

If Only a Hero had Stopped

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If Only a Hero had Stopped

by [YazziyousDaydreamer](#)

Summary

At a young age Harry was abandoned at a hospital and for three days he waited for someone anyone to be... His, hero. It didn't have to be anyone special just.... someone willing to hold out their hand and ask him, are you alright? But... that never came. Harry never found 'his' hero at least not in that way. Only after he was carried into the hospital near death did he even get noticed. After years of pain and suffering in foster homes after his parent's untimely death did he finally get away and all of the pain and trauma came rushing back when he saw his dad, his HERO, get taken away from him by those that had abandoned him. It was then that Harry felt something BREAK.

Notes

So here is the first chapter of my new story. I split the chapter in two and this part ended up being 4772 words long is all. Sorry, it just sounded better if I split it right here. By the way, some of you may have seen some of this on my facebook.

I have some more news in the Author's notes after the chapter please enjoy and tell me what you think!

I have no rights over Harry Potter or My hero academia and make no money writing this.

See the end of the work for more [notes](#)

Chapter 1

Start Chapter 1

Why did they hurt him? No one wanted him. No one! Even when he tried to control his quirk. When he started wearing the bands, the schools required of him. Not that his quirk couldn't destroy them or anything. Like it had destroyed any chance of anyone wanting him. He was a-a monster... but weren't they too? At least he hadn't wanted to hurt anyone. Not like the people that he was forced to stay with. Even his own parents didn't want him. Abandoning him. Shinsou... he was no longer with him. Moved to another foster home again. Closer to UA, where Harry knew he wanted to go to school, Always abandoned for a hero, by a hero, visions of grandeur.

He couldn't understand... How could he do that to him? Where was his hero? That's right, they walked right on by. He didn't remember much about when he was tiny. Just the utter disappointment his parents showed in him. He wasn't what they had wanted. Him, being an omega, had been absolutely forgivable... lots of great heroes were Omegas! His mother, who had been an elite ranking hero, was an omega!... But his temperament and progressively more vicious quirk had not been. Too passive, gentle, shy, unsure... *unheroic*. These things. They could *not* be forgiven.

Harrison had been the result... of a quirk marriage. His parents were not hateful towards each other, like most individuals to enter such a marriage... Truthfully they had been very much in love, but their end goal in a child wasn't such a good thing at all. It was selfish and some could even call it a bit villainous, to be honest. To force all of their ambitions on a child... even if in the end that wasn't what the child would want. He was made for one purpose. To be the number one hero. He had no other purpose and wasn't allowed his own hopes and dreams. That was what he had been taught from the moment he could understand speech and it stuck with him.

Once they realized they had failed in making what they had been trying to. A child with an amazing flashy quirk to allow their family once again to rule the heroes. The more they pushed the more out of control his quirk became. The more dangerous it became... The more power it showed. They had called it potential even as it lashed out and tore apart everything around it over and over again once he was unable to handle their 'tough love' anymore. Until eventually the quirk he once had so little trouble with became a lashing burning monstrous wall against the world... Against *them*. They figured out soon after that he wasn't going to be able to be molded into what they needed and left him, a no older than 4 or 5 year old Harry near a local hospital.

Everyone just walked on by. Even as Harry did his best to try to get their attention. Anyone's, for nearly 3 days. Glances. Murmurs, pointing, but no one stopped. Everyone assured each other that a hero would show up... But... Harry's hero never came. No matter how much he hoped and wished and begged for one there was no hero for him. They *didn't* have to be anyone special, he hadn't asked for someone like All Might or Endeavor... No, they were busy people and they were surely saving lots and lots of people that needed it more... Hurt

people! But... a Hero, anyone if they had just held out their hand and actually stopped to ask him what was wrong. If he was hungry and scared that's all he asked for. He would have been overjoyed to have that sort of hero... But... He was a defective child and no one wanted someone like him. No one wanted to become *his* hero...

No, a young man walking from the building in dark clothes after being released from its psych ward, of all places, had to run him into the hospital nearly dead from low blood sugar. Unwilling to leave until he was rushed into care. The very same doctor that had pointedly, disgustingly, pulled himself away from and told Harry to go home the last two days was also his attending doctor for the time he was in the hospital.

Harry had been confused. Scared, when he woke. He did his best to explain that his Mommy and Daddy didn't want him anymore. He couldn't do what they wanted him to do. So they took him there. At night a young man with black hair and strange facial features visit him. He told him all about how he found him. He asked about how Harry ended up there and Harry, of course, explained how he made his parents unhappy with him. How he couldn't be what they wanted like a good boy would and how his quirk was very very bad. The man had a strange look on his face when he asked who Harry's parents were. Harry, of course, told him that they were super awesome heroes! After that, the man smiled and talked to him nicely for a long time. Harry hadn't remembered anyone being that nice to him for so long. He even petted Harry's curly black hair and told him stories until he fell asleep! For once, Harry felt safe.

The next day consisted of mostly being alone until some policemen came. They demanded... though a bit nicer, to know where he came from and what happened. Then they asked about his parents too. The plain looking black haired man that visited looked... uncomfortable. Though Harry wasn't sure why. Harry never thought to tell them about the nice man that had visited him either.

That night, once everyone was gone again and Harry was made to sit all alone... again... the man came back, all smiles. Harry smiled back at the man. The man that was kind to him and smelled so safe even if he smelled strongly of metal for some reason. Harry couldn't help but light up when the man pulled a familiar stuffed animal from his jacket and plopped him right next to Harry. Paddy! He had been the only toy he had been left with once his quirk began to act up. A family heirloom. The last few weeks before dumping him off even he had been taken away and put up on a tall shelf that Harry had no hope of getting to. Harry couldn't have been happier at that moment.

The man spoke to Harry all nice like again. Harry wished that the man had been his daddy instead of his own. Harry had been told that day that they would be trying to get into contact with his parents and even though he insisted it wasn't that he hadn't run away like they kept saying, they kept insisting that he was going to be returned. He knew that good boys shouldn't.. *not* want to go home but-but... he-he didn't think his parents liked him that much to be honest. He loved them lots and lots but... he got the distinct impression that they didn't feel the same and that... even at his young age hurt more than anything else they could have and had already done to him.

Harry couldn't help but let out a little purr when the man petted his hair again and tucked him in with the heated blanket. His quirk didn't get all weird when the man touched him like when

other people even looked at him. Harry watched with half-hooded eyes as the man looked at the clipboard full of papers he snatched from the end of the bed, starting near the middle, he began copying things down. He was so happy when he told him that he would be coming the next night to bring him to his house and to not tell anyone because he wasn't technically allowed there.

Harry's parents were dead. The number 3 and number 7 heroes were gone, murdered in their estate. They had died terrible deaths. One drowned in his own blood from horrifically precise cuts to his lungs while the other's spine had been cracked all the way up the middle like a lobster shell and before that, his ribs had been splayed.

Harry was discharged by 3. Drug to some lady's home by 5. She was an older woman, severe, with claws for hands. She looked him up and down with a satisfied smile, approving when she saw his beautiful black curls and striking green eyes. He quickly learned she liked things, animals and people of good breeding. Treating most of the children under her care more like trophies than like living beings. A boy close to Harry's age had been her favorite before he showed up. A boy named Hitoshi, a boy like him who knew how to behave well and to stay out of the way despite his slightly younger age. He already knew how to charm the people around him even as much as he seemed to despise doing so. She didn't like Harry so much after his quirk began acting up again though. His horrible, horrible evil quirk... and when Hitoshi's quirk became noticeable... it became too much for her. She had gotten rid of the both of them. This was the start of a pattern for the pair. No one wanted them and none of the other children wanted anything to do with them.

Hitoshi was the son of an underground hero that never wanted to be a parent. The mother had dumped him on the man at only a couple days old so in turn, he dumped him at children's services at 6 months old. Tired of trying to parent a child that he had no emotional connection to and the guilt of being unable to connect slowly getting worse as time went by. The man was rearing to get back to his job full time and hoped that by giving him up, he would end up finding a family that would actually want him. He, at the very least, had signed Hitoshi over to Children's services instead of full out abandoning him somewhere. This is why Hitoshi, like Harrison, was treated with more care. Given to upper middle-class homes a lot. Once children's services had realized separating he and Harry was an ill-advised idea they did their best to keep them together... at first things weren't... horrible... just.. Not great. That didn't last forever, though, as they began running out of options.

Harry's quirk began to act worse. Hitoshi was more sullen. But... Hitoshi.. He began to dream. To follow his dreams. Harry didn't have dreams. He hadn't been allowed to want anything for himself when he was younger. He was defective. A nobody with a terrible quirk. The betrayal stung. Hitoshi wanted to be a hero. A hero? Didn't he get it? He already was a hero! *His* hero! His best friend in the whole world his protector his-his-. Harry wanted to die there and then when the purple haired boy announced that he had managed to convince his social worker that being in the environment he was in was holding him back in school and that he needed to go somewhere else!

Hitoshi... had. *Abandoned* him. His only everything... he was left all alone again! The strange muted apathy Harry had been feeling so long faded the very moment the other boy walked through the door, a smile on his face as he followed *that* woman. He *knew* how bad it was

there. Hitoshi knew how **abusive** they were! Just because Harry refused to become a hero with him, he had been abandoned. Telling him, he needed to come to his senses.. Gone gone gone. **GONE!**

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A month after the other boy left, the social workers were asking if he wanted to talk with him. Pretending they didn't see how much thinner he was becoming or notice the bruises on his face were in the shape of his current/new foster father's meaty hand. They didn't even ease that fake smiling when they saw how his hands shook. He swore the newer one looked relieved even. They probably were just happy that he '**wouldn't**' be able to use his quirk that way. These people knew nothing of him or his quirk. Acting like nothing was wrong, like nothing had happened... No, he refused to talk to the other boy. Harry wouldn't let him hurt him like that too! Not after all those hurtful things he said after he **ABANDONED** him! They tried forcing it and sparks ran across Harry's skin, even with the bands on. The pair jumped fearfully and laugh uncomfortably. He was tired. Just so tired of them and everything at that point.

The social workers left after that. Clearly unnerved, one muttering about quirk counseling the other reassured the newer worker and said that it was children being children. He held back a snort. He had only visited a quirk councilor once and they hardly had him in the office for more than 5 minutes. His current caseworker had immediately intervened. He was her golden goose being the son of two elite pro-heroes and having such a quirk even if it was out of control. Fixing him would be in detriment to her. Harry felt like the life had been rung out of him as his thoughts fixated on such things. He knew and yet it hurt. No matter how terrible people had been to him in the past... he remembered how much he wanted to believe in others. Now. He... he had no one.

Harry felt like his sorrow was eating him bit by bit. His absolute misery. Harry... he... was beginning to hate what he was turning into. But... bad children like him... they didn't have heroes to save them... Not even from themselves. Especially from themselves... It's something Hitoshi didn't yet get... Though... Harry didn't think the purple haired boy was broken... not like him. He wasn't born broken like Harry was... Born so broken his own parents couldn't even love him.

Hitoshi had a couple of years that someone loved him to try to justify his hero worship even if the one that had loved him had just been some crotchety old retired hero with a dozen or so cats. But like everyone, the pair seemed to touch... something bad eventually did happen that forced Hitoshi from his house full of cats and the only adult that ever loved him. The man had died on the way to the hospital after protecting Hitoshi from a home invader. Hitoshi had clung to the image of a hero. **His** hero... his hope stronger than Harry thought. The moment Shinsou told him about his... dreams.. What.. he planned to do. Harrison had known that he had lost him. His hero. His **only** friend.

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One day, late at night, the man Harrison had been forced to be fostered by was far worse than usual... so much worse. Harry could feel his quirk writhing angrily. Bitter. Under his skin. He wasn't sure what it was that day, but he had felt the boiling for days. The pain of what was

essentially cuffs restraining him. They didn't know that he could use his quirk other ways. Though... in that moment it didn't matter. Even as weak as his body was in that very moment, something snapped in him. Not the kind when you absolutely lose your mind or anything like that but more like whatever had kept him beaten down, weak, his quirk had fed off of and ripped to tiny pieces. The last bits he had left of himself finally shattered. He wasn't safe. Never safe.

Green energy ripped through his restraints effortlessly burning and bubbling it away and tore apart everything around it with more ferocity then it had ever shown. It tore the house apart smashing, burning, it would not be restrained by such a flimsy box! Not while that man was anywhere near him, not while he-he could hit him again. Harry felt vaguely sick but that was easily ignored and overshadowed by the endorphinic pleasure of no longer being suffocated even as terror was all consuming. Everything was twisted and melty like rotting flesh and heated candle wax as his twisting vision was overloaded.

Harry bolted from the rubble on instinct when it finally registered that, Hojo, was laying in a puddle of blood. Burns on every part of his body and one of the coffee table's splintered legs sticking out of his chest. There was no house left to speak of. He could hardly even think. He just wanted to be far far away from there!

