After studying, Tomura and Izuku took turns in the bath before heading to bed without much being said between them. They were both fairly exhausted from the long day, and sleep was much needed for both of them.

Tomura shut his eyes and assessed the day. It had started early, as was becoming a theme with their child who woke at the crack of dawn and demanded Tomura's full attention. He even insisted that Tomura *dressed* properly. Just who did Tenko think he was? This brat was supposed to be his *son,* not his *mother.*

Tomura chewed his lip thinking about it. He could have put an end to this at any time, though. He really only had himself to blame for letting a barely graduated toddler run his life. It was kind of nice, if he admitted it; letting someone else take the reigns in the mundane morning routine. It was easier to get done if he wasn't the one deciding how to do it. If he had to do it *anyway,* it was hard to complain too much.

Midoriya had still been a bit of a zombie, but at least there was a plan in place if he couldn't figure out his sleep.

He'd signed a weird amount of his life away to the Japanese government in a truce that he wasn't sure he had any intention of keeping. It was weird that he wasn't sure. The answer *should have* been that he had no intention of keeping it, though he hadn't been lying when he said he wouldn't say or do things he didn't intend to see to the end.

Tomura slept like a rock without issue, but he hadn't gone to bed until midnight, so being woken up at five in the morning by his pouty five year old was literally the worst. Tenko laid next to him and played with his nose, pinching it so that his breathing was cut off. Evil, but this shouldn't have come as a surprise with genetics such as his.

With the right side of his face smooshed to his pillow, Tomura sleepily blinked at his son.

"Why can't you ever wake up Papa first?" he groaned.

"Cause Papa looks too tired."

"Yeah, I guess he probably does… ugh." He stretched again and sighed. "You know, what are you going to do if I accidentally hurt you in my sleep? If you surprise me, I could reach out and hurt you."

"I don't think you would."

"How can you be so sure?"

"Cause," Tenko said, resolutely, playing with a lock of Tomura's hair, splitting it and wrapping the two strands in a tight twist all the way to Tomura's scalp.

He swatted Tenko's hands away and sat up. "That's not a reason. Don't do it again."

Tenko only pouted, and Tomura could tell he didn't have any intention of listening to him on this matter. At the very least, he would probably keep his distance upon waking him, or at least Tomura *hoped* he would.

Tomura got out of bed and dressed for the day at his son's insistence. Tenko apparently had already picked out a red, long sleeved shirt and his black slacks that came up just above his ankles. Handing Tenko his brush, he sat on the bed and waited.

Tenko looked to the brush and then to his father, narrowing his red eyes. "I have to brush your hair *again,* Daddy?"

"If you don't, then it's not gonna get done."

Tenko clicked his tongue and took the brush. "Honestly…"

He stood on the bed and brushed Tomura's hair again, and this time he put his hair in a low ponytail with the elastic he retrieved from the bathroom. He didn't disintegrate it this time. When Tenko was done with Tomura's hair, he handed the brush to Tomura and hopped down onto the floor, moving to stand expectantly in front of him.

"What?" Tomura questioned.

"You get to brush *my* hair now. It's only fair."

Tomura snorted and brought the brush to his son's hair, gently running the bristles through his glossy black strands, and it was curious because neither his nor Midoriya's hair were very shiny. Tomura remembered his sister's hair and it was probably the same type as hers. Either way it was very soft and pleasant to the touch. It was nice that he didn't have to worry about disintegrating it. It was then that he noticed Tenko's clothes were on properly. He wore a red shirt and black jeans with ladybugs on his pockets.

He set down the brush on the bed and turned his child around, inspecting his clothes and finding nothing out of place. "You dressed by yourself. Nice."

"Thanks Daddy! We match!" he said, wrapping his arms around Tomura's middle.

Tomura froze in his child's hold. So affectionate. He really was kind of a cuddle bug like this. He wondered if Midoriya was this cuddly, but then he quickly banished that train of thought. He spent a lot of time dodging hugs from both Toga and Twice, so obviously Tomura wasn't a cuddler by any means. At least he thought he wasn't. He *probably* wasn't.

"You're right," he plucked the child off of him and stood. "Come on. Since you woke me up, you're helping me make breakfast."

"Okay!"

Tomura and his spawn made their way downstairs and to the kitchen. He looked in the fridge and looked over the eggs and various vegetables that hadn't been there before they went

shopping. He dug out his phone and sat down at the table, flipping to the recipe site he found yesterday for omurice.

"What looks good?" he asked Tenko.

Tenko crawled into his lap and settled himself between Tomura's arms and looked at the phone.

"Hmm…" Tenko swiped a few times before he paused. "Chocolate chip pancakes!"

"I mean… that's hardly healthy, but I do have a bag of chocolate chips from when Twice made cookies…" Tomura said, thoughtfully.

Tenko turned around and threw his arms around Tomura's middle and snuggled into his chest. More cuddles. Was this really becoming a theme? "Please can we make chocolate chip pancakes?!"

Tomura smirked. "If we get in trouble with Papa, you're taking the blame."

"That's fine. Papa loves me."

Tenko didn't detach himself from Tomura's body, even when he stood up. He had to spend some time peeling his son off of him and placing him on the ground.

"That doesn't mean we won't get in trouble." Tomura said, going through his cupboards and pulling out various ingredients for pancakes.

"It does."

"If you say so…"

Tenko was very careful using the measuring cups. He did that as Tomura instructed him, and then mixed the ingredients until his arm got tired. He went to put the wisk in the sink when Tomura was done, but he tripped and disintegrated it when he went to grab for it.

His other hand touched the floor.

"Shit—" Tomura stood up and grabbed him, pulling his hand away, but it was too late and on the ground was a small, cracked crater with fissures shooting outward where his hand had been and a small pile of dust that used to be the wisk.

They weren't stopping. One of them was already at the counter. *Shit.*

Tenko was crying in his arms by then, burying his face in his shoulder. "I—*hic*—I'm sorry, Daddy. Please don't be mad. I'm sorry!"

"It's okay, but I need you to focus on making the cracks stop, alright?"

"H-How?"

Tomura scoured his brains for words to describe what he did to stop Decay. “Just… Imagine the cracks stopping. Imagine that you’re making them stop.”

Tenko wiped his eyes and looked forward, stilling in Tomura’s arms for a few seconds, and in the next moment, the cracks stopped.

Tomura sat down cross-legged on the floor with his child in his arms and stroked his back as he cried.

"It's okay. It was an accident. This kind of thing happens with this kind of quirk."

"B-But I broke the floor. The wisk, too!"

Tomura smiled and stroked his hair. "We can fix the floor and replace the wisk. It’s actually really cool that you were able to stop it."

Tenko looked up at him with watery, red eyes. “R-Really?”

“Yeah. I wasn’t able to do that at your age. I only *just* learned how to do it.” Tomura pulled his child back and studied him. "Are you hurt?"

"M-My fingers hurt." He raised his hand for Tomura to see, and while his hands and fingers were a little red, he didn't break the skin.

"Let's put some ice on it."

"Why ice?" Tenko asked, moving off of Tomura’s lap so they could stand up.

"Because It'll make you feel better by reducing the swelling."

"Reducing the swelling…?"

Right. Words. "It'll take away the redness. The redness is what makes it hurt."

Tomura went to the freezer and pulled out a small ice pack. He wrapped it in a small towel and gave it to Tenko. "Put this on your hand and sit down for a bit. I'll tell you when to take it off."

"O-Okay." Tenko took a seat on his chair with the booster seat and held the ice pack to his wrist. “To reduce the swelling?”

Tomura smirked. “Yep. I'll make the pancakes."

He retrieved a pan from the cupboard, carefully maneuvering around the broken pieces of the floor, and set his phone down on the counter next to the stove. He unlocked it and brought up the directions. He supposed this would happen eventually. It wasn't going to be the last time, either. Maybe Tenko needed gloves after all…

"What could you have done differently when you fell, Tenko?" Tomura said, putting several discs of batter onto the simmering pan

There was silence behind him for a moment. There were bubbles on the top of the pancakes before Tenko spoke.

"Don't run to the sink?"

Tomura nodded and flipped the pancakes. "That's a good start. But you're going to fall again at some point. Do you want to break the floor again?"

Tenko shook his head vigorously. "Nuh-uh!"

"What can you do the next time you fall to avoid that?"

A longer pause. Tomura wondered how to tell if the pancakes were done at this point.

"Maybe lift my fingers and fall on my wrists?

"Maybe, but you might break your wrists."

"Then… I don't know.."

The edges of the pancakes were no longer wet-looking. He wasn't really sure how else to tell they were done, so he scooped them off the pan with the spatula and put them on a plate before turning around. "You want to find a place on your body that's soft and squishy to fall on so that it doesn't hurt your joints."

Tenko pouted. "Okay, but where?"

Tomura rolled his eyes and turned so that he was facing away again, placing his hands on his own ass.

"If you fall, try to twist around and fall on your butt before you hit the ground, that way, the fat and muscle there absorbs the shock to your joints. You don't have enough fat on your fingers and wrists to protect them. It's bad for your arms and shoulders too."

Tenko stood and turned around, placing his hands on his backside and gripping with four fingers. "Oh wow. It *is* soft and squishy."

Tomura snorted. "Yeah."

"Am I interrupting something?"

Tomura looked to the doorway to the kitchen and saw Midoriya there, leaning tiredly against the frame. He removed his hands from his ass and returned to the pancakes.

"Tenko had a bit of an accident. I'm teaching him how to safely fall and not break either his arms or the floor."

"The floor?" Midoriya's eyes widened. He scanned the floor and gasped upon seeing the small crater. "T-The floor!"

Tenko looked miserable as he removed the ice pack and stood up to face his father. "I'm sorry, Papa… I accidentally broke it…"

Midoriya's alarmed expression softened and he sighed. He went over and crouched to Tenko's level and hugged him. "It's okay. It's not your fault."

"Daddy said it was okay and that the floor can be fixed? I broke the wisk too… he said we can buy a new one."

Midoriya tucked his hair behind his ears and smiled. "Daddy's right. I'm just glad you're okay."

Tenko's eyes lit up. "He gave me an ice pack! My hand already feels better."

"That was nice of him. Did you thank him?"

"Oh I forgot!" Tenko turned to Tomura. "Thank you, Daddy!"

"Just be careful like we talked about."

"Okay!"

Midoriya stood and sniffed, floating over to the counter where there was a growing pile of pancakes. "You made food again? I love pancakes!"

"Do you like chocolate chip pancakes? ‘Cause they're chocolate chip pancakes."

"Even better… Mmm," Midoriya snatched one from the plate and put it in his mouth, humming in contentment. "Delicious! How are you so good at this?"

"No fair, Papa! I want one!"

"Let's dish up, then."

Tomura bit his lip, listening to them enjoy his cooking and feeling a weird amount of pride. Maybe he *was* actually good at cooking? Was that even possible?

He grabbed one of the pancakes and bit into it, tasting the soft sweet and satisfying nature, and yeah. Maybe he had a higher level cooking skill than he thought.

Midoriya actually had a larger sweet tooth than Tomura gave him credit for, too. His coffee was two parts sugar and cream and one part coffee, too as they ate pancakes at the table in the kitchen. Tenko seemed to really enjoy the pancakes and Tomura was surprised he ate four of them. They weren't the healthiest of things, but Midoriya seemed happy enough about it. Perhaps his standard for "healthy" was food cooked at home rather than fast food. That left a little more flexibility. Tomura could work with that.

