Warning: messy feelings

Disclaimer: I don’t own anything.

Summary: Midoriya Izuku, an overworked 27 year old public officer, gets isekai’d to another word by a god who wishes to be strong again to save the world. And well, Midoriya was never one to just listen.

Alt: < surprisingly, Midoriya thought to himself a little sadly, people were excited to live and be free. The concept of peace was as rare as it was desired. These were people who didn't know what a peaceful world would look like, but they desired it.>

A/N: sigh.

Pairing: ¯\\_(ツ)\_/¯

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### Notes

* Izuku is 27 -> 10 year old body
  + Super regular tax-filer(?) government slave?
  + Quirks -> magic or beastkin
* Phase 1 - 10-11/. Freedom
  + Slave encampment called UA. Spends two years trying to figure out what the fuck he was going to do.
  + Where he saves all the slaves, chase out the slavers
  + And decides to stay (“I’ll worry about getting home later, at least I have one. But these guys, there’s no home for them, so first, I’ll make them one here.”)
* Phase 2 - Reclaim & Rebuild
  + Learning about the (awful) state of the outside world
  + People learning how to be people again
  + Chaos, disease, famine, etc etc etc. monsters on one horizon, humans on the other
* Phase 3 - Populace
  + People running to them for protection. And Midoriya can’t say no.
  + But with more people comes information and with more information, gets that inkling feeling that he won’t be going home soon.
* Phase 4 - Our Place in the World
  + Emperor Midoriya, if you could believe that
* Phase 5 - The Future

## Phase 1 -

### Weak, Worthless, Useless, Quirkless Deku

Midoriya is pretty certain that he didn’t lose his mind because of the other kids here. There was something about seeing a 10 year old cry that spoke to him. Maybe it was because when he was their age, he was lost, lonely, bullied, and didn’t know what else to do other than cry and take it

Of course, what these kids have to go through was a thousand times worse than what he had to deal with when he was their age. He, at the end of the day, had a warm bed to sleep in, a loving mother, and good food.

And most of these kids didn’t even have the energy to cry anymore.

### Iida-kun

“Ten lashing for both of them.”

It was dumb, there was no doubt about it. Doing things like this, standing out bit by bit like this, was something that was probably going to ruin him and definitely kill him, by the end of this. But, his body moved before he knew what he was doing, and he shoved Iida away. The young man gave a sharp cry as he tumbled to the side, but Midoriya didn’t even give him an extra look.

He turned to the Trainer and said, “20.”

The Trainer stared back at him and then the laughter started.

“Do you think that you’re cool? That you’re a hero? No one cares about you and no one misses you! Very well then, I’ll give you what you want. And I’ll destroy you! 20? Nonsense, a boy with eyes like yours meant 40!”

Midoriya had to hand it to himself, he didn’t even scream. It may have been because he was too tired too, but he needed to take what little victories he could.

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When he came to, he was laying on his new injuries, flat on his back. He summoned the strength to move and it fled him the moment the pain laced in.

Fuck that Trainer, who the fuck even whips kids until they are unconcious?

He managed to get on his side though, trying hard not to cry because it just hurt a lot. As a kid, he had his fair share of bumps and bruises, but it was never this bad, and he always found comfort in his mother. But right now, as he laid down on the hard stone, he was alone, in pain, hungry, and then, the boy came back.

What? Midoriya didn’t understand, was he seriously going to try and get them in trouble again? Did Midoriya inadvertently become the default punching bag and scapegoat? Seriously?

“Why did you help me?”

He took a deep breath, a little grateful that he had something else to focus on that wasn’t the rippling sensation of pain that numbed his legs out. If he was going to come in to help the kid that took a whipping for him, shouldn’t he at least ask how he was doing? You know, some common courtesy stuff?

“You said…” he heaved, trying to find the words through his pain-hazed mind, “That your brother is coming… right? So, you gotta… be alive for that.”

“They would have done 10 each, and we would both have been fine. So why did you do that?”

Midoriya wished he had an answer for that.

“I don’t know,” he said quietly back, “I just moved before I thought about it.”

“....Iida,” the boy said quietly, “My name is Iida Tenya.”

