

# Not as planned

## New Version

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### Kapitel 14: Arc 3: Heated Situation

Katsuki was lying in his room that night, and he was overthinking again. He was so happy that the alphas – mainly Izuku and Eijiro – were coming back soon. But on the other hand, not even five minutes into the meeting, he had almost completely messed up again! He made Eijiro struggle! And it wasn't him who had calmed him down but Mina. She was a so much better omega; she could actually help her alpha if needed.

Yeah, that was why Eijiro preferred her! It must be the case! And this was why Izuku liked Ochako more! They were all better than him! No wonder they wanted to punish him while they were all happy with those two. He shifted in his nest uncomfortably. He hugged one of his pillows. It had long lost every scent of Izuku or Eijiro.

"Damn it! It is all my fault for not being a better omega! I should have comforted him. Stupid, stupid, stupid!" He rolled around and grabbed some of the shirts he had shamefully stolen from Izuku's and Eijiro's rooms. Their scents were so weak it almost made him cry.

Goddammit, why was it so damn hot in his room? The thought of the alpha on top of him shot through his mind, how the strong alpha body had pinned him down. Had shown him his place ... yes, today, he was a bad omega, so he should get punished for that! He had made his alpha mad ... yes, he definitely needed to be punished.

His breathing got a lot heavier. He pressed the shirt to his nose, inhaling every little trace of scent that was still on it. He wanted more of his alpha! His heart started to beat faster. His stomach twisted in a strange feeling. It hurt so much.

Katsuki groaned because of the pain. The pain in his stomach moved through his spine too. It was agonizing. He needed ... he needed his alpha! He robbed more to the wall and cuddled up in all the plushies, blankets, and pillows he had gathered over the last four months. He didn't know what was happening, but he couldn't stand this feeling. His mind was all foggy.

His dreams were weird. He wanted his alphas so badly! He wanted to feel Eijiro's lips on his again. He wanted to smell Deku's scent again, both cedar-moss and pine-grass surrounding him. It was so arousing. He shifted under the sheets.

When he awoke the next morning, he was drenched in sweat. He felt sticky and disgusting. His cheeks were red when he remembered his wet dreams about Eijiro and Izuku. What the fuck was he dreaming? They were his friends! He didn't want to see them this way! He shook his head, but this only made him feel dizzier. Groaning, he got out of bed. He changed his sweaty clothes to fresh ones. His limbs felt heavy. Why was he so groggy?

Still half asleep, he made his way to the common room. Gosh, he felt so awful. His lower abdomen hurt so much. He slouched into the kitchen. He was hungry ... All the guys were already there, but no sign of the girls.

"Good Morning, Kacchan," Denki greeted him. He gasped when he saw him. "Oh my god, what's wrong? You don't look so good." He rounded the counter and was with him in seconds. Katsuki's legs couldn't support his body weight any longer when another cramp hit him. He fell forward but was able to grab onto a chair, and with Denki's help, he could take a seat.

"I don't know what's happening," he groaned again. "Since last night, I have been in pain." He winced, and Denki rubbed circles over his back. He sniffed the air around him.

"Dude, you smell strange," Minoru murmured.

"Shut up!" Katsuki cried out.

"Maybe you should see Recovery Girl," Mashirao suggested.

"I don't want to see the old hag!" Katsuki growled.

"Do you want to eat something? Maybe that helps?" Denki was at a loss.

"Yeah ..."

Denki patted Katsuki a few times on the back before he left to make some pancakes. He wasn't good at making them, but it was at least something.

Yuga walked up next to him and sniffed too. He could tell that something was wrong with Katsuki physically. He sat next to the omega and presented him with some cheese. "Do you want to try some of my cheese? Here, this one is exquisite! It is mild and easily digestible."

Katsuki eyed the cheese suspiciously. He then covered his nose with his hand. "No! Put that away. I can't stand the smell!"

"Quoi? This sort doesn't even smell?" Yuga was confused. He could see that it was really bothering Katsuki, but it was strange that the explosion boy didn't even explode on him. He just sounded like he was in pain.

