

# One Weak Moment

Von Puraido

## Inhaltsverzeichnis

<b>Kapitel 1: Chapter 1</b>	.....	2
<b>Kapitel 2: Chapter 2</b>	.....	3
<b>Kapitel 3: Chapter 3</b>	.....	8
<b>Kapitel 4: Chapter 4</b>	.....	9
<b>Kapitel 5: Chapter 5</b>	.....	15

# Kapitel 1: Chapter 1

*[Dieses Kapitel ist nur Volljährigen zugänglich]*

## Kapitel 2: Chapter 2

The rest of the day, he contemplated what to do. He had gotten the last two days off from the principal to collect himself; even Eri stayed with All Might. And how did he spend this time? Seducing his student. A great teacher he was.

The guilt over his actions was almost crushing him. He had to tell someone, right? He couldn't just keep it a secret. If others found out beforehand, this would be even worse. No, he had to come clean. But ... his alpha – Midoriya! His student! – he corrected himself, said he wouldn't talk about it.

Midoriya wanted to see him in class again. How hard could it be? He just had to pretend that everything was okay, right? He did this for years after Shirakumo's death, so he could do it again, right?

Aizawa crawled out of his sleeping bag and paced through the room. He couldn't sit still; he needed to do something. He was so restless, a nervous wreck even. All because of one wrong decision. He cursed himself.

But the day eventually ended, and the night broke. Burning phantoms of hands and lips crawled over his body as he relived the night with his alpha. He cried when he had to go through this again. He was such a scumbag!

The following morning was even harder, they had classes today, and he would see him again. How would this go? He was scared that the others would notice immediately, even after applying scent patches and putting on his collar. The wound was luckily hidden by his clothes and the binding cloth. But he didn't feel ready mentally to face Midoriya again.

He was such a coward. A pathetic wimp! He had been so sure he could confess to the principal, yet, here he was, hiding away the evidence that something had happened and playing pretend. Would he really go through with it? He didn't want to lose his job. He wasn't interested in his students normally. That had been just an accident, right? Midoriya was the exception because he had been so vulnerable at the time.

Yeah, right. He would never do such vile things while having a clear mind. He was not one of those disgusting people ... He wasn't attracted to his students.

With heavy footsteps, he entered the classroom. His students looked at him expectantly, and he felt like a deer in headlights for a moment. Did they see through him? Did Midoriya tell them? "Mr. Aizawa!" Ochako perked up, making him flinch. "How are Present Mic and Midnight doing?"

"I have no new information, but last, Present Mic was in a coma, and Midnight was still unconscious," he was a little bit relieved when they asked about his colleagues. That

was something he could talk about, he still hated it, but he could do it.

His eyes snapped to Midoriya for a brief moment, and the greenette nodded at him, barely noticeable. A sign to go on. Aizawa didn't deserve so much kindness ...

"I hope so much that they pull through," Mina cried. Other students agreed with her.

"Yeah, me too," Aizawa murmured. They started classes, and everything seemed to work normally for a short while, even though Aizawa had to concentrate really hard. He noticed himself that his gaze wandered to Midoriya every once in a while.

He begged internally that the others didn't pick up on it. He pressed his lips to a straight line whenever he found himself looking. This was just awful. His omega was still upset, and he wanted his alpha by his side. Goddamnit!

Aizawa dragged himself to the teacher's lounge during the break. He was shaking; pathetic, he thought. You're so pathetic. You don't deserve to be a teacher. His mind was racing with those repeating thoughts. He couldn't get his brain to shut up, and it drove him crazy.

"Hey, Aizawa!" He flinched heavily when All Might approached him. He felt caught in the act, thinking all about Midoriya again. "How are you holding up?" The former number one sat next to him.

"Could be better," Aizawa mumbled.

"I'm sure they will pull through. They can do it." All Might gave him an encouraging smile while placing one hand on his shoulder. It made Aizawa sick; he didn't deserve encouragement, even though this was for his friends to pull through.

"Yeah, they will," he felt numb saying those words all over again. He wasn't sure what would happen to them, and his mind was full of Midoriya anyway. His thoughts drifted off to the greenette.

"Is everything alright?" All Might tilted his head, looking concerned.

"Yeah ... all things considered," Shota stared at the ground as if he wanted it to open and swallow him. Maybe that was true after all. He would deserve it.

"If you ever feel overwhelmed, then don't hesitate to talk with me, okay?" Toshinori squeezed his shoulder for reassurance. The touch burned through the fabric of Aizawa's shirt.