Midoriya, despite himself, smiled. He could feel his eyes heat up, and despite not crying when he was getting all the skin whipped off his back, he felt all of his defenses shattering at the thought of a child telling him his name. What a place to be.

“I’m Midoriya Izuku,” he said. “Nice to meet you.”

A loud sniffle came out, filling the otherwise silent dungeon room, and it took a moment for Midoriya to understand that it wasn’t him.

Huh, so they still can cry.

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Uraraka can still cry too. However, it’s only for other people. It warms Midoriya’s heart to think that her heart is still filled with so much compassion, and it’s enough to get him back onto his feet.

## Phase 2-

### Freedom

What was freedom?

Midoriya wasn’t certain. Even if they killed all the guards, instead of sending them out the way they did, he doesn’t think that they will be free. As long as these kids flinch at the sight of dark dungeons and wake up in cold sweat over adults, he doesn’t think they would. He rubbed his temples.

What was he supposed to do?

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“Now what?”

He tilted his head to the side, “Now?”

If he could, he’d beg them all to stay. He’ll drop to his knees, put his head on the ground, and beg and plead for them to stay. However, he knew that was stupid to ask. Some of them had a family to return to, and others just wished to throw this place away like it never happened. To ask for them to stay wasn’t something he could do.

These kids have been taken advantage of, in the worst ways possible. Midoriya wasn’t going to add to that.

“What do you want to do?”

They hesitated.

“Because I… I want to live,” Midoriya said. “I want to live, wake up every morning thinking that the day is going to be great, eat delicious food, spend time with the people I love, and go to sleep safe and sound.” He rubbed his face. In that list, obviously, he meant that he would be at home getting scolded by his mom for sleeping with his stomach out under the A/C during the summer. And after their resulting fight, the two would eat dinner watching some terrible soap opera his mother loved so much. He missed those days.

He looked back at the people in front of him, and managed a smile.

But these kids didn’t even get that. Some of them have never felt the warmth of another person’s smile, and others are truly convinced that no one would (could) ever love them. They didn’t have anything except their life, and even that was tentative.

Midoriya gave them a lopsided smile.

### Food with Bandits

Midoriya had started to get an inkling sense of dread when he saw the others’ expression at the sight of the crops they grew and the food that Midoriya made out of it. However, he chalked it up to the fact that these were kids who have been slaves for too long, and before they were slaves, they were just poor or something.

But it wasn’t until he met real adults, people who have lived a life outside of this enslavement compound, that he realized that it wasn’t the case at all.

Watching Aizawa and Yamada’s faces, as their eyes lit up after the first bite, Midoriya honestly thought that they were going to cry. They ate vigorously, as though they have been starving for a very long time, and Midoriya pushes his portion to them as well. After finishing, it’s clear that they ate way more than expected, but it also looked like they wanted to keep eating. They looked, for a moment, hopelessly lost and young, like there were just six year olds wondering where the party went when all they did was take a short nap.

The younger man closed his eyes and took a deep breath. No wonder this world was so awful and strange, they didn’t even have good food. The concept of ripe strawberries and hefty blackberries were unreal. Lettuce leaves and cabbage heads as a side-dish was a wild thought. They met hesitance with each dish that they’ve clearly never seen before, but they ate vicariously.

Honestly, it made Midoriya feel like shit.

He could remember, when he first ate the dishes, the sinking feeling of disappointment. It wasn’t nearly good as his mom’s, the vegetables were burnt on the edges and undercooked on the inside, and somehow, he even messed up rice.

But the kids he was with cried, and the adults in front of him weren’t doing much better.

“It’s pretty good,” Aizawa said, at the end of the meal, when Yamada gave a sharp cry.

“Pretty good? Are you kidding me? Shota, this is like, the best thing we have ever eaten.”

Ouch, Midoriya thought, feeling the knife called guilt inch its way further into his heart. This? This was the best thing they’ve eaten? But Midoriya fucked it up.

“I’m surprised you can afford to give us something this good,” he added.

“...This is the leftovers,” Midoriya replied.

Aizawa’s head snapped up at that, “You guys have food like this and you had leftovers?!”

“You have more?!” Yamaba blurted out at the same time.

Midoriya spluttered back, “This isn’t even that good!”

“Isn’t even-”

“-that good?!”

“Are you kidding me?!”