Harry ran and ran and ran until his body just couldn't take it anymore and instead of being in the familiar rundown neighborhood full of tall narrow ticky tacky houses with tiny, dying yellow yards he was somehow fully in the city-city, even so, he recognized the place, bad news. It was what would normally be a nearly hour walk from the house. Harry gripped his chest as severe pain and dizziness kicked in. He panted as it seared through him. The sound of sirens not far off. Harry stumbled into a nearby alley panic filling him. Someone was there not far away. He could hear splashing. Even as scared as Harry was he decided to check out what was going on.

Harry's eyes widened a man with a knife and a strip of fabric for a mask threw, what Harry knew to be some dangerous murderer from tv, down into a puddle and stabbed him in the throat. He tried his best not to get noticed but another sudden stab of pain to his chest had him crying out and dropping to his knees. Vision going all spotted and bottle glassed. A sense of peace fell over Harrison. At least he wouldn't be able to be forced back.

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Harry had found himself wrapped up, twitching almost violently, as he woke with swimmy vision. Harry's foggy head couldn't comprehend anything at that point.

The next time he woke he felt a lot better.. More himself. He still was too weak to even lift his own head though. It took a few minutes for him to realize what tasted like really strong apple juice was being dripped into his mouth.

The third time he woke to the smell of soup and gentle petting to his hair. When Harry met eyes with that man... he just knew before the man even held out Paddy. This man. This smell. This was the very same one from the hospital all those years ago. The man smiled ever so slightly and sat the stuffed dog next to Harry. Then made a point to silently feed him.

Harry found happiness with the man that had found him all those years ago. It hurt so much that the man, his dad, hadn't been able to have him from the beginning. Over a year had passed and even though they moved a lot Harry was content. Chizome was nothing but kind and loving and patient with him. Harry never thought he would have a hero. A true hero ever again! Not after Shinsou abandoned him but he now understood it was for a reason. So he could find his dad and now neither of them would ever be lonely again! He was so nice to him and never hurt him and they did nice things together all the time! He felt nothing but safe with him and he couldn't remember feeling that way for a very long time.

Chizome taught Harry all about the world and how most heroes were filthy fakes! How the population was brainwashed into believing in all heroes when all but a very small handful were disgusting takers and users and how they wanted nothing more than money.. To be famous and how they would thoughtlessly leave those that wouldn't be able to provide such things to them to rot in the dirt... Like-like they had done to him! To the both of them! The heroes were monsters, the true villains! Why were they allowed to live when there was so much suffering that they could prevent and didn't? Harry hated them! The very sight of them merrily waving at people as they patrolled, waving at him. Made him feel the need to retch.

It took a lot of work and time, but eventually, he had gained quite a bit of control of it. But it was so much more than that. His father had taught him his purpose in the world... or at least what it would soon be.

One day or well night a few years later, Chizome told Harrison that a man demanded an audience with the hero killer. With Stain.. His father. Harrison hadn't come with, but it was clear the meeting hadn't gone well when he got back. It hadn't really mattered though because Harry was still able to lure the fraud into their trap. His father didn't want him to fight unless necessary, though. Harry was alright with that, for his father's peace of mind. He was the planner, the analytical one. The sweet syrup to drown the rat. He tried not to think about what would happen to those that fell into the traps he set. Out of sight out of mind after all... And he was helping people in the long run... right?

Harrison had bid his father goodbye once Stain had the fake hero under his control with his Blood Curdling quirk. Their cupboards had gotten quite bare after all and this would be the last kill before they left for another city so, as tradition dictated, they would have a nice meal before leaving. For that, Harry would have to go to a grocery store. He had done this dozens of times while his dad was finishing his hunts and it had gone on since he had hit an age that Chizome felt comfortable letting him wonder out on his own. Harry never even gave their odd 'barbaric feast' a second thought.

Harry left the grocery store with a smile, even as the person behind the register looked at him strangely. Probably because of his age, he suspected. That didn't matter though all that mattered was that he had actually managed to get a pack of steaks! They were one thing he always really loved. Most of the little all-night grocery stores he found usually marked all of the food that they would otherwise throw out at the end of the day ridiculously cheap a few hours before regular customers came in and they were forced to throw those things away. He saved so much on them that he was even able to buy a package of fresh fruit! He and his father were cautious with money as they could have to go into deep hiding at any time.

Harry hummed happily to himself, he couldn't wait to show his father the treat he had managed to get! It was rare to find really good fruit in one of the little locally(Probably criminally in that area) owned overnight grocery stores. Especially in areas like the one he was currently walking through.

Harry walked back towards the better area, nearby, that his father was probably still located. A numbness surged through Harrison when he saw fire. Everywhere... and heroes fighting some sort of giant monsters. Harry swallowed hard but forced himself to relax, calmly walking through the chaos with his bags of groceries. The weight of the scarf around his neck and the knife concealed beneath it helped to ground him. Fakes-frauds-abominations! Monster, vile beasts his brain hissed and refused to listen to his pleas to calm, unlike his body. Playing such things over and over again as he eyed them. Completely focused on the creatures.

Harry couldn't help but snort as the *heroes* played it up for the cameras he was sure were being pointed at them from the helicopters he could hear and see circling the area. It *sickened* him. But it wasn't like it mattered though. All this did was make it even easier for his father to pick them all off. He was sure Native was already.... Dea-extinguished, maybe he could help his dad find a few more to pick off? That thought immediately had Harry grinning from ear to ear again... And then. He wasn't.

Harry couldn't help but choke when he saw a handful of teens dragging his father's unconscious body from the very alley that they had entered a couple hours beforehand. Fury and hurt filled Harry burning and colder than ice. Harry hardly even noticed when the bags of groceries hit the ground, though no one else did either. No one even seemed to notice, out of all of the heroes that showed up... that he was standing right there. Stain's adoring accomplice.

Harry wanted to-to *HURT* them for hurting his father. Monsters, frauds, filthy fakes! They were *EVIL*! All they did was hurt, people! Good people! The *REAL HEROES*! Then suddenly one of those monster things he had seen earlier swooped down and even as beat up

as he was his father stopped it and saved the boy grabbed by it. Harrison's father gave him a desperate look. "Leave." He told him. Begging with his eyes before turning. Harry forced his feet to move, to do as he was asked, even though everything told him to go back. He felt broken again. His happiness shattering bit by bit as the words from his father's familiar speech rattled through his brain of heroes and frauds and what a true hero was, comforting him one last time.

Harry didn't think it was possible to cry that much and live, but Harrison survived the following weeks. Tired and more miserable than he thought possible for a person to live through. Rage and hopelessness filled Harry as Endeavor's smirking face stared back at him through his computer screen. Smug as he spoke to the woman about the injuries his father had sustained and how he personally had already helped escort him to Turdus. Which was the supermax prison for only the worst of criminals. They took his hero! Hero hero heroes, Harry was alone **ALL** alone again. His only hero! The only person that cared. Filth! Disgusting, evil filth. Villains! Didn't they see that he was making the world a **BETTER** PLACE? Harry gripped his hair and clawed at his skull.

Harry shook with the effort it took to control his quirk. Gritting his teeth from the boiling bitterness that stabbed through him like liquid ice in his veins. Then suddenly, he knew. Knew what to do! Harry grinned, glassy eyes gleaming as he saw the video of two people standing on a building far from the commotion... Watching. His hands twitched in excitement... The league of villains? Harry smiled and snatched up his father's contact book and cell phone, careful to avoid damaging the later with his quirk, he swiped through it frantically looking for the number that had called rather frantically the week beforehand. It was the number of the very same man that his father had commissioned, though grudgingly, for his weapons and Harrison's own scarf. A filthy parasite. A useful one though.

"Hello, Giran? What do you know about... The league of Villains? Oh? A meeting?"

End Chapter 1

Chapter 2

Chapter Notes

See the end of the chapter for [notes](#)

Start Chapter 2

"H-Harrison! How are you?" An oily rat of a man asked with a smile. It slowly faded to a look that could have been worried for him if the man wasn't what he was. "Hey... are-are you, okay kid? When was the last time you ate something?... Or.. uh... Slept?"

Harry let out a strange barking laugh and ran a hand over his face. "I have something I need for you to get made for me. I... need an outfit that my quirk can work with. Then we can talk about whatever it was you called me here for." Harry explained.

The man was glad that others were around even if Harrison didn't even seem to see them. He didn't seem himself at all... More like he was becoming unhinged, to be honest. The hair on the back of his neck was standing on end and everything which had never happened around the kid before.

"Why would you need that?" Giran asked, eyeing Harrison's somewhat sunken eyes and sickly thin frame. Was he ill? Something he didn't think was even possible for him to feel anymore prickled the man. A hint of pity filtering in. Even he had to admit that Harrison was a good kid... messed up from Stain but... well... What a damn shame.

Harry snorted. "It doesn't really matter, does it? I just need it finished as soon as possible." He snarled, involuntarily grimacing and letting out a pained hiss as his chest spazmed. The pain was terrible at that point. The urge to consume sugar was to the point of painful too. Harry snatched the condiment holder on the table almost casually before he could give in and threw it hard, chucking it across the room. He ignored the obvious green energy running up his fingers in hungry sputtering sparks.

The man sitting across from him sat ridged, frowning hard as he tried his best not to react. He held a hand up as the others at the bar giving them a pointed look. "Kid... hurting yourself isn't going to get him out of there, you know? You know, ya' got to just live your life." He finally said. Ordering a glass of juice and pushing it over when it got to the table. Harry's quirk was attacking the glass before his mind could even try to move his hand to knock it to the floor. Turning the glass to boiling liquid and scorching the surface.

"Don't talk about things you don't know about! You don't understand how-how much it HURTS!" Harry snarled, doing his best not to burst out in tears. He was so so alone! Being so alone... so lonely, so so *lonely*! Harry didn't even know how to function on his own. He felt like a fizzling spark ready to go out and- What just happened?

One minute Harry was standing to leave, done with this man. The next, he was gasping on the floor. The sharp pain in his chest nearly unbearable. Oh. His blood sugar must have

"Let him leave. If you wish to keep that hand of yours."

[illegible]

After a couple of weeks, Harry had managed to gain back a few pounds, even if it was against his own will. Apparently, Shiguraki found him to be interesting and wanted him to stay. All Harry wanted was a costume that worked with his quirk. Much to his displeasure, the only way Giran was willing to have that done for him was if he was willing to take some job for the ledge of villains which apparently in a declaration from not only Shigaraki but also someone called sensei, Harry was also considered a member. Oh well. At least they hated heroes too. He could work with that after all even if they were fundamentally different in their beliefs. Anything to get back at those that stole his father away.

[illegible]

Harry sighed tiredly curling up on the comfortable beat-up old couch he and his father drug with them from city to city. Turning up the little space heater. It was quite cold in the warehouse even with it being near the start of summer not that Harry cared all that much anymore.

The green-eyed teen curled up under mounds of blankets and sipped at a mug of stale ramen. His stomach strongly disagreeing even as he powered through it and watched a movie on his computer. Harry supposed that he should probably move soon. He was sure that it would probably get suspicious, one of these days, that the lights were on at night and the power was running in the warehouse he and his father had converted into a temporary apartment. Especially as it had been lived in for nearly a year now... but no one ever acted like they suspected anything... and it smelled of both of them. It didn't smell nearly as much like his father as he would have liked anymore. But it was still strong enough that it could comfort him. Harry had always hated having to scent a new place. To move. It was always so stressful.

"So..... **this** is where you went off to? You know it isn't particularly safe to be around here anymore right?" A raspy voice asked sounding more exasperated than irritated.

Harry nearly dropped his computer at the sound of it. How the hell? He couldn't help but squeak in fright, surprised and stumbled to his feet, long black hair flopping down his back and in his face.

"H-how did you get here?" Harry couldn't help but squeak, more than a little aware of the fact that he was wearing his pajamas in that moment and didn't have anything to use as a weapon within arms reach. Idiot-stupid! Harry wanted to bash his head into the telephone wire spool that he was currently using as a table. Shigaraki. It was Shigaraki standing there all casual like.

"I ***followed*** you of course... in a way at least." The alpha said, grinning, his red eyes glowing strangely in the florescent light.

Harry couldn't help but stare for a few moments, frozen once it hit him that the man wasn't wearing the hands that he usually wore. This was the first time he had seen him looking as

just himself. It was.. *Strange*.

Harry slowly managed to force himself to look away and picked up his cup of hardly consumed ramen and poured it out.

"Do you ever eat? I don't see anything edible anywhere in this place." Shigaraki complained as he began going through the various cupboards and shelves around the little impromptu kitchen area. "All you have is a couple of packs of ramen and even that's way over it's expiration date!" He childishly whined.

"Is this Harry's place? You get this all to yourself? That's so cool!" An eager female voice exclaimed enviously.

"I didn't tell you to come with!" Shigaraki was immediately growling. Releasing aggressive pheromones to try and intimidate the Beta female into going away.

