of him and gave it to Yamada since birth, because there was no other explanation for how the blond still looked this good after pulling that all-nighter with him.

“Aizawa-sensei,” the voice pulled him out of his thoughts, and just the sound of him was enough to make him open his eyes just a little more. “...I’m looking forward to tonight.”

Midoriya Izuku called out to him, a sweet voice that he willingly fell into, while he was taking out the trash and Aizawa had been walking by.

Fireworks shot off in his heart, and without meaning too, he stood a little straighter. It must have been a lot more obvious than he thought, if the way Midoriya’s grin threatened to split his face was any indication. He didn’t even have the energy to be embarrassed, and waved at him instead.

He’d be wiping that smile off his face too. Preferably with his lips.

-

It was the most fulfilling of nights.

He doesn’t think he would be able to forget it, even if he wanted to. And he didn’t want to, of course. At the same time, he wished that he had taped it so that he could replay it whenever he wanted and re-experience it.

However, laying on his side, looking at Midoriya and feeling Yamada’s hands stretching over the young man so that he could rest his wrist against Aizawa’s hips, he felt giddy. His lips twitched, as though ready to stretch into a big grin, and uncertain what to do with the extra energy, he leaned in to kiss Midoriya again.

The young man mumbled sleepily against his lips, but didn’t pull away.

Aizawa didn’t ever think he could be happier.

### Call For Someone Else

Eventually, as though the universe itself decided it was time, they found themselves back at the hospital.

They checked in, and no matter how many times they did this, never got used to the feeling of sinking despair from the moment they got the call from Uraraka. They find their former student, eyes wide, face pale, hands shaking, but she managed to steel herself to properly talk to them.

Aizawa squished down the pride he felt for her. She’s come a long way.

“S-Sensei,” she said, slipping into old habits and it’s telling about how bad the situation must have gotten, “He’s in the clear. He just came out of surgery. He’s okay. He’ll be okay.”

“...Surgery?” Aizawa asked, already reading between the lines. The young girl hesitated.

The thing about soulmate marks was that they were supposed to alert the members of the bond when something was wrong. Aizawa has woken up in the middle of the night from Yamada running his leg into the coffee table. Yamada jolts and rubs his shoulders when Aizawa had his dislocated. It was something that tickled their minds at the initial injury, and unless they were sending SOS-signals to each other, then it’ll go away as fast as it came. As time progressed and their bond matured, these episodes of pain became much more manageable in every sense.

The last time Yamada felt any pain from Aizawa was USJ. Likewise, the last time Aizawa felt an SOS was during the exam when the blond was getting attacked by a swarm of insects.

And so, when Midoriya came and completed their bond, they readied themselves for the onslaught of pain as he recklessly destroyed himself time and time again. It never happened.

This time too, Midoriya brushed up against death and they didn’t even get an SOS.

In fact, they didn’t even know anything was wrong until they had gotten that call.

Thinking about it led them to questions they weren’t sure if they wanted the answer to. Was it that, for Midoriya, this wasn’t painful or life-threatening? Did he already have total and complete control over his subconscious desires? Thinking of the boy that curled towards whoever is the warmest body that night, it doesn’t seem plausible.

Regardless, they pushed open the door to his room and walked in.

-

Midoriya woke up slowly, and grimaced under the bright florescent lights.

He saw something move to the side and gave a slow breath. He tried to move his hand, but they felt heavy like lead underwater, and he barely managed to lift it up.

“Kacchan?”

There was a sharp intake of breath, and then, Aizawa came into his field of vision. The teacher then reached out to grab his hand, and his expression told Mirodiya that he was anything but pleased.

“Try again,” he said.

“Shota,” he rasped out, before all of his features relaxed, “...Sorry.”

Aizawa sighed back, using his other hand to push Midoriya’s hair out of the way.

“It’s fine,” he said, even though they both knew it was anything but.

However, Midoriya’s eyes fluttered shut and he relaxed at his touch. It made something loosen in his heart, but not by much.

-

“...He called for Bakugo.”

Yamada looked away from the apple he was cutting and Aizawa kept his eyes on Midoriya.

“He reached his hand out and called for Bakugo, as soon as he woke up.”

“...Some habits are hard to break.”

