How Did We Let This Happen to Us?

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How Did We Let This Happen to Us?

by rnn

Summary

Aizawa was unable to return to teaching after the USJ attack. On such short notice, it was difficult for UA to get a new teacher.

The new substitute is more terrifying than the villains class 1-A encountered at the USJ, but surely, UA knew what they were doing when they hired him. They just had to tough it out, right?

(Alternatively: Everyone had been so desperate to believe that it was all okay because they didn't want to see the truth.)

Notes

Warning for this fic: usage of the r slur.

See the end of the work for more notes

There was a different teacher at the front of the classroom. With what happened to Aizawa-sensei, it was expected, but Izuku wasn't sure what to think.

They appeared masculine, so likely a man. His hair was short and black, and his eyebrows were thick and bushy. As he sighed, sharp canines were exposed. There were dark marks on his face; not quite moles, but not freckles either.

Who was he?

There weren't many heroes in Japan that had such an appearance. Was he foreign?

"Is everyone here?" The hero said, scanning the room with narrowed eyes. He had a heavy accent, enough so that Izuku could barely understand the words—he was definitely foreign.

Iida searched the room, then said, "Yes, sensei!"

"We'll begin, then," the hero said. "I'm going to be teaching you until Eraserhead is recovered, which likely means for the rest of the year or at least most of it."

He began walking between the desks, students shrinking back to make room for him. The hero passed Izuku's row first, so Izuku pulled himself back and—

Was that a *tail?*

He continued, "Now, listen closely because I hate repeating myself."

Todoroki watched the hero closely, a slight frown on his face.

What was he thinking?

"You will refer to me only as Frostfang. My name may be public knowledge, but I don't want to hear it in this classroom. This is a heroics class."

Frostfang?

Was that—?

Oh! He was a retired hero, wasn't he? He had been the number two American hero until his retirement. That must've been why Izuku didn't recognize him! He was only thinking of active heroes! It made sense that they would've asked retired heroes too, not just active ones —

"You, with the green hair," Frostfang said.

Izuku flinched. "Uh... yes?"

"Be quiet. I told you to listen."

He must have been muttering again. Oops.

"Right! Sorry!"

■ ■ ■

Katsuki had been interested in seeing what the new teacher would do at first, but Frostfang had such a major stick up his ass that it was annoying to listen to. Not that he could actually understand him with such a thick accent, anyway. Today was one of Katsuki's worse days. So, ignoring Frostfang and focusing on whatever he felt like worked just fine.

Until the exercises.

Frostfang dismissed the group and Katsuki had no idea what they were doing.

He searched the area. They had split up in groups of... three? It seemed to be three. There were twenty students, so there would be one group of two.

Was he the only one left?

Fuck. He was.

Where—

Kirishima waved to him. Katsuki joined his group, glancing back at Frostfang.

"What are we doing?" Katsuki asked.

Kirishima shrugged. "Something about rescue? I don't know. He explained a lot and I couldn't pick all of it up."

It was no surprise that the first group failed, and then the second. Once they reached the third and that group failed as well, Frostfang stopped the exercise.

"This is simple," he said. "I don't know what Eraserhead has been teaching you if you can't understand this."

Iida raised a hand.

"Go on," Frostfang said.

Iida lowered his hand and spoke, "Can you explain the exercise again? I believe that hearing the instructions once more will help us understand better."

Had Iida had trouble, too? His group was the fourth. They hadn't gone, so Katsuki couldn't be sure. Still, it was good to know that it wasn't just him and his stupid ears.

Frostfang went over the exercise again, but Katsuki didn't catch a single word.

Damn it.

■ ■ ■

"There's something about him that I just don't like," Todoroki said.

"He *is* a bit scary," Uraraka said. "But Aizawa-sensei was scary at first, too. Maybe he'll warm up?"

"I hope so," Izuku said.

And he really did.

