Warning: reverse harem, messy feelings

Disclaimer: I don’t own anything.

Summary: shitty post-demon-apocalyptic semi-a/b/o au no one, especially me, wanted

Alt: Midoriya Izuku is an Emissary, a person who could ease the way between demon and human. And in a world where it always felt as though humanity must be sacrificed, things are finally looking up.

Paring: Everyone/Midoriya Izuku

A/N: the world is based on if Owari no Seraph and Teen Wolf. Meaning, I am so sorry.

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### Notes

* The world is tryna survive. Almost all the remaining people have mutated to survive, developing quirks (& eating demon to survive- becoming one)
  + Civilians -> > 50% demon
  + Hunters -> 50-75%
  + Alphas -> 75-80%
  + Demons -> 80% +
    - Ranks: (SSS, SS, S) > A (pros) > B > C > D (students) > E
* World
  + In which Quirks are actually some demon-shit. Cue end of the world via demon apocalypse.
  + Remaining people splintered. But most died.
  + AFO managed to pull together an empire of his own, but there are some other settlements too.
  + All Might is known as the person who closed all the open gates in Japan, Hero of Heroes and Living Symbol of Peace.
* Society
  + Alpha- head of the pack. Absolute Command. Red eyes when they turned. Can only become an alpha after killing another alpha.
    - Absolute Authority: Able to issues ‘orders’ to packmates/betas
    - Able to go up to 80% demon and no issues turning back
    - Can give up Alpha-abilities to lift ‘Curses’ (1 curse per alpha)
    - Can be an alpha by killing 100 A rank+ demons without ever losing yourself.
  + Killer betas- blue eyes because they have killed before.
    - Also known as Seasoned Betas. Or Fallen Alphas
  + Betas - yellow eyes otherwise
    - Literally everyone else
  + Omega- packless.
    - Can be Alphas
* Emissary
  + Can make sure that pack members can always return to being human again.
  + Lifts a lot of quirk boundaries so that they can use more (because demon) without ruining themselves
  + Can boost physical capabilities (because they don't have to worry about losing their human side to their wolf side)
  + Can make anyone an alpha.
  + Can "carry their burden", ie assist in nightmares, near-death injuries etc
    - Ofc, the opposite can happen too. This is a mutually beneficial relationship
  + Human emissaries -> untaintable/natural purification against demons
    - And that means every breath they take is toxic. Needs pack to help filter thru
    - The tao thing - similar heartwavelengths and shit (or sex)
* Imprinting
  + The closer they are, the more of the following:
  + Touch-heal (or at least, increased regen rate)
  + Limited Touch-telepath (eventually eye-contact telepath). Like one/two word shit.
  + Feelings emotions/great amount of pain across long distances
  + Ofc comes with all the usual possessiveness concerning scents and shit. Being apart for too long causes restlessness, irritation, occasionally sickness. Made worse if the Emissary cuts them out.
* Izuku-kun
  + His village(?) Burns down and only he and Katsuki survives. Made Katsuki an Alpha so he could survive his wounds, because his mom asked him to look after him. And now they're stuck together forever because they forced imprinted on him.
  + One of the only humans left in the world. And of those humans, an emissary
  + Eventually gets One-For-All, a quirk that only works because he wants to save someone
    - Given to him so that a human has a chance to stand next to them
    - Ie, in which OFA lets him level the playing field (since he can’t utilize any demon powers)

### Transfer Students

“Alright, these two are our transfer students. Make sure you feel that they’re welcomed, when it comes to going out, it’ll just be you guys out there. This is now your pack,” Aizawa announced to the class, and turned to the two young men next to him, “Go ahead.”

“My name is Midoriya Izuku,” the green-haired man said, sweating profusely as he kept looking around the room and refusing to look at anyone in particular, “I’m, we, are uh… new here and we don’t really know what’s going on but it means a lot to us that we are here together and I really hope that we can get along! Ah, but I don’t want to force you into a relationship or anything, and if that’s not something you’re comfortable with, I think that’s fine so-”

Abruptly, the blond next to him kicked him in the thigh and with a sharp cry, the young man crouched over his leg, cradling the injured limb with his hands.

“Ouch! Kacchan, what gives?”

“Shut up! You’re mumbling is so annoying!” the blond snapped back. His sharp eyes turned to the class, “The name’s Bakugo Katsuki, and I’m gonna become the best hunter here. Everything that gets in my way gets blown up and I don’t need any dead weight.”

“Kacchaaaaaan, we promised to be nice.”

“Tch, I got no interest in playing around. We got shit to kill outside, this whole school thing is a farce anyways.”

“Kachan,” the green-haired student said, getting back up to his feet, until Aizawa cut them off.

“Shut up and sit down. Keep in mind that if you can’t make it through this farce, the only place for you is back outside the gates.”

“Whatever, we managed to survive out there long enough anyways-”

“You wanna test that theory then? We’ll send both of you out by lunch.”

And the blond looked like, for a moment, that he was actually going to agree, but his eyes fell back on the other student he came in with, the concerned expression on his face, and he clicked his tongue instead.

“...Whatever.”

“Get to your seat. We’re starting homeroom.”

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“So, you guys are new, huh?” Kirishima asked. “From outside the gates, no less.”

“Y-yeah,” Midoriya nodded back, “It’s uhm… Really different.”

The blond he walked in with snorted from his place sitting in front of him.

“That’s pretty cool though? How’d you guys make it in?” Ashido asked, clapping her hands in front of her chest.

“We uh… got attacked and saved by some people, they brought us in here,” Midoriya replied back, honest and clearly hiding some other things, if the way his eyes kept flitting from one panel on the ground to the other.

“Eh? That’s pretty cool. You guys must have been something, if they just shoved you into the Hunters’ Classes.”

“Ah, well, we do know a little this and that.”

“Everyone! We will now commence the field study of the day!” Iida, the class president, called out, “Please walk in a single file line out now so that no one will be late!”

Midoriya turned to Bakugo, who stood up and stared back at him.

“...What?”

“Field study?” Midoriya asked.

“Ah, it’s something that only the Hunters’ Classes get to do,” Kirishima said, “It’s a really manly way for us to put our skills to practical use.”

The green-haired teen nodded at that, his eyes turning distant for a moment, “Practicality, huh?”