"I told you to wait up Toga, I didn't even want you coming with me!" An annoyed male voice grumbled. The smell of ash and sweet toasted something filled the apartment. Making Shigaraki bristle even more. "Huh. So this is where you live." The burned skinned man said looking around for a few moments, completely ignoring the indignant blue-haired man. "Here... I brought this for you..." The dark-haired young man said, nervously rubbing the back of his neck and holding out a grocery bag. Making Harry flush.

"I-Um... Just let me go get dressed." Harry said timidly making his way to the bathroom and fished out a t-shirt and jeans. Trying to make sure he found something that hadn't been worn for more than a few days. It had been a surprisingly hard thing to do. He needed to go to the laundry mat pronto. At least that was what the logical part of his brain said he needed to do... the other part was a hot mess that frankly didn't give a crap. No one was ever over anyways. This was just some freaky stalker coincidence.

Harry looked down and lightly tugged at his shirt with a confused frown. He didn't remember this shirt ever hanging on him before or actually having to use a belt with his pants either. Weird. Weren't these from when he was like 12 or 13? They were usually really tight on him.

Harry pointedly ignored the concerned looks aimed at him and immediately thanked Dabi. The urge to just curl up and go back to watching his movie and dozing on the couch was ridiculously strong, but he had a feeling there would be consequences to doing that, so instead he forced himself to start preparing a meal. Harry sparked the burner for the stove using his quirk then began chopping everything up and add the last of a thing of broth near its expiration date into the wok.

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"This is like so good! I want to be able to cook like this, teach me!" Toga begged. Dabi and Shigaraki both glared her down.

"I don't like green things in my food!" Shigaraki complained, poking suspiciously at his own plate of food even as he looked tempted to at least try it by the smell.

"Stop being so picky! If you don't want it, I'll eat it!" Dabi grumbled, not liking the other man's ungrateful attitude, especially with how good the food was. Dabi eagerly scarfed every morsel down.

"No! Get your own!" The man child hissed.

"So why were you here, anyway? Like what's up with all of those pictures behind that sheet over there? And what's up with all of those words and that locked chest." Toga eventually asked, grinning. Harry frowned.

"Leave him alone Toga." Dabi warned, grabbing his and Harry's bowls to wash.

The girl pouted then her face once again brightened. "Do you have anything you like? I love~ **blood!** Since we're *friends* now can I have some of **your** blood? You'll just look so cute covered in it!" She said in a chipper tone of voice, an unstable bubbly grin firmly in place.

Shigaraki growled.

Harry forced himself not to recoil at the unstable girl. "If it's anything to do with your quirk..." Harry gave her fangs a pointed look and smiled in a self-deprecating manner. "I wouldn't suggest trying to use it on me if I were you... One of three things will happen... 2 very bad. The first would be nothing at all will happen. My quirk will completely negate any effects... Though... the second effect... would be my quirk activating and I end up losing control of it and kill and destroy everything for who knows how far or long... until I destroy whatever it is that my quirk finds to be a threat... The last thing that is the most likely thing to happen.... And is you will either die or end up in some critical care unit of a hospital for a while." Harry named off almost robotically.

"Wait what? How?" The girl squeaked, looking both twistedly enthralled and the tiniest bit freaked out.

"My quirk is so specialized and destructive that my entire body is adapted for it. Not even people with top-notch copying quirks can support it. At least I haven't ever heard of someone with a quirk that can. Normal people's bodies just... boil and char and break down. It... eats away at their bodies." Harry explained, trying not to think about the few people dumb enough to try to borrow his quirk to figure it out when he was younger. Harry gave the girl a tired pointed look. "So. If you were to ingest my blood... while using a quirk..."

"O-oh."

[illegible]

Harry sighed and carefully folded the hoodie Tomura left behind. He swore the man was leaving more and more stuff behind as he came over... and well Dabi.. He practically lived there now. Sprawling all over everything he had even begun to leave his scent all over his furniture, bringing him food, helping him clean. Although Harry still was uncomfortable... he had to admit. Harry was doing a lot better. He was happier too. Having other's around, even if they were all loud and asked too many questions and did annoying things a lot, seemed to be helping him a lot! Harry wondered if they would be considered friends?

Harry pouted at the alpha snuggled up in his couch nest. The young man was draped in Harry's nicest blankets and looking ridiculously huge in the middle of them. Not that unusual as Dabi was naturally much larger and broader than he was, after all. The young Alpha's toe tips peeking out from the mound, wiggled as the man glanced up looked especially ridiculous it was almost.... Almost adorable... Harry happily dove back in his nest when Dabi lifted his arm in offering and obsessively began rubbing his scent glands against the bits and pieces that he could get to making the zombie looking alpha snicker and smile fondly.

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"I don't understand why you had me send him! What if he gets caught... or ***hurt***?" Shigaraki hissed, clawing at his neck nervously. He would readily admit that he was infatuated with the omega. He was the prettiest, the smartest, the sweetest. Everything about him Tomura couldn't help but absolutely adore. He even managed to make green foods taste good!

"If his quirk is as useful against others as we were led to believe and he's as intelligent as you say he is then he's necessary to this plan. For collecting information and if necessary to step in to fight off Erasurehead. Or at the very least to be sent in to distract the man. " Sensei answered patiently.

Shigaruaki didn't like that answer too much especially as Harry would be with that damn annoyance Dabi the whole time!

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Harry growled, knocking the smallest member of the pussy cat's team flying. The energy flowing through him from his quirk felt wonderful even as he gradually felt more and more suffocated by the rings around his arms and legs. No, he had to concentrate! He forced himself into the trees nearby, his lightweight making it easy to conceal himself in the higher thinner branches. Though the nerves caused by the height had Harry struggling to stop his quirk from forcing its way from under his skin.

It didn't take long to find who he needed to. Harry couldn't help but grin when he found a good target. He yanked on his makeshift scarf and dropped down, knocking the older man over, Harry was quick to throw his scarf around the man's feet and yanked off one of the layers of his cuffs to allow his quirk to flow from beneath his skin. Trapping the man. Oh... and someone else?

Harry didn't really care. Frankly, the sooner they left, the better. He was exhausted and stressed.

"H-Ha-Harrison is that-that, really you? That's you right? W-why are you doing this? Where have you been? I thought you died!" A teen with purple gravity-defying hair said rapid-fire, nearly in tears as he gritted his teeth. His teacher staring in confused disbelief.

Harry felt like his chest had seized at the sight of the young alpha, those eyes. Pretending that he cared... looking so hurt when... when he was a liar. Fake **fake fake!** Evil silver-tongued *devil!*

Harry had never thought that he may actually encounter Shinsou when he gave in and agreed to go attack the UA training camp. Not that it would have mattered... he just hadn't had the chance to steel himself against the pain that it could cause to see his former... hero. At least... who he had wished were his hero... before... well that wasn't-wasn't important. Harrison's hero was locked up.

'People like you don't get to have a hero.' A part of Harrison whispered maliciously. Harry groaned in pain as his quirk lashed out, his chest was suddenly on fire and dizziness hit him. "D-don't look at me." He hissed.

"Don't use your quirk, sir!" Shinsou barked, before focusing on Harrison. "Why are you doing this? This isn't you! The Harrison I knew was kind and gentle! You're not this... a-a **villain**! Why wouldn't you just become a hero with me? Why? We-we were best friends!" Shinsou shouted, suddenly becoming angry near the end of his babbling, positively revolted sounding.

"Hitoshi," Eurasurehead warned even as he did as his student asked.

Harry couldn't help but look at the other teen again when he said that. Grimacing as he felt his quirk writh. "My parents didn't want me. You abandoned me. Stop pretending, teary-eyed with that poison tongue I use to trust so much! It's too much." Harry exclaimed, he couldn't help but smile even as tears ran down his face at the stricken looks he saw.

"You know I was only born for only one purpose, to be a hero... The best of the best, number 1, and I couldn't be what anyone wanted. I was **abandoned** and no hero **ever** saved me! No one cared! They walked right past me, your **heroes**!" Harrison spat after the pain eased a little. "But... I found my own! **Stain**.. He is a true hero! He saved me! He-he cares and... your heroes took him from **me**! The only **person** that-that ever **believed** in me." Harrison hissed again and gripped his chest as it felt tighter by the second, a burning pain radiating through it and up his arm. He forced himself to look away from Shinsou. The stress of remembering the hurt the other boy had put him through making his quirk act up. He could hardly keep his head about him well enough to keep his quirk trapping them at that point.

"Boohoo, our lives **sucked**, my parents didn't want me either, you know! Everyone told me I'd be a villain, but **look** at me! I made **something** of myself, I proved everyone wrong. Look at you, it's pathetic what you've let yourself come to. Maybe they were right, maybe they saw how much of a **monster** you would turn into. You sure look like a shell of what I remember." Hitoshi snarled snidely.

Harrison let out a bitter laugh, trying not to show how much pain he was in even as his vision began to spot. "You're helpless here." Harry insisted, even as he didn't feel even slightly confident in what he was saying. "We both know what will happen if either of you use your quirks on me. I'll become a full-fledged hero killer. Maybe they'd let father see what I did?" Harrison said, a twisted broken hopefulness coloring his tone. "I want him to be happy with me continuing his mission."

"Why?" Aizawa asked very suddenly, tone careful and calm.

Harry froze for a moment. "Why?" He repeated. No one really usually asked him things like that, even his father. He furrowed his brow, why? "I-I" He had never been allowed to have many of his own opinions on things. Tears began to fill Harry's eyes at the simple question as he began to feel overwhelmed.

"Do you want to hurt people?" The man pressed, a look, like something completely clicked in his head spread across the man's carefully controlled features.

"I-yes? Heroes are obsessed with money and fame and don't care about helping others like they should. Father says that we have to send a message so he-"

"I didn't ask what Stain's ideologies were or what he told you to believe. Do you, using your own opinion, as a person, enjoy and or want to hurt people?"

"N-no." Harrison waived.

"Then, as I asked before, why?"

Harrison felt his legs give out after he had already hit the ground, clutching desperately at his own chest and gasping for air. He honestly couldn't tell if he was having a panic attack or if his blood sugar was far too low or both at that point. He just felt like he could die at any second and it was terrifying.

"H-his blood sugar sir." Shinsou managed to point out, fear on his face at the state the other teen was in. "He-he needs to get to a hospital. Lupin's... Harrison's quirk plummets his blood sugar when he... gets this way." Remembering the juice-box he had kept in his pocket out of some strange residual habit from when he and Harry were small. Shinsou immediately began digging for it past lived panic on his face when the familiar shaking and shallow breaths made an appearance.

"It could kill him." Shinsou hurriedly exclaimed as he crouched down to his past foster mate and began dripping orange juice into his mouth. Hurt and surprise and anger all forgotten as he focused on helping his once friend. "Stop that! What is wrong with you? Do you want to die?" He snarled when Harrison clamped his mouth shut. Tears forced themselves from purple eyes as his and Harrison's eyes met. Those big green orbs terrified but twistedly resolved. He... did. Shinsou realized, horrified, he... rather die than accept his help.

"This obviously isn't working. Give me that and get to the others. He obviously isn't going anywhere." Aizawa insisted, shooing the boy away.

"F-fine, just... don't use your quirk on him... his quirk...-"

"Doesn't play well with others. I know. I thought he looked familiar... He's Harrison Lupin-Black, right? I was brought in to consult on his case. He... was a good kid."

Shinsou flinched, a nauseated feeling bubbled up in his throat. 'Was', why did that make him feel so explicitly ill? He gave a sharp nod and took off, unable to linger a second longer it was just too painful.

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"You poor thing. They messed you up pretty bad, didn't they kid?" Aizawa said, sighing. He picked up from where Shinsou left off dripping juice between Harrison's lips.

Harry didn't even notice himself starting to loosen his jaw or involuntarily swiping his tongue out to swallow down the droplets. He was too focused on desperately trying to get his body to listen, to get away but everything was spinning. Harry wanted so badly to get away. To get back to Dabi, to Shigaraki, even Toga but the only thing his body would do was jerk and twitch no matter how hard he tried to coach it to do what he need his body to do, but it wouldn't do it. He tried not to allow tears to spring up in his eyes. Showing weakness always got him hit harder.

"Hey, calm down. I'm not going to hurt you, alright?" The older brunet said, grimacing at the smell of petrified young weakened omega.

Harry wasn't sure how, but he was suddenly swaying and on his feet. The wave of nausea that followed nearly had him doubling over, but he did his best to ignore that. He was free to make a run for it and he was going to do just that!... except that was a bit difficult to do when everything kept waving this way and that way and just twisted up every way possible.

"Really?" Aizawa grumbled, quickly wrapping the boy up in his capture weapon. "You and I both know that I can't let you go back to that." The man grumbled, clearly irritated.

"I-I can't go back! I c-can't! Not to those monsters you so-called h-hero's act like are gods when all they do starve and beat and hurt me! But you all know that! You knew that! That woman knew everything and never lifted a finger! Shinsou.... He knew... he did nothing!" Harry shouted hysterical at that point, frantically struggling against the scarf restraining him. Gaining strength from his hysteria for once. Harry had completely lost his carefully crafted control at that point.