No, actually, Midoriya wanted to be the one to say that. These are vegetables that anyone can grow with patience and care. Everything that he gave them was semi-burnt on a fire using a makeshift pot. It was the worst of the things he messed up on, and he didn’t want to feed the kids any more bad food but he was too full to eat it. Of course, it was better than the literal trash that they fed slaves, but he did expect better from the people from the outside.

...Unless they weren’t who they said they were.

Midoriya reeled back at the thought, and suddenly, things sounded different. Maybe they weren’t from the outside world, but escaped convicts of another convoy. He eyed their wrists and ankles, there were no lingering signs of it, and it wasn’t like they were particularly dirty so maybe that wasn’t the case. Okay, then what? Their clothes were too clean and well put-together, so they can’t be on the move for too long, and considering how much forest there was around them, he could only assume that they were good at going through the wilderness.

And at the same time, he refused to believe that someone who could look so astonished and happy eating his shitty cooking could be someone bad.

So well.

“So well,” Yamada said, recollecting his attention, “What do you want? Aizawa and I here can take of it for you.”

“I’m… sorry?”

“You got a bunch of kids here,” Aizawa said, “So I’m assuming you need some man-power right? Maybe information about the outside world?”

“Uh…?” Midoriya tilted his head a little to the side, trying to make heads or tails of the situation. “I-I’m sorry, I don’t understand…?”

“You take in two adults, in a place filled with children who I assume have a bad track record with them. Don’t look at me like that, most of them can’t even look at us, and the ones that do look like they’re going to stab us as soon as we turn around,” the black-haired man said, his seemingly bored gaze staring at the young man in front of him. “In addition to that, there’s no way this place has great medicine, since your wounds are dressed in the most minimal way. Is that your priority? Why else would you give great food to two lost and hurt strangers?”

The green-haired male stared at him and gave a smile.

“To be honest, I didn’t even think about that. I just saw two people that looked hungry.”

The blond next to him blanched, “You’re joking, right?”

“You guys can leave whenever.” He motioned to the door.

“We could easily kill you and take over.” From the way he spoke, it almost sounded like he’s done it before.

“...Yeah, you’re right. By the time we set up a counter-measure, half of us will be dead,” Midoriya knew his faults and acknowledged them. The first step to loss was arrogance. “I don’t think we’d lose overall, but I’m sure we’d lose too much on the way there.”

“And you’re… fine with that?”

Midoriya shrugged back, “Doesn’t seem like I have much of a choice.”

“Alright,” Aizawa sighed, “First word of advice, don’t trust anyone.”

“Okay!” Midoriya replied back, cheerily.

The older man took a deep, long sigh.

“Second piece of advice,” Yamada continued, “Hire us. Feed us this and we’ll do whatever heavy-lifting you want.”

### Phase 2 - Other Adults

Midoriya felt like a fucking idiot, of course the other kids are terrified and downright hostile to their new guests.

They were adults.

For them, adults were the reason why they were enslaved and why they were treated so badly. The people that made the world the way it was were adults. Of course they hated them. Of course they didn’t know how to separate their prejudices and stop stereotyping.

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“No, I can understand that,” Aizawa said, “But not you.”

“Me?”

“You also count in that. You were victimized, humiliated, beaten, and used. So how come they are the only ones that are afraid of us?”

Midoriya blinked back and tilted his head to the side, really thinking and considering it.

“...I guess it’s because I don’t really hold it against them? Like, no one was there because they wanted to be. They were in just as bad of a position as we were, maybe even worse since their lives depended on our cooperation.”

Aizawa arched his eyebrow.

The younger teen shrugged back, “But that doesn’t mean that they’re bad people. Don’t get me wrong, I don’t regret killing them.” Even now, he wakes up in cold sweat when he could remember how quickly a body turns cold while bleeding out. “If I had to go back in time, I’d do it again too. But that doesn't mean I hated them. And that doesn’t mean I have to let them decide how I live for the rest of my life.”

“...You’re incredibly naive.”

Midoriya laughed back, “No way, just lucky.”

Despite himself, the other man’s lips twitched into an almost smile. “Lucky, huh? That’s not the word I would use to describe your situation.”

