Warning: reverse harem, messy feelings

Disclaimer: I don’t own anything.

Summary: Semi AU. When Midoriya Izuku was six, his friend died. This would be fine and all, except Midoriya is about to enter high school and Kacchan is still following him around. Can’t he like, rest or something?

Alt: Seeing ghosts was fine. And then Midoriya got OFA and has to deal with them beating him up.

Paring: ¯\\_(ツ)\_/¯

A/N:

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### Notes

* Kacchan, somehow, is ‘growing’ with Midoriya
* OFA gave him much stronger ability
  + Can touch (and be touched by spirits)
  + Cue Aizawa’s “who the fuck is beating the shit out of u”

### Kacchan

Bakugo Katsuki died before he turned seven.

### Dreams & Current State of Affairs

For as long as Midoriya could remember, he's been sucked into a world just like the one he lived in, except everything was broken and rotting. Which was fine, because it was just a dream. As long as he woke up, it was fine.

But in Midoriya's dream, even if the world came crashing down, he wasn't alone. When he was awake, he couldn't say the same thing.

### Problem Child @ School

All the windows in the corridor, in that instant, shattered. Midoriya's back hit the wall of the hallway as several other students screamed and shouted in their surprise. In the glass shards, he could see the sinister smile stretch across its face-

"Midoriya?! Again?"

And trembling from a nightmare he couldn't wake up from, Midoriya could ask the same damn thing.

### All Might & Ghost

“Midoriya-shounen,” Yagi said, voice teetering on concern as he furrowed his brows, “Ghosts don’t exist.”

And next to him, Shimura gave her successor an incredibly sad smile.

“But she’s-” -right there.

And heroes saved lives, you know, people alive.

### Mirio & haunted pacifier

It was a scene he's experienced a few times, but it was no easier this time. The raw agony set fire to his nerves, and for a moment, he thought that he was experincing it then and there. The truck that crushed the baby carriage. The crunch and the resulting scream. The engine and the blood.

Midoriya gasped, feeling all his bones grind under a 16-wheeler before he coughed on his blood. Hands flying to his face, he was acutely brought back to the here and now. Spitting out a mouthful of blood, caking his hands in his blood, feeling light-headed as he tried to figure out if it was real or his or what.

"Midoriya?"

He looked up, Mirio's worried expression.

"...You know how sometimes, you can hold something and remember something?" he asked quietly, "if the feeling is strong enough, it'll hold even if you die."

Or, someone can pour their entire life into it as they die.

"It doesn't work for all items, but some..." Midoriya said, wiping his nose. He did a piss-poor job, and the blood smeared all over the bottom half of his face instead. "And it's just... a lot."

His shoulders trembled, a chill that had nothing to do with the weather making him shiver. He took a deep breath. Tried to calm down. Shivered harder.

A jacket came over his shoulders and he flinched. His head snapped up, and Mirio's bright grin managed to warm him from the inside.

"...Thank you," he said, his hand gripping the jacket. "But, won't you be..."

"Return it when we get out then," the blond said, a wide grin on his face. "Righto, this way then?"

Midoriya nodded, looking one more time at the pacifier on the ground, before he turned back. His heart aching, his body chilled, Midoriya pushed on with Mirio's grin to lit the way.

### If shigaraki died

"That sounds nice," Midoriya muttered quietly, "You're not bothered by anything and anyone. It doesn't matter whatever happens to anyone anywhere. You won't be bothered at all."

Shigaraki grinned, a little surprised but also proud that someone did understand him, even if it was some hero-in-training.

"...Then, when I die, Shigaraki, you probably won't even notice."

And even though that was correct and there was no reason to think otherwise, Shigaraki frowned.

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