Shota felt uncomfortable in the presence of the other alpha. It wasn't his alpha, after all. He hated the thought that he was so connected to his student all of a sudden. He had underestimated the force of a mating bond. He felt heavily distressed, given that his alpha was not with him.

"Well, then, I have classes next. I better get going," All Might got up with one last shoulder squeeze and finally left him. All Shota wanted to do was roll himself to a ball and silently suffer.

He crawled into his sleeping bag and did this for his remaining free period. His head was blank for anything that didn't revolve around his alpha. It was agonizing.

As the days passed, Aizawa was in this stupor most of the time whenever he wasn't teaching. Then, about three days later, he finally got the news that Nemuri had woken up. He hurried to the hospital.

His body was aching when he forced himself to go to this dreaded room. He opened the door and walked past Hizashi's bed. He was still in a coma. "Nemuri," he approached her bed.

She was bandaged up but smiled at him. "Hey ..." Her voice sounded weak, and she looked like she was about to sleep again.

"How are you feeling?" Aizawa grabbed her hand, squeezing it slightly.

"Felt better, but I'm alive." She smiled weakly, trying to return the squeeze. "And you? How are you holding up?"

"I'm fine. The past three days were hard, though. Thought I might lose you too." A saddened expression washed over his face. His neck burned where his mating mark was, but now was definitely not a great time to talk about this. Or ever, for that matter. No, he couldn't even speak to her about it.

"Hey, don't worry, we will both make it," she encouraged him. "Hizashi will wake up too. You will see," Nemuri chuckled. "And maybe then you can finally tell him, heh?" Even though her voice was weakened, she had this cheeky undertone to it.

His eyes widened. "I didn't realize that you noticed ..."

"Oh, I see a lot. You can't hide your feelings from me!" She laughed but winced seconds later. "Laughing is not a good idea."

"Don't push yourself," Aizawa looked concerned over to her.

"It's okay." She answered.

Shota stayed with her until the visiting time was up. It was hard for him to leave, but he knew he had to. He gave Hizashi one last look and prayed that he would wake up soon.

His body felt so fatigued when he arrived at UA. He felt like this trip had aged him over a decade. All he wanted to do was sleep, but at the same time, he felt so restless. He took care of the small cat he had adopted just two weeks prior to the incident. He had to take care of Eri as well. But he was so exhausted. And he feared Eri would notice and think it was her fault.

But there was nothing he could do about it. She needed some entertainment. She did so well these past few years. "Hey, Eri," he smiled at her. She had her hair in a bun and sat at the table, drawing something.

"Shota! Hello!" She smiled up at him. His heavy mood lightened a little bit when he saw the kid smiling. While he never had the urge to have a pup himself, he cared deeply about Eri and had adopted her last year.

He sat next to her. "What are you drawing?" He asked.

"Oh, just a picture of you, me, Hizashi, Lemillion, and Deku," she said while pointing down. Shota's jaw tightened when he saw it. He got his facial expression under control before she could notice something. He took the picture and looked at it more closely.

Eri had drawn herself in the middle, Shota on her left side, next to it Izuku, and on her other side were Lemillion and Hizashi. Why did she have to draw Izuku right next to him? "That is an adorable picture!" He praised her. "I like it." Then, carefully, he patted her head.

"Thank you!" She beamed at him. "How are Nemuri and Hizashi doing?" She asked after a while.

"Nemuri woke up; she is doing fine. She just has to heal. Hizashi ... he is still sleeping." He told her. "But I'm sure he will make it too." Oh, how little faith he had in his own words; it was scaring him.

"I hope they will get better soon!" Eri frowned a little.

"They will." He squeezed her shoulder and got up to change. After that, he cooked them food and prepared a nest on the couch for Eri and himself. He never really cared for nesting in the past, but since adopting Eri, he has done it more frequently. In general, she brought his omega side out.

After dinner, they sat together on the couch. Eri was cuddled up in the pillow nest. It was a little too warm for blankets, and they watched a movie together.

While Eri watched enthusiastically, Shota was in his own mind. His neck was throbbing where the bite mark was, and he had the urge to cuddle against his alpha. Pictures flashed in his mind, how he was sitting here, leaning against his alpha. Eri in his arms.

He shook his head slowly to get the thoughts out.

He knew exactly that he couldn't be with Izuku, and he didn't want to either. He always had feelings for Hizashi, and it made him sick that Izuku took over the spot that was reserved for his long-time friend. He didn't want this to happen!

