Dekunobou

Posted originally on the fanfiction.lol at https://fanfiction.lol/works/1069.

Rating:	General Audiences
Archive Warning:	No Archive Warnings Apply
Category:	General (non relationship-focused)
Fandom:	My Hero Academia
Relationships:	Bakugou Katsuki & Midoriya Izuku, Midoriya Izuku & Shigaraki Tomura | Shimura Tenko
Characters:	Midoriya Izuku, Shigaraki Tomura | Shimura Tenko, Sensei | All For One, Bakugou Katsuki, Toga Himiko, Dabi | Todoroki Touya
Additional Tags:	Mind Control, Setting Change - Ella Enchanted, Curse of Obedience, Angst, Midoriya Izuku-centric, Sensei | All For One is Midoriya Izuku's Parent
Language:	English
Stats:	Published: 2021-07-07 Words: 5,432 Chapters: 1/1

Dekunobou

by LifeOfMystery

Summary

“I wish to hear your real thoughts, Izuku.”

Izuku’s mouth falls open, and he breathes out, exhaling under the power of his mind.

“I… I don’t want this. Please don’t make me do this, dad,” Izuku says, stammering under the thick weight of his tongue, not used to being able to speak under his own power after so long.

“It doesn’t matter what you want, Izuku. This is what you need to do, and that is help Tomura. To get rid of all those silly dreams of heroes.”

His father’s hand combs through his hair. Forcefully dyed white, once green. His father hadn’t liked the green, hadn’t liked how different Izuku looked from him. Once Izuku had argued, had struggled, but since his father had found that quirk… well. It didn’t matter how hard he struggled, as all his father had to do was ask. Ask, and Izuku was forced to obey.

-

Or, Izuku's father is entirely a bastard.

Notes

Reposting this due to the ao3 lock out! This was initially posted for the NWA Fic Fight event as a gift for https://archiveofourown.org/users/LightUpTheNight/. Fanart by

See the end of the work for more notes

Izuku stands next to his father, legs locked, head bowed. He had not been told to move, to do anything other than to exist, so he could not. Physically could not.

He used to be quirkless. Now, Izuku wishes more than anything he still was.

“Son, come stand in front of me and look me in the eyes.”

Like a puppet on strings, Izuku’s legs move for him, and his face raised to meet All for One’s. His father. His *controller*.

“You’re not going to see me for a while, because I need you with Tomura. Do you understand?”

“Yes,” Izuku’s mouth robotically replies.

“I wish to hear your real thoughts, Izuku.”

Izuku’s mouth falls open, and he breathes out, exhaling under the power of his mind.

“I… I don’t want this. Please don’t make me do this, dad,” Izuku says, stammering under the thick weight of his tongue, not used to being able to speak under his own power after so long.

“It doesn’t matter what you *want*, Izuku. This is what you need to do, and that is help Tomura. To get rid of all those silly dreams of heroes.”

His father’s hand combs through his hair. Forcefully dyed white, once green. His father hadn’t liked the green, hadn’t liked how different Izuku looked from him. Once Izuku had argued, had struggled, but since his father had found that quirk… well. It didn’t matter how hard he struggled, as all his father had to do was ask. Ask, and Izuku was forced to obey.

“You should have just done what I said, and then I wouldn’t be forced to such measures, you know. There was no point fighting against me. I believe I win this time, no?”

“You monster,” Izuku whispers. “I hate you.”

“Perhaps,” His father sighs. “Perhaps you do. Alas, this is the best I could do for you.”

“This isn’t good, nothing about this is good!” Izuku’s hands want to twitch, to reach out. He wanted to do anything other than stand staring straight ahead, fixed on an invisible stand. “None of this was necessary, you could have just left me with my - “

“Quiet now,” His father hums, and like law, it was set. Izuku’s mouth zips shut, words cut off. He hadn’t really been expecting to speak so much. Perhaps his father had missed his true voice, wanted to hear past the monotone the quirk forced onto him.

Izuku doesn’t know why his father wanted to hear his thoughts for once, but it doesn’t matter. Nothing Izuku wants ever did.

Shigaraki sneers at him when he saw him. “You’re giving me this brat? What’s he going to do?”