Denki brought some of the pancakes over. "Here, I know they won't taste that good ... but I tried my best," he said. His face was apprehensive, however. Something was clearly wrong with Katsuki.

Katsuki took a fork full of the pancakes and tried it, but he shoved the plate away. "It tastes funny! I don't want your food! I want my alphas to make me food!" he winced.

The beta raised his eyebrows. "Your alphas?"

The others looked at Katsuki with strange looks.

The blond nodded, but another cramp hit him. He screamed a little. "Yeah," he whined. "I want my alphas! Where are they?"

Suddenly a spicy stench mixed into Katsuki's caramel scent. Tenya, Minoru, Rikido, and Mezo covered their noses instantly. "God damn," Mezo exclaimed. "Get him out of here, please!"

"Yes, please! Someone, take him to the designated rooms," Tenya's voice was raspy, and he moved away from Katsuki.

"What? What's wrong?" Denki looked confused.

"Oh, I get it now," Yuga mumbled.

"Shit!" Hanta exclaimed.

"Huh? What's going on?" Denki didn't get it.

"He's entering his heat and pretty quickly at that. Please, get him out of here before he gets our ruts started ..." Tenya sounded desperate.

"Yeah, I wouldn't want that," Rikido grimaced.

"Oh dear lord," Tokoyami shook his head. Koji looked so embarrassed. Minoru gritted his teeth and covered his nose.

"Holy moly! I-is that true, Kacchan?" Denki asked.

"Don't know! I want my alphas! It hurts so much!" His head was resting on the counter. "Fuck!" He shot up, but another wave of pain hit him. His hand wandered to his crotch. Dark stains were on his pants. His slick was starting to flow out of him like crazy.

"Woah, dude, what's happening there? Did you ... did you piss yourself?" Hanta raised an eyebrow.

"S-slick," Katsuki mumbled. He would be embarrassed about it, but his mind was too clouded for that. He could feel how it already ran down his legs. Why was it so much?

"O-okay, come on, we need you to get out of here. C'mon, Hanta, help me," Denki grabbed Katsuki by the arm and lifted him up. Hanta sighed and walked to the other side. Together they dragged Katsuki out of the room.

The alphas sighed in relief. They were, of course, on rut suppressants, but even they would struggle when an omega went into their heat directly next to them.

Denki and Hanta dragged Katsuki over the campus. It was very stressful since they had to stop every few steps because of new cramps. The omega whined all the way that he wanted to be with his alphas. Their luck was that it was still the holidays, so not many people were around.

"Come on, Kacchan. We need you to get to the rooms. They can help you," Denki pulled Katsuki higher and dragged him along.

"Will you bring me to my alphas? I want my alphas!" He whined.

"Who are your alphas?" Hanta asked. He could guess it, but he wanted confirmation.

"Eijiro a-and D-Deku," He mumbled. "I-I want them!"

"Oh, you are a greedy one, huh?" Hanta's voice was teasing. "Not just one alpha but two?"

"Yes! Yes! I am greedy! I want them. They need to ..." he trailed off, a wave of lust surged through his body.

"They need to do what? Katsuki, answer me," Hanta said in an ordering voice.

"Need to punish me. Was a bad omega ... yesterday! Made the alpha mad ..."

Denki's eyes widened. "What are you talking about?"

"Eijiro was stressed ... because of me!" He groaned the 'me' as another wave of lust flooded over him.

"At the beginning? But he got himself together," Denki said.

"M-Mina helped him. She's a better omega than me and could help the alpha, not me!" He sounded so sad that something clenched in Denki's heart. He could smell the scent of a sad omega. "They need to punish me for being a bad omega."

Denki looked at Katsuki. His eyes were glassy, his voice was slurred by now, and he had trouble speaking clearly. Denki guessed he wasn't lucid anymore. Why was this happening so fast? He thought it would take one or two days into the heat, to stop being lucid.

"So, you like to be punished?" Hanta asked again.

"Yeah," Katsuki groaned.

"Oh, so what should they do?"

"P-press me down. I want to ... to feel my alpha ..." he trailed off.

