

One Weak Moment

Alpha Izuku/Omega Aizawa

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Kapitel 5: Chapter 5

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

he wiped over it with the towel, it came off.

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

"What? How?" Hizashi huffed.

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

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

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

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

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

The blond stayed silent for a long time. His gaze wandered deeper, tilting his head,

and scrunching his nose, he walked toward him. Much to Shota's shock, he placed a hand on his belly. "Shota ... be honest with me. Are you pregnant?"

What?

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

The beta let out a surprised gasp. He seemed to fully understand now. "Shota ... I don't know ... First, we gotta deal with this. You need to see the old lady. She needs to check on the baby." He exhaled deeply. "And then we gotta do something about

your alpha. You need to be close. The bond is not properly finished. That's why you are in so much pain ..."

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

The old lady was surprised to see them, but after explaining the situation, she got to

work. She examined the bond mark. "Hm, the mark is healed properly, but let me guess, you haven't claimed the alpha back to complete it, yes?" She asked, her gloved finger running over the edge of the bite.

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

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

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

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

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

"Did you feel exhausted lately?"

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

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

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

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

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

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