“He’s got a good brain in him. He’s an asset, Tomura. Do not waste him,” His father says. Izuku would like the compliment, if he didn’t know what his ‘good brain’ was going to be used *for*.

He’s going to be forced to make plans that will get people killed and there is nothing he can do to stop it.

Nothing, even when Shigaraki tells him to figure out a way into the USJ. Nothing, when Shigaraki sends him off on a quest to steal information from UA’s main office.

Nothing.

He tries to make his plans have loopholes, tries not to think of which heroes could be there in case his mind makes a connection his hand is forced to note down. He does his best, but it’s hard when the quirk implanted in him means he has to obey every word given to him. Every single order.

His dad gave him completely over to Shigaraki, and if that doesn’t show where his priorities lie, Izuku doesn’t know what would. He never cared about Izuku as anything other than a pawn, a walking, talking brain to help Shigaraki.

Most of the time, when Izuku isn’t needed, he sits on a chair over by the wall, eyes closed. Sometimes Shigaraki forgets to tell him to blink, to keep doing the necessary small things that his body won’t do without being told to anymore, so Shigaraki has gotten used to putting him on “default mode”.

Sit down, shut up and stay alive.

It’s not the most comfortable, not the nicest set of orders, but at least it keeps his eyes from drying out. It’s embarrassing, being treated with the same level of care as one of Shigaraki’s game sets, but well. That’s Izuku’s life now.

During the planning for the attack, Izuku hears of a hero with the power of Erasure, and he wonders. A small bud of hope blooms in his chest, that maybe, *maybe*, that will set him free.

The day of the USJ attack arrives. Izuku wonders how many people will die today, how many people will get hurt by plans formed by his own hands.

Shigaraki tells him *up* and Izuku follows, into a crowd of villains. Small ones, nothing like his father’s power, but still, Izuku wants to hide his face away, keep himself small, hidden. But he cannot, for his limbs stay still, unmoving. He is forced to keep his head up and steady, standing by Shigaraki’s side like he wants to be there. No one here knows, he realises. They look upon the small white-haired child and thinks he is one of them. Thinks that he is a villain just like them. In every way.

And isn't he? He's given them plans, given them the means to enact their villainous ways. It doesn't matter if he didn't want to, doesn't matter what he *thought*. No one has ever asked him what he thought. Not since his father gave away to Shigaraki Tomura.

Kurogiri opens his portal, and the villains are led through. Shigaraki walks forward, Izuku closely behind, and just like that, Izuku is in UA premises. His dream, but he is here for entirely the wrong reason.

"Stay back," Shigaraki orders Izuku, and just like that his feet are locked. "Do not do anything that might obstruct our mission, do anything to alert the heroes."

The order sets in, and Izuku is stuck even further more. Not that he could say anything anyway, Shigaraki never gives him permission to speak. But Shigaraki has never been good at remembering which orders he has in place, so it's not new. This lack of care is something Izuku hopes will eventually trip him up, get Izuku free, but so far, that idea has proven fruitless.

He stares across the courtyard, stares at the hero students lined up, torn across the building by Kurogiri's warp quirk. Eraserhead fights onwards, every bit as amazing as Izuku thought he would be. He wishes that red eyed glare would turn to him, free him from these chains, but alas. Izuku appears only quirkless, useless, standing as far back from battle as he has been told to do. Not a threat enough for Eraserhead to consider ever turning his eyes to him.

The fight continues, and eventually the hero students make their way back to the centre. Shigaraki tries to attack, but fails, fought off still by the might of their teacher, and eventually the brunt of All Might. It's too much, to see his hero here, so close to touching, but yet never so far away. Izuku wishes he could turn his head away, but he is forced to watch as the noumu continue to brutalise his idols.

Kacchan is there, because of course he is. Because of course the first time Izuku has to see his once friend once bully, is on a battlefield where they are at opposing sides.

He sees Izuku and screams.

The sound of "Deku!" tears through the air. Izuku can only stare onwards, not even a blink as Kacchan's blasts heat up the air around him. He wants to apologise, wants to *explain* but he can't. Will have to accept how Kacchan will view him now, how *everyone* will view him now.

A portal from Kurogiri takes Kacchan further away, stops him from damaging Shigaraki's precious 'toy'.

