

# Not as planned 1 - Katsuki Bakugo

## A/B/O Verse

Von Puraido

### Kapitel 109:

The sickness lasted for the next couple of days, he had to ran to the toilet constantly. He wondered, just how much of the black substance was injected to him, because it never seemed to be less than the time before. Kirishima took care of him and when he had trouble to sleep, he would stay with him.

Katsuki went to the therapist more these days. The images of a burned Khaoz just wouldn't go out of his head. Sometimes he remembered the first fight against Deku, when they came to this school. He had burned him in all his anger and even though the skin wasn't as badly burned as it was in Khaoz' case, he still couldn't get it out of his head. He had burned Deku! And from time to time his mind was doing him bad. Sometimes he imagined if he had hit him with his mega explosion. He saw Deku's burned lifeless body in front of him and he could smell it too.

Abhorrent images of all his classmates burned to crisps flashed before his eyes, and it was all his fault! Some nights he couldn't get it out of his head. He tried to calm himself like the therapist had taught him, but it wasn't that easy.

He didn't know how to cope with it, he couldn't deny, that this had pretty fucked with him. It wasn't even the kiss that was the most traumatizing to him. It was the burning woman, her shrieking laugh, right out of the fire. Her stench was still in his nostrils, even after days.

Some nights, he would wake up screaming, plagued by those dreadful dreams, of his friends being burned alive. He would take sleeping pills after that, but it made it even worse.

*They were in a pitch black, infinite room, his classmates circled around him, they just stood there, heads low, arms hanging down form their bodies, they weren't really standing, it looked like they were hanging in the air. Yeah, as if they had a noose around their necks, an invisible noose. He heard them mumbling. He couldn't make out what they were saying, though.*

*The ground was covered with blood, ankle high, blood mixed with a black substance, dark streaks were dragging through it. The stench was abhorrent. It was hot in this room, the air was sticky and it smelled like iron, burned rubber, aluminum and petrol.*

*Katsuki was anchored in the middle, he tried to move but he couldn't, he couldn't even lift his legs. Suddenly the invisible nooses were cut and his classmates fell to the ground, in the mix of blood and petrol. He could see Ochako in front of him, her brown hair now red, her face too, when she slowly lifted her body up. Her brown eyes looked alive and dead at the same time, they were vibrant in color but they seemed still so empty. Eijiro was somewhere behind her, Mina next to her.*

*She crawled over the bloody ground, it looked much like those ghost women in horror movies. Her movements were weird, sometimes incredibly fast, and sometimes really slow. They all started to crawl in his direction.*

*Ochako dragged her body, over the blooded ground she held eye contact with him all the time. Her limbs cracked from time to time. They all did and every time it let Katsuki flinch, His breathing got heavier and he wanted to run, but couldn't.*

*They arrived by him and they piled up at his feet now, broken, bloody hands grabbing his legs, and pulling themselves up, tears ran over Katsuki's face. He looked down and suddenly his shirt started to move. It looked like his stomach was bloating but that was not it. His trembling hands grabbed the seam of his shirt and he slowly pulled it up. He looked into the smiling burned to a crisp face of Khaoz. Her vibrant blue eyes fixating him, her hands grabbed his head from an angle that seemed impossible. Her fingers slowly covered his eyes and he tried to shake his head to get them away.*

*When he could see again, his classmates stood again in a circle around him. Khaoz wasn't in his stomach any longer. Some of his classmates were slouched forward, some just hang there in weird poses, some where leaned backwards.*

*He could hear sounds coming from all directions at once, he couldn't pin point where it started. It was dreadful music, a faint, dark rumbling, some higher notes that hurt his ears. It induced even more angst into him.*

*Khaoz' burned corpse – a black and creepy thing – walked closer it had choppy movements – it was right next to Ochako, they were all naked and he could see the injuries on their bodies. A black burned hand pressed against Ochako's chest and she slowly started to burn too. Liquefied body substance dripped down, and into the pool of blood and oil, her whole body started to catch fire and soon enough. Khaoz had burned a whole into her chest, pulling out her heart, blood dripping down – the girl was now completely on fire. Her screams that were up until this point silenced by an invisible force, now echoed through the void and pierced his ears.*

*The rest of his classmates started to scream too, as they slowly burned away. With crooked movements, they tried to get to Katsuki. 'Help us! Help us! We're burning!' they screamed. It hollered in Katsuki's ears, he tried to cover them, but it wouldn't go away.*

*Ochako pressed herself against his body, he had no chance but to look as her face melted*

*away and turned into black coal. Only her brown eyes stayed in a vibrant color, pleading with him, to help her. But he couldn't, every time he tried to move his hands, explosions went off, accelerating the burning process even further.*

*He closed his eyes and tried to get it out of his head but he couldn't. The stench of death filled the air, it was so thick that he could taste it in his mouth, it tried to suffocate him.*

