Warning: messy feelings

Disclaimer: I don’t own anything.

Summary: SemiAU. When Midoriya Izuku was born, his parents were told that their baby boy wouldn’t make it past 20. And so, by the time Izuku was 14, even if he couldn’t be a hero, there was one thing he wanted to save. If that meant becoming a villain, then so be it.

Paring: Hisashi/Inko, and if you squint, others/Midoriya

A/N:

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### Notes

* Ridiculously optimistic Izuku
  + “If you think about it, I’m super lucky,” he said. “Only 20% of the population is quirkless. Of them, less than 1% can get this disease. In terms of pure gacha rates, isn’t that like, super duper rare?”
  + Wanted to become a big-name (and only in name) villain, so that police/government will be spurred to collect all and every piece of information about him, and that would force his father to come home.
  + If at all possible, even if he dies a scumbag, he would like his mom and dad to live together
* League
  + Collection of folk who
* Hawks
  + Figures it out, not that it would really make a difference
  + Promises to bring his dad to his mom

### Spring

There were some things that you can just tell with your body. Leaning against the wall, Midoriya thinks that he’ll be lucky if he can see the sakura petals bloom this spring. Probably not.

No one looking at him would call him lucky. Which was fine and he didn’t mind it. If he had something

### Alone, Lonely

Dabi pushed him right back into the seat, leaning over him with a dark look shadowing his eyes.

“Right now,” he said quietly, “you’re trying to make it so that you burn alone, aren’t you?”

The man stiffened, shocked and surprised as the man snorted and leaned back.

“Figures. You’re a lot easier to read now that I know what to look for.”

He scoffed back and tightened his hands into fists.

“You-”

“You’re the one that told me, didn’t you?” Dabi asked, eyes narrowed as he scowled back, “You’re the one that told me that we’ll burn together. So, if you’re going to torch yourself, you fucking better believe that I’ll be one step behind you.”

Midoriya stared back, and didn’t realize that betrayal could feel so warm.

### Not (even) a successful villain - jinDe

“Then, I guess I’ll have to die,” Midoriya said.

Twice looked at him and then at the gun in his hand. He lifted his hand, aiming the gun at Midoriya and the young man stared back at him with a smile.

He looked peaceful, like he was getting ready to get his photo taken and not get shot and die.

“...Nah, I can’t do it.”

Twice dropped his hand, and the gun clattered onto the ground.

The only victory he ever managed to pull over Midoriya was the look of gobsmacked shock on his face.

“I can’t do it. I just can’t betray you.”

They were failures of villains. They couldn’t stick to their guns like heroes could. They couldn’t fight against their heart. They did what they wanted to do, when they wanted to, even if it meant that it would be a harder life. A life of freedom was much better preferred than pretending they were content with the shackles of society.

Which was fine.

Twice wasn’t good at anything, and wasn’t good for anything either. It came with the whole ‘villain’ thing that he had going on for him.

So it was fine if he wasn’t good at being villain, either.

"So, Izuku, let's go together. So wherever you go, take me too."

Then, Izuku thinks, he must be the True Villain here. This was excellent, if a little sad.

“Twice,” he said, knowing that this would be the one time he could tell the truth, “I’m glad I met you.”

### Hawks - Traitor

“Ah, it’s fine,” Midoriya said, “Regardless of a spy or not, it’s not like I’ll lose. If anything, I should be thankful for you. You are the walking, breathing, living proof that they have to take me seriously. Either I’m enough of a threat that they needed to plant a spy, or I’m the man who stole Number Two.”

What scared Hawks the most was Midoriya. If they thwarted his plans, he doesn’t think that they would lose. Even when he’s losing, it doesn’t feel like they’re winning. He was 14, according to the records, but looked at Hawks like he already knew how this would play out.

### Uetsu & Shingen

“Because you see,” Midoriya said, smiling at the camera, “I used to have a friend too.”

With this, they would look up everything they can about him. With a bomb like Kacchan dropped, he knows for a fact that UA will be well-watched, and the future heroes will be well-taken care of. Good. They’ll know he’s sentimental, and they’ll be forced to look into every opportunity and every possibility.

His mom won’t be alone for long.