Eri cuddled up at his side when it got even later. Eventually, he lifted her up in his arms and carried her to bed. "Shota ..." She mumbled, "why do you smell like Deku?"

He was mortified when she said this. Her head was on the side, where the fresh bite mark was, but still, he wore scent patches and his collar!

"I ... met him earlier. We bumped into each other; maybe that's why," he lied. She let out an "ah," and fell asleep shortly after.

Shota got up and quickly went under the shower. Shit, this was bad. If even a pup who hadn't even presented could smell Izuku, then he was so fucked. Others would smell him, too, eventually! He had to find a way to mask the scent. Otherwise, he was screwed.

With an uneasy feeling, he went to bed as well.

## Kapitel 3: Chapter 3

*[Dieses Kapitel ist nur Volljährigen zugänglich]*



## Kapitel 4: Chapter 4

Strangely, the heat didn't even last one day. After Izuku was done with him, the heat waves subsided, and he felt normal again. What the hell was that? But now that he was pain- and heat-free, he felt definitely better.

However, facing Izuku during classes felt even more of a challenge now. He caught himself, glancing over at his alpha more than once, and definitely more than was appropriate. He had to suppress his snarls when Katsuki aggressively approached Izuku, dragging him out for lunch.

His days consisted of classes and visiting Hizashi in the hospital. Nemuri was released a couple of days ago. She was still recovering, though, and wouldn't return to school for a while.

Visiting Hizashi got increasingly harder. He put on a brave face, but immeasurable guilt crept up in his body every time he sat on his friend's bed. The beta didn't notice, however; he chatted along happily.

Shota sat next to Hizashi again, listening to a wild-sounding story of what he had witnessed here in the hospital when suddenly, a wave of nausea washed over him. "'scuse me," Shota jumped up and ran toward the bathroom; he barely made it to the toilet before he threw up.

"Oi, Shota? You okay?" Hizashi asked from his bed. Shota took a few deep breaths, and the sick feeling was gone. He got up and flushed the toilet.

"Yeah, I'm good," he returned to the beta's side. "Don't know what this was; maybe I got a cold," he shrugged. "Or I ate something bad."

"Damn, hope it's nothing serious," the blond still looked concerned.

Shota managed to smile at him. "Ah, I don't think it is." He squeezed Hizashi's hand.

But this should turn out to be a lie. The sickness came quickly and suddenly once or twice a day before it vanished until the next wave. Sometimes it came during the morning, sometimes late at night.

He could feel the concerned looks of his students – especially Izuku's – when he ran out of the classroom after another wave hit him. He barely made it to the bathroom in time. Was it the flu?

Shota collected himself while staring into the mirror. He looked like shit ... Even more

tired than usual. In an effort to change that, he let cold water run over his hands before splashing it into his face. The sick feeling was gone again.

Eventually, he returned to the classroom. "Is everything okay, Mr. Aizawa? Have you caught a cold?" Iida jumped up from his seat, and his arms chopped the air.

"Sit down. I'm fine. I think it might be the flu, but I'm not sure; I will get it checked out, though." Which was a lie, but they didn't need to know that. He continued the lesson, and Izuku's gaze burned into him.

Eri sat in his lap; she had an upsetting day in school and needed to be comforted. Shota did his best to do so, even though he felt massively on edge as well. "Shota ... why do you smell so much like Deku?" She asked after a while of leaning against him.

"Huh? Do I?" He furrowed his brows; since their last encounter, some days had passed, and he made sure to shower more regularly these days so the stench wouldn't seep through the scent patches and the collar.

"Yes, it's getting stronger," the little girl looked at him, confused.

This was not good! So not good! "Uhm, hmm, that is indeed strange," he murmured. He was screwed; if she could pick it up, then he was sure others could too.

"Oh well, I don't say it's bad. I was just wondering. I like Deku's smell." She snuggled against him.

Shota was lost in his thoughts. How could he better conceal this? However, he got ripped out when another wave of nausea hit him. "Sorry, Eri, you need to get up," he said in a pressed voice. Confused, Eri stood up, and Shota sprinted toward the bathroom.

When he came back, she looked even more concerned. "Is everything okay? It's getting worse, isn't it?"

"Oh, I'm fine ... it's nothing ..." who was he kidding? He didn't even believe his own words anymore.

"But you are sick so much! I'm worried. Have you talked to Recovery Girl?" She tilted her head.

"No, don't worry. I just got the flu. It will be over soon," he petted her head. Eri didn't look convinced but didn't say anything to that.

