Warning: messy feelings

Disclaimer: I don’t own anything.

Summary: villain!Deku. Midoriya Izuku has always loved heroes. So, when confronted with the reality that he can’t become one, decides that it’s okay. He’ll just make Bakugo Katsuki the number one hero and the next Symbol of Peace, whether he wants it or not.

Alt: Midoriya knows how this story ends. He will be arrested because of Bakugo, who will become the Number One Hero and Symbol of Peace because of it, and the eternal darkness that he casted over the world would finally break.

A/N:

Pairing:

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### Plot (?)

* LOV
  + Midoriya heads but it’s not really the <League of Villains> as it is people who have aligned with Midoriya
  + And Midoriya doesn’t really care heads or tails, but think that this does make for a better story so sure.
  + He makes it clear to them that they have 1 Ending, to be arrested and they’re like “yeah, who the fuck could beat you?”
    - And also, he thinks that if he falls, and Bakugo is the next symbol of peace, the whole world will be purged of villains pretty quickly. He has a neat book of all that he’s done, and it’ll be easy to hunt them down. He just needs to get this book to Bakugo.
    - His logic would work if he was talking about villains, but at that point, they weren’t villains, they were people that just wanted his safety and wellbeing
  + And Midoriya does take care of them
    - Sorta. Only post operation and when he isn't caught up in something
    - “I need you” & all the people who have never been < needed > before
* Midoriya Izuku wants to make Bakugo Katsuki as the next Symbol of Hope. As the final boss and stuff
  + Smart, shy, sweet Midoriya
    - Can’t play the villain to save his life
    - Comes off as trying way too hard to be more confident
  + Genuinely means what he says, but the timing could be better.
  + Has a lot of notes about the next four years (it all goes to waste when All Might does tho)
    - Sends a notebook containing the ‘answer key’ to his puzzles, if only they read it and followed along
    - I mean they try a little harder now but it’s really not enough
  + Knows that he has to kill Bakugo’s mentor, his friend, possibly a girlfriend, ie following the Hero-Archetype ideal. And does (eventually) pick off students, family etc
  + Ends up giving other people character development, and he doesn’t even realize it, but doesn’t care as long as no one shines brighter than bakugo.
* Deku
  + Quirkless, useless, worthless Deku
  + Series of terrorism, deaths, etc that get progressively worse
    - Quality over quantity
    - Mass Panic & future pain > all else
    - Tearing a lot of corruption out too. And exposing dumb rules for being dumb
    - (Meta lib likes him but to work for him is a working contradiction, right?)
  + After (accidentally) killing All Might early, he’s uncrowned King of the Underworld. A lot of people begin to take him seriously
  + “You all just died because of someone Useless.”
  + Willing to sacrifice everything. Doesn't do shit halfway
* Stain
  + Really likes Midoriya’s ideas about creating Heroes, esp when he sees it for himself.
  + “To stain yourself to create a better humanity, huh?”
* Shiragaki
  + Fucking kills All For One for Izuku
* Chisaki
  + Super taken by the super-smart guy who’s quirkless
  + And because of the fear in the streets, people turn to the yakuza for protection since they can’t trust the govt or heroes and he is suddenly given the future Oyaji always wanted

### The Why

"Well, when you want something that doesn't exist," Midoriya said easily, "Isn't it obvious that we have to make it ourselves?"

### Calling off the operation (1)

"No, too many things are going wrong," Midoriya said. "I'm calling off the operation."

As people who don't have much to look forward to in the day aside from these operations, threw a fit.

"Magne chipped three nails. Dabi's jacket got caught in the door again. Shiragaki and my commlinks keep disconnecting. Toga broke her knife. It's suddenly raining. No, this is too strange. Something is seriously wrong. I'm calling off the operation."

And in these moments, Midoriya was undeniably their leader because they all disagreed loudly but were in the hideout within two hours.

The supposed victory celebratory dinner was sour but they all ate everything, as they always did.

"I still can't believe we called off the operation," Twice grumbled out, too put-out by the entire turn of events.

"...What, do you think that as long as you work hard, everything will work out or something?" Midoriya asked. "That's fine, but it isn't how I operate. Everything that can go wrong, will. That means I need to do everything I can to make sure that < everything > is accounted for."

He passed another bowl of hot steaming rice to Toga to give to Twice.

"So eat up, because next time, we will do the operation and it will be perfect."

Eventually, they'll understand that Midoriya is meticulous at worst and perfect at best.

### Saviors

Midoriya’s eyes came onto the camera and he gave a smile.

“So, hurry up and save me, Kacchan.”

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“But… you know, we’re starting off pretty tame,” Toga said, looking through his notes. “I can’t wait to do the later ones! Why can’t we just start with them?”

