### Notes

Chapter Titles:

* “I will take you someplace far away
* Where no one knows your name
* Where you will never escape
* Where you will only feel cold
* And there, I will watch you wither.”

Timeline

* The Consuming
  + A rare disease that only happens among people who are born quirkless
  + The more he sleeps with other people, the less the Consuming tries to consume him
    - Ie, splitting the fever. Gives them the heat lolol
  + Gives Izuku a pretty weak body that he pushes through regardless
    - Heart pains, chest pains, general aches and has a hard time regulating his own body temperature
    - His body is a little stronger than when he was 10, but too weak to be called normal
  + If he gets too happy or excited, he will get a fever and sick (min 4hr, max 8 days)
    - But he’s gotten better about it
    - If he tries to push through too much, nosebleeds
    - Goes to hospital if 104+ degrees (39.4+ C)
  + Device
    - Fitbit to monitor heartrate
    - Alerts on his phone about meds and catalog of his food.
    - Is linked to his mom's phone. He's trying to keep her out tho so she doesn't needlessly worry
  + Things he has to watch for
    - Substance: Caffeine, energy drinks, sweets, sugar, msg, salts are all things that can send his heart & blood pressure into heywire.
    - Drugs: takes 2pills every 4-8 hr (depends on if it exceeds a certain amount), reg fever reducers like advil is very short term and will also kills his liver/kidneys because of how many he needs to take.
    - Usually: 7am. 3pm. 11pm. Takes more if painful. Cannot exceed 4 in 4 hrs without ruining himself for days.
  + Future
    - Could possibly live as test subject
    - Very expensive temporary fixes to off-set it via support goods. So could just sell himself to a very rich person.
    - Die young. Die free. (<- izu's choice)
* Izuku
  + Doesn’t want to die a virgin. Thinks sex feels good. Also likes feeling needed, even if it’s temporary.
  + No filter. Does what he wants to do, when he wants to do it. It’s not like there’s anything holding him back. At worse, his life just gets shorter.
  + Recognizes that he needs to be an asshole so people stay away from him and then no one will miss him and he doesn’t have to feel bad about making them feel bad
  + Wants his mom to be okay when he goes. Does part-times to make some money to pay for his own funeral and send her on a nice cruise.
    - Lies about his age. With how stressful the illness is, he does look older (but not bigger)
    - Works with Kurogiri afternoon to night fri+sat.
    - Eventually works in a bookstore sun-mon.
  + When he’s 10, they said he’ll die when he’s 30. When he’s 13, they say he’ll live to 15. <commence adultery> When he’s 14, they say as long as he has support gear.

### **Timeline:**

* MS Izuku gets a bunch of part-times, the one that sticks is [something] at Kurogiri’s bar
* Sleeps around with: Kurono, Dabi, Shigaraki, Chisaki, Jin, Aizawa, Gang Orca (?), Fatgum (?), Hawks, etc
* Is starting to get better. Learns that he can ‘split’ the fever with someone else.
* Then, his mom’s hospitalized. So all their money goes away.
* Izuku, figuring that he won’t live long now, cuts off contact. That blows back up in his face.
* And thus the League forms to get Midoriya support items. So less medicine.
  + Jin learns how to perfect-copy the meds (thnks Chisaki)
  + Dabi sells the League out to Hawks for the support item
  + Yagi, capturing AFO & Shigaraki, finally ends that. Dabi + Jin’s pardoned. The rest get taken in.
* Okha, Russia
  + Chisaki helps smuggle Midoriya, Dabi, Jin, and Hawks to someplace far away where it’s cold and they’ll be alone together until Deku dies.
  + Imply that Dabi and Jin will probably follow that week. Hawks would return from vacation, start up on the hero thing again, and pretend that nothing happened or something

### **Dumber Notes**

summer sky blue: hex #40a0e0 is composed of 25.1% red, 62.7% green and 87.8% blue

complimentary colors are much brighter

honey flower: hex #336452 is composed of 20% red, 39.2% green and 32.2% blue

complimentary colors are much darker

## Live Like You're Dying (because you probably are)

### **Consuming**

The Consuming, like everything else quirk-related in the world, is a big fucking question mark that people have. While they can explain with graphs, facts, evidence and theory, that Midoriya Izuku has the Consuming and he has a pathetically short life, they can’t explain the how and what involved with treatment. Because there is no treatment.

As a result, when Izuku is ten, he is told that he will die by the time he’s 30. If he lives, without joy or excitement or ever getting scared or feeling hate for the next ten years, he could safely live to see his twentieth birthday.

Seeing his mother break down next to him, crying and apologizing for ever giving birth to him, he always wondered how the fuck he was supposed to not feel anything.

Don’t feel shook or happy. Don’t feel angry or excited. Don’t. Just don’t feel.

Midoriya Izuku could have listened to the good doctor’s prescription of doing and feeling absolutely nothing except… except a lot of things. The first is that there are plenty of people here that derive pleasure from his pain. They corner him and explode his books and beat him up and wait for him near the park to see if there is anything they can take from him today.

And, of course, he lives in a villian hotspot. Seeing the blur of colors dance across the skies when heroes rush to stop the villain interrupting the morning commute, standing as the crowd cheers and claps with roaring support when the heroes succeed and life moves on, and Izuku was supposed to live without feeling this?

Forget it.

To live without anything isn’t living at all. He’s 11 and he’s figured that out.

### **Middle School - Kacchan**

But of course, aside from his mother and teachers, the only other person that knew was Kacchan.

“...Do you think that, in the next life,” Midoriya said very quietly, “I’ll have a quirk?”

From the absolutely stricken look on the usually confident Bakugo’s face, it was clearly the wrong thing to say.

This was bad. The last thing he wanted was to be remembered. If he was remembered, then someone was going to hurt. And Kacchan was going out to be the greatest hero ever. He couldn't let him hurt from a childhood ouchie like him. He needed to forget it like a papercut, no, something even more insignificant.

He needed to forget about him, like the ashes he washed off after every explosion.

“Kacchan,” he says, collecting his attention again, “Just forget about me. If you remember me only because I died, that’s not remembering me at all. So just, pretend that we never met. Okay?”

In about a year, this would blow up in their faces, but at the moment, they were young and naive, so it’s fine.

### **Part-Timer**

“Mom, I want to get a part-time job.”

“No.”

His mom looks fearful, he understands why.

“No, Izuku, do you… do you want to die?! Of course not! I’m not going to let you-”

“I don’t know what living is, mom! But living afraid of every moment can’t be it! I wanna be happy! I wanna get upset! I wanna-”

His heart monitor beeped, letting him know that his heart rate was getting far too fast and the sound was like a gunshot to his mother’s heart. The tears sprung it her eyes, and he feels so weak against them. No wonder his dad was never home, who would want to return to a home filled with tears and fears?

“No, I can’t! Izuku, I can’t! I can’t lose you-”

“Mom, anyone can die at any place! Just because I have no chance of living to old age doesn’t mean that I have to stop living! I want to see new things and taste new things! I wanna see Tokyo Tower, visit Kyoto, ride a roller coaster, and travel! I wanna take a camping trip to the mountains and I wanna go to concerts! I want to eat what I want to eat, when I want to eat it! Mom, I don’t have much time left, so why not?”

“Please, please Izuku, please.”

“Mom,” he said, begging, “Everyone’s gotta leave the nest.”

The doctors cannot break his mother’s spirit. She takes their words with caution and spends some time every day looking for more information about where medical technology is in the world. When it comes to absorbing information, nothing beats a mother who is about to lose her beloved son.

“If…”

His father cannot break his mother’s spirit. With every passing month, despite the deposit in her bank account, he doesn’t visit. Izuku always assumed that it was because he hasn’t seen reality and does not want to love a child that he will outlive. It’s the opposite of his mother, but she still doesn’t let it sway her.

If he ever becomes an adult, he will understand that she was the living embodiment of ‘invincibility’.

“If you want to die that badly,” she said, tears gone, heart broken, eyes dispassionate, “then go die.”

But Izuku, quirkless, worthless, weak and sickly Izuku, could break his mother’s spirits.

Midoriya Izuku gets a part time job, and he doesn’t tell his mom this, but he gets fired from it almost immediately when the nerves from the job has him bleeding out of his mouth and nose 40 minutes in.

They don’t ever call him about his schedule, and hastily turn him away at the door when he tries otherwise.

It makes him sad, but he’s long since run out of tears when it came to feeling sorry for himself.

He’s ghosted by his job, and while thinking that, he gets a job somewhere a lot more questionable.

“...I saw this help wanted sign on the door,” he said, after following signs downstairs to a very suspicious looking bar. “...Are you… hiring?”

The man at the bar was made of out mist instead of flesh, and he turned to him. It must be a quirk, and the thought of it had his heart racing. He looked at him for a moment, and only stopped wiping the glass in his hands to pick up another one to wipe down.

“...Yes, we are. Did you just… follow the signs here?”

Midoriya nodded back, slowly. He picked up another glass.

“Alright, you’re going to be a trainee first,” he said. “...You will address me as Kurogiri-san. Come here, you start now.”

Whatever he was expecting, it must have not been for Midoriya’s beaming happy smile because he stopped wiping his glass for a moment.

His first night ended right at 10:30, right when it was really getting into the groove of things. At the absolute stricken look on his face, his employer gave him the promise that he will learn how to close at a later time.

It was a hard job. He wasn’t the bartender, but the person that made sure Kurogiri could operate the bar with minimal difficulties. He told Midoriya that he had been looking for an assistant for a while now, and that he had high hopes for the younger man.

The most anyone has ever expected out of him was to be alive in the morning. He was really happy with this assessment. He was expected to come in from 4pm to 10pm Fridays and Saturday nights for the next month or so. Once that training session was done, then they will talk about his schedule and how he will fit in.

“If you miss any of those days, consider yourself fired.”

Izuku gulped, but couldn’t suppress the grin on his face.

Midoriya Izuku is 13 when he gets a job at a bar. He doesn’t look it, he knows, because the stress of medication and pain hung an older air to him even though his body is pitifully thin and small compared to the other kids his age, people rarely think he’s anything but a small 16 year old. Regardless, he knows that it won’t be easy, with the time schedule and how school is, but his boss seems willing to work with him on that.

But maybe, with this money, he’ll be able to go somewhere and do something that he wants to do.

“...Why do you look so happy?”

“I won’t let you down, sir!”

“That’s not what I asked you.”

“I will work till I die!”

“I don’t want this.”

### **Fuyumi & Izuku**

Todoroki Fuyumi, on the way up to her mother’s room, accidentally walked in on a young boy and his sobbing mother’s conversation. She cursed herself for her awful timing, but before she could turn away, she heard the tail end of their conversation.

“...Mom,” the boy says, just loud enough so that he could be heard over the woman’s sniffling, but in the silence of the hallway, it seemed to echo. “...If people are reborn, I hope I can be reborn as your kid again.”

Fuyumi doesn’t know who that boy is, why he’s here, but she feels her heart break as the woman began to cry harder. The words circle around her head though, echoing through the empty place in her heart where her family should have been.

Later, she runs into him at the vending machine.

“...Hello,” he says politely, “I’m still deciding, so please go ahead.” He motioned towards the vending machine and she nodded back.

“Thank you,” she said, scooting forward and as soon as she stood in front of the machine, completely blanked on what she came here to buy. Her eyes ran along the labels and she decided to punch in a code at random instead.

Two drinks dropped, however, and she realized that it was a strawberry milk of some sort.

“Wow, that’s lucky,” the boy whistled behind her.

“..Yeah, lucky,” Fuyumi whispered back, wondering if that was a word that she could use to describe herself. Her eyes looked from the drink to the young boy and then she extended it out to him, “Do you want it?”

“...Really?” he blinked back owlishly.

“Yeah, that way, you can have some of my luck too.”

“Are you sure?”

She shrugged, and motioned to the hospital corridor around them, “I mean, judging by where we are, I think it’ll be nice to have a little luck.”

The green-haired boy laughed at that and took the drink. If he was dying, he didn’t act like it. The shadows on his face didn’t haunt his eyes, and his pale features contrasted to the joyous expression on his face.

“If it’s like that, then cheers. Thank you again,” he said with a polite bow.

“Izuku, I’m done talking to the doctor. Let’s get your pills and head on, oh, I’m sorry, I didn’t think you were talking to anyone,” the plump woman from earlier said as she walked to them. She looked startled to see Fuyumi, but covered it up quickly by offering a smile.

“Ah, we’re pretty much done,” Izuku, the young man, said. “See you around, I guess.”

“I hope not,” Fuyumi replied back and they laughed.

However, Mother Midoriya didn’t look very pleased about that. Yet, she managed to give a small bow and Fuyumi returned it whole-heartedly.

“Izuku, she was so pretty!”

“Mom, please, I’m begging you-”

Fuyumi felt her mood lighten, her cheeks darken, and her heart grew heavy when she remembered their conversation from earlier. Heading back to her own mother’s hospital room, she wondered how someone could be dying and still remain so close to their family, when her family tore themselves apart staying together.

### **KuroDeku - the part-timer**

Kurogiri has met his fair share of odd people in his lifetime.

It’s why he can say with certainty that his new part-timer was the strangest of them all. He was someone who could fearlessly walk through the dirtiest parts of town, interact with some beady-eyed scumbags, and have this bright innocence in his eyes like he was a child playing at the playground.

He was ignorant of the world, or perhaps he was just dumb, but regardless, he was a good worker.

More than anything, that’s what Kurogiri wanted.

But, he was such a good worker that sometimes, Kurogiri wished he could stay longer. He hopes that, at the end of their training, Midoriya would stay on board as a full-time employee. From the way some of the patrons seem to be swooning at his feet, he thinks it’ll do this bar some good.

And then, maybe instead of just being a front, it could be a stable source of income and information as well.

Midoriya Izuku is, surprisingly, a well-received addition to his team.

In addition to being on time, he is dressed cleanly, a practitioner of good hygiene, and always in a good mood. He is also a fast learner. He has never made the same mistake more than once, and if he does, it’s something that was outside of his power, like the man who made him mop twice because he threw up again on the ground as soon as he was done mopping it.

He didn’t complain. Even when people make lewd comments at him or harassed him, even when Kurogiri made him clean the bathrooms at the beginning and end of every shift and cuts his breaks short. In fact, he looks happy when Kurogiri makes him do things, especially cleaning.

“Hey Cutie, can I get a margarita?”

“Of course, handsome,” Midoriya said, moving to Kurogiri to relay the order.

As a trainee, he wasn’t allowed to mix drinks. Once he became a full-fledged employee, he would quiz him on drinks, and if he passed all of them, then Kurogiri will start training him to mix drinks. Kurogiri, if at all possible, wanted to first make sure that Midoriya knew how he liked his bar to be operated, how drinks should be mixed at his bar, and if the kid didn’t like that, he could leave. And most importantly, this should be done before he decides to make him a semi-permanent addition to the bar.

“Got it,” Kurogiri said.

It was nice to have someone who could deliver drinks to the tables, instead of having all these shitty, wrinkly scumbags all over his bar and counter. Now, they were Midoriya’s problem. They didn't seem to mind at all, and tipped him much better than they ever tipped Kurogiri. He just had to push drinks and ring them up.

Midoriya performed so well that Kurogiri often caught himself hoping that he would stay. In those moments, he knew that he had to make sure he did.

Midoriya gets triple bonus points for being the only person that Shiragaki Tomura has yelled and angered without any of his bar getting disintegrated.

Kurogiri had stepped out of his empty bar for just a second, and came sprinting back when he heard Shiragaki’s unmistakably angry voice.

Please, he begged internally, not the trainee.

“Take that back, you fucking piece of shit! She’s Best Girl!”

“Best Girl, are you kidding me? Don’t get me wrong, she’s not bad, but Sakura literally only had one happiness her entire life and it was the guy she made breakfast for! If she knew, I bet she wouldn’t have joined the War!”

“What? What are you talking about, her shift-faced brother is the one that went to war!”

There was a long silence as Midoriya’s eyes widened considerably. He stared for a moment longer and covered his mouth in shock.

“You… didn’t play the true ending?”

“...What?”

“The True Ending? Okay, if you didn’t play the True Ending, then yeah, you can say that she’s not Best Girl. I’ll let you have it since you’re so ignorant.”

Shiragaki paused and pulled back instead of falling further into his anger like he usually does.

“...How do I get the true ending?”

“You gotta unlock all the other CGs.”

“Aw, fuck that. It’s not a fun game anyways.”

“Yeah, she’s not actually Best Girl, right?”

Shiragaki reeled backwards at that, but stopped himself. He stared, long and hard at Kurogiri’s part-timer before he took a deep breath. Shiragaki took the bag of games, that Kurogiri assumed was the cause of all of this, and headed up to his room. Kurogiri stared because he still had a bar, drinks, cups, and a trainee.

His trainee was still a breathing bag of flesh.

“Ah, Kurogiri-san, that was fast,” Midoriya said, “I’m…” he looked down at the bar guilty, “I haven’t even started wiping down the tables yet.”

“...It’s fine,” Kurogiri said, breathless in his shock. “Keep up the good work.”

Holy shit, someone yelled at Shiragaki, got yelled back, and they were still standing with his bar. Nothing has been disintegrated.

Not even a speck of dust on his bar.

And the following day, Shiragaki even asked him the next time Midoriya was going to be coming in. When he said Friday, the young man clicked his tongue and asked him to call him into work or something.

Or something.

Who…?

Then, he lingered at the bar starting two even though Kurogiri told him (six times by the way, Shiragaki asked six times) that Midoriya was going to come in at 4:30 when his shift started. As soon as the young man came in, Shiragaki straightened up and launched into the most detailed report about some girl named Sakura and how she still wasn’t Best Girl, even if she got raped by insects.

Which. Which Kurogiri really didn’t want to know. And he didn’t want to know that that’s what Shiragaki had waited so patiently to say to Midoriya and he didn’t want to know that Midoriya didn’t agree. But Midoriya didn’t shy away, bristled at his words, snapped back, and Kurogiri wondered if he even knew what Shiragaki’s quirk was. If he did, then he was foolishly brave, and if he didn’t, he was courageously ignorant.