No-no-no, this wasn't part of the plan, none of this was supposed to happen! It wasn't supposed to- Hitoshi, it wasn't fair! Hitoshi left him there when he full well knew what was going on! No... he had to get it out of his head. Hitoshi... Wasn't his hero anymore.... No he... he had never been Harry's hero! No... Stain... Stain was Harry's only hero. His one true savior. This man was just messing with his head it was both of their faults, making him lose control like this. He couldn't trust them, no one else ever again!

Harry's face twisted, "You'll have to put me in chains and break every bone in my body before you could get me to go back to that sort of life! Even then, I'd struggle to get away until my dying breath now that I know what it feels like to have a better life than that!" Harry snarled, a twisted sort of desperation coloring his voice. "I'll never be caged up like a monster again! I don't care if my father acknowledged you! I'll fry you here and now if it means I get to continue on being a person instead... instead of a living doll again!" Harry shouted, eyes beginning to take on an eerie glow.

"Shit!"

Aizawa groaned in agony, shuddering and doubling over even after managing to cut his capture scarf practically the moment the kid's quirk ran its way up it like a frightened aggressive dog, eagerly to latch onto his limbs just to get him away. He jumped back the best he could when that violent poison green light tried chasing him even after the scarf should have no longer been leading it to him. Harry most definitely saw him as a threat at that point. Though... He didn't seem to actually want to do more than scare him away because.... Aizawa was sure that the kid could most definitely hurt him far far worse with a quirk like that even in his incredibly weakened state.

"Kid, settle down. I'm not going to let that happen again. I'm sure we can figure something out.... Now..... Let's just get you out of this situation before... you do *things*... you'll regret.... Things.... You *won't* be able to take back. Trust me.. being with this group.... It will destroy someone like you." Aizawa said in a calm tone of voice.

Harry shook his head stumbling back as he did his best to work the remain capture scarf off and free himself. "So? Why does that suddenly matter? Why would I matter?" Harry pointed out tone biting, nearly furious sounding.

"It's okay. You don't have to put that brave face on anymore. I... Understand how it feels. That bitterness..... and distrust of others the system beats into you.... You don't have to do this anymore..... I'd *never* make you go back to that. I promise. Just... stop fighting the help. Because, that's what I'm offering you. Help." Aizawa insisted taking careful steps forward.

Harry slowly relaxed tears in his eyes. "*Help* me?" Harry said in the tiniest voice. Not even noticing when the pieces of capture scarf fell from his shoulders. He was frozen in place. Unable to even comprehend what the man had said. Help him?

"Yes, help you." The man confirmed.

End Chapter 2

Chapter End Notes

So just tied up the loose ends in this chapter I hope people like it.

I'm still trying to decide if he should go with Aizawa or not.... What do you guys think?

Sorry I haven't updated anything for a while. I'm back in school and have had a ridiculous amount of homework already! By the way I will be updating 'Like the Glow of Light-Green Emeralds' soon along with a few other stories.

Please review! It really helps motivate me and helps me come up with new great ideas for my stories!

Chapter 3

Chapter Notes

So finally updating shit is going to hit the fan soon and I can't wait. 5600ish words without Author's notes, please enjoy.

See the end of the chapter for more [notes](#)

Start Chapter 3

Save him.... a hero... save him? No! Harry backed away, trembling. No, no, no! It wasn't true! It wasn't! The only one he could trust was Stain! Until he could get him back, he could only trust... He couldn't trust anyone, not even himself. Not himself.... Most of all. He was so tired... so so tired. Why couldn't they just let him go? His dad always knew the right thing to do. Harry didn't have to dwell on the way he felt with him because dad always knew what was best. "You're... you're a liar. You have to be! Hero's don't help me! Hero's, they've never done anything even when they saw what was happening to me! You're just trying-trying to trick me!" Harry exclaimed.

"No, I'm not.... You.. may not realize it kid... but.. you need help."

"You... you said.. that I **was** a good kid. Was.... You don't think I'm a good person now. You're just trying to trick me!"

"Kid, you are reading too much into this! I want to help you. Your not a bad person I can see that but... if you keep on this path, you are going to end having to do things that you'll never be able to take back....." Aizawa said managing to inch a little closer.

"Mr. Aizawa!"

"Midoriya, stop!"

Pain shot through Harry's head and spots filled Harry's vision as a weight slammed full force into him, knocking him face-first into a tree. Disorientation stayed with him for a few moments before he felt his head being lifted and pain like nothing Harry had ever felt before. He was right. Was... right.. that man couldn't be trusted.

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Where was he? Dabi, Shigaraki? Where where they? Where? This place smelled like medicine and lifeless. His neck... it really really hurt. Panic filled Harry when he realized he wasn't able to lift his legs. His eyes darted down the best they could. They barely even moved yet... he didn't think there were any restraints. What was going on? Why did he hurt so bad? Why did he feel so fuzzy?

"You are awake. Good. I was worried there for a while. Your both lucky and unlucky that you have such an adapted body for your quirk. It means you can recover from this even if we can't do much to help with the healing. It will take a while but... you are lucky because not a lot of people would be able to come back from such a badly broken neck." The voice of Aizawa explained from somewhere to Harry's left.

"Why am I here? Where's Dabi?" Harry demanded, panting as pure terror hit him.

"You're at UA."

"I'm *not* supposed to be here!" Harry insisted, getting a bit wild-eyed.

"You are under my-"

"I *shouldn't* be here. I *don't* want to be here! I *need* to *go*!" Harry continued sounding more and more panicked.

"No, you are staying here. Now... once you have calmed down a detective would like to speak to you, all right?"

"No!"

"They need your statement so they can help find a boy kidnapped from my class."

"But, you stole me away!" Harry growled.

"Your neck was broken and you couldn't stay with those people. You may not understand now, but you have been manipulated and brainwashed. You are *incapable* of making *rational* decisions." Aizawa said, tone tired.

"I'm not! They were good to me! Dabi said... he would help me get my dad back.... We could be together again.... I would... be *safe* again." Harry insisted.

"I'm sorry, but you aren't *ever* getting him.... back. He not only permanently disabled several *he-people* but he also killed over a dozen. This Dabi guy is just using your affection for Stain to manipulate you into helping them hurt people." Aizawa calmly explained

"*No*, he doesn't! He gets me food and he stays with me when-when I'm- everything is too much... in my head.... He smiles when I talk... and he listens to me! He's nicer to me than just about anyone's ever been. They all are...." Harry insisted, eyes beginning to droop against his will.

"Damn it, kid. You really are innocent and naive in your own way, aren't you?" Aizawa sighed, tone bordering on sad.

"I'm not." Harry insisted even as his eyelids felt more and more unnaturally heavy.

"Don't fight it, kid. I'll be here for you when you wake back up. I promise I won't leave you." The man said, tone gentler.

Harry flinched, making a nervous sound in the back of his throat when he felt a weight placed on top of his head and felt it gently petting his greasy locks.

"It'll be hard, but I'll help you get through this kid, now *stop* fighting it."

It.... It was scary to have the man touch him.... But it.... Kind of felt... nice? Especially when the man's reassuring though oddly mellow omegan scent hit his nose. He had thought the man was an alpha. He was sure built more like one and in the heat of battle, his pheromones had given off a still strangely comforting more musk based scent, more alpha-like. It was strange... but... Harry had hardly ever been around other Omegas before. Particularly male omegas. They were a bit rarer than females after all.

Harry's had to struggle even to keep his eyelids cracked after a few minutes of soothing hair petting and smelling the man's comforting scent. It was just so.... Safe feeling.... Making his head feel cloudy. He heard the footsteps of someone else coming into the room and the faint scent of true alpha barely managed to glaze over his nose past Aizawa's scent. The last thing he heard was something along the lines of 'doesn't understand and completely touch starved'.

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After about a week and a half, Harry was able to stay awake for about an hour or two at a time. Still being so underweight and being so severely injured with a body that always wanted to be in working condition was absolutely exhausting. That and anytime his heart rate went over a certain number of beats per minute, he was sedated.

Harry was starting to adore Aizawa. He just couldn't help it even though the man would say things that devastated Harry. He was kind to him and gentle with him. The man would listen to him and pet his hair like his father had done, he gave him things, and had even read to him! He smelled safe to, never aggressive or scary or mad in anyway. It was all so confusing and stressful. Something in him poked and prodded insisting that he absolutely could not trust him that the man was the enemy... but father had said he was a true hero.... And no matter how much he tried to make sense of it.... It didn't make the affection that was quick to take hold ease any even if the moment he was healed enough he still planned to make a run for it.

Harry couldn't just leave Dabi and the others after all! Who would he make blanket nest to cuddle up in with? Who would he cook for and most importantly who else cared enough about his father to help break him out? Aizawa said there was no way they would help him but..... Dabi... wasn't a liar. Harry adored him too much, so he couldn't be! Dabi was always so sweet to him and had never scared him. The place was like an anthill full of filthy self-serving heroes making him want out even more.

Aizawa told him that he would be living with him and his mate once the elderly Beta running the place he was in gave them the okay to move him.

It wasn't more than a few days after that when Harry overheard some whispers, something about O dominance and trauma. Then later on, about some... Todo.. something and custody. Harry didn't care all that much as long as Aizawa didn't leave him with all of those monster's playing dress-up.

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"Do you really think he's recovered enough?" Aizawa questioned.

"I'm just glad we'll be able to get him out of here soon. I'm hoping that.... we can help him. From what Hitoshi said... there is a lot that happened to them and Harrison didn't handle any of it *nearly* as well as he did. Though, Hitoshi at least had someone..... that showed care to him for a while... when he was very young. Harrison didn't have that..... Also, from what I learned... researching Harrison's family..... Although they tried keeping it under lock and key, I was able to find several generations worth of medical records on some of his closest relatives.... And..... every one of them but a tiny handful.. was considered mentally unstable, even *deranged* to some extent....." Aizawa said, pausing before starting up again.

"Sirius was able to come off as more excitable and excentric but.... He had several documented cases against him for extreme use of force during the capture of a villain, violent outbursts, and extremely inappropriate antagonistic behavior. He had been reported to even try to rial up victims quite often before he died....."

"Harrison has repeatedly brought up something about being.... ***Made***..... to take back the number one spot and how he hadn't been able to fulfill his parent's... desires. Shinsou has told me that Harri was abandoned by the pair when his quirk had become out of control from their constant pushing and abuse of Harrison as a very young pup, something I had honestly already suspected. He was born with his quirk and they began trying to force him to.... Become what they ***wanted*** incredibly young... Probably not long after he was able to start walking if not a bit before then even. He's completely fixated on having a strong and carrying parental figure.... With strong convictions, a person... that will protect him and make him

feel grounded and cared for.... So much so that he's deluded himself into thinking that just because a few from the league of villains haven't been abusive towards him that they can't be anything but good. His.... Reality is completely warped.. I worry about people taking advantage of him in the future.. I'm honestly not even sure if he could or should **ever** be **allowed** to take care of himself at this point." Aizawa admitted, running a hand through his hair.

"Yes, I have worries as well. I have also picked up on a lot of concerning behavior. But at least I know with you and Hizashi, he'll be well cared for. I'm sure Hizashi dear will be excited to have another pup to fawn over. The sweetie sure needs some loving." Recovery girl said.

"I'm just worried about how Harrison will react to Hitoshi. He seems to really resent him. I just feel like so much could have been avoided if Hitoshi had just told us everything... about Harrison.... we would have happily brought him into our home to." Aizawa grumbled.

"I know that you would have dear and I am sure that once Harry understands Hitoshi isn't out to get him, they'll get along great." The elderly woman assured getting a doubtful look from tired brunet.

"Shouta baby! I got a text saying we can bring our new baby home tomorrow? I'm so happy! I hate him not being home with us! Poor kid, I still can't believe he could have been with us years ago! I wish our Hito had been more upfront with us but I understand our boy was probably just so scared of pushing us after the stuff he went through!" Hizashi exclaimed after darting into the room and hanging all over his mate. Nearly tearful.

The brunet sighed and nodded, remembering what it was like being in the foster care system and having the quirk that he had on top of his unusual Omegan typing that made him physically more like an alpha, even letting him produce some facial hair and more alpha-like pheromones on top of having an incredibly low viable fertility rate compared to most others.... At least before he had to get a hysterectomy when he was younger after a villain attack.

"I'm still not sure about how he will react to being around us or Hitoshi and it worries me. He's so unstable..... My attempt at pheromone imprinting him and desensitizing him to my presence may not be enough to keep him docile and reassured feeling... The kid.... He's constantly dialed to something like a 50 out of 10 and I haven't seen it ease up much even when it's just him and me in the room." Aizawa admitted.