“Whatever we start with,” Midoriya replied back, “We always have to one-up. So, if we kill 50 people the first time…”

“We’d have to kill 60?” Dabi asked dryly.

“...we’d kill 1,000 the next time... Oh.”

He stared at them owlishly, and at their shocked expressions, turned pink. He dropped his gaze as he looked at his hands, “I think that’ll work too. 60 is a good number. It’s even and it’s divisible by three.”

He shook his head.

### Dabi & Deku - to be Discarded

And then, suddenly, he realized something awful.

One day, Deku would no longer find him <interesting>. In that moment, Deku would stop looking at him, stop seeing him, stop thinking about him, and he would no longer be involved. He would be back to those days on the streets, where there was no end and no beginning, where no one stood by his side and he had nothing.

He doesn’t know when Midoriya’s laugh became the adrenaline in his veins, but he knows that he’s too far in deep now to stop.

### Izuku Fails Because He’s Quirklsss

“No!” Midoriya snapped back, “Forget me, kill him!”

“No! I will protect you! I can’t kill him and protect you, so I choose you!”

And Midoriya realized that he was still useless and worthless and weak and quirkless Deku. He has always been, but it was in these moments that those words hurt him the most.

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It’s unfair, how bright the appearance of All Might makes Midoriya’s eyes.

### Circumstances

Midoriya shrugged, “Yeah, I guess I’m just super lucky.”

“Lucky?”

The young man nodded,”Yeah, when the two started fighting? That was lucky-”

Dabi vividly remembered the stack of notes of Midoriya had, after four hours of scraping social media feeds for information and compiling and recompiling ideas while cross-referencing it with the street-camera footage. And then throwing it all away to start again when he realized that their daughters were best friends.

“-I can’t imagine every getting that lucky again.”

Dabi thinks about their next plans. Something that Spinner was learning how to drive a truck for, something that Shiragaki and Twice were doing stake-outs all night at the bay for, something that Toga and Compress has been out vacationing in Kyoto for. Something that had him on stand-by and on Midoriya duty to ensure that the young man was eating and sleeping.

He thought about the four packs of notebooks that Midoriya had brought in at the beginning of the month, and how he had to go out and buy another because there wasn’t enough room because he realized that there could be another confounding variable.

“Wow, you’re a pretty lucky guy, all around, huh?”

Lucky?

“Yeah, I guess,” Midoriya said, in a bashful and quiet guy. He rubbed the back of his head, and Dabi didn’t understand how someone who will bring society down to its knees was someone who quivered under compliments.

“Haha,” the other man laughed, handing his card over, “Well, more so than that, I suppose you really want to know what’s going on with the Hokkaido deals, right?”

“Oh, truly?” Midoriya straightened, looking like a child who was promised ice cream with sprinkles. From there, they discuss more buisness-y things that Dabi really didn’t care about, and zoned out once numbers started to line their conversation.

From the looks of it, the other guard that the man brought was just as tired of the conversation, no matter how well he was trying to remain vigilant and focused on the job. Ametuer.

Dabi has no doubt that luck had something to do with the circumstances, if only because there was no other explanation to justify the reason why he was here. But when it came to Midoriya, his meticulous planning, his strive to stack certain circumstances in order to create the greatest splash, he thinks that luck has met its match in skill.

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“...What’s on your mind?” Midoriya asked.

Dabi looked at Midoriya, caught those green eyes and caved.

“I don’t get why you’re saying that it’s all about luck,” Dabi said.

Midoriya shrugged back, “Isn’t that better?”

“...They should be afraid of you. And what you can do, or at least acknowledge what you’ve done. You put… a lot of work into it.”

The young man stared at the older one, and then stopped moving.

“...Dabi,” he said simply, “If you don’t like it. You can leave.”

The older man jerked at the thought. “W-Wha-”

“If they think that I’m lucky, and that I can only do the things that I do because I’m lucky, they will always underestimate me. That’s a good thing. That raises our chances of success for every person that truly believes that,” he said simply. “Things like glory and success, none of that matters to me. I have my own goals. And as long as I have that, I don’t care about anything else.”

He walked past him at that.

“And if you get in the way of that, I’ll get rid of you too.”

Dabi stood here, feeling chastised like a fucking child, as his hands balled tightly into fists by his side.

Midoriya’s eyes were always looking at something beyond. Even though that was the reason why he came and decided to bow his head, because he rarely saw someone with eyes like that, faced with it like this made him feel bitter.

### Spinner Finds Patterns

“Well,” Spinner shrugged, “You’re always going on about patterns and stuff, so I figured I will too, and well, this is the third guy we’re taking on with a trail of cases concerning sexual harassment of college students, right?”

And for the first time since they had met Midoriya, he was so floored that his jaw hung uselessly open and the glass clattered to the bar table.