The rest of the heroes arrive, and like that, they leave. Slipping through purple, Izuku sees Eraserhead's crushed form taken away. And like that, part of his hope slips away. Even from the heroes, he's ignored. Never to be noticed. It would be crushing if Izuku had much hope left to be crushed.

Instead, he just accepts that as fact and thinks of another way out.

Stain enters the bar, and Izuku is left to only wonder what was happening being the blindfold of his own eyes. He can hear the meeting going south from his perch, hidden away behind the side of the bar. He hears the slick of knives enter Shigaraki's skin, hears Kurogiri's struggles with paralysis. Ironic. Izuku wonders what would happen if Shigaraki were to die. Would Izuku be frozen forever, stuck on the last order Shigaraki gave him, or would he be free? Stain's not one of the permitted few Shigaraki told him to obey. Maybe Stain would just kill him.

Izuku doesn't know, so tries not to think further. The thoughts ache like a half-healed wound, and he's learnt not to prod any harder than he should.

Still, being left to sit on a bench, eyes closed shut was not the most enjoyable way to spend his time when he could hear blades whizzing around the room, only a few metres away.

Stain eventually leaves, and Shigaraki grumbles under his breath.

And there Izuku remains, shoved in the corner.

Shigaraki stands atop the water tunnel, wind whipping past their heads. He apparently decided he didn't want to risk Izuku falling off the watertower by a misplaced order so Izuku's free to move. *Nearly* free to move. He doesn't bother running, not when he was given the order to stay close. He knows he'll only end up bouncing into invisible walls while Shigaraki laughs.

It's cold up here, even watching the fires of Hosu burn.

"What do you think? Sensei's work. All those heroes, running about, and they can't do anything to stop this," Shigaraki hisses, tearing at his neck with that destructive habit he's never been taught how to stop.

"I think it's sad," Izuku mumbles, thoughts tugged out of him by the quirk's will, but nothing to say how loud he can say them.

Shigaraki doesn't hear him over the wind, or perhaps he just doesn't care, for he says nothing back. It's not surprising, not with a city laid out in flames in front of them.

There's flashes of light, ice spreading across a building far away. Izuku tracks it, curious. He doesn't know what's happening, not entirely and Shigaraki isn't curious enough to stay and find out.

All it takes is one sentence to drag Izuku back through the portal, away from the destruction of Hosu.

Later, Izuku hears that Stain got arrested, a video on full display to the public. Shigaraki is mad, but that's not new. He asks Izuku why Stain got so much more attention than he did, what's he's doing wrong, and Izuku is compelled to reply. He thinks this moment is enough to get Shigaraki to finally kill him, but surprisingly, it isn't. Shigaraki leaves to go off and think, and Izuku is left to wonder.

Shigaraki starts meeting with more and more villains, and Izuku is continually relegated to the sidelines, told to stay in Shigaraki's room for his own safety. Apparently the Stain incident has made Shigaraki a bit more wary, wanting to keep Izuku hidden on his own. Izuku doesn't particularly understand why. Not like Izuku was the one in any danger there.

Eventually Shigaraki drags Izuku out to create their plans. Another attack on UA, a team of elite villains sent to attack the students. Kacchan's class, again, because it always is. He spots Shigaraki holding a photo of his once friend in chains, and wonders what this is all for. Wonders why Shigaraki keeps pushing onwards.

The villain team meets him, and Shigaraki must trust them, for he allows them to order Izuku around, bar a few specific personel. He also gives them a noumu, and Izuku doesn't appreciate the comparisons. Not like he can tell them that.

The training camp attack happens out of Izuku's notice. Shigaraki has no need for a quirkless kid to fight against trained hero students, so Izuku is forced to sit as villains go after Kacchan. Kacchan, aimed for by villains. It would be a funny joke if this wasn't Izuku's reality.

Part of him wants Kacchan to be taken, just so he can see him again. That part of him feels very guilty when the Vanguard drags him back, chains him up to the seat, and leaves him there.

The League disperses, watching their new prisoner squirm, blasts contained by the metal cuffs. Some decided to leave to sleep, others laze around the bar, watching their newest prize with eager glee. Shigaraki's offer is not to be put in action yet, not until the broadcasts can be shown to their newest guest, so the League is left to rest, and Izuku is left in his regular place, sat on a chair in the bar.

This means he's left in the same room as Kacchan, a blessing and a curse.