"Oi, Hanta! Stop that! He isn't even lucid anymore," Denki mumbled. He didn't feel comfortable interrogating Katsuki like that. He knew that it must be a pretty awful situation. He, of course, wouldn't know about heats personally, but Kyoka had told him that it was pretty uncomfortable.

Hanta sighed. "I was just teasing, man, but okay. Let's get him to the rooms. He's getting heavy. And besides, the slick gets worse."

Denki looked down at Katsuki's pants and gasped. "Holy shit, why is that so much seeping through?" He stared up at Hanta again with wide eyes.

"Don't know," he shrugged.

They finally arrived at the designated rooms, and the staff took over Katsuki. "Is everything okay with him? This seems kinda heavy!" Denki asked, concerned.

"Oh, don't worry. Everything will be alright," the caretaker said. She brought him into one of the rooms and helped him get undressed. She closed the door on the betas.

Another caretaker came up to them. "His heat is amplified at the moment," she started. "You know that it is actually unhealthy to miss out on heats, right? Every time you miss your heat, it gets worse. So it is advised not to suppress them at all. But since we are at a school, it would be unbearable if everyone had their normal heats – or ruts, for that matter. This is why they must suppress it, except for two heats – or ruts – per year. But as a result, the heats or ruts become even stronger and more intense. The cramps are a symptom of that," she explained.

"Oooh, yeah ... makes sense," Denki stuttered, his cheeks flushed. "W-what about the amount of slick, though?"

"That is normal, too; it's all amplified. You don't need to worry. He's in good care

now," she smiled at them.

"Should we bring him a change of clothes or something? I mean, his pants are pretty soaked," Hanta asked, scratching the back of his head.

"No need. We'll wash the clothes for him," she informed the betas.

The two boys said goodbye and were soon on their way back to the dorms. "That was wild. I've never seen Bakugo like that," Hanta murmured.

"Yeah, I feel kinda bad for him ... This must feel awful." Denki stared at the ground while they were walking back to the dorms.

Hanta raised an eyebrow. He looked at his pal and tilted his head. He had noticed that Denki had been different for the past couple of months. "Oi, is something up?"

Confused, Denki looked at him. "N-no? Everything is fine!" He picked up the pace and speed-walked the way back. Hanta raised the other eyebrow too. He raised his arm, shot out a string of tape, and captured Denki with it. He pulled him back.

"Come on, man. Something's up. What is it?"

"... I said it's nothing! Let me go!" Denki blushed and tried to get free from the tape.

"So it is really something, is it about what happened a couple of months back? About the stuff Midoriya did?"

"No! ... Yes? Ah, I don't know! I don't wanna talk about it" He avoided Hanta's gaze.

"Hmpf, but you do realize you have been acting strange lately?"

"Yeah? So what? I'm still not gonna talk about it with you. So leave me alone!" He broke free from the tape and stormed off. Hanta scratched the back of his head. What was wrong with him?

Denki came back to the dorms first. He was a little bit out of breath from speed-walking, so he tried to calm his breathing. Katsuki's spicy scent was still in the air.

He went back to the kitchen. "Did you bring him safely to the designated rooms?" Tenya asked.

"Huh? Uh, yeah, we did," Denki said; he looked at the pancakes he had made. Sighing, he started to eat them.

"Thank you for your assistance. I would have done it myself if I were able to." He

sighed and pinched the bridge of his nose. "But if I had stayed any longer in his vicinity, his heat would have triggered my rut. And this wouldn't be good around other alphas and especially not good around an omega in heat."

"Hmpf, no problem," Denki mumbled around two bites of pancake. "It got really bad with him anyway. He wasn't even lucid anymore, half the way."

"Shit, that doesn't sound good," Mezo mumbled.

"Where is Hanta anyway? Were you not together?" Mashirao asked.

"Yeah, but I walked faster to get back here. Don't know why he's taking so long," Denki just shrugged dismissively.

The others looked at him, confused, but before they could ask further questions, the cheery voices from the girls appeared. "Good morning!" Ochako beamed at them.

"Hey, morning!" Mashirao waved at them, his tail moving a little.

"Oh, is something wrong? What is that smell?" Momo asked, concerned.