“You… You’re not smart,” he said suddenly. “There’s no way in hell you would have figured that out.”

Spinner frowned, a little upset that Midoriya was so shocked that he had noticed.

“I don’t think this is a bad thing,” Spinner said, “And it’s a noble caus-”

“No!” Midoriya snapped back, slamming his hand onto the bartop as he finally recovered from his shock, “This is awful! Shit!” he said, biting down on his nail.

“Is it really that bad?”

“Yes!”

“What’s with all the yelling? // Are we killing someone?”

“Oh!” Midoriya snapped his fingers, “Okay, we’ll just trash this entire operation.” In an instant, his demeanor relaxed. He gave a soft sigh and gave a small smile, already back in total control over his emotions. “Okay, we’ll run with the lights out theory. The full moon isn’t for another two weeks, so we should be good on time.”

“Eh?!” Twice groaned, “But I was so excited for this one! // Let’s just kill more people.”

"We're changing operations again?" Dabi asked as he came in. "Are we done going after shitheads that touch underage girls?"

Midoriya gaped like a fish. "Okay, we are not doing that anymore. Those girls will just have to figure it out."

"W-wait!" Spinner called out, his hand extended as though to stop them. "Wait, just… just why is it a bad thing that we uh… figured it out?"

The green-haired man shook his head. "We are not looking to start a revolution. We aren't here to let people have a choice. Id we get people who start emphasizing with us, we lose the main focus.

"I thought we were going to make a better world? And have a new Symbol of Peace and stuff?"

Midoriya took a deep and slow breath.

"No," he said. "I'm going to make Kacchan the Number One Hero. In order to do that, the world needs to become a convienently better place then. That means we cannot have people think we have a reason for this."

It was a really elaborate plan for something as silly as making a hero. Sometimes, they forget that Midoriya actually has a reason for this.

"So, what, people need to think that we are doing tjis for the hell of it?"

"Yes!" Midoriya said, pointing at Shiragaki when he said that.

"But… why?" Spinner asked, failing to understand exactly what was going on.

"Because the scariest thing in the world are the things we cannot explain. Don't you think that the scariest people are those who just do as they please?"

### All Might’s Death

All Might wasn’t supposed to die until a long time later. Midoriya was planning on making it Bakugo’s Graduation Gift, after all. It was only fitting, and it would be super romantic. He had a year’s worth of absolute devastation to reign down onto Japan, planned for the deaths of a couple hundred thousand people, the absolute destruction of some major landmarks, but it was okay because it was all for a better tomorrow.

He would shroud the world in darkness. And then, Bakugo’s light would shine even brighter. The darker the shadows, the brighter the light, after all. He has no doubt that Bakugo would shine brighter than anyone else as it was, but like this, it would be so blinding that all the current villains running amok would be ruined and turned away.

However, things don’t go to plan.

Things go incredibly off plan, actually, and instead of killing All Might in three years, All Might is spewing blood after turning into a skeletal man. What?

“No…” Midoriya shook his head, “Get up, All Might!” he shouted out. “You’re on national television! You’re the Symbol of Peace so get up All Might! Don’t lose to some useless, quirkless brat like me!”

### Post-All Might: Burning Notes

“Wait!” Twice yelled out, throwing his hands into the fire to bring the notebooks out, “Wait, but …. But these are-”

“They’re all trash,” Midoriya said. “Just burn it all away.”

“But you worked hard, right? On these?” Twice said, lifting the notebooks. He stared at the box of notebooks behind Midoriya’s leg as he shook his head. “I don’t… I don’t get it, why are they trash? This is your hard work-”

“All Might is dead,” Midoriya replied back, voice cold, “So these won’t work. They’re too hard for them to figure out. And even if they did, there’s no way in hell they would be able to resolve it in ten minutes,” he said, tapping his forehead. He squeezed his eyes shut and took a deep breath.

Twice felt the world slow as he turned to stare at Shiragaki, who looked just as surprised as Midoriya shook his head.

“It’s not fun if there isn’t a chance to lose.”

The young man grabbed the notebooks out of his hands and tossed it back into the fire.

“From now on.” he said, “We have to do things that are worse than killing the Symbol of Peace. Maybe not every time, but if we don’t keep raising the stakes, the feeling of hopelessness might fade” Midoriya said. He rubbed the back of his neck, “What’s worse than killing the Symbol of Peace? I thought about it for a while, but I think I have an idea.”

Not for the first time, they find themselves so incredibly blessed that they aren’t the one that has to fight against Midoriya.

### Shiragaki’s Loyalties

“...I will never forget what you have done for me,” Shiragaki said.

“Haaah… To think that this is the way you would grow up, Tomura.”