Eventually, Hizashi was ready to be released. Shota was excited but also very worried. He wondered how this would go. Could he hide the bite mark from Hizashi? The

wound had healed and was now nothing more than a ring of teeth marks, not the nasty open injury, but it was still clearly visible.

"Yooo, Sho! Finally, I can go home!" He seemed so excited. He wrapped his arms around Shota, and the touch almost burned the omega up. The guilt was still so prominent.

"Yeah, about time. Let's go!" He said, trying to get him off not too quickly. Hizashi didn't seem to notice Shota's hastiness and followed him, his bag over his shoulders. They walked over to the car, and Shota drove them home.

During the drive, Hizashi chatted about these last days at the hospital, but he sniffed the air after a while. Shit. "What's that smell?"

"Don't know what you mean," Shota said defensively. This was bad. Beta noses were not as sensitive to smells like alpha or omega noses. When even he could smell Midoriya on him, then it was even worse than he thought. "I don't smell anything."

Hizashi looked at him with a weird expression, but then he cleared his throat and picked up where he had left off. He seemed to notice that Shota didn't want to talk about it.

Eventually, they came home, and Eri was super excited to see Hizashi again. "Hey, I missed you so much!" She tackle-hugged him.

"Hey, little listener! I'm happy to see you too!" Hizashi laughed.

"I've drawn something for you!" She proceeded to show him all the pictures she had drawn.

"Oh, those are wonderful! Thank you very much!" Hizashi petted her head. "Hey, Sho, look at those masterpieces!" He held them up, showing him images of them as a family. They had different poses; Midoriya and Togata were mainly at the sides. Shota noticed that in all of the pictures, Midoriya was close to him. It made his heart ache.

"Yeah, they are wonderful," he smiled. But it wavered when nausea hit him. "Excuse me!" He turned around to sprint over to the bathroom.

"Shota?" Hizashi walked after him but respectfully waited outside the bathroom for him to finish. "Is it still not better?"

"No, but it will be," Shota murmured. He felt embarrassed. He didn't want Hizashi to see him like this. He got up and winced; his back hurt slightly. He flushed the toilet and rinsed his mouth.

"You haven't checked this out yet? I think it's something more serious than the flu," Hizashi's look was so full of concern that it almost hurt.

"It's fine! I'm telling you! This only happens a few times a day, and after that, it's over." He tried to soothe him. "Come, let's make some food and watch a movie with Eri." He was just trying to distract the beta.

"... Alright," he followed Aizawa, and together they cooked. Nemuri came over, too, and they had a mini-party.

Aizawa was relieved when his two friends were gone. He wanted to spend time with them, but they kept staring at him, making him uncomfortable. He tucked Eri into bed when it was time, and then he sat down in front of the TV again. He sighed; this was just the worst.

"Oi, Deku!" Katsuki approached Izuku, and the greenette flinched. "You there? You spaced out again!" He turned around and saw his omega friend.

"Sorry ..." he murmured. He had this weird feeling, and he didn't know why. He missed his omega so much. The worry for him was huge.

"You've been really weird for a few weeks. What the heck happened with you?" Katsuki sat next to him. He placed his hand on Izuku's shoulder but pulled it back when the alpha flinched.

Izuku saw the hurt on Katsuki's face when he shied away. But there was nothing he could do. He liked Kacchan, but since he mated Aizawa, his interest became less. "I don't know," he murmured.

He and Katsuki weren't dating or anything. But he knew that Katsuki had feelings for him and expected him to start the courting soon, and it hurt so much that he couldn't reciprocate them any longer.

"You don't know, or you don't want to talk about it?" The crimson-red eyes pierced through him.

The alpha exhaled. "I don't want to." He looked to the side; he felt so guilty and bad. If he was honest, keeping this whole relationship a secret was so hard. But he had promised Aizawa to keep quiet. He didn't want him to lose his job, no matter how hard it was.

Katsuki frowned. He felt so frustrated. "You don't want to talk to me about your problems?"

"Not really ..."

"But, Deku, shouldn't you talk to me? I mean ... I thought ..." he stuttered over his words.

"Thought what?" Izuku's tone was sharper than necessary, and he saw how Katsuki's eyes widened.

"I thought we would be ... you know?" Izuku tilted his head when the omega didn't get the words out. Usually, he would bark at everyone who came too close to him, and now he couldn't say the words?