Did he have a quirk? They never talked about it, keeping it professional, but perhaps he had a quirk that allowed him to be… like this.

But, even if he did, he never got a chance to ask that night either.

Later that night, Sensei even asked him to keep him, if only to help Shiragaki grow.

"Alright," Kurogiri said when he came in for his last training shift. "Midoriya-kun, I am pleased to inform you that you got the job. Welcome to the team. Now, let's talk about the details."

Midoriya cheered, whooping loudly and then caught himself. He coughed into his hand, but he was nearly vibrating in his joy. Since the only time Kurogiri has ever seen anyone someone this happy was when there were dead bodies or massive mayhem involved, it was a bit of a shock.

"Sorry, I'm just super excited."

Kurogiri thinks that it won't last, but it's refreshing at the moment.

"Not at all, that energy is precisely why I wanted to hire you."

Because Kurogiri worked in a place like this as a cover for what he really did and cared about. His one, true joy in life, after all, was ruining bright-eyed children like his new hire. If he's lucky, he'll be an excellent source of entertainment, and a good worker even after he breaks.

"Now then, first off, this is your pay for the hours you put in. I hope you don't mind that it's cash. That is just how we operate here."

"Not at all," Midoriya said, "This is much better for me anyways."

Kurogiri noted that, but didn't press on it. He had plenty of time to carefully and meticulously take this boy apart as needed. There was no need to rush it.

"As far as your hours, I would like to offer you a full-time position. We will not be offering you any benefits."

Midoriya nodded back, and gave a sheepish smile. "Ah, since I still have school, I don't think I can do a full time job. Once break comes around, I would love to do that."

The mist man paused for a second, "School? I understand. Your education is very important. What are you studying, if you don't mind me asking? I imagine that you attend the local university, correct?"

"...Yeah!" The young man said, and Kurogiri thought that he was a shit liar. His voice suddenly went up an octave and his eyes widened. Not a university student then, and judging by how awful he is at lying, he must be younger than that.

Funny, that boy that walked in asking for a position looked small but not young.

Well, hiring a high schooler at a bar wouldn't even touch the top ten worst thing he's done in the past year and a half so. More importantly, the kid in front of him was lying about his age and preferred to be paid cash, he clearly had things he wanted to hide. Excellent.

This was working out splendidly.

“Eventually,” Kurogiri said, “I would like for you to begin closing with me as well. Of course, I suppose that could wait till break, but please be open to the idea.”

“The first couple of shifts will be hard on me,” he responded, honest and straightforward in a way that he hasn’t dealt with in a while, “but I think I’ll be fine once I get used to it.”

Making plans for the future, Kurogiri thinks, is surprisingly endearing.

He hopes this one doesn’t break too easily.

### **Dabi (1)**

His name was Dabi and Midoriya thought that if he could be ignited alive by a stare, it would be because of this. In hindsight, he really should have paid better attention to the road.

But he was chowing down on his ice cold Gari-Gari ice cream bar after a very hard night of work. This was really the highlight of his day. He and the convenience store worker were on friendly terms now, and they waved instead of bowing when he left now. He had real-ass almost friends and good ice cream.

Life was great.

Probably, since he thought that, the world decided that he needed to be put back into his place pronto.

But as it was, he wasn’t paying attention, and ran his arm against a man next to him. Of course, regardless of how well he was paying attention, the growing heat was wrapping around his heart and squeezing tightly, and as a result, he swayed much more than he thought he would. Just like that, his ice cream was on the ground.

Tragedy.

“You… you made me drop my ice cream,” Midoriya said, staring at the melting pile of sugary goodness on the ground. His eyes watered as he turned up to sniffle loudly and glare at the asshole. “You win. You’re the worst villian ever.”

Dabi, not that he knew his name at the time, paused and snorted. His eyes blazed despite how bored he looked. What was he going to do? Midoriya was beyond livid, as though all the sugar and ice in his treat had rotted through his stomach lining and melting his entire body in stomach acid.

“You wanna see a villain?” he asked, his voice smooth like silk and low like danger. The warning bells in Midoriya's head tolled loudly, as though to tell him to run the fuck away because he was going to die.

It was a bell that Midoriya rarely heeded.

And then, Dabi made a gun with his hand. A blue fire shot out of his index finger and then proceeded to light the melting mess of Midoriya’s ice cream on fire.

They watched the pitiful thing burn away. In an instant, Midoriya couldn’t believe that he had more in common with the charred remains of his sugary desert than he did most kids in his class. What a day.

“You’re right. You’re not a villain,” Mdioriya said, narrowing his eyes to show all his disdain, “You’re the devil incarnate.”

“Thank you, I'll be here all week,” the scarred man said as sarcastically as possible. He stared at Midoriya a little longer, a curious glint in his eyes, before he continued. “You know, this is usually when they start running and screaming.”

The green-haired man shrugged back. He’s long since come to terms with death. These days, it’s just a matter of how much more he’ll suffer before it comes for him. It was all about how much money he could make before he died, but he supposed that it was the same for everyone, in that sense.

"If you can shoot fire out that fast, and it's hot enough to burn blue, then I really don't think I have a chance of getting away," the young man replied frankly. "If I gotta run, it's going to go get more ice cream." Tilting his head, watching how the charred remained stuck on the sidewalk, he wondered how the city was going to use his tax money to clean it. If they were going to. Maybe it would be better to just die. Can’t tax the dead.

"...Really?" he said slowly. Midoriya blinked. Did he speak aloud? How much? “Want me to… end your misery?” He looked up, at the crystal blue eyes, momentarily drowning before the words caught up to him.

He must be even more tired than he thought, but he managed a snort. What a joke. What a scam. This guy was an asshole. Just Midoriya’s luck.

“You wouldn’t,” he said with certainty.

“What, you think I can’t do it?” He took another step closer, the grin on his face turning predatory and far away in his mind, Midoriya’s senses returned just long enough to scream at him to run away.

“You’re not a hero,” Midoriya replied back, hoping his mouth could save him, “You’re the devil incarnate, remember?” He motioned to the ice cream, “You wouldn’t save me like that.”

The man stared at him for another, uncomfortably long period of time, and then he started to laugh.

“You’re just a joy at parties, aren’t you?” he said in between full body heaves. He wiped at his eyes, “Alright, I’ll let you go. Gotta make sure you suffer a little longer.”

Midoriya almost made a friend that day. Sort of.

### **Dabi(2)**

Sometime after their fifth unfortunate meeting, and Midoriya was beginning to think that Dabi is actually a ghost that’s haunting his go-to convenience store, a car was tossed at him.

Okay, that was an exaggeration. No one threw it at him with the intention to hit him with it or anything. And it wasn’t an entire car but the door of the car. But regardless, it was sailing through the air with enough velocity that could kill just about any regular sized man.

A kind reminder that Midoriya was much smaller than the average man. In fact, he’s the second thinnest boy in his grade, and actually the smallest guy in his class. But he’s not the smallest, no, that was three other girls, so he never got too upset about it.

Still, if it could kill a regular person, physics dictated that Midoriya had no chance.

Midoriya saw it, the car door sailing to come and end his pitiful existence. But, too tired and exhausted to do much else, he only managed to think that he was going to die before he closed his eyes and accepted fate. His ID was in his pocket. Hopefully, someone will get his body back to his mom.

And then, the distinct smell of something burning and something uncomfortably hot had him opening his eyes again.

Standing in front of him like some here-in-the-nick-of-time-hero character from a shounen manga was Dabi. Blue fire came from his arms and the door of the compact car that came at him was nothing more than a melting puddle of metal on the ground. The silver car captured the light of Dabi’s blue flames, or maybe it was reflecting the clear blue summer skies above, and Midoriya is suddenly reminded that he hasn’t gotten his ice cream yet.

“Does this mean you’ll leave my ice cream out of it this time?” he couldn't help but ask.

The older man turned to him, incredulous. After only seeing expressions that only criminals would wear, grinning as he set his ice cream on fire and frowning in a way that had people skitting around them, it was strange to see something decidedly human.

“You’re kidding me right? I just saved your life,” he deadpanned. “If anything, you should be begging to buy me ice cream.”

“Uh…” Midoriya looked from the burning wreckage and then back to Dabi, “Thanks? I guess?” he eventually said. That could have been him. That car door, the melted puddle of goop it was now, could have been him.

He didn’t know if he was bitter that he didn’t die or if he was bitter that death was no different than ice cream bars.

It would have been preferable to die then and there. Dying from a freak accident like this would let his mom know that he didn’t leave her because he wanted to. He just… felt tired right now. He was emotionally prepared to die. He really didn’t want to go back home to wake up tomorrow morning and go to school and go back to the world. He wasn’t prepared to deal with the fact that he still had to go home and then to the hospital and then back home and then to school then work then-

Exhausted and tired.

Just. On occasion, he can’t help but think that everything would just be so much easier if he just died. Why did someone have to save him now? Why did someone have to see him now?

“...Alright, next time, I’ll just let you die. I hope it’s painful,” Dabi replied back dryly.

Midoriya waved his hand at that, been there, done that, that was his whole life at this point. What’s another well-wish like this going to do?

“If I was going to die,” he said with a helpless shrug, “I think I would have died by now, you know?” With that, he gave a polite bow to Dabi because he knew his mother would have wanted him to, and made his way to his favorite convenience store. If he had to keep going, he was going to get some sugar.

The convenience store doors dinged when he exited. And he found Dabi leaning against the railing, like the miraculous flying car-door never happened.

Midoriya lifted the spare ice cream he had. He… He’s never had someone wait for him before, not like this. Even if it was dumb and wrong, he couldn’t help the growing amount of hope inside of him at the thought that someone waited...

“Here,” he said, “You can burn this one.”

Dabi arched an eyebrow at him, “I got something better,” he said. He took the ice cream, tore it open with his hands, and began to eat it.

“You know that’s human food, right?” Midoriya said, unable to help it. He tore open his Gari-Gari bar and took a bite into it. The cold treat didn’t fail to make him smile. Since the whole nonsense with this unending fever and stuff, he’s been especially thankful for cold treats like this. Cheap, cold and delicious.

Dabi spared him a glance before he knocked the ice cream out of his hand. It crashed to the ground with a lackluster splat, as it always did, and the man lit it on fire. The young student felt his jaw unhinge before he slowly turned to the taller man.

He had the audacity to grin back at the younger man. Unlike before, there was this shine shimmering within those summer blue eyes, like the milky way decided to drop into the ocean, but Midoriya was too busy grieving to notice.

“Demon,” Midoriya gasped dramatically behind his hand just… not even surprised. But unlike other times, he got a chance to take a bite out of it, so he wasn’t actually too upset.

To be honest, getting upset just took much out of him and it wasn’t worth it to begin with so.

With a triumphant grin, Dabi turned around. His coat flailed out behind him like he was some cool badass (he wasn't, Midoriya refused that with every fiber of his being) and raised his hand while he left.

With the crumpled up wrapped in his hand, Midoriya stuck his tongue out at his back.

### **Strays**

should probs meet all of LOV & Eraser + Present Mic before HS.w

### **Dabi & Midoriya - Robbery**

“I don’t get it,” Dabi said, throwing the guy he caught into the wall. “You invite trouble like this all the time?”

Midoriya tried not to think about the yakuza who cornered him in the park.

“No,” he lied through his teeth.

“You’re a shit liar.” Dabi wasted no time calling out his bullshit.

Midoriya stared at him, and looked at the whimpering mess of a man on the ground. Why the fuck would someone target minors anyways?

Actually, he realized that minors were great targets. Easy prey. Had money, either school fees or allowances, and if they were out this late, no one probably cared about them. And even if they only had a few hundred yen, if you shook a minimum of 10, it would be a thousand. Not bad.

He looked to Dabi, this guy could rake in a lot of money.

“...Hey,” Dabi crouched down in front of him, “You alive?”

Midoriya nodded back, “I’m fine.”

He got up, as though to prove his point, but instead made it even worse. He staggered hard, and right when he was about to fall, Dabi grabbed him by the back of his uniform. He choked when the collar came in too tightly, but the taller man clearly didn’t care.

“See? Shit liar?”

Then, if Dabi knew when he was telling lying so much-

“I want to die,” he groaned.

“I know,” the reply came because Dabi was never out of shitty things to say. Midoriya, feeling his head swim with this awful fever, didn’t know what he was supposed to say in response.

Dabi’s fingers, long and thin like a demon’s claw, came to his shoulder as he was hauled up to his feet. Instinct dictated that, in order to help his balance, his arms would shoot out to grab something to help stabilize him. His hands grabbed something and bunched it into his hands. Even though, in his head, he wanted to just pass on and be done with this already, his body was dead-set (hah) to survive.

At all and any means.

“...You’re… burning up,” Dabi said.

“Sorry, I’m not selling my body to a devil,” Midoriya mumbled out.

“...Even one as handsome as me?”

There was something to his tone that stuck with Midoriya. It was something that made something inside of him scream.

But with his godawful headache, however, all of his other senses were muted. His vision blurred as he struggled to figure out why the world was spinning so much. No, no, he knew why. He looked up at Dabi, a lopsided grin on his face as he stared at the blurry mess in front of him.

“You’re too handsome for me,” he said.

He couldn’t see it, but since Dabi knew when he lied, he was a little sad.

He wanted to know what Dabi looked like when he was suddenly complimented.

### **High Schooler - Mido**

“Mom, high school is a waste-”

“No,” Inko said, “because you might live. And if you do, you need to have at least a high school education to do anything else.”

Inko wanted to pretend that everything was okay. She wanted to pretend and keep up the pretense that everything would just be fine as long as she pretended that it was. He understood, he really did, because he wanted to be normal and healthy for her too.

"If you want a part time job to have money for a future, then I want you to have an education too."

But that’s not their reality and Izuku is understanding that better and better with every passing day.

-

When Midoriya Izuku starts high school, about half his middle class is with him.

This is really good because they leave him alone. And this is also really bad because they all feel the vacancy of Bakugo’s presence. With an empty position of power at the top, people clawed to the top by bringing other people down.

That means that Midoriya Izuku, the easiest target ever, takes front and center as the favored punching bag and trophy.

### **Injuries - twicedeku**

Midoriya was rarely seen without injury. It was such a common occurrence and the young man was already pretty clumsy, so everyone accepted it at face-value that he was a walking hazard. It was a miracle in and of itself that he hasn’t destroyed more at Kurogiri’s bar, but that could also be because he was in competition with Shiragaki.

But still.

“Hey, are you okay?” Midoriya asked the figure on the ground.

The man groaned loudly in return. So at least he seemed to be conscious enough to feel pain and respond to his question. He’s been in this very similar situation before, a long time ago. From experience, he knew that being tossed into an alleyway like this must have been painful.

“Do you… want me to call an ambulance?” he asked.

“N-no ambulance.”

Midoriya nodded and reached into his pocket. “I don’t have much, but this might help a little.”

### **DabiDeku - breakup**

“...Hey Dabi, you’ve been rejected before right?”

“I’ll burn more than your ice cream this time,” Dabi replied back.

“Tell me, as my elder then,” Dabi arched an eyebrow at him, probably promising pain and more scarring, but Midoriya wasn’t in the mood to hear anything that wasn’t an answer. “Does it get easier?”

There was a long pause.

Midoriya, still looking at the window, nodded.

“Okay,” he said. It was answer enough.

Something slid behind him, and a hand hot enough that he felt like he should ask Dabi if he was sick grabbed his shoulders. Forcing him to turn so that he fully faced him, an electric kind of blue eyes stared back at him.

“Dabi?”

“There’s a way,” Dabi said, his voice low. “To make it easier. It doesn’t get rid of it, but-”

“Are we going to kill someone?”

Dabi was silent.

“Uh, my rejection wasn’t so bad that I need to kill someone to feel better,” Midoriya blurted out. He wanted to die, but that didn’t mean he wanted to kill someone. That was needlessly making things complicated.

“It’s fine if it’s not murder?” the taller man asked.

He hesitated, wondered when Dabi would let go of his shoulder, wondered if he should just go home, wondered if Dabi was the one running a fever. He looked back at blue eyes, and answered.

“Depends on what it is,” Midoriya answered slowly.

For a moment, Dabi looked at him in a way he doesn’t recognize. It was something too gentle for the painful looking scars to accommodate. It was something that didn’t fit on Dabi and his normally impassive expression. It was something that made his heart skip a beat and his breath catch in his throat.

The second person that Midoriya had ever kissed in his life had chapped lips. With a heat starting from his belly and shimmering all the blood in his body, he wondered if burning to death was actually a lot more peaceful than he initially realized.

Or, if that was Dabi’s one mercy.

Dabi pulled back. “It’s not murder.”

Midoriya stared and then nodded. “It’s not murder,” he agreed.

The grin that wisted on that mangled face of his was something Midoriya was much more familiar too. Who else but the devil could interpret that kind of agreement as consent?

### **Dabi’s Deredere**

Midoriya wiped the bartop with a practiced ease, leaving it shining in its cleanliness. He beamed at it, feeling great, and the bell on the door opened to indicate that someone had come in.

He looked up when Dabi walked in.

“Welcome!” he called out, managing to give the man a smile. It took everything out of him. It better earn him a tip.

The older man looked at him and gave a lazy wave as he took a seat at the bar in the furthermost corner. To anyone else, there was no one who looked as uninterested as Dabi, but Midoriya didn't think so. Or at least, it wasn’t disinterest coloring his face.

He took a step back to grab some drinks. Even without him ever telling him, Midoriya knew. Brightly colored, fruity drinks, like this tequila sunrise, was the thing that Dabi hated the most.

Without being asked, he made it, as he always did.

These days, he was coming up with his own theories about the people around him. And for Dabi, it was the same as everyone else he knew. That look in Dabi’s eyes? The reason why Dabi slinked around the convenience store until Midoriya spilled his actual workplace by accident and now ended up at the bar?

It was loneliness.

Midoriya spent a long time being lonely, so he recognized that look like he was looking at his own reflection.