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“Today, we will be getting to know our new students, and let them get to know us,” Aizawa said, dead-eyed and looking as though he really just wanted to lay down in his sleeping bag and sleep away the rest of the day. “So, our field research will be the collection of these herbs. Split up into groups of four. The groups that bring back the most amount of herbs wins a prize. Get to it.”

With that, he laid down, pulled an eye-mask over his eyes, and began sleeping.

“That’s… some teaching method,” Midoriya gaped back.

“And transfer students!” Aizawa snapped out, “Be in separate groups!”

Bakugo turned on his heel at that, and Kirishima beamed at him.

“Let’s group then! You, me, Sero, and Kaminari!”

“‘Che, whatever,” he said, walking towards them.

“...Midoriya-kun, if you would like, you can join our group.”

The other transfer student looked at Uraraka, Iida, and Tsuyu, and flashed a grateful smile. His hand came up to rub the back of his head sheepishly as he bowed awkwardly.

“Then, I’ll be in your care.”

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Several explosions were heard, and while some of the students seemed to be looking frantically for the source of the sound, Midoriya sighed instead.

“We didn’t even make it to lunch, huh?” he sighed.

“W-What was that?” Iida asked.

“It was Kacchan’s quirk. He can make things explode,” Midoriya replied back. And then, as though processing what he said, lifted his hand up to cover his mouth, “Oh, but I didn’t say that. I didn’t really mean to say that, it just came out-”

“It’s alright, Midoriya-kun,” Uraraka replied back. “I’m glad you trust us enough to tell us. Oh, I can control the gravity of items that I touch.”

“Wow! That’s amazing!”

The blond gave a little blush as she shyly rubbed the back of her head. “Thanks, but I don’t think I really deserve the compliment.”

### A Weekend

Supposingly, they were supposed to spend a weekend outside of the gates. It was to give them a taste of what patrolling was like, and introduce them to the devastation outside their walls in controlled, small steps.

And then, while they were preparing for the first time, they were ambushed.

### Too Far Away - BakuDeku

Bakugo goes out with the scouts. The estimated time that it would take was three days.

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Midoriya looked… tired.

Aizawa noticed, but didn’t say anything.

The teachers had unanimously decided to send Bakugo and Midoriya separately for this mission. It was because they had grown up together, remained attached at the hip, and any and all attempts to separate them was futile. They wanted these kids to be the next generation of Hunters, to take their place and uphold the packs that they have created.

So they tried to break dependencies before these two imprinted on each other. They were a little late for Bakugo and Midoriya, but better late than never. The longer they were together, the harder it would be. The harder it was, the more likely that they would die when the other did. As heartless as it sounded, this was better.

The first time was always the hardest. From here, Aizawa knew to let them be as close as they want. Once the rift was made however, it'll be a little more manageable to separate them and easier on both of them. This is to ease their separation.

Of course, this logic would have worked for any normal pair of students. However, this was Midoriya and Bakugo, so a different logic had to be applied. Aizawa learned this the hard way.

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Typically, separation will cause some anxiety, some mood swings, signs of general loneliness and sadness, and during this time, doing group work will help them step away from the single person aspect and make them grow accustomed to a group-a pack.

He expected that.

Aoyama, Tsuyu, and Bakugo were the three that had left for the guard rotational duty.

The rest of the class moved on. The redundancy of classes will help them adjust to life without them, and it will provide them a support to lean on.

In all honesty, if Aizawa didn't know what to look for, he wouldn't have even noticed.

"...They're running late, huh," Midoriya asked quietly.

Guard duty is scheduled for two days. Today is day three. This much is expected and for the most part, the two day limit was something that they told the students to adjust them to understanding how behind-schedule they always end up becoming.

"They would have requested for back-up if something is wrong," he said. "They probably found something and strayed a little."

Common. You never know the new place the monsters outside would find. It was better that everyone returned late with a proper report than some of them on time with minimal information. Or worse, bring the enemy right to their front door.

Midoriya looked like he wanted to say something, but instead looked down.

"...Okay."

He must be really worried. His fingertips were trembling, and he was a little pale. Hopefully, he wouldn't get himself sick with worry. His files were under classified, but it sounded like even All Might didn't know much about their time outside of the borders.

He doesn't know what it was like out there, and he didn't like the idea of treating any of his students differently just because of their background. Classified or not.

"Don't worry about it. More importantly, make sure you have all your homework done for tomorrow."

Midoriya gave him a weak smile, but got up onto his feet.

"On my way," he said, a little cheeky but Aizawa would let it slide.

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Day 4.

They are actually late now. But Present Mic is with them, so Aizawa is certain that the man was just distracted and lost his way again. Of course, Yamada had a better track record than him when it came to attendance, but he was going to conveniently forget about that.

But then they didn't come back before nine. Aizawa found Midoriya sitting next to the window again, but in a different area. He thought it was strange that anyone else would be sitting in the same place or the window facing the gates where they would be coming in, but Midoriya was looking somewhere else.

With his white t-shirt, for a moment, he almost looked like a ghost. And if Aizawa wasn't careful, his hands would slip right through him.

It was an unsettling feeling.

"Midoriya. We are approaching lights out. Go to bed."

"...Aizawa-sensei, I-"

"They're fine. Yamada-sensei is with them. He will make sure they will get back."

Midoriya bit down hard on his lip. And Aizawa thought that their connection was strong if he was trembling like this.

But, by 10 pm, the call for back-up reached them and All Might and Midnight headed out.

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Day 5, Midoriya looks like shit.

Good god, while they always mentioned that someone could be beside themselves with worry, this would be the first time he actually saw it for himself. He had never thought that someone could already have become so dependent on someone else while they are so young. No wonder they were always so worried about kids imprinting too young.

Usually, people only imprint on their spouses and sometimes their children. And even then, there was a lot of discouragement to create dependencies on families after the whole family feud nonsense twenty years ago.

More importantly, if Midoriya was like this, how was Bakugo faring? At least Midoriya was in the relative safety of the dorms, but the blond was out and about.

This threw a wrench in their plans, but since All Might had left, he was certain that the young man would be back that day.

He wasn’t.

Midoriya couldn’t finish his lunch, and didn’t bother with dinner. He was locked in his room before seven, and Aizawa couldn’t shake the feeling that something was very, very wrong.

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Day 6.

Iida reported that Midoriya was feeling awful, so he wouldn’t be coming into class. Aizawa thanked him for the report, and after homeroom, made his way to the dorms to check on his problem student.