Overlapping the sight of Shiragaki standing in front of him right now, was that little kid, malnourished and pale, homeless and lost, and All-For-One thinks it’s such a shame to die right now. The whole world is going to be turned on its head, and at the center of it was the most powerless individual born into existence.

“But I must know, Tomura, what do you see in Midoriya that will turn your fangs against me?”

The young man stared at him and he shrugged back.

“The next time I see you, I’ll have an answer.”

Shiragaki is not a whimsical person. Even from the way that he plays his games to the way he decides what to eat first, he’s not someone who does favors for other people.

Midoriya must be quite the person. All-For-One truly regrets that they were born so far away from each other, because this was the things that enthralled him about humans. Their fragile, fleeting lives, built up on loyalty and trust until greed consumes him. Looking at Shiragaki now, he’s glad that he got to see that kind of determination in those red eyes, even if it would be the last thing he sees.

Fascinating.

He thinks that, if this is the feeling that people get right before they get, then he understands why people try so hard to avoid it.

He-

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The pile of ash used to be Sensei. Shiragaki doesn’t think so, and wouldn’t be surprised if Sensei had a way of just putting hismelf back together and standing back up again.

But the minutes pass and nothing moves. Nothing changes. If he didn’t know any better, he would even say that he killed All-For-One. Which would be good, because Midoriya would want this.

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“Sensei’s dead,” he reported to Midoriya.

Midoriya’s head snapped up and the silence that followed his report was deafening. It was like he had fired a gun, and the resulting ringing echoed through the room as everyone turned to stare at him.

“He can die?” Twice asked. “//I didn’t think he could die.”

“With this, the legends on both side are dead,” Shiragaki said, and he nodded at Midoriya, “That’s what you wanted, right?”

And Midoriya, who never said anything about that, wondered when he was so easy to read.

“...Was I that obvious?”

“C’mon, they’re each other’s most natural enemies. And if you want to relabel a generation, that means we have to get rid of the old one, right?” He shrugged, “It’s the same storyline in any game.”

No, Midoriya mentally amended. The problem wasn’t that he was easy to read, but that his ideas were transparent and simple to follow. Someone who consumes as much media like Shiragaki would understand what he’s trying to do down to his bones. To think that he wouldn’t understand was a gross miscalculation on his part.

Perhaps, he was too transparent after all.

“But you know, this is where you’re wrong,” he said. He pointed at Midoriya, and grinned at him, “I didn’t do it for you. I don’t want a world where heroes keep going. I don’t care about your goals and your little crush on that Bakugo-kid. But I am sick of the whole, ‘hero wins in the end’ syndrome. So, understand this right now, we don’t have the same goals.”

“Oh? Then what’s your goal?”

“I’m going to put you up at the top,” Shiragaki said, “Even if I have you drag you up there.”

In that moment, everyone understood that eventually, they will have to make a choice. They would have to choose between Midoriya’s goals and Midoriya. There was no in between and there was no option to choose both.

And Shiragaki made his choice.

“...I don’t know whether to feel flattered or threatened,” Midoriya said, sitting back. “I was…” hoping, he almost says, “expecting you to say that you wanted to be the leader or something.”

“Nah, you got it down pat. I don’t care about things like that. But if becoming the leader eans that I can keep you forever, then I guess that’s what I will be doing.”

Midoriya’s uncertain smile smoothed out into a blank expression. It was the same expression that he had when he regarded Kirishima for the second time. The expression he has when he’s assessing whether or not someone is <too bright>.

“That’s good. I can’t have someone try to overshadow me,” he said.

Shiragaki snorted. Figures. His words went right over to Midoriya, or the young man didn’t even see him as a possibly liability. He doesn’t think that Shiragaki will live up to his words, or he can’t. What a farce. Instead, Midoriya immediately reassessed Shiragaki in his head to see what he is and where he stands.

Midoriya had to be the worst smear on society, he has to be the darkest shadow to cast out all light in the world. That was his role in this plan, and he will not allow anyone to take that from him the same way he will not allow any Hero, in training or not, to be brighter than Bakugo.

Shiragaki swears that he will ruin those perfect plans. He will force the man to expand his horizon. And at the edge of the world, Shiragaki will stand there with his hand extended and he’ll force him to accept the world plunged into an abyss of eternal darkness.

And then, he’ll have his answer to give Sensei on Why he did this.

### Chisaki & Cheating

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“You’ve been giving the police the answer key?!”

Deku flinched backwards, pulling his hands up to his chest as his eyes watered at being suddenly yelled at. He tried to step away, but Shiragaki’s hands were gripping his arms tightly as he shook him.

“Why?! Why would you just give them the answer key-”

“I thought it wouldn’t be fair!” Deku blurted back.

Shiragaki stopped and Deku looked down at the ground between them.

