

Not as planned

New Version

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Kapitel 3: Arc 1: Confusing Outbursts

Time went by, and Katsuki felt slowly but surely better again. He still hated to be an omega, but he managed to cope with it. In school, he would always wear his scent blockers. He refused to wear a collar. None of the other extras needed to know, and a collar would give away his omega status right away.

He eventually called his parents to let them know what had happened. His mother was really, really surprised by it. She mocked him a little, but she wasn't disappointed. His father reassured him that everything was okay, that it wasn't bad to be an omega.

After the phone call, his mood was dampened. The comments of his mother had pissed him off again. He lay back in his nest and pressed the Pomeranian pillow to his chest, still with Eijiro's scent on it.

The next setback was when Shoto presented as a heta. So he really was the only male omega in his course – he didn't give a fuck about the other classes. He knew one of the Big Three guys was an omega, but he didn't matter.

Sure, technically, Shoto was intersex, too, and had heats, but it still wasn't the same as being completely omega. Shoto hid the fact that he was a heta anyway. He presented as alpha for the rest of the school, given the rarity of hetas.

He snarled when he learned that the other purple fuck, the zombie-looking brainwasher, was an alpha too. However, Eijiro and the girls did their best to calm his mood down.

This time Aizawa put him and the stupid nerd together for training. It was the first time he was this close to Izuku again since they both presented. Katsuki hated admitting it, but he avoided Deku as best as possible.

He absolutely hated it, but he was still after his scent, even though Izuku wore scent

blockers, like all the alphas. He let Eijiro scent all the belongings in his nest, hoping to forget about Deku's, but it was no use. He liked Eijiro's smell, but it wasn't the same. Still better than admitting he desired Deku's more.

They had been training for hours, and the alpha physique really pissed him off. Deku was so much bigger than him now. This plus One for All was not a good combination for him; he lost to Deku way too many times during this training. He yelped in pain as his back hit the mat again.

"Sorry. Did I hurt you?" Deku asked and offered his hand.

"I am fucking fine!" Katsuki growled while pushing Deku's hand away. The damn nerd smiled at him. This stupid fucking smile sent shivers down his spine. He was so close to Deku during training. And now he was even closer. He could smell the adrenaline in the other boy, even through the damn scent patches.

A low growl escaped Katsuki as he tried to get rid of the thoughts. No, he couldn't let that happen. It was true that he was on better terms with Deku now, but they still were barely friends. He didn't want to think of him in 'that' way.

He distanced himself from Deku and was glad when the lesson was finally over. It was so fucking hard to concentrate when everything smelled like fucking Deku.

During changing, his gaze was on Deku's strong back again. He could see the scars he had because of his training. He didn't notice that he was staring at him for so long.

He flinched when Eijiro pushed him slightly in the arm. "You're staring," he whispered.

Katsuki shook his head violently and forced himself to change into his school clothes again. He left the room with Eijiro, and his confused heart sank when he saw that Ochako clung to Deku again.

Of course, he knew that she liked him. And he shouldn't care because he definitely didn't like Deku, and he was even somewhat friends with Ochako now. Still, he felt strange whenever he saw her clinging to his arm.

"Is everything okay, man?" Kirishima asked. He had a concerned look on his face. He knew that Katsuki was very fixated on Deku's scent. But he didn't know what was up with him right now.

"Meet me later in my room," he stormed off. He didn't want to see Deku and Cheeks together. Why was he so god damn emotional? Was he going into heat again? It was still too early; besides, he was on suppressants, so he would get his heat only two times a year for as long as they were in school.

Thank god they were done with classes for today, and he went straight to his dorm. Some small explosions started in his hands, and he scared two girls who passed his way, but he couldn't care less. He was too angry at Deku and Cheeks for making his day terrible.

He arrived at the dorm, and he went to his room immediately. He threw himself into his nest and buried his nose in one of the pillows. Eijiro's cedar-moss scent embraced him, calming him down a bit.

Katsuki patted the Typhlosion and tried not to think about Deku and Cheeks. Why was he feeling so strange? Cheeks and he got along surprisingly well the past few weeks. So why was he so mad at her? He didn't need a reason to be angry at someone, but he still didn't understand why he was so upset.

Sometime later, Eijiro knocked on his door. "Hey, Katsuki, what's wrong?" he asked.

"I don't know," Katsuki murmured.

"You don't know?"

"Yeah, this is my fucking problem. I don't know what's wrong. I am so angry right now," he tried to explain.

"Why are you angry?"