“Midoriya, it’s Aizawa,” he called, rapping on the door.

In another world, at another time, the thought of a teacher knocking on a student’s dorm room called for a PTA meeting and possibly a lawsuit. But, society has long since fallen apart, and there was literally no one else who was responsible and in charge of this boy and his well-being.

Aside from him, there was no other adult who would probably even care.

Most importantly, it would be an incredible waste of resources and energy if he had to call someone up here and then figure out that Midoriya was just playing up the theatics. And Aizawa sincerely did not want to waste anymore energy than he had to.

So, here he was.

It wasn’t because he was worried about his problem student. It wasn’t because this was his problem student and no one else’s. Nothing like that at all.

“Midoriya, answer me.”

Nothing.

He tipped his head back. Why was this his life? He looked left, looked right, texted Recovery Girl what he was doing, what time it was, and that they probably don’t need to do anything. But a trail like this is important, if only so he can shut Midnight and her bad taste in jokes down.

“Midoriya, I’m coming in.”

9:17 AM. Aizawa Shota opened the door and the smell of blood immediately sank into his nostrils and he cursed.

The signs of black markings tainted Midoriya’s skin. He stared in absolute shock for another moment before he whipped his phone to his ear and called Recovery Girl. This was a curse. In the five days he was keeping an eye on the kid he thought had a dependency issue, he managed to get himself a fucking curse and Aizawa, his homeroom teacher and closest thing he had to a family member, didn’t even notice.

“Midoriya?” he asked, walking closer to the younger boy. “Midoriya, can you hear me?”

“...Sen...sei?”

“Good, you’re still awake.”

Curses are supposingly so painful that it could kill you. A long time ago, before the world was what it was, it was mistakenly called a disease. However, it was just that the body could no longer handle the miasma around them. It wasn’t an illness.

It was a tragedy.

“Kacchan…?”

Something in his heart tightened. There was still no word about the outside group. Imprinting and the likes didn’t matter right now, he just wanted to give this boy some comfort before he passed away in such a painful and pitiful way.

“Sorry," he whispered back.

“Not… back?”

He pursed his lips, and Midoriya shivered. He was on his back, on his bed, with his blanket over him, and even then he could see how hard he was sweating. He couldn’t imagine it, being cursed like this and just sitting with it.

“...How long have you been cursed?” he asked quietly, his voice much gentler.

Midoriya, panting quietly, shook his head.

“Not curse,” he said. He took a deep breath, and then began to cough violently.

Aizawa grimaced at the sight of his student turning away from him, curling up a little so cover his cough the best he could. He wondered how even now, while coughing up clumps of blood into his sheets, Midoriya could care about someone else. The teenager made careful certainty to make sure that he didn't spew blood on the man as painful breaths clawed out of his throat.

“Kacchan… Kacchan can help.”

Then, Recovery Girl came.

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11:52 AM, the scout group that went out has finally returned. Aizawa only knows this because Bakugo came bursting into the room.

His eyes shined red, shimmering in his rage, and he screamed out, “Get away from him!”

Aizawa had been an alpha for at least eight years. He has met and seen almost every single alpha in their area, and some on the outside. And, in all his life, he has never met a True Alpha until this moment.

Bakugo, while he knew he was an alpha (and that was a terrifying prospect at the time), was a True Alpha. An Alpha who can issue Absolute Authority over any other Alpha if he had enough power and was desperate enough.

Bakugo was a born Alpha. A True Alpha.

Aizawa barely had enough wit to drag Recovery Girl behind him, as his blood roared and his heart echoed in his ears. He pushed her all the way, into the furthest backwards corner of the room, and instincts told him to get the fuck out of there, but the door was where Bakugo was…

Bakugo didn’t give them a second look and rushed for Midoriya’s side. Without any hesitation, he grabbed his hand.

“Deku, you dumbfuck, why didn’t you go to All Might?”

Aizawa watched as the veins on their conjoined hands and arms started to protrude against their skin, turned black, and he slowly began to calm down. Bakugo had complete control over his scent and presence, and it was as though he had never unleashed Absolute Authority.

“Ka...chan?”

“Yeah.”

“...Welcome back.”

“...Yeah. Your reception is shit..”

“Wait, if you try to get rid of the curse,” Recovery Girl yelled out, “You’re going to lose that alpha ability! Bakugo-”

“I won’t,” Bakugo said, certain and unyielding. His eyes didn’t leave Midoriya’s figure, and suddenly, a dribble of blood began to come out of his nose.

“Wait, Kaccha-”

“Don’t,” he growled back. He took his other hand to touch his nose, pulling back a little to stare at the blood and sighed, “How much were you accumulating, you shitty nerd. Did he pass out a test or something?”

“N-No… Just…”

Suddenly, the stream of blood began to gush out and the blond groaned, “Stop thinking about it. Augh.”

“S-Sorry.”

“Whatever. What do you want for dinner?”

“...Something sweet.”

The blond snorted back, “You’re gonna get fat if you eat all that sugar,” he said, sounding much more kinder than anything Aizawa. His face started to pale, and he brought the back of Deku’s hand up to his cheek.

“Then… Something spicy.”

Bakugo snorted. “You can’t eat spicy food worth shit,” he said quietly.

“Mou, then why did you ask?”

It was like they were the only ones in the room.

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1:13pm. Recovery Girl has stated in plain terms that Midoriya is fine.

He was tired, sleepy, hungry, but he was fine. His breathing had returned to normal, and he currently sat next to Bakugo, leaning heavily against the taller man with a large blanket around him. There was a warm mug of hot chocolate in both of their hands, but they were back to their regular, healthy colors. No more bulging black veins, and no more black curse marks rapidly graying out his kids.

Midoriya was a sweaty mess, and Bakugo literally came from the field and was tracking mud and dirt everywhere he went.

Aizawa pinched the bridge of his nose and took a deep breath.

“What did you do?” he tried not to make it sound like a demand.

Because, Midoriya’s curse was gone. There was no sign of it. And even more strange was that Bakugo, who decided to get rid of the curse, still had his Alpha-Ability.

Was… was this a mark of a True Alpha? Their Alpha ability cannot be taken or stolen. He had read about it once, but it was such an old account from such an obscure source that he never believed it. For as long as he was born, a True Alpha was pretty much a myth anyways.