“I… I thought that if they knew the answer, we could have more fun with this. Since… Since they never came, I thought that it might be too hard so I thought they’d like a way to check their answers instead.”

“Is this… just a game to you?”

Deku blinked back, “...Yes?” he said, like he didn’t understand why the question would be asked.

Shiragaki took a step back, and started to laugh. “Holy shit,” he said, “And you’ve been sending these answer keys. And they’re still failing.”

Deku nodded slowly, “Yeah, I don’t get it either. I tried to make the answer key easier to understand…”

Chisaki thought about the notes that he read. He remembered how even Setsuno seemed to be able to piece things together and how Eri seemed to understand it with the exception of some kanji she hasn’t learned yet. The thought makes him cold though, and his eyes fell back to the man who made it all possible.

### Dirty Hands

“Not that I mind.” Compress said, speaking up, “But why are we causing so much mayhem? It’s hard to take credit when the whole street’s in chaos.”

Midoriya gave Compress a side-eye and then faced back forward.

“...What are the police for?”

“...Capturing criminals?” Compress replied back, far too used to the roundabout way Midoriya could lead discussion at times.

“Oh! Enforcing justice!” Toga shouted out, lifting her hand up like she was in school.

“Protecting the people?” Spinner added.

Midoriya pointed at Spinner, “That’s the one I’m going for,” he said. “Yes, they enforce justice and try to capture criminals, but it's ultimately to make people feel safer. Unlike heroes, they’re not about being shiny in the limelight. Heroes are allowed to use their quirks to apprehend criminals, but police are not. It’s the police’s way of saying that even criminals and villains are human, and must be treated so. They take an oath to protect everyone, because no one is exempt from the law.”

He focused his attention back to the riots that were breaking up and down the street.

“So tell me, if you’re sworn to protect something, and they start trying to kill each other, what do you do?”

The others stared at him, realization darning on them.

“Either you falter or you put them all down,” the young man said, a gentle smile playing his lips. “This is good for us. There’s no reason for us to get our hands dirty when they’re willing to do it for us, right?”

### Quiz Game - Yaoyorozu

“Good evening, ladies and gentlemen!” Compress announced, “Here’s the moment you have been waiting for! The darkest light to eclipse the sun and take down the Symbol of Hope, Deku!”

And with that, Midoriya stepped out under the moonlight. Toga and Twice excited cheered and clapped, and the quiet applause resounded throughout the empty warehouse.

Pinned with her chest to the ground, Yaoyozuro stared up in absolute and total fear.

“Our truly amazing leader has a new game for all of you tonight! No need to fear, everything is currently being recorded live! Now then, let’s start with the rules of the game! Deku-san?”

“Thank you, Compress,” Midoriya said, calm and collected. He tugged on the gloves he was wearing and opened his hand towards Twice.

The image of this man, the man who brought down All Might, was shattered when Twice tossed him a microphone and he failed to catch it. He fumbled with it, and sheer panic crossed his face as the microphone bounced off his hands and his other hands shot out in hopes to catch it. He managed to grab it by the wire as it came down swinging and smacked him in the shin.

He gave a small whimper but pulled the microphone up.

“A-anyways,” he said, trying to pretend that he didn’t fumble. From where he was holding Yaoyozuro, Dabi snorted in a poor attempt to smoother his laughter. “L-Let’s begin the game, shall we?” His voice broke, probably out of sheer nerves, and the bright red flush that crossed his face made him look more like a teenager her age than one of up-and-coming Worst Villains.

He coughed awkwardly into his fist.

“So uh… Ah. I heard that you got into UA with the highest scores. And that you have had the highest ranking among all the first-years,” he said. “That’s amazing.”

The praise was genuine, but Yaoyozuro couldn’t supress the shiver of fear rolling down her back.

“Dabi, let her up. She needs to see the next part. Besides, it’s not fun unless she can fight back anyway she wants, right?”

At that, the man on her back let up and took several steps back. Yaoyozuro sat right up, and pulled her arms up in a fighting stance she has seen Todoroki do so many times. She has no doubt that the camera caught how bad she was shaking.

“Now then,” Midoriya lifted his hand, and it was a sign for a cage to be pulled forward by a Nomu, “Let’s start explaining the game.”

The Nomu pulled a cart, and in the cart was a large cage. In that large cage was thirty people crammed inside of it, and it was clear that they were uncomfortably pushed against each other.

“Inside this cage is 30 people. We will kill all of them. One every 10 minutes. You can do the math, right? How long do you think the game is?”

“...Five… hours?” she asked.

He nodded and the cage door opened. One of the men, who realized it, came running at Midoriya screaming.

“My wife! You fuck! My wife-”

He cut himself off, and Midoriya didn’t even look at the man who was caught by his collar and jerked backwards. The man reached for the collar around his neck, screaming and pulling against the collar. Something cold passed through the young hero-in-training as she realized that all the people were collared to each other and the cage.