"Ah, nothing. Katsuki just entered his heat. But we already took him to the rooms, so everything is fine," Denki explained. He finished the pancakes and cleaned his plate. After that, he wanted to return to his room, but Sero finally appeared.

"Ah, there you are; we wondered why you two came separated back from the rooms," Tokoyami mumbled.

"Hm, Kami just took off after I asked him something."

"Oh? Really? Is something up, Kaminari?" Tenya asked.

"No ..." he growled a little.

"So, you two helped Katsuki to the rooms? That's so nice of you. I remember when I had my second heat in March. It was so painful," Mina cringed.

"Yeah, right? I haven't signed up for that," Ochako grimaced. "I hope it gets better when we can have regular heats. This is just hell!"

"I don't want any heat at all," Kyoka shuddered. "But why are we talking about this in front of the guys?" Her plugs were slightly swirling around.

"Don't know, but it's not that big of a deal. I mean, all we said was that it was painful as hell," Mina shrugged it off.

Kyoka sighed. "It's still awkward ..."

While the others started a conversation about heats, Denki left the common area. He didn't need to hear conversations about that. He went up to his room. He lay back on his bed, hands crossed under his head. He stared at the ceiling, still thinking about his conversation with Katsuki the other day. Still brooding about the alpha command.

He found it silly to talk about it any longer. It's been so long since it had happened, and he was still not over it. He felt dumb for not forgetting this shit. Katsuki seemed to be just fine, so why couldn't he relax?

Denki groaned in frustration and pressed a pillow on his face. The scenario with Izuku ripping Hitoshi away from him and then pushing him to the ground, almost biting him ... He WAS happy that they could control themselves better now, and he really felt bad for the four. But seeing Izuku had triggered so much in him again.

He wasn't sure if he could be in the same room with the alpha again; he was still quite scared. But they would return when school started again ... so he would see them again! He got so nervous every time he thought about it.

Denki didn't want to think about it, so he did something he usually tried to avoid. He short-circuited willingly just to get an hour or so of peace in his speed-running and overthinking brain.

Dabi sat in the darkness of the closet, hugging himself deeper into the blanket. His mind was running wild. He knew that he was alone.

Hawks wasn't in the house ... What if Shigaraki and the rest came here?

No! No, they wouldn't find him! Not here in the safety of his new nest! Hawks' address wasn't public knowledge, so there was no way that he would locate him!

But still, his mind couldn't rest. This was all so new to him; he didn't need to sleep with one eye open. He could relax! No one was here to harm him! But what if they came when he closed his eyes?

What if he found him here in this small closet? He wouldn't have the space to dodge him! His skin was crawling with the memory of his hands on his body and how they touched him everywhere. A once careful touch turned violent.

Dabi felt the bile rising in his esophagus, and he quickly opened the door and sprinted to the bathroom. He retched and made it to the toilet in time before he started to vomit.

It took a while before he calmed down. He sat down next to the toilet, and his body was shaking. Blood was leaking out of the patches from under his eyes.

The omega tried to control his breathing, but it wasn't easy. He tried to stop thinking about him. Why was it coming up all of a sudden? He thought he was done with thinking about that ...

He was over it, he told himself over and over and over again. What's done is done. Thinking about it wouldn't change anything! But ... why couldn't he stop?

Dabi pulled his legs up to his body as best as possible and wrapped his arms around them. Why was his body still shaking every time the memory of that night came up? Why was it coming up anyways? He was done with it!

It was his own weakness that had caused this incident in the first place. He was weak. That's why he couldn't stop him. How could he? Shigaraki was a prime alpha, after all. He wasn't meant to stop him. He gritted his teeth; he just had to accept it. He was just a weak little omega ...

Omegas were supposed to obey their alphas to make them happy. It didn't matter how they felt; they weren't important ... he shook his head violently. No! Those were just the toxic words of that woman!

But it must be true; ever since she came, he had changed. Shigaraki's views on omegas had changed.

"Stop it," Dabi murmured. He didn't want to think of him. He felt how his body was getting colder. It frequently happened whenever the thoughts of that night came back to his mind. Dabi's breathing got heavier, and his hands wandered into his black hair. He just wanted to forget ...