Izuku is perched on the side, allowed to see what's going on, but not to move. Still, he can't ignore Kacchan's red eyes burning holes in his side.

He wonders why Kacchan's not saying anything, normally he would be so full of rage. But then again, nothing about this situation is normal.

Dabi goes to the bar for a drink, and sits there, watching Izuku idly. Izuku still doesn't know what to think of Dabi, same for most of the villains here. Everyone has their own backstory, their own reasons for being here. He wonders how many fell down this path under their own choices, unlike himself.

"God, isn't he just so creepy?" Toga chirps, directed at Izuku. "Isn't it kind of wack that Shigaraki has a pet like that?"

"He also has a noumu," Dabi says, swilling his drink around like he thinks he's something fancy. "He's just kinda fucked up in general."

Izuku agrees, to be perfectly frank. He's lucky his dad wanted his face intact, or he's sure he would have been forced full of quirks, mind distorted until he wouldn't be able to think right. Would that be better than this hell? Izuku isn't sure.

Toga pouts, skipping ever closer to Izuku. Izuku can't move away from her frankly obnoxious attempts at hugging him.

"How does he work? You just say things and Izuku'll do it? Come on then, jump! Do something!"

Izuku does not. Not unexpectedly. Shigaraki told him to listen to all the orders of the League, but not Toga and some of the more - well, to be frank, maniacal - villains in the group. For reasons Izuku is quickly beginning to understand.

"Why won't he do it?" Toga whines, looking towards Dabi.

"Because you're an exception," Dabi grunts. "You're creepy yourself and Shigaraki doesn't want him getting damaged."

Toga huffs. "I wasn't going to do anything *that* bad. Dabi, you make him do something."

"What do you mean *make* him do something?" Came a third voice. Apparently both Toga and Dabi had forgotten why they were even in here to begin with, for they swivel to turn and look back at Kacchan with an intense degree of confusion.

Izuku knows that face, knows that look. Kacchan is thinking, and he's thinking hard. Staring deep at Izuku. Izuku wishes he could speak, wishes he could dig inside that head and read what's held in those infuriatingly difficult to read eyes.

Dabi was the first to recover. "Why do you want to know? Hope it'll get you out of here sooner?"

Kacchan sneers back, not giving an answer.

Toga dances over, lying an arm over Kacchan's shoulders. He tenses up, looking all the more like he was withholding himself from biting her arm off.

"If he's going to join us anyway, why not tell him?" Toga asks, playing with strands of Kacchan's hair.

"That's Shigaraki's assumption. Doesn't mean he's right," Dabi grumbles, leaning back against the wall to watch them both.

"Well, what the fuck do you mean? What's wrong with him?" This was punctuated with a sharp jerk of Kacchan's head, pulling him free of Toga's prying hands.

"Tomura has this cool thing where Izuku can't do anything except for what he tells him to do, it's so creepy - "

"Toga," Dabi cuts in sharply.

“What?” Toga turns, snarling. “Lay off! I’m only talking.”

“Wait until he’s *actually* said yes, then you can talk to him. But not yet.”

Toga leans back, pulling out a knife and flipping it through the air. “Whatever. You’re no fun, you know.”

“And you’re a psycho bitch, but that’s nothing new,” Dabi says, deadpan.

Toga glares at him and flounces out of the room, her patience apparently met. She disappeares through a doorway, and Izuku watched Kacchan’s eyes follow her out.

Kacchan sinks back in his chair, tension leaving his shoulders, free from Toga’s playing. Izuku understood the feeling. Toga does not have many boundaries.

“It is creepy though,” Dabi says, resting his head on his palm, leaning on the bar stool. “Weird as hell, you just sitting there like a doll.”

Dabi chucked back the last swigs of his drink. “Do you just sleep there?”

“Yes,” Izuku’s mouth says.

“Right. Okay. You got a bed… or whatever?”

“I have the chair.”

“That’s so fucked,” Kacchan blurts out.

Dabi shoots a edged look at Kacchan. “Do you ever stop talking?”

Dabi points a slightly wobbly finger towards Izuku. Izuku’s eyes catch on the edge of his nail, oh so close to his face. Dabi’s already drunk. A drunk villain with complete control over Izuku… is not something he wants to think about too hard.