Midoriya was on his third cup of coffee and Tomura couldn't help but comment, "You're gonna be on the toilet forever at this rate."

"I can't just be sleeping all day."

"It doesn't seem like you're sleeping *at all."* Tomura shook his head. "You can't just function on coffee."

"It's either this or I pass out on your mahogany table while I do homework, Shigaraki."

Tomura chose not to argue the matter, instead leaving the sixteen year old to his budding caffeine addiction and going to see what Tenko was up to. He supposed the kid should get his homework done before they headed to UA.

"Hey," he said, spotting Tenko on the floor playing with the cars they bought for him. "You have to get your school stuff done."

"But I'm playing cars."

"I see that, but homework comes first. Papa would agree. Come on. You can do it while Papa does *his* homework."

Tenko pouted and sat on the floor. "I don't wanna, though."

Tomura sighed. "Seems like we need to go over the rules." He went to the kitchen and grabbed Midoriya's zombie ass out of his chair, ignoring his complaints and dragging him to the living room.

"We need to explain the routine to him," Tomura said, pretending they already outlined one. "Homework first thing, right?"

Midoriya nodded hastily. "Y-Yeah. Homework first thing, and then we need to go to school and learn with Aizawa-sensei."

"I get to see Aizawa-sensei again?" Tenko's eyes seemed to light up at this.

Tomura rolled with it."Yeah, but you can't see him until you finish your homework."

Tenko grimaced and ran to his backpack, carrying it to the table and completely emptying its contents.

"Homework time!"

Well *that* had been easy enough.

“Let’s get your teeth brushed first,” Midoriya said with a smile.

“Aww…”

With freshly brushed teeth, and Tomura’s too at Tenko’s insistence, they sat down together and Tomura went through his work with him while Midoriya settled into his own, and it was just so irritating watching Midoriya nearly nodding off as he worked. He wondered if he would ask Eraserhead about getting treated by that ancient old lady. Somehow, Tomura felt like he wouldn’t even if he was like this for weeks.

Tenko's homework was at least easy shit, though there were still a fair amount of shapes involved. After Midoriya's trig homework, just the sight of a right triangle was enough to make him cringe, he had to stop himself from picking up Midoriya's compass and measuring the angle of the wretched, pythagorean piece of shit.

When Tenko was almost done with his practice questions, Midoriya piped up. “Ah, Tenko-kun, do you want a snack? I can make you something real quick?”

“Can I have an apple?” he asked.

“Sure. Let me go—”

Tomura stood up, pushing Midoriya back down. “I’ll get it. I was gonna go in there anyway.”

Midoriya blinked up at him and smiled softly. “Thank you, Shigaraki.”

Tomura frowned at the weird feeling in his stomach as he left the living room and entered the kitchen. Something about the way Midoriya looked at him just now felt so weird… really *intrusive.* It caught him off guard and made chills go up his spine and he wasn’t sure if this feeling was good, awful, or a mixture of the two. Either way it was a problem. He pulled out three apples and frowned at them. The idea of their five year old trying to eat a full apple seemed a bit comical considering how big these ones were. He would probably end up disintegrating it while trying, or perhaps even expedite the loss of his baby teeth, so it seemed Tomura was gonna have to cut it up.

He took out a knife and cutting board and set an apple on it. He put cooking gloves on and cut it to the best of his ability, which wasn’t really neat at all. This was different from cooking. He had his gloves on, so it wasn’t like he had to be careful with the knife. He could blame the prosthetics, but he was just vaguely aware that he simply sucked at this and that was fine. Dexterity wasn’t really his thing, anyway, at least not outside of video games. Tenko was better at this kind of thing than he was.

The slices were a bit jagged, but they did the trick, and before he knew it he’d cut all of the apples. He split them up evenly before bringing them out to the living room where Midoriya and Tenko sat working diligently on their schoolwork. He put a plate in front of each of them and Midoriya blinked in surprise.

“Oh nice! Thank you, Shigaraki!”

“Thanks, Daddy! You cut them dinosaur shaped!” He held up a piece and studied it, and surely it kind of *did* look like a dinosaur.

“Uh… Yeah. Totally.” Tomura looked away. Midoriya just chuckled, holding up his own piece.

“This one looks like a rhinoceros, though.”

Tenko’s jaw dropped. “Oh! That is so cool! Daddy you’re really good at this.

Tomura covered his ears and turned away from them with his own apples, grinding his teeth. He wasn't sure if he should be proud of this or insulted.

They got through homework without incident, and the same could be said for their departure. Tomura decided they should go out the back way to avoid being seen. Dabi slept in in the mornings and Twice was usually making breakfast at this time, but Toga was up at the crack of dawn to do her hair and makeup for the day. She was likely hanging around. Compress tended to have his morning coffee and read the newspaper in the foyer in the mornings, too. He kept his eyes peeled for blonde hair as they left because he had the weirdest feeling they were being watched, but looking around he saw nothing, so he was probably just being paranoid.

They went down to the city via a car Tomura requested from Detnerat's staff. He didn't want to risk being seen leaving every day if they were meant to regularly go to the school.

Tenko seemed to think the black car with tinted windows was super cool and looked out the window at all the things they passed, his eyes glued to the scenery. Tomura tried to remember what he'd felt when riding in a car at that age. He couldn't really recall, but he was sure it was interesting to see the world move at a far different speed than he was used to.

Right now, It made Tomura a little queasy if he were perfectly honest; the trees and streets all blurred together. His stomach was more sensitive to these kinds of things than he'd ever admit. He suddenly wished *he* was the one driving. At least then, he could have something to focus on rather than the motion around him. Not that he knew how to drive. He never had the need. He only knew how to drive in games. He sat back and closed his eyes, breathing slowly in and out as he counted backwards from ten while Midoriya named the places Tenko was pointing at. He wasn't aware of green eyes lingering on his form from his side.

When they arrived, Midoriya grabbed his arm as they stepped out of the car.

"Everything okay?" he asked, his face riddled with concern. Weird.

"Why wouldn't it be?"

"You looked a bit sick."

"Every now and then, I look a bit sick, Midoriya. Traumatic past, remember?" Tomura didn't really feel like disclosing that one of his weaknesses were *car rides* of all things.

Midoriya pushed out his lip, looking entirely unconvinced but he didn't push the matter.

Before he knew it, they were arriving at UA. Midoriya alerted Aizawa of their presence, and thusly every other pro hero on site. And boy, they were *not* lucky today as far as Midoriya's classmates were concerned.

An entire *horde* of them were just coming into view as they entered the gates of UA, and while Midoriya immediately tried to pull them behind a tree, the little purple goblin that found out about them before noticed them and immediately pointed in their direction, saying something to the group. Midoriya squeaked and shook like a leaf as they hid, and Tomura rolled his eyes.

Dramatic children… Tenko seemed to think it was kind of game since he went very seriously quiet and crouched in the shadows.

The group seemed reluctant to follow the boy, but they did anyway, and as they got closer, Tomura noticed the pink-haired girl from before, along with one with bright red hair and shark-like teeth, the Bakugou brat, a taller one with black hair that seemed to have what looked to be tape dispensers for elbows, and a shorter blonde one that Tomura couldn't even remember seeing before. Midoriya seemed to spiral into despair upon seeing them, tugging at his curls and sweating buckets.

"This is the *worst* group to find out about this," he muttered. "Oh god oh god! Ashido-san will tell everyone in the entire school, Kirishima is going to be far too loud about it, Kaminari is just going to die laughing. Sero will probably be nice about it, and luckily Kacchan already *knows,* I'm going to *kill* Mineta, oh *go—"*

Tomura silenced him by placing four fingers over his mouth from behind, he leaned in and whispered in his ear, eliciting a full-bodied shiver from the teen in his grasp. "If you don't want them to find us, you're going to have to shut up. Also leave the killing to me."

Midoriya looked back, wide, terrified green eyes connecting with Tomura's for a moment before he nodded.

Tomura smirked and covered his child's eyes, and as they walked by, he silently reached out his hand and grabbed Mineta's pants with all five fingers.

Immediately, they turned to dust. He grabbed his shirt for good measure, too.

"Mineta?! Gross, why are you *naked?"* The pink one said, grimacing at her classmate.

Bakugou bared his teeth, raising his hands and creating an explosion in his palm, causing the naked, purple one to squeak in fear. "Damn, do you ever stop being a disgusting pervert?"

The smaller blonde one wrapped his arms around himself. "Dude, aren't you cold?"

Mineta covered himself and looked around frantically. "N-No! I just saw Midoriya here, w-with his son and Sh-Shigaraki just disintegrated my clothes—"

The red haired one raised a brow. "Dude, what the are you talking about? Midoriya's out because he has family issues. Shigaraki? You're really losing it. You better go find your clothes. Aizawa will kill you if he sees you being weird again."

Tomura covered his mouth to hide his snickers as Mineta ran off. This was great. The little purple pervert deserved this. He let go of Tenko who was fidgeting, and the group of students started to walk away. Midoriya frowned up at him.

"You didn't have to go that far, Shigaraki…"

"He tried to out you just now. I could have just actually killed him like I said. He's lucky he just lost his clothes."

Midoriya rolled his eyes and turned away, but Tomura could see a small smile playing on his features. He grinned and leaned over, attempting to see it. “You enjoyed that.”

Midoriya blushed and tried to turn away more. “N-No, I didn’t! It was mean.”

“I can see you. You’re trying not to laugh.” He turned Midoriya around by his shoulders and saw where he had his cheeks puffed out and his lips pursed shut as he shook with barely controlled tremors.

“It was hilarious,” Tomura reiterated, poking his cheeks and deflating the air there.

Midoriya shook his head quickly back and forth but the laughter started to escape. “I-It was just… T-The look on his face and…” A tear escaped the corner of his eyes as he devolved into giggles. Tenko looked at his fathers weirdly. Tomura had to cover his own mouth as he was overtaken by his own laughter. He couldn’t even remember the last time he laughed like this over something that didn’t involve murder and destruction.

“The fuck are you losers doing?”

They all froze and Tomura looked up to see Bakugou there with a scowl on his face, his brows pinched together in angry confusion.

Midoriya went ram-rod straight at the sight of his friend and immediately started sputtering gibberish. Bakugou looked completely exasperated as he rolled his eyes. It seemed he gave up on Midoriya entirely and turned to Shigaraki instead.

“I knew something was up when that piece of shit mentioned your brat and Shigaraki,” he bared his teeth in Tomura’s direction, and Tomura couldn’t help but wonder just how normal it was for Mineta to do things like this that he didn’t question where his clothes had gone first. “Why the hell are you in my school, asshole?”

“Kacchan, could you not swear in front of Tenko, please?”

“I’ll say whatever the hell I want, Deku shut your shitty mouth! Explain why you brought... *that,”* he directly at Tomura, “into our school!”

Midoriya sighed, clearly just giving up on this battle.

“I have a *name,* you know,” Tomura said, boredly.

Bakugou whipped his head around to Tomura. “I don’t give a fuck about it, either!”

Midoriya raised his hands. “Please! Kacchan can we keep it down? I don’t want to risk almost getting caught again. We’re just here for some lessons with Aizawa. Tenko’s being taught third year kindergarten with him and he’s tutoring me, too. He wants to see Shigaraki train Tenko’s quirk, as well.”

“So they’re just letting the most destructive villain we’re dealing with walz around a school full of vulnerable heroes in training?”

“He’s being watched, Kacchan. Even if he wanted to do something right now, all the pro heroes on staff are ready to attack at any minute. If he hasn’t killed me yet, he’s not going to hurt anyone else.”