"No, I don't know," Izuku didn't know why he was so pissed off, why he challenged the omega, his best friend and former love interest. Shit, why did it have to be like this? He knew he shouldn't be like this. Katsuki didn't know! How was he supposed to know? Izuku needed to calm down.

"Damnit! I thought you would finally start to court me! You know that I have feelings for you. Why haven't you started?" His voice got higher. "Instead, you're avoiding me!" He grabbed Izuku's hand. "And you don't want to talk to me anymore!"

Almost immediately, Izuku pulled his hand out of Katsuki's grasp. "It's complicated, Kacchan. But I'm not going to court you." He could see that this was most definitely a hit in the face. Katsuki looked so devastated.

"What? Why?!" Katsuki grabbed him again, this time by the collar. Desperation was in the red irises.

"We're still in school, Kacchan, and it's... just too early to be thinking about that. I don't want to ... get stuck in something I'm not sure of."

Izuku saw how Katsuki's mimic changed from desperate; to not believing it; to angry. "Great, you think I'm a nuisance? That's it, right? I'm annoying you? Yeah, sure, I got jealous a few times when these other extras came too close, but still! Or ... is it still because of the bullying? How many times do you want me to apologize for it?" He got louder, and his scent turned sharp and aggressive.

"It has nothing to do with that! I'm just not sure I want to have a relationship with you. My feelings have ... changed. I can't do this anymore!" He told him. He didn't want to have this conversation. He knew he would hurt Katsuki so much, but he didn't want to be in a relationship like this. He was still mated to Aizawa and didn't want to do this to Katsuki. If he was going to be with him, he wanted to do it right, not halfway mated to someone else.

"Changed ..." Now Katsuki really looked like as if Izuku had hit him in the face with an entire fence. "Y-You don't love me anymore?" The omega swallowed heavily.

"No, I ... look, I told you it's complicated. I still love you, but I can't be with you. At least not right now. I just can't, Kacchan. This is going too fast for me. I am not ready for a committed relationship." This was good, was it? It was the truth. Well, half of it. Even before the stuff with Aizawa, he sometimes felt overwhelmed by Kacchan's speed.

Katsuki sat back; he felt clearly uncomfortable. He needed some time to process the

conversation. "Fuck ..." He murmured, swallowing audibly. "A-Am I really going too fast again? I'm ruining things by being too pushy, am I?"

Izuku's heart broke when he saw him like that. Tears ran over, and he pulled Katsuki close. "I'm sorry; it's not your fault. It is me. Please, Kacchan, don't think this is something you caused."

The omega leaned against his shoulder, and Izuku hated himself for disliking the feeling. It wasn't his omega, after all. But he couldn't let Katsuki believe that this was his fault in any form. "Maybe one day, we can be together, but now is not the time. I'm so sorry." He stroked through the blond, soft hair, knowing it wouldn't do much to improve the situation.

"Yeah ... one day ..." Katsuki murmured, feeling numb.

## Kapitel 5: Chapter 5

It got worse. Everything felt horrible, and the sickness got more. His entire body was in pain the longer he was away from his alpha. Another week passed, and nothing seemed to get better. He just wanted it to be over!

He only had relief in the classroom when Izuku was fairly close to him. Even though they couldn't touch, the mere presence alone helped Aizawa to feel better.

He noticed that Bakugo was quiet these days. He looked incredibly sad too. Had Izuku talked with him? Good! Disgusted with himself, he shook his head. No, he shouldn't think like that. This was still his student!

The day dragged on and on; each minute that Midoriya was away from him felt like an eternity. It was awful, and he longed for the embrace of his partner. He gritted his teeth, even though his jaw hurt.

When he returned to the classroom, only one person was in it. Unfortunately, not the one Shota had hoped for. "What are you still doing here, Bakugo?" He asked. Aizawa felt instantly sick when he got closer to the sad omega. He knew that it was stupid and wrong to think like this.

The blond looked up, and he was visibly uncomfortable. "Oh, uh, I'm just hiding from Deku ..." He murmured. His tone was so sad that Shota's omega perked up despite everything. If he hadn't worn scent patches and his collar, he could have tried to calm his student with his pheromones.

"Why do you hide from him?" Shota asked, walking closer until he was at the teacher's desk.

The boy was silent for a long while; Shota wondered if he was ever going to answer. "Deku doesn't want me ..." Bakugo eventually said. "It's going too fast for him. I've ruined my chance with him, haven't I?" He was the most distraught Shota had ever seen him. "He's so distant to me, too!"

