I Need You (You Belong to Me)

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I Need You (You Belong to Me)

by rnn

Summary

Rather than bullying Izuku, Katsuki stayed his friend. His *only* friend, for better or for worse.

Notes

See the end of the work for notes

Katsuki was concerned.

It wasn't an unfamiliar feeling, but it was unwelcome.

And it was all Izuku's fault.

How had the nerd thought it was a good idea to announce that he was applying to UA in front of everyone? Katsuki had enough trouble just trying to get the extras off Izu's back on a daily basis. It had turned out that a powerful quirk wasn't what garnered respect... and Katsuki wasn't about to disappoint Izuku by doing what those damn extras wanted him to.

So, when the bell rang, Katsuki made his way to Izuku's desk. Izuku turned to him after closing his notebook, green eyes wide and brow furrowed in some sort of emotion that Katsuki couldn't understand.

"You think I won't get in, don't you, Kacchan?" Izuku said.

Katsuki couldn't say no.

So, he said nothing.

Izuku frowned. It wasn't quite a scowl, but it was a major change from the typical bright-eyed, optimistic face he always wore. Katsuki's heart stopped in his chest for a moment.

He'd hurt Izuku already, and he hadn't even said anything.

Izuku sighed. "You're just like the rest of them, aren't you? You think I can't do it because I'm quirkless."

Katsuki stammered, but it was pointless. He didn't have to speak. Izuku already knew.

Izuku put his notebook in his bag and stood up, keeping his back to Katsuki. Katsuki followed a few paces behind as they headed for the doorway, but froze at the last moment.

Izuku turned his head to him, staring at him through the corner of his eye.

"I thought we were past this," Izuku said. "But I guess we aren't. You can still borrow the notebooks, though, if you need to study. I know you'll make it in, but..."

The silence was almost as terrible as Izuku's words. Katsuki tried to say thanks, but the word caught in his throat. His palms itched.

Izuku turned away, and Katsuki knew that he had failed.

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Izuku didn't speak to him after that. Katsuki would reach out to him in the halls, call out to him at lunch, but Izuku wouldn't even look at him.

It took him much less time than he expected to cave.

"Izu?" He asked.

Izuku continued to put his notebooks away.

"Can I borrow one of the notebooks?"

Izuku handed him one, arm twisted at an awkward angle and body still facing away. There was a bruise on his hand, and probably more under his uniform.

Shame burned in his cheeks. He hadn't been there to protect Izuku, just like he hadn't been there to support him.

Katsuki took the notebook gently.

"Make sure you give it back," Izuku said.

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He kicked a bottle, but what came out when the lid burst wasn't soda. It was some sort of sludge. It traveled up his body, speaking to him. He activated his quirk, but it was of little use.

Despite that, he kept fighting.

Even as it dragged him deeper into the city, he kept fighting.

Shapes danced around him, the voices of heroes speaking frantically.

The blasts from his own quirk forced him around at first, but soon, they did nothing.

Then, one face came into focus.

Izuku.

Izuku ran closer, flinging his bag at the monster and screaming.

In the end, it was All Might that saved him, but Katsuki couldn't forget that moment.

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Katsuki sent another text despite the others remaining unanswered. His acceptance letter was on the table, already opened. He had gotten in, but the accomplishment didn't fill him with... anything.

He wanted to be a hero! He should've been excited! Even his mother was.

But as his latest text remained unanswered, he couldn't bring himself to care.

Izuku still cared for him—he'd attacked the sludge villain—so why wasn't he talking to him? He'd really messed up, hadn't he?

No.

He couldn't have.

All he had done was be honest! And, well, he hadn't even done that! He just didn't say anything. Izuku was being pathetic about it.

Yeah, it wasn't his fault.

Izuku would come crying back to him.

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Katsuki sat at his new desk, sinking into the chair as he moved his feet onto the top of the surface. Class was starting soon, but he was still early. As others entered, he searched for familiar faces. There weren't many; UA was highly selective, so most of them had come from other exam sessions.

Dealing with these idiots was going to be an absolute mess.

"You there!" A voice called.

Katsuki chose to ignore it.

"Hey, I'm talking to you!"

Katsuki looked up. Some idiot with glasses. He looked away.

"It's rude to ignore a fellow student!" Glasses said.

And it was rude to annoy people, but here Glasses was. Katsuki snorted.

"This is majorly disrespectful, and unbefitting of the spirit of UA!" Glasses continued.

Katsuki laughed.

Glasses was scowling.

"Leave me alone if you know what's good for you," Katsuki said. "Unless you want to get fucking murdered."

The door to the classroom opened. Two people entered.

Katsuki froze.

"Izu."

The name was spoken before he could even think to stop it.

Izuku turned to him, their eyes meeting. Katsuki's palms itched.

He was here! After everything, he had been accepted, and without a quirk! Katsuki shouldn't have doubted him.

"Oh, Bakugou," Izuku said.

Not... Kacchan. Bakugou, not even Katsuki.

He... didn't know what to do with that.

"Do you know him?" The girl beside Izuku said.