“Sure, okay. That’s totally understandab--LIKE HELL DEKU GET THIS ASSHOLE PIECE OF SHIT OUT OF H—”

Midoriya’s quirk activated and immediately Bakugou was pinned to the ground, Midoriya’s hand over his mouth and a glare on his usually calm demeanor.

“Kacchan, I'm going to ask this one more time. Please shut up. I *don’t* want our class finding out about this until I’m ready.”

Bakugou grabbed his hand and looked directly into his eyes, his voice low and dangerous as a bloodthirsty smirk spread upon his face. “Or what, Deku? You gonna fight me?”

The look on Midoriya’s face went dead serious, a flame blazing to life in his eyes, and Tomura was suddenly irritated by this entire exchange for some inexplicable reason.

He clapped his hands. “Alright. We don’t have time for your little friend-spat. From my understanding, Midoriya, Eraserhead doesn’t take kindly to tardiness.”

A chill visibly went down Midoriya’s spine and he jumped off of Bakugou. “Kacchan, we can talk later, but we have to go now.” He grabbed Tenko’s wrist and directed him away from the angry blonde. Tenko looked back and waved at him.

“Bye bye, Kacchan-oniichan!”

“What the fuck is that nickname?!”

Midoriya quickly steered them away from the loud, angry blonde. He sighed, already looking exhausted and it wasn’t even noon.

“I don’t know why Kacchan has to be so dramatic all the time.”

Tomura shrugged. “I mean, he has a point. I could just go rogue and kill everyone I can reach at any time. For all he knows, I don’t have any pressing reasons to continue this truce.”

“As far as he knows?” Midoriya looked up at Tomura with hope shining in sun-lit green eyes.

Tomura avoided his gaze, lips parted as he searched for words that refused to show themselves. Even if he *wanted* to tell Midoriya he had an interest in Tenko’s well-being, it wasn’t advantageous to the PLF for him to become vulnerable in front of the enemy. Keeping the upper hand and the enemy on their toes was key in situations like this. Tomura’s personal stake in the situation meant nothing.

Personal stake, huh? They entered the teacher’s administration building without further incident, and Tomura wondered what exactly that even was to him.

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Eraserhead's class for Tenko was pretty straightforward and, with Midoriya looking over lecture notes, Tomura found himself becoming bored very quickly. He didn't even think to bring his game. He'd have to remember it for tomorrow. He crossed his arms on the desk at which he sat and rested his head on them. Perhaps now would be a good time to take a nap.

He nearly jumped two feet off the desk when a folder was slapped down very unkindly on the surface. He looked up with a murderous gaze at Eraserhead, who's eyes were bloodshot and intense.

"If you're going to be attending my class, you're not going to be spending it slacking off."

"I've already completed highschool, Eraser. I don't need tutoring from *you."*

"Who said anything about tutoring? I want you to grade these papers for the math teacher I'm substituting for."

Tomura looked at him horrified. "I'm not some lowly *teacher's assistant* that you can dump all your work on, *sensei."* He raised his right hand, all five fingers, and just before they made contact with the folder, his wrist was caught in Eraserhead's wraps.

"I'm teaching your son for *free,* Shigaraki. Midoriya has enough on his plate. If you're really just going to sit there, you might as well make yourself useful." He smirked. "I mean, if you think you don't have the *ability* to grade freshman paperwork…"

Tomura seethed, raising his hand and placing two fingers on the wraps restraining his arms. The decay wasn't as strong with just two fingers unless he forced it to be, but it was enough to free him. Stupid Eraser thinking he could make a fool out of Shigaraki Tomura.

"I can do this kind of work in my *sleep,* Eraser."

"I don't believe you."

Tomura grabbed the folder and opened it, pointing to a random question on the page. He looked at it for two seconds and said. "This answer is wrong. AB equals seven."

"That one wasn't that hard."

Tomura sneered and picked up the red pen that was in the folder and went down the page, marking the answers correct or wrong and finishing the sheet within minutes. He shoved the paper in Eraserhead's face.

"See?"

"Well done. If it's not that hard, just do it. Stop being a baby."

"I'm not stupid enough to fall for your manipulations. News flash, Eraser: My pride isn't that fragile."

“Yeah, whatever. Do it or don’t, Shigaraki.” Eraserhead turned away and went back to the front of the room, sitting at his desk and turning to whatever the hell he was doing now that he pawned his work off on Tomura.

Tomura crossed his arms and sat, not even touching the folder. He wasn’t going to give Eraserhead the satisfaction. He wasn’t duped so easily, after all.

Midoriya turned around, a bright, dazzling smile on his face. “Wow, Shigaraki… Aizawa-sensei is trusting you to grade classwork! He must really think you’re super smart! I mean you *are* super smart,” he said, pushing the tips of his index fingers together, flushing. “I’ve never met anyone who can do mental work in their head as fast as you do. You’re incredible!” He sputtered, raising his hands in defense. “I-I mean, you don’t have to do that if you don’t want to,” he scratched his head sheepishly, looking down. “I-I just think you’d do great, is all…”

Tomura gaped, his mouth hanging open as his mind worked to process the praise he was just slathered with. He felt his cheeks go warm and something tingly fill his stomach. His expression softened under the melting glow that was Midoriya’s face.

“Uh… Yeah, I guess. This stuff is super easy anyway. You’re only first years, after all.” He looked away, biting his cheek and trying to banish the burgeoning smile on his face from existence. Once Midoriya turned around, he picked up the pen, looking from it to Midoriya a few times before starting on the papers. He looked over each answer carefully. He got so engrossed he didn't even notice black eyes lingering on him as he worked.

There were an alarming number of idiots in Midoriya’s class, however. He made sure they knew it, too.

This one was obvious. Don’t even bother coming to class if you aren’t even going to try.

I can barely read this garbage. Re-learn how to write kanji and take the quiz again.

The answer was correct but I’m failing you for adding the eggplant emoji.

When he was done with the entire folder in less than thirty minutes, he stood from the desk and sauntered over to Eraserhead. He dropped the folder over his other papers and smirked. "Child's play. Give me something stronger, *sensei."*

Eraserhead raised a brow before handing over the green folder to his right. "This is from my second years."

"I'll take those, *and* third year."

The teacher’s expression remained passive as he handed over the blue folder as well. His voice was as smooth as silk. "Knock yourself out."

Tomura took the work and went back to his seat, not missing the wide smile on Midoriya’s face. He let their eyes connect and he smirked. *Watch this, then, Midoriya,* he couldn't help but think.

If Midoriya thought it was impressive to do first year work, he would be drooling after Tomura finished all of this.

… Not that Tomura particularly *cared* about impressing Midoriya or anything. Or rather, it wasn't like he *wanted* to impress him. But if he *did* happen to impress him, he wouldn't complain about it. Obviously.

Midoriya was thoroughly impressed, anyway.

Tomura finished all of the grading in less than an hour and a half, and by then, Tenko was eight hundred percent done with learning.

Eraserhead wrapped up his lesson with Tenko and took the work from Tomura. He sat at his desk looking it over while Tomura finally took the food that had been brought for lunch. He hadn't even noticed it had arrived, he'd been so engrossed in the work.

He ate the grilled fish, hardly tasting it even though it was good quality because he was waiting for Eraserhead's judgement.

Finally, after a long fifteen minutes, Eraserhead set aside the folders and seemed to move onto something else entirely. Tomura's jaw dropped. *What the fuck?!*

Instantly, Midoriya turned to Tomura with excitement in his eyes. "Oh wow! Great job, Shigaraki!"

"What are you talking about?"

"There were no insults or lectures over your work or anything! That means you did perfectly!"

Tomura felt like he should be irritated by this, but the stars in Midoriya's eyes were distracting and he simply couldn't conjure up the energy for it. He didn't even know what to say about this matter, but Midoriya seemed to have all sorts of things to say.

"I can't believe you can easily just *do* that. How long has it been since you studied before me?"

"Almost two years."

Midoriya shook his head, laughing. "Man I forget everything if it's even been two weeks. That's so amazing, Shigaraki."

Tenko popped up between them and looked at each of them before announcing, "It's time to play." His tone was resolute, but he faltered as he looked up at each of his fathers with a bit of uncertainty. "Right?"

Midoriya ruffled his hair and looked up at Eraserhead. "What do you say, sensei? Can we play a bit before we get to training?"

Eraserhead didn't even bother looking at them before stepping into what looked to be a huge, yellow sleeping bag and zipping it up to his chin. "I wanted a nap anyway, I guess."

Tomura just gawked for a moment as the man he'd admired for so many years promptly laid on the floor and fell asleep, looking like a large larvae that would emerge as some kind of black beetle by springtime.

"Uh…"

"Come on, Daddy. Let's play!"

"Find somewhere else to do it," Eraserhead said. "Meet me at Gym Gamma in an hour."

"Yes sir!"

Tomura sighed as he was carted out of the office and into the halls once again.

Tenko jumped before them. "Hey can we play ninja like before?!"

Midoriya raised a brow. "Ninja?"

"Like before when we were hiding in the hallways? Also like when we came home and had to hide behind a bunch of plants so that people wouldn't see us?"

Midoriya laughed nervously. "I don't know, Tenko-kun… That sounds a bit risky."

"You can do it, Papa! You're super fast!"

Tomura smirked. "Yeah, Papa, you're *super* fast."

Midoriya rolled his eyes. "Yes, *Daddy,* but you two don't have to worry about your classmates finding out you're raising a child with our number one enemy."

Tomura was sure he had a retort on his tongue, but his brain was stalled at the word *daddy* coming from Midoriya's mouth and being addressed as such.

"Alright. We can play, but you need to be *really* quiet, okay?"

Tenko dutifully zipped his lips shut and Tomura watched, fascinated as Midoriya's eyes hardened. He rolled up his sleeves.

"Our ultimate goal is Gym Gamma, but we're going to take the long way around. I know the school best, so I will lead. There aren't a lot of hiding places on this route so we need to keep moving no matter what. Tenko-kun, you stay behind me and, Shigaraki," he said, looking up at him and straight in the eye and smiled. "Watch my back?"

Tomura swallowed and nodded, and again he couldn't find words. What the fuck was up with him today? Thank god it hadn't been *Japanese* homework he'd had to grade.

They were off, darting along the metallic hallways of the administrative building. They used the partition hallway to get to the first year building.

The bell rang the moment they entered.

Tomura grabbed Tenko and followed Midoriya who was quick without even using his quirk. Tomura was thankful for his long legs, because without them he'd barely keep up. They weaved in and out of the crowd and darted behind statues and under benches. Tenko was quiet as he promised, but Tomura could tell he was getting tired.

He picked Tenko up and held him when Midoeiya started to run again. Damn that boy was fast. Tomura smirked and picked up his own pace. Running after a sixteen year old hero while carrying a kid was a workout.

Midoriya didn't even hesitate when they encountered what Tomura could remember was his class. He kept moving even as they turned their heads.

"Hey! Isn't that Deku?" A girl with pink cheeks and light brown hair said.

"Someone with a kid is chasing him!"

"Follow him!"

Shit.

Midoriya sped *up.* Tomura kicked it into high gear too, darting around and over other students, holding Tenko around the middle with one arm as he did his best to keep his balance. This was not "ninjas" anymore, this was a full-blown hot pursuit.