*'This will happen with everyone around you' Khaoz mumbled in his ear. 'Your ability is cursed, it is not for helping people, it's for harming them! You got so much potential, you could always come to me. I wouldn't judge' her voice was dark and seductive. She appeared behind him, wrapping her burned arms around him, her head appeared on his shoulder.*

*'Come to me, boy, I will take good care of you' she hummed, she tried to coerce him to join her. 'I can make the bad dreams go away. You don't need to be so scared of them'*

*The rumbling sounds in the background got heavier. It hurt his ears and it was booming in his head. 'You're not a hero ...' her voice whispered in his ear. 'You're like me. Like us, you're a killer. You want it, deep inside, you know it. You told your childhood friend to kill himself. You yell it all the time. You want death'*

*Her voice echoed in the depths of his brain it got heavier the louder the rumbling from outside got.*

*He couldn't speak, he wanted to tell her no, but he couldn't form the words. The dark whispers continued. He wanted to wake up, he knew that this was a dream, but he was unable to. The sleeping pills stopped him from waking up and he was trapped in the nightmare.*

*'I will always be in your head. I won't leave you alone' she whispered.*

*And it continued as promised. He would see the images of his dead – or undead – class mates over and over again, how they burned over and over and over. No matter how hard he tried he couldn't save them, not a single person that he could save.*

Katsuki woke up several hours later, drenched in sweat and to his horror he had pissed himself. He was shaking uncontrollably. Some explosions went off in his hands, he had no control over his quirk. Yeah, as she prophesized. Still absolutely mortified he climbed out of his bed, he collected the soiled sheets and grabbed some fresh clothes and a towel, he made his way down to the showers, he had slept through the day while all the students were in classes, and now it was almost midnight.

He put the sheets and his dirty clothes in the washer and turned it on, while he walked over to the showers. He felt absolutely terrible, he turned on lukewarm water and he rinsed himself off. Tears, sweat and piss were washed away, but he didn't feel better.

When he was clean again, he stepped out of the shower and walked over to his towel,

half-heartedly he dried himself off, he looked into the mirror while doing so. He had huge bags under his eyes, his sclera was red from crying, his skin was pale in comparison.

He couldn't save his friends ... his explosions couldn't be used for helping, only for destroying ...

No ... no, that was not true, he had helped people before! He shook his head. His explosions wouldn't burn people to a crisp that was not possible, she lied!

He looked down on the scars on his forearms. No, they wouldn't completely incinerate people, no way!

He pressed his right hand on his left arm and he forced an explosion to go off. Pain shot through his arm, when he did so, he burned the skin, his injuries were red in color, not black like hers. No, he couldn't burn people to a crisp. He did it again, just to make sure, he let a second explosion go off, bigger this time, he cried again, because it hurt so much. The place was red again, and some bubbles started to build, but it definitely was different from Khaoz.

Katsuki did it a few more times on his other arm, just to make sure it wasn't the same. The intensity became higher with each blast, but he had to be careful that none of the others would wake up. His arms were scorched after a while and he decided, that it was enough.

It was comforting to know, that he couldn't burn himself with his explosions like she had, but it also freaked him out, that he had to go to such lengths to prove it.

He dressed himself and took some bandages to cover his arms, before he left the room. He walked back up to his room, but he was afraid to enter it. He almost couldn't grip the handle, for he was shaking so much.

But eventually he entered and he immediately scrunched his nose. His room stank awfully. He could smell the sweat and the piss, there was no way, that he could sleep in his bed tonight. As shameful as it was, he had to ask Aizawa for a new mattress. He walked to the window and opened it to let the bad smell out.

What could he do now? He felt so worn out, but he wouldn't go back to sleep, that he was sure of. But standing in the middle of the room was not good either. He didn't want to go back into his ruined nest.

Katsuki sighed and walked over to the closet. He opened it and inspected the space on the bottom. He moved some stuff out of the closet and instead put some fresh blankets in. He then went back to his nest and grabbed some of the plushies and brought them over. He placed them in it looked at his new, provisional nest. He grabbed a hooded sweater and put it on, it was way too big but this was perfect. He pulled up the hood and then walked into his closet. He got his phone out and illuminated the room before he closed the door. He wrapped himself in a blanket and he cowered in the closet, he made himself as small as possible. He pulled his legs to

his body and he pulled the sweater over his legs too, he grabbed some of the plushies and hugged them. He turned the flashlight of his phone off and now in the safety of his new nest, he waited for the morning.

Eijiro walked over to Katsuki's room the next morning and knocked. He was concerned when he didn't get an answer. He opened the door and he was so confused when he found the nest empty and the window open. He looked at the balcony, but Katsuki wasn't there either.

"Bakugo?" he called out, he sniffed the air and immediately scrunched his nose. Even though it was faint, he could smell absolute panic, sweat and urine. But this didn't explain, where the omega went. "Oi, Bakugo, where are you?" He heard a quiet thump out of the closet.