But it’s a habit, Aizawa wanted to argue. He didn’t, of course, they were in a hospital and more importantly, they wouldn’t fight in Midoriya’s hospital room when he was sleeping. In addition to that, he really didn’t want to get into an argument with Yamada.

But it was a habit. Midoriya had a habit, that after a harsh battle that landed him half-dead in the hospital, he would reach out and call for Bakugo. It was a habit. He did it so often, it was a habit.

He knows that habits can break, but this was a habit that still formed, even though Midoriya was barely an adult. This was an incident that happened so often that he made this a habit. It was redundant to repeat it so often but it just seemed to echo in his mind over and over again.

-

Midoriya was, as always, discharged from the hospital within three days.

Bakugo never came to visit him. And the thought gave Aizawa so much glee that he felt ashamed for feeling it at all.

### Sly Midoriya

“C’mon babe,” Aizawa purred, grinding his hips against Midoriya’s. With one leg hiked onto his shoulder, the older man pressed a sharp nip to the area right against his knee, “What’s wrong? I won’t know until you tell me.”

Helplessly, Midoriya clawed at the sheets underneath him as his tears streamed and he mewled. He panted hard, his breath coming out in harsh gasps as he writhed and whined underneath Aizawa’s attentive hands.

Yamada had to hand it to Midoriya, he was definitely hanging on better than he would have when Aizawa gets into one of his Moods. After the achingly harsh pace that Aizawa starts with, he would suddenly yank his partner from the edge with this agonizingly slow pace. He would roll his hips, knowing exactly where he needed to hit and always missing it by a few centimeters. It was made even worse because time and experience made Aizawa ruthless.

A soft keening noise came from the younger man. He mumbled something against the sheets, and against his panting and quiet whimpers, Yamada could understand the need to bully him. He did the same just a few hours ago, after all.

“What was that?”

The blond had stepped out only for a moment to get three water bottles and some towels, but this was a very nice scene to return to. Now that it wasn’t him in Midoriya’s position, he could safely say that he now understood Aizawa’s sadistic tendency.

But Midoriya wasn’t like him. He didn’t break down begging and pleading. He didn’t try to quietly grit his teeth and wait out Aizawa’s limitless patience. Instead, he turned to Aizawa, shuddering and trembling with every shallow thrust, and reached an arm out.

“Please,” Midoriya managed to whisper out.

Aizawa’s smile was anything but heroic. It was borderline malicious, complete with the light of the devil in his eyes as his lips bared his teeth. With his hair pushed back from his face, sweat glistening down his sharp angles and lean muscles, he definitely looked more like a demon than an angel.

Still, Midoriya reached for him.

“Sorry, Izuku,” he said, his voice deep and throaty. He rolled his hips again and again, stuttering his thrusts with practiced ease as he savored Midoriya’s whine, “You have to speak up if you want someone to hear you. What is it that you desire so much that you’re begging for it?”

Yikes, Yamada thought, Midoriya was really playing him up. He hasn’t seen Aizawa get like this since that last drunken incident back when they were twenty.

“Please, please,” the younger man stammered out, a helpless, bumbling mess, “Please.”

“Please what?” Aizawa repeated back, dangerous and low.

“Please, kiss. I wan… I want kiss.”

Yamada’s heart clenched and Aizawa’s pace broke. He stopped completely, and something much softer replaced the sadism in his eyes. He leaned forward, pushing on Midoriya’s flexibility, to do just that.

“Just a kiss?” Aizawa asked quietly, soft and kind in a way that the blond rarely saw.

“Missed you,” Midoriya muttered against his lips, his arms trembling as he wrapped one around his neck and used the other to push himself up. “More. Please.”

“Hm,” Aizawa thrusted against him hard, and bit down on his neck while Midoriya cried out. “I’m inside of you. What do you mean you miss me?”

“I love-love kissing… kiss,” Midoriya stuttered out, this time, both arms came around Aizawa’s and pulled him back for another kiss. He had to twist his back for this, but the kiss. It was sloppy, dirty, filthy, and Yamada licked his lips at the sight of it.

Eventually, when they broke apart and Midoriya was gasping for breath, his hands trailed down Aizawa’s shoulders with a bright, blissed out smile.

“Whatever you want,” he said, “I’ll give you everything. Please, please kiss me.”

