

# One Weak Moment

## Alpha Izuku/Omega Aizawa

Von Puraido

### Kapitel 4: Chapter 4

Strangely, the heat didn't even last one day. After Izuku was done with him, the heat waves subsided, and he felt normal again. What the hell was that? But now that he was pain- and heat-free, he felt definitely better.

However, facing Izuku during classes felt even more of a challenge now. He caught himself, glancing over at his alpha more than once, and definitely more than was appropriate. He had to suppress his snarls when Katsuki aggressively approached Izuku, dragging him out for lunch.

His days consisted of classes and visiting Hizashi in the hospital. Nemuri was released a couple of days ago. She was still recovering, though, and wouldn't return to school for a while.

Visiting Hizashi got increasingly harder. He put on a brave face, but immeasurable guilt crept up in his body every time he sat on his friend's bed. The beta didn't notice, however; he chatted along happily.

Shota sat next to Hizashi again, listening to a wild-sounding story of what he had witnessed here in the hospital when suddenly, a wave of nausea washed over him. "'scuse me," Shota jumped up and ran toward the bathroom; he barely made it to the toilet before he threw up.

"Oi, Shota? You okay?" Hizashi asked from his bed. Shota took a few deep breaths, and the sick feeling was gone. He got up and flushed the toilet.

"Yeah, I'm good," he returned to the beta's side. "Don't know what this was; maybe I got a cold," he shrugged. "Or I ate something bad."

"Damn, hope it's nothing serious," the blond still looked concerned.

Shota managed to smile at him. "Ah, I don't think it is." He squeezed Hizashi's hand.

But this should turn out to be a lie. The sickness came quickly and suddenly once or twice a day before it vanished until the next wave. Sometimes it came during the morning, sometimes late at night.

He could feel the concerned looks of his students – especially Izuku’s – when he ran out of the classroom after another wave hit him. He barely made it to the bathroom in time. Was it the flu?

Shota collected himself while staring into the mirror. He looked like shit ... Even more tired than usual. In an effort to change that, he let cold water run over his hands before splashing it into his face. The sick feeling was gone again.

Eventually, he returned to the classroom. “Is everything okay, Mr. Aizawa? Have you caught a cold?” Iida jumped up from his seat, and his arms chopped the air.

“Sit down. I’m fine. I think it might be the flu, but I’m not sure; I will get it checked out, though.” Which was a lie, but they didn’t need to know that. He continued the lesson, and Izuku’s gaze burned into him.

Eri sat in his lap; she had an upsetting day in school and needed to be comforted. Shota did his best to do so, even though he felt massively on edge as well. “Shota ... why do you smell so much like Deku?” She asked after a while of leaning against him.

“Huh? Do I?” He furrowed his brows; since their last encounter, some days had passed, and he made sure to shower more regularly these days so the stench wouldn’t seep through the scent patches and the collar.

“Yes, it’s getting stronger,” the little girl looked at him, confused.

This was not good! So not good! “Uhm, hmm, that is indeed strange,” he murmured. He was screwed; if she could pick it up, then he was sure others could too.

“Oh well, I don’t say it’s bad. I was just wondering. I like Deku’s smell.” She snuggled against him.

Shota was lost in his thoughts. How could he better conceal this? However, he got ripped out when another wave of nausea hit him. “Sorry, Eri, you need to get up,” he said in a pressed voice. Confused, Eri stood up, and Shota sprinted toward the bathroom.

When he came back, she looked even more concerned. “Is everything okay? It’s getting worse, isn’t it?”

“Oh, I’m fine ... it’s nothing ...” who was he kidding? He didn’t even believe his own words anymore.

"But you are sick so much! I'm worried. Have you talked to Recovery Girl?" She tilted her head.

"No, don't worry. I just got the flu. It will be over soon," he petted her head. Eri didn't look convinced but didn't say anything to that.

Eventually, Hizashi was ready to be released. Shota was excited but also very worried. He wondered how this would go. Could he hide the bite mark from Hizashi? The wound had healed and was now nothing more than a ring of teeth marks, not the nasty open injury, but it was still clearly visible.

"Yooo, Sho! Finally, I can go home!" He seemed so excited. He wrapped his arms around Shota, and the touch almost burned the omega up. The guilt was still so prominent.

"Yeah, about time. Let's go!" He said, trying to get him off not too quickly. Hizashi didn't seem to notice Shota's hastiness and followed him, his bag over his shoulders. They walked over to the car, and Shota drove them home.

During the drive, Hizashi chatted about these last days at the hospital, but he sniffed the air after a while. Shit. "What's that smell?"

"Don't know what you mean," Shota said defensively. This was bad. Beta noses were not as sensitive to smells like alpha or omega noses. When even he could smell Midoriya on him, then it was even worse than he thought. "I don't smell anything."

Hizashi looked at him with a weird expression, but then he cleared his throat and picked up where he had left off. He seemed to notice that Shota didn't want to talk about it.

Eventually, they came home, and Eri was super excited to see Hizashi again. "Hey, I missed you so much!" She tackle-hugged him.

"Hey, little listener! I'm happy to see you too!" Hizashi laughed.

"I've drawn something for you!" She proceeded to show him all the pictures she had drawn.

"Oh, those are wonderful! Thank you very much!" Hizashi petted her head. "Hey, Sho, look at those masterpieces!" He held them up, showing him images of them as a family. They had different poses; Midoriya and Togata were mainly at the sides. Shota noticed that in all of the pictures, Midoriya was close to him. It made his heart ache.