The moment Tomura burst out of the building and into the bright afternoon sun, he was yanked away and pulled behind a trash can by Midoriya who held a finger over his lips as the group of students ran past. It wasn't long before they started running again,

In seconds, several of Midoriya's class caught back onto their trail. Tomura didn't have time to see exactly what they were doing, but he saw flashes of electricity, a *very* long, frog-like tongue, several whips of tape, and then suddenly, and nearly inexplicably, Tomura was head to head with someone with dark hair and glasses. Shit this dude was *fast.*

It seemed keeping up with Tomura was no trouble at all for him, and upon closer inspection, it was clear why. The kid had *engines* for calves. *Damn that's sweet.*

"As the head of Class 1 A, I demand you stop in your pursuit of our classmate now and identify yourself."

Tomura's eyes widened and he saw Midoriya look back from his high speed.

For the first time, Tomura found himself glad his hair was now white rather than the sickly blue hue it had been most of his life. He also wore a black surgical mask.

The speed was, perhaps, too fast for the teenager to make out his facial features, though they *were* rather distinct. To be safe, he held up his child and blocked his face as he ran, aware that Tenko was laughing the entire time.

Like this, it was unlikely that the class would try to apprehend him in fear of hurting Tenko. *Sorry to sacrifice you like this, kid, but desperate times call for desperate measures, after all!*

He continued to run, and Midoriya sharply turned a corner, so he did as well. He wasn't expecting Midoriya to hang onto his arm. He was about to say something, but the kid with leg cars appeared around the corner, halting in his tracks and creating deep skidmarks on the turf.

The teens' hard gaze fell upon him—*yes* he was just a bit taller than Tomura. Was there a reason teenagers needed to be so large, nowadays? As he took in Tomura's appearance, alarm widened his eyes and he opened his mouth as though about to call out, but looking back to Midoriya, an exchange Tomura didn't understand took place before him. Understanding dawned in red, bespectacled eyes, hooked eyebrows drawing together for a moment before, suddenly, he grabbed both Midoriya and Tomura and took *off.*

Tomura immediately wanted to turn this fucker to ash for having the audacity to *touch* him let alone carry him around like some *damsel in distress*, but he reigned in his bloodlust and accepted his fate for the meantime, though the clock on his restraint was ticking loudly.

In moments, they ended up on the roof of a building, the atmosphere tense between all of them.

Tenko, still tightly situated in Tomura's arms, looked up at him. "Daddy, did we lose?"

Tomura smiled tensely, his gaze locked in a standstill awash with the color of blood. "Yep. We lost big time."

"Aww…"

"Explain this to me, Midoriya," said the kid before them, the tone of his voice tense.

"I-Iida-kun… It's really complicated."

Iida? Why did Tomura recognize that name?

"Try." The desperation there was tangible and it kind of made Tomura want to scratch his neck.

Midoriya swallowed and went up to him, his demeanor open and vulnerable in a way that suggested they were friends, and perhaps even *good* friends. "There was a quirk accident…"

Again the story, and this time, it was so much more serious as the teen, *Iida's* eyes looked positively devastated for Midoriya.

"Seven *days?"*

"Yes… I'm living with him for seven days."

I'm right here.

"So that, uh," Iida's eyes flicked to Tenko in Tomura's arms. *"Tenko-kun* survives?"

"Yeah…"

Iida looked like he wanted to wrap Midoriya up in his huge arms and hold him until it was okay again. In Midoriya's eyes, there were poorly concealed tears. That phantom itch manifested full force under Tomura's skin. It made him want to turn Iida to dust right then and there. *Get away. Don't look at him with so much pity.*

Midoriya looked utterly hopeless through the entire conversation.

Tomura swallowed, his four finger grip on his child's torso growing a little tighter and causing Tenko to hug him tightly around the neck. Tomura froze as warmth seeped into him, melting the ice forming inside and releasing the tension building up in his shoulders. *Again with the hugs.*

Tenko smelled like the very season of autumn and it made chills go up Tomura's spine. This gesture, being embraced by his child who somehow felt he needed to *comfort* Tomura, kept him together. It filled the growing empty void in the pit of his chest. It was the only thing that kept him from crumbling this entire building to the ground right then and there. He buried his face into Tenko's neck, sighing, feeling relieved, somehow.

But he couldn't tear his eyes from the exchange between the two UA students before him.

Iida was watching him now, and Tomura didn't even avoid his gaze. He met it with his own, narrowing his eyes with contempt unabashed, wordlessly screaming at him to leave. He wondered if he tried hard enough, perhaps he could decay someone just by *looking* at them.

He didn't want Midoriya making that face any longer.

"We're doing well, Iida-kun. Shigaraki has been…" Midoriya turned to Tomura and smiled with something so soft it physically hurt Tomura. "He's been incredible."

Tomura felt his face get so warm he was sure it would show, so he buried his face even further below his child's shoulder.

Iida looked at Tomura for a long moment and then stepped in front of him. "Shigaraki! While we are enemies and I don't agree with anything you stand for," Tomura nearly tripped with the force his sudden, ninety degree bow, "I humbly thank you for looking after Midoriya and the child you two have together," his voice was soft and he remained in his bow as he said, "From the bottom of my heart."

Tomura wasn't sure how to react to this, but he was sure the disgust on his face wasn't it. He felt awkward and highly uncomfortable with the amount of emotion in this kid's voice. He kind of hated it. He *kind of* wanted to *kill* him for it. He looked up at Midoriya for instructions, but Midoriya just grinned, shrugging.

"...Whatever," Tomura decided, curling his lip.

Iida stood very suddenly and looked at Tenko. "Young Tenko! Thank you for taking care of my good friend Midoriya! I'm Iida Tenya, representative of Class 1-A and successor to the Ingenium legacy! It's very nice to meet you."

Ingenium, then? *That* was why this kid's name sounded familiar.

Tenko grinned and patted Tomura's shoulder, squirming, clearly wanting to be let down. Tomura frowned, not willing to let him down at all, but he sighed and did so. Tenko ran up to Iida and bowed just as low as the teen had before.

"Nice to meet you, Tenya-oniichan! I'm Tenko! Sorry my Daddy was rude."

Did Midoriya Tenko, age five, Tomura's actual *son,* just *apologize* for him?

Iida seemed amused. "You seem to get along well with your Daddy, then!"

"Yep! He's super funny even though he can be a little mean." Tenko grabbed Tomura's pinky with his own and showed Iida. "We have meanie pinkies but they're best friends!"

"Meanie pinkies…?"

Midoriya laughed. "It's because if they use all five of their fingers, they decay things, so Shigaraki taught him the meanie pinkies rule so that Tenko knows not to let his pinkies play with the other fingers when they touch things."

Iida tilted his head for a moment, and then he just laughed. "That's… That's brilliant." he crouched to Tenko's level and reached out his own pinky. "Can our pinkies be friends, as well?"

No, Tomura thought with no small amount of venom. *Get your dirty pinky away from my son.*

Tenko grinned and instantly linked their pinkies together. "Sure!"

Tomura was probably going to grind his teeth into dust at this rate without help from his quirk. *Just leave already.*

IIda stood up and turned back to Midoriya. "So after the seven days, what will you all do?"

Midoriya smiled tightly, sidestepping the loaded question. "Well, it's a bit too early to tell. I just want to get through the seven days."

Tomura supposed it would bring down the mood to tell what would happen. He was sure someone as straightforward as Iida wasn't going to stand for something like Midoriya surrendering and potentially becoming a hostage.

Somehow, Tomura wasn't sure how he felt about *that* either, but he decided he wasn't going to dwell on it right now. This was what was best for the PLF, so for now he'd stay on course.

They parted with promises that Midoriya would call Iida to check in regularly. He reminded Midoriya that it'd be a good idea to tell the rest of the class, as well. Midoriya told him he'd get there and Tomura nearly ripped the Iida to shreds when he pulled the smaller one into a hug.

Tomura was left with an awful, unsettling feeling as they headed off to Gym Gamma, actually staying out of sight this time. He wasn't sure why he hated the exchange between Midoriya and

Iida so much, but he couldn't stop thinking about it. His hands itched to tear into something, to reduce something to dust, but that just made him angrier. To let something as stupid as an exchange between teenagers get him so riled up was ridiculous, especially since he didn't know the reason why.

They entered the gym with a swipe of Midoriya's student card, and immediately, Tenko ran forward, stars in his eyes as he took in a room made entirely of what seemed to be concrete. They still had a few minutes to spare before they were supposed to be there and Midoriya pulled him aside.

"Hey, is everything okay?"

Tomura blinked, frowning. "What are you talking about?"

Midoriya smiled, brows pinched together. "You just looked kind of angry."

Tomura narrowed his eyes, not sure at all how he felt about Midoriya reading him so well. He was like this about the car ride, too. Either way he wasn't up for chatting about his *feelings,* especially not to the source of them. "As opposed to…?"

Midoriya studied his face for a moment and then opened his mouth, but they were interrupted before any more of his *sentiments* could escape his busybody mouth.

"Oh you're here."

They looked over to see who Tomura recognized as pro hero Cementoss.

"Oh goody, more pro heroes," Tomura said, curling his lip in disgust.

"Good afternoon, sensei!" Midoriya bid with a respectful bow.

"Hello, Midoriya," Cementoss acknowledged. He looked at Tomura for a moment. "Shigaraki Tomura."

No bow. Not even a nod of his head. Cementoss didn't seem to be fond of Tomura being here, or was that just the look on his face? Tomura couldn't tell, but he'd put money on the former. Tomura's reputation preceded him quite thoroughly, after all. Who could blame the pro hero? At the very least, Cementoss acknowledged his existence.

Cementoss turned to Tenko who stood between Tomura and Midoriya, linked to their pinkies, an excited grin on his face. Tenko sure was experiencing a lot of things today. He was going to be so tired when they got home.

"And hello to you, smallest Midoriya. My hero name is Cementoss, but my name is Ishiyama Ken. Tenko-kun, is it?"

Tenko nodded. "My name is Tenko! It's nice to meet you, Ishiyama-sensei." He bowed politely once again and Cementoss bowed back, a weird curve to the corners of his long mouth in what Tomura had to assume was a smile.

Cementoss looked at both of them and smiled again. “Your son is very sweet. I look forward to being a part of his training.”

Tomura tilted his head, looking around the arena with narrowed eyes, but the more he thought about Cementoss’ quirk, the more he realized how ideal it would be to train with him, even for himself. *Shit.*

Midoriya looked around, and then his eyes lit up. Tomura smirked, knowing he just realized it too.

“Your quirk!” he said, nearly bouncing on his feet. “Of course! Tenko can decay anything he wants in here and you’ll be able to manipulate it back immediately!”

“That’s true, but it will only work if I can keep up with the rate of Decay. If it turns into dust before I can reform it, then I likely won’t be able to do anything with it as it’ll be too far from the properties of cement at that point. That will actually be one of his exercises.”

Tomura was vaguely aware that he could turn things to dust instantly, but so far he’d only been able to do that when he was barely awake and fighting against the Meta Liberation Army under Re-Destro’s control at that time. He hadn’t been able to do it since.

He *was* supposed to be undergoing an upgrade to his stats soon that would give him unlimited access to Decay’s finer tuned settings and also receive Sensei’s quirk, but that plan was currently on hold with Tenko’s emergence. He would be out for months if that were the case, and right now he had to be awake.

They heard the door to the gym beep and soon Eraserhead walked in. He looked up at Midoriya “Ah, you’re here, Problem Child,” He looked at TOmura. “Problem Adult.” *Wow.* “Also Tenko.”