And who would have thought that the sadistic side of Aizawa could be melted down with an overwhelming amount of love and devotion.

(eventually, Midoriya will turn his eyes, overflowing with a bliss only love could grant, to Yamada and he would cave much faster than Aizawa did.)

### One night

Aizawa slipped his hands underneath Midoriya’s shirt, eager and impatient, when Midoriya jolted out of Yamada’s kiss and his hands pushed against the blond.

“Wa-Wait!” he gasped, “Please, wait-”

Both men immediately pulled completely back. Midoriya’s hands gripped his shirt.

“C-Can I keep my shirt on?”

“Why?” Yamada asked, eyes dilating as he tried to focus on the conversation on hand, “Is something wrong? Are you hurt?”

“No it’s just…” Midoriya hesitated, “I mean, uh.”

“...Say it or we stop.”

“It’s not,” he covered his face with his hands, “very pretty.”

Aizawa pulled his shirt off in response. “Is it because of this?” he asked, motioning at the scars on his chest. “It’s fine. If it’s you, I’m sure it’s pretty,” he purred out.

“B-But-”

“Look at Hizashi,” Aizawa mumbled back, “How do you think he looks?”

The blond, who finally got out of his shirt, looked back predatorily.

“Look, Midoriya,” a hand came to his chin to force him to look at the blond, “How does he look?”

“...Handsome,” Midoriya replied back, licking his lips, “he’s so handsome. You’re so,” he bit his tongue, groaning a little, “so hot, and beautiful and I… I want it.”

“Good, we’ll give everything to you, so Midoriya,” Aizawa breathed into his ear as Yamada placed his hands against his hips.

“Give us everything,” the blond said, throaty.

Midoriya hesitated for another second, took a deep breath, and nodded.

Indeed, there were more scars on Midoriya’s body than there should be on a student. However, and perhaps it was because it was Midoriya’s scars, Yamada and Aizawa took a moment to admire it.

“Beautiful,” Aizawa murmured against his cheek before turning his head so that he could properly kiss him.

They spent the rest of the night proving to Midoriya how beautiful he was.

-

“Izuku…? Can you hear me?” Yamada said, leaning over the younger man.

“...Hn…?” the young man grunted back.

“I guess we did overdo it a little,” Aizawa commented, eyeing the sheer amount of marks they had left on the younger man. Of course, they really did try to be as gentle as possible, but it was harder than it looked when Midoriya is the type to egg them on.

Yamada grimaced back, and looked back to Midoriya.

“It’s good,” the younger man replied back, a tired smile on his face, “I’m sore and… tired, but I… I’m really happy.”

The blond gave a little smile, reaching over to press a kiss against his forehead.

“Alright, well, we’re gonna get pizza. You up for it?”

“Dinner!” Midoriya gasped, and sat right up. Immediately, Aizawa’s and Yamada’s hands came to steady him as he groaned loudly. “Wa-wait, I’ll make dinner right away-”

“Easy, Midoriya, one night of pizza won’t kill us.”

“No, I can-”

“C’mon, babe let us pamper you tonight.”

“But I-”

“Izuku,” Aizawa purred against his ear, “Let us be selfish.”

The younger man shivered back. And against those warm hands, conceded.

### YamaMido - <3

Yamada was taking a nap on the couch when Midoriya came in. The younger man was exhausted, and a little annoyed that no one came out to help him with the groceries, but one look at the sleeping blond on the couch made all of his frustrations and anxieties about the day melt away.

He put everything down, and though it would be funny to place his ice cold fingers against the blond’s face, but when he saw the utterly peaceful expression on his face, couldn’t do it.

Instead, he changed out, washed up, and started dinner so that it would be ready by the time Aizawa got home.

-

Yamada blinked twice, crinkled his nose, and then yawned.

“It’s okay, dinner isn’t ready yet so you can go back to sleep,” he heard next to him.

The allure of Midoriya’s soft voice quelled something in his heart, and he murmured something quietly back as he accepted sleep’s embrace again. However, just as he thought that, fingers carded through his hair gently, and he felt a pair of lips press against his forehead.

“I love you,” he heard.

His eyes flew open, and Midoriya yanked his hand back. He looked at the older man before he suddenly couldn't anymore. He stood up, with the intention to put space between them and looked terribly wrong-footed, and Yamada wasn’t going to have it.