And yet, here they were.

“Sensei…” Midoriya hesitated, “Um… I’m okay now, so can we just go back to class-”

“No. I’m getting answers right now.”

Bakugo snorted, “Can’t you guys just talk to All Might about this? He probably has a better idea on what to say than us. He’s the one that got us to begin with, and we don’t know the lingo you guys use.”

“I called him, he’ll be here-”

“I am here! Midoriya-shounen, are you alright?!”

Midoriya shot up to his feet, the blanket falling off of him and hot coco spilling over his hands, “Y-Yes! I am alright!” Both of them ignored the nasty glare Bakugo shot both of them.

“Good! Do you think you can move?”

“Yes sir.”

The blond looked from Midoriya, searching the young man for any other signs of pain, and satisfied with what he found, peered around him to nod at Bakugo. The other blond clicked his tongue, and then he turned to meet Aizawa’s murderous stare.

Of course he knew.

“...Go ahead to class. I’m sure you’ll be alright now. Bakugo-shounen, I’ll leave Midoriya-shounen’s health to your discretion.”

“But I-”

“Please, Midoriya-shounen. I know.”

The green-haired teenager hesitated, but ultimately nodded.

“Good. Run along now,” he said. And then, he turned to meet Aizawa’s eyes. “I will take care of this.”

Aizawa stared for another moment, that unbridled feeling of rage beginning to grasp his chest. There was no need for him to feel like this, but after the reveal of a True Alpha-because he used his Authority on him no less- and seeing another one of his students making peace with death…

Enough.

“All Might. I really hope you know what you’re doing.”

### Human (?) - Teachers Find Out

“...We have to tell the other teachers,” Nezu said. “At the very least, everyone here needs to be on the same page about this.”

Aizawa tipped his head back, and pinched the bridge of his nose with his fingers. He cursed, long and hard in his head, as he tried to think this through. This was beyond top-secret. This was just awful.

“I don’t think that’s a good idea,” All Might replied back. “The less people that know, the better.”

“At the rate we’re going, the more people on Midoriya-kun’s side, would be safer for him.”

And if anyone up high found out about this, that was it. Midoriya Izuku’s career as a student would end. No, arguably, his life would end, since they would use him until there was nothing left. He knew that. The people up at the top, they were cold and ruthless. This little, scraped together, make-shift town of theirs wouldn’t stand if it wasn’t for them and their ways. As much as Aizawa didn’t like their methods, he understood why they did it.

But a secret like this was staggering. The consequences could end with calls of treason and all of their head on the chopping block.

And well, while Aizawa never counted on living for a long time he…

“...When you say it like that,” Recovery Girl started slowly, “Do you mean to imply that all of us should lay their life on the line for Midoriya-kun?”

“...We are a school. Our top and first priority is our students. Whatever guarantees their safety is what we need to prioritize.”

"And the other students? To have this as a secret will put all of them at risk too!"

"Unless they don't truly know," Nezu shot back.

“...Then, will the students of 1-A learn?”

“We will leave that to Midoriya-kun,” Nezu said. “At the very least, he should choose his own pack, like anyone else.”

But they all knew. If they mess this up, that was it. For them, and all those involved. Either, they would have to take Midoriya and just run for the rest of their lives, fighting off demons and humans alike now. Or, they all die and Midoriya gets taken for a life where he’s a prized experiment.

“Nezu-san,” All Might said quietly, “You… don’t really know Midoriya-kun. If given a choice, he will choose to die alone than potentially cause suffering for anyone else.”

Nezu sighed, “...I was afraid that would be the case.”

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There was a long silence when Nezu finished.

“No way, a… a human?”

“All Might… of all humans, you found… a human emissary?!”

The blond seemed to shrink in on himself a little, and although it was a rather hilarious spectacle to see someone of his size try to curl in on himself, this wasn’t a situation for jokes.

“Oh my god, we have a human emissary.”

“Mic, calm down.”

“This… do you know what this means?! What they would do to him? What would happen to him if anyone finds out?!”

“That’s fine, because we are here,” All Might said. “They won’t try anything while I’m still here.”

“...We are standing on the edge of survival and we’re still fighting amongst ourselves,” Aizawa sighed back, looking down at the files they had of his problem child, “and to think we’d get something like this…”

“...Why are you telling us this now?”

All Might stared and then took a deep breath.

“I imprinted on him.”

Four of them shot to their feet, exclamations and lectures on morals on their tongue and All Might dropped his gaze in shame.

“Please!” Nezu snapped out, “Let him finish!”

When everything quieted down, All Might continued, “...Imprinting on someone is a strange thing. I heard that it could change everything you’ve ever thought you’ve known but,” he stood up and released his transformation. The smoke that filled the room dissipated in an instant, and he lifted his shirt up to show his shattered chest, or what remained of the injury, “but as it turns out, it can do something impossible.”

“Wait, you mean…”

“I’m… on the road to recovery.”

A brief of relief washed over all of them in that instant. To think that, after the reckless fear of what would happen with his degrading strength, it would end on such a positive note.

And it tricked just about everyone except Aizawa.

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“I thought it was weird,” Aizawa said, once the meeting was adjourned. “...It comes with a price, didn’t it?”

All Might nodded.

“He takes half the burden.”

Aizawa stared at All Might in shock before he closed his eyes. Without meaning to, he saw Midoriya’s nervous smile appear against his eyelids and he took a deep breath.

“...Christ, All Might,” he sighed.

“It was that or we would have both died back then,” the blond replied back.

“...If anyone figures out that we have a human emissary, that we have been hiding one, you understand what would happen to all of us, right? Not just what they would do to Midoriya?”

“That’s the thing,” All Might replied back, “the thing that scares me the most about imprinting.” He stopped and turned to give his colleague a loose smile, “I feel like I could take on the world.”

A shiver of fear rolled down Aizawa’s spine at that proclamation.

The demon inside of him grew curious.

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### Imprint - TodoMido

“...If I may be so callous to say,” Todoroki said quietly, his eyes coming up to meet Midoriya’s with a gentle expression, “please, may I imprint on you?”

Midoriya felt his heart throb.

“...When you imprint on someone,” Midoriya said quietly, “It’s forever, you know. We can’t ever undo this.”

Todoroki’s expression turned a little more tender as he nodded.

“So, will you let me imprint on you?”

The green-haired male hesitated, dropping his gaze to the ground.