“Go to sleep, and stay alive. Don’t do anything Shigaraki wouldn’t like. Alright?”

Izuku’s eyes slid shut without his consent. That was the thing with the quirk, it could make his physical body do things, but never his mind. He hears Dabi eventually leave, and Kacchan’s quiet breathing.

It’s almost relieving, to hear someone else here. Someone else as trapped as Izuku is. It still hurts, to know he’s never been so close, but still so unable to explain. To reach out.

But maybe, if the heroes come for Kacchan, they might take Izuku too. Maybe.

The day comes when the villains are ready to ask Kacchan to join them. Izuku is dragged to sitting next to Shigaraki, his eternal ‘support’.

The broadcast is flicked on, and Kacchan watches in silence. Shigaraki begins his spiel, ending with the final question that is doomed to fail.

“You want to join us?”

Kacchan squints at them, rightly so. Izuku knows Kacchan would never join them, never ever would consider it.

Kacchan starts to form something, a retort, Izuku can see it in the glint of his eye, but then he stops. Or something stops him.

“Yes,” Kacchan says, and Izuku wants to gasp. Wants to blurt out in shock. For this is wrong, for there is no world where Kacchan would willingly join villains. Izuku is missing something here, and he doesn’t know what.

There’s a short pause amongst the villains, a short moment where none of them are sure where to go next. Not even Shigaraki thought it would be this easy, and he’s the one that planned all this.

“Well,” Dabi says. “That was easier than I expected.”

“Shut up! You don’t know what I want. When I say yes, I mean it. Don’t fucking doubt my words.”

“Alright, unchain him,” Shigaraki says, waving Twice over to undo the restraints.

“Are you sure he’s not going to bite me? *I’ll bite him back.*”

“He’s not going to bite you,” Shigaraki snaps back, but his eyes are still on Kacchan. Izuku knows that tone, knows what he’s thinking. Knows he thinks he’s won, yet wondering if this is reality. If his plan has really worked for once.

Izuku is wondering the same thing.

Kacchan slides his hands free from the metal and stands up, carefully.

He frowns at everyone, digging his hands into his pockets.

They continue to stare at him like he’s a miracle on display, a wondrous thing to be looked at with awe. Izuku continues to stare straight ahead because that’s all he’s been told to do.

“What now?” Toga asks, and he can tell she’s kicking her heels out by the dull thump that resonates behind him.

“We welcome him in,” Shigaraki says.

There’s a pause, a moment of baited breath, and then the League moves. Toga swings to hug him, Twice following shortly after, and they hang off him like monkeys. The less extroverted members sit back, watching Kacchan with a certain level of curiosity. Izuku knows most

didn’t think this was likely to *work*, more just here for what such an act would do to hero society in general. But now it has, everyone’s wondering. Everyone’s off-balance.

Izuku stays behind, he was told to sit so that is all he is capable of doing. But he watches, watches Kacchan’s mouth twitch with displeasure, sees his red eyed gaze flick over to Izuku filled with something he has *never* seen in those eyes before, and Izuku knows something is wrong here.

A knock resounds on the wall, and everything goes wild.

Heroes pour in, lead by All Might. They restrain everyone, even Izuku, even though it really isn’t necessary. He can’t move anyway.

Shigaraki calls his father over, and they get teleported miles away with the gross taste of gunk in his mouth.

Funnily enough, he lands next to Kacchan. He wishes he could reach out and *just* say something, but his mouth is pressed closed and limbs locked, and there is no will strong enough to pry them open.

Kamino is half destroyed already, and Izuku fears. He can see glimpses of action happening around them. His father, floating in the sky. Glimpses of the figure he knows to be Best Jeanist, blood pooling over blue denim. It’s too late. His father’s won. It doesn’t matter what happens now.

And then Kacchan moves over, stands next to Izuku. Presses his mouth to Izuku’s ear and whispers five words. “Listen only to me, Deku.”

And just like that, Izuku *understands*. Kacchan has always been so clever, oh so clever. The League could order Deku around, but now Kacchan’s part of the League. He was listening this whole time. Listening, and thinking of a loophole. A technicality. One Shigaraki should have thought of, but didn’t.