He reached out, wickedly quick, and grabbed his wrist.

“Hey,” he breathed out, breathless as his heart raced in his chest and his blood roared in his ears. “I…” he wasn’t hesitant, but for a minute, when he could see those bright green eyes, he lost all the words he could have said.

Midoriya tugged on his arm.

“I’m back,” Aizawa called as he opened the door.

“W-Welcome back,” Midoriya said, pulling his hand out of Yamada’s grip. “Dinner will be ready in a few minutes-”

“Kiss,” Aizawa murmured back leaning forward with a pout. The younger man spluttered, but recovered quicker than he did yesterday. He gave a little huff as he closed his eyes and got up to press a little kitten kiss against Aizawa’s smug smile.

“Honestly,” he muttered back, his face red.

“Where’s Hizashi?” the older man asked, slowly taking off his shoes and yawning.

### July 7th - Yamada’s bday

“...Hizashi,” Yamada said. “...I want you to call me by my name.”

Midoriya stared at him and opened his mouth. “Hiza…” he stopped, his face going pink and he dropped his eyes instead.

“It doesn’t have to be now,” the blond said, although he was a little disappointed, “But eventually.”

-

“...I’ve always wanted to say it,” Midoriya said, in the quiet of the night.

Yamada tried to turn over, so that he could face his younger lover, but his hand came up to stop him. The hands trembled, and Yamada hated how Midoriya wanted him to not do anything about it. He wanted to see it. He wanted to see Midoriya’s fearful expressions turn hopeful, he wanted to see that embarrassment turn into a shy smile, he wanted it all.

“...Wait, lemme…” he gave a cough, clearing his throat, “...Hizashi, I love you.”

After all this time, Yamada didn’t even know that someone could just take his breath away. A pair of lips came and pressed against his spine, right by the base of his neck. And then, and he was really surprised that his self-control lasted that long, he shot up to jump on Midoriya for another round.

Which was what Aizawa walked into, Yamada feverently rutted into Midoriya, who was clutching his pillow tightly.

### July 15th - Midoriya’s bday

### Bloody Nose -

Midoriya was having an okay day.

His head was hurting a little, and his lower back stung, but these weren’t things he wasn’t used to anymore. More importantly, after shattering his bones and popping blood vessels so often, his pain tolerance was nothing to scoff at. Of course, it wasn’t just pain tolerance but his overall sensitivity that had changed so drastically.

However, a runny nose was a bitch to deal with.

He felt so gross about it, and fumbled in his bag a little to pull out a tissue as quietly as it could. For the most part his classmates, bless their hearts, were used to it and let him be. He pressed the tissue to his nose, but the running liquids made the area between his lips and nose so itchy. He rubbed it a little, trying to alleviate it, and noticed in annoyance that it was still coming out in a steady stream, so he blew his nose.

The sudden stench of iron broke his concentration from his notes and when he saw the red liquid staining and dripping, he shoved his notes nearly off the desk in an effort to keep them safe.

“M-Midoriya-kun?”

He looked up, and seeing Ojirou’s shocked expression, he opened his mouth to tell him that it’s just fine, it’s just a bloody nose, when pain ricocheted through his chest and he coughed instead.

The thing about bloody noses is that because of the way the mouth and nose is connected, if you’re bleeding a lot from your nose, it can come out of your mouth. With someone who has a throat as itchy as Midoriya, with sudden pain flaring in his chest, he doubled over in his pain as blood spilled from his mouth in clumps. Several gasps resounded around him, chairs screeching against the ground as the world spun a little.

He wanted to apologize for putting that look on Ojirou’s face, because really, he was fine. There was no need for concern. But instead, he coughed and could feel it hitting his hand and spilling out from in between his fingers. He curled in tightly on himself, both his hands clamped down on his mouth in an effort to keep his blood from coming out and getting his desk and uniform even dirtier, and trembled in the effort.

“Se-Sensei! Someone call Recovery Girl-”

He coughed harder, eyes screwing shut as the feeling that something was wrong-

“Take this,” a hand came up to grab his hands off his mouth, and he only listened because it was such a familiar voice. He took the handkerchief against his mouth, coughing into it and feeling more clumps escape between his lips. A hand came onto his shoulders, making him lean against a chest, and another hand came underneath his knees.