"Yeah, they are wonderful," he smiled. But it wavered when nausea hit him. "Excuse

me!" He turned around to sprint over to the bathroom.

"Shota?" Hizashi walked after him but respectfully waited outside the bathroom for him to finish. "Is it still not better?"

"No, but it will be," Shota murmured. He felt embarrassed. He didn't want Hizashi to see him like this. He got up and winced; his back hurt slightly. He flushed the toilet and rinsed his mouth.

"You haven't checked this out yet? I think it's something more serious than the flu," Hizashi's look was so full of concern that it almost hurt.

"It's fine! I'm telling you! This only happens a few times a day, and after that, it's over." He tried to soothe him. "Come, let's make some food and watch a movie with Eri." He was just trying to distract the beta.

"... Alright," he followed Aizawa, and together they cooked. Nemuri came over, too, and they had a mini-party.

Aizawa was relieved when his two friends were gone. He wanted to spend time with them, but they kept staring at him, making him uncomfortable. He tucked Eri into bed when it was time, and then he sat down in front of the TV again. He sighed; this was just the worst.

"Oj, Deku!" Katsuki approached Izuku, and the greenette flinched. "You there? You spaced out again!" He turned around and saw his omegan friend.

"Sorry ..." he murmured. He had this weird feeling, and he didn't know why. He missed his omega so much. The worry for him was huge.

"You've been really weird for a few weeks. What the heck happened with you?" Katsuki sat next to him. He placed his hand on Izuku's shoulder but pulled it back when the alpha flinched.

Izuku saw the hurt on Katsuki's face when he shied away. But there was nothing he could do. He liked Kacchan, but since he mated Aizawa, his interest became less. "I don't know," he murmured.

He and Katsuki weren't dating or anything. But he knew that Katsuki had feelings for him and expected him to start the courting soon, and it hurt so much that he couldn't reciprocate them any longer.

"You don't know, or you don't want to talk about it?" The crimson-red eyes pierced through him.

The alpha exhaled. "I don't want to." He looked to the side; he felt so guilty and bad. If he was honest, keeping this whole relationship a secret was so hard. But he had

promised Aizawa to keep quiet. He didn't want him to lose his job, no matter how hard it was.

Katsuki frowned. He felt so frustrated. "You don't want to talk to me about your problems?"

"Not really ..."

"But, Deku, shouldn't you talk to me? I mean ... I thought ..." he stuttered over his words.

"Thought what?" Izuku's tone was sharper than necessary, and he saw how Katsuki's eyes widened.

"I thought we would be ... you know?" Izuku tilted his head when the omega didn't get the words out. Usually, he would bark at everyone who came too close to him, and now he couldn't say the words?

"No, I don't know," Izuku didn't know why he was so pissed off, why he challenged the omega, his best friend and former love interest. Shit, why did it have to be like this? He knew he shouldn't be like this. Katsuki didn't know! How was he supposed to know? Izuku needed to calm down.

"Damn it! I thought you would finally start to court me! You know that I have feelings for you. Why haven't you started?" His voice got higher. "Instead, you're avoiding me!" He grabbed Izuku's hand. "And you don't want to talk to me anymore!"

Almost immediately, Izuku pulled his hand out of Katsuki's grasp. "It's complicated, Kacchan. But I'm not going to court you." He could see that this was most definitely a hit in the face. Katsuki looked so devastated.

"What? Why?!" Katsuki grabbed him again, this time by the collar. Desperation was in the red irises.

"We're still in school, Kacchan, and it's... just too early to be thinking about that. I don't want to ... get stuck in something I'm not sure of."

Izuku saw how Katsuki's mimic changed from desperate; to not believing it; to angry. "Great, you think I'm a nuisance? That's it, right? I'm annoying you? Yeah, sure, I got jealous a few times when these other extras came too close, but still! Or ... is it still because of the bullying? How many times do you want me to apologize for it?" He got louder, and his scent turned sharp and aggressive.

"It has nothing to do with that! I'm just not sure I want to have a relationship with you. My feelings have ... changed. I can't do this anymore!" He told him. He didn't want to have this conversation. He knew he would hurt Katsuki so much, but he didn't want to be in a relationship like this. He was still mated to Aizawa and didn't want to do this to Katsuki. If he was going to be with him, he wanted to do it right, not halfway mated to someone else.

"Changed ..." Now Katsuki really looked like as if Izuku had hit him in the face with an entire fence. "Y-You don't love me anymore?" The omega swallowed heavily.

"No, I ... look, I told you it's complicated. I still love you, but I can't be with you. At least not right now. I just can't, Kacchan. This is going too fast for me. I am not ready for a committed relationship." This was good, was it? It was the truth. Well, half of it. Even before the stuff with Aizawa, he sometimes felt overwhelmed by Kacchan's speed.

Katsuki sat back; he felt clearly uncomfortable. He needed some time to process the conversation. "Fuck ..." He murmured, swallowing audibly. "A-Am I really going too fast again? I'm ruining things by being too pushy, am I?"

Izuku's heart broke when he saw him like that. Tears ran over, and he pulled Katsuki close. "I'm sorry; it's not your fault. It is me. Please, Kacchan, don't think this is something you caused."

The omega leaned against his shoulder, and Izuku hated himself for disliking the feeling. It wasn't his omega, after all. But he couldn't let Katsuki believe that this was his fault in any form. "Maybe one day, we can be together, but now is not the time. I'm so sorry." He stroked through the blond, soft hair, knowing it wouldn't do much to improve the situation.

"Yeah ... one day ..." Katsuki murmured, feeling numb.