Warning: messy feelings

Disclaimer: I don’t own anything.

Summary: Midoriya Izuku wakes up in the body of the cruel Empress Midoriya Izuku, the most Pitiful Villain in the reverse-harem, R18 game, "Heroes Made of Petals." Which was fine, except no one was questioning the fact that their Empress turned into a man? Well, he supposed that in a world like this, revenge-plots and complicated love-dodecacons were more important than the gender of the person who ruined all their life?

Alt: Midoriya Izuku wakes up and does his best to not die.

Paring: Everyone/Midoriya Izuku.

A/N:

▬▬▬▬▬▬▬▬▬▬▬ஜ۩۞۩ஜ▬▬▬▬▬▬▬▬▬▬▬▬▬

### Notes

* Midoriya (28?) worked long awful hours as a civil servant and then died. Stabbed on his way from work at the station.
* Gets isekai’d as the cruel and pretty dumb emress Midoriya Izuku
  + Because she was 13 when she was coronated and was used like a puppet
  + Locked into her castle where she was expected to stay like a prisoner, kept on drugs and track of good-looking men.
  + But the bearer of good luck and good fortune
* State of Living
  + Midoriya’s slowly dying since his soul =/= body. The mana discrepancy is disjarring
  + OG empress had weak body (never worked out, ate what she felt like not healthy, drug abuse, regular neglect and mental trauma, etc)
  + But even rotting, she was a beautiful flower
* Magic
  + Quirks are bloodline magic
  + Otherwise regular magic runs
  + True names r important
* Demon/Angel Contract
  + Contract made so that Midoriya doesn’t die. Actually, he came to him to see why the mana in the area was so distorted (since isekai)
  + True names aren’t revealed so they’re known
  + AFO: “Sensei” -> initial demon.
  + OFA: -> angel called ot help balance his soul (and slow the death) brother of AFO.
* Official Concubines:
  + Yagi Toshinori
  + Todoroki Enji -> the slave sent to war
  + Best Jeanist -> praised to climb the rank on own merit and then criticised for trying to sell his body for favors
  + Sakamata -> Someone that couldn’t fit anywhere else, and now he’s fit for display
  + Kamihara Shin'ya (Edgeshot) -> ninnin (former assassin that couldn’t kill the empress and now lives as her pet)
  + Chisaki -> someone of extravagant value and now, no pride
* Contract Knights
  + People whose life are connected to Midoriya’s mana. They can live as normal people, but all their spn stuff & enhanced human are fueled by Mido)
  + Hawks -> contracted because he had nothing left
  + Dabi -> forced Midoriya into the contract to save his own ass
  + Shigaraki -> sample contract & AFO’s envoy
  + Nighteye -> the One Smart Guy
  + Overhaul -> did some shady shit and was sent out to go do more shady stuff
* Harem Slaves [ie not ‘old enough’ to be considered for other positions]s
  + Shoto -> who’s Enji’s (young) replacement while he’s gone
  + Bakugo -> ruined childhood friend
  + Yaoyozuro -> country razed to the ground to obtain something unique
  + [tbh all the students]
* ‘Regular’ Knights:
* Back Alley Kids
* Other Nations:

### [wake up]

Midoriya’s eyes snapped open.

### A Demon’s Promise

“Then come,” Midoriya said, eyes fierce with the determination to survive. “And [Serve me].”

The shadowy wisps came forward as a tall man, as tall as he was built, into an older man. He kneeled down, and although skin stretched over where his eyes should be, Midoriya knew that he was at the center of this man’s attention.

“Command me as you will. I live to serve.”

The brand that appeared in return stained the skin above his heart and sent his blood boiling.

### Adjusting - Best Jeanist

Jeanist.

### Concerning His ‘Illness’

Midoriya tapped his fingers on the table. So what? He coughs up about two cups of blood and run a fever every week or so. As annoying as it was, he was fine with it, now that he had a reliable time-table to follow.

He ran his hand through his hair. What a mess. He supposed he should be considered lucky that he didn’t get the Previous Empress’ drug addiction with the body. Just. A lot of side-effects. In a lot of different ways.

A bad diet since birth would take fucking years to undo. He wasn’t sure if this was lucky or not. At the very least, even if he shakes and shivers every now and then, there was no one here that cared.

As lonely as it was, it was a blessing.

“How cruel, for you to ignore me like that.”

A massive hand came up to rest on top of Midoriya’s. Cold to the touch, the young man didn’t even flinch at the contact. Instead, looked up dispassionately to the demon standing over him.

“Of course, I care,” he purred, a sweet temptation on his lips as the curl of fear gripped his heart.

“I’m sure,” Midoriya responded easily, despite how terrified he felt.

“That’s not fear, my dear Contractor. That’s excitement. I hear the carriage coming.”