Just like that, he was lifted up and cradled against someone.

“I’ll take him to the Infirmary,” Bakugo announced, somehow calm about the whole ordeal.

And somehow, it was enough for Midoriya to think and believe that he was safe and okay. He closed his eyes and focused in on the pain, what was causing it, what he needed to do to stop it, and whose it was.

-

He didn’t know when he fell asleep, but when he woke up, the stench of blood was so strong that his stomach lurched and he jumped up to his feet. He slipped on the covers, a little tangled up, but found the trashcan next to his bed and released his entire lunch into it.

The taste of vomit was awful, everything was sour and burning up through his throat, but it was marginally better than the blood.

“Easy,” he heard behind him, a hand coming up to rub his back and he shivered violently.

But thinking that this pain wasn’t his, that it was a testament to the fact that Yagi was still a part of this world, he was grateful for it. And the thought of that made his heart ache even more.

“It’s okay,” Yamada’s soothing voice washed over him okay, “Shota will be here soon, okay? We got you.”

He choked out a sob.

“There, there,” the blond said, moving to sit next to him on the ground next to the bed. “I’m not leaving. I’m right here.”

Midoriya nodded. He leaned back from the trashcan and sighed. Now that the blood was missing with his vomit, he felt even sicker.

“Gross,” he muttered, covering his mouth. He really needed to gargle, but when he tried to sit up, Yamada’s hand came to his elbow.

Wordlessly, the man steadied him onto his feet. He stared at him in shock, surprised that he was doing this for him, and Yamada pressed his lips against his forehead.

“I got you.”

Midoriya’s eyes watered, but the blond didn’t mention it, and instead helped guide him to the closest sink so he could gargle. His hand rubbed his back, and the younger man felt himself fall apart in his gentle hands.

-

“...This is the secret, right?” Aizawa asked.

Midoriya nodded, solemnly.

“...The secret you can’t tell us,” he added, “even though it’s killing you?”

“It won’t kill me,” he replied back quickly. Certain.

“...How are you so certain? Even if it doesn’t kill you, an… an attack like this is going to get you killed out there,” Yamada asked.

Midoriya looked down at his lap, his hands clutching at his jeans. After all this time, it was clear that he knew the answer, but something was stopping him from saying it.

“Okay,” the blond said quietly, resigned and defeated by something they couldn’t fight. “Will you… can you tell us one day?”

And Midoriya nodded. “Yeah.”

Aizawa didn’t like it, but he agreed. One day sounded so distant, but it also sounded ominous.

### November 8 - Aizawa’s bday

### Secrets (Again) -

Once, Yamada was making his way to the room and watched Midoriya run right into the doorframe. It was cute, the way he reeled back in surprise, clearly not injured, but just surprised.

But then, these strange instances kept building.

It was the doorframe and then it kept happening. While Midoriya has gotten a lot better at the whole hero thing, the amount of times he ran into things on his right side was concerning. Even though Midoriya has gotten a lot better at the whole not-getting-injured and additionally not-hiding-injuries, this was a long time habit that they never broke out of.

It’s not like one day, people can just choose to stop noticing stuff.

Even worse because when Aizawa’s arms were snapped like crackers and his face was a bloodied mess, Midoriya and Yamada felt it to the core of their heart that something was wrong. When Yamada is so sick he can’t move, there’s a pressing ache in Aizawa and Midoriya that they can’t explain.

And when Midoriya is injured, they get the inkling feeling that something is wrong, and they have no idea about the extent of his injuries until they touch him.

The obvious conclusion is that Midoriya’s side of the bond isn’t letting them in. All this time, all that they’ve done, and Midoriya has yet to drop his guard.

The thought hurts them more than they could admit. Even worse, it’s such a subconscious action that there wasn’t much they could do about it other than wait. It was harder still to think that Midoriya had already been through enough to have these blocks up in the first place, but with every passing day, it was getting a little more easier.

Regardless, something was wrong, and it was getting worse as the weeks wore on.

“Remote please,” Midoriya called out, and Yamada leaned forward, grabbed the remote, and tossed it at Midoriya’s general direction without taking his eyes off his book.

