

What a Beautiful World (Is It?)

Posted originally on the [Archive of Our Own](http://archiveofourown.org/works/16949427) at <http://archiveofourown.org/works/16949427>.

Rating:	Mature
Archive Warning:	Creator Chose Not To Use Archive Warnings
Category:	M/M
Fandom:	僕のヒーローアカデミア Boku no Hero Academia My Hero Academia
Relationships:	Midoriya Izuku/Shinsou Hitoshi , Midoriya Izuku & Shinsou Hitoshi
Characters:	Midoriya Izuku , Shinsou Hitoshi
Additional Tags:	Prompt Fic , Songfic , Angst , Tragedy , Unrequited Love , Relationship Study , Ambiguous/Open Ending , It Gets Worse And Stays Bad , Author Chose Not to Tag Everything
Language:	English
Series:	Part 2 of But You're Human Tonight
Stats:	Published: 2018-12-11 Words: 1,445 Chapters: 1/1

What a Beautiful World (Is It?)

by [monokuromu \(ChiaRoseKuro\)](#)

Summary

Shinsou-san becomes Shinsou-kun becomes Hitoshi becomes Hito and Izuku treasures every moment, cups them in his hand like fireflies in the summer and watches them glow between his fingertips. He is the only one who will respond without thought to any of Hitoshi's words, freezing every so often until people find it as integral to his being as his mumbling is, and Hitoshi softens around the edges around him. Smiles a little more, has shadows a little shallower beneath his eyes, and Izuku notices.

...

He shows Hitoshi his heart in ink and smudged pages and Hitoshi...

(my feelings, burst open, are all messed up)

Notes

I honestly don't know why I keep writing angst for whatever El chucks at me, but it probably has something to do with a) my mental state, b) the song I loop as I write or c) El in general (I'm just kidding, you're the sweetest and I love you). In any case - this is even more emotionally-driven than the last story in this series (which has nothing to do with any of this and does not need to be read to fully appreciate this one), so if you're not prepared to get slapped in the face with love gone wrong and far too many feels... I'd recommend the 'back' button. I won't warn you about everything, since I don't want to spoil it all, but if you really want to know before you start reading - check the notes at the bottom of this story. It should comprehensively cover whatever triggering content may be contained beneath.

Special thanks to El for the prompt 'I'm never gonna give you up' (and unknowingly Rick-Rolling me in the process), Eric for sacrificing ShinDeku to my tender mercies, the unknowing few who thought they were walking into something fluffy and subsequently got *this* and hitorie's *Naze Naze* for providing the soundtrack in the hour it took to write this (and lending its transliterated lyrics to the song title, summary and right-aligned lines). Please note that ShinDeku is a pairing that I think rivals TodoDeku in terms of fluff, so why I churned this out is... a question I cannot answer, and possibly will never be capable of answering.

He walks to the stage with shadowed eyes and the wriest twist to his lips that Izuku's ever seen. This is the person Ojirou told him not to respond to, the person who wielded words with as much finesse as he had bone-deep bitterness, and he remembers—for all of five seconds. But then there's the darkest shadow yet across his face, *like that **monkey** babbling about his stupid pride*—

And it's a fog of numbness, of indignant rage leeches to nothing. *Must be nice having everything handed to you* in one ear and out the other, and Izuku turns like a clockwork doll and marches for the edge.

If he had been capable of hatred in that moment, at the lack of control, Izuku would've given it as good as he'd gotten. If he hadn't seen, even through the fog of his controlled mind, those eyes darken and that bittersweet smile—

But after Izuku breaks his fingers, after he throws him out of the ring and watches him walk off...

Those eyes. That frown.

Shinsou Hitoshi turns back to smile viciously at him, and all Izuku can think is *strong* and *breathhtaking*.

There are many things about Shinsou that make him more than a General Studies student, more than simply another angry teenage boy denied the chance to be a hero—Izuku works late into the night and early the next day, but the book he has before him is not *enough*. Pages on brainwashing and pages of eyewitness accounts slowly trickle in, conditions and exceptions and fiction with nuggets of fact, and he stores them all in scraggly, cramped writing. How could nobody trust someone with such a strong conviction to do right?

How could nobody reach out for a boy who reminds him so painfully of Izuku himself?

Izuku should know better though—the world is cruel to those who do not conform, and this is no different. This is someone born with a Quirk that even Aizawa-sensei himself said was powerful, one that would have launched him into the Hero course had the entrance test not been set against him, and he needs to know. He *needs* the information for future analysis, to understand a potential rival—

But who is he kidding? What does he have to hide with himself? Izuku fills more pages than even Kacchan has in his notebooks and lets everything spill over, images and fact and speculation all rolled up into one, and he—obsesses.

He *obsesses*, plain and simple, over the lanky teenager who sits by himself and drinks coffee in lieu of eating lunch—who is surrounded by people that chatter at him but barely talks back—and Izuku looks. Stares until people notice his attention, stares until people start staring in the same direction, but they look away soon enough.