“Hey Sir Dabi,” he called out, “Your usual.” He slid the drink to him.

Blue eyes rolled, but the smile on his face was unmistakable.

Joke or not, this was the only thing that anyone ever got him. Midoriya could tell.

Dabi’s eyes raked over Midoriya’s figure, undressing him with his eyes like he always did, and gave a smile back when their eyes met. The younger man felt a heat begin to wash over him, and he licked his lips. The icy blue eyes darkened just a little more, and Midoriya felt a little light-headed.

He slid the drink over. He hoped he choked.

“...Sweet,” Dabi said after a sip. He drank like he was a cool man in a movie, and Midoriya suppressed his urge to roll his eyes. “When you off?”

“The usual.”

His lips curled back to bear his teeth, looking more predatory than happy, as he hummed a little. The heat of his eyes never left his figure, and Midoriya’s fingers started to shake a little in anticipation. Careful practice made sure he didn’t fuck up Dabi’s second drink (a cosmopolitian drink because Midoriya knew how much he hated the color of it), although he didn’t think Dabi cared if the way he was looking at was him was any indication.

He took the drink, lifting the cup up for a sip, downed it all in one go, and licked his lips.

Savage. That was hard to make.

"As always, it's good."

He hated him. He hated him so much that, when he clocked out that night, they walked down the street arm in arm.

### **Meeting All Might & Eri-**

The first time Midoriya is late to work, it’s because of his own carelessness.

As someone who wants to die without regrets, he ends up getting caught in something much bigger than himself.

There a four car wreckage, complete with explosions and fire combustion, and where everyone else stared and gawked, Midoriya ran forward. He peered into the window, pausing to knock on the ones where someone was inside until he heard someone yelling.

He turned his head, where a small child was slamming her small hand against her window. She was wailing and crying, and the driver was slumped over the wheel. Blood ran down her head and matted her long blond hair, and over the roar of the fire, Midoriya could only hear her. He ran for them first. There were people in the first and last car that managed to get themselves out, but with the fire running and oil spilling, it was clear to Midoriya that waiting wasn’t an option.

Someone could die before their promised time.

He slammed on the driver’s side, pulled at the door handles, but it was no good. His hands suffered from burns from the car and his heart raced painfully in his chest. If he wasn’t careful, he was going to keel over and die too. Worse still, the driver wasn’t responding, now that he was closer. He can tell that she was bleeding from her head.

He didn’t know if his fever was coming up or if the fire was closer than he thought, but he didn’t think too hard on it.

But, one good thing about car accidents of this caliber is that there was all sorts of things burning and scattered all around. He took off his jacket and wrapped it around his arm as he picked up a sizable piece of asphalt. He looked back and banged against the window to the small girl.

“Get back! Get back!”

When she was a safe distance away, he picked up the rock and slammed it against the window, at the bottom right corner. It cracked. He hefted it up and tried again and again. On the third try, it finally broke. The glass broke and it was easier to punch out the rest. He reached his arm in and thanked the lords that the childlock wasn’t in place. He opened it wide open, took his jacket off his arm and laid it over the glass shards.

“Ready?!” he asked, opening his arms.

She stared at him, as though she never thought she would be saved, and ran forward. He hoped that she was okay, that she wasn’t injured at all, but it wasn’t something that he could check just yet. He grabbed her as soon as she was close and placed her on the ground after carrying her out of the car.

He pointed to the sideline were majority of the other pedestrians were watching with their phones out, “Run over there, okay!?”

“M-Mommy. Mommy is-”

“I’ll get her out,” he said. He gave a big grin as he ruffled her hair, the same way he hoped that someone would do for him and save his mom. “Okay? I’ll get her out like I got you out.”

She stared at him for a moment longer and nodded. She ran off, and Midoriya didn’t spare her a second glance as he banged on the glass of the driver again. The driver didn’t even stir. That’s fine.

He took a deep breath and mentally apologized to his mom again.

He climbed into the back seat of the car, uncaring about anything as he grabbed the driver seat’s seat adjuster and pulled it back so that the seat back was laying as far back as possible.

Something twelve feet away exploded and his nearly jumped out of his chest in fright. He gave a hiss, and decided that even if he died, he was going to keep is promise to that little girl. He wriggled a little to grab the woman and pulled her backwards, and thought about how people always mentioned that unconscious, limp bodies were the hardest to deal with. He didn’t have a lot of practice pulling people out of car wrecks, but he definitely believes it.

His nimble fingers managed to unclick her seatbelt with some difficulty, and he praised the lords that something was going for him. He grabbed his jacket to wrap around the woman’s bare shoulders to minimize any more injuries and pulled her backwards and tried to yank her out. He had one foot outside of the car, her arms, head, and shoulder out of the car, when a hand grabbed his shoulder.

He looked over, wheezing now, and his eyes locked with the All Might.

“Excellent work! No need to worry now, for I am here!”

And with an ease that made all of Midoriya’s efforts look like child’s play, he ripped open the driver door, grabbed the woman, grabbed Midoriya, and safely evacuated to the side.

-

All Might is everything Midoriya ever thought he was and more.

“Good work,” he said, “But that was incredibly dangerous! Don’t ever do that again!”

His heart felt like it was going to explode. He panted back, unable to answer, and hoped that his vision would stop swimming so that he could see this moment in great clarity. If he lived passed this day, he wanted to engrave this moment into his brain and never let go.

“You should leave these kinds of things to the Pros and Authorities! You have a long life ahead of you, after all!” He gave this huge smile, twinkling and shining as the accident was being sorted and the ambulance pulled in. “Now then, so long!”

And All Might left as fast as he came in.

“Wow…”

Midoriya blinked, in a daze, but then his phone rang loudly. Suddenly, he realized that he was late to work. He looked down at his phone and pulled it up to his ear.

“Yes…” he panted, “Yes, I’m on my way. I am so sorry. I’m just… just a street out.”

And between siren wails, flashing lights, the shadow of All Might’s smile, the only person that noticed he had left was the young girl who never stopped staring at him. The young lady pushed against the hands that were trying to gently assess her damage and she reached out to the boy who disappeared between thrones of people trying to get a closer look.

“Wait…” she said quietly.

“Eri-hime!”

She turned where several men in tuxedoes came running out to her. She stared at them, watched as they fretted over her, called several people, and she turned her head back.

Where the Symbol of Hope and number one Hero was All Might for most people, her entire definition of hero was rewritten to portray an awkward looking teenager with green hair and a nervous smile.

“Kurogiri-san, I’m so sorry for being-”

Kurogiri looked up, his phone still in his hand as Midoriya crashed into the doorframe and fell in a crumpled mess to the ground. In front of him, Shiragaki, who was adamant in saying that he wasn’t waiting for Midoriya, turned with a smug smirk on his lips.

Until Midoriya couldn’t quite get up to his feet, then they were both just staring in shock. The young man was flushed, his shirt covered in ash and his sleeves had smears of blood and had several cuts in them. He panted like he had ran a marathon, and was sweating enough that it was dripping off his chin.

All in all, he looked like shit.

“You look like shit,” Shiragaki said, and Kurogiri watched as he stood up and walked over to him. He crouched down next to him, his voice dropping to a low whisper. “Who did this to you?”

And Kurogiri was so shocked that he almost dropped the first-aid kid he was getting out.

“Ah… just at the wrong place at the wrong time,” Midoriya said, panting hard, as his voice got quieter, “It… This was… totally my fault…”

“...You can tell me,” he said. “And you’ll never have to worry about them again.”

The young man laughed outright at that, clearly not taking Shiragaki seriously (and that made Kurogiri upset as well, but for reasons he didn’t know he could still feel), and nodded.

“Yes, yes,” he nearly wheezed out. His hands trembled as he placed them on his knees and slowly tried to get up.

The older man frowned at being dismissed as such, but his hand shot out to grab his arm before he fell. He managed to keep his pinky off, and watched in shock as his fingertips reached around Midoriya’s upper arm easily.

“You’re unsteady because you’re so thin,” he blurted out, clearly determined to keep Kurogiri in a state of shock.

“I don’t want to hear that from you,” Midoriya shot back, tugging his arm back. When Shiragaki’s grip didn’t relent, he gave up instead. He turned to Kurogiri and bowed, “I’m sorry for… being late, sir.”

“...Not at all,” he replied back, “It looks like you had a hard time. ...Why don’t you go home for today?” he said. And in an act of … whatever it was that had also affected Shiragaki, offered, “I’ll give you a ride.”

Midoriya’s eyes shined with unshed tears, but he managed a watery laugh instead.

“No, I couldn’t. I don’t want you to know where I live,” he said, “But, if you’re offering, I would like to take an hour to freshen up.”

“Be my guest. It’s still coming out of your pay.”

Midoriya groaned loudly, but Shiragaki was all but hauling him to the back. If Kurogiri didn’t think that Shiragaki was an adult before, he definitely thinks that he’s a brat right now. A brat who finally got the okay to have a friend over.

He doens’t know what to do with that image.

“...Kurogiri-san,” Midoriya said, looking at the money in his envelope for the night, “This is too much.”

“Midoriya-kun, when someone gives you money, you shut up and accept it.”

He looked up at the older man, and then a cheeky grin stretched across his lips.

“My, Kurogiri-san, if you’re not careful, I might fall for you at this rate.”

“Then it wouldn’t be me, but my money you’re in love with.”

Midoriya waved his hand, “Same thing,” he said. He gave a playful wink to his employer, “Let me know if there’s a way I can earn some more tip.”

“...Get out of here. I’ll see you next week.”

The young man stared at him and then laughed. “Next week then.”

Izuku spends four days with a fever he couldn’t stay awake for. His only saving grace was that he only missed class. He was glad, since he was certain Kurogiri would keep his word and fire him for not showing up to his shift. His mom worriedly fretted over him, but he must have not looked too bad since she left his side to go to work.

Or perhaps, they were much tighter for money than he thought.

Miserably, he laid in bed, unable to think about anything else before the heat of the fever swallowed him up. His every breath hurt, he could barely get anything down or even get up. It was miserable all around, and since his mother couldn’t always be there, they had to bust out the IV drips.

Looking at himself come friday morning, he didn’t think that he could lose anymore weight. But his cheeks were a little more sunken in, and he wished he didn’t have to see his mom if only to spare her from the pain of watching him die so slowly.

He thought about it for a brief second, if he could live by himself somewhere away from her. But then, he realizes that an expense he doesn’t want to give her. More importantly, who knows how long his body would be left to rot before someone got to tell his mom that he died?

He thinks that’s a little too lonely. As much as he abhors the idea, he thinks that it’ll be nice if someone does remember him, even if it’s just his mom.

He looks like shit. He knows he looks like shit.

But it would help wonders if Shiragaki didn’t stare at him like that.

“Did you die?”

“My new diet was just too effective,” Izuku explained dismissively, batting his eyelashes at him. “I thought you would prefer if I looked more dead than alive.”

The ashen-haired man arched an eyebrow at him and scoffed.

“Stop dieting, that’s so stupid. There’s going to be nothing left of you at this point.”

Midoriya giggled as he ran forward to link arms with him. He must have looked really bad, or perhaps Shiragaki was much more tired than he looked, because he didn’t try to shake him off like he usually did, and instead, let Midoriya hang off his arm.

Inwardly, he was super grateful for it, since he wasn’t back at full strength just yet and he didn't want to stumble in front of him.

### 

### **Slayed**

Midoriya Izuku gives his virginity to someone in his school. He’s pretty nice, a little handsy, and Midoriya lunges for this opportunity.

He’s a senpai and he’s awkward and slow at first. They fumble and blush a lot, and eventually give a little laugh.

It was uncomfortable and it hurt at first, but this senpai of his was very, very good at aiming. His quirk, his sharp teeth that are so outrageously big that everyone else mocks him and he always covers it up, makes it hard to kiss him but they make do.

Midoriya’s shoulders are bleeding bruises and he loves every second of it. This was a symbol of a pain that he chooses, unlike the mess of scars on his body. It was an ache that represented that he was wanted, even if it was just for a night. It freaks his senpai though, and he’ll avoid him like the plague afterwards. It… it doesn’t bother him as much as he thought it would.

And more importantly, despite hot the night got, he didn’t get a fever for that week.

It was like a dam broke.

The coy looks, the flirtatious smiles, the shared laughs, and everything eventually ended up with him against the nearest flat surface with someone in between his legs or on his mouth. They kissed like they were dying for it, they groped and touched like they needed him, and Midoriya threw his arms around their neck to let them know that they weren’t alone. He wanted it, too.

And then, he was called to meet up with his tentative boyfriend in the third-years’ bathroom.

It was not his boyfriend, but four of his classmates. His senpai told him, with a big grin even though he looked like he wanted to cry, that he was just a joke. They said a lot of other things, but all Midoriya could think about was the soft way he blushed when Midoriya kissed his sharp teeth.

They took turns beating him up. From then, a new kind of thing was added to his routine at school. Where Kacchan used to put him in his place, there had been this vacancy. In that hole, Midoriya often slipped into, and everyone continued to pretend that nothing was wrong because he was nothing. And now, there was a group of second years who would be dedicated to using Midoriya in ways that Kacchan never did.

More importantly, Midoriya had to be careful not to let his mom find out. He doesn’t want to make his mom any sadder than she already was.

### **A bit Early? Late? On time? - AiDeku**

One good thing about his upperclassmen were that they always told him that he needed to stay late. They wanted to beat him up? They wanted to run him into the dirt? No problem, but they always let him know by lunchtime when he failed them some way or another.

Then, he just sends a quick text to his mom. She must think that he was living the Student Dream Life, and well… he wasn’t going to dash that. She was probably working, as she always did, and Midoriya was a little grateful of her busy work schedule if only because it meant that there was less chance for him to fuck up. Less to see, less to hide, and the sort.

But once, he passed out. By the time he woke up, he had missed his medication time by an entire hour and he could feel the onset of a very, very bad night. He popped his medication and tried to wait until the haze around his eyes died down a little so that he could get home.

And then, when he tipped his head back, saw the night sky. Since all the school lights were shut off, and they were a street and a half away from the rest of the city and residential life, he could see the stars. It was beautiful and almost serene, and he was almost thankful for getting his ass handed to himself if it meant he could see something awe-inspiring before his death. And then he realized that it was very late in the evening if it was night.

With half a curse on his lips, he jerked back to his feet. He had to go home. Do the laundry. Make rice for dinner. Fucking christ, he had shit to do, not just lay on his back and count the twinklies in the skies.

He rushed out of the school, feeling light-headed, but he had to go. There were plenty of people in the streets, none of them a part of the usual evening commute, and he can’t believe he could be so careless. And surely, in his shamed and rushed attitude, he would mess up so badly that he ran right into a villain incident.

Ah...

Midoriya fucking hates Tuesdays.

-

He gets to the first step down to enter the underground subway station when someone grabs him. He doesn’t think about anything other than the fact that the subway doors are going to close, and understands that this guy needs to let go now.

Without further fanfare, he bent his body forward and simultaneously released all control of his body to drop. It worked wonders, and the man who was trying to grab him pitched forward. The man rolled over his shoulder in the first and only time that Midoriya has ever executed a shoulder throw on the fly and have it work out for him. He had no chance of checking however, as he lost his balance.

Right after such a beautiful throw, Midoriya lost his balance and went tumbling down with the guy who grabbed him, all the way to the bottom of the stairs.

He got up, watched the subway doors closed, and promptly began to cry.

It was like this, a little banged up and bruised with a serial purse-snatcher knocked out by his feet, where he met the underground hero, Eraserhead.

## Save the Princess; Save the World

### **A Little Girl Named Eri**

Midoriya is sitting down on a park bench, taking a deep slow breath, when a small girl approaches him.

He’s… not having a good day. The day started fine, all things considered. His heart rate wasn’t too high, he managed to eat breakfast with his mother, and wasn’t harrassed on the way to school. His shoe locker was still a mess, there were tacks in his indoor shoes, his desk was outside of the classroom, and there were open blades stapled to the edges of his notebooks, and his chair broke when he sat on it.

All in all, his classmates were clearly having a good day, if a bit bored, since this was the best they could manage.

But him? He was just fucking up at every turn and corner today, wasn’t he?

He ran right into several doors, stubbed almost all of his toes at least once, got caught by the subway doors, and that was just the morning. He wasn’t feeling any form of good, like his heart couldn’t decide what kind of rhythm it wanted to follow today, and it made his head swim. He was sweating profusely in class, something that no one was going to let him live down, but he couldn’t stop shivering either.

His annoying teeth-chattering must be more annoying than his muttering, because the teacher actually kicked him out of class for it. He could barely stay standing, however, since standing required him to have enough focus on his sense of self so that he didn’t teeter too dangerously one way or another.

The nurse was on vacation, so he couldn’t even go there for a break or whatever. He rubbed his temples as hard as he could, as though the pain could keep his temperature from flaring.

This… This was just annoying. Sometimes, he wishes that it’ll just kill him instead of causing all of this needless suffering and agony. It’ll be so much faster and easier than to deal with all this constant aching.

But the cream of his day came when he was trying to make his way home and fucking couldn’t. Riding the train made all of his insides tense and twist up, and so he got off a stop too early and now had to add more time to his commute.

All he needed to do was get home. Then, he’ll have his drugs and sleep until his mom comes home. But the world was starting to really spin, and he couldn’t stop sweating. So, there he was, sitting on a park bench, willing the fever to still for a fucking moment so that he can just go the fuck home.

“...Hero.”

He stared at the girl for a moment longer and then, remembering a burning car and All Might, shook his head.

“Sorry,” he said, “I’m not a hero. Just a weak…Deku.”

“Deku…?”

She tilted her head a little to the side. But, since he never did learn about the results of the car crash, he’s secretly super happy that she’s alright. It didn’t look like she had a lot of lasting trauma or anything, and the healthy flush on her face was something that made something loosen inside of his chest.

Good, he thinks, he did do something okay.

“...Grandpa says that I need to repay my debts,”she said quietly, scuffing her feet onto the ground. Her hair fell forward a little, and looking at this quiet shy girl, Midoriya wanted to give her the world.

