Warning: messy feelings

Disclaimer: I don’t own anything.

Summary: Midoriya Izuku hated it when his mom said that his dad was on a “business trip” because that didn’t imply that he was going to another universe. And it didn’t imply that he had a choice to come home. And it didn’t imply that this was hereditary. Now, Izuku had to navigate through the world where his mentor is four but his childhood friend is a pro while he’s still in middle school?????

Alt: The one where Midoriya Izuku is a Big Bully and he’s going to save you whether you want it or not.

Alt 2: The only isekai that I have Midoriya still has OFA.

A/N: Age-swap.

Pairing: Everyone x Midoriya Izuku, if you squint

Music: “-ERROR” (piano ver)

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### Notes

* Everyone is age-swaped(ish), and Midoriya slips in with all the other freshman
* Izuku’s dad:
  + Follows him (accidentally) to the other world
  + And doesn’t him to become a hero. They fight and Izuku leaves because of it
* Bakugo’s class
  + Working Adults. None of them went to school together (since no UA)
  + Heroes:
    - Shoto, Bakugo, Iida
  + Villains:
    - Shoji
  + Civilians (?)
    - Kouta - Izu's homeroom teacher
* High School
  + Izuku (1st year), Dabi, Hawks, usagiyama,
* Middle school
  + Stain, Aizawa + co
* Yakuza
  + The Queen of the Empire, the unaging Eri
  + Chisaki Kai (middle school)
* Kindergarden Class
  + Enji, Yagi, etc
* Hero society works more like in opm:
  + Heroes are paid thru donations of the hero association
* Class S~D, Ranks:
  + S 1-10
  + A 1-20
  + B 1-50
  + C 1-100
    - Needs 1 case per 2 weeks
  + D {everyone else}

### **Todoroki Shoto - Endeavor**

“When you… when you use your quirk, you just look so lonely,” the child said, standing up next to him. “I … I don’t know, but I didn’t think that leaving you alone would help!”

He turned back, his grin shaking.

“Because I want to be a hero too! And that means that when I see someone that needs help, I do that!”

“Get out of here! You’re no help here!” he shouted out. The world started to narrow and disappear, as though there were just the two of them here on this empty street.

“Then get up! Todoroki-kun! Get up!” the child, because what else could he be, called out.

Todoroki stared. He couldn’t feel his legs, and his mind was sent into a wild frenzy. The words in his hearts couldn’t commit to a sound, and he stared at bright green eyes in front of him.

The child with wild green hair, a pack of curls that refused to obey gravity, turned back to the encroaching villain.

“You’re not alone so get up!” he called out.

The sound echoed inside of him.

Since becoming a Pro Hero… no, much before that. Probably since he learned of what his quirk was, Todoroki had long-since forgotten what it was like to be protected. For as long as he could remember, he was always the person who had to do the protecting. He had to do the saving. He was the Number One Hero. He was Endeavor.

And he had never realized that he had been tired of being alone.

### **High School:**

### **Endeavor’s House**

Endeavor’s house is like Endeavor’s house. Once he thought that and said it aloud, he realized how stupid he must have sounded.

Todoroki and Takami both stopped to just stare at him. They exchanged a glance with each other and then looked back at him.

“Are you sure you can study today?” the blond asked, a worried smile on his face.

“Hm?” Midoriya tilted his head, and then realizing what he had said, felt his face burn. “Oh, no, I swear I’m fine. Really I just…” he looked to the home of the Number One Hero, which was the same as Endeavor’s home back where he was from. “It just felt right, I guess?”

“You… guess?” Todoroki doubted him. “Well, whatever. Lemme grab my books and we can head to the diner.”

“Yeah, take your time,” Takami said, “I’ll keep an eye on this guy here so he doesn’t walk into your koi pond.”

“That was one time-”

“Whoa, it really did happen?”

Midoriya’s face turned a shade darker as he understood that he gave himself away. Todoroki walked into the manor, shaking his head to the sound of Takami laughing and Midoriya spluttered.

And then, to all of their shock, another door slammed open. All the color drained out of Todoroki’s face as the Master of the House stepped forward. Looking much better than when they first met, the Todoroki Shouto of this universe stepped out to probably see what the commotion was about.

“Shouto-nii-sama,” Todoroki Touya, his classmate and friend, ducked his head into the most formal bow he’s ever seen from him and spoke, “I am sorry if we disturbed you. Please excuse the intrusion. We will be out as soon as I grab my textbook.”

The tension was thick. Takami’s good mood completely dissipated away and his back straightened to be ramrod straight. However, Midoriya relaxed when those heterochromatic eyes met his, grateful that Shouto looked well and in good health.

“...Are these your friends?” Shouto spoke up, his voice much lower than the one he remembered.

“Yes, we’ll leave now, uh…” Touya trailed off, straightening to eye Shouto in confusion and quickly found his words again. “Yes. We’re… going to go to the diner to study.”

“...Don’t bother,” Shouto said. He looked to the two at the door and motioned them in, “Come on in. We’ll order in for dinner. Is pizza good alright?”

“I love pizza!” Takami said, his eyes darting from Touya to Midoriya and then to Shouto. There was a brief pause before he elbowed his friend hard, and Midoriya jerked out of his stupor.

“I-if you… If you don’t mind,” Midoriya said, bowing his head, “I love pizza too.”