"I'm sure it will take a while, but we'll definitely get him feeling at home! You and Harrison could maybe even make a nest together; eventually, that would be nice, right Shouta baby?" Hizashi exclaimed, even as his face twisted into a grimace of agreement. Poor thing would take a while to get trusting them especially after the shit childhood he went through along with the brainwashing of that crazy Stain who, even now, no one was really sure if they should classify as an extremely radical vigilante or a straight-out villain. Still, though, it took a long time for their Hito' to finally become affectionate and open with them and even though they were disappointed that he hadn't told them about the things that had happened to him and Harrison neither would give the boy up for the world. He desperately hoped that even

with as old as Harrison was that they could have the sort of relationship with him as they had with their sleepy baby.

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Harry was on the verge of a panic attack when he woke up in a new place after he bluntly told Erasurehead that he wouldn't live with heroes and that he wanted to leave. Something was firmly strapped around his neck, preventing him from moving it much. From what Harry could tell, he was in... a house... the ceiling of the room he was in was painted a dark burgundy and from the corner of his eye, he could see knick nacks sitting on what may have been a dresser.

"Hey, uh..... finally awake... huh?" Dad said they had to drug you pretty good to make it safe to move... you since they were afraid you would set back your progress..... with you know the.... Neck... thing." A voice awkwardly muttered, running over and slithering through Harrison's ears like something from his worst nightmares. "I-want..... Are... how are you feeling now?" The holder of said haunting voice asked, suddenly awkwardly looming near enough to Harry that he could see him out of the opposite eye than he could the dresser. Those desperate lying indigo eyes tore into Harry. Looking so sad and lost and so so guilty. But Harry knew better, he *knew* better!

He was going to be sick! He needed to get away! Harry felt himself grow woozy as terror and rage choked him out. He had to get out of there! He had to!

"Hey, it's okay.... I- it's Hito, the lazy Kitty Cat Hero remember?... right?"

Harry tried his best to scramble into a proper sitting position so he could try and get away, causing nothing but terrible neck and back pain as he hyperventilated as a scent tickled his nose, one horrifyingly familiar. One that once soothed him. Choking, when a familiar high pitched mechanical chirping started up next to his ear. No, no, no! Harry frantically forced all of his strength into forcing his right hand to his left arm and tried his best to get his fingers working over the tubing there.

"What are you doing stop that! Calm down!" Hitoshi hissed, Practically diving over Harry to try and force the omega's weak, trembling hands away from the line.

"Hitoshi out of the way now!" Aizawa barked gruffly, pushing his son away and immediately leaning over to press a button on the hospital equipment then carefully held Harry down, pressing one of his wrist glands as close to Harry's nose as he dared. Purring even as Harry growled and weakly tried to squirm.

"Hito' let us handle this... all right?" Hizashi said, carefully leading the lavender haired boy from the room.

"But I... I want to... I-I just-"

"I know Sleepy, but Harrison don' know what he's doin'. He's hurting and scared and he's had his head all messed with and scrambled up from the pain an' drugs on top of it, k'?" Hizashi

said quietly to Hitoshi affectionately rubbing his chin over the boy's unruly head of hair, doing best to sooth his distressed son.

"I'm sure he'll warm right back up to you real soon once he understands we aren' out to get him." He insisted. Though the way the omegan boy had lashed out when Hitoshi tried calming him with his pheromones wasn't all that promising. That was quite the strange reaction. It was worrisome.... He understood now why his Shouta Baby had insisted on introducing Hitoshi back to Harry later on after he and Hizashi had established a more parent-based foundation bond with the dark-haired teen.

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Harry woke, disoriented and more than a little wary. The smell of cleaners fogged up his head and set him on edge along with the scent of Erasurehead and Present Mic. One of trying to sooth all it did was set Harry on edge.

"Oh, hey, sweetie. You finally awake?" Present Mic's voice hit Harry's ears, sounding sleepy. Harry heard the squeak of what sounded like a bed and a few moments after that the clatter of what sounded like metal before the blond was suddenly hovering near Harry. His blond hair up in a messy bun and big rounded square glasses hung off of the man's nose as he tentatively smiled down at Harrison. "It's like 3 am so if ya' want to stay up for a bit, we're 'gonna have to be a little quiet, all right? My baby's both are finally sleepin' an' they never sleep too well so you're goin' ta' be hangin' out with me tonight!" The man said letting out a quiet little laugh. At the sound of Harry's dry, raspy swallowing, the man immediately stopped, tone attentive and concerned when he spoke again.

"Ya' need anything? An extra blanket maybe or maybe try a little juice or somethin'? We got apple and grape. I also whipped up some chicken broth for ya' earlier, anything ya' need I'll try ta' get for ya' baby doll." The man exclaimed, trying to rub the sleep from his eyes with one hand and carefully pulled the soft blanket tucked around Harry with the other. It reminded Harry too much of his adoptive father. Stain had always taken the time to make sure he was comfortable even when he was exhausted, tucking blankets around him and even helped him build his nests even up until... he was taken away from him.... Like... like Dabi had... It sent a flash of melancholy through Harry.

Harry couldn't help but tense. Eying the shirtless man suspiciously, what was he playing at, being so sweet? "Grape. 'ather 'iked grape." Harry finally said after a few minutes, grimacing as what he said came out more as a croak. Anxiety hit Harry when the man's smile turned into a frown. Why was he upset with him? Why did everyone act like he was always doing something wrong amongst the heroes?

"Ya' sure? I can get you somethin' else if you don' like either option. I think we have some natural dragonfruit juice in the pantry that you can drink as well, no sugar or anything added of course. Would ya' like that instead? You don' have ta' have something just because someone else liked it." Hizashi carefully pressed. Not liking the boy's answer of, 'Stain liking something' so that was why he wanted it.

"n'ever had- 'fore." Harry whispered after a few minutes of the man patiently staring him down, cheeks flushed at giving up something about himself so easily yet slurred over it.

"Dragon fruit it is then baby doll! It'll probably be easier to swallow since it will be more room temperature to." Present Mic cheerfully exclaimed, smiling and giving Harry's head an affectionate little pat. Pretending he hadn't noticed the boy flinch. "I'll be right back, yeah?"

The moment the man left Harry sluggishly tried lifting an arm to remove the tubs, like before, he was stopped midway by something that clanked in a metallic manner. He worked with the other wrist with even less success, it took a few minutes for his cottony brain to catch up. He was.... Now restrained. A muted panic buzzed through his unfocused head. He didn't feel right... his emotions weren't... right and his brain was.... Like he had held his breath underwater for a while. Like before, when he was in that hospital room. He... didn't understand. Was he-

"Here you go, I even got ya' a strew, so we don't spill!" Present Mic said, tone a mixture of tiredness and cheer.

Harry wasn't sure what to think of the man carefully pressing the strew to his lips. His dad hadn't made a definitive judgment on the man one way or the other. He hadn't liked his flashiness, but he hadn't told Harry how he felt one way or the other when it came to the man. It left even more of a dilemma for Harry as knowing that Erasurehead was one of the few true heroes had Harry feeling all kinds of conflicted already. Now he didn't even know what he was supposed to think of the usually loud and excitable hero and the foggiest floating through his head made it practically impossible for Harry to think very deeply about much of anything without putting in maximum effort.

"Like it?" Present Mic asked, cautiously easing his hand into Harry's hair trying to ignore the greasiness of it and began petting. A pleased rumble from deep in his chest started up once Harry subconsciously began nodding off. "You can go back to sleep if ya' want baby, nothin' 'll happen to ya' while you're with us. Never again!" The man couldn't help but coo, desperate for the kid to feel safe with them. The kid just was so frail and adorable and fearful it just broke Hizashi's heart. It made him desperately want to gather him up and cuddle all of those bad memories and feelings away, to be the dad that the poor teen should have had from the beginning. He couldn't understand any parent not wanting and loving their child and it sickened him that Stain had taken advantage of a child that clearly wasn't in their right mind and probably purposely warped it to be 1000 times worse. It was so so wrong and it broke Hizashi's heart.

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After about two weeks Harry had calmed down with the pair quite a bit. He could even be called... friendly. Being in a room and covered in blankets that were constantly bathed in the mated pair's pheromones had done as they had hoped... in a regretful sort of way. That it would eventually make Harry pliant and agreeable towards them. A rather old and underhanded tactic used on dominant O'ed omegas once upon a time. They still were cautious with leaving Hitoshi with Harry alone but things seemed to be going pretty well. As Shouta had worried Harry was completely dysfunctional, even with less medications going through his system. He was anxious and needy and clingy and was extremely fearful of being left alone. Getting the boy to make any decisions was a nightmare and a half as well. Even so he was growing to care for the pup and Hizashi adored him already and Shouta felt he couldn't

ask for a better mate to help love and care for a kid that needed all the support and affection and understanding that he could get.

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"Come on Harr' I promise they won't be scary! We can't keep missing work and you need to go to your check-up with Recovery girl, yeah?" Hizashi insisted.

"We want to make sure you are healing alright," Aizawa explained, carefully prying the blanket Harry was nesting under from Harrison's hands, getting an anxious shake of a head.

"I *don't* want to go *there*. I *don't* want to *be* there." Harry insisted.

"You *have* to come with." Aizawa patiently said.

I want to **stay** here." Harry said, curling into an even smaller ball and shook his head, grimacing and compulsively gripping his neck when stiffness and pain shot through his body at the movements.

"We're seeing recovery, girl." Aizawa insisted firmly, looking at Harry with clear worry in his eyes.

"I-I don't want to go back.... Not-not there." Harry near begged. He couldn't-he he couldn't!

Harry immediately looked to Hizashi and Shouta didn't like how he seemed to be so focused on his husband. Harry needed to understand that what either of them said was law and neither would contradict the other. Hizashi was more outwardly affectionate and praising with him though something Harry seemed to strongly prefer in a caregiver.

"Sorry, baby we got ta' go to get you a check-up." Hizashi firmly agreed with his mate.

Eventually, after realizing he pretty much had no choice, Harry was helped up and carefully guided to the car.

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"He's sitting around too much and his pain receptors are all beginning to properly work again so they are likely sensitive and over-reactive. That's all dears. I would still watch him carefully though and make sure he's eating properly and stretching. I don't feel like he is anywhere near ready to start going to classes but we need to try and get him as caught up as possible and use to being around others so I think that since it is mostly just your department left to..... get ready for... their testing that it may be a good idea to have him doing work while they practice and you monitor him." The elderly beta explained.

"I don' wanna'go 'school. I don' need it." Harry mumbled, sleepy and ready to go back to bed.

Aizawa sighed, "We have talked about this, you ***have*** to get an education if you want to be able to get anywhere in life. No child of mine is going to get by on an elementary school education when I can give them the best education in the world." He said, gently petting at the nodding teen's fluffy dark hair. He hated having to drug the kid so much but he didn't

regret it. Aizawa just wished it didn't make Harrison so tired and out of it most of the time. He just hoped that Harrison began calming down soon.

The man hoped that talking to Inui would help Harry out who was well trained in dealing with child abuse cases, just like himself.... Just Aizawa knew that he himself wouldn't be much help as he was dedicated to being Harrison's parental figure. Such things just never really mixed well. On top of everything, he hoped that his coworker could find a medication that wasn't so debilitating for Harry as well.

There was no way that Harrison could go through a whole school day without two doses and that stuff had Harry nearly incoherent for at least a good 2 hours. After that, foggy for at least another hour or so before being in a safe mellow state for a good 5 or 6 hours before he was back to moving towards teetering on the edge. It didn't feel right having the kid like that every day and there was no way that it could be good for him either especially after the first two meds tried had caused them to have to intubate him.

"I wan' go." Harry mumbled, rubbing at his eyes.

"We're going to my classroom. You can use my sleeping back to take a nap." The brunet calmly explained as he carefully helped Harry to his feet. "Come on. You heard what recovery girl said, you need to move around more. I'm not carrying you this time." Shouta said, carefully helping Harry to the door after thanking the elderly beta watching them.

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"What the fuck is wrong with 'em?"

"Are they unwell, should we alert the campus medical facility?"

"No... no just leave him alone. He needs to sleep for a bit. When he wakes up... leave him be. He's been in a difficult situation and doesn't respond well to.... *Excitement*." Aizawa said, helping Harry into his sleeping bag before starting up his class.

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A few days after that, it was deemed time for Harry to start integrating into the classroom as a proper student as he hadn't reacted too badly.. honestly way better than expected. It was thought to be a safer option for Harry to be taught in Heroics than to have him in the general education classes. Everyone was incredibly hopeful that once properly cared for, put in clearly long-overdue therapy, and medicated, most of his issues with heroes would ease up and or go away because of the amount of progress he seemed to be making once put on medications. It was speculated that a lot of Harrison's issues were mental health-related from abuse and that he was likely more prone because of his Black family bloodlines and he had simply been feeding off of Stain's issues, which wasn't unusual for O dominant omegas to do after not being properly cared for as children, making him worse.