"Yeah," Izuku said. "We went to the same middle school."

Glasses was saying something to Izuku, but Katsuki didn't care. The hurt in his chest was dying down, and the hot fire of rage replaced it.

How dare Izuku still be so upset about this? He should be happy! Hell, he should be smug! He should be flaunting it in Katsuki's face! He should be celebrating!

What an idiot.

Katsuki would show him.

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Katsuki's palms were tingling. At first, it was an excited, pleasant buzzing, but now it was beginning to hurt.

The tests had been easy enough, especially with a powerful quirk like his. He wasn't at any risk of being expelled for failing them, and though some of the other students were valid threats, that wasn't his focus.

At the bottom of the leaderboard was the only other name he knew.

Izuku Midoriya.

As Izuku stepped up, the tingling worsened. It spread along Katsuki's arms and to his torso. His stomach curdled.

"He's quirkless," Katsuki said.

The girl Izuku had spoken with earlier turned to him, eyes wide.

Then, Izuku threw the ball. It fell to the ground only several feet away.

Oh, no.

He was going to be expelled.

Katsuki grit his teeth.

Then, Aizawa pulled Izuku aside and spoke to him. Katsuki's fingers twitched.

This was it, wasn't it?

And he was saying nothing.

Just like he did before.

Then, Izuku moved back to the center.

A second chance?

Izuku threw the ball again. Air blasted through Katsuki's hair, his eyes forced closed. When he opened them, Izuku was cradling his finger.

As Aizawa announced the distance, the world broke into an unintelligible roar. Katsuki clenched his fists.

How long had Izuku been lying to him?

Quirkless.

That didn't look damn quirkless.

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Izuku had been ignoring him. Enough was enough. He needed answers.

So, when he was assigned the role of villain in a training exercise, he knew what he had to do.

Ignoring his teammate's—Glasses, that annoying fucker's—protests, he made his way to the lower floors. That was where Izuku and that girl would be.

That fucking girl.

Katsuki's hands tensed. He made his way around the corridors like a jaguar on the prowl, searching for signs of life. When he found none, he changed his tactic.

"Izuku!" He yelled. "I know you're here! Come out and fight me!"

A small shuffle to his right.

Katsuki dodged the blow before it could even be attempted. Izuku flew to the side of him and barely managed to stop himself.

"Pathetic," Katsuki spat, aiming a blow straight at Izuku's face.

Izuku didn't have time to dodge, but he held his ground, staggering. He stared at Katsuki, his eyes charged with determination.

A sick sense of satisfaction crawled over Katsuki.

He attacked again, this time using his quirk. Izuku's stupid costume was blown away, showing the face beneath the hood. Red seeped down one side of his head. His breaths were ragged, but he continued to stand.

"How long were you going to keep fucking lying to me, huh?" Katsuki said. "Did you like watching me defend you every day? Did you get a kick out of seeing me fight idiots that you could've silenced in an instant?"

Izuku's eyes widened. "Kacchan!"

Katsuki punched him again. The force sent Izuku sprawling onto the floor.

"Oh, so it's Kacchan *now*, huh?"

Izuku attempted to climb to his feet. "Kacchan—!"

"Shut the fuck up!" Katsuki said, lifting Izuku by the collar of his jumpsuit. He flung him into the wall.

The two glared at each other, heaving.

Izuku rose.

Katsuki attempted to force him back down with an explosion, but Izuku dodged it and hit him in the jaw.

Katsuki's lips tasted metallic. He grinned.

Then, he pulled the pin out of his gauntlet.

All Might's voice chimed in, something about danger, but Katsuki was too far gone to care.

"It won't hurt if he dodges!" Katsuki said.

For a moment, the world was only dust and rubble. Then, it was green.

Katsuki struck mercilessly. Sounds faded. His body was a distant memory. The only thing left was Izuku.

Strike.

Dodge.

Strike.

Red.

Strike.

Dodge.

Strike.

Green.

Strike.

Dodge.

Strike.

Suddenly, the world faded into focus. Izuku's arm was purple. All Might's voice boomed in the background, announcing a win for the hero team.

Katsuki couldn't breathe.

"My body can't take the backlash from my quirk. That's why I never used it—" Izuku said. "But this was the only way to win."

As Izuku fell to the floor, the world faded out as quickly as it had faded in.

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Katsuki made his way through the school entrance, about to reach the road. But... there was someone behind him. He turned back.

Izuku.

"I have something to tell you," Izuku said.

He was... talking to him? After all that?

He was... what?

"I wasn't lying to you, then," Izuku said. "I *was* quirkless. But I met someone really important, and they gave me a quirk. I wasn't supposed to tell anyone, but... I think I can make an exception."

He—

What?

Katsuki was an idiot.

How could he have doubted Izu?

"And... uh... also," Izuku said. "I told the teachers you just got carried away with the role. That, uh... you didn't realize how big the explosion would be. They were gonna suspend you

for doing that."

Katsuki's palms itched.

The words caught in his throat.

Izuku laughed nervously. "But, uh, yeah. Silly me, always having to clean things up. You've gotta calm down a little, Kacchan. What are you going to do when you're a pro hero and you get like that?"