A loud smack was heard and Yamada turned his head to see that Midoriya didn’t catch the remote. It was a little thing, but the blush on Midoriya’s face was too cute for him to ignore. He gave a big grin, placing his book back down on their coffee table as he encroached closer to the younger man.

“Wait--” Midoriya gasped before Yamada pressed their lips together.

The older man gave a hum of glee as his tongue slid in like a piece to the puzzle. Midoriya gave a soft hum, and his hand came up to grab his shoulders.

“I just wanted to watch the news,” he pouted, Yamada kissed that too.

“It’ll still be there,” he muttered back, and Midoriya’s eyes shined back. When the younger man smiled despite how hard he tried not to, Yamada kissed that too. “C’mon babe, I missed you.”

“Oh my god, we’ve been together all day,” Midoriya chuckled, but tilted his head up to keep kissing him.

“But you chose to sit on this side of the couch instead of with me. And you were cooking all day too. I got lonely,” he gave a faux pout and the younger man pressed a kiss to his chin.

“Don’t get jealous of your own lunch,” he said, his tone light even as he pulled the blond’s bottom lip in between his teeth.

The sight of Midoriya looking up through his eyelashes made Yamada feel suddenly parched. It didn’t matter how many times they did this, the gut-punch of seeing Midoriya so mischievous made the butterflies in his stomach flurry wildly about.

“Fix this,” he tried not to whine, he really did, and when Midoriya leaned back to laugh, knew he failed. But the sheer joy on Midoriya’s face was something that he was willing to trade all his pride and dignity away for anyways so...

So instead, he leaned back down to kiss him. He kissed a little slower, his hands running sensually down Midoriya’s arms as he felt every bit of muscles through his t-shirt. He got to his elbows, catching the sleeve, going under it and back up to his shoulders, and bunched the short sleeves under his armpits.

Midoriya’s hands came up to his shirt, eagerly beginning to fumble for his buttons. And well, Yamada knew that he was a great fucking kisser, but it was taking Midoriya a while to get these buttons. He pulled backwards, ready to tease him a little, but instead focused on the look of shock on Midoriya’s face.

“Izuku?” he breathed out, concerned.

The young man blinked and looked up at him, “Ah, sorry,” he said. He shook his head, trying to get whatever it was that was stuck in his head out of his head, and gave a little smile back. “Guess I got too excited.”

And Yamada would have an easier time believing him if it was both of his hands that were trembling. However, it was only the left one. He reached down to grab his hand and lifted it up to his lips.

“Too fast?”

“No, no,” Midoriya shook his head, his curls bouncing a little at the movement. “I… I don’t know, sometimes… Sometimes I just lose feeling in my hand.”

Yamada’s eyebrows flew up to his hairline and he stared at Midoriya.

“And you didn’t think it was something to mention?”

The younger man shrugged back, “It’s only sometimes. And I knew this would happen eventually.”

“And you didn’t think to tell me before? Does Shouta know?”

Midoriya stared at Yamada and looked down, “I… I didn’t tell him, so no.”

“And you thought that this wasn’t something worth mentioning because…?”

“Well, it started before I met you guys,” Midoriya replied back. “Ah, see?” he moved his hand to interlock his fingers with Yamada’s properly, “It’s back to normal now.”

“This is anything but normal,” Yamada replied back.

The younger man, who truly and honestly didn’t seem to understand why this was a problem, shrugged back.

“Izuku,” Yamada breathed, “I love you. I really, really love you.”

As always, his eyes shined at the words. All this time, it seemed as though Midoriya was still caught off guard by the fact that someone loves him, and Yamada truly and desperately wishes that this time would be the time that he believes him.

“I won’t leave you. Shota and I both, we will be with you until you get tired of us. In this life, and if there is a next life, that one too.”

He grabbed both of Midoriya’s hands into his and pressed a kiss to the fingers.

“So please, please don’t hide this from us. I get that you have secrets that you can’t tell us. It bothers me, but it’s okay. But this. Please don’t keep this from us.”

Midoriya hesitated, but for the first time since they discovered each other, nodded back.

“Okay.”

And so, Aizawa came home in an unexpectedly good mood. That evaporated when he walked in and felt the solemn silence in their home, even though Midoriya was curled up against Yamada’s chest as the two of them sprawled out on the couch.