All Might arrives and everyone trembles. They don’t notice Kacchan looking around wildly for an exit, noticing him beginning to tense to run. The villain still think he’s with them, don’t think he would leave, not right after joining.

His father’s warp quirk begins to send the League away, but most of them have already forgotten their most recently gained member. Or rather, assumed he would follow. But since he’s Kacchan, incredible, *amazing*, there is no way in hell he would.

“Izuku, come here!” Shigaraki yells.

And nothing happens. Izuku’s legs don’t move, he doesn’t stray from Kacchan’s side. Kacchan grins wildly.

“Deku, follow me,” He yells, and together they take off down the ruins of Kamino. He can hear Shigaraki’s shrieks following them. He’s going to be so mad. But it doesn’t matter

anymore, Shigaraki can't control him any longer. Only Kacchan can. And Izuku would want no other.

They run into the hands of heroes, police waiting outside the edges of the ruins. Izuku stops just as Kacchan stops, panting into the night.

The police are wary of Izuku, likely his image already seen next to Shigaraki's.

"Wait! He's was mind controlled, he didn't meant to do any of this shit!" Kacchan snarls, but Izuku already knows it won't matter. They need someone who hasn't just been kidnapped by villains to convince them.

The police don't want to believe him, trying to both assuage Kacchan and arrest Izuku, but Kacchan has always been strong.

But perhaps he understands, understands he needs something to show them more than what they know, for Kacchan leans in, yells above the noise of the crowd and screams.

"Ignore whatever crap they told you to do, Deku! Forget all other orders!"

And just like that, Izuku's free. His legs buckle and his eyes shoot wide. He's unsteady gasping for air with lungs that behave under his control, blinking rapidly under the strain of the muscles under his own power. His tongue feels weird, flopping in his mouth as he can finally *finally* speak freely, without restraint.

He staggers and the policemen close in around him, yanking his arms in front of him and forcing him into cuffs. Kacchan watches him go, yelling at the policemen holding him back.

Izuku doesn't mind. He's free, even in cuffs. Freer than he's been for a long time now.

They drag him in, into an interrogation cell. Apparently the rest of the League escaped without him, but his father's locked away in Tartarus. Good riddance. Just where he deserves to be.

As the only member of the League that they can interrogate without fear of the entire precinct being destroyed, someone comes to meet him quickly.

A nondescript man enters, and Izuku learns forward, eager to part with the words clouding his mind, his brain ready to speak for once, with freedom gifted by his once now possibly again friend.

"I can tell you what you need to know about the League, anything you want! I don't know where they are know, but I know most of their quirks, and I can guess at what they want to do next - "

"Calm down," The detective says, not unkindly. "I have to work through standard procedure first."

Izuku sits back in his chair, cuffs clinking. "Oh, sorry. I understand."

“Your name and age?”

“Midoriya Izuku. 15 years old.”

“Next of kin?”

Izuku’s mouth flops open. This moment… he already knew it wasn’t going to go over too well.

“All for One. He’s - he’s my dad,” Izuku stammers, his false, tacked on confidence not helping his admittance come out any clear.

The detective pauses. Looks at him carefully. Izuku cringes under his gaze. Oh no, what if he just made a dreadful mistake? He did just admit to being the son of the villain that destroyed half of Kamino.

“Alright,” The detective says, nary a pause and continues. The man’s face doesn’t look too horrified, his tone of voice placid, not angry at all, but *what if it’s a trick*?

“Bakugou Katsuki said you were under an obedience quirk. Can you elaborate further?”

Izuku jumps at the chance to explain himself, the first chance given to him in forever. The words flow from his mouth like a waterfall, and he feels like he’s drowning under the weight, under the need, for them to understand. To show that he’s not a villain, that he never ever wanted to be.

“Yes! My dad forced a quirk on me because I wouldn’t behave. It made it so I had to listen to anyone’s orders, do whatever they told me to without any say. I was given to Shigaraki, and most of the time he told me to stand there and say nothing. That’s why I was there at the USJ. I didn’t want to help them but I couldn’t help it. There was nothing I could do!”

“Midoriya,” The detective smiles gently. “I understand. All for One is a known manipulator, I understand you had no choice. You’re only a child.”

Izuku sags in his seat, and finally catches his breath He didn’t know how relieving it would feel to have those words spoken to him, to have that confirmation that they don’t blame him.