“...Well,” Midoriya says slowly, “There’s one thing that I would like, if you don’t mind.”

She brightened and Midoriya squinted his eyes against the radiance.

“Really? Really?! What can I do?! Gramps said that we have to be prepared for anything and Eri is a big girl now! She can handle her own debts!”

...Midoriya had no idea who her grandpa was, but he had some… questions for him. And maybe a lecture about not teaching his very young granddaughter such skewed morals that unsavory people would be happy to take advantage of, and he asked for something that he never thought he would have the opportunity to ask for.

“When someone saves… no, when you feel grateful for someone, you should always tell them ‘thank you’ with a big smile, okay?” he said. “So, what do you think you should tell me, Eri-chan?” With the way she used it, and the fact that she seemed to slip into using it once she got excited, he assumed that she was used to speaking of herself in third-person and was learning how to stop doing that.

She stared at him, blinking owlishly before she quickly came onto the answer. Her eyes shined, and she bounced a little on her feet and gave him a big smile.

He would like to think that, once upon a time, he smiled like that too.

“Thank you, Deku!” she cheered.

It was a little amazing how one little girl managed to make him feel so happy and grateful that he was alive. He wanted to frame this moment and give it to her mother. Let her know that she didn’t give birth to a fleshbag of garbage.

“Anytime.” And then, after a few seconds of looking around, looked back at her, “...Did you come here with someone?”

She nodded back, a little more somber, “I came here with…” she looked around, and Midoriya felt cold dread against the heat of his increasing fever.

Shit. He couldn’t just leave her here, but he really, really doesn’t want to deal with a kidnapping charge.

“Ah, there he is!” Eri said, pointing over.

Midoriya heaved a sigh, and looked up to where a man in a green jacket and black slacks, a black button-down and white tie, a mask like a bird’s beak covering his nose and mouth, and his smile stiffened. It’s… it’s a villain right? It has to be a villain. Who else would dress like that if they weren't a villain? He thought about a guy who was patchwork of skin and rescinded his previous opinion.

How come he always ends up meeting these kinds of people?

“Uncle Chisaki! Over here!” she said, waving her arms wildly, and in all honesty, Midoriya wished he had that much energy to do anything.

“Eri, there you are,” he said, coming closer. He was panting a little, and Midoriya wondered if it was from the panic of losing her or because he had been looking for a long time. He doesn’t look like a kidnapper, but he doubted that his flushed features were winning any brownie points. Did he look like a hooligan? An addict? Which was better? His eyes slid to Midoriya, and he felt his heart lurch to his throat.

If Midoriya thought that he was an attractive man, then he lost all semblance of thought when those golden eyes turned to him.

“...And you are…?”

What a deliriously attractive man. Midoriya didn’t even know if it was the fever that was messing with his head, or his horny-energy determined to go out with a bang.

“...Deku!” Eri cheered back, “This is Deku! I told you about him!”

“...Yes,” Chisaki said, clearly not recalling this conversation at all, but Eri was much too gleeful to notice. The man stared at her for a moment, and his eyes returned to Midoriya.

The younger man couldn’t keep his gaze without the flush reaching his cheeks, and he really wished that this damned fever and his hornieness would stop teaming up against him.

“...Eri, go ahead and play at the playground. Don’t go too far again,” he said.

“Booo,” she pouted back, “I wanna stay and talk to Deku-”

“Sorry, Eri-chan,” Midoriya said, standing up from the bench, “Actually, I have to go home right now. Maybe next time, okay?”

He had no intention of keeping his word, and reflexively crossed his fingers behind his back. She pouted at him and he immediately wanted to apologize and buy her ice cream. She’d be a very successful villain one day, if she learned how to hone that charm. She’s be a very successful hero too, with a lot of sponsors and fans of all shapes and sizes. She turned to stare at her uncle, who looked threatening and a little menacing and definately a villain as his sharp eyes remained on Midoriya’s face.

Please don’t be a villain.

“If you hurt him, I’m going to hurt you, okay?” the sweet girl said, before running off for the swingset at full speed.

Midoriya gave a little breath, his backpack clutched to his chest as his eyes darted from the man and to the ground and then to the exit to the park further back.

“So, uh… nice meeting you,” he said quietly, “I’ll be taking my leave-”

“...A few weeks ago, her mother tried to kill herself,” Chisaki suddenly started to explain, “She thought that if she killed Eri-hime, the one who killed her husband, she would be granted sanction to join him in the afterlife. However, she has given up after failing several times, and instead took her own life instead.”

Midoriya choked on his saliva, eyes darting from the man who was still speaking with his regular speaking voice and then to Eri who was swinging on the swingset with a loud cheer and wave when they made eye contact. He wondered if this really was something that should be spoken in this time and place.

Where were all the other kids and their parents? They can’t all be stuck in school and traffic.Was it good that he was the only one here? He honestly couldn't tell.

From the looks of it, the golden-eyed man didn’t even bat his eyes at Midoriya and his coughing, but he did patiently wait for him to properly clear his airways before he kept going. He had mixed feelings about this, altogether. The man talked so calmly, devoid of all emotions like his teachers did when they started their lectures. Was this normal for him or something?

“It has been a long time since any one of us has seen her smile. Thank you,” he said.

Oh. Midoriya looked at Eri, and then back. Oh thank god, he thought to himself, someone cared. If they only valued her as their ‘princess’ then they would thank him for saving her life. But he thanked him for bringing her smile back.

And then, the ridiculously handsome man reached into his pocket to pull out a business card and handed it to the young man. “Please do not hesitate to reach us out for anything,” he said. And then, leaned in a little to reiterate it, “And I mean, anything.”

Midoriya, still in a state of shock, took the business card and stared at it and not the piercing gaze fixed on him. It looked so innocent, especially in comparison to how omnious the other man’s words and plague mask seemed to be. His first thought was that it was nice paper, and then that it was very minimalistic. There was the man’s name, “Chisaki Kai” and a phone number, and a flower imprinted onto the corner of it, but otherwise it was a white 4” x 2” of cardstock.

His eyes lingered on the flower, and he thought that he should recognize it, but he didn't. That was to be expected, since it wasn’t like he was florist or anything.

As it was, he was really using all his energy to try and keep his heart rate as low as possible. He should have gone home and taken his meds an hour ago, but he couldn’t find the right time and place. Chisaki was… talkative, a lot more talkative than Midoriya thought a man of his attire would be, but he might just be thinking that since he could feel every time his heart beat against his temple.

This… This was a lot. And more importantly, probably really bad for his heart.

“...Ah, Chisaki… san?” he tried, looking from the business card and thought to himself that this was just too much. The man turned to him, and feeling those golden eyes focus on him, Midoriya had to suppress a shiver.

This man was way too attractive. Augh. He was doing <things> to his heart, and it was very, very painful. His hands were shaking.

“Thank you for the offer, truly,” he said, and gestured for him to take the card back, “But uh… I’m really fine. I have a happy, spoiled life filled to the brim with excitement. If anything, I just want Eri-chan to have a long and happy life. I didn’t pull her out of that car that day so that I could get payment in response. It was for a purely selfish reason why I did what I did,” he explained.

He stood up and gave a full, formal bow.

“I would-

“I never said anything about a car,” Chisaki said suddenly. His eyes narrowed and he took a step forward. Instinctively, Midoriya took a step back, his heart rate jumping and he suppressed a spasm of pain running up and down his body. “...Now that I look at you, I definitely see the similarities between you and that boy in the video-”

“No, no,” Midoriya shook his head, desperate at this point, as he rambled nervously with an unconvincing smile, “There’s a lot of people with green-hair, I’m just one of many. And besides, All Might was the one that really took care of it. I couldn’t even get other woman out by myself-”

“And you even know the Hero that took the glory for your work. As well as Eri’s mother herself... This doesn’t bother you?”

His heart thumped particularly hard at that, and his hand clutched at it. He gave a heaving wheeze and took another step back. Shit. Shit. Shit.

Recognizing that there was something very wrong with this, Chisaki tilted his head.

The only thing worse about dying in front of someone was… well. Actually. Midoriya didn’t know. There was a lot of things going on in his head right now. He really, really wanted to go home.

“Are you alright? You look… rather flushed.”

“You’re just really hot,” Midoriya lied, although it wasn’t really a lie because the man was painfully attractive, but he also felt like he was starting to boil from the inside out. “And if-if you’re not careful, I might just jump you and uh… ravish you or something.”

He wasn’t really thinking, but he knows for a fact that this man only approached him because of Eri. Perhaps, if he can prove to him now that he’s absolute scum, a pervert, or something like that, the man would let him be and never ever show up in front of him again.

“Yeah, I love my men all chunky and thick so you are right up my alley.”

The narrowed eyed look of disgust signified to Midoriya that it was working. The world spun around him for a moment, and he stumbled to the left. He quickly regained his balance, covering his mouth as though he was scared his heart would just jump right out of his mouth and gave a dry laugh.

“So uh… sorry for wasting your time, it really would be for the best if you… if you never said anything to me again and just forget I ever existed,” he said. "Because I sure won't."

His eyes dragged to Eri, and when he saw her curious smile running towards him, gave a little wave before turning around and running as hard and as fast as he could home.

-

He had a resulting fever for a day and a half after that. He had to be called out of school, and he really wondered if he should just drop out. As it was, he was spending more days out than in, so perhaps it would be better if he could just save the money.

He couldn’t stomach anything down again, so the IV drip found its home next to his bed again.

He wished that this fever would take his eyes instead of trying to boil him alive, if only so that he didn’t have to see his mother’s sunken cheeks and tear-stained face any longer.

### **chisaIzu - a truth**

A week or so after that traumatizing incident at the park, Midoriya was minding his own business when he was caught by the arm and literally tossed into an empty parking lot behind a small family restaurant. He inwardly apologized to his mother as he accepted his fate when both of his feet came clean off of the ground and he went flying into a pile of garbage.

What, he laughed a little at this, a pile of shit.

“What’s so fucking funny?!”

He looked up, and saw the three regular bullies from his class. It’s amazing how little people could change over the years, and he thought that it’s such a waste of a quirk to be used on something like throwing the quirkless kid in class into a pile of garbage.

With a quirk as cool as a “pushing”, he really wished that this guy would get something more productive to do instead of testing his quirk to do the same thing he always did.

“I thought it was weird that your quirkless ass would be all the way here. You fucking following me or something?!”

Midoriya was not, actually. He was trying to go home after the zombie-movie slugfest he had at Bubaigawara’s apartment, and now, here he was. He should have begged Shiragaki harder to walk him to the station or something after all. There goes his last nice shirt.

“Answer me, you waste of space!”

Getting attacked, no matter how hard he tried to get used to it, messed with his heart rate, and it seemed like his best efforts to remain calm through all the jump-scares would be for naught. He shivered as the heat crawled up from his stomach, like it was just waiting for him to lose control, and he felt even more disoriented than usual.

Scratch that, it was better that the others didn’t know about this. It was better to be jumped here in this seedy corner of town, than to think that his employer and his band of misfits would figure out about this. He didn’t want to get fired from the bar because of something that he can’t control. He doesn’t want to become a burden, especially not to the people who don’t only see him as “Midoriya the Part-Timer.”

He can’t afford that.

“C’mon! Speak up, Deku! No one is going to hear you, anyways-”

And then, the worst thing possible happened.

He was torn off of him in an instant, and golden eyes peered down at him from the top of a bird’s mask.

“Fuck! Who-Who is that?!”

“...Chisaki-san,” Midoriya rasped out. He sat up, his hands gingerly coming to press down on his ribs with the expertise of someone who has been tossed around all his life, and let out a small breath of relief to know that nothing felt broken. However, breathing did sting a little, so he supposed that he would be getting some color to his sides, even if it wasn’t the color that his mother would like.

He sighed deeply.

“Shit, shit, Hiro-we need to go-”

“Go? I ain’t running just because Deku got some friends-”

“Shit, Hiro, that’s Overhaul! We need to go!’

Oh.

Midoriya stared at Chisaki, those impassive golden eyes, and cursed his luck.

This guy was Overhaul? The fucking voice of the yakuza around here? Then, doesn’t that mean that Eri, who called this guy uncle was like, Yakuza Royalty? Fuck, did he seriously get invovled with the yakuza because he didn’t want to leave a little girl unattended and unsupervised at the park?

“When I mentioned, anything,” he said, looking down at him, “I did mean, anything. Getting rid of trash is simple and easy, just say the word.”

“Ah uh no, that’s fine,” Midoriya said, slowly getting up to his feet. He winced when his weight shifted and he swore that he could feel his organs trying to find their place again. He shivered at the feeling, closing his eyes to try and center himself. The flush was back at full-force, he’s certain of it, and he looked back up at the man.

He was still staring at him. God, he’d be a creep if he wasn’t so hot. Why did attractive guys have to be such freaks? Why did Midoriya have to know so many freaks?

“...I really, really want to be left alone,” he said and then sighed, “But thanks for scaring them off for me. I guess the debts all paid off now, right? And you can leave me alone and I’ll never have to see your handsome mug out of my dreams again?”

Looking at him, he’s a little sad that he’ll never see this attractive face again, but sacrifices must be made. He did not want to get involved with anything that’s going to make his life even more complicated than what it was already.

He made a step before the world spun and he had to stop again. His hand shot out to grab the wall in a futile attempt to steady himself. His other hand covered his mouth, as though to stop whatever from spewing out of it.

“...Are you sick?”

The words made his blood turn to ice. No, he wanted to believe.

So instead, he gave a wave over his shoulder. “Nah, I’m just in love,” he lied. He slowly trudged out to the mouth of the alleyway...

“Overhaul, we-”

...And nearly right into another man. He had a full-face mask that he was clipping on, but from what Midoriya could see from his features and the arrow-headed hair, he approved. If he was in good health and couldn’t become a hero, he would definitely become a yakuza, if only to surround himself with all this eye candy.

“Chronostasis,” Chisaki greeted back. “Grab him.”

No questions asked, a hand came to grab his arm. He should have moaned at the thought that the hand could wrap around his entire upper arm, that would make him sound really perverted, and all the good straight men in the world would abandon him. In reality, his stomach lurched, and he could feel sweat beading on his brow from how much the fever was starting to run.

“Oh no no no no no,” Midoriya said, sounding more slurred than he wanted to, “This is really unnecessary. I’m really, really, really tired and I just want to go home.”

He looked at the two men and then came up with something awful to say.

"...Yeah," Midoriya nodded as he eyed Kurono appreciatively. The man, strangely enough, didn’t unhand him. His mind rolled slowly, but he knew what to say, “I’m definitely dreaming about this tonight.” He turned to Chisaki, "You got some good taste, sir. So unless you’re going to take turns with me or something in this alleyway, I got other places to go to enjoy my night."

Gold eyes narrowed at him and Midoriya thinks that it should be a crime to be that attractive and upset. And then, remembering that this man was yakuza, thought that it actually wouldn’t matter and nothing would change. The hand wrapped around his arm loosened and he pulled out of the grasp. This time, he was much more steadier.

He threw in a wink for good measure, and while the Chronostasis leaned back in clear disgust, Chisaki was like stone.

Hopefully, they’ll get the hint.

### **DabiDeku - something very sweet**

Dabi looked at him like he’s in pain.

Midoriya thought that it’s dumb, since he’s not the one with a fucking dick up his ass, but it doesn’t stop him from reaching up to cup his head in his hands. Dabi jerked at the touch, and it pulls him out of whatever stupor he was in, and shoots Midoriya a curious glance but doesn’t pull away from the touch.

“It’s good,” he said, “Fuck, Dabi, it feels so good.” He moaned loudly.

The man above him smirked back, but his cheek muscles twitched so much that he didn’t think that he would have smiled.

“I-I feel so full. I’m so full of you,” he panted out. His thumbs traced the older man’s cheekbones, feeling the difference of skin against his hands, and he gave a breathless laugh when Dabi turned his face to press a kiss against his palms, “I’m full of such a handsome man, can you believe it?”

“Shut up-”

“Oh my god, did you just get bigger-”

Dabi surged forward, meeting no resistance as he pressed a sloppy kiss against his lips in an effort to shut him up. The movement caused him to shift and Midoriya gave a high-pitch keen as it hit something deep inside of him.

“Finally,” Dabi spat out as soon as pulled back. He rolled his hips, hitting that spot dead-on over and over and grinned down predatorily as Midoriya arched his back off the bed and felt all his toes curl.

“Dabi-Dabi,” he chanted, “Oh my god, Dabi, it feels- you feel amazing,” he gasped.

“God, do you ever shut up?” Dabi asked, “Fucking christ, Midoriya-”

“But it feels so good. Dabi, you make me feel so good. I’m gonna feel you for days. You’re so big, oh-”

And it must have been annoying, because Dabi placed his hand onto Midoriya’s mouth in an effort to just shut him up as he thrusted in with reckless abandon. His hand was so big, easily covering the bottom half of his face and that made him feel even hotter. Midoriya didn’t know if it was him that was trembling, or Dabi, but he didn’t think that he could ever have enough of an effect for him to be reduced to a pile of nerves like he was.

The fever didn’t overtake him, even though Dabi’s touch left a trail of fire under his skin. His heartbeat raced dangerously high but it didn’t hurt. Midoriya was so happy that he could cry, and from the way Dabi was staring at him, he must be crying. He could feel the tears running down his temples and hoped that he’s not drooling and spilling snot all over Dabi’s hand.

“It felt that good?” Dabi asked quietly, right after he came, as he laid heaving on his back next to him.

“Yes, yes it was amazing,” Midoriya replied between pants. “Wow. I…” he looks up at him, a blush on his cheeks as he covered his mouth with his hands, and the sudden shy act, after everything they just did, made something stir inside of Dabi. “I… wouldn’t mind doing it again.”

“...You’re insatiable.”

“You’re hard already anyways,” Midoriya said, rolling over while liking his lips. He shuffled closer and propped himself up onto his hands to hover his face over Dabi’s, “But I wanna touch you more this time.”

“...Why?”

