

One Weak Moment

Alpha Izuku/Omega Aizawa

Von Puraido

Kapitel 2: Chapter 2

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

"Could be better," Aizawa mumbled.

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

"Oh, I see a lot. You can't hide your feelings from me!" She laughed but winced

seconds later. "Laughing is not a good idea."

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

"It's okay." She answered.

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

"They will." He squeezed her shoulder and got up to change. After that, he cooked them food and prepared a nest on the couch for Eri and himself. He never really cared

for nesting in the past, but since adopting Eri, he has done it more frequently. In general, she brought his omega side out.

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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