Midoriya slowly pushed himself up, and the demon took a step back. His lips curled into a wicked smile, and the young man tilted his head. A coy smile played on his lips, a practiced smile so he could live up to the title they all called him behind his back, and he chuckled.

Because indeed, he was excited about one thing.

### All Might’s Sincerity

If anyone, however, this man scared him.

Midoriya tensed his back so much that it was starting to cramp.

"Your highness," All Might said, voice booming as he struck a pose. His back muscles (and everything else really) rippled in his movement and Midoriya tried his hardest not to flinch. "Did you sleep well? Shall I give you a massage?"

"I'm... fine."

Why was he still here? Didn't Midoriya give him his full human rights back? Didn't he promise to let him go? On his name and blood, so there was no way that the blond didn't belive him. So please. Leave.

A massive hand, and unlike AFO's, it was warm. It was so warm and welcoming, as though the sun was resting on his skin. It was, however, such a foreign feeling that Midoriya felt fear nest in his heart.

"My lord," the blond kneeled down next to him, by the bed, and even curling in on himself, he was still taller than Midoriya. It was really like a pebble compared to a mountain. "...Are you feeling unwell? I can ask the kitchen to provide something easier to eat-"

"N-no," Midoriya squeaked out, as he tried to process how the former princess could find so much delight in surrounding herself with people that could hold her waist like a twig, "I-I'm really fine. Just a little... uh, restless?"

Blue eyes, a baby blue that could be found at the coral reef, met his as a pair of hands came up to his face. Cupping his face gently, Midoriya felt a pair of lips rest against his.

"...What can I do for you?" he asked quietly, "To settle that feeling?"

“I … uh…” Midoriya’s eyes spun, confusing himself as he stopped being able to recognize the room he was in, “No, no, it’s fine. Hahaha, I’m not unsettled in the slightest.”

As he thought that, one of All Might’s hand came to his back. His massive hand seemed to cover his entire back, and gently made sure to slowly push him back onto the bed.

“Then, why don’t you rest a little?” he murmured, lips against his as blue eyes dragged up to meet his gaze. His voice dropped several octaves, feeling as though he was purring against Midoriya’s chest.

Feeling his face lit on fire, Midoriya stammered uselessly.

“I-I-I’m alright. I am fine. I am… oh gosh.”

And taking a deep breath, he pressed both hands to All Might’s massive pecs. Normally, he’d feel a little more daunted by the difference between their sizes, but with the slightest bit of push, All Might leaned backwards.

“I… I need to work,” Midoriya said, flushed pink and gnawing on his bottom lip. “Right now.”

The blond stared at him for a moment more, before chuckling back.

“Then, I’ll be lonely.”

Briefly, the young prince looked so aforemonted that the older man almost resigned his words. To his shock, Midoriya surged forward to place a clumsy kiss onto his lips.

“Then, as a promise,” he said quietly. “So just wait for a bit, okay?”

The older man stared for a moment longer, before his shoulders trembled and a bright sound of delight tumbled out of his mouth. The awkward-sounded chuckle, as though he had forgotten how to laugh, echoed in the silence between them. He slowly got up to his feet.

“Then, will you allow me to escort you?”

A thousand stars could have fit into Midoriya’s eyes, as he stared up in wonder. After a moment, he gave a small nod.

“Of course,” he said.

### Overhaul’s Contract

Overhaul stared in godsmacked awe as his hands reformed as though they were never lost. Scarless and beautiful, a pair of strong arms returned to their original position. Golden eyes, so wide and surprised that it made Midoriya feel as though he was looking at a child, stared at him.

"W-wha-"

"As a gesture of my goodwill," Midoriya said, waving his hand. As AFO had told him, the process was excruciating. He placed his hands in his lap and leaned backwards, hopeful that his trembling hands would be hidden underneath the layers of fabric. "You understand that I'm serious now, right?"

"...Yes."

"Now, are you willing to listen to my conditions?"

The older man, who was still opening and closing his hands into fists as though to verify that his arms worked as he willed it, nodded curtly.

"Be useful to me, and I will keep you alive. If you do well, I'll release you in two years."

At this time, AFO, materializing out of the shadows between the bookshelves, stepped forward to hand Overhaul a scroll. The older man looked at him in shock, probably feeling the same bone-deep fear that every living being had when they met this demon, and awkwardly took the scroll from him. Unused to his arms nad paralyzed by his fear, the scroll tumbled to the ground.

Midoriya watched dispassionately and the older man dipped his head closer to the ground.

"M-My apolo-"

"Let's skip the formalities," Midoriya replied back, "Read over the conditions and verify them. If it's to your liking, then we will make the contract now."

The older man stared at it and then nodded. "Alright. I'll do it."

"...You won't even ask what will happen if you don't agree?"

"Imprisonment or death," Overhaul replied back. He looked back at Midoriya, "Instead, I want to ask one question."

"Go ahead."

"Why me?"