“C’mon, someone as handsome as you is in front of me and you want me to not touch him? I’ve been dreaming about this for so long-”

He gave a throaty moan when Dabi suddenly closed the distance between their lips. He opened his mouth eagerly to let the older man in, and Dabi shamelessly took advantage of it. While it wasn’t as heated or sloppy as their usual kisses, it was quickly approaching that level.

Hesitantly, Midoriya lifted his hand up to cup Dabi’s face. This time, the older man leaned into the touch, and Midoriya moaned obnoxiously loud at that.

“God, you’re insufferable,” Dabi growled out, pulling back and Midoriya surged back in, in an effort to keep their distance close that was ruined when Dabi pushed him back with his other hand. “What’s so good about my fucking stiches tho-”

“You have to ask?!” the smaller man blurted out, “You’ve just spent the better part of an hour making me cum just by your voice and face and you gotta ask?”

“Right,” Dabi said, “You’re just a freak.”

“Please kiss this freak.”

“Well, when you beg so nicely.”

-

In a few hours, when they were finally sated enough and had taken separate showers, Dabi would sit down next to his head on the bed. Midoriya was drifting in and out of consciousness at the time, blissed out beyond reason.

He took his pills while Dabi was in the shower, so there was nothing holding him back from passing out for the next eight hours. Starting tomorrow, he would have to go back to school and all of that, but right now, his mom knew that he’s at a friend’s house, safe and happy.

Life was good.

Midoriya was too sensitive for a shirt, but did manage to slip a pair of briefs on. It felt a little dirty to wear something that he had been wearing all day, but he didn’t have anything else and it felt wrong to go through Dabi’s stuff without the man noticing.

“...Why aren’t you wearing anything?” he asked.

“...m wearing boxers,” he murmured back, just barely keeping his head above the sleepiness clutching at the corners of his mind.

“...You want to borrow something?”

“...Hm,” Midoriya was awake enough and always knew what he wanted. He reached up slowly, giving Dabi plenty of time to leave or dodge, and grabbed his hand. He pressed it against his cheek, and took a deep breath, “Thanks.”

Dabi’s hand felt stiff and so he opened his eyes.

The man looked surprised, and for a sinking moment, Midoriya wondered if there was something icky on his hands that he spread onto his face. But when their eyes met, Dabi’s gaze dropped. He frowned at that.

Dabi, who was strong and confident, who was the walking definition of freedom and uncaring, dropped his gaze and Midoriya felt all traces of sleepiness fade away.

“...What’s up?” he asked quietly.

“...They never stay this long,” Dabi replied back, looking at Midoriya the way people watch smoke dissipate away.

“...Well,” he started slowly, “I don’t think I can leave you.” His heart twinged uncomfortably at the words because he knew that soon enough, their meeting will be the <last time>. Eventually, he would count as <they>. He reached his other hand up to Dabi, and the man leaned in to meet the touch. “But if you want, we can make a couple of more memories.”

Those blue eyes slid to him, but the smile was returning to his face. As always, that particular shade of blue in his eyes always made his breath catch a little, and Midoriya smiled back on reflex. If it was possible to fall in love with someone just from the way that they looked at you, Midoriya thought he’ll drown in those icy blue eyes and never come back up for air.

“Damn, aren’t you tired? I thought you were about to pass out on me, last round.”

He pouted back, “It felt really, really good, okay?” he said. He sobered up a little, and managed to give Dabi a warm smile, “And sex isn’t the only way we can make memories.”

The man arched an eyebrow at him, “Then, what were you thinking?”

Midoriya gav ea little sound in the back of his throat as he tugged on Dabi’s hand. They made it back to the bed, for once.

“...Maybe this weekend, you and I can go on a picnic,” he said, closing his eyes.

He snorted back. "And have sex outside?" He leaned in to kiss Midoriya’s bare shoulder.

Midoriya gave a cheeky grin and hummed loudly. He put his finger on his chin, like he was thinking really hard. “Maybe this weekend, we can go out late at night to the park and look at the stars for a bit.”

Dabi grunted back, kissing his collarbone. "Sex under the stars."

“Or… maybe this weekend, you can watch the new hero movie with me. And fuck in the theater-”

“Fuck no," Dabi growled back, pulling back with a frown. .

Midoriya laughed at that, and he yawned again. The hand on his cheeks moved up to his hair and he hummed happily at the feeling.

“We can talk more tomorrow…” Midoriya said softly, drifting away.

“...Yeah,” he swears he heard Dabi say.

### **ChisaDeku- fantasy**

"You've dreamt about this, right?" Chisaki asked, pulling off his tie.

Leaning over him with a blank expression, Midoriya would have thought he didn’t care about this current situation. And then, those molten eyes would find his, as though he wanted to eat him alive, and he repressed a shudder instead. He tossed his tie to the side, a far-cry from the usual prim and proper way he carries himself, as he leaned down to press a kiss under his earlobe before mouthing the shell of his ear instead.

"How was it? In your fantasies, who am I?"

He leaned back a ridiculously handsome smirk gracing his lips as he looked down at Midoriya like he didn’t already know.

And god, Chisaki was a dream but Midoriya didn't say that.

### **ShiraDeku - slip**

Shiragaki stared at him for another moment.

“...What’s up?” Deku asked, meeting his eyes. “You’ve been staring at me for a while.”

The older man stared and then sat closer. He tugged on his shirt.

“This? It’s Dabi’s. Jin ripped my pajamas and I’m waiting for the wash.”

Midoriya would have normally taken Jin’s clothes, but since Jin had ripped his shirt and liked it when Midoriya wore his clothes, decided not to foster bad behaviors. He didn’t want to be shirtless, since he wasn’t that confident in his lanky, sickly, cold body, but Dabi’s shirt was really, really baggy.

At this point, he might as well be shirtless. But, he relished the way Dabi stopped and stared and walked right into the wall when he saw him earlier this morning.

It was cute, sue him.

As it was, Dabi’s shirts had huge collars. It usually stemmed from the fact that he didn’t like how most shirts could catch on his staples, since he only went for the cheapest clothes to begin with, and so, when Midoriya wore the shirt that was much too big for him to begin with, he had the current result. Dabi’s shirt literally hung off of him, worse than any of Jin’s or Spinner’s shirts since the shirt collar was just that damn big. But, this was much better than anything in Magne’s closet, if only because their tastes did not align.

The shirt went literally from his shoulder to his elbow, when he was sitting normally. It pooled at his waist and he had to take care to make sure it at least stayed on one of his shoulders. At this point, he might as well ditch the shirt and pull a blanket on or something.

But it wasn’t a very chilly day, and all he was doing was sitting here with a book on his lap while he waited for the others to come back from whatever it was that they were doing.

“...Can I lick them?” Shiragaki asked, inching closer.

“...Huh?” Midoriya was so lost in thought that he missed the other man’s words. Surely, he heard him wrong. “What did you say?”

“Your nipple,” Shiragaki said, pointing at the exposed nipple surrounded by hickies on all sides in all shapes and shades of purple, “can I lick it.” It was not a question.

“No?” Midoriya said, instinctively. But then Shiragaki actually slumped, and it was so cute that he caved. He heaved a big sigh, “Alright fine, let me put my book-”

He was on his back in an instant, Shiragaki hovering over him as he licked his lips. Those red eyes shined and Midoriya shuddered at the thought of being under the mercy of his heated gaze. He raised his hand up to his shoulders, a gentle request that the man leaned back for, and the younger man took a deep breath, trying to steady his heart.

“Just… Be gentle, please.”

And wow. A gentle Shiragaki was something that made his heart hammer.

### **Hospital Visit - More Time**

“Has… something changed recently?”

Yes, Midoriya didn’t say, I get dicked down every two days for several hours straight. Twice if I try.

Instead he shrugged and said, “I… got a girlfriend.” Like, eighteen of them, actually. They’re on rotation, but he figured that the good doctor could live without some knowledge of his life. “We’re... uhm…” his face turned bright red and the doctor gave a hearty chuckle.

“I understand,” he said. “And I’ll keep it a secret from your mother. But, don’t forget to use protection and get checked regularly.”

Midoriya’s face burned in response.

“...But, I think it’s doing you a lot of good,” the doctor continued. “Your vitals are great. Your average temperature is at an all-time low. I think she’s the one.”

Midoriya’s heart warmed at the thought of that. Before he paused.

Which one?

The words spun around his head, even after he left. Was it because his recent rise in population made his life entertaining? Was it because his heart was pounding for different reasons? Was it because all the blood in him was rushing somewhere else?

He feels like the main character in a harem manga or something. He was some plain dude with all these deliriously handsome and powerful men coming for him, and now was the time where he had to make a choice about which one is the Right One or whatever.

### **Chisaki the Liar - Being Busy**

“I thought you were too busy to meet up,” Midoriya said as Chisaki climbed into his window.

“I lied,” the man said, like he didn’t break several different traffic laws to get here.

The young man sighed back, leaning back in his chair as he made a face.

“Take off your shoes, that’s gross. You’re in my room.”

“It’s dirty enough,” Chisaki said, pointedly staring at his All Might posters.

“You’re rude and a liar,” Midoriya amended, crossing his arms over his chest, “No one is going to marry you.”

The older man snorted back, but he stayed in the windowsill, making careful certainty so that he didn’t enter the room. He carefully balanced himself so that he was squatting, barely managing to fit in where he was. His free hand was grabbing the top of the windowsill as an extra precaution, and his free hand resting on his knee.

With the way they were acting, no one would probably believe that this was the first time that Chisaki came in through his window like this.

“I’m a villain,” he said, even though he remained perched. “It’s what I do.”

Golden eyes found soft green eyes, and he pulled the black face mask so that it bunched under his chin, He reached out for the young man, and flashed him a handsome smile.

“And men can’t get married in Japan anyways,” he said.

This fucking disease is the reason why his heart is thundering in his chest, Midoriya was certain. But still, he got up and wandered into Chisaki’s embrace, tilting his head so the older man could taste his minty-fresh breath.

“You got the mouthwash,” Chisaki noted, trace evidence of joy in his voice as he rested his forehead against the crook of his neck. The young man, as always, was like a small furnace, and today, smelled like fresh laundry.

“I gotta keep clean to stay clean,” Midoriya shrugged back. He leaned back and winked at him, “Never know when a villain will come crawling into my room, after all.”

“Stop talking,” Chisaki replied back, pulling him back by the waist and kissing him again. The young man never got used to the way people manhandled him, and flailed so that his hands were pressed right against Chisaki’s chest, even if he would never push this man away. His pressed shirts were expensive to the touch, and the slight smell of gunpowder told him all he needed to know. “You would be perfect if it wasn’t for that mouth.”

“Funny, I could say the same about you,” Midoriya retorted dryly. He pressed a kiss to Chisaki’s neck, and adored the slight shiver the man gave. “But I’m tired.”

With a smile like a saint, he pushed Chisaki out the window, and watched the look of shock on his face before he caught himself and landed after Overhauling the side of his building to land on. The look that he shot him sent goosebumps down his spine, so he waved back as sweetly as he could.

If a four-story drop was enough to do Chisaki in, he would have died a long time ago. That was the life of a villain, after all. In about a week, he knew that the older man would come back and he would regret this, but right now, he just sent Chisaki a loving text.

>> Get home safe.

The look that Chisaki sent his way was scalding. If looks could kill, he’s certain that he would have died then and there three times over. As it was, Chisaki returned his apartment home to look how it used to and stalked over to where his car presumably was. Midoriya pulled the curtain closed.

Down below, Chisaki cursed him out in his head for a long amount of time. In fact, he probably would have kept cursing him out, for at least a week, at least until he got back to the car.

“Let’s go,” he said as he climbed in.

“Yes sir,” Kurono said as he pulled off. He looked at the rearview mirror twice within three seconds, and Chisaki scowled.

“What is it?”

“No, it’s nothing-”

“I’m not in the mood for this, Hari. Speak freely when we’re alone.”

There was another brief second, and the man made a turn.

“...You came back sooner than I thought, so I was worried that Izuku-kun was sleeping. I’m glad to know that you met up with him.”

“Really?” Chisaki asked, almost deadpanned. A ghost of a smile graced Kurono’s face.

“Yes, you look happy.”

Chisaki froze, like someone had abruptly pulled the cable out of his brain and he scoffed.

“Preposterous,” he eventually gritted out. “He pushed me out the fucking window.”

Kurono choked on his breath. Hah, serves him right. Still, Kurono’s eyes met his in the rearview mirror and his eyes focused back onto his window.

Him? Chisaki Kai? Happy even though he was pushed out a window? By this ungrateful ingrate, no less. It was unlikely and it was impossible, and Chisaki settled back into his seat, already thinking of ways to get back at the kid when he saw him next week.

-

He closed the curtains, and pulled out the pills in his drawer. Missing the pill time by a few minutes wasn’t a problem, but he was supposed to eat it an hour ago. Since Chisaki blew him off, he figured that he could take a nap instead, but ended up sleeping through his alarm. By the time he got up, he was sweating profusely. He took a shower, feeling mildly better after 15 minutes of standing underneath the coldest spray, and he figured he’d just go to bed.

Right when he reached for his pills, Chisaki appeared.

Now, his heart rate and his temperature is all over the place. Does he take two? Is this bad? It’s higher than normal, but he doesn’t know if it’s because he can still the ghost of Chisaki’s arm wrapped around his waist with startling clarity or because he was dying.

It was just a kiss, but his knees were weak.

### **Accumulation**

The fever accumulates regardless. No matter how hard he can try to keep his temperature low, his heart rate even, and his lifestyle in check, it will always come for him. It still accumulates.

Even though the Consuming doesn’t try to boil him alive or anything, he still gets fevers and feverish on the regular. He honestly doesn’t think he’s ever gone longer than two weeks without getting a fever for a day or so.

And by fever, he means something that puts him in bed.

## Price of Five Years

### **Hospital visit - Price for Five Years**

On occasion, Midoriya Izuku thinks that he is so incredibly blessed that he was born to a woman that can still manage to cry for him. He doesn’t understand how she could still have all the hope in the world every year when they come in for his annual appointment.

“...Midoriya-san, your son, Izuku…” the doctor hesitated for a second before his face turned impassive. He was a professional, through and through, and even though it may be cold, Izuku thinks that it’s probably the hardest for this man, especially after all the time he had spent on his case. “...It's amazing that he even lived to 15. Most people with The Consuming never make it to ten."

While he was still reeling from that shock, his mother began to sob profusely. She sat, holding a tissue to her mouth as she bowed forward.

He… He didn’t want to do this to her. But perhaps, if she just cried and cried now, when he did die, she won’t have any tears left. And instead, she’ll be able to laugh without the weight of her dying son on her.

He hopes that she can find someone else to love. Someone that would actually be with her through the thick and thin. And maybe they can have real children who are healthy and normal. Or perhaps, she could get a dog or something instead. And she could forget about him and move on with her life.

And as he hopes that, he thinks the kindest thing to do would be to disappear. He doesn't want to leave anything behind, no photos or videos. He wanted to get rid of all his clothes and donate away all his old toys and posters.

At any given moment, he could drop dead. The next fever that takes him could be the last one. He was a walking bomb and as fragile as a house of cards.

"But there… there has been a recent breakthrough," the man said, voice low and slow. The Midoriya’s practically grew up with this man, and they have never heard him say something like this, or get this uncertain gleam in his eyes. "There are these… support tools that can help balance out the Consuming. Having one of these could give you, especially since your levels have been so low these days, at least five years."

The doctor spoke slowly. Next to him, his mother straightened. A determined light appeared in her eyes. Midoriya felt his breath quicken, his heart trembling a little and he wondered, if at all possible, he could start hoping again.

And then the doctor told them the price.

-

Midoriya Izuku got another job. It will be worth it, he swore to himself. He had people he liked seeing, who liked seeing him. School was becoming bearable. He was approached to have a future and his grades are good enough for university.

And who knows after five years, maybe it'll be a device for 10 years!

It wasn't a dream anymore.

“Izuku, I just don’t want you to work too hard,” his mother said.

“Mom, I think I should be telling you that. At least I have days off. Let’s… Let’s keep Sunday for us, okay? Just us.”

She stares at him, and nods.

He’s such a lucky, lucky boy. Did she know that? There were plenty of kids in the world who weren’t as lucky as him.

### **Pineapple**

“I don’t like pineapple,’ Shiragaki scowled back, “Stop giving me pineapple. Why are you always giving me the pineapple.”

“Your cum tastes better when you eat pineapples,” Midoriya replied back without missing a beat, and ignored Spinner choking in his shock as he kept going, “And since you’re always cumming down my throat anyways, I figured I’ll make it as enjoyable as possible for myself.”

Sympathetically, Magne rubbed Spinner’s back as the gecko-man wheezed.

“Why do I care about what you enjoy?” Shiragaki scowled back, “Either way, you’re always begging for more. If it bothers you so much, I’ll just cum in your ass.”

Midoriya sighed back, “Honestly, what am I going to do with you. No one is ever going to love you after I leave. And if they do, at least have the decency to make your cum taste nice."

The ashen-haired man shrugged back, “Whatever. Like I give a shit.”

But, and everyone saw this, he did eat all of the pineapples.

### **Heartbeat - AiDeku**

Everytime his heart beats, essentially, it means that he’s closer to death.

With Aizawa’s hands cupping his face, slanting their lips together like he was starving for this, Midoriya thinks that he’ll be content even if his heart were to come beating out of his chest.

“You’re hot,” Aizawa said as he pulled away.

Midoriya’s arms wrapped around his neck and pulled him back in, “Thanks,” he said, “I get that a lot.”

The smaller man felt him scowl against his lips and opened his mouth to let him in. The hands at his hips flexed hard, as though he didn’t know if he wanted to pull or push Midoriya, so Midoriya made the decision for both of them. He rolled his hips even closer, giving a breathless chuckle as the heat flared through his chest and Aizawa growled against him.

His hands tightened hard against his hips and pulled him closer. Chest-to-chest, Midoriya wondered if Aizawa could feel his heartbeat thundering away.

