

School Hours

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School Hours

by [YinYangZodiac](#)

Summary

Bakugou comes to school and he's beat up. His group holds him close and he realizes that none of this is fair. He hates it. Why did they have to be the ones to suffer?

Notes

Self indulgent, Bakugou-centric fanfic because I've had nothing to write. It took me forever to get this out! All thanks to LoganIsRelatable! Please, please check out their story on Wattpad.

Strange Encounters: <https://my.w.tt/I998CRLwmY>

They wrote a lovely oneshot based off of this series and I really love it! So please read it and give them a vote and comment how much you like the work (if you like it, no pressure!). It really is a cute oneshot that I cried reading. It's honestly one of my favorites now.

Anyways! Thank you so much to all of you for reading this series and sticking around despite my inconsistency with posting. And thank you so much if any of you read any of my other works as well. I hope to have the next parts of each story up soon!

Have any questions or requests? Want to see any future oneshots?

Comment down below

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*Not beta read

See the end of the work for more [notes](#)

"Dude, who did you get into a fight with?" Kirishima asked while leaning over from his desk to be closer to Bakugou. He was examining the massive bruise on Bakugou's right cheekbone and the busted bottom lip. Bakugou scoffed and tilted his head away from Kirishima in annoyance.

"Someone who deserved to have their ass kicked,"

"Did you win?" Kirishima asked, eyes wide as he tried to get a peek at Bakugou's injuries again.

"Of course I did, Shitty hair. Get off my dick now," Bakugou snapped and shoved Kirishima's face away. "Stop gawking at me like that."

Kirishima sat in his desk properly and whined softly. "Sorry Bakubro. I just think you're pretty manly for winning a fight." He sounded a little embarrassed to admit it but he was still smiling.

It's not like Bakugou minded, he actually enjoyed being praised for doing a good job at something. But that's only if he had actually done it. He had gotten into a fight with someone, but he definitely hadn't won. He didn't want to admit that to the teen beside him though. He had a specific group of people that he talked to for that reason. He did not need to explain his entire life to someone who wouldn't get it.

Bakugou perked up when he saw a familiar mess of wild green curls at the lead of a small line of people. His tense shoulders sagged slightly when his eyes met with heterochromatic eyes. He looked between the four that had entered the classroom, trying to explain everything with a simple look.

And, as if it was a blessing, they all seemed to understand.

Midoriya came over, the other three taking their own seats. It's not that they didn't want everyone to know they were friends, it was the simple fact that they were all too vulnerable and emotional when talking in a group.

A gentle, scarred hand landed on Bakugou's left shoulder and Bakugou reached up to hold it there. He would take any comfort he could get, even if it seemed out of place in this classroom.

"Meet us outside in the empty courtyard at lunch," Midoriya whispered after he leaned down a bit. "Momo packed us all lunch. We'll talk then." It was a promise that Bakugou wasn't afraid of or threatened by. Instead, he was desperately wanting their lunch break to be then.

Bakugou nodded finally and let Midoriya's hand go. He listened to the younger take a seat behind him and he leaned back slightly in his seat. He craved for Midoriya's warmth, needing something to ground him.

He pulled out his phone when it buzzed in his pocket.

Todoroki to the chat:

Just breathe the way I taught you to

Bakugou smiled slightly and closed his eyes to do as the message said. While he was busy trying to calm himself, he missed the face of confusion that Kirishima sent him.

~o~

"Kat, what happened?" Momo asked first while she stood up quickly. Her arms were immediately around Bakugou's neck and he hands held the back of Bakugou's neck and the top of his back. Bakugou sunk into her gold, arms around her middle. He buried his face carefully against Momo's neck just as hot tears weld up in his eyes.

"I was just...I was just helping my father with dinner," his voice caught in his throat already. His hands clung to Momo's jacket while his whole body trembled. He was trying to hold back his sobs but the soft hand massaging his scalp broke him down. He sobbed hard and ugly into the crook of Momo's neck and his knees buckled.

"Sh, sh, it's okay," Momo soothed gently. She was the only one with him at the moment, but she wasn't any less understanding. She carefully guided Bakugou down to the ground with herself, sitting with her arms full of a shaking Bakugou. "I've got you, Kat. Just take your time," she whispered.

Something warm draped over Bakugou's trembling shoulders. He didn't look up to know that it was Todoroki's jacket. He hiccuped harshly at that, feeling like it was something he didn't deserve but it was something he needed.

Then there was a head on his back and a tight hold around his waist. "We're here. It's okay," Kaminari said softly, holding the oldest from falling apart at the seams.

Bakugou stayed like that for a while, Todoroki and Midoriya petting his hair or rubbing his back carefully. When he finally pulled himself out of his hiding place he was feeling better than he had that morning.

Todoroki reached out and carefully wiped the wetness from Bakugou's cheeks. "Why didn't you message us last night?" He asked gently. He wasn't angry, just upset that he hadn't been able to help the other the night before.

"I was so angry last night that I didn't want to show up to anyone's house and hurt any of you," Bakugou admitted. "I don't know why I'm so angry like her. I wish I was like my father." He sighed heavily and leaned back into Kaminari slightly. Kaminari didn't complain, instead holding Bakugou tighter.

"I seriously can't believe she's such a bitch. Your dad is so nice. Why does he put up with her?" Kaminari grumbled quietly. Bakugou could only shrug because he didn't know why. His father was a good man that ran a little business and bought the family anything and everything they needed and as much as they wanted as he could manage. But his mother was a selfish person and she only ever demanded more. Nothing was enough for her.

Not that Bakugou was alone in that case. They all had a parent that was horrid and selfish. Midoriya's father was a angry bastard, Kaminari's father was a reckless drunk, Todoroki's father was a power hungry dickhead and Momo's mother was a disgusting gold digger. The whole group had mommy and daddy issues. It was the simplest way to out it.

But Bakugou was getting so damn tired of the fight for survival in their home lives. And as much as he loved his father, he couldn't help but feel resentful. Why did his father get to be treated more like a human than him by his mother? Why did Hisashi hold Inko on a pedestal? Why did Kaminari and Momo's parents hold their significant others above their own children? Todoroki's father was the only one that wasn't playing favorites. He was a ruthless bastard and Todoroki didn't deserve to be beat down like a nail in a staircase to Enji's metaphorical throne.

Bakugou couldn't stand it anymore. He didn't want to have to suffer anymore. He didn't want his selective family to suffer anymore.

So while Bakugou ate the little lunch that Momo made for him, he began to plot a way to get them out of their hole. He didn't want them to keep playing this game of survival when it felt like they were losing more than winning. He needed them to finally be *free*.

End Notes

What is your favorite part of this series so far?

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