Tenko turned around, his face lighting up. “Sensei!” Eraserhead was already *sensei.* Was Tenko doomed to become to become a hero-in-training after all? Tomura curled a lip, rolling his eyes at the thought.

“If you two are as smart as I hope you are, you’ve probably already guessed what we’re doing here today. Cementoss has graciously agreed to help you, so you better not be rude to him,” Eraser looked at Tomura for the last part, his eyes menacing.

“What are we doing here?” Tenko asked, curiously.

Eraserhead crouched to his level and pointed to a ball of cement just a few feet away from them. “See that rock? I want you to put all five fingers on it.”

Tenko looked confused for a moment and looked over to Midoriya, pouting.

Midoriya grinned. “It’s okay, Tenko-kun. Go ahead and do as Aizawa-sensei asked.”

Still looking unsure, Tenko went over to the rock and placed his hand upon it.

Immediately, the rock started to crack at the top, and in seconds fissures spread all the way down. It crumbled apart, and Tenko took away his hand, his eyes wide in fear.

“I-I broke it!” he said, mournfully. He looked over at Midoriya and tears welled in his eyes. His lip quivered. “I-I’m sorry! It was so pretty b-but I *broke it!”*

“T-Tenko!” Midoriya scrambled forward, taking Tenko in his arms and petting his hair. “It’s okay, baby. You did what sensei asked, and that’s what was supposed to happen.”

Tenko frowned, shaking his head. “No, Papa. I told Daddy this morning when I broke the kitchen floor that I didn’t wanna break things!”

Tomura bit his lip, walking over to him and crouching down where Midoriya held him. He pet his soft, kinky, black locks. “It’s okay to break the things in here, Tenko.”

Tenko looked up at Tomura with a pout. “A-Are you sure?” he asked, wiping his tears.

Eraserhead crouched down next to Tomura and looked into his child’s wet, shining vermillion eyes. “It’s fine here, see that guy?” he pointed to Cementoss. “He’s going to be fixing stuff as you break it, so you can go all out.”

Tenko blinked, lips parting in wonder and then his head whipped to Cementoss, inky black locks flying, and stars in his eyes. He gasped. “You can do that?!”

“You get that fascination of quirks from Midoriya,” Cementoss said with a smile.” He knelt to the ground and placed his hands on the floor. In seconds, the broken chunks of cement on the ground was converged and repurposed by the cement below it to almost immediately form a new sphere.

“Wow!!”

Immediately, Tenko went to the sphere. He looked meaningfully at Cementoss, who only nodded before Tenko put his hands on it again. He crumbled it to bits with full intention this time, and Tomura noticed that the decay was much faster than before. A green light emitted from where Cementoss touched the ground, and in no time the sphere was back into place before it could even finish breaking.

Tomura gaped at the scene from the ground where he crouched, wondering if Cementoss was actually his destined enemy and not Midoriya, after all. Ah right, he could only do this with cement. *Note to self: don’t decay in Cementoss’ patrol route.*

Tenko clapped excitedly. “That’s so cool!.” He ran up to Cementoss with those shimmering red eyes of his and his fists clenched in mid-air. “Can you fix anything I touch in here?!”

“Yes. I can fix anything in this room that you decay, but I’ll be really impressed if you decay it faster than I can fix it. It will be good training for me, as well.”

Tenko jumped up and down. “I can do it!”

“I’m excited to see it, young man!”

Tomura was actually incredibly interested at the prospect of this training. This type of training was perfect for their quirk. It was a safe way to test the limits without ruining everything in its wake. Tomura rarely had the chance to extensively test his quirk as a child. Sensei was always busy with one thing or another. Kurogiri trained him in it’s use, but it was mostly how to avoid using the quirk when he didn’t want to. And when they *did* go up to the mountains to test precision, Tomura had to be careful because, if he wasn’t, he could cause a potential landslide and alert everyone to their presence.

He couldn’t help but feel a little jealous of Tenko in this moment; To be trained directly by a pro hero was a privilege, despite Tomura’s feelings on pro heroes in general.

“The first evaluation will be power output,” Aizawa declared, speaking to Tenko. “Smallest Midoriya, I want you to use your quirk on the floor here, putting all of the power you have into destroying it at a constant rate. I don’t want you to hold back.”

Tomura frowned. “I think I told you before that it’s possible to damage the arms with this quirk by going over the output limit.”

“I think he’ll be fine, Shigaraki,” Eraserhead explained. “Breaching the output barrier is an advanced level move that usually takes years of training or extreme emotional states of mind. Tenko here doesn’t qualify for either of those conditions.”

Tomura sighed and stepped back next to Midoriya, crossing his arms around himself as he resisted the urge to scratch his neck. Midoriya leaned into him and tugged on his shirt. Tomura looked down at him to be met with that irritatingly soft smile of his.

“It’ll be fine,” he attempted to assure Tomura.

“Says the worrywart.” Tomura did his best to relax. He supposed it was true that even *he* hadn’t gone past his limit when he was five years old, and he’d been in an extreme emotional state. It would be okay. Tenko would be *fine.*

Because apparently that was something that mattered to Tomura, now. His brow pinched as he considered it. Just when did the feeling to protect this child become so strong?

What Tomura saw in the next thirty minutes was a harmonious symbiosis of two converse quirks. They built upon each other and advanced levels beyond anything anyone in this room ever expected of them.

Tenko was crouched to the ground, hands clutching the floor and decaying the surface with everything he had. All the while, Cementoss mitigated the damage, reforming the cement as the cracks spread upwards as though to maintain the integrity of the building. He was able to keep Tenko’s quirk in check, but barely.

Tenko was *relentless.*

At first, he seemed hesitant to break the floor so candidly. His quirk didn't reach outward so much and he couldn't decay the detached balls of cement even when cracks formed beneath them, but after a few minutes of decay and repair, he seemed to let go of his reservations. What wasn't any less than a *smirk* graced his five-year-old's lips, and then in the next moment he slammed both hands down…

...and *destroyed.*

Breathless, Tomura was transfixed as the floor in front of Tenko was reduced to rubble. The destruction was almost artful as everything his quirk touched spread outward on itself on an exponential scale. Tenko's hair blew wildly in the blowback of the force, his ladybug shirt whipping around him. But he didn't stop. He kept his hands down, and everything in his path was obliterated in seconds.

The destruction halted for a moment when he looked back to see where Midoriya, Tomura, Eraserhead, and Cementoss kneeled on a platform attached to the front wall of the building. Red, deadly eyes locked on Cementoss and he turned around. He placed his hands on the ground, and in seconds, the cracks raced up the wall and the platform was almost brought to the ground. Cementoss formed enough cement to keep them from falling, kept it formed to keep the structure from decaying entirely. He had to constantly move and shift the cement to keep the cracks at bay. Their actual *lives* were in danger, but Tomura was sure Tenko didn't know that. He'd been told to go all out, so he *did.*

Tomura was about to intervene, but Cementoss opened his eyes for the first time the entire visit, and Tomura couldn't help but feel like there was some kind of spark within as the decay spread too close for comfort.

"I'm going to create a path. All of you. *Run."*

Crimson eyes nearly gleamed through his fixed gaze on the hero. He sent the destruction in waves, but Cementoss was able to direct most of it to a wall he erected just in time.

Was this what it was like to other people when Tomura destroyed things? This terrifying yet exhilarating rush of fear knowing that if the decay reached you, you were *dead?*

He almost laughed as they darted over several platforms Cementoss created as Decay spread to them, crumbling it piece after piece, until the cement around them formed into a strange bowl shape that surrounded Tenko in the center. Decay stopped at the ridge, and the pieces fell to the ground, and in the center was Tenko, like a spider at the center of its web, breathing hard and falling to his knees. Thankfully, it seemed, he'd run out of steam.

"Let's take a break." Aizawa said, but Tomura didn't wait, leaping off of the last formed platform and running up to his son. He crouched down before him, taking his shoulders in eight fingers.

He looked him over, making sure he wasn't hurt. His arms were shaking, but the look on his face was full of life and vitality in a way Tomura hadn't seen before. He was *laughing.* His breaths fell in pants, but the look on his face was full of mirth.

Tenko looked at his shaking hands in wonder. “I… I just kept trying to break everything he formed, Daddy. It was like I could feel everything falling apart under my fingers even if it was far away. I wanted it to reach further and further. It was… so pretty.” He picked up a rock and Tomura watched his son’s face soften as the rock crumbled between his fingers.

Tomura smiled, wryly. He knew that feeling. He felt it every time he destroyed, too. Unfortunately for Midoriya, that meant only one thing:

Tenko was a monster just like Tomura was.

If Midoriya didn’t think this was a bad idea before, he certainly would now. Would he even bother keeping Tenko alive after this?

He was about to find out as Midoriya ran up to them, his quirk activated.

Tomura readied himself. For what, he didn’t know, but Midoriya reached out—

—and tackled them to the ground, wrapping his arms around them both, verdant eyes shimmering with what could only be adoration as he turned Tenko in Tomura’s arms so that the child faced him.

“Incredible, Tenko. Your quirk is *beautiful.”* Midoriya kissed his face all over, his eyes shimmering with tears. “Just *gorgeous.”*

Tomura stared blankly at the scene before him, on *top* of him, as the cement formed around them, reshaping into the floor as it had once been.

Beautiful.

Not once in twenty years had anyone described Tomura’s quirk as *beautiful.* Terrifying. Monstrous. *Unfortunate.*

But gorgeous? *Beautiful?* Tomura couldn’t remember anyone in his life ever saying that to him, and once again he envied his child. This praise given to his son in this moment was something he never received. He’d never been told his quirk had any positive qualities his entire life. He supposed *Sensei* had praised his quirk for being useful as a *murder* weapon, but that wasn’t what he ever wanted to hear.

That wasn’t what he *needed* to hear.

That Tenko’s quirk, *Tomura’s* quirk, was something that could generate such a soft look on a face so good and innocent ignited something deep within Tomura that had long since been snuffed out. It made him yearn for something he couldn’t even describe. It made him hunger so desperately for it, and right now Midoriya was providing it in spades. Could he revel in it for a moment, even if only indirectly? He’d said it to Tenko about his quirk, but Tenko’s quirk was the same as Tomura’s. So these words… could be for *him,* too. Right?

Could he be allowed this moment of reprieve where it was *okay* to have a destructive quirk such as Decay and be lauded for it? It was probably wrong to bask in admiration directed at their son,

but Tomura didn't care. Not right now. He relaxed in Midoriya's embrace and sighed, marveling at the tingles that coursed through him under Midoriya's bright, intoxicating energy.

"I'm so proud of you, baby. You're gonna be just as powerful as your Daddy someday!"

Tenko's eyebrows raised. "Really!?"

Midoriya kissed his head. "Yes! You're already crazy strong!"

Midoriya looked behind Tenko at Tomura and his expression softened even further. He rested his chin on Tenko's shoulder, green eyes flicking to red. "Decay is one of the coolest quirks I've ever seen," he said, slowly. Probably to Tenko, or at least it *should* be to Tenko. Tomura wasn't really sure anymore, but the words started to stitch together something long since broken within. "Breathtaking," he said, looking into Tomura's eyes. And then he said, "I want to see you use it too."

Tomura felt chills go up his spine and buried his face in Tenko's curls, wondering if the heat on his cheeks was as obvious as it *felt.*

"Maybe…" he murmured, the sound muffled by Tenko's fluffy head.