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"You ready for class Harry? Feeling all right?" Hizashi asked, a bundle of nerves. He got a nod and the tiniest smile, which would have usually made him melt and smile to.... But something just felt off that day... he wasn't sure what though just like something... bad would happen... but. Harry didn't even argue about medicine anymore, not even the new one that seemed to have him less tired and a little more focused and he hadn't ranted about heroes for nearly a full two weeks. He had been almost affectionate, even begun to let Sleepy baby try to be friendly with him again and Shouta had said that he spoke to Iida and Midoriya so at least he was trying to get along with some nice kids. He of course, still had little outbursts here and there and his quirk would lash out when he did once the medications wore down in his system. Still, clearly, he was making great progress.... And yet.....

"Hizashi, Harrison, come on, we have to get to the main campus. I don't want us late." Aizawa huffed impatiently.

"Of course, Shouta baby!"

"All right, Erasurehead. I'm ready." Harry said agreeably.

'Erasurehead? Huh.'

"He took both his meds right?" Hizashi asked, raising an eyebrow at the teen, slipping on his new shoes. That bad feeling spiking. He hadn't called Shouta that since he got on the new meds.

"Yeah.... Right... in front of me." Aizawa said, eyeing Harry oddly. Aizawa was dressed fully in his hero costume that day while Hizashi was only dressed in his horrible civilian clothing, eager to act for the hero department classes that day.

"Are we going?" Harry asked, looking back at the pair.

"Yeah, I was just makin' sure I grabbed my keys." Hizashi fibbed, following the boy with a smile. He couldn't help but to ruffle Harry's silky locks. He didn't ever want to lose his new baby no matter how much extra work he had to put in for him and he couldn't help but love him already and he just hoped that Harry felt that way about their little family someday soon as well. They would have a very good day Hizashi forcefully decided, they.... Were.... Going to have a.. a good day he desperately hoped.

End Chapter 3

Chapter End Notes

So here is the end of the third chapter. Hope everyone likes it. Any guesses on what's going to end up happening?

So I also have what I think will be the last chapter for Setting a Hurricane of Feelings Ablaze uploaded. I am currently nearly done with the new chapters for Like the Glow of

Light-Green Emeralds and Not the Place I was Hoping for along with nearly a full two chapters done for an unpublished story based in the My Hero Academia universe with Harrison being raised by Aizawa and Hizashi along with another kid(I HAVE A POLL FOR THAT STORY'S PAIRING UP ON FANFIC), then two nearly done chapters for the Sequel of Setting a Hurricane of Feelings Ablaze which is set when Harry is nearly done with college and he's not too smart about something that causes major upheaval in his and his men's lives so much so his parents step in to help them out Shinsou couldn't be happier, then I have a story where Kakashi raises Harry instead of Itachi I have been working on.

Please tell me whom you want Harry to end up within this story!

Please review it gives me motivation and good ideas! I'm pretty exhausted lately and you guys really are a great pick me up when I can hardly function.

Next chapter hint: Anxiety and bands

Chapter 4

Chapter Notes

So here is the new chapter sorry it took so long I have been super busy and have a full-time job right now for the summer that is keeping me super busy and on top of that I also have two college classes that have all the work of a 16-week class shoved into 6 weeks for each. I am trying to keep up with at the same time, so please be patient with me! I am planning on finally working on Not the Place I was Hoping for next, so I hope everyone is ready and excited! This chapter ended up being 7262 words long without the author's notes!

See the end of the chapter for more [notes](#)

Start Chapter 4

Harry was as close to feeling proud of himself as he had been in ages. He had managed to make himself interact with a few of the students in class and had answered several questions pertaining to a hypothetical criminal capture in a way that he thought Erasurehead would prefer. Present Mic had promised Harry if he did well that day that they would eat what he had been allowed to pick for dinner once Recovery Girl gave the okay. He was so excited! Harry was being so so good, there was no way that Mic wouldn't let him pick! Then maybe he would also purr and pet his hair nicely too!

"Harrison, we're going to go visit someone." Erasurehead barked quite suddenly a few minutes before class was scheduled to end.

Harry nodded agreeably, eager to get his restrictions on eating taken off. He forced himself not to grimace when the man called to the purple-haired snake as well, but he wouldn't let that sour his mood. He smiled at the other boy because that was the response he knew they would like most.... Harry forced his eyes not to linger, not to let himself lash out. They wouldn't like that and he would probably be forced to take a bunch of pills again. He hated those pills. They made him feel so sick and so so tired and confused. He never wanted to take them again! He felt like a prisoner in his own body with those ones. He was so glad he had learned how to convince them the new pills were working so well. They didn't really, not that well with his quirk so reluctant to tolerate anything that messed with him physically or mentally.

This wasn't the way to get to recovery girl's medibay, Harry realized not long after leaving the classroom. They weren't going towards the counseling office either. Maybe she was somewhere else on campus at the time? An obscure teacher's lounge, perhaps? Harry nearly yelped when he heard a loud bang behind a door they had stopped in front of.

"Aizawa dear, come on in."

"Recovery girl, Powerloader. Principal," Erasurehead said, nodding politely at the small group.

Walking in... Harry suddenly felt... unnerved. What was going on? Midnight, Ectoplasm, and Inui were there too. All with serious looks on their faces. Harry tensed up, anxiety nearly choking him. They all were staring him down. Did they figure it out?

A dark-haired man Harry didn't recognize, walked forward, smiling encouragingly at Harry. "Hello there, long... time no see.... It's uh... been decided that you're now in good enough shape to have... a bit of a conversation with... Would you like to sit down?" The man awkwardly asked, walking over to a couch and patted the cushion next to himself.

Harry paled, he knew this man.. Though he wasn't sure what he meant with the long time no see, comment. Dad had shown him a picture of him once and told him to stay clear of him. He may have been deemed good in his father's eyes, but the detective could never understand the good that he was doing. This man had a dangerous quirk. A powerful lie-detecting quirk. Harry didn't want to be there. He was trying to trick him! They had all tricked him, lied to him, trapped him! Harry forced himself not to lash out. He was scared they might decide he needed to... wear... gloves, like when he was little. He didn't ever want that to happen, never ever!

Harry eyed Aizawa, pleading for him not to force him to talk that man.

"I know this is out of routine, but this is important. You need to tell the detective about your time with the league." Aizawa said, carefully running his fingers through Harry's unruly hair.

Harry shook his head, "No, I want to go back. I want to go back to the classroom!"

"Don't you want to help people?" The detective pressed, tone gentle.

Harry tensed, unable to help himself as he wrapped his arms around his torso, anxiety caused by all of those eyes on him... though the idea that the man may pick up on what he was planning wasn't helping either. He shook his head, "No! I-I want to go home! 'Zashi said I just had to go to Recovery girl today- Thursdays we get up at 5:45 I have my medicine and I have my runny eggs with broth and little bits of fish and then at 7:15 we leave to come to the school and-and 'Zashi makes me Mint tea, so my stomach feels better and then class starts at 8:32 because you get back from cleaning up the GYM after helping Hi-Hitoshi train." Harry bit his lip, trying not to let his tears free.

"I have my class with Hizashi, then Math, after that we go eat lunch in the lounge and then I go to Recovery girl, then back to History... Then I have counseling. Class starts at 1:55. I have homework from 1:15 until then. He isn't supposed to be here. Sundays are when new things happen. It's not-It's, not Sunday! Recovery girl sees me at 12:48 then History starts at 1:55. He isn't supposed to be here!" Harry insisted rapid fire. Refusing to listen to the others trying to placate him, yanking at a wrinkle in his undershirt.

Harry would never get out of there if that man talked to him! He wanted Dabi and Harry wanted Tomura and he wanted to stop feeling confused and sick and strange from those pills even if he didn't feel so terrified and anxious anymore and his thoughts felt sharper.... More

controlled and came easier now, he hated it. They made him have bad thoughts about his dad and the others, doubts, and Harry didn't want them. He didn't want to think those things. Stain had done what was right! He got rid of all of the false prophets of hope and justice! Stain was helping people and they took him away! Harry couldn't stay here. He *couldn't*, not with these horrible monsters that pretended that they cared about him. That said, he was sick in the head, but they did things to his head that felt so horribly wrong!

"Hey, calm down, it's *okay*. I know it's not Sunday. I know but... Tsukauchi can't come then. He's busy on Sundays. We have a few more minutes of free time. Do you think that you could try to talk to him even if just a little bit?" Aizawa asked, patting Harry carefully on the head.

Harry shook his head. "I want to *go*!" Harry insisted, afraid just being in the room with the lie-detecting man would give him away. Harry had never been one to lie all that well, after all.

"I would appreciate it if you didn't harass my new ward. He's already messed up in the *head* enough and what you are doing isn't helping things. And where the hell are his restraints? I'm not going to have him killing someone while we're out in public because he's unstable." An intimidating snarl of a man's voice snapped.

Harry froze as a giant of a man stomped into the room, arms crossed and covered in flame. Trying not to cringe at his words. He had been the one to, grimace, encourage the man after all.

"Harrison Black, come *now*. We are leaving here." Endeavor snapped.

Harry froze up, doing his best to remind himself that he couldn't flip out on the monster in front of him. Harry dug his nails into his arms. Shaking as unwanted memories rushed back, making him queasy. Shoto screams of agony as his mother held him down, Endeavor beating her within an inch of her life for damaging his 'masterpiece'. That night played on repeat in Harry's head. That man was an abomination. His death would have been the crowned jewel in Stain's collection of slain corruption. The sight of the man alone snapped Harry's headspace from the foggy confusion and longing that being with the Yamada-Aizawa's caused to the crisp, sharp understanding that the side that he had picked was the right one. If that monster was still allowed to roam after what he did... than... maybe that wasn't *right*. Maybe Stain would have to do *something* about that.

"Excuse me?" Aizawa growled, reaching to pull Harry to himself.

"I'm the only kin that pup has left. The laws regarding his O dominant typing may be archaic, but they still count. I may not be closely related, but the Todoroki lines are the only relatives left of the prestigious Black clan, meaning that I can gain custody of him." Endeavor growled, even as he smirked self importantly at the other man.

"I'm..... I may have been.... orphaned but.... you're actually, incorrect. I recently found out that I'm the son of a third cousin of Sirius Black.... I'm Harrison's closest living relative." Aizawa quietly admitted with finality to his tone, carefully pulling the stunned boy into his arms.

Endeavor snorted, "You're a **bastard** than. It doesn't matter. I had a claim on him years ago. When my wife went mad, I felt that it was safer to let him go back into foster care until my wife was taken away. It seems that it wasn't my best choice with how he turned out." The man said, grimacing and giving Harry a pointed look.

Harry remembered how irritated the man would get, ranting about how Sirius had ruined him. The man had been more than a little angry about his attachment to foolish Hitoshi to. Insisting that, He wouldn't put up with that behavior in his home. Harry had been glad when the man had given up on him as a lost cause. Useless and broken.

"Exactly, that's why you **shouldn't** have custody. The way you **treated** and **handled** him.... You weren't willing to put in the commitment in raising him." Inui spoke up, clear judgment on his part.

"It doesn't matter what you **think**. I have the paperwork from Children's services. He's a danger and shouldn't be in school. Harrison will be homeschooled and I will be bringing Shoto home on the weekends so they may reacquaint with each other, just as the boy **wants**."

Harry forced himself not to grin. He felt strangely sad and guilty over what he had done. Erasurehead smelled so sad and hurt, protective, confused... even though he had done such horrible things to Harry. He gritted his teeth, like trying to force a parent bond with Harry. Endeavor was his ticket back to freedom. Away from these hovering vultures. From the few short months, Harry had been forced to live with the man when he was 6, maybe 7 years old... he remembered Endeavor never being home, unless it was to 'train' Shoto by beating the ever-living hell out of the poor boy or sometimes to sleep, meaning he wouldn't be home long. He knew that Endeavor would bark orders at him and thought that Harry would listen because the man thought he had total control of everything around him. He was a far more aggressive and dominant A dominant typing than most, a typing known for their desire to fight nearly constantly. It would be easy to leave that place.

Endeavor had the stark opposite of Present Mic's A dominant typing who were typically known for being fantastic devoted mates and parents, were friendlier with people and who usually had low levels of aggression and nearly never participated in infidelity. In other words, his typing was considered to be quite the catch if you were interested in starting an extensive family. Unlike Endeavor's.

"It is legitimate, I'm afraid," Nedzu said after a few moments, reading through everything.

A grief-stricken look twisted up Erasurehead's usually stoic face. "He **needs** to stay with us, he trusts us! We've been working on a parental bond with him for the last few months!"

"What for? He's clearly going to need to be monitored for the rest of his miserable life, useless and futureless. You don't have the resources to deal with him. His parents ruined him and their incompetence turned him into a pitiful burden to society. If I had only gotten to him sooner.... Surely I could have made something **special** out of him. But... He was already a lost cause.... Broken by the time he got to me. It's a shame... I really think if those idiots had given him to me, he would have ended up quite brilliant, maybe even one to challenge my Shouto." Endeavor growled. Uncaring of the horrified looks and snarls he was getting from the others. Tsukauchi clearly was displeased with what he was saying, but what he had was as

good as a certificate of ownership at that point. Honestly, getting all worked up like that, the truth was the truth, after all. Even the boy knew it before he also showed up at his home that he was a pitiful, shameful, beautifully pedigreed nothing.