The older man rolled his hips, grinding right against Midoriya and all semblance of thought ran from his mind. He gave a quiet keen, and pulled his face away to cover his mouth in an attempt to stop the sound.

Aizawa’s lips trailed to his neck, his hips never stuttering from their constant, slow grinds and Midoriya couldn’t stop the soft sounds from escaping.

“What’s the matter?” Aizawa muttered, lips trailing the side of his neck to his ear. He gave a playful nibble, and there was no way for Midoriya to stop the full-body shudder that ran down his body. “Didn’t you want this?” he asked, his voice sugary sweet even though they both knew he won. “Let me hear you.”

“E-Eraserhead-san...,” he whispered out quietly, biting his lips hard to keep from moaning obscenely loudly, and the older man pinched his hips to make him squeal. “E-Eraserhead-please-”

“Hm?”

He stopped completely, leaning back with a cruel smile on his face. His eyes seemed to darken further at the sight of the flushed and panting Midroiya on his chest, watching as his chest heaved and he squirmed desperately to get more friction again.

“You’re right,” he said, licking his lips like he wanted go eat him alive, “We shouldn’t do this something like before our fourth date.”

Midoriya’s eyes widened comically as he snapped out of his desire-driven fever to openly gape at the older man.

Aizawa leaned in and placed a chaste kiss against his lip. His lips lingered against his, but he pulled back completely when Midoriya tried to get more.

“Ah, now, now, there’s no need to be impatient.”

“Y-You devil...” Midoriya gasped, and the hands on his hips anchored him to his lap. “You cruel man...” He squirmed a little, and to a Pro-Hero like Aizawa, he might as well have been a clawless kitten trying to escape his grasp. “Demon.”

“Yeah,” Aizawa said, smug smile on his face even though they were both painfully hard. “I get that a lot.”

At that, the older man shoved Midoriya off of him and the younger man fell limp on the couch. He turned to bury his head in the cushions and groaned loudly.

"I'm so hard it hurts," he whined loudly. "If only someone could save me from this!"

Aizawa had the audacity to lean over to kiss him on the cheek, "Isn't that good? You like pain, don't you?"

"I like pain, not suffering." the younger man pouted back, putting his hand to his eyes and began to fake sob, "Boo hoo, the great hero Eraserhead won't come and save me."

"Wow, what an asshole," Aizawa dead-panned back. "You want pizza?"

Midoriya turned back flat on his back, eyes shining and previous dilemma forgotten, "You mean it? Pizza? Stuffed crust? Unlimited toppings?"

"...Keep it to three."

"Cinnamon sticks? Cheese sticks? Garlic knots?"

The man frowned even more, and his eyes dropped to the thin body underneath the baggy t-shirt.

"Can you even eat that much?"

"I'll be back to finish it," Midoriya said.

The older man hesitated at that, as though he didn't expect him to mention a next time so easily. He dropped his eyes, and in his silence, Midoriya reached out to tug on his shirt. It was a little gesture, but more so than their intense make-out session just minutes before, this is what made his heart hammer.

"Pizzaaaaaaa," he drawled out, as annoyingly as he could and effectively destroyed whatever tender feelings he had.

"Then you'll complain about eating the same thing all the time," Aizawa scowled back, remembering himself.

Midoriya opened his mouth to retort with another dumb whine that Aizawa was more than prepared to kiss into silence, when his phone suddenly went off. It was an obnoxious, wailing kind of alarm, and the young man shot up and off the couch to get it. Aizawa frowned as the light faded from the young man's eyes and he took a deep breath through his nose.

"Ah, I have to take a rain check on the pizza," he said as he pocketed the phone.

"...Something come up?"

"Yeah, I gotta get home and watch the next episode of Psychometric Man."

"...What?"

The young man spun back around, eyes widening as he raised his hands to the front of his mouth.

"Oh my god, you don't know Psychometric Man? It's the funniest kdrama ever!"

"...And you're going to ditch me and pizza for a kdrama that you can illegally stream at any time on any day."

Midoriya laughed as he stood up. He grabbed his jacket from the ground, pulling it on before he reached to grab his bag. Aizawa's hand twitched, and he slowly got to his feet. He would be lying if he said he wasn't disappointed. He was going to try and make Midoriya spend the night, possibly break the final wall between them and slowly take him apart all night.

Despite how he acted, he had plans.

"I'm so glad you understand," he said, laughing like sunshine.

The older man glowered at him and Midoroya wanted to lean in and press a kiss against that frown, but their height difference was too much and Aizawa's wide-collared shirt wouldn't be much help. So, he got up to his tip toes, and pressed a kiss where he could, right at his clavicle. He didn't respond in the slightest to the peak, aside from narrowing his eyes even more.

"Tease."

"You stopped," Midoriya said, winking. "Not me."

"Where are you heading? I can walk you halfway," he said, grabbing his capture scarves and his goggles off the table.

"Eeehhh? You mean, the great underground Hero Eraserhead is going to show favoritism and walk lil' ol' me all the way home? What if rumors start kicking up! Or if someone else gets hurt while I'm taken hostage?" He said, eyes shining, "How could I ever let you risk your career-"

"You're right," Aizawa snapped back, "Get out."

It came out much harsher than he wanted. He only realized that too late, when Midoriya's fingers tightened on his bag, eyes widening by a fraction, before he gave a smaller smile.

Augh, he just had to kick the puppy.

Midoriya turned for the door, slipping on his gaudy red sneakers, but right when his hand grabbed the doorknob, Aizawa managed to get the words out of his mouth.

"...Give me your number. Maybe we can plan this better next time," he said. It wasn't quite an apology, but it brought the shine back into his eyes.

"I don't have a phone," Midoriya said, like he always did.

"You literally just answered your phone in front of me."

"Bye Eraserhead!"

### **ShiraIzu - Kuro’s Bar**

While, in hindsight, he knew that they were much closer than he ever thought Shiragaki was capable of doing, that didn’t mean he ever thought that the purity of his bar would ever be threatened. And to think, there would be a time when he thought his bar was pure.

As it was, he mourned the loss of her innocence when he walked into Shiragaki pinning Midoriya’s chest onto the bar as he grinded up against him from behind. He had leaned over to bite down on his neck hard enough that the younger man cried out, a break from the steady whines and heavy panting. Midoriya’s shirt was bunched up under his pit, showcasing his heaving ribcage and all the red marks littering his pale skin.

“Shi-Shiraga-”

“Fucking shit.”

Shiragaki’s hands trailed to their waists and Kurogiri coughed into his hand.

Midoriya turned to stone in his surprise as Shiragaki scowled back at him. The sound must have snapped him out of his stupor, because then he hissed out, “Kurogiri-san?”

“Wait your fucking turn,” he growled out to the older man as he gripped down on Midoriya’s hips, “Stop squirming.”

“Whoa, whoa, wait, If you’re we’re all doing this can we move to like the couch or something,” Midoriya responded, moving his hand back to touch the man’s arm. Shiragaki replied by grabbing his wrist and biting down onto the forearm, sucking obscenely loudly and Midoriya let out a high-pitch whine.

Kurogiri, if he didn’t feel uncomfortable before, definitely felt uncomfortable about what he felt now.

“You fucking slut,” Shiragaki rasped out before his eyes turned to Kurogiri. “You in?”

And well, he was a villain. Ruining pure things was just what he did.

He pulled at his bowtie and ignored Shiragaki’s smug grin.

### **Twice Stopped Smoking**

“...You don’t smell like cigarettes anymore!” Midoriya suddenly blurted out.

Twice looked down to the young man in his hold, and mentally debated whether or not he should pause the movie. It was always hard to start focusing on the movie once he realized how close they were to each other, but Twice also really liked this movie.

“...Yeah?”

The green-haired man tilted his head up to look at him, a big smile stretching across his face.

“I thought something about you was different, but I’m glad I figured it out. Why’d you decide to stop smoking?”

Because you don’t like it, Twice almost said.

“It clings to everything, and I got sick of it,” he replied back instead. He quickly used the excuse that he had been rehearsing with Toga recently. “The guy at the convenience store changed their brands.”

"Oh. So you just quit entirely?"

"Yeah."

They weren't normally like this. They were much more comfortable and simple. It was like freshly baked chocolate chip cookies. They were warm and sweet, and reminiscent of a childhood he never had. Midoriya leaned against his shoulder, because he belonged there, and Twice curled just a little more around him.

They continued to watch the film, but it was getting progressively harder as one of Midoriya’s fingers started to draw circles on his thigh. He inched higher and higher onto his thigh, getting dangerously close to break Twice’s fraying attention.

"Then, if I cling too much, will you get sick of me, too?"

Twice’s heart pulsed as he squeezed his shoulder. His other hand came to grab the hand on his thigh and waited for Midoriya to turn his head before kissing him senseless. The angle probably hurt his neck, if the way his fingers were digging into his thigh was any indication, but Twice pushed in more instead.

Midoriya nipped his tongue, and he jerked backwards. He licked his lips, there was no blood, but it was surprising and unexpected. Looking at confused green eyes, he grinned back

“Nah,” the blond said, answering the previous question, “I don’t think I could.”

His eyes shined back, and since Twice never really had a place to call his own, he didn’t really get it until this moment. Midoriya twisted out of his grip and leaned in for another kiss, just as filthy as before with less neck pain. He leaned in more, moving his small hands to come up his arms and squeeze his biceps.

When Twice ended up on his back, Midoriya licking his lips as he looked down at him, he thought that he might not find a place to call his own, but he had this. He had Midoriya’s giggling lips against his, he had their hands traveling to places they’ve been before and will explore again, and with the whole world in his hands, he knew.

This was more than enough.

### **Together - Dabi**

“Okay,” Midoriya said, stepping closer, “I think I get it now.”

“You don’t,” Dabi whispered back,”You really fucking don’t.”

“...Okay, maybe not everything,” he said, but he reached out to grab Dabi’s hand.

He winced when the flames danced around his skin, and his heart rate seemed to double, but that was alright. There was something a little more important than his comfort right now.

“But, pretty much, you’ve been alone this whole time, right? And you didn’t ever have anyone to stand next to you longer than the mission or whatever, right?” Midoriya regained his confidence when the fire died out and he wrapped his fingers around two of Dabi’s. He took a step closer, and with less than a foot between them, thought that if he died, it’ll be instantaneous. “Okay, that’s fine. Let’s go.”

Blue eyes slid up to meet his. Midoriya didn’t know how to describe that expression as anything other than a plea to be saved.

“...You saying you want to die with me? Right now? To just, let my fire go? It’ll be painful. I would know.”

His heart thundered in his chest, his mind swam a little. He’s probably dying, but that’s fine because he might die right now.

Midoriya nodded, “If it's you, I don't mind."

If the fever didn’t take him, the heat in Dabi’s eyes would. He watched that fire, that passion, and a will to do something ignite in Dabi’s eyes, and the blue of his eyes shined brighter than any star in the sky. Dabi’s hand turned over to properly interlock theirs together. Palm to palm, Midoriya is faced with the reality that his hand is much bigger than he thought.

If he were to be consumed by < heat >, then at the very least, he would rather it be Dabi’s.

“Too bad for you,” Dabi said, his smile looking painful like a worn toy from a broken toy box, “I won’t give you that satisfaction.”

-

“Yeah,” Dabi agreed, running his fingers through Deku’s hair, “ I guess I have lost my fucking mind.”

The young man leaned into the touch with a derpy smile, and for a second, Dabi looked like he didn’t know if he was going to cry or laugh.

As though remembering who else was in the room, his eyes turned to Shigaraki’s figure at the door.

“You come for him, I’ll come for you,” he solemnly swore.

For the person who, after tasting his flames first-hand, still leaned into his touch subconsciously, Dabi thought that he could do anything.

“Shigaraki, I’m not loyal to you or your cause,” he repeated to him, reminding him of his words from when they first met.

Deku gave a soft mumble, his eyebrows furrowing before relaxing, and Dabi tensed next to him. He watched critically, as the young man mumbled this and that before shifting. His body curled around the place where Dabi sat, before he fell back asleep.

He was loyal to one thing and one thing only, Dabi told himself.

## The Worst Make-Up That'll Never Make

### **Midoriya Inko**

Like the whole world was mocking him, Midoriya Izuku found himself at the hospital within the year, feeling as though the whole world was crashing down around him.

His mom, who had been taking way too many opportunities to make more money, had collapsed from overwork. Then, a car ran a red light and she was too tired to react in time and it resulted in a head-on collision. And, while running tests, found a small tumor. Right now, she was in a medically induced coma.

Since they found it early, they could remove it. The surgery will not be life threatening. Leaving the tumor will exponentially decrease their chances of success.

They could remove it, they could ensure his mother's good health and comfort, they could do the surgery and all the proper after-care necessities and hospital stay, all at the godawful price of all of their savings.

Izuku breathed a sigh of relief to know that they could pay for it without completely ruining their lives and racking up a debt. And then, he thought about the money, what it was meant for and hoped that his mother would forgive him.

Legally, he is the only person who can make any decisions. His father wasn’t in the country. It was written in his mother's will.

He signed the paper.

He might have weeks, but she could have years. It might be the right thing to do, since the child should bury their parent and not the other way around, but he couldn’t. He didn’t want that.

He spent his whole life thinking that he would leave early. He didn’t ever consider the idea that he would be left instead.

There were a lot of stories online that detailed why people broke up. Midoriya is certain that as long as he follows these, he'll be single and lonely within the year. Then, all he needed to do, all he could do, was wait for the fever to consume him and he would die.

The end.

His entire existence was defined by this disease, from beginning to end. His whole life is just one giant struggle with an inevitable end. Everything about him led back to how tragic it was. How short. How pitiful.

And that's fine. He doesn't even remember why he wanted to fight it so hard to begin with when he was fine with this now. Everyone dies, it's a fact of life, but as someone who dies pitifully, he stands on the little mound of his life with one realization.

He needed to say goodbye.

If, and he shuddered at the thought, the people he knew started to act the way Bakugo does, he doesn't want to spend any time with them at all. He would much rather find some place far away, to die somewhere no one knew him, where he would be a regular nameless body and not some tragic damsel who was waiting for death.

But how? How would he set fire to all of his current relationships in order to make sure that they'll move on and forget about him?

He is certain that if anyone could do it, if anyone could royally piss off and get thrown away by every single person here, it would be him.

Worthless, quirkless, useless, weak and stupid Deku.

### **ChisaMido - Break-up**

“Is the food unsatisfactory?”

“Uh, what?”

Midoriya forgot himself and blinked back at Chisaki. Then, his eyes fell to the ramen in front of him.

They were both way over-dressed to be at some quiet ramen stand, but they were tucked away into one of the furthest booths away from everything else, and they’re here often enough like this that the store owner knows their personalized favorites. It was one of the only places that was out of the way enough that they don’t have to worry about being recognized, and still open at two am when Midoriya finally finished with his shift.

“The food,” Chisaki said, his face-mask already back up on his face as he stared at the young man impassively, “is it unsatisfactory?”

Midoriya blinked back, confused on why Chisaki would ever ask that because Midoriya fucking loves this place and the ramen here, but then thinks about how Chisaki had his mouth covered again. His eyes flit down to Chisaki’s almost empty bowl. The only thing that remained was the saltiest parts of the soup and his double order of chashu that Midoriya steals from him so often that he ended up always getting more.

Oh.

He looked at his bowl, it was still nearly full.

His stomach growled, because he was hungry. He picked up his chopsticks and ate some of the noodles. It was a little overcooked, just from how long Midoriya had left it out, but eating it, it was still as delicious as he remembered. He chewed and swallowed and moaned obscenely.

“So good,” he said with his mouthful and the resulting spray had his companion leaning back in disgust.

“Don’t talk and eat,” he shot back.

But those piercing yellow eyes didn’t leave his figure, and Midoriya rolled his eyes. He swallowed everything, for Chisaki’s sake, before speaking again.

“Whatcha going to do about it?” he asked, a smile on his lips.

“Never take you out again,” he replied back.

The green-haired man, out of habit, whined back loudly.

“I can’t lose my sugar daddy that easily. How will I ever get my fix?” he asked, shaking the bowl in his hands.

“Don’t call me that,” Chisaki hissed back, even though his cheeks darkened a little and Midoriya cackled. He leaned in to eat more, and the more he ate, the hungrier he got.

Within minutes, he finished the entire bowl and gave a big grin.

He could already feel his sodium intake skyrocketing and ruining his system, but that was okay. This was going to be the last time anyways.

He gave a small smile at the bowl and then looked up at Chisaki.

“But yeah, you’re right,” he said. “...We should stop this.”

“You’re going to say that before the check comes out?” Chisaki arched an eyebrow at him. Midoriya was glad that his facemask was on, if only so he doesn’t have to see that infuriatingly handsome face.

“...I can’t pay,” Midoriya replied back, “I work for my money. And it all goes to my drugs. I don’t have anything to spare to you.”

“Maybe you should stop taking those drugs then,” Chisaki replied back coldly. His eyes were narrowed, and when he wanted to respond back the way he wanted to, the way he was expecting to be answered, he stopped instead.

He shrugged, hoping his bravado wouldn’t fail him and Chisaki wouldn’t realize that his hands were shaking, “...Exactly, we’re just too different. And between you and my drugs, I choose drugs. So let’s just end this already. I’m sick of hearing you talk about my addiction-”

Chisaki’s hand slammed onto the table, silencing him in an instant. He had seen Chisaki lose his temper twice, and both of those times were because of Eri. With Eri not nearby, and Chisaki in a seemingly good mood when he came to pick him up earlier than evening, he had no idea what caused the man’s mood to shift.

“Bullshit,” he growled out, “You never cared about that before.”

Yeah, Midoriya thought to himself. He didn’t care before. He thought that it was okay if he played with people who were morally ambiguous because he never cared about them and he knew that they would never care about him. But that wasn’t the case anymore.

He cared now.

“This fucking thing we have between the two of us,” he said, and Midoriya suddenly realized that Chisaki had slammed several bills to the table, before he reached to grab Midoriya by his collar. With a strength that Midoriya always forgot he had, he hefted him out of his chair and yanked him up, “you may have started it but I’m not going to let you end it.”