“You’re very smart, Yaoyozuro-san,” Midoriya continued, taking a seat in a shitty plastic chair that was brought out for him. He sat down in it, like he was in the waiting room of some sort. “The rules that we will play by is as follows: I’m going to ask you a question. Every time you are correct, we will let one of the caged beasts out. Every time you are wrong, we will kill one. So, you have five hours to save as many people as possible. Each person will be a win for you, and a loss for us.”

He then turned to the camera and gave it a wave.

“And of course, if our loyal viewers can figure out where we are and send Pro-Heroes and the Police Force, I’m sure that they’ll catch us,” he explained easily. “Then, if we all get caught, this will be total game over, and we’ll be locked up and put away and no one will have to worry about us anymore.”

He clapped his hand.

“The human body takes about 20 minutes to calm down after they activate their fight/flight reaction,” he continued. “And we have dressed all your previous injuries. So, we will give you 25 minutes before we begin the game. Unfortunately, we don’t have any food or bathroom breaks, but we can give you water. The 25 minutes begin now. Use it as you will please. Do you have any questions?” he said, looking a little sympathetically at her.

“...Can I touch the hostages?” Yaoyozuro said, feeling herself calm down.

“Of course,” Midoriya nodded, despite the way everyone turned to stare at him, “The people here are only here to make sure we can get some good quality film out. If you grab the hostages and run away, no one will stop you. The only time we will act is if our lives are in immediate danger.”

Right when the young woman looked to run to the hostages, he spoke up.

“But if you touch them right now, we will forfeit your 25 minutes, though it’s more like 24 now. Is that alright?”

She froze where she was. Time was the key here. She wasn’t so far gone that she didn’t have that.

And Midoriya gave her a small smile at that, like he was seeing something particularly fond, and the young woman didn’t like it.

“...How distrusting, are you scared that, even if you save everyone, we won’t let you go?” he asked quietly. “...Alright then, I suppose that’s a fair response, since we are the Bad Guys here,” he noted. He chuckled, as though finding the whole thing terribly amusing, and crossed his legs. “You don’t have to think about it right now, but how many villains have you met in your life? Of them, how many of them have lied? Or maybe it’ll be easier to ask like this, of all the people you know who have lied, how many of them were villains?”

If someone were to cut this man out and paste him in a cafe somewhere, he wouldn’t look a hair out of place. Yet, sitting in a plastic chair with his legs crossed like that, Yaoyozuro thinks that he doesn't belong here.

The words echo in her head.

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The questions determine when her 10 minutes begin. Meaning, if Yaoyozuro passes through the questions with the same ease that she has been, she could save everyone here within an hour, more or less five. She has no reason to believe that they will let them go easily afterwards, but she can hope right?

“Ah, I already said it, didn’t I? If someone comes for my life,” he said, the smoke coming out of his gun as the man lay dead on the ground, “I will defend myself.”

Yaoyozuro stared in absolute shock as she was forced to confront the first dead body in her life. He was laying flat on the ground, the top half of his head blown off, and she turned her head to throw up.

“Eight minutes,” Midoriya called out.

Her vision spun as she turned back to the question. It was something that Present Mic covered once or twice. It was a simple thing, a simple conversation that she knew like the back of her hand. It wasn’t particularly hard of any sort, but all she could smell was the blood and she cried instead. Her eyes kept drawing back to the man and her body broke out into full shakes.

“...The phrase should say, ‘The woman in bright yellow has not noticed the red ladybug in her pocket’.” she said.

“Correct,” Midoriya said. Another collar came unlocked and right when he opened his mouth to say something, Yaoyozuro turned around to the hostage to scream.

“Stay put! I will save all of you so just stay put!”

She turned to the other man, her tear-stained face and fiercely determined eyes meeting his.

“Next question. Let’s go.”

Green eyes stared in surprised, and after all of this, she’s glad that she can do something that will catch him off guard.

The questions weren’t hard. She was certain that even Kaminari would have been able to solve them. And as long as she doesn’t focus on anything other than the questions, she will be fine.

“You’re doing great,” Midoriya said, “You only have 10 left.”

She shook her head. “11,” she said. She looked to the man on the ground, “Because I couldn’t save one.”

“...Indeed,” Midoriya said, “You know, he had it coming. He knew the rules and came after me anyways.”

She shook her head. “A hero is someone that goes and saves everyone, no exceptions, even if they have to save them from themselves. To pick and choose who to save isn’t the kind of hero I want to be.”

“...Well said. Ah, I ate a few moments of your time. Let me return it to you. This time, we will give you two more minutes.”

The small timer next to Midoriya turned back two minutes, turning from the seven minutes to nine.