"I don't know! I look at Cheeks and Deku, and I am just so pissed off!" he growled. "She's always clinging to him, rubbing her scent all over him, and he doesn't even push her off," he gritted his teeth. "But why am I so angry about it? I don't even like Deku. So why am I so pissed off?"

"Hm, maybe the omega possessiveness? You were pretty fixated on Izuku's scent, so of course, you wouldn't like it if any other omega was near him," Eijiro guessed.

"But I don't like Deku! So why would it bother me?"

"Maybe because he stays away from you? I mean, ever since you presented, he has kept his distance. But, usually, he was always around you in some way?" Eijiro suggested.

"I kept my distance because of that stupid smell. Stupid nerd sending out his oh-so-great alpha scent as if he is the best here," Katsuki grumbled. "But how dare he ignore me? He is always touchy with cheeks, but he isn't coming after me? So why is he ignoring me? Am I not good enough?" He talked himself angrier and angrier.

"Maybe ... because my scent is all over you?" Eijiro sounded unsure.

Katsuki inhaled sharply; he hadn't thought of that. "G-good, that keeps him away, huh? He better stays away from me!"

Eijiro raised his eyebrows. He wasn't sure what his friend was going through, but it was really bad. He reached out to him and patted his head carefully. "Just try to calm down, yeah? You are still a bit confused. But I am sure this will settle with time."

Katsuki's growling turned into a light purring. He let Eijiro pat him for a while, but then he snapped out of it and pushed the hand away. "I don't need that. I am fucking fine," he averted his gaze, however. Eijiro just smiled at him.

"Sure, man."

They went down to get dinner when they met Izuku. He smiled at the pair, but this set off Katsuki again. "Why are you smiling, nerd? What's so funny?"

Confused, Deku blinked at him. "Nothing? What's wrong with me smiling?"

Katsuki growled. "Don't laugh at me!" His scent was very unpleasant. It seeped through the patches.

"I am not laughing at you, Kacchan! I am just happy for you," he tried to calm him down. A wave of his pine-grass scent was washing over Katsuki and Eijiro. Izuku had recently showered and didn't put on new patches. So the smell was a bit watered down.

"Happy for me? What the hell do you mean?"

"Well ... I mean for you and Eijiro? You seem very close lately. And you smell like him ..."

Katsuki lost it for a moment. His eyes widened, and he started blushing. "W-wait! You think he and I are dating?" he stammered. "We are not!"

Izuku lifted his eyebrows and looked at Eijiro. "No, I think this was a misunderstanding. I am just the comforter," he shrugged.

"Don't say that! I don't need comfort," Katsuki flipped him off. "You are just allowed to be in my room."

"Sure thing, Katsuki," Eijiro waved him off.

"Okay, then, sorry for assuming things." Deku still fucking smiled.

"What's with you and Cheeks, huh?" Katsuki asked him rudely. "She's all over you!"

"Ah, yeah ... I try to tell her that she shouldn't do it, but she still comes close. But I don't mind too much. Her scent is nice," Deku blushed slightly.

Katsuki gritted his teeth. "So my scent is not good enough to be worthy of you? FUCKING ASSHOLE!" He bumped his shoulder into Deku's arm and stormed off.

"What the hell just happened?" Deku asked, confused. "D-does he want me to be close to him or not?"

"Honestly, man, I have no clue. He is very confused," Eijiro shrugged. "Maybe you should talk to him?"

"Hmpf," Izuku grunted. "I guess I should do that. I don't want that our relationship goes bad again."

"Yeah, this would suck," Eijiro made his way over to Bakugo, who angrily chopped onions. It seemed like he made the onions cry while doing so.

Deku looked at his childhood friend for some time, but he sighed and left to go to his room until dinner was ready. He would normally stay to help with something, but he guessed that Katsuki wouldn't let him.

The dinner was good, even though Katsuki was still in a foul mood. "Hey, what's wrong?" Ochako asked him. She sat next to him, surprisingly far away from Deku. She stared at him with her big, brown eyes.

"Nothing," he coldly answered.

Cheeks smiled and let out a calming scent. It was very sweet, and he hated to admit it, but Deku was right. Her scent was lovely. He ate fast so he could get away quicker. Since he was doing all the cooking, the other extras had to do the dishes. So he left when he finished eating. He exited the building and went for a quick run to get his mind off of the previous confrontation with Deku.

He was still angry at him. He was mad at Cheeks too, but not as much – strangely. Why didn't Deku push her away? Katsuki knew that he was irrational. He put distance between Deku and himself. He didn't want to be close to the nerd. So why was he so frustrated?