“...Please, Midoriya.”

Midoriya looked at the ground for another second before looking up to Todoroki, “I… If you ever regret this-”

“I won’t.”

“How can you be so sure?”

Todoroki’s lips curled into a smile, “Because, in this depraved world where we have nothing and no one, you found me. Even if you betray me in the end, I think I’ll be okay with that.”

Midoriya’s eyes widened, and Todoroki reached out to grab his scarred hand. He looked at it, looking regretful despite the small smile on his face.

“A world where everyone’s out to get each other, and I found someone willing to destroy himself so that I can grow stronger. Midoriya, I promise that one day, I will be strong enough to protect you. I will become a worthy hunter. But, for certain, I want to stay by your side. So please. Let me imprint on you.”

And under those determined eyes, Midoriya nodded.

“...Alright. Don’t regret it.”

Todoroki’s smile could have made an angel fall from grace.

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“You did what?!” Bakugo, predictably, didn’t take this well. “That fucking half-and-half?! You let him imprint on you?!”

His hands smoked, several explosions ready to start and Midoriya looked down at the ground. He rubbed the back of his head nervously.

“Why?!” the blond demanded, rushing up to him, “But fucking why?! He’s just using you!”

“I asked him to.”

Todoroki suddenly seemed to appear, standing between the two of them like an iron fortress. His eyes narrowed at the blond and his ice began to crackle against the explosion.

“I’m not using him,” Todoroki said, “Not in the way that you’re thinking, at least.”

Bakugo growled back, his eyes glowing red as his human form loosened and the demon began to come out. It probably would have, had it not been for Midoriya suddenly coming up to grab where Todoroki had grabbed Bakugo’s wrist.

“I’m okay,” Midoriya said. “And I… I want to protect Kacchan too this time.”

“I don’t need you stupid protection! There’s no way I would ever need someone as weak as you to ever protect me!”

Under the flames of his biting tone, his harsh words, and the wild look in his eyes, Midoriya turned to meet eyes instead.

“Then don’t! Stay strong forever, Kacchan!” he snapped back, surprising both of the other boys. “But I don’t want to see you in pain anymore! I don’t want to see you hurt because you protected me! I made a promise to your mom! That we would keep trying and we’ll survive!”

The blond took a step back, eyes widening in his shock as Midoriya placed his hand on his chest, right where his heart would be.

“I’m sick of surviving. So let’s try living, okay?”

“...And you think that letting Half-and-Half here imprint on you is the way to live?”

“Yeah. We’re a pack now. That’s something worth living for, isn’t it?”

### Post-Imprint - Too Many Imprint (class)

Going from one imprint to 15 in about a week, as it turns out, was too much. It didn’t help that at least ten of those were all at once.

And so, here Midoriya was, waking up in the middle of the night to empty his stomach into the trash can of his room. Shivering even though he wasn’t cold, sweating even though he wasn’t hot, everything inside of his body began to contradict itself.

His stomach rolled, and he choked on his cries. He shivered and felt an ache in his chest where his heart should be, and then suddenly realized that someone was hurting. His pack was hurting. Some one in his pack was hurting, and on the way up to his feet, ran his shoulder into the desk.

He ran to the door, fumbling with the handle before it finally flew open and Aoyama caught him before he fell back to the ground.

“Midoriya!” he called out, “Fret not, I have you! Is there anything I can do to help?”

He really could count on this man, Midoriya thinks. His nostrils were suddenly filled with the scent of someone familiar, and he found himself relaxing.

“Kacchan,” he murmured, “Please call Kacchan.”

“Understood, monsieur.”

-

The following morning, Midoriya woke up to see Todoroki by his side.

“...Todo...roki-kun?”

“Good morning,” the man replied, closing his book and putting it to the dresser as he looked at him. “How are you feeling?”

Midoriya, honestly, felt like shit. He felt too far and too close all at the same time. There was an itch in his heart that he couldn’t explain. He didn’t really understand what was going on and instead shrugged back. With a little assistance, he managed to sit up and swing his legs so that they were on the ground, but Todoroki stopped him from getting up.

“I don’t know, but last night. I… I woke up suddenly,” his head started to hurt a little and he groaned at the sudden wave of his stomach rolling and his head pounding. Before he knew it, he was shivering again, and when Todoroki’s hand came onto his knee, it suddenly subsided.

He took a deep breath, and leaned into the touch.

“...In all honesty, I suddenly woke up, before Aoyama made a ruckus outside of our hall,” he admitted. Midoriya slowly turned towards the man, but didn’t trust himself to turn the full way. He nodded, to show that he was listening, and Todoroki’s thumb began to move in comforting circles right on his bone, the warmth filled the ache in his chest. “I felt as though the whole world was wrong and something was being taken from me.”

Midoriya’s heartbeat seemed to calm, under the comforting gesture and Todoroki’s soothing voice, but his mind remained on high alert.

“...And I just knew that it was you.”

“What…? So was it…”

Todoroki nodded back, ready to continue when the door slammed open and Bakugo strolled in.

“You finally awake, you fucking nerd?”

“Oi, Bakugo, would it kill you to show some hospitality,” Kirishima chided as he peered around the blond to walk in with Sero and Kaminari, “Yo, Midoriya, glad you’re alive.”

“Me too,” the man replied back.

The red-head ran forward, ruffling his hair with a grin and stepped away towards the other corner before Sero walked up to squeeze his shoulder and returned to the door. Kaminari sat down on the floor next to the bed and leaned his head against Midoriya’s leg.

With every touch, every scent, Midoriya felt his calm returning. His eyes caught Bakugo, who gave him a nod.

“I’m 99% sure it’s this whole bond thing,” he said, confirming his thoughts for him. “But we only felt something when you went down.”

“...I see,” Midoriya sighed back, “...I… I just felt like something was wrong. Like, really, really wrong.”

The young men exchanged a glance, and Midoriya rubbed at his temples with a sigh.

“I’m sure we’ll figure out when we’re back.”

-

“...It’s withdrawal,” Tsuyu said at the table.

“Eh?”

The frog-woman nodded back. “I’m pretty sure. Like you’re so lonely that you’re getting sick.”

Bakugo laughed outright at that.