She didn’t need it. They both knew she didn’t need it. Still, he was trying to be fair and she thinks that was nice of him. She turned back, almost grateful because the next question was one that was covered during yesterday’s lecture. Ectoplasm always had a way to teach math, and she really liked the way that even she could get stumped. In this moment of great stress, however, she shined and answered the question after scratching on the ground for a bit.

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“Who taught you the feeling of unfairness?” he asked. “Was it a villain? Was it a bully? Was it life? Or, did someone one day just tell you that ‘life isn’t fair’ as though that was a reason to be rude?”

Some of his questions were incredibly easy. Finding the zeroes of a given polynomial was so fucking easy. Other questions he had, the ones that he had when he looked at her with so much more warmth than she has ever felt from most of her classmates, made her head spin.

“...No, nevermind, you’re clearly doing great. Keep it up.”

-

“You did it! 30 out of 30! Excellent! Now then, since we have about four hours left over, how about I throw in an additional reward? For the next four weeks, we will be quiet. Enjoy your peace, you have earned it.”

“Wait,” Yaoyozuro said, “There should be one more question, right?”

“...Oh? Should there?”

“I’m… not in a cage or collared, but I’m still a hostage, aren’t I? Where’s the question for my guaranteed, safe release?”

Midoriya blinked back and gave a confused smile.

“I’m… sorry if that’s how it felt,” he said. “You were never a hostage. At any point, you could have left, after all. You choose to stay.”

“...What?”

“And yes, if you had ran out, you would go up the stairs and realize that we’re actually in the heart of Shinjuku.”

He turned to the cameras and smiled with a big wave.

“Four police cars drove by during the duration of the game, didn’t you hear them?”

Her face fell and he shrugged back.

“Thanks for playing along. It was fun. Maybe we’ll play again.”

The disgustingly familiar scene of a portal opened behind him and the League left like nothing had happened.

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The man who died was a man who came from a very large, very loud family with a heavy internet presence. Even though Yaoyozuro was a 14 year old girl who didn’t even have her provisional hero-license, the critism that came down on her came down hard.

Aside from her, however, her family’s name was dragged through the mud. And several jabs were made at UA as an entirety, and the Shinjuku police force who drove by the commotion and didn’t do anything.

All sorts of apologies rose up, and panic continued to brew.

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Leaning back in his seat, Midoriya refreshed his twitter feed over and over again.

“What are you waiting for?” Magne asked, leaning over his shoulder to see what he was doing.

“...Eh?” Midoriya turned, bright green eyes taking in Magne before he looked down to his phone. “It looked like I was waiting, huh?” he asked quietly. He put his phone face down, “I really hope Kacchan got my message.”

“...That he should make his own rules?” Magne asked, thinking back to the game and how disappointed Toga was that she didn’t get to cut anyone.

“No, that he should be paying attention in class. You never know when the things you learn in class will save someone’s life, you know?”

The older woman stared at Midoriya.

“I… Yes,” she said, thinking back to the game in the most literal sense. “I thought you were going to … I don’t know, teach him that sometimes hostages don’t want to be saved and get themselves killed and heroes can’t protect people who march into their death.”

Midoriya shrugged back, “That’s obvious,” he said. “If that was the case, we wouldn’t have any criminals at all, don’t you think?”

She stared back and gave a small smile.

“Yeah, I guess so.”

Right when she thinks that Midoriya is easy to figure out, she is reminded that not all grand gestures need meaning.

“So, sir, what’s next?”

For people who are sick of being bored, Midoriya is truly the best thing that could have happened.

He smiled back, deceivingly innocent.

“We have to do some community service.”

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As though to mock the world, Midoriya kept his promise. For the four weeks following Yaoyozuro’s Quiz game, crime fell to an All-Time low. It was a number that hadn’t been seen since All Might’s prime.

A lot of speculation came about, but every time someone mentioned that the Pro-Heroes were doing a great job, another voice would whisper that the Bad Guys keep their promises.

“Oh no,” Midoriya realized as he read through the forums. “Hm, we need to lie next time I guess.”

“What’s up?” Spinner asked from where he was cleaning his blades.

“...Too many people are praising us,” he said, narrowing his eyes. “Augh, fucking shut-in virgins that don’t know anything aobut the world. Goddamnit.”

Oddly, Spinner felt personally offended.

### Crazy

“How come I’m the crazy one?” Midoriya asked, a frown on his face. “I don’t get it. How come I’m the crazy one or the delusional one?”

Dabi looked up, arching his eyebrow at the young man as he sighed.

“I mean, they’re not delusions if I make them reality. And at that point, I’m not crazy or dreaming or anything. I’m the one living in reality.”

He shrugged.

“Whatever,” he said, and it was clear that he had already forgotten about it.