“We need to talk,” Yamada said, “But let’s eat dinner first.”

Aizawa looked from Midoriya to Yamada and then back before nodding.

Dinner was delicious, but it was hard to focus on the flavor when he was curious about what was going on. When he was finished eating, Midoriya reached out to collect his plates to move them to the sink when Yamada grabbed them instead. Aizawa arched an eyebrow, and he began to draw conclusions about what was going on.

The blond couldn’t even meet his eyes, as he took the plates to the sink and set them down. He ran water on them, and instead of returning to his seat or doing the dishes, he cut the water and turned around. Leaning against the sink, he looked at Midoriya pointedly and Aizawa felt a rock form in the pit of his stomach.

“I can’t see out of my right eye,” Midoriya blurted out.

“What?!” Yamada blurted out, and Aizawa was just as shocked, of course, but he also thought that Yamada knew what was going on and that was why he was spear-heading this. “Not just your arm?”

And suddenly, Aizawa felt very, very cold when Midoriya gave a curt nod.

“Why?” Aizawa asked.

“My… quirk,” Midoriya said quietly, “Uhm. Back when I was less in control of it…”

“...Permanent damage from your first year?” Aizawa asked quietly.

“Yeah. It’s okay, I can still be a hero,” Midoriya said, “And it’s only sometimes-”

“Does Recovery Girl know?”

The younger male closed his mouth and nodded.

“Who else?”

He hesitated and then said, “Bakugo and All Might.”

Aizawa closed his eyes, brought his hand up to pinch the bridge of his nose.

“Why… did you decide to tell us?”

“...I didn’t think I could hide it anymore. And I… I didn’t want to hide things anymore.”

It must have been the right answer. Despite how much bone-weary exhaustion Aizawa seemed to carry, he managed to relax a little and gave a small smile.

“...Thank you for telling us,” he said at last.

Midoriya nodded.

“...We’re not going to leave you, so get rid of that stupid thought,” Aizawa tacted on. “We’ll start rotating the chores a little more. I don’t want you straining anything.”

“It’s fine, chores are nothing.”

“You broke three cups this month,” the other man replied back, “You think I didn’t notice?”

Yamada tilted his head to the side, “And you keep running into the doorframes too.”

“And last time, you knocked over all the condoms.”

“I-It was an accident!” Midoriya squawked back.

“Just let us take care of you,” Yamada said. “You always look after us and our health. We should be doing the same for you.”

Aizawa nodded, “...I guess we were too complacent with this.”

“I don’t want you to change-”

“Too bad,” his former homeroom teacher replied back, “We’re going to be the best for you. So, Midoriya, please help us by letting us know whenever you need something.”

The younger man looked helplessly between the two of them and then sighed. He was getting better at letting them in and letting these things go. Aizawa could only hope that this trend would continue, and eventually lead to complete and unhindered trust between the three of them.

“...Fine,” Midoriya consented. “But I really do feel fine right now. I’ll let you know when I don’t.”

He was certain by this point that Midoriya wasn’t ever going to relax his guard and let them in. Since he knows that when he’s hurt, his soulmates could feel the pain, he was certain that he would quietly bottle it all up until the time. Because for Midoriya, this is what he thinks protection is. And it kills Aizawa because the person who taught him that was him.

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Midoriya took one look at Yagi. He stared at him for a really, really long time.

“Hey, what’s that?” he asked, pointing to the side. And then, when the blond turned his head, raised his hand to smack him across the face.

The sound was much louder than he thought it would be, but the waves beside them crashed much louder. It served as a reminder of how insignificant they were.

Midoriya, on the other hand, looked like he was going to start crying.

“You can’t see out of that eye, can you?”

Yagi turned back slowly, and reached out to grab the hand that came swinging at him. He squeezed the hand and let it fall limply out of his grip.

“And I see that you have already lost all the strength in this hand.”

“I can barely make a fist sometimes,” Midoriya confirmed. “I can’t see out of this eye either. It’s gotten so bad that I can’t pretend it’s okay anymore,” he said, pointing at his eye, in opposition to the side that he hit Yagi. His bottom lip trembled, and he dropped his head. “Toshinori-san,” he whispered quietly, “I’m sorry.”