“Ehhh? Then, I guess someone would have to sleep with you every night after all,” he said, tone mocking with a cruel grin on his face, “since you’re too scared to sleep by yourself-”

“This isn’t funny,” Tsuyu snapped back, “We can’t treat this as a joke. We all felt what happened last night. When Midoriya gets injured, we only know what’s going on once it becomes too much for him. I don’t want him to feel like that again.”

There was a moment of silence and the blond clicked his tongue.

“We know what’s up now, so there’s no problem right? We just need to shower him with so much company that he dies.”

The others blanched at that, but Asida’s laughter covered it all like a blanket.

“Righto about that, Bakugo. We’ll take shifts!”

Midoriya covered his head with his hands.

“I’m so sorry about all of this, I will do my absolute best to control it better in the future-”

“No need,” Uraraka said on one side of him.

“Yeah, Midoriya. We’re pack. Pack takes care of each other,” Shoji added helpfully. “You’ve helped us plenty, so it’s nice to know that we can help you too.”

The words warmed the man, and the frantic feeling began to quiet down a little more.

### Using - ShiraMido

“...Come with us,” Shiragaki said suddenly as the dust cleared and the world settled. “There’s no need for you to be used by these people, so just… Just choose me.”

“Wait, Young Midoriya! Don’t listen to him!”

“You’re not dumb, Midoriya! I know you’re smarter than this! So surely, you must know that they’re just using you! They’re just waiting for an opportunity to turn against you and just use you for their own means and purposes!”

“No, that’s a lie!” Sero snapped back, “We’re not just using Midoriya!”

“We’re not going to let anyone hurt him!” Mina yelled back, ferocious and confident.

“Hah! You say that, but in reality, you’ve all imprinted on him already!” he snapped back. “Instead of leaving it with a single alpha, each one of you imprinted on it? Why? It’s because they wanted to see how many imprints that he could take in a single go, wasn’t it?! They sent him out on areas purposely, there’s no way that many demons could concentrate in one area when he spent years outside of your walls just fine!”

The man scowled, as though he was more upset that he had wasted time talking to them, and decayed the entire ground beneath them.

Sero snagged Mina and Midoriya out of harm’s way, and the young emissary stepped forward.

“...I know,” Midoriya said at last, his eyes never leaving Shiragaki. “I don’t know what, but it’s important that I eat the thing that they give me, when they give it to me. And I know that there’s a reason why I can’t go anywhere without a guard or two. I… I figured that it was something like this.”

The earth seemed to still for a second, and Shiragaki lifted his hand up, palm up, towards him.

“Then come with me.”

The young man smiled back, a small gesture, as he shook his head.

“If… If by doing this, we can stand one more step closer to the truth, and that I can help one more person, I don’t mind it.”

### Contracted - DabiDek

“Like this,” Dabi saiad, licking his lips as he pulled back, “We’ll always be connected.”

Midoriya wasn’t angry, not like the others thought he would be. He looked shocked, as his touched his lips with his other hand and looked at Dabi. Eventually, the surprise died into a look of pity.

“You will regret it,” he said quietly, certain.

### A Day In The Life - BakuDekuKami

They live in an apartment complex. Each student was supposed to have their own room, but when they stopped being individuals and started to become a pack, it was different. They were always having sleepovers in the communal areas, or piling into Midoriya’s room.

From the looks of it, it could use a lot of help, but right now, it’s home.

Bakugo yawned as he made his way back from the bathroom and stared at the place he would have normally been. Already, Kaminari had crawled to lay across Midoriya’s middle, a bright happy-go-lucky grin on his face in a sharp contrast to Midorya’s furrowed-brow and clearly uncomfortable state. He stared at it for a moment longer before sighing.

The blond grabbed Kaminary by the ankle and dragged him so that his head rested on Midoriya’s back, his hands still on the other side, and watched both their breathings remained even.

Idiots.

He snorted to himself and pulled one of the blankets off the couch to place over Kaminari’s body and another one for Midoriya’s legs. He walked over and sat down next to Midoriya’s head, so that his knee was just a few inches away from his forehead. He stared at Midoriya’s sleeping face, and thought that it hadn’t changed a bit. His eyes trailed to that godawful scar at the side of his neck, and banished the sour thoughts when Midoriya’s eyebrows began to furrow again.

He took a deep breath and looked up and out the window. The sun was still high up in the sky. The only thing that changed was that they are now inside. He placed his hand on Midoriya’s soft curls, gently moving his thumb the same way his mother used to do for him, all those years ago.

This was their new normal.

Midoriya gave a pleased sigh, leaning a little into the touch and Bakugo swore that he would protect this.

### Chisaki v Shiragaki

Imprinting was different for everyone. For Chisaki, it was like getting a new roommate, except instead of a room, it was his mind. There were some rough patches, but overall, they were overwhelmingly compatible.

Midoriya left him alone and he left Midoriya alone.

But then, he would heat loud slamming noises, or Midoriya’s soft cries, or find broken glass all over the goddamn ground when he came home. It was something that made his heart drop to his feet, and at the same time, annoy the shit out of him.

But once, and only once to date, had someone else been in that space.

“Please,” Midoriya groaned, his hand to his head, “I’m begging you, just pretend to get along.”

“While I love to hear you beg,” Shiragaki, the absolute swine, said, as he narrowed his eyes at Chisaki, “I can’t actually deal with this guy.”

“Why is he here anyways? I thought we had an understanding about this…. Whole thing,” Chisaki said, voice light despite the cold glint in his eyes.

“If you would let me explain,” Midoriya replied back, before groaning again as he curled in tighter on himself, “and just drop the hostility, it’s… it’s really hard to…”

Chisaki pulled himself together, Siragaki taking another moment to do the same. The air in the room turned a little cooler, no longer fueled by their tension, and Midoriya gave a sigh of relief.

“Alright, Shiragaki meet Chisaki. Chisaki, Shiragaki. You guys are both on equal standings. Please get along, these headaches are killer.”

“Just trash him,” Chisaki said without remorse, “Leave him to rot with the rest of his kind. When the time to purge him comes, I’ll personally deal with him.”

The green-haired man grimaced and Shiragaki snorted back.

### Changing Loyalties - All Might v Chisaki

“Good evening, All Might-san,” Chisaki said.

“...Give him back. We appreciate your help, but we can handle it from here.”

Chisaki gave a sigh, like this was the greatest pain in the world, and didn’t budge. He sat, legs open on the edge of the sidewalk, and Midoriya cradled in his arms. The young emissary had his head resting against the base of his shoulder, and Chisaki’s jacket wrapped around him, as he rested with his legs folded right against Chisaki’s side.