### Not a Victory

They are not friends.

“...You know, with how this story ends,” Deku said, spinning on the barstool to look at them, “I’m the loser. I’ve always been a loser.”

And Deku has always said things like this, always tries to take the wind out of their sails, always after their crushing victory.

“Aw, man, c’mon, just let us celebrate.”

“It’s not really something worth celebrating,” Deku replied back, “A lot of people died today,” he said, like he wasn’t the reason why the entirety of Japan flipped over-inside out. He flipped through the pages of the magazine he was looking for, “And more importantly, the wrong people are getting taken in again.”

He rubbed the back of his head. If he made his agenda any more obvious, he feels like it’ll be too obvious what he was trying to do. Or worse, he’d get support instead of enemies.

He’s not aiming for civil war. He’s aiming for a better future. And until Bakugo could stand up as the next Symbol of Peace, he needed to do something to bide his time.

### Abandoned

There was no doubt about it. While running for their goal, if they tripped and fell, Deku wouldn’t even look at them as they pressed on. However, if Deku fell, they would all turn back.

They weren’t friends.

They were fools following a man who was running for the worst possible ending.

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“They captured Spinner!”

Deku’s head snapped up. “That’s bad. Why couldn’t it have been Dabi or something?!”

Dabi paused before he turned over, “Seriously?”

Twice weeped, wiping at his eye, “They’re going to gang-rape our Lizard!” he cried out, “// We should have killed him first!”

“No, we’re not moving on from this,” Dabi said, grabbing Deku by the shoulder. “What the fuck do you mean you wanted it to be me?”

Deku looked at the hand and then up to the man, “If you had been taken, then I would know for certain that you would have spilled all the plans. That means we’ll finally be on equal footing. But Spinner? God knows why, but he’s too loyal.”

He narrowed his eyes.

“Whatever, he got himself into that mess,” he shrugged back. “He’ll have to figure himself out.”

Like he was made of water, he escaped Dabi’s oppressive hold on his shoulder.

“He knew what he was getting into.”

He took another step forward, clearly intending to leave.

“Besides, it’s not like it’ll be hard for him to break out. They’re not going to interrogate him as harshly as the other gangs around here. He’ll be a little roughed up, but they’ll eventually give up. Especially in a month or so, maybe sooner if they show him some news clips. Once they realize that he has nothing to add since our plans progressed, he’ll lose their worth and will be moved to a prison. Concerning where they’ll be… probably that jail cell right in Tokyo or something…”

Deku trailed off and Twice stared at him.

If he didn’t know any better, he would say that Deku was the one that was the most worried. As it was, it was clear that the man already had some idea on how to get their own back.

### Death of a Student - Mina

Mina Ashida is the exact type of person that Midoriya expected Balugo to end up with. He takes more after his dad than other people might expect, especially if they only see him and his mom fight, but Midoriya has spent half his childhood around their dinner table. He knows that actually, Bakugo and his father are a lot alike.

And as such, he's certain that someone radically different than him, someone who is soft and loud and happy is what he'll be drawn to.

So, Midoriya splattered her brain all over his front.

The way he gave up let him know that this was unexpected. Gold. That meant Midoriya is the one that broke this film of student invincibility. None of his own will be pinned with the death of a minor. This was all him.

No matter what happens and who dies after this, it will be Midoriya that Bakugo will overlap every sequential memory afterwards.

"UA," he starts slowly because he has been waiting for this moment to say these words the moment he understood what he had to do, “has a lot of promising heroes-in-training, huh?"

Just on time, the portal behind him opened and he waved at Bakugo.

"Don't catch a cold, Kacchan."

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What no one would know, mainly because they didn't think anything of it, was that Mina was also Midoriya's first kill.

Of them, she was the first to graduate. Forever memorialized, she was everything the world needed. Someone young and soft, someone who hadn't seen the terror of the world until it came to end her life. A bright and bubbly nature that was extinguished, and nothing but good things said about her on internet forums and the news.

She was a hero, a symbol of a new darkness, the reminder that heroes are humans…

And the only true hit anyone has been able to make against All Might, who was a teacher at the school she attended.

They could go all day about what this means, the symbol and try to analyze it to death. However, none of them will ever know the truth.

Mina died because Midoriya thought it would make for a good chapter in Bakugo's story.

### Death

If Midoriya was a villain, he’d leave everyone alive. Then, there would be one more voice that would contribute to the criticism of heroes. Those voices will eventually exceed the heroes, and their beautiful reputations would be ruined by the living.

But Midoriya wasn’t really a villain. He just needed to sound like a villain. He just needed to be a bad guy, and all the people he had hurt on the way here would be martyred.

That was fine. He was okay with that. Let him be a stepping stone for something greater.

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