"I am sorry to hear that, Bakugo ..." Shota swallowed heavily. "I ... know how unrequited love feels," he added. He felt so bad for thinking badly of his student all the time.

"Do you?" Bakugo looked directly at him; his eyes were red and puffy now that Shota could see him properly.

"Yeah," he exhaled. "The alpha I liked died when we were still young. And Yamada ...," he paused, shaking his head and shrugging helplessly.

Bakugo gasped and thought about that sentence. His chin was trembling. "I don't wanna lose him. I know that I fucked up badly in the past. And I'm afraid he will look for another omega ..." He confessed.

Shota's heart stung; he didn't want Bakugo anywhere near Midoriya, his alpha! He wished so much that he could stop it. "I'm sure he will come around ..." speaking those words felt like venom on his tongue. "If you give him the time he needs, I'm sure he will feel more comfortable. You are both still young and have your whole life in front of you. So no need to rush into it." He forced himself to say those words. He knew Izuku was bound to him unless they managed to break the bond – if that was even possible. But of course, he couldn't tell this Bakugo.

The student nodded. "Yeah, I know ... I just ... want to be close to him. It's cursed, I think. I always tried to push him away, and now, the thought of being separated from him feels so terrible." Yeah, Shota knew exactly how this felt. Katsuki cleared his throat. "Anyhow ... I think I should go now. Thanks ..."

The thanks hurt the most. Aizawa didn't want his thanks. He still felt so vile for always thinking so negatively about Katsuki. He exhaled and watched his student leave. "Shit ..." he murmured.

Shota groaned, it was the weekend, and he tried to sleep for longer; he was so tired, more than usual. But just lying there and doing nothing was painful. Izuku was gone, off to Endeavor's Agency, and the distance bothered him so much.

Eventually, Eri walked up to him and crawled into his nest. "I'm really worried," she said. "You're not getting better!" Tears swam in her eyes.

"Oh, I'm going to be fine. This is just a little more persistent illness." He smiled at her, hoping to cheer her up. But Eri shook his head.

"I don't think that. Shota, you have to go to the doctor, please!" She begged.

"We will see ..." he petted her head. They stayed together in bed, and he managed to fall asleep for some time.

He felt dizzy, it was Sunday, and Izuku had been gone for three days now. His body burned up, but he still tried to make it work. Hizashi was with him; they were cooking. Shota's body was drenched in sweat, making his clothes stick to his body. It was so uncomfortable.

"The listeners improved so much in English. I'm very happy about that!" Hizashi praised the students. They were talking about their improvements. He was chopping the vegetables; Eri stood on a stool and stirred in the large pot.



"That's very good," Shota murmured. He felt his vision blurring; sickness crept up inside of him again.

This used to be everything he wanted. Hizashi and him in a domestic environment, cooking for their pup – Eri. Sure, they were just here as friends, but still, it was so close to his dreams, yet, he couldn't enjoy it. His body was aching so much because his alpha wasn't here with him.

He hated himself for ruining everything before it even had the chance to start. He swallowed heavily when bile was rising up in his esophagus. He pressed a hand to his mouth and turned on his heels to sprint to the bathroom. "Shota?" Hizashi called out, concerned.

Shota threw up violently. His body hurt even more now; he felt so drained of all energy. He wanted to curl into a ball and die! He was scared by his own thoughts. Why was he so fucking dependent on Izuku? Shit!

He flinched when two arms grabbed him and pulled him up. "That's enough. I'm dragging you to Recovery Girl now!" Hizashi was mad, he tried to hide it, but Shota knew him so well that he could hear the suppressed anger. "You're burning up; you have to vomit all the time. This can't go on."

"I'm fine ..." Shota tried to struggle free, but the exhaustion was so big that he didn't even manage this. Hizashi dragged him out of the room. "Okay, damnit, I'll go to Recovery Girl, just ... let me change, okay? I'm all sweaty ... It's uncomfortable." He really didn't want to go, but he knew he wouldn't get out of this.

"Fine, let's get you new clothes," Hizashi sighed and helped him over to the bedroom. Shota tensed when the beta sniffed. "There it is again, this weird smell ..."

Huffing, Shota freed himself from Hizashi's grip and walked to his closet. He felt highly uncomfortable changing in front of his friend, something that had never happened before. It wasn't the first time that he had changed clothes when Hizashi was present. "I don't smell anything."

He grabbed a shirt and pants and began to get rid of the soaking-wet shirt first. With a towel, Shota dried his body at least a little bit. What he forgot, in all his dizziness, was the mating mark. It was only covered by a scent patch, which was already full. When he wiped over it with the towel, it came off.