All in all, he was comfortable. More importantly, he was passed out, and Chisaki was the one who had healed him this time. The alpha stared them down, one arm resting on his knee and the other arm wrapped around Midoriya’s back as a means of support.

“No need to be so confrontational,” Chisaki said, “We’ll keep him safe and sound.”

All Might gritted his teeth, and the younger man’s eyes glinted red.

“Let’s be real here, the real monsters are in there. That’s why you can’t leave him out of your sight for too long, right? Leave him here. With us. We’ll take care of him. Out here, the only thing we have to worry about is the monsters that we can kill.”

The smiling hunter bared his teeth, his smile nowhere to be seen, and Chisaki felt a shiver run down his spine. While he was certain that he could get out alive and mostly well, he sincerely doubted that it would be without a lot of spent time and energy.

Midoriya breathed quietly, his breath brushing against his neck, and he could feel his heartbeat against his arm.

It would be worth it, he decides. He tenses his arms and legs, ready to go at a second’s notice, and it sets his boys off to prepare for battle-

“Hnng,” Midoriya groaned a little, his eyebrows furrowing. He slowly opened his eyes and then yawned. He blinked slowly, and Chisaki watched in rapt attention as recognition entered Midoriya’s eyes and his face turned bright red, “Chisaki-san?”

His blood roared in his ears, and something dark inside of him calling for him to claim this one as his, and then Midoriya’s hands came to his chest.

“...Chisaki-san?”

Chisaki’s eyes turned back to yellow and he sighed deeply. The fight deserted him and the darkness inside him receded back away.

“...Alright, alright,” he said. He placed both his hands on Midoriya and helped him up to his feet while standing up at the same time. “Go run into your death trap,” he said.

His hands ran from his elbows to his shoulders, rubbing his thumbs against him, and then sighed. The boy was filthy, caked in grime and blood, even if he was fully healed now, and it was getting all over his jacket.

Even worse because Chisaki didn’t want to wash the jacket so he can preserve the scent of the young man. It made him feel dirty and disgusted but happy all at once.

This wasn’t fair. He was their emissary too. But they couldn’t go in there. So wasn’t it just better for Midoriya to stay out here? They could take care of him, give him food and shelter. He would never need and they’ll make sure he’s safe.

Chisaki… Chisaki didn’t have a lot of <human> left in him, but he’d give it to him. He had

### Imprinting - Endeavor

“You… you let him imprint on you?!” Todoroki snapped back, a different look from his usual cold and quiet calm. “My father?! That monster? You let him imprint on you?!”

Midoriya stared at Todoroki, maintaining steady eye-contact, and nodded. The gesture broke something in his heart.

“W-What did he do?! Did he force you?! Torture you? Was I… the reason for it?”

The human emissary shook his head.

“...I gave my full consent. I initiated it. I wanted to be imprinted on.”

It was the final blow. The sacred promise, the treasure that was their bond, felt soiled and disrespected upon. The promise that meant the world and the future and more, did not mean the same for Midoriya.

Todoroki took a step backwards, staggering and ran out of the room. The person he tried to keep far away from his father, the person that he wanted to protect over everything else, would just char away.

-

“...Why didn’t you tell him the truth?” Enji would ask him, much later once he realized what had happened.

“...I did,” Midoriya said.

“...And you conveniently forgot that the only way that we would have gotten out of that incident alive was because we made this contract?” Enji replied back, looking unimpressed, “He would have taken that better.”

“Maybe,” Midoriya replied back, “But I told the truth. If you,” he looked at the older man, “asked me, I would have agreed. Circumstances forced my hand a little, but it’s okay. I’m okay, being imprinted on by you.”

“...Shoto told you, didn’t he? Who I am? What I did?”

Midoriya nodded. “Yeah. He told me.”

“And yet, you still wanted this?”

The bond between them, somehow, became even warmer, and Enji couldn’t help but give in as he saw the soft smile on Midoriya’s face.

“Yes.”

The fight had left him by this point, actually, it was probably extinguished out of his system since this contract had been forged.

“I don’t think you’re a bad person, I don’t think you ever were. You got a little lost, and you made some bad decisions. But you’re still here. You want to face those consequences and you want to move forward. I can’t hate someone like that. So, I’ll be cheering for you, so do your best.”

Enji thinks that he was waiting for someone like this.

-

“...I forced it on him,” Enji started with this, because even though it was a terrible idea but also his only idea. “Don’t take it out on him.”

Shoto stared at him, looking ready to start a fight, before it escaped him as he realized something.

“...Knowing him, it was probably no choice, right? If he didn’t, you would have died or something.”

Enji didn’t respond, they both knew the truth.

“....Figures,” his son sighed, a loose smile beginning to form on his face, “that sounds like him. Just… don’t let him make that choice again.”

Forgiveness, Enji thought to himself, could be measured in the angle of Shoto’s lips in that second.

### Dabi vs Hawks (1)

There was this feeling that bubbled inside of him. As someone who was well intuned with the whispers of temptation thrumming under his skin, he knew exactly what this feeling was. In his head, the words from the reports and the frivolous gossip that was thrown around repeated, but when his eyes found the mess of green curls across sixty feet, two floors, in the courtyard walking into the lounge, he threw it all away.

Tossing caution to the side, his wings spread open and he was next to him before the door closed shut.

“Hey,” he said, not even out of breath.

Midoriya’s eyes widened, probably reeling in shock at the fact that the man just suddenly flew in, and he blinked owlishly. He dropped his head, giving a polite bow and then coughed awkwardly.

“Ah,” he said, stepping back, “Uh, h-hello, Hawks-san. Is there… Is there something I could help you with?”

Without really thinking about it, he walked in with an easy smile. His wings twitched, and societal decorum required him to fold his wings against his back. He doesn’t know why he had to remind himself of that, when it was as natural as breathing.

You take your jacket off when you come inside a warm place, this was no different than that.

“I just popped by to say hello,” the blond replied back, eyes bright. His wings folded behind him as he stepped in. “What are you up to?”

The door closed quietly behind him and the three feet between him and Midoriya felt too far.