Nobody wants to be brainwashed and act against their will by a person who looks like a horror movie come to life, with eyes too knowing and a tongue too sharp. Nobody wants to catch the attention of someone who could pry their deepest, darkest secrets from their heads without lifting a single finger.

Nobody looks beyond the surface at the potential, the sheer *power* behind a gilded tongue and a keen intellect honed for the greater good, and Izuku wants to shout it from the rooftops as much as he wants to cradle it to his chest. To stand against someone with so much power, who shocked the entire arena by coming third in that Sports Festival, and to hold his own against someone with *All Might's Quirk*—

How strong, how *admirable* it was to see something like that.

For a Quirkless boy who gained his power through sheer dumb luck, who received twice the derision of the world because of who he was—to see another who was so very strong despite having the choice of becoming so very weak—

When Shinsou walks into the classroom as the newest member of 2-A, nobody's smile is as bright as Izuku's when they welcome him into the fold.

Shinsou-san becomes Shinsou-kun becomes Hitoshi becomes Hito and Izuku treasures every moment, cups them in his hand like fireflies in the summer and watches them glow between his fingertips. He is the only one who will respond without thought to any of Hitoshi's words, freezing every so often until people find it as integral to his being as his mumbling is, and Hitoshi softens around the edges around him. Smiles a little more, has shadows a little shallower beneath his eyes, and Izuku notices.

These observations fall into a second book but the words don't stop flowing, even as his eyes never stray and his thoughts march on. The name of every cat café he's ever visited turns into the names of every cat he's pet turns into his opinion on every single cat *ever* and still the words don't stop. 2-A becomes 3-A but Izuku's eyes never waver, his thoughts never fade, and Hitoshi returns his looks, talks as easily as anyone else does around him.

He fills every page with thoughts more often than not now, all information exhausted beyond the most private details, but Izuku's attention never wanes. It's graduation day and Hitoshi smiles at him, brilliant beneath the setting sun and youthful in a way that only the light banishing all his shadows from his face can make it as he talks about his new job in an underground agency, and—

This is love, Izuku breathes to himself, Hitoshi's eyes alight with hope and so much *happiness*. The days spent talking to and looking at him, the nights spent writing and thinking

about him—Hitoshi's face freezes when Izuku doesn't respond but then Izuku's saying in a rush, with the buzz of people around them sheltering their little bubble, *I just realized that I love you and will you go out with me?*

I've watched you since that day at the Sports Festival, Izuku explains to Hitoshi when they're in a more secluded place, Hitoshi's eyes tight and his hand around Izuku's wrist tighter. *I couldn't stop looking at you—couldn't stop thinking about you—*

Why? Hitoshi asks, and Izuku replies, *but why not?*

He shows Hitoshi his heart in ink and smudged pages and Hitoshi...

*But I was the only one who ever looked at you, I was the only one who ever saw you for **you**. So many years and you grew so much, stood so tall and breathed such confidence, and Kacchan could never compare to you.*

*I know how it feels like—I've had it **worse**, Hito, I can empathise with you more than anyone else and you were just—so strong. Just tell me what you want me to do—I will do **anything** for you, **anything** to make this world yours—*

Hitoshi sits through Izuku's words until they splutter and peter out, until the wind is chilly and whistles through the branches, but there is only a soft *you're my best friend* and that...

Somehow, that is that, and Hitoshi turns to leave.

Why, why isn't it good?

Why, why don't you want it?

"I can't afford to look back."

Shinsou Hitoshi is declared missing three days after graduation and Izuku sobs in the interrogation room, telling them Hitoshi meant the world to him, *you have to find my best friend!* They give him hot chocolate and their condolences, tell them that they've got their best on the case for one of UA's most promising heroes, and he thanks them through his tight throat and thick tears. He tells them he saw Hitoshi last when they parted at graduation and the police nod along, release him afterwards—

But nobody finds Shinsou Hitoshi, not even after they've chased three leads and brought everyone in for interrogation once again. Izuku despairs for his best friend, breaks down whenever someone so much as breathes his name, can't look at a cat without tearing up—his classmates come over to comfort him in his tiny one-room apartment and he thanks them, each and every time.

I'm sure he'll get found, they tell him, and Izuku replies, *I hope he does*.

Days and weeks pass, no new information is brought to light—Shinsou Hitoshi fades from collective memory as quickly as he'd been thrust upon it, and Izuku...

“I’m sick of staring at your back.”

I love you, Izuku whispers to the blindfolded, gagged person in his closet, and presses a kiss to their tear-stained cheek. *I'll love you forever*, he promises with a smile—

—and Hitoshi, unable to say a single word back, screams until he has no voice left.

End Notes

Triggers include: unhealthy/unrequited love to the point of obsession and implied kidnapping and torture.

//scurries back into my hole in the ground

For further author notes and other things related to this fic or series, feel free to check out my [blog](#). Alternately, potential prompts and other sorts of inspiration can be found on my [Tumblr](#) or [Twitter](#) if that tickles your fancy instead - or, if you'd like your own shiny new oneshot, you can request one from me [here](#).

Please [drop by the Archive and comment](#) to let the creator know if you enjoyed their work!