“Of course I’m lucky,” Midoriya replied back, turning his head to give the older man a big grin. The way his head turned though, Aizawa had a clear view of the scars running up his neck. “I’m surrounded by people who believe in me, and even if they are terrified and scared, they’re willing to face those fears for me everyday.”

He tilted his head a little to the side, the smile turning a little somber.

“I’m blessed.”

And it didn’t matter what anyone else tried to say or argue, or what facts he can see with his own eyes, Aizawa had no doubts about it. Midoriya Izuku was not who he said he was. There was no possible, feasible way a child could carry those scars, keep that smile, and see through Aizawa.

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### Children

“Hehe,” Midoriya couldn’t help but have a big grin on his face.

“What’s so funny?”

He looked up where Aizawa was staring down at him and he looked down at the clothes he was hemming.

“Nah, I just thought that kids… they grow up really fast.”

The older man stared at him and crouched down so that they were more eye-to-eye.

“You’re a kid, too,” he said.

Midoriya stared blankly at him in return. He looked at his hands, the small things, and then back up to Aizwa, who was still taller than him when he tried to tuck himself into a small ball in front of his figure.

“Oh, you’re right,” he said.

## Phase 3 -

### Regular wednesday

"Oi, Midoriya, are you busy?"

Midoriya looked up from where he was trying to figure out where they were going to put 80 something people and find them something to do that wasn't violent and terrorizing.

"What's up?" he asked, feeling the dread pile up in his gut when he saw Sero enter the room frantically.

"They're uh..." Sero looked around the room, no doubt taking in the sight of Midoriya and all the papers he filled out as mock-reports and templates for the other things he knew he'd have to start keeping track of. "I can come back later-"

"No," Midoriya said, "It's fine. What is it?"

"Mineta and Ashido got into a fight."

His stomach twisted.

"And then Bakugo got involved."

Midoriya's lips twitched, unsure if he wanted to cry or laugh.

"And Hagakure wanted to stop them, so she got Aizawa involved, but since he's still sleeping from the last mission, she called in Yamada to help. And then he yelled and now-"

Distantly, he could hear it, the sound of his stress splintering under the reality of the situation.

"Well, this and that happened, so we don't have a stable anymore."

Midoriya had spent many, long hours being worked like a dog, in an office-setting and in back-breaking labor work. He had tolerance. He had patience. He was durable. He took a deep breath and nodded.

Standing up, because this will require his immediate attention, he looked to Sero.

"Is anyone hurt?" he asked.

"Nothing major."

Meaning, there were injuries. He supposed that he should just be happy that they were all alive.

"That's good," Midoriya said, "That means they can still apologize."

Sero's smile turned stiff, for some strange reason, and Midoriya tried to give him a gentle smile. He wasn't the one that he was looking for an apology from, after all.

"S-sorry," Sero said, pale-faced.

"Sorry? Whatever for?" he asked, walking up to the man, "Lead me to them, will you?"

"Y-Yes sir."

### Sights on the Future - Roads

“Haaah? Do we really need to construct roads now?” Sero asked. He sighed, rubbing the back of his neck, “Izuku, I’m not usually one to question you and stuff, but this is a bit of a push isn’t it? We barely got roofs on most of our buildings. Why should we focus on the roads?”

“Steady roads will lead to an easier time transporting goods. That can lead to an easier access to building properly,” Midoriya replied back, “and, to make roads around buildings is going to be more annoying than if we make our buildings around our roads.”

The green-haired male gave a small smile as he looked up from his desk.

“If we make our roads now, it’ll be easier too. They’re the literal path to our future after all. We can use it to make sure that we get what we need, when we need it. When spring comes, it’ll be easier to get crops through, and if our roads are already built, getting a wagon design out will be easy and traffic can be minimized.”

It was clear from the look on Sero’s face that he didn’t get it. But he relented.

“...Well, I guess if you mentioned it, you put a lot of thought into it and there’s a reason for it,” he conceded.

Midoriya gave him a sympathetic smile, “Regardless, why did you bring this up? There must be a reason for this.”

The young man gave him a loose grin, “Just curious.”

Midoriya tilted his head, confused and clearly unsatisfied with the answer.

“Don’t worry about it,” Sero said, “I just wanted to know what you saw, when you see our city.”