“I’m waiting for Dabi-”

“Izuku, here’s your fucking fix-”

There was a long pause as Dabi’s eyes found Hawks across the room. In Dabi’s hand was a plastic bag, like he had gone to the store to get something. Midoriya all but bounced over to the other man. He stepped closer to him, less than a foot between them, as he peered into the bag.

“Yay! You even got the strawberry ones!” he cheered.

Dabi looked from Midoriya to Hawks, and understanding something that Hawks didn’t, gave a slow predatory smile. The sight of it had him tensing, narrowing his eyes as he watched Dabi pull an arm around Deku’s shoulder.

“Yeah, yeah, it’s probably just melted now though.”

“Nooooooo…..”

-

Fuck, Hawks realized, staring at his hand. He knew, in his head, that an Emissary was someone that could bridge the demon and the human parts together. He understood that. He recited it and it was a myth and a legend that no one took seriously until Midoriya Izuku fell into their laps.

But holy shit, Hawks thought. He had totally and completely underestimated this entire thing.

He thought that it was easier to dip in and out of that pool of demon blood. That the control was easier because the climb back to humanity would be easier.

Not that he wouldn’t feel the difference anymore.

### Dabi v Hawks (2)

Midoriya yawned as he walked into the room. His eyes immediately zoned in on Dabi’s figure on the couch, reading a book, and he walked towards him. He stared at the man, before placing his hand on his book, right on the pages so the man couldn’t keep reading.

“Yes, Izuku?” he asked, sounding more tired than anything as he looked up at him.

“...Move,” the young man said, leaving no room for objections.

The man arched an eyebrow, but heaved a great sigh. He closed the book, moved it off his lap, and right when he was about to get up, Midoriya’s hand came up to his chest. He narrowed his eyes, having no patience for this when Midoriya climbed onto the couch next to him. He laid down, placing his head against his thigh, and then turning onto his side so that his face was right against his hipbone.

“...Hey-”

“Read to me,” Izuku replied back.

Dabi’s eyebrow twitched, “You think you can just order me around like this?”

“Yes. Now read to me.”

And for whatever strange reason that he couldn’t describe with equations or facts or research, he did just that.

-

Midoriya’s eyes closed, and his breath evened out. Good, because Dabi was sick of reading aloud. He doesn’t do read alouds. Who the fuck wants a read aloud from a fucking linear algebra book anyways?

He sighed back, eyes drifting back to the formulas that he heard Midoriya bitch about before. He really didn’t want to read this anymore. He had flipped through it because he didn’t know what it was, was caught by Midoriya, and here he was, near 45 minutes later, ready to incinerate the book into ash.

A fluttering was heard, and Dabi turned his head to the newest addition to the mess of their pack. Not for the first time, he wished that Midoriya had better taste.

(He knew, that if Midoriya did have standards, he wouldn’t be there anymore, but don’t they have enough ridiculously powerful and arrogant shitheads? Do they really need a fluttery one too?)

“Ah,” Hawks said, eyeing Dabi impassively desite the smile on his face. “Dabi.”

Dabi narrowed his eyes back, but felt no need to respond. As though in response to the rapidly tensing atmosphere, Midoriya began to stir.

“Da...bi?” he muttered quietly.

“What.” Dabi asked, even though it didn’t sound like a question at all when he said it.

“Read,” the younger man said.

“No. Get off, my leg is falling asleep.”

Midoriya wiggled back in response, he turned over and curled in even tighter. His nose was pushing right at Dabi’s hipbones, and he gave a big sigh.

“Don’t drool on me again,” Dabi said, knowing that he lost this fight as he opened up the damned book again. He squinted at the mess of greek letters littering the pages. He found a random passage, wanting nothing more than for all of this to end. “...The Taylor series of a function, f(x) about a point a up to order n, is a representation of a function as an infinite sum of terms that are calculated from the values of the function’s derivatives at a certain point…”

He felt so parched. And tired. Looking at equations exhausted him. He couldn’t feel his toes in one of his legs. He wanted so bad to get up and stretch.

“Nooooo,” Midoriya moaned out, “Stop movinggg….”

“Shut up, you’re not even listening to me. I’ve been here for fucking hours-”

“Dabiii-”

“If you want, I can take over for you.”

In an instant, Midoriya’s eyes snapped open and he sat up. He looked to where Hawks walked closer, a lazy smile on his face as he gave a wave.

“Good morning, Midoriya-kun,” he said.

“H-H-Hawks!” Midoriya stuttered out in his shock. “Oh my god,” he shot Dabi a look, like it was his fault that he had a contract with him or whatever, and then he turned back to Hawks. “I-Is something wrong? Do you need anything-”

“I’m fine, Midoriya, I’m just here to say hello,” he said, like it was the only thing he knew how to say. “I think I should be the one to ask you that. Is there anything I can do to help?”

“N-no! Not at all!” Midoriya said, his voice getting progressively higher. “Haha. Ha.”

Dabi narrowed his eyes and then turned to the blond with the book, “He wants you to read fucking passages out of this so that he can fall asleep.”

Midoriya’s eyes flew to him, “No, I would never ask something of that to you, Hawks,” the green haired man said, laughing nervously. He hissed at Dabi, snatching the book out of his hands and narrowing his eyes when Dabi arched an eyebrow at him.

“Look, he’s asking you to annoy him, so go annoy him. He’s literally asking for it.”

“Don’t be stupid,” Midoriya hissed back. He shot a glance at Hawks and looked down, “I’m sure that Hawks has a hundred more important things to do-”

“-So do I-”

Midoriya ignored him, “-than to entertain my silly wishes.”

“...I don’t mind, Midoriya,” Hawks said, voice soft, “I got some more time.”

“See? Let him answer you himself,” Dabi said. He crossed his arms and huffed, “You never asked me anyways.”

“I don’t need to ask you,” Midoriya scoffed back, “I know you.”

Blue eyes met his, surprised and Midoriya missed it. He got up to his feet.

“A-Anyways,” he said, “I uhm,” he looked at Hawks and gave a bow, “Excuse us.”

The blond arched an eyebrow.

He looked at Dabi, meaningfully, “C’mon let’s go.”

Dabi stared at Midoriya for another moment, expression unreadable as he gave a long sigh.

“Why do I have to go,” he said, getting up anyways.

“See you later, Hawks.”

“Yeah,” the blond said, feeling as though this contract wasn’t theirs.

Walking by, Dabi gave him a wide grin back, as though to flaunt.

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