“I have a truth quirk and I can verify everything you’re saying. So don’t worry, Midoriya. We’ll make sure people believe you were under extreme duress.”

“Thank you,” Izuku stammers, and the words keep falling back, years of holding them back, now clawing to the surface. “Thank you! Thank you so much!”

The detective grins at him, and Izuku can’t help but feel *safe* in a way he hasn’t felt for aeons now, for months.

It’s going to be alright, and Izuku knows it.

He’s told to stay with one of the pros, Eraserhead, due to the nature of his quirk, and isn’t that amazing, that he’s staying *here* with Eraserhead, while the police figure out where to permanently place him. They say it may take a while, but that’s alright. Izuku’s learnt to have patience.

Izuku has a visitor, and he already knows who’s it going to be.

Just like he expected, Kacchan comes wondering in, slouched and hands shoved in his pockets.

“Kacchan!” Izuku cries out, and leaps towards his friend, his rescuer. “You got me out, how did you even figure out how to get past the quirk in the first place, are you alright? I mean, you look alright, why wouldn’t Kacchan be not alright, it’s *Kacchan* - “

“Shut up, Deku,” Kacchan scoffs. It’s so familiar, so resembling what how they used to be, that the whiplash of Izuku’s mouth sealing itself back up and the words resting on his tongue choking their way back into his throat leaves them both stunned.

“Fuck,” Kacchan says, and he looks horrified. “The quirk’s still there?”

Izuku nods his head, unable to word a single syllable. This is familiar, and a deep seated dread seeps into his bones. The quirk’s still in him and the only one who can get it out would never chose to do it. And would Kacchan really be so nice to never use it?

Izuku knows Kacchan hates his mumbling, hates so many parts of Izuku. One of the last memories Izuku has before his father took him away is Kacchan burning stars into his arm, the last time Izuku declared he wanted to be a hero. It’s been *years*, but has Kacchan changed enough for him not to abuse this power too? Kacchan has always been amazing, but he’s always been prone to taking things out on Izuku just as much.

“De - Izuku.” Kacchan swallows, and Izuku finds himself transfixed. It’s been so long since he’s heard Izuku out of Kacchan’s lips. It almost sounds wrong, now.

“Izuku, you can speak. And - and if anyone gives you an order, including me, you don’t have to do it. Unless you want to, obviously. That quirk… you won’t let it control you anymore. Got it?”

Izuku feels something shift, something click in his bones. His mouth parts, and he breaths easy. Is it really that simple? Someone telling him to ignore the quirk, and he… just can? The thing torturing a whole section of life, and now it has no power over him. No more.

Izuku springs forward, and wraps his arms around Kacchan. Kacchan stands there stuffy, a hand to his head to try and force him off, but Izuku is fuelled by pure strength of friendship. It’s not a battle Kacchan will win.

“How did you figure it out?” Izuku mumbles. “Because when they got you, you knew didn’t you? That’s why you weren’t surprised when they were messing with me, you already knew something like that had happened to me. How?”

Kacchan sighs, shifting in Izuku's grip. One hand is still desperately pushing Izuku away, but now the movement become slower, absent-minded.

"At the USJ. You weren't mumbling," Kacchan says shortly. "It was weird."

Kacchan noticed. Kacchan *noticed*. Of course he did, but still, to hear it, to hear that Kacchan saw something was wrong when no one else *would*… it feels like coming home.

"Now get off!" Kacchan snaps, and Izuku freezes. But nothing happens, his limbs aren't compelled to detach, nothing.

It worked.

Izuku does detach, but out of his own choice, and now because Kacchan is trying to stamp on his foot, and Izuku does have some sense of self-preservation.

"Kacchan, you did it!" Izuku cries, and his eyes fill with tears. "I'm free."

And maybe Kacchan will deny it later, but Izuku will remember. He'll hold this close to his heart. The slight upward tick of his mouth, the slight lightness in his eyes.

Izuku won't ever know what happened to Kacchan between the years he went missing, won't ever experience that lost time.

But he will have this, this tiny snapshot of a smile.


Dekunobou
Blanc

End Notes

Fanart by BlancFortune (https://archiveofourown.org/users/RahDamon/profile)

Please drop by the Archive and comment to let the creator know if you enjoyed their work!