Twitter Thread by caia ■ » trans shouto agenda



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shouto wishes he could catch a break. his body is heavy, weighed down by stress and exhaustion and confusion. he hates the confusion the most.

he's sure that if he hadn't had the help he does from the very beginning, he'd have lost a long time ago.

> "It's not up to me." (It's up to you.)
>
> — cas \U0001f338 (@dekuthepastry) January 19, 2021

shouto steps out of his office. he's the last to leave tonight, though that's no surprise. he's usually one of the lastest working heroes in the agency.

he'd been hoping to get back to his apartment without a hitch, but he can tell that won't be the case. not tonight.

not when it feels like someone's watching his every move.

he continues walking for a beat, stepping out of view of his agency. he reaches a fire escape stairwell against the side of another building and climbs to the top, quiet as he can.

shouto could use his ice to get up,

but keeping inconspicuous is more important than speed.

he settles on the edge of the building, legs relishing in the pull of gravity for but a moment.

"shadow," shouto says aloud then, unsurprised.

when he blinks, the vigilante stands beside him, usual dark get-up donned, though this time he doesn't have his mask and hood pulled up. he looks... normal. if anything, that feels stranger than seeing nothing but the man's green eyes.

now shouto can see his hair, not black like he'd originally thought, but green and untameably curly.

everything about him, however, is tense.

"maybe i should develop more stealth tactics," the man quips. shouto knows it's just an attempt to keep the air light.

"you're getting better at detecting me."

"i like to think i know you by now. anything new?"

"ah, straight to the chase with you," shadow hums, shifting on his feet. shifting like he wants to bolt. he doesn't, instead dropping down into a crouch.

(always ready for the unthinkable.) "nothing that we don't already know."

"so what," shouto scoffs, "you can't finish it off from the inside like you've been doing?"

shadow smiles at him, but nothing about it is kind. it's grim. "that's not up to me."

shouto refrains from grimacing, though only barely. he already knows the spot they're both in isn't favorable. they both know.

"i've done my part, shouto," shadow says, voice tight. his viridian eyes glint in a way that sends another message.

/it's up to you./

"the public isn't going to take it well if it's from someone like me."

'like me.' a quirkless vigilante, uncatchable and morally gray to the unsuspecting eye. someone who was never given the light of day, not like shouto was from the very beginning of his life.

shouto understands that. he understands that he has to be the one to finish it off. but he hates that it can't be shadow.

shadow deserves so much more than the life he's led.

"you're better than any hero i've met before, shadow."

the man blinks, taken aback. "...what?"

"all this work to take down the hero's board from the inside out takes more than any morally gray person i know would ever try to do," shouto says. everyone knows hero society is fucked up in more ways than one, but no one has ever tried to do anything about it.

no one until shadow. "villains want it taken down for revenge, out of cold blood, just for fun, you name it. /you/ want to make this world a better place."

shouto turns his head to face shadow head on then. "that's better than all the heroes who've fueled the hpsc for decades."

shadow doesn't say anything for a while, eyes glued to shouto's. scanning, analyzing, evaluating. quick and instant.

shouto knows that shadow knows he means it.

when shadow finally looks away, he lets out a chuckle, a short, wet thing like he doesn't quite want to believe it.

"that's something i always wanted to hear," he admits, voice quiet. "that's all i ever wanted to be. a good hero."

"well," shouto sighs, curious how far back this man's heroic streak goes, when and why it started. "i think that's who you've always been.

you're a good man, shadow."

shadow's lip quivers, a small movement that shouto would have missed if he hasn't been paying such close attention to the vigilante in front of him. shadow snags it with his teeth to stop its shaking.

"thank you, shouto," shadow says, voice softer than shouto thinks he's ever heard him speak. when shadow's eyes connect with shouto's again, they're gleaming, a wet sheen over them. "you're an amazing hero yourself."

the man smiles then, genuine and soft and kind,

before he stands from his perch on the roof's edge. "i hope you're ready for what comes next, shouto."

"you've given me enough to keep in mind for that. i'm ready."

shadow grins, that unhinged one that makes shouto's spine crawl with excitement.

"see you on the other side then, partner," he tells him, shooting him a wink before he's off again, namesake fulfilled.

he's gone before shouto can tell him thank you.