UA was the number one hero school. They would've only picked the best. Frostfang was the number two American hero before he had retired, so surely he had a lot to teach?

Even if Izuku felt like he had learned nothing so far, *surely?*

Besides, this was important! He had to get through this year! Becoming a hero was his dream, and he had to go to hero school in order to do that.

Frostfang would change eventually, right?

■ ■ ■

Katsuki still had no idea what they were doing. It wasn't even worth trying to listen anymore. Whenever Frostfang explained something, he couldn't understand any of it. Sure, he could *hear* it, but it was just noise.

It was months of *"You're doing it wrong!"* and *"Are you just stupid?"* and Katsuki was getting sick of it.

It was the loud *"Are you retarded?"* screamed in front of the entire class that had him completely and utterly *done* with it all. He wasn't the only one, either.

Kirishima had messed up on one of the exercises and Frostfang had stopped him, had him demonstrate, and then used him as an example of what *not* to do. Katsuki was shit at comfort, but what else was there to do when Shitty Hair was crying in the locker room?

He'd tried telling his mom once, but she'd told him to stop being a pussy (not *exactly* in those words, but close enough). He could take it, he knew he could, but that didn't mean that asshole teacher didn't make him want to use his quirk for something *more* than exercises every day.

So, when Frostfang called him up, Katsuki was ready. He couldn't blow the fucker to hell like he wanted to, but he could at least do *something*.

"What are we doing?" Katsuki asked.

"You should know," Frostfang said.

"I couldn't hear you."

"You couldn't *hear* me?"

Katsuki grit his teeth. "Yes."

Frostfang turned to the class, looking over Katsuki completely (as if he wasn't *there*), brow furrowed. His next words brought Katsuki's mind to a halt.

"Is he *deaf?"*

What? Why would he just *ask* that? And why to the rest of the class when Katsuki was *right there?*

Was it so fucking hard to explain the exercise again?

Katsuki wanted to yell. He wanted to call the fucker out for being the asshole he was.

But his cheeks burned with shame and his throat refused to cooperate. He curled his hands into fists, took a breath in—

And ran.

He threw himself into the locker room, pressing himself into one of the corners. His face was wet.

Damn it! He didn't want to cry! Fuck!

But he couldn't stop. He sobbed, sinking to the floor.

It could've been a thousand years or only a few seconds, but the door opened.

"Bakugou?"

Katsuki yelled with all the volume he could manage without his voice cracking. "Go away, Four Eyes!"

"Frostfang sent me to retrieve y—" He froze, eyes meeting Katsuki's. "*Oh.*"

Katsuki scrubbed at his face. He must've looked so fucking stupid like this—his face tearstained like Deku's.

"I *said* leave me *alone*."

Iida was frowning. The concern in his eyes only made it *worse*.

"I can wait," Iida said. "But we have to go back out at some point."

"Fuck you," Katsuki said, but there was no venom to it. "And fuck *him* too."

Iida didn't comment. Wasn't that his whole shtick? Unbecoming of a future hero or whatever? Respect the teachers?

Huh.

Eventually, Katsuki managed to stop the tears, even if the shame and anger didn't go away. So, they left the locker room.

Frostfang turned to them, a slight grin on his face.

"Is his fit finally over?" He said.

Katsuki took a breath in, clenching his fists, and looked away.

He was never going to fucking talk again.

■ ■ ■

There wasn't much conversation at lunch anymore. Uraraka picked at her food, Todoroki just stared into the distance, and Iida ate without even looking at the rest of the group. And that wasn't the only change.

Kacchan had been so quiet lately. There was no yelling, no insults—*nothing*. He hadn't smiled in *months*; not even his battle grin.

Izuku didn't know what to do. *Was* there anything he could do?

There wasn't.

Frostfang used to be the number two American hero. He knew what he was doing. UA was a top hero school. They had to know what they were doing.

Somehow, this would make them better heroes.

Wouldn't it?

