Twitter Thread by ■bex, resident hornball // s■■■■■■■■ ■■■ ■■■■■■



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@kaacchaann

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In the spring, Katsuki gets accepted into the bioengineering program at the Tokyo Institute of Technology. His friends insisted they opened the admissions letter, just in case he got waitlisted—then they all screamed, because

he'd been accepted.

Just like he knew he would be.

Personalized letter from the dean of students. Excess financial aid. Honors.

He smiled, even if it hurt a little, knowing he'd be leaving them soon. Hanta had applied there as well, and although his standardized test scores

weren't great, he still had a shot since he scores really well in STEM courses. Other than him, everyone else planned to stick around Musutafu.

Eij wanted to join the armed services. Denki wanted to be a dental hygienist. Mina would go to the community college, and figure shit

out when she got there.

Ochako planned to leave the country, take a gap year and travel around a bit. Tsu—who is now dating Mina—was also on a full-ride to the University of Tokyo, on a pre-med track.

And then there was Deku.

The dumbass couldn't pick a direction if you handed him a map and a compass.

Hizashi wants him to join the military; and as much as Katsuki hates the bastard of a man, he can't deny that it may be Deku's best option. If he doesn't pick a school or come up with a plan,

the military would at least offer him structure, constant income to support himself and his mother, and a pension to boot.

But, the last Katsuki heard, Deku was thinking about art school.

In California.

Here he was, lamenting about leaving his friends a few towns over—half a day by train—and Deku's casually considering moving across the fucking Pacific.

"Can you think a little less loudly? You're fucking with my peace." Hanta says from his mat on the floor, not even bothering

to open his eyes. He just sinks into the next yoga pose.

"Los Angeles." Katsuki sits straight up in Hanta's hammock. "He wants to go to Los Angeles, Hanta."

"Are you going to stop him?" He asks, still not peeking.

"No." Kat's shoulders slump. "Not if he really

wants to go."

"Then why are you obsessing over it?"

"I'm not obsessing—I'm pondering."

"Mhm."

"I'm just saying—you know how much he hates his dad, why would he leave his mom like that?"

"Did you even consider that maybe that's why he wants to leave so badly?"

"Fuck are you saying?"

"You see the way he looks at that man. I can't be the only one that thinks he's gonna snap his neck one day." Hanta hums.

And he isn't—he'd heard his own parents talking about that, recently.

In muted voices in the kitchen, thinking he was upstairs.

'We could have Kat to ask him to stay with us, just until he goes off for school?' his father had mused, but his mother only shook her head, 'No…no, that would break Inko's heart."

He'd pretended he hadn't heard a thing; but he did look at both Midoriya men a bit differently.

"No." Katsuki says carefully, and lays back in the hammock.

Hanta's room has a little balcony, so the cool spring breeze wafts in, the smell of flowers outside tickling his nose.

He sighs. "I'm afraid you aren't."

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"Dude, you know I love you—but you fuckin' stink." Hanta grumbles, shouldering Katsuki as they make their way down the hall.

"Well what do you want me to do? I've taken twice the dose of suppressants and there's literally no room on my neck for any more goddamned

patches." Katsuki says, scratching at them.

The adhesive itches. Those patches are the strongest he can get without a prescription—flat, clear, silicone patches he layers on either side of his neck—below his ear, damn near to his collar—and across his wrists.

And those were just the ones people could see. He wore extras on his hips, between his thighs, and around his ankles—everywhere he gave off scent, he slapped a patch over, and still, he smelled like an feverish omega.

He could've skipped, it's not like his parents would care

but he doesn't really want to miss any of the handful of days he has left with his friends—especially not for a pre-heat.

The two settle in front of Aizawa's classroom to wait for the others—that man always kept his students past dismissal time. It's the end of the day, but the

rest of the gang is in career prep while Hanta and Katsuki took introductory engineering.

"Have you told him?" Sero asks after a moment.

"No. I'm not going to." Kat looks at him. "Neither are you."

Hanta frowns. "He's gonna be pissed when he finds out."

"We said we would

do prom as a group, right? That was the fucking plan."

"Yeah, but—"

"—No, it was the plan! You don't just say 'fuck the plan', Hanta." He huffs, leaning against the wall "If he wants to take Ochako, and Mina gets to take Tsu, and you and Sparky get your dates—I get to

take who I want, too."

“Okay but, we don’t even know that kid!” Hanta reasons. “Who the fuck even is he? ‘Dabi’? The fuck kinda name is Dabi!”

The door beside them cracks open, and Katsuki smacks his chest with the back of his hand. “Shut up.”

“Kats.”

“I mean it!” He warns. “Promise me you won’t tell.”

Katsuki holds out his pinky, expectantly. He takes it, just as the others walk up. “Promise.”

“Ooh, what are we promising?” Denki weasels between them. “Not to tell Kacchan he smells like burnt marshmallows?”

“Shut up!” Katsuki slaps a hand over his neck—of course that only rubs the scent around.

“Kacchan.” Deku says, already reaching into Katsuki’s backpack as they start back up the hall. “You need to switch out those patches. I could smell you from the classroom.”

Mina bumps his hip. “Knock it off! My bestie smells delicious, and any alpha worth his salt will love his scent!”

“I didn’t say he smelled bad—I said I could smell him.” Deku says fishing fresh patches out. “C’mere.”

Katsuki smacks his hand away. “Stop it. M’goin’ home anyway.”