The young man didn’t look pleased with that response either, but before he could say anything else, Sero laughed.

“Alright, alright, I’ll see you around. Don’t work too hard, okay?”

He left the room, turning the corner and then almost running right into Iida. He turned in the last moment, avoiding full frontal confrontation.

“Oops, sorry about that Iida,” he said.

The young man was carrying a stack of books in his arms, and robotically pushed his glasses up.

“Not at all, I should have watched where I was going! Please excuse me!” he said, already moving to go towards Midoriya’s room, before he paused. “...Did you just talk to him?”

Sero nodded, his smile waning.

“His views for the future is vast, but there’s no need to look like that,” Iida said, and when Sero’s gaze met his, was given a warm smile, “We are a part of that vision.”

A part of him loosened up at that, and he gave a helpless laugh.

“Am I that easy to read?” he asked.

“I know where you’re coming from,” Iida said, “Sometimes, I get lost in his eyes, and for the most part, I don’t think I can see what he’s seeing.”

And Sero really wasn’t expecting that from one of Midoriya’s closest aids when it came to the sheer amount of paperwork and documentation that they went through for whatever reasons.

“But as long as I don’t lose track of him, I don’t think I’ll ever be lost again.”

## Phase 4 -

### War on the Horizon

“He’s parked! Outside!”

Midoriya didn’t even look up from his paperwork. “It’s fine, don’t worry about it.”

“D-don’t worry?”

Midoriya nodded, “Ah, but make sure that everyone knows where to evacuate to. I don’t think it’s going to be that bad. Hopefully, we’ll just lose a couple of buildings, but it should be fine otherwise. Just make sure everyone’s okay.”

“Do you understand who is out there?! That’s Endeavor! One of the Greatest Commanders in history! He’s parked outside our front lawn, with his entire army!”

“Yeah,” Midoriya nodded back, “Nothing to worry about.”

“No...Nothing to worry about…?”

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“...Are you mocking me?”

Midoriya stared at him and shrugged back, “I can see why you would think that.”

The fire suddenly exploded out of him, and despite how much he shook in fear, Midoriya knew that there was nothing he could do other than stand there. He had a job to do, after all. Nonetheless, he couldn’t help but stare in awe at the way the fire whipped around him.

What a brilliant flame.

“...But in all honesty, there’s no point in fighting. If you wanted to kill us, we’d be dead. But you guys waited outside for a week, right? You wanted us to prepare. There’s a couple of options for this, but I think I can narrow it down to two,” Midoriya replied back, as though he wasn’t sweating up a storm from his anxiety and the heat of the flames. “After all, when you came in, you came straight for me.”

Endeavor’s flames lessened, or maybe that was just his imagination. Regardless, he kept a smile on his face.

“So clearly, you’re not here to kill everyone, probably just the people that fight back. So, you’re here for a takeover, aren't you? Then, the only one you might need to kill is me, isn’t it?”

“...And the other option?”

Midoriya’s smile turned a little more tired.

“You’re bored and you’re looking for a place to blow off steam. Meaning, I’m just a way for you to kill time till the next time you’re needed in a fight.”

Midoriya leaned back on his throne, crossing his legs at his knees and placed his head on his hand, where his elbow rested on the armrest.

“So, which will it be, Endeavor-san?”

### Enji’s Info

“Well, I guess everywhere is the same,” Midoriya sighed, rubbing his hand through his hair.

“When there are no more monsters, people will become them,” he sighed deeply, running his hand through his hair. “What a shame. All this and this was the best they could come up with?”

### Enji’s Acceptance

Enji’s appearance was not accepted nearly as well as Midoriya thought. While he didn’t think that trauma was something that people could easily move on from, he knew that everyone was doing their absolute best to move on from that.

It was the thing that he regretted the most.

Still. This was open hostility.

### Population Control

“Ah yeah, let people have kids,” Midoriya said. “It’s a good thing isn’t it? It’ll give them a reason to work harder too.”

They squinted back at him and his almost absent-minded smile.

“If we don’t have kids, we’ll all die off. Might as well just line up for the chopping block the next time we get invaded,” he continued on. “Besides, isn’t this exciting? Someone thinks that this place is safe and secure enough that they want to settle down and have kids!”