Harry's mind was twisted, shattered at an age that even Endeavor could begrudgingly admit was at least somewhat forgivable to allow one's self to be weaker. After all, from what he had gotten out of the boy, Sirius had begun training him long before he had even thought it appropriate to start with his Shouto and more tortured the living hell out of Harry when he found out he was able to heal perfectly from injuries, than actually trained him. That man had destroyed what could have been his very own masterpiece. Maybe not like his Shouto but definitely something that could have shown brightly and made its way into one of the top 5 slots.

Those brilliant bloodlines, brains, and powerful quirk wouldn't go to waste, though. No, just as Endeavor had planned before. Harrison may have been twisted and broken, but his O dominant typing would slot quite well with his Shouto's particular A Dominant typing, who had shown quite a bit of liking if not possessive infatuation for the boy as a pup the little time that Harry had lived with them, (eagerly encouraged by Endeavor of course) even if Harry had shown absolutely no interest in his son in return. Nor had he even seemed to acknowledge any little bit of kindness or attempts on Endeavor's part to correct or parent him in any way. That wouldn't matter, he was sure things would change after some isolation and besides this time, he was confident things would work out.

Lovely Harrison and his creation would produce perfect offspring together and his Shouto may be able to get a bit of the wild-eyed boy's mind back about him to. Harry may have been a lost cause, but Endeavor suspected a lot of Harrison's mental problems were related and exasperated by the way he had been raised rather than things he had been born with. Harrison's typing was so very mentally fragile, especially as children, after all and he was no fool. It would be easy to get Harry equally as co-dependant and desperately clingy and loyal to himself and his son as that useless child he had cried over incessantly when small. He would take up the task of graciously guide this pitiful confused boy back into what little of his sanity he had left and this child would appreciate him for it.

That social worker of his had been a vile piece of work. Perfect for under the table manipulations. Endeavor should really thank her, not once, not twice, not even just three times, but four, four times that woman had done him some pretty significant favors now. Finding the boy, clearing his house, covering up for him about his own family, and now both passing his house for inspection and getting him these rather archaic, but useful papers giving rights of Harrison to him. The woman had done all of these things gladly for what amounted to pocket change to him.

Erasurehead swallowed hard. He tilted Harry's head and smoothed his fluffy loose bits of hair. "I.... guess you'll have to stay with Mr. Todoroki for a few days while I and 'Zashi get this all sorted out. It won't stand long after all." He said, giving the redhead, standing boredly, leaning against the door, frame a scathing look.

"I'll need his list of medications and we'll be on our way. His rooms are already aired for him back home and he doesn't need anything from your place." Endeavor grumbled snidely,

holding out his hand and waving it impatiently at Recovery Girl as she quickly wrote everything down, also glaring daggers at the man. Everyone looked like they wanted to fight, to argue, but could already tell that it was pointless. The man wouldn't listen and after the words he had spouted, it wouldn't be hard to get Harry out of there.

"Let's go."

Harry complied without a word. Harry had to fight himself not to smile and scream in hateful anger all at the same time. Erasurehead wouldn't like either of those behaviors after all. He would make him take the extra horrible medicine. Endeavor would get angry that he was being loud; both options were scary.

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"I see that you aren't wearing your gloves." Endeavor prompted.

"I don't wear gloves anymore. I... have better control of my quirk." Was Harrison's clipped anxious, answer.

"we're going to need a new pair to be made." The man said, leaving no room for argument as he curled his lip as the slightest sight of sparks ran over Harry's visible sweating palms.

Harry felt like his chest would burst from anxiety and fear when the man said those words, even if he wasn't planning on staying long, especially now.

"And stop with that quivering nonsense. A Hero should never cower!" Endeavor snarled. Hissing through his teeth, his eyes went to his phone as he answered a call.

Hero? That word. Hero... Hero-hero-H-H-HE-RO! From a filthy fake, a blasphemous barbaric heathen toating the flag of those that were righteous, that prayed at the altar of selfless judgment and self-sacrifice for the good of all, but themselves,! While that blood was soaking in, the blood of all but himself, even his own children's! Smiling from his throne of burned corpses carrying a miasma of putrid decaying *rot* that sunk into his flesh like a bloated peeling sponge of diseased skin! Why was *this* allowed to parade around the streets? This filthy vile *BEAST*!? Filthy filthy-He would-he needed to-

"Damn it! Get down and stay in the car, I'll be back in a minute!" Endeavor commanded, not even noticing the state his charge was in before bursting from the car right as a wall of jagged glass-like spikes smashed into a building nearby.

Hero-hero hero *HeRO* hero *HERO*?! WHY WHY *WHY*? His father was a *real* hero his hero his father was a *hero*! Why couldn't anyone else see? *Why*? Harry stared at his hands, why did he have to be caged up again when he had been behaving so well? He couldn't do it. He didn't want them. The helplessness. That suffocating feeling. Harrison flexed his hands. Why was everyone else but him... allowed to be happy? To not hurt or be scared? Why had he been so unloveable that a hero hadn't stopped for him? That Hitoshi abandoned him?

Harry was jerked from his thoughts as he was yanked from the car.

"What are you doing in that car? Are you trying to get yourself killed?" An alpha in a Death Arms themed hoodie grumbled. "You're lucky that a hero in training like *me* came across you or you would have been toast!"

Hero..... HERO..... again! Disgusting-putrid-

"Hey, are you alright?"

He need to get out of there. He needed Dabi! He wanted Tomura! Kurigiri, that's who he needed to talk to he-he- Harry needed a phone. He-that's what he needed!

"C-can I borrow your phone real quick?" Harry just managed to focus on asking.

"Yeah, of course! I'm sure this is on the news at this point, your family's probably freaking out." The other boy said, sounding almost excited, eyeing Harry's UA uniform pointedly, almost greedily, as he handed over his phone.

"Thanks," Harry barely managed, the urge to HURT that boy, almost unrestrainable at that point. He needed to get out of there before he did something that would have far too much focus on him.

Harry dialed in the number he knew by heart, nearly breaking down in tears when the familiar scratchy rasp of irritation hit his ears.

"Who the *hell* is this?"

"It-It's really you, right?" Harry sniffled, suddenly nearly choking as tears ran down his face. Relief hitting him like a bowling ball in the gut. "I was so scared!"

"H-Harrison? Is that-but... how?"

"Please! I can't-I I'm near that Mall, the one near the game store we went to that has the snack bar and the fish tank that takes up the back wall with the coral and-and sharks in it!" Harry babbled, desperate at that point.

"Okay-okay, *calm* down. Crispy and the lizard were helping to finish up some business a few miles from there, I'll get them to go pick you up. Get to the store, okay? Can you do that for me?"

"Y-Yeah! Okay..." Harry sniffled, rubbing at his eyes.

"Hey, uh.... I'm sorry, but I really need to head back... I'm going to be late for my internship..."

"I've... I've got to go now... The guy that-that's letting me borrow his phone's going to be late to-to his job."

"Tell him I don't give a shit! Har-"

Harry yelped as the phone was yanked from his hand.

"Hey, *sorry* about that! I'm Seto Kenji- uh I mean Low-Jab and you don't have to worry, I got uh... what's your name? Oh, well, you **don't** have to yell! Okay, **Harrison**, out of that fancy car before he could even get a scratch on him! He's totally fine, he's just lucky a great hero in training like me, got to him before anything happened... I **totally** saved his life! The car he was in got smashed up and everything! Anyways, I have to go to my hero internship. Sorry but I need my phone. **Bye**." The guy rubbed at his face, snorting.

"Wow, that... Brother? Of your's is kind of an ass hole, you know? Really rude. Some big shot 3rd year UA student or something?" The boy's face twisted up into a wicked grin.

"Maybe he's just worried about his cute little **omegan** brother? I mean, your awfully pretty... one of the prettiest and nicest smelling Omega's I think I've ever met, I don't even recognize your typing, so you're unusual for sure, after all, and who knows what us **lowly** street **alphas** may try to do to his baby bother..?~ Yeah.... Take my number. We're going on a date! That's how you'll repay me!" The tall lanky boy insisted, eagerly pulling out a scrap piece of paper and a pen, scribbling down his number. "There ya' go **beautiful**!"

The look in the larger boy's eyes had Harry feeling sick. He couldn't help but to take a step back when the teen leaned in entirely too close.

"Maybe, you'll give your savior a kiss to?" The teen smirked, he jerked back and instantly paled when his phone started ringing with some sort of catchy sounding tv soundtrack Harry was sure he should have been familiar with, maybe had even heard once or twice.... He was nearly certain actually, but didn't recognize, television just spread hero commission propaganda after all. "S-S-SIR! Sorry, sir! I got caught in the middle of a fight between Endeavor and some villains..... I **promise**, I pulled a guy out of a car! I **swear** sir!" The teen all but shouted, anxiously doing his best to not upset his mentor worse than he apparently already had. If the shouting on the other end was anything to go by. The teen turned, giving Harry a flustered look, clearly embarrassed.

It was the perfect time to get out of there, especially with the sounds of a fight dying down. Harry needed to get out of there as soon as possible if he wanted any chance at all of getting away from the worst monster of all of Japan in the massive grouping of the false heroes. Tears prickled at Harry's eyes at the thought of even being near that man again. He couldn't wait to see the others again. They were nice to him and didn't hurt him, not like the heroes had!

Harry was quick to yank his smuggled scarf from his book bag and slipped into the nearby ally. It was ridiculous that he even had to smuggle out his own capture scarf! Harry eagerly wrapped it around his shoulders, instantly feeling more secure. Tears nearly prickled at his eyes when the scent of Stain hit his nose for the first time in months. Harry nuzzled his face into the little scented tassel the man had insisted on having added to the scarf when he had gotten it made for Harry.

Harry whimpered as he forced himself to move away faster. He eagerly rubbed the alpha's scent into his neck and face as his anxiety spiked at all of the unfamiliar scents around him. He was so so lonely now! Harry hated being alone more than just about anything. Being alone was so scary! His thoughts-they it was too much when he was alone! Harry couldn't help but wish that Present Mic was there he was always talked so nicely to him and brushed

his hair until he fell asleep after the nightmares were too much. He was even going to let him pick dinner because he said he, defective, unlovable, Harry was being such a good pup! It made him so so happy to hear! Harry easily got swept away into the memories of the past week. Trying his best not to focus on the then and now.

Wednesday was shopping day, so he got to pick what he wanted then! Harry had been both nervous and excited and so very very happy when they had decided a few weeks prior that he could start coming on little errands with the family. Before then, either Present Mic or Erasurehead would stay home with him while the silver-tongued snake went with the other. Harry had gotten an allowance for cleaning on Monday morning. That was a new routine started the week before and he was allowed to spend it on something at the store. It was rather pitiful for his age, but Harry had never gotten an allowance before and he was pretty proud of having his own money. He had liked the praise he was given by both, Erasurehead and Present Mic.... It made him feel... like-like he might not be-. Harry forced that feeling away and focused on climbing the fire escape at the end of the ally.

At least they had him do something constructive that Harry already had enjoyed focusing his nervous energy on anyways. After years of cleaning up buckets worth of blood, he could say with certainty that he was really very good at making everything perfectly spotless! He got a dollar a day for helping keep the house tidy and then an extra \$10 for helping organize Present Mic's studio and another \$20 for helping him clean up the garage. Harry had \$44 with him on the trip the day before.

Harry had found a thick and fluffy dusty purple throw blanket that he desperately wanted to add to his nest in an isle that was specifically for omegan nesting materials. Erasurehead had led them through it, eager to grab a new black throw along with nearly half a cartload of some cat-themed items marked as a new collection. He did this after giving them a super intense look that screamed 'must possess it all' and at the same time the man's scent had spiked. It was the same pleasant smell that it had been, earlier that day, when a lady with a grumpy scowling gray-haired baby with slitted blue eyes, had let him hold her son. The child had smelled a bit like a cat and had a noodly bristly haired tail and a pair of striped triangular ears too big for its head. Harry hadn't even been allowed to get near him, Silver-tongued snake hadn't let him without making it too obvious to the lady.

Harry may not have liked cats, but it wasn't like he would hurt one or a baby. Harry loved babies! Dabi had told him he thought that he would be a good mom and Harry agreed with him. He thought about it a lot as of late, especially with his dad gone. Anyways, the blanket that Harry had wanted wasn't \$40 dollars anymore like the last time they had went to the store, it was \$54. Harry had nearly been in tears by the end of the trip. That is until Present Mic had held out a bag with the blanket in it he had wanted.

Harry had looked at Erasurehead's massive nest in mild envy when they returned to the house. Though it wasn't so bad as he had gotten the blanket he had wanted. The brunet omega may have looked and smelled a bit more alpha-like, but he was most definitely omegan in tendencies and had clearly been excited to add his new collection to his nest. The man had even been encouraging, trying to get him to add the blanket to the nest with him, but Harry didn't want it to have it permanently marked with the man's scent. He hated-hated that man

just as much as he was beginning to love him and he didn't want more to do with him than he had to. It was just too confusing and painful.