When he—?

But he'd—!

This time, the words came on their own.

"I'd have *you*," Katsuki said.

"Yeah," Izuku said. "You would."

Katsuki knew that the excuse Izuku used to keep him out of a suspension was a lie. He hadn't gotten carried away in the role. He wasn't playing a role at all. Izuku had to know that, too, but the stupid nerd cared too much to let anything happen.

Katsuki promised himself he wouldn't do it again, but the back of his mind whispered that he would.

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Katsuki turned to the rest of the cafeteria. He scanned the room, searching for an empty table when green caught his eye. Izuku waved to him.

Katsuki made his way over and sat beside Izuku at the end of the table. Izuku smiled at him.

"Glad you could join us, Kacchan!" Izuku said.

Someone at the table said the nickname quietly, startled. Katsuki couldn't tell who it was. Honestly, he didn't really know who anyone at the table was. They hadn't been important. The only people he really recognized were Glasses and that girl.

As Katsuki settled in, the girl said something and Izuku began talking at high speed. While he didn't mind his friend's chatter, Izu had a habit of speaking too quickly and quietly. Yet, no one at the table asked him to speak louder.

They continued the conversation, but it was drowned out by the ones going on at other tables. Katsuki gave up and focused on his food.

This worked well until Izu jostled him.

"Huh?" Katsuki said.

"She asked you a question," Izuku said.

Katsuki turned to the girl. "What?"

She said something, but it didn't stand out from the noise of everything else.

"What?" Katsuki said.

She said it again.

"What?"

She said it again.

"What?" Katsuki said.

She started again, but he cut her off.

"I can't hear you, dumbass!" He yelled. "When someone says what, you're supposed to speak louder because *they can't hear you.*"

"Kacchan," Izuku said. "That's rude."

"If she wasn't so stupid, I wouldn't have to say it."

"Kacchan!"

Izuku's voice had an edge to it, now. Katsuki's palms itched.

Izuku opened his mouth to speak, but hesitated. Then, he turned to the girl.

"I'm sorry about Kacchan," Izuku said.

The conversation continued, but no one tried to speak to Katsuki again.

Good. He could focus on his food.

His palms itched.

Izuku's shoulder hit his as Izuku gestured, saying something about the girl's quirk and its possible applications. There was more to it, but Katsuki couldn't glean much when he was only hearing one person out of a whole table.

Then, Izuku smiled—a real, genuine smile.

Katsuki wished it could've been directed at him, but quickly demolished that thought. So what? Izuku was *his* friend, too. He'd just have to be cooler, that's all. That wouldn't be too hard. He was already amazing.

So, when Izuku pulled him aside before entering class and waited for everyone else to go in before speaking, Katsuki had an idea.

He just had to listen to whatever Izu wanted to say first.

"You were so mean at lunch," Izuku said. "We're finally making friends—"

Katsuki's palms itched.

"*You're* finally making friends," Katsuki said.

Izuku took a step back.

Katsuki's fingers twitched.

"And that's because you're so rude, Kacchan. I'm finally making friends, and you're gonna scare them away! People are being nice to me and you're making them upset," Izuku said.

The floor was much less painful to look at than Izuku's face.

"Well, they're all idiots," Katsuki said.

That dumb girl couldn't understand that he couldn't hear her—

"Idiots for what? Trying t-to talk to me? Trying to be nice to you?"

No, no, no! That wasn't what he'd meant at all!

"I don't—" Katsuki paused. He clenched his fists. "You're making this into a big deal."

Izuku sighed. "No, I'm not. You're the one who yelled at Uraraka."

That was her name?

"I—yes! Because she wasn't getting it!"

"She doesn't have a mind-reading quirk, and you didn't tell her anything—of course she wasn't going to get it!" Izuku said. "You didn't have to yell. All you had to do was say something."

Say what? How?

If he couldn't hear himself over the noise, how would she be able to hear him?

The bell rang.

"I've tried showing you how to be nice, but... Kacchan," Izuku said.

Katsuki looked up. Izuku's eyes were watering.

"When everybody else said you were villainous," Izuku continued. "I knew why. I... I understood it. But I knew you could be amazing, so I stuck around even when you were mean to me. And now I just... don't know."

Something tightened in Katsuki's chest. He shifted his feet, the ground below him unsteady.

The world was falling away, his body plunging into water, a hand reached out for him but he missed it—

He grabbed Izuku's shoulder.

"I need you, Izu," Katsuki said.

Izuku's eyes widened. Then, a small smile formed on his face. It disappeared as quickly as it came, and he shuffled awkwardly.

"We're going to be late for class," he said.

They entered, Katsuki's plans forgotten.

End Notes

Yet another crosspost from my fanworks site during the time of the Great Ao3 Downtime (I feel the need to clarify this so people don't take "original author's note" the wrong way, ha). Rereading this, it's so much clearer than I remember it being. They're both at their worst here, but oh god. Izuku is running circles around Katsuki by messing with his temper.

▶ Original author's note

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