### Tokugawa Castle

The story should end with a nod to the past. Midoriya thinks that it would be fitting to end his rite with the Tokugawa. It’s symbolic enough that everyone on the outside will understand that he wanted to make a splash. It’s a big and bold statement enough that the people working with him will be satisfied with it.

It was big and bold and will make sure that he is seen.

And then, surely, they would be able to get his mother and father back together. His era would end in the face of new technologies and a new world. The world will move on without him, and eventually forget that he ever existed.

All of that would be worked out. He just needed to figure out what he would do with the people he called allies. Walking from his room to the bathroom was exhausting, and his hands tremble so much that his handwriting has gotten even worse.

Maybe he was wrong. Maybe he had even less time than he thought.

### Liar - ToDe

Deku swears that he could feel his body give out. Since his body is weak, it didn’t take much for his health to suffer, but he can usually tell. This wasn’t normal. His health was rapidly deteriorating. On habit, he placed his hand over his mouth to stifle any sound that came out.

His breathing became more like wheezes, and each breath made his chest burn. His breathes felt likes spikes clawing down his throat, and tickled in a painful way. When he coughed, as quietly as he could, felt that his stomach would go up his throat and out of his mouth. He swears that he could feel all his organs convulse in pain, and prayed that he wouldn’t die here.

He wasn’t done yet. Not even close. He should have a few years left, no he should have some more months. If Hawks was here, they were taking him seriously now. It was too soon to drop dead.

“...Izuku?”

God fuck him, of course, of all people…

He looked up, where Toga’s shocked expression looked back at him.

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“Toga,” he said quietly, “Please. Don’t tell anyone,” he begged.

It would ruin them. It would ruin him, if they broke their superficial relationship and became something more. He doesn’t want to leave anything good behind. He doesn’t want to be remembered fondly or at all. He wants to die and wants to let people think that it’s a good thing that he’s dead.

Looking at Toga’s pale face, he doesn’t know where he’s failed them.

“...I’m sorry, Izuku,” she said, her smile gone and voice quiet. Briefly, he considers that this isn’t Toga but someone that looks like her, because he doesn’t think he’s ever seen her like this. “But…I like it here because we don’t lie and we don’t hide from each other.”

She stood up and turned around, and Deku felt all his hard work shake as she cupped her hands around her mouth and yelled out in the base-

“Jin! Deku collapsed! Come help me!”

If he didn’t feel like shit, he would have laughed at the thought that they couldn’t even be mean like villains.

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If he chooses them, he betrays himself. If he chooses his plans, he will betray them.

The decision that used to be so commonplace and easy feels a little more ambiguous now. Even though he thought that he would be okay without it, he never realized how lonely he was until he met people willing to fill it.

He accepted them on a whim, accepted them as a means to an end with an idea to get them all locked up, and they returned it with their heartfelt sincerity. For as weak as he was, they were willing to be vulnerable.

Trust, Midoriya learns, is a painful thing.

### Hawks & Heroics

“...Hawks,” Midoriya called, “a moment please.”

The (former?) Pro-Hero meandered over to his side, an easy grin on his face as he walked up to him.

“Can I ask for a favor?” he asked.

“What’s up, bossman?”

“You’re a hero, right?” he asked. “Do you.. Have access to databases above us?”

“Eh, enough. If I make a case for it, it should be fine. I can even get some Top-Secret stuff. Whatcha looking for?”

Midoriya tilted his head and smiled.

Please, save the dumbasses who have followed me all this time, he wanted to beg.

“There’s a chemical that I’m looking for. I’m certain that you should be able to find it for me. I just need five pounds of it. Money is not an issue, wouldn’t want the economy collapsing, after all.”

He doesn’t, by the way, if there was another way to make his dad come home, he would have done that a long time ago. But his time and his health went against him, and this exploded in his face. At the very least, he will see through this to the end. He doesn’t want anyone else to have to mop up his messes, after all.

He had to hand it to Hawks, his expression didn’t even twitch. He whistled as he looked through the file that Midoriya handed him.

“Whatcha going to use this for?” he asked.

Midoriya smiled back, mischievous in a way that spelled out that there will be great financial loss for the rest of Japan.

“I can’t just spoil the surprise, can I?”

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