“You look well.”

Touya jerked to a stop right outside of the door, unintentionally listening in to the talk between his best friend at school and his father.

“Ah, thank you. You look… well too.”

“I was looking for you, after the fight. I thought that it would be the least I could do for you.”

“Oh, no you don’t owe me anything, I’m just glad you’re alright,” Midoriya’s voice was high-pitched, probably because he was nervous. In his mind’s eye, he could already see the young man, face red, shaking his head frantically and waving his hands in front of him. The thought would have normally brought a smile on his face, but today, all he could hear was the chuckle of the Master of the House.

“Well, if you ever change your mind, here’s my card. On the back, I put my personal number on it. Whenever, wherever, give me a call.”

Touya felt his heart drop to his stomach.

“Thank you, but I’m really fine,” Midoriya tried to stress out. “Besides, I think I owe you for saving my life, so really, I should be the one-”

“Do you mean that?”

There was a brief beat of pause, and Touya froze. No way. There was no way-

“Because if you do, then give me your number. I’ll call you in for a favor.”

“...Alright, but it’s not a favor. I’ll help you anyway I can. Whenever.”

No, Touya wanted to scream, why would you do that.

“And why would you do that?”

“Because that’s what a hero does.”

“Yes,” Shoto’s voice took a gentle tone, a tone that Touya had never heard or experienced personally, and he felt a shiver roll down his spine. “You mentioned that earlier, didn’t you? Are you trying to be a hero?”

“Yes! I want to get my license soon but we need to get our grades up first!”

“Haha, those exams are easy. I’m sure you’ll be fine. Then, you better get to it.”

“Thank you. Please excuse me then.”

Touya did move away, rushing into an open room and covering his mouth.

Just… what the fuck just happened?

### **Interning with a Pro (whether he wants it or not)**

“And this is my application to be your intern,” Midoriya said, passing him a manilla envelope.

“I’m not taking any interns,” Bakugo snapped back, eyes narrowed.

“Yeah, because you have me.”

“Don’t hire yourself.”

### **Interview**

“...Kacchan will be Number One. And then I’ll take that position from him when I get my license.”

“Oh? That’s uh… quite the confidence. There has been many reports of Ground Zero’s uh… less-than familiar demeanor. Is that the kind of hero you want to be?”

“...I’m sure you already know this, but Ground Zero’s Villain-apprehension time is 100% within five minutes, and 90% within three minutes since his debut. The number of property destruction that occurs from the direct or indirect use of crime is the lowest of all heroes for the last ten years,” the young man said, his voice kind and slow, like he was explaining something to someone particularly slow. “That is the kind of hero I want to be.”

It wasn’t mocking and it wasn’t rude. He didn’t say it because he was bitter or because he was offended on behalf of Bakugo. This was something that he said with full and genuine belief, and he hoped that anyone listening to him will understand him as a result.

### **Shouji 1st Day**

“Don’t hire people,” Bakugo seethed back. “Who the fuck is that?”

“This is Shouji-kun!” Midoriya said brightly, “He just got out of jail!”

The blond blanched.

"Do you even want to be a hero?"

"O-of course I do!"

"Then," Bakugo sneered, "stop this shit. It don't ever let you raise your ranking!"

"No! I don't want to!"

The blond turned, ready to beat some sense into his kid and Shouji honestly didn't know what else to do but just stand there with his eyes wide.

"I don't care about thw rankings! If my way of being a hero means that I'm going to be dead last for the rest of my life, I don't care!" Midoriya took a bold step forward, finding it impossible to cower when it came to this. "I wanted to be a hero to save people with a smile! I don't need a ranking number for that!"

And Bakugo, who saw people like that shrivel up and die before, scowled.

"Dumbass! You can't think like a kid forever. If you want to learn it the easy way then fine! But don't take other people down with you!"

And Bakugo spun on his heel and walked into his part of the office.

### Father Midoriya

Izuku didn’t have any complaints about Hisashi. It was hard to. The government pretty much pointed at this man and said, “No, this is definitely your kid and therefore, your responsibility,” but he didn’t even remember Inko’s name until Izuku reminded him.

It must be hard to suddenly be a dad of a 15 year old kid hellbent on landing himself at the center of every big explosion in the area. He understood that, because he saw the worrylines that carved across his mother’s face after every passing week. He knew that, so he did what he thought he could do.

Keeping the house, because Hisashi lived in a house and not an apartment, neat and tidy was fine. He didn’t mind getting up early to make breakfast or staying up with reheatable dinner, and he didn’t mind making bentos, despite how sloppy he made them. Once upon a time, his mom used to make All Might Bentos packed with proper nutrition and all her love, and he hated how he understood how much she did for him now.

Of course it was hard.

There was nothing easy about extra things to do when he still had to go to school with people he interned with and intern with the faces he used to go to school together.

So it was okay that Hisashi couldn’t stand him. It was fine that Hisashi didn’t want to be there for him, and it was fine that Hisashi didn’t want to see him. It was fine and it was okay, because Izuku wasn’t sure if he could whole-heartedly accept him as a father either.

As soon as Izuku could, he’d leave. He would leave as soon as possible, and the two of them could pretend that they are strangers with the same last name. For both of their sakes. That’s all.

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“I just wish you never came to this world!”

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