Warning: messy feelings, suicide, graphic suicide.

Disclaimer: I don’t own anything. Not my house. Not my food. Nothing. I am no one.

Summary: AU. Midoriya Izuku was on his way out of his final exams when he suddenly appeared in a magic circle, summoned to a kingdom in another world. Which was fine, and he could work with this, except then they got upset at him for not being the Perfect Saintess that the Prophecies spoke of. He didn’t want to be there any more than they wanted him there, and even worse was that he was expected to be a good healer that stood in the back while people died? Oh no. Izuku didn’t become a hero so that he could watch people die in front of him. OFA or not, he’ll save this entire nation, even if they don’t want to be saved.

Alt: A thousand misunderstandings from the guy who just wants to save everyone.

Pairing: Everyone/Midoriya. No exceptions. Better run small man.

▬▬▬▬▬▬▬▬▬▬▬ஜ۩۞۩ஜ▬▬▬▬▬▬▬▬▬▬▬▬▬

### Notes

* Midoriya Izuku would like to go home please
  + 10 blessings (OFA) or so people think. In reality, blessed with a lot of divine power (thanks All Might)
  + ‘Saintess’ but he’s a boy plz & thanks. Saves people with the pure feeling that he does want to save them.
  + Otherwise has no magic. Uses sword & bow/arrow
  + Surrounded by people that look like the people he used to know, except they live in in this corrupted place
  + Thinks that this is what the world would have become if
* Empires
  + Recently combined as the Liberation Front against the Demon War
    - ‘Combined might’ is what summoned Midoriya here. Called for someone who could save them all
    - Btw demons are humans who ‘lose themselves’ to their quirks (?)
  + Barbarians -> people with mutation quirks (Sakamata, Spinner, Hawks, etc)
  + Dolls -> people who have emitter quirks (Todorokis, Aizawa, etc)
* Somewhat plot
  + “Midoriya Izuku” never existed here.
  + Midoriya gets summoned here (by the way he didn’t want this) and it’s clear to him that they just wanted a puppet to speak through and guess what he isn’t going to do
  + In his world, he and his friends hauled ass to stop wars from spilling into the streets. So yeah, he’s never been in war, but he wouldn’t call it
  + Gets sent out to deal with frontline battles (to scare him) and yeah he’s scared, but he doesn’t want other people to die, former enemies or not. And so the 6 month campaign where he wins over people instead of breaking
  + No seriously let him go home. Thinks that he can go home under same circumstances (so next year same time & place)

### Intro

### Stain & Stray Dog

“Don’t waste your time with him,” Midoriya called out.

Stain’s eyes narrowed as the young man stepped forward.

“But he-”

“He’s not a threat.”

The look on Iida’s face argued otherwise, but Midoriya’s cold gaze rested on Stain’s face.

“A man who dies for his ideals is just a dead man. The ones we have to worry about are the coward that will do anything to survive. Capture them alive.”

“...It seems that the kingdom’s problems have inflated even more.”

“Yes, it has, if they are concerned over a stray dog like you,” Midoriya replied back. He gave a curt nod to his friend, and after another concerned look tossed between Stain and him, Iida sketched a bow and left.

### Your Own Group

“...My what?”

“I will grant you your own squadron,” Enji replied back, without ever looking up from his paper.

Yeah, Midoriya sassed back in his head, but who would join?

“I’m sure you’ll figure something out.”

The grin on his face looked like a challenge and Midoriya narrowed his eyes.

“I think this goes without saying, but those imprisoned cannot join you.”

Midoriya’s heart wavered at the thought of his friends, still rotting away in the prison cells, and clenched his jaw. No matter what this makes of him, he has to survive. As long as he can survive, he can figure something out for them. With that thought in mind, he bowed properly.

His own squadron.

His heart dropped into the abyss of his anxiety. He doesn’t want people who would be loyal to him. That would make him weak, and it’ll make his thoughts waver. He needed to find people who would betray him, and then he won’t feel bad about casting them aside.

Or, if everything goes belly-up, they’ll at least be safe.

-

“Your squadron paper.”

He flinched mid-step in his surprise, a hand dropping to the blade on his side as he whipped around to see who was talking to him. Upon seeing Touya, he relaxed.

“Lord Dabi,” he nodded, sketching a bow. “May the light of the Empire bless you.”

“Yeah, whatever,” the man said, his hand extended out and grabbing for his paper. “Give it.”

Midoriya, clenching his jaw because if he knew what Touya was going to do-

“I heard that you got called to make a squadron of your own. Hah!” he gave that bark of a laugh, all mocking and Midoriya suppressed the urge to punch him in the face. “Well, look at that, there’s no one on it.”

Someone shouldn’t look that happy about another person’s failure to procure results. It’s just rude. Midoriya, however, is used to hearing these kinds of things, and he kept the strained smile on his face to the best he could.

“Yes, it’s an empty piece of parchment. I would really like for you to return that…” his words trailed off as Touya pulled a pen out of his pocket, like he was waiting for this moment. He placed the paper on his thigh, and scribbled something down.

“Here,” Touya said, handing it over. “I’ll report in formally tomorrow, Commander.”

Midoriya, slack-jawed and eyes wide, took the paper. Indeed, Touya had scribed his name down. He looked from the paper to Touya and back down.

This man, who once told him that the only thing that got him off was killing people, stood in front of him with a warm smile that didn’t fit his face. He straightened and gave a proper salute, like he was actually a knight, and Midoriya can’t believe that he forgot that he was an actual knight.

“Todoroki Touya, sir!” he shouted, “First son of Duke Todoroki and humble knight! I am honored to be in your care!”

Midoriya wanted to cry. Why did this man make it his mission to make his life miserable?

But he supposed that this was fine. Touya was a coward, through and through, so he’s certain that this man would betray him without any trouble. That’s good. That’s all he was looking for in terms of traits for his knights after all. He needed to find the type who are weak and disloyal, or easily scared and easily tempted.

Todoroki Touya fits the bill.

He nodded back.

“...I’ll see you tomorrow morning at the barracks then. Don’t be late.”

“Of course not.”

Augh, he was going to be snarky and talk back all the time, wasn’t he? Just thinking about it made his head pound a little.

Well, whatever, no one was expecting anything from him. Midoriya wasn’t expecting anything from himself at this point.

### s