"Kacchan?" He heard Deku's voice from behind him.

"What the fuck do you want?" Katsuki snapped. He turned to Deku, and his breath stopped for a second when his eyes met his childhood friend. He could smell him, too, and the scent was so overwhelming.

"I want to talk to you. You seem a little off lately," he told him. He got close very quickly. Katsuki wanted to back away, but his feet were frozen in place.

"There is nothing to fucking talk about!" he yelled. He crossed his arms in front of his chest.

"Really? Because I am confused because of you." Izuku stated.

"The fuck are you talking about?"

"Well, do you want me to be close to you or not? I wasn't so sure earlier. You seemed pretty annoyed that Ochako is always with me, but I don't understand why. We were always close." Izuku explained.

Katsuki gritted his teeth. "I don't fucking know!" He let out a frustrated grunt. "It's all your fault, stupid nerd!"

"How is it my fault? What have I done?" Izuku insisted. "You have to tell me what I did wrong so that I can work on it."

"I don't know what's wrong!" Katsuki shouted. "You just piss me off with your fucking scent!" He grabbed his upper arms with his hands. "It's fucking distracting, and I can't think straight!"

Izuku's eyes widened. Did his friend really react so heavily to his scent? "I-I am sorry?! I had no idea, Kacchan!"

Katsuki snorted. "Stupid nerd, you think you are so much better, am I right? Letting out your scent so strongly that every omega within five kilometers is after you, right? Come on, just say it. You're doing this extra, right? You know how fucking hard this is for me, right? You want to make me angry!"

"Kacchan! You are not making sense! I try to hold my scent back as well as I can. I don't want every omega to follow me! What makes you think that?" Deku was royally confused. What was wrong with Katsuki? He couldn't make sense of him. It scared him a little that Katsuki was not lashing out at him. Maybe because he remembered the last time they had fought.

"But why on earth is your scent bothering me so much when you hold him back? Why do I fucking like it so much? Why are you doing this to me?" Katsuki snarled.

"Y-you like my scent?" Izuku tilted his head.

"Fuck, yes! But this is not the point! You do it again, fucking nerd!"

"What? Please tell me!"

"You are better at everything again. And now, no matter how much I try, I can't change that. You, stupid crybaby, are an alpha while I am stuck in this omega body! You got big so fast, and you got strong! I couldn't do anything during training, and that pissed me off! Why is it you? Why did you turn into an alpha and not me?" He felt

hot tears pooling up in his eyes. He tried to wipe them away aggressively. He was so angry at himself for tearing up.

Izuku's heart sank as he smelled Katsuki's distressing scent. "Kacchan, I am sorry! I really am. I would instantly change with you if that were possible." He moved closer to Katsuki.

Katsuki bit his lower lip to stop the tears from running down his face. Stupid fucking hormones or whatever! He hated it so fucking much. Weak explosions went off in his hands. "It's fucking creeping me out," he mumbled. "Your scent ... I hoped it would stop after my heat, but it didn't."

Deku stopped and looked at Katsuki. "What?"

"The pillow ... I took it. It's creepy. I couldn't sleep without it," Katsuki gritted his teeth in frustration. He stared at the ground, unable to look at Deku. It was embarrassing, so fucking embarrassing.

"Oh, there it went," mumbled Deku. "Got it better? After your heat?"

"No! It still bothers me so much. I let Kirishima scent all my stuff so I could get used to another scent, but it's no fucking use. Everything returns to your stupid scent as soon as you enter the room." His fists clenched and unclenched multiple times.

"I am sorry, I didn't know. But I'm already wearing scent blockers. So what am I supposed to do?" Izuku was still a bit confused.

"I don't fucking know. This is why it pisses me off so much," Katsuki grumbled, annoyed.

"I'm sorry, I had no idea that my scent was so heavy for you, even with scent patches," Izuku apologized. "I will try to suppress it. Maybe this way, Ochako will stop clinging to me, too. That bothered you as well, right?"

"Yes ..." he admitted. "I don't like seeing her clinging to your arm all the time," his brows furrowed. Izuku looked at him with an unsure look. Katsuki clenched his jaw. Finally, he lifted his gaze to meet Izuku's eyes. "D-do you like her scent more than mine?"

Izuku almost missed the last sentence because he said it so quietly. He raised his eyebrows. "I never actually smelled you ..." he started.

"Oh ..." Katsuki scratched his neck with one hand. Izuku came closer.

"May I?" he asked.

Katsuki could feel the heat rising in his body. His cheeks grew hotter as he tilted his head to reveal his neck. "Yeah ..."