Tenko giggled, but Tomura barely noticed him squirming. The arms around his back were strong, and the thighs bracketing his lap were even stronger. Midoriya showed no signs of going anywhere anytime soon, and Tomura found himself wondering if he wouldn't let go unless he agreed to the teen's request. Either way, the hold made him calm. It made him content. He thought about what if Midoriya did this without being blocked by their spawn, though he had to admit it felt good holding Tenko, too. Maybe he liked cuddling more than he initially thought.

How would it feel holding Midoriya? Would it be different than the time he carried him to his bed? Surely it would be different… Though that time had been kind of nice, too.

"There will be plenty of opportunities for that, later." Tomura heard Eraserhead say after clearing his throat. Opportunity for holding Midoriya? Oh wait, Tomura showing Midoriya his quirk. Right.

Midoriya flushed darkly and jumped out of Tomura's lap, red from head to toe

"S-Sorry!" he said, bowing to Tomura apologetically.

Tomura said nothing as Tenko squirmed, trying to get away, so Tomura let him go, only for Tenko to rush over to Eraserhead.

"Did you see that, sensei?! How did I do?!"

Midoriya stood awkwardly next to Tomura, clearly embarrassed by what he just did, but Tomura couldn't really feel the same. He was still in shock over the entire exchange.

Eraserhead looked them over curiously, as though wanting to say something but deciding the better of it. He shook his head and turned instead to the leftover wreckage that Tenko created.

He kicked a few pieces away, revealing the dirt of the earth beneath it and several long cracks in the ground.

Wow. What a powerful brat Tomura and Midoriya created.

"Tenko's output is already at full power, but I wasn't expecting him to already be able to indirectly affect other things touching the objects he decays. He displayed that incredibly just now, and he even managed to affect the ground below the building and evade Cementoss' quirk entirely." He looked up at them. "For being five years old and in a mostly calm state of mind, this is exceptional," He looked at Tenko, his expression softening just a bit. "Welldone, kid. It took your dad twenty years to relearn how to do this." Eraserhead ruffled his hair and Tenko glowed at the praise.

Tomura smirked and stalked over to them, looking up as he stepped into Aizawa's space.

"Why does that sound like an insult, Eraser?"

Eraserhead shrugged. "It's not my fault your son will surpass you in power by ten years old."

"Are you trying to pick a fight?"

"I'm just saying you could benefit from formal quirk training."

"I've gotten to where I am now with zero help, thank you."

The teacher nodded. "Now imagine if you had proper training like this."

Tomura paused and narrowed his eyes. "And who in their right mind would train someone like me, hero?"

"I can train both you and your brat with my eyes closed."

"What could you *possibly* tell me about my quirk that I don't already know."

"Your quirk is less effective upon waking, but more effective when you're tired."

"I already know that."

"Your quirk operates on a linear, invisible spectrum between your fingers and if that line is disrupted by gloves, it will cease to function."

"Well, *duh."*

"Turn your head and try to destroy that rock." He pointed to a rock sitting on one of the in-tact pieces of cement. "Bet you can't do it."

Tomura scoffed and sauntered up to it. He looked at Aizawa, placing a hand on top of it like it was nothing.

...And then *nothing happened.*

Tomura's brow furrowed as the seconds ticked by. He clenched his teeth and put everything into destroying it, only for nothing to happen. He turned his head back, and Eraserhead quickly grabbed Tenko and Izuku with his wraps as the rock nearly exploded into dust. Tomura shielded himself from the wreckage and looked at it in shock.

"Oh wow, Shigaraki! What was *that?!"* said Midoriya, excitement ringing in his tone.

Tenko clapped. "The rock went POOF!"

"What the hell… What…"

Aizawa grinned and went up to him. "I was wondering what would happen. I knew you wouldn't be able to destroy the rock, because I noticed a lag in Tenko's destruction when he looked back at Cementoss, but it looks like my second theory was correct, too."

Tomura shook his head, gaping at the pile of dust that used to be a large rock. "It… *charged?"*

"Yep. Your hands were touching the rock, building up power from the line that was formed there, but it seems you can't actually destroy the rock if you're not facing the same direction the pads of your fingers are."

Tomura looked at his hands as if he'd never seen them before. "This… It's a new move."

"And a very powerful one."

"The output I give from the length of the time my hand is in contact with the target was concentrated into one powerful blast rather than widespread decay."

"Yep."

Tomura didn't know that he had to be facing the same way to use the quirk. He'd always just done it without question.

"A quirk trainer will ask questions like these and safely test them with you. Like I said, you can benefit from it."

Tomura narrowed his eyes, frowning.

Eraserhead placed a hand on Shigaraki's shoulder and said, "Just think about it."

Tomura had to concentrate hard on not placing his hand on *Eraserhead's* shoulder.

By now Midoriya was testing the ability with Tenko, starting him on smaller rocks, and turning him away before placing his hand on top. Tomura watched in awe as it didn't even crack, and after a few moments, Midoriya told him to look back, and in no time, the rock turned to veritable dust.

"I literally only just got to the level of turning things to dust this year." Tomura said, breathless.

"Your son has nearly perfect power output. I'm not surprised."

Tomura looked at Eraserhead for a long moment before soon his excited sun ran over and nearly jumped into his arms, keeping his pinkies raised, hugging him around his neck. Tmura held him around the middle.

“Did’ja see that, Daddy? I made it go “poof!”

Tomura snorted and ruffled his hair. “I saw it. Well done. It really went ‘poof’, huh?”

Tenko nodded and leaned into his touch. “Quirk training is fun, but I’m really tired now...”

“Just a few more metrics, Midoriya,” Eraserhead said, “and then you can be free.”

They spent a little more time hammering out the details of this new ability, seeing at exactly what angle the face had to be for the quirk to activate, and if eye contact was needed. Eye contact was not needed, but their head did have to be facing mostly forward. If it was to the side, it wouldn’t work.

Aizawa jotted down notes and took samples of the size of the debris they created in relation to how long they let the power build up before looking back at it.

Tomura’s particles were far smaller than Tenko’s even if they let it build up for the same amount of time, so age and or experience must have played a part in how much power could be released at once. At least Tomura had *something* on the brat, now. He’d been starting to feel incredibly behind.

By the time they were done with Aizawa’s tests, both Tomura and Tenko were exhausted. Tomura ended up with a few cracks in his finger after building up Decay for too long, proving that there was a limit to how many powerful blasts he could do in a set amount of time like that. His current limit with full power was three blasts before his skin started to bleed. Tenko was not allowed to participate in this test. Tomura was forced to go to the ancient hero, Recovery Girl, who didn't even hesitate to heal his injuries, even working on some of the scarring from the last time he used max power.

“Dear,” she said, shaking her head. “I strongly suggest you don’t make a habit of going over your limit again. Don’t be like *this* trouble maker over here,” She gestured to Midoriya who blushed, looking sheepish. Recovery Girl sent Tomura off with a pat on the head like he was some *child.* Maybe to her, he and everyone in this room *was* a child. She didn’t have to worry, as weird as a pro hero worrying about him was. He had no intention of going that hard again. He knew his limits now, admittedly, thanks to Eraserhead.

He watched as Izuku held their son on the car ride back and couldn't help but remember the warm feeling of those scarred and mangled arms around him, holding so tightly as he smiled. It was weird. Never once had Shigaraki been hugged by an enemy—The only one who ever hugged him regularly was Toga, but it wasn't exactly *welcome.* He put up with her clinginess, but her hold was never so strong, nor as *warm.* Tomura wrapped his arms around his torso, trying to replicate the sensation as car-sickness started to take over, but it was to no avail. He felt a little

jealous of his son at that moment. He just wanted to feel it one more time. Tenko was asleep in Izuku's arms by the time they got back.

Tomura watched as Midoriya kissed their son softly on the cheek and laid him in his bed. He crept out of Tenko's room and shut the door.

It was already three o'clock.

"We deserve a nap too," Tomura declared.

Izuku laughed. "I wish. I have homework to do. You can do whatever you want, though."

"Save it for later. Take a nap. You need it."

Midoriya looked amused. "Oh?"

"You still haven't been sleeping."

Izuku hesitated. "I… I'm working on it."

"The room sucks?"

"No… I just… I have a lot on my mind, is all."

Tomura wanted to pry, but he didn't really know where to begin with that.

::

Izuku did his homework while Shigaraki dozed off on the couch. The work today was definitely easier to go through thanks to actually receiving the lessons with a teacher. He couldn't help but feel there was markedly less work, as well, but he didn't quite feel like his teachers were going easy on him either. Every problem and task he had was challenging, but it just didn't seem to be very time-extensive either.

That was… nice. It felt like a kind balance of his current situation, but also making sure he kept up with the pace. He really was truly lucky. He didn't feel like his hero training was suffering either, what with the inadvertent evasion training they underwent today while Tenko was practicing his quirk.

And Tenko. *Practicing his quirk.*

Midoriya vibrated with residual excitement. He'd never seen anything like that in his entire life. He never imagined someone with such an incredible and powerful quirk could come from *his* genetics. If Tenko could do that at five years old, the thought of what *Shigaraki* could do had him nearly jumping up and waking the sleeping man on the couch, demanding he show Izuku right this very instant.

But how, he wondered? Tenko was already able to reach the ground below the building before cementoss could stop him. Like this, Izuku wouldn't be surprised if Shigaraki could break the earth entirely.

He was forced to finally look at just how precarious their side's situation against Shigaraki was at this point in time. Could they even against someone like this?

His gaze flicked to the man laid on his stomach, one arm dangling off the side of the couch and the other under the pillow his face was smooshed into. He looked so peaceful like this. Nobody would look at him and think he was a villain. Someone like this...

Izuku put his pencil down and carefully crawled over to him, not wanting to wake him. He pulled out his phone and swiped to his camera app. He snapped yet another picture of the sleeping villain, biting his lip, thinking perhaps he really was as creepy as Kacchan said he was.

But Shigaraki looked so nice sleeping. He saw it before when he found Shigaraki with his textbook on his face,, but he didn't believe his memory when he recalled it later.

He looked down at the time on his phone, but it was then that he noticed he had about fifty messages from the group chat.

👑 Queen Mina-chama: @Nerd God Deku u were here at the school! We saw you! Wht was the rush abt and who was tht guy chasing u with white hair?? Can I get his number? 😍

Ochako 💖: There was also a kid in his arms.

👑 Queen Mina-chama: So tht guy had a kid? Idk it's still hot. Maybe they both need a mommy 😘

🟣🍆🟣: The queen is horny on main. What a great day to be alive. 😩💦

Ochako 💖: Mina, he looked way older than you! 💀

👑 Queen Mina-chama: Not tht much!! Besides, I believe in free love, Ochako-chan.

Ochako 💖: Well I hope he can love you from a jail cell ✨

Thunder God Denki⚡: Moreover, why the hell were u running away @Nerd God Deku?

Mountain God Eiji ⛰️: And who was tht cute little kid?

Tape God Hanta: What if it's his cousin? It kind of looked like him. They *did* tell us it was family issues.

🧊🔥: You're all wrong

🟣🍆🟣: ……

Thunder God Denki ⚡: ...Wait u *know* Todoroki*?!*

Explosion God Kacchan 💥: YOU FUCKING IDIOT ICY HOT!! SHUT UP ABOUT DEKU'S SHITTY SECRETS

The chat promptly *died.*

Izuku balked, seeing that that message was sent *just* now, and couldn't help but shield himself as the barrage of messages harassing Katsuki and Todoroki for more information nearly obliterated his phone all at once. Had Todoroki always been this bad at keeping secrets?