“Oi, Izuku,” Kaminari said, “Are you sure? Bringing kids into this world…”

“Well, what are we going to do? Stop them?”

There was a long silence. And Midoriya shined back.

“Good, then let’s prepare to accept them.”

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“What about you?”

He looked over to where he assumed Hagakure was staring intently at him.

“Me?”

“Un,” she said, her voice excited, “Do you want to have kids one day?”

“Not particularly,” Midoriya shot down the idea as fast as it came. “If I have a kid, someone’s going to try and make that kid a king or whatever. I don’t want that.”

“Really? Isn’t that a good thing? Like an honor and stuff like that?”

“...Where I’m from,” Midoriya said, ‘That wasn’t the case. I wasn’t born to fill a quota, and I wasn’t born to fill in the blanks. I was born a product of a happy and healthy marriage, made from two people who happened to meet and happened to fall in love. I don’t want to lock anyone into a route that they had no choice in.”

“So you’re going to be a bachelor forever?”

Thinking about the state of his little shaky area, he knows that this is the best course of action. He gave a nod. No matter how much his lonely heart cried at the thought of a cold and empty bed for the rest of his life, he finds it hard to prioritize his selfish desires when so many people are depending on him to have a roof over their head.

“...Isn’t that too sad?”

He shrugged back. “I love each and every single person here,” he declared boldly. “If I could… repay everyone here for believing in me, then that’s what I want to do.”

### Phase 5 - War Council…?

In another country, or any country in general, this would be referred to as the war council. The king, or the highest point of authority, would appear in front of his advisors, generals, and select commanders, in a room to discuss the upcoming battles.

Apart of this council, everyone would be split into two main categories. War or peace. This meeting would only adjourn as soon as one side gains the greater majority over the other, and wins the king’s approval. From there, the king will give their decree and preparations would begin for either side.

“Alright then, let’s commence this war council,” Midoriya said, standing at the head of the table.

However, this was Midoriya’s little base of operations. Traditions were neatly packed away into a box and tossed into a ravaging volcano, as he stood up and presented.

“I think we should throw a festival.”

There was a long silence.

“I thought this was the war council. For, you know, the growing bandit problem at our borders?” Chisaki asked, “We can save the festivities for afterwards, don’t you think?”

“No no no,” Midoriya said shaking his head, “I think we should do the festival. We should get some music on, take the limit off the budget, loosen the borders, and let people let loose.”

“Hold on, are you trying to bring the battle inside our borders?” Aizawa said, a frown on his face.

“Now, now, I’m sure there’s a reason to all of this,” Yagi said, raising his hands in a placading manner as he turned his eyes back to his king, “Right? There’s a reason, right?”

Midoriya nodded.

“I don’t think the bandit problem will go away no matter what we do. So, in order to minimize casualties, I think this is the best option, so let’s just adopt them.”

There was a long silence before Endeavor voice came like a heavy weight.

“Preposterous, do you have such little faith in us?” Endeavor aked, all but growling out the words as a fire began to crackle by his face. “This council is just a farce, send out a flying unit to find them and dispatch me to eliminate the threats. Isn’t that the fastest and easiest method to this operation?”

“Inviting them in is what’s going to lead to more casualties!” Iida agreed, getting to his feet and surprising everyone, “These are our enemies! They are only looking for a moment where they can take advantage of us and take what we made!”

The green-haired male stared at them, the smile on his face remaining strong.

“With such passionate enthusiasm, I think we’ll be fine. I’ll leave the guard duty to Endeavor and Iida. Do whatever it is you think is necessary to put our defenses in tip-top shape. Please keep our people safe.”

When Endeavor looked like he was going to pop a vein in his frustration, Hawks spoke up.

“Before we regress into a yelling mess, I want to know why you want this. I’m not going to complain if you want to throw a party, I think we could all use it, but there is no way we are going to be able to relax. Why don’t you stop beating around the bush and just spill the beans.”

“I would love to, but it looks like you guys still have things to say, Midoriya replied back.

At that, the fire calmed and the two men sat back down.

“So, why are we going to throw a party and invite all the criminals in our neighboring forest?” Yamada asked, getting straight to the point. “I can’t believe I’m saying this, but I’m going to be with Endeavor on this one. With what we have, getting rid of them won’t take longer than a week.”