Izuku leaned forward and sniffed. He took in Katsuki's sweet caramel scent. At the moment, he was relatively calm, so it was a delightful smell. However, when he was angry, the sweet caramel would turn into the burning smell of capsaicin.

"Hmm, you smell good. I like it," Izuku stepped back and smiled at Katsuki.

"Do you like mine or hers more?" The blonde asked.

"... I like yours. It reminds me of caramel," Izuku said gently. He knew it would upset Katsuki even more if he said anything wrong now. So he tried to please him.

Katsuki noticed that he didn't actually answer the question but let it slide. "You better like it! I got the best smell out of all of them!" A smug grin spread over his face.

"Haha, you're right, Kacchan," Izuku answered. "So ... should we go back? It's getting late."

"Hmpf, yeah ..."

They walked back to the dorms in silence. Izuku still didn't fully understand what was wrong with Katsuki, but at least some of his concerns seemed to be settled. Before they entered the dorm, however, Katsuki stopped.

"What's wrong?" Izuku asked.

"If you tell anyone that I like your scent, I'll kill you!" He growled. "And that I took the damn pillow. By the way, Kirishima re-scented it, so it's not yours anymore."

"O-okay. I won't say anything. Is everything good between us now?"

"As good as it can be," Katsuki shrugged. "And no word to anyone that I almost fucking cried." His gaze was serious.

"I promise," Izuku smiled at him. "Let's go inside."

They entered the building. The others were still awake, most of them were sitting on the couches, and some were gathered around the dinner table. Rikido was baking a cake.

Katsuki flopped on the couch next to Mina and Eijiro. His hands were shoved in his pockets.

"Is everything good?" Eijiro asked.

"Yeah, everything is fine," Katsuki grumbled.

"That's good to hear," Mina beamed. She threw herself onto Katsuki. "You were so cranky lately. I am glad that you're okay now."

"Get off of me!" He tried to push her away, but she hugged his arm tight.

Suddenly, Cheeks was on his other side; she pushed Eijiro away and hugged Katsuki too. "Yes, it's good that you're okay," she smiled brightly.

"Ooooh! Cuddles!" Toru chimed in, and she flung herself onto him. He released a painful "oof" as she landed on his lap.

"My, my, Toru! Don't attack him like that," Momo brought a cup of tea and placed it on the table in front of him. "I made tea for you," she informed him.

"Thanks ..." he grumbled. "What's wrong with you? Why are you attacking me?"

"We sometimes do that. Everyone likes cuddles and hugs. It's comforting," Momo explained. She sat next to Ochako and wrapped her arms around her, one hand on Katsuki's arm.

"Ribbit, that is true," Tsuyu mumbled. She leaned onto Mina.

Kyoka sat next to Momo; her cheeks were pink. "Yeah, but usually it is just us girls ..."

"Ah, don't worry. Katsuki wouldn't do anything, right?" Ochako tried to calm her.

"Huh?" He was so confused. Why were they hugging him? Did he miss something?

The guys watched the scene with interest, and some of them were jealous. Mineta sat on the other end of the couch, clenching his fists. "Damn you, Bakugo," he cursed. "Damn your omega ass."

Eijiro laughed. "Well, this is wholesome."

After about ten minutes of extreme cuddles, Katsuki had enough. "Okay, okay. That's enough! I'm going to bed now" he tried to pull the girls off of him, but it was really difficult for some reason.

"Awww, come on. It's so nice!" Mina said. Her eyes were half closed, and she was dozing off.

"No, let me go," he protested.

Eijiro stood up. "Okay, come on, girls, he wants to go to bed." He shooed the girls away from him so that Katsuki could stand up. "See you all tomorrow."

Grumbling, Katsuki made his way to the elevator. "I could have done this myself," he shot Eijiro a death glare.

"Sure thing, but Mina is an extreme cuddler when she's tired. She has an iron grip."

Katsuki turned his head towards his friend; they were in the elevator now. "How do you know that?" He asked, his tone sharper than he intended it to be.

"Well, she sometimes comes over for cuddles. She finds it comforting. So why not," Eijiro shrugged.

Pouting, Katsuki stormed out of the elevator. He didn't like that one bit. "Hey, is everything okay?" Eijiro asked. Katsuki's scent had turned really bad from one moment to the other.

"Fucking fine!" He sped up and made it to his room. After that, he slammed the door with a loud bang in Eijiro's face.

The redhead blinked multiple times. "What just happened?" he wondered, but he shrugged it off. He knew Katsuki was a ticking time bomb. So he left him some space and went back to his room.