“W-What-”

Chisaki cut the man off by dragging him out of the restaurant. He threw the nervous looking chef a nod, despite the way Midoriya was pulled at his hand and trying to dig his heels into the ground. The young man looked at him desperately for help, but the chef refused to meet his eyes. Traitor.

“Chisaki-what the fu-”

Midoriya felt his heartbeat heighten, and he hissed as the pain laced through his entire chest. The sodium must be messing with him a lot more than he previously anticipated. He felt the heat shimmer at his chest and rise, as though intending to suffocate him from the inside. All other thoughts escaped him though, as he was thrown into the backseat of a very nice and expensive car.

The black leather seats were cool to the touch, and he was mildly impressed that Chisaki could throw his ass so far into the backseat without knocking his head onto anything other than the car door. The older man climbed in between his legs, pulled down his mask and uncaring about anything else, kissed him.

Midoriya felt his heart thundering in his chest, he grabbed the man by the shoulders in a futile attempt to push him off. With a single hand, Chisaki grabbed both of his wrists and pinned them against his chest while he pinned him to the car seat with his oppressive weight. His other hand grabbed his chin and pinched hard to open his mouth. To think that, that germaphobe Chisaki would force his way into his mouth after dinner without either of them brushing their teeth.

“You can’t leave me,” Chisaki said, once he broke the kiss. He panted hard, and Midoriya didn’t know if he was feeling lightheaded because of the fever or the lack of oxygen. “I won’t let you.”

It should have come off as possessive and creepy, and it should have frightened him. However, looking at the expression on Chisaki’s face, Midoriya doesn’t think that’s the case at all.

“...I’m sorry,” Midoriya whispered back, truly meaning it.

"There's a thousand things you should apologize for," he replied, "Apologize for one of those instead. Not this. Don't…"

"Chisaki-san," Midoriya said, voice quiet. "I'm sorry."

The older man leaned back, exited the car and closed the door. Midoriya laid on his back of the car seat, trying to calm his heart rate before everyone realized that it was breaking.

### **DabDek - Breakup**

“Ah, that’s right,” Midoriya said, keeping his cheer up as he stood in front of Dabi.

The older man looked down at him, his lips curled up into an amused smile, and Midoriya almost felt bad that he was going to ruin his good mood.

“This is the last time, so just this time, I’ll buy you ice cream. What flavor do you-”

For a guy who’s quirk was to cremate, the air around him always dipped to frigid temperatures. The young man suppressed the cold feeling running down his spine as Dabi’s hand came up to grab the young man’s chin.

“What did you just say?”

Midoriya tried to pull himself out of the grip, but Dabi wasn’t having it. He shoved the man into the closest alleyway, walking him backwards to a part of the alleyway where the streetlights wouldn’t reach. He hadn’t activated his quirk (yet), but his eyes seemed to glow.

“Repeat that for me,” he said, voice deceivingly calm.

If Midoriya didn’t know who this man was, this would have been a terrifying moment. However, he did know. He knew what to look for, and it wasn’t the angle of his frown or the cold look in his eyes. It was in the way that his temperature wasn’t rising, and Midoriya wasn’t on fire. If Dabi was really upset, then he would be a pile of ash.

Midoriya took a deep breath, and calmed himself down.

“Well, I was going to offer to buy you some ice cream, but since you keep cutting me off, maybe I won’t.”

“No, before that,” Dabi said. The grip on his chin and arm was bruising. “What was that about the ‘last time’?”

“Sounds like you heard me perfectly,” the young man said, meeting his gaze evenly. “I’m buying you ice cream since this is the last time we’ll meet.”

Dabi jaw, as well as his grip, turned slack. He took a step back, and for a brief moment, looked like he had been slapped.

Midoriya, pushing his hands away, dusted himself off.

“C’mon, let’s go. The Gari-Gari bars aren’t going to be there-”

Dabi’s hand grabbed him by the back of his shirt and yanked him backwards. The young man yelped as he shoved him against the wall (again). With one hand on the front of his chest, pushing him back into the wall, and the other hand burning next to his head, Dabi bent down to scowl at him.

“What the fuck do you mean the last time? You don’t decide when this ends, I do. You don’t… You can’t-”

“Dabi.”

Midoriya’s hands came up. One hand on the one pinning him back and the other hand on the hand with a fire going next to his head. It said a lot about his nerves that he could do this so calmly, but it meant even more when Dabi’s fire extinguished right when Midoriya’s hand came close to it.

“That’s bad for your stitches,” he chided gently, like he always did. “You know I’ll answer your questions, so come on, ask away.”

“Why?”

“Because I want to.”

“But why-”

“I thought that the least I could do was tell you that I’m not going to meet up with you anymore, than to just disappear-”

“But why are you disappearing?”

Dabi’s voice broke, and the man jerked away, as though it hurt him. The young man opened his mouth, ready to say something, ready to take it all back, before he shook his head instead.

“I can’t keep doing this anymore. Goodbye, Dabi.”

Understanding that this was the end of their interaction. Midoriya stepped away from him and towards the mouth of the alleyway. In his shock and surprise, Dabi didn’t follow him or even look at him, missing the final stare that Midoriya gave him. If he had looked up, he would have known for certain that Midoriya didn’t want this either, but Dabi was stuck.

He couldn’t fathom that Midoriya would leave him too, and until this moment, didn’t realize that he would.

### **True Feelings - KatsuDeku**

“Of course I do!” Midoriya snapped back, feeling everything boil over all at once, “Of course I want to graduate and get a job and stress over bad managers and shitty deadlines! Of course I want to see you become a hero and climb the rankings!”

His voice seemed even louder since the world was so quiet and still around them, and the young man choked back on a sob as everything that he ever kept so tightly under control came exploding out, like a dam that finally broke under pressure.

“I want to see Eri grow up! I want to see the next episode of the animes I love! I want to know what’s going to replace the strip mall I grew up buying All Might Figurines from! I want to climb to Mt Fuji and backpack through Europe and swim in the Carribbeans! I want to eat until my stomach hurts and I want to- I want to live!”

He gave a shuddery gasp, rubbing at his eyes as the anger left and the disparity of the situation came flooding in.

“But that’s not for me,” he said. “Kacchan, it’s fine,” he stressed out, “I’m okay with this. My story ends here. It won’t intersect with yours anymore. So just, just throw me away and go away. Please. Just forget me and leave.”

Bakugo stared at him for a long moment, probably thinking the same things that he and his mom had thought since he was born.

“No way.”

“What? Kacchan-”

“There’s… tools, right? Support tools that can… help with the Consuming.”

“Kacchan, those things are fucking expensive. Even if I were to work myself to death for the rest of my life, I won’t be able to pay for it, you know? And I don’t want to put my mom into that-”

“I’ll pay for it. I’m going to become the fucking best hero out there one day,” Bakugo said, his voice almost breaking and tears welling in his eyes. “And I’ll pay off all your debt and buy you all those fucking tools. So you just need to survive until then-”

“Kacchan, you fucking dumbass! I’d rather die than rely on you for the rest of my life!”

“And what? Leave your mom like your dad left her?!”

“Don’t bring her into this, you fucking shithead!”

“Hey! Who the fuck is yelling in a hospital!?”

And just like that, the UA student and a sickly boy ended up being taken by security.

-

“Bakugo, I can’t believe you…”

Aizawa, pissed off that he was called in at all because of his student causing a ruckus in the hospital, felt all the frustrations desert him as his eyes fell onto Midoriya. Likewise, the young green-haired man’s eyes got comically wide as he took in the sight of the man in front of him.

“...You have got to be kidding me,” he said, narrowing his eyes.

“Your homeroom teacher,” Midoriya said, turning to Bakugo, “is Eraserhead? Oh my god, Kacchan, your homeroom teacher is Eraserhead-"

"Shut up, nerd."

“Pleasure to finally meet you… Midoriya-kun.”

The young man’s eye twitched in response. He leaned backwards, looking awkward.

“Now, then, what is it that you’re fighting about?”

### **Cura**

He could, in theory, split his fever with so many people that they become his new <support tools>. It wasn’t something that a lot of people tried, because the Consuming would eventually rot away at the other person.

It would result with two people dying with relatively short lives instead of one person dying before hitting adulthood.

But, Midoriya thought, could he really sentence someone to suffer through the Consuming with him? Yes, he could split the fever for them and it’ll be like a normal fever for them, but no one could say that for certain, could they? Would it be a fever for them? Would it give them something worse than the Consuming Fever he got? Even though the idea was that he would just keep doing what he was doing, which was sleeping around with a bunch of people and somehow accidentally splitting the fever with them, and the constant splitting would result with minimal pain for everyone involved but…

But it just sounded too good to be true. There was no way his life could ever turn out and line up so perfectly like that. He just… couldn’t believe it.

And he didn’t like thinking of his friends and the people he spent all this intimate time with as a means to an end. He slept around and had sex with them because he wanted to. It felt good, not just physically and intimately, but emotionally as well. In another world, in another time, this could be called love, but right now, Midoriya was just satisfied with their comfort.

He… he didn’t know what to do.

### **Chisaki Finds Out**

He woke up in a room he’s never seen before. The walls were white, and he can see that it was painted white overtop of bricks, and the floor was metal. All in all, it felt more like a prison ward of some sort than a comfortable room.

How did he even end up in this mess? He gave a deep breath and sat up. There were IV’s attached to him, a heart monitor… no way, this couldn’t be-

“...You have the Consuming.”

Ah fuck.

He turned over to where Chisaki was staring at him. And looking at him, he lost all the words he wanted to say when he saw the state the older man was in. The man looked like he’s seen better days, if he was being honest. He had these dark bags under his golden eyes, like he hasn’t slept in days. His cheekbones looked pronounced, as though he hasn’t eaten in a while, and there was a weight to his shoulders that Midoriya didn’t know how to describe other than exhausted.

“...Chisaki-san, you look like shit.”

The man barked out a laugh, and like all of his laughs, it sounded like broken glass against his ears. However, this one was probably even worse than the other laughs, given how absolutely tired he looked at the moment.

For all the time Midoriya has known this sharply-dressed, dangerously handsome, yakuza man, he has never seen him look so upset and stressed. He’s always so in control of himself, and one of his greatest weapons was his composure. Even when he was enjoying himself or indulging in his desires, he never lost that iron-grip of control over himself.

And of course, when he thinks that he is too ruffled or too injured for the likes, he just Overhauls himself.

“...I’m Chisaki-san now, huh?” he asked quietly.

He was leaning forward in his seat, so that his elbows rested on his knees, and he rubbed his temples with one of his hands.

“No, that’s not important,” he sighed back. “Izuku. Just… Answer me. Do you have the Consuming?”

Midoriya kept his mouth shut.

“I’ll call Nemoto-”

“Yes,” Midoriya spoke up at that. With a Quirk like <Confession>, he knew what he'd say way more than he wanted to, and that’s what he wanted to avoid at all costs. He just wanted to let this die where it was so that he can go die wherever that wasn’t here.

He… He didn’t want Eri to think that someone else died around her. It would be better to be forgotten out of her mind like he had never existed in the first place. He didn’t want to be remembered. He just wanted to disappear, as though he never existed. It would be the best for everyone.

“...How long?” Chisaki croaked out, his voice wrecked. If Midoriya didn’t know any better, he would say that the man was crying, but he didn’t think that a guy like Chisaki was capable of emoting that much.

“...I’ve known since I was 10-”

“How long do you have left?” he clarified.

Midoriya looked at his hands, wringing them together quietly.

“Is this why you suddenly called it all off with me?”

He couldn’t find his voice.

“Fucking christ,” Chisaki said, voice wet, “If you’re just… Just answer me one thing, Izuku.”

Midoriya made the mistake of lifting his eyes to stare into Chisaki’s bloodshot eyes. Even exhausted, the man looked like a dream. Regardless of how inappropriate it must have been, Midoriya wanted to run his fingers through his short hair, lay his head on his lap, and loudly sing a Hero’s Theme Song with Eri.

“Did… Did I ever mean anything to you?”

“...Of course, that’s why I knew we had to break up.”

“Then, you just didn’t trust me?”

“No, I…”

“Why did you think that I wouldn’t want to know? No, that’s a lie. You knew that I would care, that I would try to do something about it, right? That’s why you pulled away. That means, you know that there is something that I can do for you, isn’t there?”

“...I don’t want to-”

Chisaki suddenly got up to his feet, his chair rattling behind him at the force as he surged for Midoriya. He grabbed both of the young man’s wrists into one of his as his other hand grabbed his chin and forced the younger man to look at him.

“Look at me,” he growled out. “Where the fuck did you go when I fucking told you, I told you so many times, that if there is something that you want, just fucking tell me. So tell me, Izuku, what do you want?”

“I…”

Midoriya felt his eyes water. It was right at the tip of his tongue. He could say it. He could break through the years and years of practice he had of saying the opposite, saying that he was fine and indifferent towards the oncoming end.

“Please,” Chisaki said, looking less like Overhaul and more like a desperate man, “I’m begging you, don’t lie to me anymore.”

And Midoriya, understanding that he had dragged this man to this state, fell apart under his pleas and took responsibility. They both knew. Overhaul didn’t work on the Consuming, or he just got the fever as soon as he stopped Overhauling him. Either way, the answer had Chisaki desperate.

“There’s no cure. There are only things that can temporarily offset the fever so I can live a little bit longer.”

“How long.”

“...You know, that’s the thing,” Midoriya gave a watery smile, “The technology should be getting better and better, but there isn’t a push for it as much as there used to be. If I get a support tool, it’ll… It’ll give me another year.”

Chisaki’s eyes widened, his fingers loosened around his chin. He didn’t know if it was because he was surprised or because he was relenting his grip in exchange for the information.

“...I see.”

“..Do you really mean it?” Midoriya asked quietly.

“What? That you can ask anything of me? Of course. Had you just mentioned it, I would have taken care of you for the rest of your life.”

“All three months?”

Chisaki’s head snapped up, and Midoriya laughed back.

“Sorry, I was kidding. It seemed like it would be funny.”

From the look on the older man’s face, it wasn’t funny at all. His eyes narrowed instead. Whatever, he would get used to it. More importantly, Chisaki’s hand was still on his wrist, so he had no doubt that he could feel him trembling.

“Alright, let’s go tell the other idiots that you’ve been in association with.”

“Uh. What?”

Chisaki arched his eyebrow at him, “Come now, you have to have realized that the sudden spike in crime is closely related to when you decided to suddenly withdraw from everyone after you had your fun with them.”

“It’s not… It wasn’t like that-” Midoriya’s attempt to protest was cut off when those dead-tired yellow eyes locked with his instead.

“Ah, sorry. It was just a joke. I thought it would be funny to play on your fraying emotions,” the man replied back, his voice cold as he regarded the young man.

The student opened his mouth, and then closed it.

“That’s rude.”

“Indeed,” the man replied back. “Terrible that anyone would ever do something like that,” he deadpanned.

“...I’m sorry,” Midoriya said, dipping his head forward in an attempt to apologize and show how remorseful he was for trying to make a joke at the time.

“I… I am sick of hearing you apologize.”

“...Then what should I be saying?”

Chisaki narrowed his eyes at him. And the sudden scrutiny made Midoriya drop his eyes in response.

He knew what Chisaki was waiting for, but he couldn't do it.

“...Let’s go,” the yakuza said.

### **LOV -**

Kurono gave Midoriya a long, withering stare.

“I uh… I’m back,” he said, a hesitant smile on his face and a little wave before the man surged forward to collect him in a hug. “Uh.”

He looked to Chisaki, who kept walking to the car like this was a normal occurrence. It wasn't, by the way, unless something has seriously changed in the time he hasn’t been to the compound, but he doubted that. Or maybe he shouldn’t, since Kurono was still hugging him.

“...Kurono-san?” he asked, rubbing his back as best he could with his arms pinned down to his sides.

“Hari,” the man replied back, throaty, “It’s still Hari.”

Oh. “Oh.”

Midoriya wonders if Kurono was having a bad day or something. It had undoubtably been a long time since they had seen each other, but Midoriya really wishes that this man could get a fucking break. Since it seems that he could really use one, all things considered.

Eventually, Kurono did pull away. His face pinched as his eyes raked Midoriya’s features. He squeezed his shoulders once more before he took a full step back.

“My apologies for that inappropriate display-”

“It’s okay, Hari-san,” Midoriya replied back, “I didn’t mind. I… I’m sorry for worrying you.”

From the look on Kurono’s face, it would be better to say that Midoriya just slugged him in the gut or something.

“Let’s go,” Chisaki called from the inside of the car.

-

The warehouse they came to was abandoned.

If Midoriya wasn't intimately familiar with this place, he would think that they brought him here to be gang-banged or killed or both, preferably in that order.

Midoriya walked in with the others, and barely had any time to look around before a shock of blue fire came suddenly out, separating him and the others. He gave a yelp, more surprised than anything and took a step back in his surprise.

In an instant, there were two arms wrapping around him and picking him off the ground, bridal-style. He squeaked, surprised, and threw his arms around the neck of the man who was holding him. He stared, wide-eyed, and Twice’s eyes narrowed through the whites of his mask.

“Hey there, honey,” he said cheerfully, despite how tightly Twice was gripping him.

“...Twice.”

“Yo, you guys, I got him! Let’s bounce! // Kill all of them!”

-

“So why were you with them?”

“Was it because of your drugs? Whatever drugs they got you on, it ain’t worth it! We’ll help you quit, okay?”

“Is this why you went cold turkey on us?! You could have just said something! We could take him and all of them easy!”

“Why didn’t you just say anything?!”

Midoriya stared at all of them, the secret pressing down on his heart, and he wondered when his life and thoughts and anything about him began to have any meaning to anyone that wasn’t his mother. He gave a breathy laugh, and wondered where these people were when he was four and was told that he was going to die before he was 15.

“...There’s something I need to tell you guys,” he said. Although he spoke quietly, they all fell silent in an instant, like he was about to say something important, “It’s why I wanted to cut off all contact with you.”