Huh, he thought and went over. He grabbed the handle and tried to open it, but there was a sharp hissing from inside and he let go of the door. "What are you doing in there?" No answer. "Did you get scared?" Still, no answer.

"Hey, it's me, Kirishima, can I open the door please?" He heard more hissing from the inside.

The alpha scratched his head and didn't know what to do. "Okay, I'll leave you then, I will send Aizawa over." He informed him. He wasn't sure, what to do with Katsuki in this state.

Eijiro walked out of the room and made his way to the teachers' lounge, he informed Aizawa that Katsuki had retreated into his closet and wouldn't come out.

Aizawa followed the alpha back to the dorms, he was worried about Katsuki. He noticed that the omega was acting weird lately. After what had happened, he couldn't hold it against him.

They arrived at the room and Aizawa raised his eyebrows at the strange sight of the bed. He ignored it for now and knelt in front of the closet. "Bakugo, it's me, Aizawa. Would you open the door please?" He made sure to let out calming pheromones. Maybe it helped Katsuki to open up.

The door opened a little bit. "Go away" he said.

"Please, Bakugo, come out of the closet and talk to me, was it a panic attack again?" Aizawa asked. It was not uncommon for omegas to build a nest inside of a closet. He had done so, after Shirakumo had died, he wouldn't come out for weeks.

"I'm dangerous to the others, so just leave me in here, I can't be a hero like that. I'm always destroying things."

"What are you saying? You made so much progress, the past couple of months. You

have what it takes do become a great hero!" Aizawa informed him.

"That's a lie, my explosions only hurt people ..."

"But isn't that the reason why you learned to control yourself? You created techniques to help people with them. Please let me open the door to look you in the eyes."

They heard more hissing, but eventually, he opened the door, he looked so tired and done with everything. The dark circles were even darker in contrast with his pale skin.

Katsuki looked wary in Eijiro's direction, Aizawa noticed it and gave him a hand sign to wait outside. Eijiro left the room after that.

"Okay, now he's gone, would you like to tell me, what happened?" Aizawa extended his hand and patted his hooded head.

Katsuki hesitated, his jaw was working and gulped. "I will never take those fucking sleeping pills again" he started.

"Did it make the nightmares worse?" Aizawa asked.

"Yeah, I couldn't wake up ... It was terrible." And after a few more minutes of contemplating, he told Aizawa from his dream. When it got too painful to talk about, he grabbed onto Aizawa's arm and pulled on it. Aizawa moved over next to him and put an arm around him.

Katsuki told him how bad it was and that Khaoz was still in his head. He was scared that he would hurt his friends, that he was not good enough, that he would not be able to be a hero with his quirk. That he wasn't a good enough person.

It scared Aizawa a little bit, that this woman had such an impact on Katsuki. He tried his best, to comfort the traumatized student. He promised him, that he didn't have to take sleeping pills, if he didn't want to.

Katsuki was glad to hear that, he listened to his teacher, as he tried to reassure him, that everything was okay, but even though his explanations were reasonable, it didn't do it for Katsuki. It didn't really calm him down in the slightest. The shock was still too deep. But he managed to fake it. He knew that Aizawa wouldn't let it go otherwise, so he tried to act as if it got better. He just wanted to be left alone.

"I will arrange more therapy sessions for you" Aizawa said in the end. "You are safe here in the school, Khaoz won't come here to take you or anything. Even if, here are dozens of pro heroes and hero students, so there is no way, she can hurt you."

"Yeah, you're right ..." he mumbled. He feared, that the therapy sessions wouldn't work anymore. He had talked to her but it didn't help so far.

Aizawa was about to get up, when Katsuki stopped him. He was still on the ground

and he grabbed his hand. His cheeks were burning now. "Uhm ... c-could I get a new mattress please?" He felt so embarrassed to ask this. He looked Aizawa in the eyes, even though it was hard.

The omega teacher looked down at him and tilted his head. He luckily seemed to understand without Katsuki actually telling him what had happened. "Of course, I will arrange it. They will bring the mattress during classes, so the others don't notice it."

"Thanks" a small, but forced smile appeared on his face.

Aizawa nodded and he got up completely, Katsuki crawled back into the closet and Aizawa closed it, he left the room and made some phone calls, so Katsuki would get his new mattress.

After that he called the therapist to arrange more sessions and at last he called Michiko. He wanted to ask, if she could possibly help him, she had experienced Khaoz first hand after all. She agreed to come over as soon as possible.

Katsuki sunk back in the dark of his closet. He was so exhausted but he couldn't sleep either, so he stayed in this half awake, half asleep state. Sometimes he heard Khaoz' laughing from somewhere outside and the hair in his neck would stand straight, but he knew that it was just an illusion. He had to endure it, somehow. He could do it!