Harry hopped down from the roof he had been on gripping the straps of his book bag tightly in his grip. Scared, he would lose it and the money he had inside of it along with his new blanket and Paddy. They were the only things he really had that he cared about other than his scarf and that tassel with the last remaining scent of his dad.

Glancing over, Harry nearly keened in want when a taller thin omegan man, who looked like they should be on a cover of some glamor magazine alongside Best Jeanist, walked by with a plump rosy-cheeked pup lightly tugging at his perfectly styled platinum blond locks. The man chuckled and nuzzled the pup's tiny hands to his cheeks murmuring sweetness to the cherub-like golden blond child whose eyes were full of inquisitiveness and trusting adoration. It hurt to see and filled Harry with an aching want to so bad it felt like his heart was being crushed. Why did that man get to have something like that and Harry couldn't? Why did he get to be loved so much? To be wanted and needed when Harry didn't? When Harry wanted it so bad that it was all he wished for was to be loved so unconditionally all of his life!

He could be a better mom than that man. Harry would never be lonely if he had a baby and he would love it so much! It wouldn't be scared of him like everyone else was and it would love him too, look at him like that man's pup, and they would never betray each other and he would never let it live like he had! Harry would take such good care of his baby, just like Strain had taken care of him! He would never hit it, or starve it, or say mean things to his baby even if it ended up with a horribly broken quirk like him and Harry would tell it that he loved it every day. He would make sure that it knew that he really meant it to! His baby.... Would never have to feel the crushing pain of being uncared for or wait for a hero to save it that would never come because it wouldn't need one, never! He would be *all* it needed. Harry choked back a sniffle and forced himself to tear his eyes away and continued to walk towards the designated meet-up point.

Toga and Magne would be the fun aunties! Magne would have so much fun helping him dress up his little one and he was sure she would love to have cute little tea parties and such with it! Toga to! But she got too aggressive when she got excited sometimes so Harry and Magne would have to be extra careful with the pup until she calmed down a bit then they could all have fun together! Twice and Compress would be fun uncles, especially Twice, who Harry knew would just love the pup so much! He would be such a sweet uncle, while Compress would be the more responsible one.

Harry nearly whined at the thought of Kiriguri with his pup. The man was going to be so loving and gentle. Harry could see him crooning over it just as much as himself! Harry could just imagine Erasurehead and Present Mic's faces light up at the sight of a grandbaby. They would be so happy! Dad to! Then everyone would be happy and Harry would have someone that always would love him and that he could take care of!

Harry let out a longing sigh. Thinking of what it was going to be like to hold his own squishy little pup in his arms. But a pup need a daddy, didn't it? The ache to be loved and protected made his chest hurt. He had once thought that he and Hitoshi would always be together, in

every way, until they both got old or sick and died. Clearly, that wasn't the case, though. Harry was so sick of being alone.

"Hey, damn, finally, we found you! We've been searching for nearly half an hour!" Hands grabbed at him and Harry was suddenly in the back of a vehicle... A van, arms wrapped desperately around him and hands rubbing at his back, vigorously. The sound of comforting hushed hums being purred directly into his ears registering. Harry wondered how long it had been going on. His medicine made him have trouble with knowing what was going on around him sometimes when it was around time to take another dose. Erasurehead had said when the levels were too low in his blood that the side effects could cause him to dissociate. Harry had a feeling it was a measure to prevent him from being able to run off easily. He took his last dose of the day at 6. Harry glanced around and realized not a lot of light was coming through the windshield. It was nearly dark out. His face was buried in an alpha's shoulder. Its scent gland carrying a scent that was warm and familiar. Harry couldn't help but let out a choked little sob, wrapping his own arms around the man as a sound of pure relief was released into his hair.

"You back with us Harry?" Dabi asked, letting Harry cuddle even tighter to him. As tight as he wanted. He let out a little noise of contentment when Harry nodded into his shoulder. "Good, good. We'll just sit like this until we get back to the hideout." The man said, his arms not loosening in the slightest as the pair silently sat, just like he said, all the way back to the hideout.

By the time they got there, Dabi was clearly very queasy and Harry wasn't feeling much better with the Stain fanboy not being the best driver and the roads out to the new place being incredibly uneven and full of potholes. Harry had tried his best to sleep during the ride, it being around his bedtime around the time they arrived.

Tomura had immediately come out. He and Dabi had nearly gotten into a fistfight over a confused and disoriented Harry. He was beginning to feel that telltale cold sweat and headache behind his temples that mean he had to take his medicine soon or he would get sick. Harry hated it. Sleeping would make the sick feeling not so bad, at least, for a while, Harry decided.

"Harry! Those *filthy* heroes touching you! Are you all alright? Did they do *anything* to you?" The man snarled out in a rush. Once they got into the building, Harry went back to sleep. Another side effect of not taking his medications on time, he became totally exhausted. Tomura growled as Harry slurred when he tried to force him to stay awake to explain what had gone on. Having enough, he snatched away Harry's backpack and began to carefully rummage through it, glaring at the blanket that stank of Erasurehead and someone else, scrutinized the baggies of snacks and Paddy. Tomura snarled and curled his lips in clear anger and irritation at the large bag full of medications he found. Anti-Psychotics mostly. He huffed, suspicions confirmed.

"It seems like the heroes were having trouble controlling him. Everyone *always* thinks just because someone has some issues that shoving pills down their throat is going to *fix* everything! But that isn't true when it's fucked up bastards that are the ones that mess you up! Harry was *fine* how he was!" Dabi growled.

"They were trying to control him by messing with his **brain**! Drugging him when they're the ones that are messed up in the head, those bastards!" Shiguraki snarled, scratching at his neck. "I hate them-I hate them, hate them! I'll turn them all to dust! All of them for taking him away from-from **me** and trying to brainwash him like this! I can't stand them, trying to warp **my** omega to believe in their broken system!"

Dabi rolled his eyes, "Hey, be careful with those. They may be messing with his brain, but some of that stuff can be dangerous to cold turkey. Harry's kind of frail and small, a bad withdraw could be harder on him than a normal person."

"Are you telling me that we should keep **giving** him this **garbage**?" The pale blue-haired man snarled. Red eyes zeroing in on the scarred man with a dangerous wildness.

"I'm **saying** that we need to at least make sure we know what he was forced to take or it could screw him up worse than they probably already did!"

"What the- why are there nerve blockers and pain medication in here? Did they hurt him?!" Tomura shouted, gouging a line of deep scratches into his neck.

"That's not our biggest concern right now. Thankfully, this is just a place we decided on meeting up at... There's a strange hard spot in the bottom of the bag." Dabi pointed out after rummaging around a bit. He pulled a knife from his pocket and cut through the bottom, meeting a thicker layer of fabric that acted as a false bottom and a button-sized device that blinked green in a lazy pattern. The young man carefully plucked it from its hidden spot, grimacing.

Bright red eyes widened, "they're tracking him?" Eyes narrowed at Harry dangerously as something clenched in his chest.

"Hey, don't look at him that way! Harry hates the heroes more than just about anyone I know and is pretty vocal about his opinions on them. Stain was his dad, after all! I bet they were afraid he would do something like this, that's all." Dabi pointed out. Not at all liking the look that Shiguraki was giving Harry, like he would dust him, not that he could. It was easy to tell that Harry had been absolutely terrified when he found him and that Harry hardly knew what was going on until nearly an hour into the drive to the halfway point. Even as warped as he was, Harry hated heroes far too much to be manipulated by them enough to turn on them.

Heroes had hurt Harry, heroes had taken Stain from him, the person he worshiped like a god, the man who saved him from the torment that was even being alive. Harry listened to every word the man had spoken with the single-minded loyalty and indiscriminate innocence and devotion of a rescued pound pooch that had formerly been saved from death row after incurring the simple crime of being uncared about. And they, the League, had shown him nothing but kindness and acceptance. He would never turn on them, not for heroes. As long as Stain wasn't around to object to his interactions with them, he would continue to tightly cling to them, the first people outside of Stain that accepted him completely without judgment.

Dabi could see all of this. That's why no matter how much of a fan he was of Stain and no matter how much he wanted to meet him... Dabi would never help Harry fulfill his desire to

get his father out of prison. He knew the man would forbid him from interacting with them and he refused to let that happen. He cared far too much for Harry; he couldn't let him ever leave.

Dabi set the tracker ablaze, sighing he wrapped the found blanket tightly around Harry's petite frame and hummed happily when Harry pressed into him nuzzling against his warmth so sweetly. Dabi would have to kill the man then and he knew Harry would probably hate him if he hurt Stain. No, that man getting out would ruin everything. He wrinkled his nose as a hint of Enji's scent met it on Harry's sleeve. He hadn't realized he hadn't managed to clear it all up. After all of this time, did he still not get it? Scared lips turned up into a cruel grin as a hint of Shouto's scent came off of a stack of notes. "We better get going before the calvary arrives, yeah?"

"Yeah, I guess," Shigaraki grumbled, carefully checking through the last of Harry's things before tossing them into an old cloth bag. Even still, he eyed Harry and then Dabi with envy. "It would be nice to dust them.... But I guess we should get Harry checked out before we think about getting revenge or anything. Harry's going to need some time to recover when he finds out about big sis Magma to. He was starting to get really attached to her, after all."

"Yeah, he'll definitely need some time." And he would be the shoulder Harri cried on. Just like before. Shouto, Enji, hell his own mother. None of them seemed to have ever learned, Harry would never be Shouto's or anyone else's because.... Because before there was Stain for a few short months, too few, there was Toya and now after Stain, he was there again, reincarnated as Dabi and after the league, he would still be there. Maybe as someone new, again... But he would be there, all the same. It was always going to be him and Harry and soon, Harry would see it too. They were destined to be a mated pair. He had made sure of that so many years ago. Clearly, Harry felt the same way. Why would he let Dabi stay with him all of those months ago, otherwise?

End Chapter 4

Chapter End Notes

So here is the chapter I hope everyone enjoyed. And yeah, I know man, I made our poor baby warped. Got that grad-degree in that Stain-a-ma-cation at this point on top of all of his issues.

I have a few other stories I haven't posted yet that I may in the next month or two, I'll keep everyone updated.

Please review! It really helps me figure out what I need to work on and helps me with ideas for my different fics! It also really is encouraging when I am tired and busy to update as I have been pretty wiped out the last few months. Thank you for the encouragement to keep on going! ☺

End Notes

So here was the chapter. I know it is a lot darker than I normally write but I honestly really enjoyed writing this chapter. I think that this will likely be a short fic, literally probably only a few chapters but if we all end up liking it enough I would be willing to keep writing it because I enjoy getting to flip the coin and explore Harry's darker side.

I HAVE A POLL ON MY FANFICTION PROFILE PAGE YOU CAN VOTE IN FOR A DIFFERENT MY HERO ACADEMIA STORY THAT I'M WORKING ON I AM WRITING FOR WHO YOU WANT OUR FLOOF CHILD WITH! PLEASE VOTE!

So we have some amazing news and some terrible news... or at least for me it is awful.

So I have been writing like crazy and I am nearly done with chapters for several stories including, Not the Place I was hoping for(My Yuyu Hakusho crossover fic) Like the Glow of Light Green Emeralds (My Naruto crossover fic) and I am nearly done with correcting all of the chapters I wrote for Setting a Hurricane of Feelings Ablaze (My other My Hero Academia crossover fic which is much less dark and finished) I also have the second chapter of this story nearly done and another story that I am working on that is My Hero academia based along with an original book I have been rewriting.

I also finish off the semester with a GPA of over 3.4 so I am really happy about that!

THE BAD NEWS

So I may not get to update for a week or so after this as my 3X Great Aunt, who was 103, just died today. We were supposed to visit her tomorrow morning and her son just called a few hours ago to tell us that she passed away very suddenly but painlessly after eating a big bowl of ice cream of all things.(dozed off watching tv in her chair after eating it and just didn't wake up)We have to get ready for her burial.

I am also freaking out over the fact my job bailed on me a couple days after I got home at the resort I worked at last year and told me that the only way they would be able to take me back is without housing that they promised me and with me making way less money. I couldn't take the job and now I am struggling to find any job at all because my area is very depressed and never has work which is why I worked at the resort last summer far away from where I am from. Now I have to figure out how to come up with at least 4000-5000\$ if I want to be able to get back into school because they way upped the costs of everything at my college. So, yeah, just warning I may not be on my facebook a lot as I am doing anything I can to find a job, sorry guys! I'll still try my best to talk as much as possible though!

Please tell me what you think! Should I continue this story as a long term thing or make it short? Any questions or ideas? Some of my best writing comes from comments all of you make! Please help fuel the muse!

Next chapter hint: Meetings, PJs, and hard questions

Please [drop by the Archive and comment](#) to let the creator know if you enjoyed their work!