What followed was a snarl from the beta behind him. "What is this?" Hizashi asked. His voice was sharp, and it cut Shota deep. The omega swallowed when his friend grabbed him by the shoulder and turned him around, pushing his hair aside. "Y-You got a mating mark?" His voice was loud; it boomed in Shota's head, making it spin even more. "When did that happen?"

"I ..." – "Or more, with whom did that happen?" He interrupted Shota before he could even speak. The omega could see the fury in his eyes.

"Shota, Hizashi? Is everything okay?" Eri asked shyly from the door.

As if a switch flipped, Hizashi turned around, smiling. "Of course, Eri. How about you go into your room? Shota and I have to talk about a few things," he asked of her.

"Oh ... yeah, sure ..." She sounded sad but followed his wish. She left the room, closing the door.

Shota could see that Hizashi had taken some deep breaths. "So?" He turned around, desperately trying to hold himself back not to yell at Shota.

"It was a mistake ..." Shota murmured. "I-It happened after I learned of your accident." Shota stammered. He had to tell him about it, at least the parts he could. He couldn't out himself and Midoriya, no way!

"What? How?" Hizashi huffed.

"I was desperate. I thought I might lose two of my friends! I was sleep deprived and had some alcohol on the way. And then ... a dry heat hit me, and an alpha was close ..." It was so hard to talk about this, especially when he saw Hizashi's expression turning from anger into absolute horror.

"Did he ... did he assault you?" The beta took two steps closer.

Shota softly shook his head, which made Hizashi stop. "No ... I wasn't assaulted. My brain was short-wired. I never was close to an alpha while in heat. I ... threw myself at him. I didn't know what to do and just wanted to forget my worries. I never intended the whole mating thing, however. It just ... happened." Tears ran out of Shota's eyes. He couldn't hold himself back.

Hizashi stared at him; his expression had turned, yet again, from horror into something that Shota couldn't read. Hizashi mustered him for a long while and scanned his entire body. "The bond ... it that the reason you feel sick all the time because you are not with ... your alpha?"

Helplessly, Shota nodded. "I think so? It's so hard to stay away. I feel so awful ..."

The blond stayed silent for a long time. His gaze wandered deeper, tilting his head, and scrunching his nose, he walked toward him. Much to Shota's shock, he placed a hand on his belly. "Shota ... be honest with me. Are you pregnant?"

What?

"What? No? I-I can't be!" Shota stammered. "I-I was in a dry heat. I can't be pregnant! This doesn't work!" He shook his head, and his skin, where Hizashi touched him, burned heavily.

"Isn't heat just a heat? Was the alpha in rut?" The beta investigated further. "You even have a bond mark. You're sick all the time ..."

Unable to hold his weight, Shota stumbled back. Only Hizashi's firm grip prevented him from landing on his ass. Hizashi guided him to the bed, and even more exhausted, Shota sat on the mattress. His thoughts went wild. No way, no, no, no! This couldn't have happened. He couldn't be pregnant! This would make everything even worse! For him and Midoriya! The boy was barely eighteen!

"Oi, Shota! Breathe!" Hizashi shook him when he lost all focus. "It's okay, don't panic, stay with me!" His voice was booming even though he tried to dampen it. But Shota's ears were strangely sensitive to the noises. Hizashi rubbed circles on his back, trying to comfort him.

"I'm sorry ..." Shota murmured.

"Sorry? What for?" Hizashi questioned with a strained voice. Tears were burning in his eyes, but he tried to keep them back.

"For this here ... I never wanted this!" His voice broke. "I'm sorry!"

"Hey, Shota, it's gonna be okay ... We just ... have to find that alpha. He needs to be close to you, otherwise, you will get worse." Shota could hit himself. Now Hizashi even tried to comfort him! This shouldn't be! Everything was so wrong. "D-Do you know the alpha? Or was it a stranger?" There was still this tenseness in Hizashi's body.

Shota cursed internally while wiping off the tears. "I-I know him. But I can't be with him!" He put all the emphasis on the last sentence. "I ruined everything, did I?"

"What do you mean?" There was a strange undertone in Hizashi's voice. As if he already knew what Shota meant as if he had to prepare himself for what was coming next.

The upset omega huffed; he swallowed around the lump in his throat. Then he waved between Hizashi and himself. "I mean ... what could have been between us ..." His voice felt so weak, almost as weak as his body.