"I don't think Frostfang is a good teacher," Iida said.

Izuku couldn't think.

"What happened?" Uraraka said, her words slow and cautious.

"The day he asked if Bakugou was deaf..." Iida paused, taking a breath in. His gaze flicked towards the table that Kacchan usually sat at before continuing. "When Frostfang sent me to get him, Bakugou was crying."

Kacchan... *crying?*

He—

Izuku wanted to... he didn't know what he wanted to do.

Of course, he wanted to help Kacchan, but Kacchan wouldn't accept that. He wanted to tell Frostfang what he did, but he couldn't do that, either.

There was nothing he could do.

■ ■ ■

Fuck.

Was he still alive?

He was—he *was*—

There was blood. Fuck! Shit!

Katsuki couldn't breathe. All he could focus on was Kirishima's body.

Frostfang said something. Iida came over with Tokoyami and the two brought Kirishima away.

Katsuki didn't move.

There was a shadow—movement—

Frostfang was *next to him*—

"This is what happens when you don't listen," Frostfang announced.

But he—even if he did listen, he wouldn't have been able to hear anything!

Fuck.

This was all his fault, wasn't it?

If he had just—

Frostfang was still speaking. The sound of Katsuki's breath drowned the words out.

He had no idea what the exercise was. He'd just assumed it was still the one they had been doing before, but—

Frostfang had changed it. Frostfang had changed it and he hadn't heard and now Kirishima was hurt because of him.

He was so fucking awful, wasn't he? He was selfish and a failure and all he did was hurt people—

"Hey!"

Huh? Kaminari?

"Dude, it's alright. You need to breathe."

Katsuki *was* breathing. That was the only thing he was doing right now.

"Not like that. Slower."

He couldn't. He couldn't, he couldn't—

"Okay, okay! Can you uh... count?"

Why the fuck would he have to count?

"I dunno, man!" Kaminari said, laughing nervously. "I'm just trying to think of things!"

"You're stupid."

Kaminari laughed again, this time slightly less nervous. "And... he's back."

His chest hurt and his body was tense, but yeah. He was.

"Fuck you," Katsuki said.

He had no idea what just happened.

Kaminari grinned.

"Is he done?" Frostfang said. "We need to continue the lesson."

■ ■ ■

There was no one at the teacher's desk. Iida and Todoroki's desks were empty, too.

The time for class to begin passed. The three desks remained empty.

"Where are they?" Izuku said quietly.

The class exchanged nervous glances among themselves.

What was going on?

Iida entered with Todoroki at his side.

"We're going to spend homeroom and heroics with class 1-B today," he said.

As the class exited the room, they muttered. Izuku caught bits and pieces of conversations.

"What happened?" Kaminari asked, having run to the front of the group.

"I took the measures necessary to protect my fellow students," Iida said.

"You got him *fired?"*

Iida didn't respond.

Todoroki smiled and said, "Yes. We did."

...

At the back of the group, Katsuki paused.

It was that easy?

They'd gotten rid of him just like *that?*

It wasn't just in his head? It wasn't *him?*

Well, then how the fuck had this all happened?

How could UA have let this happen? How the fuck had *he* let this happen?

Stupid! Fucking. *Stupid!*

How had none of the other teachers noticed? Why had no one said anything? If Frostfang was awful enough to get fired, why hadn't they done anything sooner?

It was because UA was supposed to be great, wasn't it? Plus Ultra?

And Frostfang was, too.

That was it. Everyone had been so desperate to believe that it was all okay because they didn't want to see the truth. They didn't want to see that UA was fallible.

And it had fucked all of them over.

Maybe Frostfang had taught them something after all.

End Notes

Yet another backdated reupload taken from my unfinished fanworks site. Can't believe I literally just wrote one of the villains from my original stories into an MHA fic. LMAO. But I also did that with Escape Hatch. And I'll probably do it again. :P

▶ Original author's note

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