Well, he wouldn't be able to avoid this anymore as of tomorrow.

Nearly every person in his class sent him a DM after that, but he just put his phone on mute, feeling bad for leaving some of them on read, but all of that was way too overwhelming right now.

He sighed and placed his phone on the coffee table and looked back to where Shigaraki still slumbered on the red couch. He looked absolutely exhausted.

The villain breathed deeply once, and a piece of his long white hair entered his mouth, sticking to his tongue. Izuku hesitated, but took a deep breath as he reached up and carefully pulled the tuft of hair away from his face and gently tucked it behind his ear.

He wasn't expecting Shigaraki to turn his face into the touch until Izuku's hand was firmly pressed against his cheek.

His face warmed a bit as Shigaraki nuzzled into his palm, sighing deeply.

Izuku's expression softened as something warm grew deeply from within, his lips parted in wonder as he thumbed Shigaraki's dry cheek, circling the mole beneath his cracked lips…

… and then brushing against those lips. They were cracked and dry, but they were plush and soft beneath the surface. Izuku flushed darkly, remembering how Mineta determined he was attracted to Shigaraki Tomura.

Maybe he *was* attracted to Shigaraki Tomura.

He certainly found Shigaraki beautiful like this, and he absolutely didn't want to stop, but he was vaguely aware that assaulting him like this was probably heavily frowned upon. He was about to pull away when he was suddenly yanked forward, Shigaraki's arm hooking over his hand as he turned to the side facing the back of the couch.

Izuku resisted crying out as he was pulled forward, his face smashing into the back of Shigaraki's neck. Once he regained his bearings, he shivered at the gentle scent of vanilla in his senses. He inhaled deeply, his breath coming out shaky and eyes fluttering as it registered in his senses. His skin was unblemished and smooth back here. His hair was soft and warm. Midoriya narrowly resisted sidling up behind him and nuzzling into his neck. That would be bad. Cuddling with Shigaraki Tomura was a hard *no* on the list of things acceptable or not to do.

How would he explain that if Shigaraki woke up? How would he explain *this* even?

Speaking of explanations…

A slow, deep voice vibrated against Izuku's cheek. "What are you doing, *hero?"*

Shigaraki let go of his hand and turned over on the couch, his half-lidded. Sleepy red gaze falling on Izuku as their noses actually *pressed* together. He looked entirely unamused.

Izuku pulled back quickly and sputtered, cheeks on fire. "I-I was trying to pick a piece of your hair out of your mouth, and then you grabbed me and…"

"Instead of pulling away, you decided to breathe all over my neck like a creep?"

"T-To be fair, I was in shock."

Shigaraki's expression turned sour and he grabbed Midoriya's wrists, carefully lifting his middle fingers. He pierced Izuku with a very serious expression on his face. "What would you have done if I'd grabbed you like this in my sleep? What if I thought I was under attack and I reached to kill?"

Izuku ducked his head, feeling guilty, but also a little defensive. "T-Tenko wakes you up every day and you never do that."

"And he chooses to face his own mortality in the morning even though I tell him not to. Good thing we gave him your last name. He's definitely a Midoriya."

Izuku grinned and Shigaraki sat up, scratching his head and cracking his joints. "What time is it?"

"A little past five."

"Is the brat up yet?"

"I think so. I heard noises from his room. He hasn't come out yet, though."

He sighed stretching and then laying right back down, turning to face Izuku, his hair strewn across pale cheeks.

"What should we make for dinner?" he asked, his eyes like wine as he looked upon Izuku in a surprisingly soft manner.

Izuku's words caught in his throat. Why did Shigaraki have to be so attractive when sleepy? "U-Um… We could make curry?"

"With what meat?"

"Beef?"

Shigaraki's eyes fluttered closed. "Mmm… sounds good." He was silent for a moment before he spoke again. "Hey," he said, his eyes downcast. "Do you think we should get Tenko a pair of gloves after all?"

Izuku blinked, tilting his head.

“Why all of a sudden?”

“I mean, he broke the kitchen floor this morning, and I didn’t realize he had so much of a power output until I saw it today. That kind of destruction… well unchecked, it can be—”

“I don’t think so,” Izuku said, interrupting his thought process.

Shigaraki looked at him with wide eyes. “But you were the one who—”

Izuku smiled and gently played with Shigaraki’s hair. “It’s not necessary, as you said. I saw you teaching him how to mitigate damage today, and I’m convinced now that if anyone can teach him to reign in his quirk rather than suppress it, it’s you. I believe in you entirely. I’ll help support you both in that regard. Decay is beautiful and it shouldn’t be repressed. ”

He watched Shigaraki’s adam’s apple bob once before he simply looked away, avoiding Izuku’s gaze.

“I-If you say so.”

Midoriya smiled and, before he could talk himself out of it, put his fingers in Shigaraki’s hair.

His eyes opened again and he watched zuku warily as scarred fingers sifted through the white locks, combing it back and revealing the excessive scarring of his brow and forehead.

. "These scars…" He said, carefully.

"Psychosomatic itch."

"A-Ah…" Izuku recalled how Shigaraki used to scratch furiously at his neck when he was stressed during their fight at USJ.

Shigaraki’s gaze darkened and he looked down as Izuku pet his hair. But after a minute or so, he seemed to relax under the touch.

"My dad beat the shit out of me for liking heroes."

Izuku's stomach turned to ice and immediately his eyes went hot. *Not physical.*

"... W-Why?" he choked out.

"Because his mom had been one," *Nana Shimura…* Izuku recalled the briefing where Gran Torino explained the connection Shigaraki had to the previous One For All user.

Shigaraki rolled onto his back, his eyes staring at the ceiling as he recalled the memories. "She left him when he was a kid for her work as a hero and died. I don't know the details, but my father banned the entire concept of heroes under his roof as a result."

"And you…"

"...wanted to be a hero."

"...Your mom?"

"She didn't like how Kotarou treated me, but she didn't truly try to stop him, either. She empathized with him and tried to explain why he did the things he did to me. She was kind." His expression hardened. "*Too kind."*

Izuku felt himself crumble with the weight of his words. Just how often was Shigaraki abused as a child because of his dream to be a hero? Kacchan tried to snuff out his dream, too, but his mom would never do that. His mom probably wouldn't have let it continue if Izuku ever told her about it.

His dad, despite everything, wouldn't have either.

Izuku couldn't imagine not having a parent that would defend him. His mom tried to get him to have a more realistic goal, but she would never punish him for insisting on his dream.

"Your sister?" he asked, looking away, feeling slightly guilty for continuing to pry, but not willing to stop, either.

Red eyes flicked to him curiously before Shigaraki shrugged. "Hana-chan didn't get the beatings like me, but she also liked heroes. She was the one who told me about our grandma."

"I-I'm so sorry you had to live like that, Shigaraki."

He shrugged. "It could have been worse. There are definitely kids who have it way worse. Beating your kid is normal in this country."

"That doesn't mean it's *okay!"*

"Maybe, but most kids endure it and then move on with their lives. I just happened to be born with an unfortunate quirk. I had the ability to stop my father when I developed my quirk at five years old. So I did."

Izuku froze, filling in the blanks and dread filled his chest.

"A-and the rest of them?"

"Collateral damage. They were unfortunate enough to be there before I even knew what was happening. I was holding my dog when it first manifested. By the time my father came out of the house, every one of them were in pieces in the yard. He raised a crow bar to me, and it was at that point I knew what my power did. I knew what I was doing when I put my hands on him." Shigaraki looked up at Izuku and his eyes widened. "Why are you crying?"

Izuku wiped his eyes but the tears fell, streaming down his freckled cheeks. "Cause I hate it! I hate that this happened to you."

Shigaraki blinked and sat up, turning fully to Izuku and bringing his thumb to wipe at his tears. "Happened to *me?* Midoriya, I *murdered* my father… I killed my whole family."

"Yeah, but who could blame you? Most of it was an accident, and your father did all those awful things to you." Izuku sobbed, shaking as Shigaraki thumbed at his tears, something resembling concern in his red gaze, but that wasn't possible, so he dismissed it. "A-Any kid would make him stop if they suddenly had the power to."

Shigaraki looked away, deliberating for a moment. "I guess… I guess I never really thought of it that way. Sensei made sure I remembered that I murdered my family and that society would never accept me for it."

"So he could use you and manipulate you."

Shigaraki smirked. "Yeah. Maybe. But I owe him that much."

"Why!?" Izuku said, grabbing his wrist.

Shigaraki faltered and sank back into the cushions. "After that happened, I ran away. I was on the streets, covered in blood and viscera of my family, and nobody did anything. There were no heroes to save me. Nobody gave a shit about me until he found me. He took me in. He made me useful where I had been nothing but a problem society didn't want to solve. I could have ended up in Tartarus even at that age." He huffed, a smirk on his face and he looked at Izuku. "That's something they won't teach you in school, by the way. If they catch someone with an uncontrollable quirk, it doesn't matter how old they are, they'll put them in a unit there. I could have rotted to hell in that prison. I owe him for rescuing me from that."

Before Izuku could unpack that statement entirely, words left his mouth without thinking. "I would have saved you," Izuku whispered, taking Shigaraki's face and looking directly into his eyes. A fresh wave of tears fell from his eyes. "I would have made sure they saw you as the victim, because you *were.* Even if you killed your dad, it was self defence. I would have made sure you had the help you needed to recover from the trauma you suffered."

Shigaraki's eyes widened, his gaze caught in Izuku's. Izuku was *sure* he saw a minute quiver in his lips before he covered it with another smirk. "That's, uh, nice. But you're a day late and a dollar short, kid.

"I don't think so."

Shigaraki laughed, the sound harmonious and clear. It gave Izuku chills.

"Cute, but I've already grown a taste for murder. I *like* it. I did ever since I snuffed out my old man. Can you still say you can save me knowing that?"

Izuku smiled as his tears slowed. He wiped his swollen eyes. "Would you let me try?"

Shigaraki looked highly amused, his handsome smirk wide on his face. "I… I guess that could be entertaining."

Izuku grinned and leaned in, looking up at him from under his lashes. "I want to make you a hero."

Shigaraki shoved his face away, his smile bright as he laughed. "You're ridiculous."

"No way." Izuku crawled onto the couch and pinned Shigaraki to the cushions, locking bony wrists above his head and looking into his eyes. “Once I say I’ll do something, Shigaraki, I do it."

Shigaraki smirked. “Is that your hero calling card?”

“It is now!” Izuku leaned in and kept their eyes connected, staring him down in challenge until Shigaraki’s smile faltered minutely, uncertainty in his gaze before he shook his head and grinned again.

"Oh yeah?" he purred, baring his teeth. Red eyes darkened, looking up at Izuku, and it was then that he realized what he did and who he was attempting to pin down. It was like looking down at a panther ready to strike at any moment.

"Uh… Y-Yeah." The confidence Izuku felt before was quickly waning.

Shigaraki lurched forward, and Izuku activated his quirk to keep his arms together, but he didn't weigh enough to stop Shigaraki from using his bodyweight to flip their positions, and in his surprise, Izuku lost his grip on his wrists.

Izuku was the one pinned now, and before he knew it, he was brought back to the mall incident as four fingers wrapped around his neck, a sinister smile gracing the face of the most dangerous villain in Japan, only this time, Shigaraki was firmly between his legs, holding him down without any effort at all.

"Hey… what's keeping me from killing you right now, again? I think I forgot."

"You don't want to kill me," Izuku said, distracted by the heat and weight of the firm body on top of him.