The beta let out a surprised gasp. He seemed to fully understand now. "Shota ... I don't know ... First, we gotta deal with this. You need to see the old lady. She needs to check on the baby." He exhaled deeply. "And then we gotta do something about your alpha. You need to be close. The bond is not properly finished. That's why you are in so much pain ..."

Shota could only stare at Hizashi. "I can't mate further with him. I'd ruin his life if I did that ..." He mumbled, hoping the beta wouldn't understand him. But he did.

"But he did that to himself by claiming you! What idiot goes around and claims omegas in heat just like this?" He got furious.

"Leave him alone. He didn't know better!" It slipped out before he could stop himself. Hizashi's gaze hardened at this sentence.

"What do you mean by that? Which alpha doesn't know about not claiming omegas randomly?" Shota could hear the frustration in the DJ's voice.

"It is what it is ... But I can't drag him into this, under no circumstances!" Shota said adamantly. "I've done enough. He also didn't want to do it, but my heat scent threw him off. I've already ruined his life with that. If he learns about the pregnancy ... No ..." Tears overflowed.

"But, Shota, if nothing happens, you could literally die from this unfinished bond ... Besides, he deserves to know that he's becoming a father. Don't you think?" Hizashi moved a little further away from Shota, which hurt more than anything.

"No, he can't! I'm not telling you who it is." He said stubbornly.

Hizashi deeply in- and exhaled a few times to calm himself down. "Fine ..." his voice sounded unfamiliarly cold. "But you still need to go to Recovery Girl. Get dressed so we can go. I tell Eri." With that, he got up and abruptly left the room. It stung so heavily in Shota's heart to see him leave.

When he was out of the room, Shota let out a wail. This was just the worst! Why hadn't he been more careful? He gritted his teeth. No, there was nothing he could do right now; he was behaving illogically. He should get ready for Recovery Girl.

But then the thought of the pregnancy flashed through his mind. His hand pressed against his still-flat belly. Was he really carrying Midoriya's pup? His life would be over. They would find out eventually.

Exhausted, he got up, dressed in fresh clothes, and made his way out of his room.

Hizashi had Toshinori come over to watch Eri while they went to Recovery Girl. Hizashi kept his distance but was still close enough for the case that Shota would lose balance. His presence felt cold as if Shota walked through a snowstorm without clothes.

The old lady was surprised to see them, but after explaining the situation, she got to work. She examined the bond mark. "Hm, the mark is healed properly, but let me guess, you haven't claimed the alpha back to complete it, yes?" She asked, her gloved finger running over the edge of the bite.

"No, I have not ..." Shota murmured, "and I can't and won't do that ever!" he added. He just couldn't mate Izuku, ruining his life.

She let out a hum, and he couldn't tell if she disapproved of his answer or not. "I see how it is," she eventually said. "Undress the shirt and lay down over there. I will check on the baby. I don't even need to do a pregnancy test; the smell is already giving it away."

Feeling uncomfortable even more, Shota undressed and lay down. She smeared the gel on his abdomen and pressed the ultrasound device on it. Shota was scared to see the growing life inside him. Instead, he watched Hizashi, who was standing against the wall, arms crossed over his chest. He looked coldly at him; it hurt to see.

Chiyo looked at the monitor examining him. "Yes, it's looking good." She murmured. "But I am worried that the stress from being apart from your mate might hurt them. You need to get closer to him, especially if you don't want to mate with him. Being apart could quite literally kill you."

Aizawa swallowed and finally looked at her and the monitor. "I know ..."

"Did you feel exhausted lately?"

"Yeah, even worse than usual." He confessed. This was not good. He was in huge trouble! "B-But can't I remove the mating mark instead? Is there no way to break it?" He couldn't keep Midoriya like this. The boy should have a life of his own!

"There is, but if you do it now, the baby will most likely die. It's a heavy procedure that strains the body. I don't recommend it while pregnant." She had a serious look on her face.

Shota's hope faded away. "I understand ..."

"Dear, you should contact the alpha as soon as possible. You need to be close to him, or else you will endanger yourself and the baby," she looked him straight in the eyes. Her gaze was very serious.

"I will see what I can do ..." He averted his eyes. "W-Will he ... suffer too?"

"Yes, he will. It might go slower, but he will eventually succumb to it." Shota dreaded this sentence. He was killing Midoriya with his actions. A hand wandered to his mouth, covering it. What should he do? He couldn't tell anyone this would ruin his life, but they would die if they didn't come clean.