“Ah, I just think it’s such a waste of human life,” Midoriya replied back. “From Dabi’s report,” he said, dropping a small stack of paper on the table in front of him, “there’s about 80 of them. The biggest cluster is 34 on our Northern end-

“Dabi?” Hawks blurted out, “Wait, wait, number 22 in Most Dangerous War Criminals, Dabi, is your spy?”

Midoriya blinked back, “Yes?” He spoke like this was obvious.

Hawks opened his mouth, and unable to find any words, quietly closed it instead. “Sorry, continue.”

“Ah, right,” the young man nodded, “As far as we are concerned, they’re all clumping together because they want to take us down, rape and pillage their way through our empire and probably put my head on a stick.”

It was always uncanny how flippantly Midoriya could speak about these kinds of things.

“So I thought about making them civilians instead. They could be citizens here, and then they’d stop fighting against us and fight for us instead.”

“Midoriya,” Yaoyorozu blanched to his left, “Please tell me your joking.”

The green-haired male looked to the expression on his assembled war council and beamed back.

“Think about it! These are all bandits that have been roaming around the forest, who better than them to know what we can and can’t eat around here? I’m sure they have some intel on other kingdoms too. And at worst, they don’t have any of that, but we’ll be 80 men stronger. We can always use the extra hands and muscle power.”

“Bandits,” Aizawa responded back. “You want to bring bandits. Into our border.”

“Yeah.”

“Criminals, known for getting in the way of progress and most of them are killers who lack any form of empathy. And you want them to come in to the city you worked so hard to build up.”

“...It would be nice if they came over willingly. I doubt they all will. The ones that don’t want to, we’ll send them back out at the end of the festival. If they try anything after that, then we can kill them. But just for the festival, I want them to see what life could be.”

There was another silence.

“Bandits, criminals, slavery… all of that stems from a bad past and a bad history. They hurt because they have been hurt, and the people that they hurt live on to hurt others. I want that to end. The cycle of violence needs to end.”

The young man didn’t speak any louder than he normally did, yet his words seemed to echo around room.

“I want the mindless violence to end with us. I want the generations that come after me to live in peace. It sounds crazy to us because we don’t know what that means or what it would look like. I want to make my dreams a reality, even if it means that we will never be able to experience it for ourselves. And that means to take the first step.”

“What if this goes bad? A lot of people can get hurt because of this,” Aizawa said.

“That’s what you guys are for,” Midoriya said. “We call it a War Council, but in reality, you guys are the support pillars behind my dreams. My Dream Council!”

There was a long silence before Hawks laughed.

“S-sorry,” he said, holding to his sides, “That was… oh my god… dream council….” he said, as he tried his hardest not to laugh. “Really ruined the mood.”

“I thought it was a good name!” Midoriya huffed back, but his cheeks began to color darker as some of the others politely coughed into their fist in an effort not to burst out laughing.

“Midoriya, please consult me about the names you want next time,” Todoroki replied back, voice even despite the mischievous glint in his eyes. “I’m sure between the both of us, we can figure something out.”

“Not you too, Todoroki-kun!”

Enji gave a long sigh, “Children,” he muttered. “So be it. Your ambitions and your… dreams. We will make it a reality. But there will be no forgiveness to those that betray us,” he said. “We will give these bandits a life unlike any others.”

“Ah ... somehow, when Sir Endeavor says it, it’s become much more like a nightmare.”

“Hey!”

### War (2) - A King’s Duty

...Well to begin with, I’m like a king, right?” Midoriya asked quietly.

“Not ‘like’, you are,” Aizawa chided back.

“Well, I’m just saying,” the young man said, waving his hand away, “A king is just someone that happens to be in the right place at the right time. Really, I’m more like a temp king waiting for someone who is actual royalty or something,” he chuckled, as though laughing at his own joke, but no one laughed.

He shook his head.

“Regardless, a king’s job comes before and after the war,” he said, and he gave a meaningful nod to his generals, “I’ll leave the real fight to you guys.”

They nodded solemnly, but now that the thought rested in Midoriya’s head, he couldn’t not think of it.

“Is something on your mind?” Uraraka asked quietly.

The young man rubbed his temples, “No, I just… thought that this was an awful job. Haha.”

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