The blond gave a long, heaving sigh, as he reached around Midoriya to engulf him in a hug. His bony arms locked around the young man.

“I’m sorry, Izuku-shounen,” he said. “I am so, so sorry.”

In another world, in another place, they would have completed each other. They would have been perfect together and no one would have questioned it. The quiet feelings would have bloomed, and they would have been reciprocated. As it was, together, they would be able to make one functional person.

“At least, when I pass, I would like to take your pains and injuries, and give you what still works for me,” he said. Even if they were soulmates in only the physical sense, if their bodies have decided that they complete each other, Yagi definitely didn’t want Midoriya to follow him to death so quickly.

He was hopeful, with the two that completed Midoriya’s soul, that he could be spared from that. No one would know until death, but the thought didn’t comfort him in the slightest.

Midoriya, feeling the tears begin to run down his face, rubbed his face against his mentor’s chest.

“I would rather a lifetime of pain to share with you,” he replied quietly. “I don’t want you to die. Not like this, not for this.”

All Might, former Symbol of Peace, gave a shuddering breath. His grip was tight around Midoriya, as though the younger man was his only anchor to the world, and would just float off into oblivion without him.

“Izuku-shounen. We have made our decisions. We adhere to them and we continue to bear those consequences for the rest of our lives. My one last selfish request is that you never forget me.”

“I won’t,” Midoriya rasped out. Although, it was probably more likely that he couldn’t.

When All Might died, the world lost something. When Yagi died, he would take a part of Midoriya with him. And to the end, he had to carry that secret with him. That scar on his heart, the weight of that promise, the memories that they shared, would make Midoriya the living proof that Yagi Toshinori had lived.

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### Interlude: Bakugo

If Bakugo had his way (and he didn’t), he would have Midoriya next to him.

But the universe was laughing at him, the fuckers, and must be mocking him relentlessly because for as long as he could remember, those eyes were never on him.

And even though, if he reached out, he would be there, it never felt like he was close.

One day, he will forget about Midoriya. One day, he will be able to look at Midoriya’s face and he wouldn’t feel anything.

He’ll wake up in the morning and he won’t be the first thing he thinks of. He’ll go to sleep at night and he wouldn’t see him amongst his dreams. The things that remind him of Midoriya will slowly diminish, his friends will stop being mutuals, and this time, when life moves on, he will too.

One day, they will be strangers. Someone will have to remind him of who he used to be, and even then, there wouldn’t be much of a memory of it. Even if Bakugo has no idea what a world without Midoriya is like, he can’t wait. One day, one day, one day.

And Bakugo lives for One Day.

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Until then, he thinks to himself.

He stares down where Midoriya was sleeping against his notes on the desk. Bakugo had forgotten something, which was why he was here, but now that he could just see Midoriya, he is reminded that the whole concept of soulmates are fucking bullshit.

For Bakugo, who has always seen the world in shades of Midoriya, he thinks that a grayscaled world would be much preferred.

“Idiot, you’re going to catch a cold like that,” he muttered to himself, and walked until he stood next to him.

Not even two years ago, he would have woken him up with a yell and several explosions. One day, maybe he would be able to see Midoriya and move on like he didn’t. He would be able to fight this magnetic pull that kept them close since pre-K. It wouldn’t effect him anymore, and he wouldn’t be here again.

Until then.

“Deku, wake the fuck up.”

Midoriya flinched awake, jumping onto his feet and when his eyes recognized Bakugo, relaxed.

“Kacchan?” he slurred, a smile appearing on his face, “What are you doing?”

“Class ended two hours ago,” the blond snapped back, “Get out of here so the janitors can do their job without looking at your sorry state.” He slung his bag over his shoulder, “C’mon.”

“Oh, right!” Midoriya nodded, collecting his papers and throwing them into a folder. He rummaged through his desk to grab an extra book and haphazardly threw them all into his bag. He stumbled a little, but he managed to find his place next to Bakugo.

The two walked out, side by side, talking about the legislative laws concerning vigilantes and Bakugo thinks that Soulmates are fucking bullshit.

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After all, if you see the world in color for as long as you have been alive, isn’t it right to assume that your soulmate has also been with you for as long as you can remember?

Then, by that logic, how come Bakugo was given a world of color while Midoriya only had red?

### waaah