“Kacchan. Come here. You smell like wet omega.”

“Izuku!” Mina gasps. “What the fuck?”

Katsuki stops in his tracks, and turns to face Deku with a glare. “Excuse me?”

“Just—let me switch out your patches.” He says, with his jaw clenched and a nervous glint in his eyes.

“Don’t touch me.” Katsuki snatches the patch from him.

They meet eyes for a second, and Katsuki realizes something he'd been avoiding for weeks now.

For a long time, the two of them were closer to each other than anyone else. Inseparable, since diapers. Their friends knew it,

their teachers knew it—anyone who fuckin looked at how they were around each other knew it.

But lately, they've never been further apart.

He doesn't know when it happened, just that it happened quickly. In a few months, their designations had driven a wedge between them,

so wide and so deep that it’s all but severed them.

And they tried to fight it—they held onto their friendship as best they could, ignoring all the little things that made it clear it wouldn’t last.

Those things are getting harder to ignore now.

Little comments, little

actions that made Katsuki feel small and awful—this was too sharp. Too obvious.

They fell apart quickly; and Katsuki can’t help but be glad they did. It made this easier.

“You know what? I’ll just see you guys later.” Katsuki says quietly, and starts off without another word.

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“Kacchan!” Deku yells, jogging up behind him.

He’d made it more than halfway home before Deku caught up. Their friends probably gave him such a good start, keeping Deku at school to yell at him for his little comment, but it still wasn’t long enough.

“I’m sorry,” Deku says, panting. He must have ran. Katsuki doesn’t stop walking, nor does he answer. “Kacchan, just—listen!”

“What?” He snaps. “What do you want, Deku?”

“I’m sorry,” He repeats. “I shouldn’t have—I shouldn’t have said it like that—“

Katsuki scoffs. He hates to see it, but Deku might really be turning into a typical alpha. An ‘it’s not what i said, it’s how you reacted’ sort of alpha. He keeps walking.

“Sure. Whatever.”

“I’m sorry, okay—I could smell you from class, and so could everyone else, and the

other alphas were just—“

“—Don’t!” Katsuki stops him. “I don’t care. I don’t want to hear the sick shit you fuckers think about me.”

“But that’s why I wanted to you switch your patches!”

“Do you think it’s my fault?” Katsuki snaps. “That I smell like ‘wet omega’? You think I

wake up in the morning and think ‘Gee, I wonder what I can do to rile up some alphas today’?”

“No, but—“

Katsuki yanks his shirt, just to undo the first three buttons, to show Deku his neck.

“I am plastered with these fucking things, Deku!” He shouts. “And still, people like

you think you know shit!"

"People like me?" Deku narrows his eyes, that Midoriya temper flaring. "I'm just looking out for you!"

"I didn't fucking ask you to!"

"Right," Deku huffs, "So what? I'm just supposed to pretend I don't hear them saying the shit they say?"

Katsuki almost screams—how could he be so fucking dense—and looks up at the sky, at the clouds rolling by, and wishes he was one of them.

"I don't know why I expect you to fucking understand—you're one of them, too." He says, quietly.

"Really, Kacchan?" Deku shouts, making Katsuki flinch. "I'm one of 'them'? A year ago, you thought our roles were gonna be reversed—you didn't think we were so bad, then."

Katsuki screws his eyes shut and scratches at his brow. "I didn't know, then—"

"So what, it would have been okay, like that? If it were you slapping patches on my neck?"

"I didn't say that—"

"—I'm getting real sick of this shit now, Kacchan, it's not fair—and what the fuck am I hearing about Dabi? Are you kidding me? Dabi!"

"He asked me—"

"—And you should've said no!"

"If you're so sick of me, then fucking go!" Katsuki yells, gesturing to the street. "Why'd you come after me? Just to yell in my face about shit you don't think I understand? Just go!"

"No!" Deku yells right back. "I'm not fucking going anywhere, Kacchan—because I care about you! I don't—I don't understand you anymore, and nothing you do makes sense to me, but I care about you, and I'm not gonna watch you get hurt because of your stupid, inflated-ass pride!"

"You make me feel terrible, now." Katsuki says quietly, barely audible over the chirps of birds on the powerlines, "And it's not your fault, because I don't think you mean to."

Deku looks confused, but lets him speak.

"You say shit like that," Kat takes a breath, "so easily."

"I didn't mean—"

"—Didn't you?" Katsuki feels his hormones get the best of him—his scent goes sour, and his eyes feel glassy. "Because I can't help but think that's how you really feel about me. I don't know what the fuck happened at that camp, but you're different, Izuku."

"I'm sorry." Deku comes closer, trying to get Katsuki to meet his eyes. "Kacchan, I mean that—I'm not trying to hurt you, or make you feel bad, at all. I'm still figuring this shit out too."

"Yeah." Katsuki whispers, unconvinced.

"I am," Deku's voice breaks. "Things are

different—this body, it's different. I don't feel like myself anymore, either. I get so angry sometimes, and I do things—say things—without thinking. That's not your fault, I shouldn't take it out on you."

"It's alright." Katsuki says, trying not to sniffle. "I need to go."

"Kacchan—"

"—I need to go, Deku." He says, feeling that familiar pull of heat in his gut. The hysterics must have jumpstarted things. "Text me later. Or come by for dinner, my dad would like that."

"Okay." Deku says—and he almost offers to take him home, but he thinks better

of it, right before he does. "I'll come."

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