Warning: reverse harem, messy feelings

Disclaimer: I don’t own anything.

Summary: Midoriya Izuku finds himself back in the past, back before he became a villain and brought the world to its knees, with a new caveat. If he doesn’t do at least 10 good deeds a day, he will face unimaginable pain.

Paring: Everyone/Midoriya Izuku

A/N:

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### Notes

* Villain!Midoriya (wanted to end the world because he could) wakes up, back in time to when he was in middle school taking shit from everyone
  + ie , quirkless!midoriya brought the world to its knees once
* 10 good deeds a day
  + Got a little counter on a screen that he can pull up
  + Anything from holding a door open for someone to saving their life
  + The counter doesn’t increase until the Receiver thanks him.
  + But it doesn’t count if the person on the receiving end doesn’t think that it’s a good deed
  + Counter cannot decrease

### What makes a villain

Did that even make sense? Midoriya thought, watching as the teacher turned a blind eye.

Why are people so surprised when people become villains? Why were teachers, especially, who saw how kids were growing up day-in and day-out, always so damn surprise when kids grow up the exact way that they’re treated? He never understood it. Obviously, it wasn’t exactly their fault.

But if all it took to save someone was to reach out, then the real villains were these adults.

Midoriya stared at the garbage littering his desk. It looked like they just dumped the pond water onto his desk, and his chair had tacts scattered all over it. What was the difference between him, back when he was a villain and he killed a child in front of their parents, and the kids here, who enticed him to kill himself?

“Midoriya, stop wasting time and sit down. It’s time for class to start, you understand that, right?”

Suddenly, he remembered something from a long time ago.

That’s right.

This used to be his life.

### Police troubles

“I’m just saying,” the younger officer said, twisting his body this way and that, as though it would help him slip away from the intense glare from his superior, “I never had a dog before so-”

“Return him to UA!” Tsukauchi snapped back. “That’s not a request!”

“...Yes sir…” the young man sighed, his shoulders heaving. “C’mon Midoriya.”

“Can we turn the siren on?”

“Ooooh, great idea-”

“No!” Tsukauchi snapped out, “No, you cannot do that!”

### Dabi v Touya

“Hey, Dabi,” Midoriya said, as he looked out and stared at the horizon.

“...I’m not on duty,” the older man said, “just call me Touya.”

Midoriya, who still wasn’t used to seeing him without the scars and the white-hair and the wide-grin bent on destruction, made sure not to look at him.

Still, the older man heaved a sigh as he sat down next to him.

“What’s up?”

“If I want to destroy the world and burn everything to the ground, will you come with me?” Like you did, a lifetime ago?

Touya, because he was not Dabi, answered. “Of course not. I’d be first in line to haul your ass into prison.”

Midoriya nodded back.

Since waking up here, he didn’t think that he had amassed enough company to feel like this, but here he was.

Lonely.

A hand suddenly came to his head, surprising him. Midoriya jolted and turned to look up at a pair of summer blue eyes. With a wide grin to frame perfect white teeth, the young man wondered how Dabi came from such an innocent expression. His hand, something that Midoriya had seen and never touched because it was physically impossible for someone to touch the center of a flame, ruffled his hair.

“And I’ll make time in my very busy schedule to come see you every week. When you get released, you bet your ass that I’ll be hosting the party.”

Midoriya was lonely, lonely, lonely.

### [guilt] - Uraraka Building

Midoriya had killed a lot of people. Some of them, by his own hands, others by a weapon of choice, most as a direct consequence from the shitstorm that he brewed in Japan.

Of course, it was another world, in another body, but he still remembered it. Some more clearly than others, since time did that to memories, but there were other things that he never forgot.

And, staring at Uraraka’s wide smile as she proudly showed the building her family had recently constructed, he wondered if he killed her. Probably. This part of Japan didn’t exist. This whole block, and everyone that was there at the time, was wiped clear off the map.

Because he willed it. Because he wanted it gone. Because he could.

The reason didn’t matter. He didn’t remember it. He couldn’t tell you how many people died. He couldn’t tally up the losses in numbers or emotions or anything, since there was nothing left and no one left.

He looked up at the building. Everyone else’s ‘wow’-ing and ‘oooh’-ing and ‘aaah’-ing was about as loud as the breeze and Midoriya felt like he was a rock sinking in the ocean.

No, no, he wanted to deny. He wanted to hate this. He wanted to destroy it. He wanted it to be gone.

But instead, he looked up at the building and thought that it was beautiful.

Uraraka’s bashful smile, her prideful eyes, her happy demeanor, all of it was too much for Midoriya. It was all just too damn much because Midoriya used to be a villain. He used to hurt and murder and maim people daily.

And now, he stood in front of a building that his classmate proudly explained that her family was responsible for constructing, and hated himself.

If this life was a punishment for how he lived in the past, then he understood it now. If guilt was heavy in proportion to the crime, then Midoriya understood it now.

“Midoriya-kun? Is everything okay?”

He looked to where Iida’s broad smile appeared over him.

“...Yeah,” Midoriya lied. “This is a really pretty building.”

Iida’s grin was gleaming. It made Midoriya wonder if this was a light that he snuffed out. If people didn’t even notice when the stars stopped shining, did that star really exist?

Today, he found an answer.

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