It was like his voice was a gunshot, and the following silence was deafening. They turned to him, and no one spoke for a moment as they just waited.

He feels bad. He does, he really, really does.

“I… I might not be here this time next year, or actually. I might not even be here next month, to be fair.”

“W-What are you saying?”

Midoriya lifted his hand up to his heart and closed his eyes. “I have a disease called The Consuming. It’s a fever that consumes a person from the inside. It’s not infectious or anything, and it’s something that only happens in Quirkless people. It’s not very well known, since it kills people at a young age.”

He took a deep breath, trying to stay strong and keep his heartrate as close to normal as he could.

“Okay, so what do we have to do?” Shiragaki asked suddenly.

Midoriya’s head snapped up.

“If you were with that fucker,” Dabi said quietly, keeping his eyes away from him and to the wall, “That means that there’s something that he can do for you, right? Why… Why can’t we do it?”

“Yeah,” Toga chipped in, “How come, if you’re dying, you went to him and not us?”

Ah, Midoriya thought, they weren’t even shocked that he’s dying. They’re more upset that Chisaki knew before them.

It was… It was so them that Midoriya couldn’t help but laugh.

“Stop laughing!” Twice said, and the thought that Twice would have to tell someone to stop laughing just exemplifies how strange this whole thing was. “C’mon, what do we gotta do? When it comes to robbing people, we can do anything. // Killing to survive is Villain 101!”

“Indeed,” Compress agreed, “There was never a reason for you to ever think you were alone.”

“...It’s a super expensive tool,” he started slowly, telling them the amount and watching their faces contort in shock, “... and it’ll only give me a year.”

“With that much money, we could eat sushi everyday on a new vacation home every season,” Twice said, and Midoriya nodded back.

“Yeah, so either I get myself in more debt than I can swim in, get a sponsorship from a rich guy knowing that they could do whatever they want to me and I won’t ever say otherwise, or I … I can just live with what I have left.”

“And you chose to die quietly, right?” Dabi asked.

The young man dropped his gaze to the ground and nodded “I thought it would be easier on everyone.”

“...For a really smart guy,” Shiragaki spoke up, “You’re really stupid.”

“I can’t believe you trusted yakuza over us,” Toga bemoaned.

“More importantly,” Spinner said, “we should decide on how we’re going to do this. If it’s going to be a large-scale operation, it might not be a bad idea to work with Overhaul.”

“Booooo,” the others chorused back.

And Midoriya doesn’t even remember why he was so convinced that he was alone.

-

In a little bit, Midoriya would realize that these guys were willing to do some large-scale crimes if it meant his longevity. While it was flattering and all, Midoriya really didn’t want to live at the expense of someone else’s life.

“...It’s okay,” he said, “I’m okay with this,” he tried to explain. “I’ve lived an incredibly fulfilling life. I am satisfied with this.”

“...But we got rained out of the firework festival at Obon, right?” Compress reminded them. “We said next time for that.”

“And we said eating hot oden during New Years!” Toga chirped in, “And that we’d get a full yukata party!”

The other grimaced at the memory, but it was quick to fade.

“And nothing like watching a sunrise after climbing a mountain, right?” Spinner chipped in.

“I never paid for your ice cream that day,” Dabi said, “I thought you were going to make me regret it.”

And so, Midoriya realized that he needed to find another way to survive, because no one wanted the memories to stop here.

## Unsavable

### **Hawks - Tracking down Midoriya**

He’s not normally the kind of person who would take on a task like this. But with All Might out of commission and Endeavor as the new Number One, he was the next best person to handle the situation. Even though he knew and understood that, he couldn’t help but think that this whole thing was bogus.

There was this civilian, and Hawks is certain that he’s a civilian because he’s already pulled up all the information he could scrape about this guy.

Midoriya Izuku, a civilian attending a nearby high school, was a quirkless student. He was diagnosed with the Consuming, but has managed to survive to 15 with minimal support gear. It was impressive, but the amount of news and attention that his and people that have conditions like his, was minimal at best.

Regardless, this kid, who was ticking down to a tragic death, was arm-in-arm with a well-known associate of who they believe is pulling the strings for a series of attacks.

In fact, said man leaned down to whisper something in his ear, and that made Midoriya push his face away with a laugh.

"You're ridiculous," he said, but he leaned against his arm.

"Don't lean so much, I'm going to fall."

'Well, maybe you should put on some more weight."

"No way, then I'll crush you when I'm on top."

A scandalized gasp passed the civilian's lips.

"Not that much weight! You heard of moderation?"

"Never, you wanna teach me?"

There was a brief second and Hawks didn't want to listen to this. He didn't want to do this.

### **ShiraDeku - Laughing**

“Stop laughing,” Shiragaki said, leaning down to nip his collarbone sharply. “It’s creepy.”

“I … I can’t help it,” Midoriya wheezed back, laughing a little as he panted, “It’s… so funny, you know?”

The older man leaned back, and the gesture made him grind into the younger boy. He gasped loudly at the sensation before he broke into some more giggles. His hand came down to press down on his stomach, where it was bulging a little from how deep the man was inside of him.

“Yeah…?”

“I can’t… believe that my body can still turn you on,” he said.

Shiragaki’s hands grabbed his knees and forced them apart even further. He gave these punctured thrusts before slowly dragging back out, and Midoriya’s hands flew to cover his mouth to muffle his sharp cries and long whines that followed each movement. He looked down to where they were conjoined, feeling his head spin in the dizzying amount of heat and pleasure, a large goofy smile on his face.

“You…” Shiragaki growled out above him, and his eyes flitted up to meet his burning gaze, “...you made me like this. You think I can get this hard for anyone? You think that I just fuck you because you have a warm hole? Fuck, a warm hole is a dime a fucking dozen. I can get a body anywhere.”

He released one of his knees to wrench Midoriya’s hands off of his mouth. He leaned in again without breaking his rhythm.

“But you? It’s just you. I want you. I want all of you.”

His eyes started to water as Shiragaki gave him a wolfish grin.

“You do much more than just turn me on, Izuku.”

### **Beach & Dabi**

Midoriya stared, his eyes wide and Dabi turned back. It was rare for the young man to be rendered speechless, but he thought that if this shitty world had anything that could put that look in his eyes, then the world might not be as worthless as he used to think it was. Midoriya gave this breathless gasp, his hands coming up to cover his mouth as a wide grin threatened to split his face.

“What’s up?”

What was he looking at that made his eyes shine like that? Dabi wanted to see it too.

“I knew it,” Midoriya said, his eyes impossibly bright for a dying man. “They’re the same shade.”

Dabi cocked an eyebrow at him.

“Your eyes,” the young man said, stepping closer, “are the same shade as the ocean and the sky. I figured that would be the case, but it’s beautiful seeing it in person like this.”

But the older man felt his heart lodge in his throat. He couldn’t believe it. This whole time, every time, Midoriya mentioned the beach-it was for his eyes? He had been meaning that it was him?

“...Are you stupid?” he deadpanned.

The same way that the Earth wouldn’t exist without a sky, he wondered if he would stop existing because he lost his earth. It would be sweet. It would be romantic. It would be a mercy.

Midoriya deflated a little, and Dabi wanted to kick himself for letting that radiance fade a little. “I guess I am, huh?”

Dabi reached to grab his hand. Their fingers interlocked, and he watched the marvel spread across his face at the same time the sunlight spread across his face.

The pair of idiots, standing under the early afternoon sun at the shoreline, felt their worlds gravitate a little closer to each other.

### **Really Dying? - JinIzu**

Jin leaned away from him and squinted a little, “Are you really dying?” he asked.

The two of them, exhausted after their extensive pillow-fight, had lost the following rock-paper-scissors tournament and were now downstairs getting drinks for everyone back in the hotel room.

For a brief second, Midoriya’s hands twitched, and he looked up to the older man with a small man. “I’m trying to live, actually.”

He grabbed the drinks as they fell, passing them over to Jin while the blond put more money in and bought the next drink.

-

“Hey, Jin. Can you grab me my bag?”

“Yeah sure. // Get it yourself.” Jin reached over, grabbing the thing by the strap, assuming that it was closed and picked it up.

As it would have turned out, it was not closed. It was wide open and because of how he pulled it off the chair, all the contents came spilling out. Packets of medicine, syringes, some books, and several boxes all came tumbling out and Jin froze.

“Shit,” he said, his eyes falling onto the syringe. Was this important? Was it broken? Was Deku going to die? Did he just kill Deku? Still, the world slowed down and he felt every drop of sweat drip on his face-

“Hey, Jin?” Midoriya came to his side and then took a deep breath when he saw the mess. “Oh, I didn’t close it properly,” he said. He didn’t blame Jin. He didn’t yell at Jin. He didn’t shout and scream or anything really.

Instead, he leaned down and started to pick up the packets and stuffed them into his bag, humming the main theme of an old hero show Jin only watched because Midoriya watched it with him.

Jin’s eyes followed his features. He had known the young man and his habits much better than he thought, because he could immediately recognize his tall-tale signs of nervous energy. Why would he be nervous?

“Sorry, I didn’t mean for you to see it,” Midoriya said, shame on his face and Jin had to recount the events that just took place.

Normally, wouldn’t he be the one in shame? His friend asked for him to get him his medicine, the thing that was keeping him alive more often than not, and he replied by dumping it all (not intentionally) onto the ground. Why was Midoriya the one apologizing?

“Do you use all of those?” he asked instead.

Green eyes flickered to him and then back to the medicine.

“Ah, these are the ones I have to take every eight hours. They’re your basic fever suppressants, but I have to alternate between the darker blue ones and the lighter blue ones every few weeks or else my liver dies. I have something in here in case that happens, too, but I haven’t needed it in years. The syringe is if my temperature jumps and I start getting nose-bleeds and stuff,” he said. He grabbed one of the smaller packages, “I didn’t know what would happen, so I figured that I might as well bring my IV bags just in case too. These are only if I stop being able to keep anything down longer than two days.”

He stopped at that, and gave a small smile at Jin.

“But I’ve been feeling pretty good lately, so I’m hopeful that I was just being paranoid.”

“What about those?” Jin asked instead, pointing to the pill cases he didn’t mention.

Midoriya stared for a moment. He didn’t expect the blond to care, and had thought that the man would have started to zone out during the explanation. Instead, the older man crawled a little closer to him, and the young man dropped his gaze to his lap.

“Thank you,” he said quietly, but before the other man could inquire about elsewhat, grabbed the medicine, “These are the pills in case I’m on the IV drip and I can’t take my 8-hr medication.”

“Wow, there’s a lot of things to keep track of, huh?”

The young man nodded, “I have it all written down on a note, in case someone gets to my bag and I can’t. Of course, by then, I’ll probably be closer to death than life anyways-”

A hand dropped onto his curls, and forced his head backwards. Jin’s lips found his, forcing his mouth open with his and pushed his way in with minimal resistance. If anything, Midoriya gave a happy little hum as he pressed back with just as much enthusiasm.

One of his hands tightened around his curls almost painfully, while the other hand cradled his face gently for a better angle. The burning sensation in his chest increased and Jin pulled away, his eyes opening to lock in on the flush on Midoriya’s face.

“So you eat the blue pill now?”

Midoriya’s eyes shined in their mirth, as he spoke between pants, “It’s gotta be a little hotter,” he purred out.

The blond licked his lips, eager to take on the challenge.

### **Dabi & Hawks - humbling**

“...You’re a hero, right?” he asked. “Still.”

“Yes,” Hawks said, cocking his smile towards him, “What’s up? You need to be saved?”

Dabi snorted and rolled his eyes, “Nah, I don’t qualify for that,” he said. He leaned back, and blue eyes on the ground before he closed his eyes.

He looked like he was preparing himself for something. Hawks, who has seen this guy set 30 guys on fire without blinking an eye before, wondered what could cause him to prepare himself like this. His gut twisted uncomfortably, but he kept the smile on his face.

“You… as a hero, can you grant people pardons?”

“I… can make a case,” Hawks said, startled as he wasn’t expecting this question. “They’ll definitely take my words into consideration, but I can’t guarantee anything.” He didn’t know it, but his smile had begun to slip off his face as he regarded the Attack Vanguard Captain.

Dabi stared at the ground and nodded.

“...Izuku…” he said quietly, and then straightened. “Can I leave him to you? Can you… save him?”

Hawks goal was to infiltrate the League and get information. Any and all weaknesses that he could find can and will be utilized in order to completely and utterly shut them down. This was his sole purpose of being here. If it meant a better future, a peaceful world where heroes had too much free time, he was prepared to do anything.

“...Please.”

Dabi bent at his waist, bowing his head to Hawks, and pleaded.

Absently, the hero thought that Dabi didn’t look like a villain at all.

“...If he means that much to you,” Hawks couldn’t help himself but say it, “Then shouldn’t you be the one to save him instead?”

Dabi snorted. “Come on, pretty bird, a double-agent like yourself can’t figure out why I let you in?”

The blond felt a chill run down his spine, as cold blue eyes met his.

“It’s insurance.”

### **Midoriya & Inko - Living Selfishly**

“Izuku,” Inko said quietly, “Do you know why I wanted you to live as long as possible?”

“...Because I’m your son?”

She shook her head, “Because I love you.”

Izuku felt his heart, the weak thing it was, tremble.

In another world, he would be a good son. He would listen to his mom and grow up and give her grandchildren and be healthy and live a long, long, long time. He would be someone that she could be proud of, with his name plastered on billboards, and take after her and be someone that would be there for his family.

“Izuku, I love you, so I wanted you to live long enough to know what you want. Alright? So, Izuku, what do you want? What do you need to do to get there?”

Tears welling up in his eyes, he made his decision. Knowing what would happen to his mother, a mother of a criminal, should he run away to be with the people that made his heart throb, he turned on his heel.

This would be the last time, and she would be back to waiting on her own. Instead of an apartment, it would be a lonely little jail cell. It would be in that interrogation chamber until her body gave up because he knew her heart never will.

Midoriya Izuku may look like his mother, but took after his father.

### **Dabi & Deku - to fly**

Far away, in the back of his head, Dabi knew and understood that Midoriya didn’t belong here. His life was pitifully short as it was, there was no need to make it shorter.

He can’t do that for him. He couldn’t even get him his medicine, and still mixed them up some times. So wasn’t it better for him to be with Hawks? Hawks was a hero with an impressive portfolio. He was handsome and easy-going. He was rich with plenty of connections. He was driven and good at his job. He was a hero.

Surely, a hero could save Midoriya, right?

His words feel shallow, probably because they were.

But in reality, Dabi was just a selfish man. He doesn’t want anyone to leave him-he would much rather do the leaving.

If being a villain meant that he couldn’t save Deku, or be with him anymore, then maybe it was time to abandon that.

“... A place that’s cold all the time, right?” Dabi asked, holding up an envelope. “We can do that.”

He read somewhere once that a flower could be preserved if frozen.

“...’We’?”

“You, me, and Jin.”

“...What?”

“Yeah,” Dabi said. “I can’t save you, but I can keep you company.” He lifted his other hand up to extend it out to him. “Izuku, will you give us the rest of your time?”

Green eyes welled with tears, his lips trembling.

“And you? What will you do with my time?”

“I’m a demon,” Dabi grinned back devilishly, “I’ll collect your soul and move on to the next one.”

And they both pretended like Dabi wouldn’t follow. Dabi was fine pretending that Midoryia’s tears weren’t mourning the loss of his life, and Midoriya buried himself into Dabi’s embrace, content to pretend that he wasn’t happy with this arrangement.

Both of them were sick of being alone.

### **Overhaul - Goodbye**

“This is all I can do for you,” Chisaki admitted. “...My apologies if it isn’t as comfortable as you hoped.”

“I was wondering where we got the tickets from,” Midoriya said, shaking his head.

Two hands came up to grab Midoriya’s face. He moved the young man’s face side-to-side, gold eyes tracing his features intensely. His thumb traced under his eyes, places where his lips used to kiss were revisited by a tender touch.

“...Good, you’re just as ugly as I remember you.”

“This is the last time we’re going to be talking, you know.”

“No,” the older man said, “It won’t be.” He ran his thumb against the bottom of Midoriya’s lips, “I don’t think you’d let it end like that.”

“...Chisaki, I-”

The older man dipped in to kiss him. Midoriya, expecting him to force his way in and claim Midoriya as his own, relaxed and opened his mouth but Chisaki pulled back instead.

Given the way that he was being stared at, Midoriya was honestly surprised when Chisaki stepped backwards. He pulled his mask up and nodded at him.

“I’m glad that your manipulative ass is finally leaving my life,” he said.

And Midoriya wondered what the point of the face mask was, when Chisaki’s gentle gaze remained on his face.

“If you had stayed,” he said, so quietly that Midoriya almost missed it, “I would have casted my ambitions aside. Thank you, Izuku, for ensuring that I did not become a liar.”

He dipped his head forward, the most respectful bow he had ever given him, and the most disrespectful bow that Midoriya had ever seen. Despite being the one that was being left behind, Chisaki looked as though he was at peace with the world.

### **Enter Keigo**

“Yo.”

“...Thought you weren’t going to make it!” Jin cheered, launching himself at the winged-hero.

No, Midoriya thought as he eyed the duffel back over his shoulder. The man was in a sweater and sweatpants, hoodie pulled up and all. Instead of his usual shades, he had ski goggles over his eyes.

“Nah, I wanted to do this right,” he said.

His eyes found Midoriya.

“I made a promise to save you as a hero,” he admitted, “But I… It’s not the same anymore.”

His eyes flitted to Dabi, and then back to the curly-haired man in front of him.

“It’s not cold anymore.”

### **Okha, Russia**

The closest city was Okha, but they lived in a quiet place, far away. It took several hours to get there, and it didn’t help that no one wanted to go, but a combination of Jin’s and Keigo’s quirk ensured their swift and safe getaway.

They don’t need to know about the botched revolution in Japan. They don’t need to know about the economic standstill that came after several people were born with quirks that produced oil. They don’t need to know about anything and everyone and everything.

And likewise, the world didn’t need to know about the flower withering away in some corner of the world.