"Why are you so sure?"

"C-Cause why would you hesitate? You could kill me at any second."

"True. Why *don't* I want to kill you?" he asked, looking puzzled by the concept as well.

"Cause we're friends now, remember?” Izuku tried, sending him a wobbly smile. “Tenko-kun said we were."

Tomura gaped at him for a good moment, looking caught entirely off-guard. He blinked a few times before he laughed, shaking his head, removing his hand from Izuku’s neck, and pushed his thick, white hair behind his ear, the shoulder of his red v-neck still askew and revealing far too much pale skin for Izuku’s comfort. He looked down at Izuku, scarlet eyes on fire with mirth. "H-How can you say that with a straight face?"

"I'm just stating a fact," Izuku said, his

More snickering laughter. "Y-You're such a dork! What the hell are you saying to your enemy?"

"The *truth."*

"Stop!" Shigaraki covered Izuku's face with four fingers as he devolved into giggles and Izuku laughed too, endlessly amused by making Shigaraki laugh so candidly. He wanted to keep doing it. He wanted to see this genuine smile all the time. He was about to push it more, but a loud *a-hem* broke him out of his intoxication.

"You guys, playtime is over. It's time to make dinner."

Izuku turned to see his child standing in front of the coffee table, his hands on his hips disapprovingly, even tapping his foot.

His cheeks warmed as he realized just how this must have looked. Thankfully, Tenko filled in the blanks with his own ideas, because Izuku didn't really have any explanation to offer. "R-Right."

Shigaraki pulled his hand away from Izuku's face and Izuku savored the pretty pink blush on that pale complexion and then promptly berated himself for it. Whatever this attraction was, it needed to *stop.* Izuku talked a big game just now, but as it was, Shigaraki was still his enemy. He hadn't reformed him *yet.* Not only that, but he was an *adult.* There was nothing at all appropriate about feeling like this.

He would have to avoid getting so close again, not that he thought Shigaraki would do anything to him.

Izuku was more concerned about *himself.*

Shigaraki crawled off of Izuku and straightened out his clothes. He turned to the direction of the kitchen, but Izuku grabbed his shirt. Red eyes looked back at him questioningly.

"You've been cooking for the last few meals," Izuku said, hastily. "I finished my homework. I can cook tonight."

Shigaraki looked unconvinced. "Can you even cook?"

Izuku laughed and stood up, grinning. "I guess we'll find out."

Tenko linked their pinkies together. "I can show you how, Papa."

Izuku grinned. Tenko was always so confident, if not a little bossy. It was adorable to say the least. What a leader. "Really? I'd appreciate that, Tenko-kun."

Shigaraki scratched his head. "Then I guess I'll take a bath first."

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Tomura showered and changed into pajama pants and a t-shirt. He wasn't sure why people bothered to change into regular clothes after a bath only to get into pajamas right after dinner. Midoriya looked at him a bit oddly as he sat at the table and ate his bowl of curry and rice, but said nothing on it.

It was good, though. The curry Midoriya made Tenko didn't turn out bad at all. Tomura didn't verbalize his praise, but having a second bowl made Midoriya and Tenko's eyes light up and an identical smile spread upon their squashy, freckled faces. Tomura figured that was enough.

The two took a bath after dinner while Tomura played his game on the couch, battling sleepiness. It was only seven-thirty, after all. He couldn't even remember a night where he went to bed before eleven. He'd even taken a two hour nap today! Perhaps using his quirk like that had been more draining on his system than he initially gave it credit for. Recovery Girl *had* told him to take it easy, he supposed. He hadn't really used his quirk in a while, either.

Maybe Tomura was already getting old. *Great.*

When they were done with their bath, Tenko decided he wanted to try reading the wolf book today, and this time it was Tomura that curled up next to Tenko, barely staying awake enough to even hear his son read it. It took a while because he would grill Midoriya for the meaning of every word he didn't understand and insisted on reading the entire book and then starting another. Tomura didn't last. He knew he fell asleep several times, being jostled awake every now and then, but immediately returning to slumber. He was vaguely aware of Midoriya covering them both up and shutting off the light. Tomura didn't even try to protest it. His son was warm and soft and so was this bed.

He slept like a rock.

Tomura woke up in the middle of the night feeling wide awake, probably because he'd slept so much in the earlier part of the evening. His mouth was crazy dry so he got out of Tenko's bed, carefully snuck out of the room and into the kitchen. He got a glass and filled it with water, drinking deeply from it until he heard a shout from the hall.

Before he could even think he was running into the hall, glass of water still in hand and followed the following whimpers until he reached Midoriya's bedroom.

He carefully opened the door, and with the light from the moon, he could see Midoriya sitting up on bed, panting harshly, his form visibly trembling.

His gaze was transfixed on his hands and his green eyes looked hollow in the darkness.

"Midoriya?"

Midoriya turned to Tomura and stared for several moments, his gaze chilling as the tendrils of his quirk fluctuated around him, setting emerald ablaze and pinning Tomura on the spot.

In the next moment he slumped, his lips parting and he took a deep, shuddering breath. He hunched over and grabbed his hair, his chest rising and falling heavily.

Tomura walked over and sat on the bed next to Midoriya. His hand hovered in midair before resting four fingers carefully on Midoriya's back. Midoriya's breathing stopped and black whips emerged from his hands and wrapped in warning around Tomura’s wrists. It was like being struck with lightning, only it didn’t really hurt. It was just a gentle current flowing through the epidermis without actually spreading deep enough to do damage, a gentle pressure that was tight but also felt like no weight at all. It was a weird sensation. Tomura halted further movement, not moving his hand away, but also not pushing forward.

It was an agonizing amount of time before the whips (Midoriya’s quirk?) unraveled and disappeared. When he met no more opposition, Tomura gently rubbed his hand up and down. "Breathe in on a count of four and out on a count of eight."

"I-I can't…"

"I'll count with you," Tomura said, calmly. "Breathe in slowly."

Midoriya took a slow breath.

Tomura nodded. "One… two… three…. Four. Hold…"

Midoriya held it.

"Good, now out. One… two… three… four… five…. Six…"

Tomura guided him through this exercise a few times before Midoriya was doing it by himself, and when it seemed effortless, he removed his hand from his back.

"Feel better?"

Midoriya sighed in relief. "Y-Yes. So much… T-Thanks."

He pushed his glass of water into those scarred and mangled hands.

"Drink."

Midoriya fumbled the glass, nearly spilling it, but when he finally had a grip on it, he brought it to his lips and drank the rest of the water Tomura left. He dropped the empty glass onto the comforter.

Tomura was silent as Midoriya sat there, breathing slowly, quietly. His eyes were so empty as he looked at the glass in his lap. The silence hung thickly around them and, for once, Tomura didn't know what to say.

"I'm sorry if I woke you," Midoriya eventually said.

"I was up getting some water."

"A-Ah, that's why you had this…" He picked up the glass and looked at it for a moment. He looked like he wanted to smile but physically couldn't make himself. This kid was so fucked up.

"Do you always have nightmares that wake you up in panic attacks?"

"T-They've been getting more frequent."

Tomura's eyes widened in understanding. "This is why you haven't been sleeping."

Midoriya didn't respond. Tomura sighed.

"You're not gonna be able to do this forever. You're either gonna die or fall asleep in a bad situation and die."

"I can handle it, Shigaraki."

"You're *not* handling it—"

"--I *have* to!"

Tomura said nothing and neither did Midoriya, but there was tension in his form like he was some kind of scared animal, ready to fight or run at any moment.

"Then what's your plan for handling it?" Tomura said, carefully.

"G-Get to sleep. I can't do that if you're talking to me like this."

"You weren't sleeping when I wasn't talking to you, either. What are your dreams like?"

Izuku looked at him, eyebrows drawn together and a frown on his face, making him look older than he actually was . "I-I used to dream about past battles… like when I fought muscular or when you kidnapped Kacchan. Fighting Overhaul." His face was miserable, but as he continued talking, it looked like he was experiencing utter terror. "Now I dream about Tenko… a-and you. I dream about Tenko dying, about losing him and then you disappear, and everyone else disappears and I'm left a-alone." His voice was wet and he seemed to start trembling again. Tomura brought his hand to his back again and started back up his breathing exercises until the attack passed before it could fully manifest.

"Okay. Yeah, that dream sucks."

Midoriya let out a dry laugh. "Y-Yeah."

Tomura took his hand away and considered it for a moment before pushing Midoriya down onto his pillow. He stood up and went out to the living room. He grabbed his gloves sitting on he table by the closet and strapped them on before running upstairs to grab his pillow and then returned to Midoriya’s bedroom.

He sat down on on the bed, adjusting his pillow and then flopped back, covering himself with the comforter.

Midoriya let out an impressive squeak. "S-Shigaraki? Wha-What—"

"You're afraid of being alone, so now you're not. Go to sleep."

"How is sleeping with my number one enemy supposed to *help* me?"

"It's kind of like having a cheat day on a really intensive diet. Provides a boost to the metabolism and incentive to stick with it."

"T-This is a really bad idea," he hissed.

"I don't know. I think it's a great idea. Besides, I put on my gloves. You'll be perfectly safe."

Midoriya's voice was small and uncertain. "... Safe,"

"Yeah." He turned to face him, making out his facial features in the muted light from the moon. It took like a whole minute of Midoriya gaping at him like he grew several heads before Tomura saw the tension in his shoulders release and his eyes flutter tiredly. He smiled. "Good boy. Now sleep."

Sleep seemed to find Midoriya easily now, and Tomura observed the moment he succumbed to slumber, breaths evening out and body going slack. Tomura felt no small amount of relief at the sight. It had been weirdly painful to watch this kid struggle so much over the last few days.

Tomura had no idea why the urge to help and protect Midoriya was so strong. He didn't even know why it existed at all. Was it some kind of phenomena because Midoriya was his closest enemy? It made sense. He needed Midoriya for several reasons. The last thing he wanted was for his enemy to die of *exhaustion* of all things.

There it was. That made sense.

Less clear were his growing feelings for Tenko. He didn't have any reason to enjoy his interactions with the child as much as he did. It had been hilarious watching Tenko act like a villain as he skulked around with the replacement *Father* on his face yesterday, and today when Tenko nearly brought down Gym Gamma single handedly, Tomura had been so *proud.* That was *his* kid that blew past the expectations of everyone in that gym and put that spark of excitement on such a droll man as Eraserhead's face.

He was so highly determined to train his quirk and do well in anything he was tasked to do. Sure he was loud in the morning and forced Tomura to be a functional adult, weirdly enough, but Tomura, shockingly, didn't mind that. Admittedly, he kind of *liked* waking up to someone who liked him every day.

And Tenko, weirdly observant as he was, became a pillar of support Tomura never expected in his life, nor knew that he needed.

He would see Tenko through the rest these seven days and he would do it properly. He would take care of his needs. He would bring him to UA and help Eraserhead train his quirk and kick start his education. He would support Midoriya in whatever he was struggling with. He opened his eyes to see Midoriya's sleeping face at peace, his chest rising and falling steadily. He felt the corners of his lips raise in a smile

He would do that properly, as well.

The last thing that kept him awake was the feeling of Midoriya's warmth against his shoulder, but sleep overtook him before he could linger on the thought too much

Just as he fell asleep, the display on his phone lit up with a text.

Himi-chan 💉👄: I saw a child with eyes the beautiful color of blood today in the forest. He was so cute. Who is he? I'll come to meet him soon. Tell Izuku hi for me, Tomura-kun! 💖