Midoriya stared at him, and unable to tell him how beautiful he used to look, whole and ambitious before being crushed, smiled back.

"There's something that I want. I don't care what I have to do or who I have to become in order to get it. If you want more information than that," Midoriya said, smiling ambiantly, "then you'll have to earn it."

Overhaul looked down at the scroll and nodded.

"I... I will engrave this vow onto my True Name," he said quietly. "And solemnly swear to uphold this contract against my name. I will take this contract in exchange for my arms."

Meaning, if he were to violate this contract, his name [Overhaul] will become a curse to himself. The word or body part that were offered would be the insurance of the deal, to be used and discarded by the will of the other party in the contract. However, the more important these parts were to the contractors, the more that this contract will do for them.

Magic was amazing. Knighthood was expensive.

Midoriya nodded, pulling a knife out and ready to cut his hand.

"By my title and my blood, I solemnly swear to uphold this contract. I welcome your offering."

The swell of magic that came out of him was deliberating, but Midoriya had long since mastered the ability to smile while dying.

"Welcome, my Knight Overhaul."

"...My Lord," Overhaul said as he stood up, eyes cold and beautiful like topaz jewelery, "I swear to kill you by the end of this."

The shadows at his feet tightned around his ankles, but aside from discomfort on his face, he didn't give in to how painful it must have been for death to start creeping up his legs.

Feeling like his heart was breaking, Midoriya smiled back.

"I look forward to it."

And so, Midoriya learned that even confused, Overhaul looked handsome.

### AFO wanna bring OFA

The fever that used to be every four days have become three. Midoriya leaned heavily against the back of the chair while the world swirled around him. The ground felt uneasy under his feet, as though he was making his way through a muddy mess. As he tried to pull the air into his lungs, his head throbbed harder.

His heartbeat pounded in his heart, ready to bruise his chest. Sweat seemed to drip from every single pore on his body.

Agony. And it was a day earlier than planned.

How the hell was he going to manage all this while he dealt with this shit? right when he felt like his temperature would boil, a mouthful of blood sprayed from his mouth and all over the ground. Goddamn, now he had to clean that up too.

Right when his body, the worthless thing it was, gave up, a pair of arms caught him from behind. One hand snaked around his waist and up to his collarbone, while the other grabbed his wrist. Instantly, he was leaning backwards against a man double his size.

"...This isn't something we can hold off anymore," that baritone voice sounded.

"We?" Midoriya managed to say, pulling his words from the pieces of his composure, "What are you talking about? This? This is all going according to plan."

His vision swam. Time didn't feel steady. Did his words come out correctly or did he sound like a drunken mess?

Well, what did it matter? AFO was the only one that knew the true extent of this. This demon was the only one that he would allow to see him like this.

-

"Summon my brother."

"Huh?" Midoriya looked up at his demon contract and squinted at him. "Didn't you tell me that the excess mana is killing me? Why would I summon and make another contract?"

"My brother is an angel," the older man said, his normal smile gone. He tilted his head, "He will cancel out my presence with his. And it'll make it bearable for you."

Midoriya frowned back, "Then why now?"

A hand, too cold to be considered a human's, came to cup his face, and for a moment, Midoriya felt as though death was framing his face.

"Because I don't want this contract to end yet."

The young man stared back, his jaw unhinging.

"...What?"

"...You feel it too, right? How close you are to death? Summon my brother. He will elongate your life."

Midoriya knew. Of course he knew. He could feel that his body was getting weaker every day, and he knew that his dizzy spells and exhaustion was getting worse. He knew. Somewhere in the back of his mind, he figured that this was the case, but facing it like this was harder to swallow than he thought.

"...That's fine," Midoriya said, "You and I both knew that I wasn't strong from the beginning. It really is a miracle and a half that I even made it-"

AFO's hand came right at his mouth, squeezing his cheeks togther to stop him from saying anything.

"Your survival is a direct response from your hard work. Nothing less. Fighting in your own clumsy way against that god is not a miracle, it is you."

The words were touching, but the grip was unrelenting. Was this really okay? His actions and his intentions were all over the place-

"If I treat you gently, you shudder. If I treat you cruelly, I feel like I'm the one that'll break." He released him slowly, his hands coming to Midoriya's shoulders and rubbing his thumb in small circles. "So, what should I do to summon my brother?"

Before, Midoiya might have fallen for such a handsome face and those piercing eyes, but he knew AFO by now. This was a man who lived freely to his will.

And like some lowly human, when he longs for something beyond his reach, he begged.

"Please. Summon my brother."

Surely, that was the reason why Midoriya did as he asked.

-

Midoriya woke up, feeling like there was cotton in his head and his chest was being pressed down. He tried to pull a breath from between his teeth. Was this what it felt like to be balanced? If it was, it sucked. He’s not sure if this was better or coughing up blood, but really, at least he was finally getting used to the whole blood-spilling.

He closed his eyes and tried not to despair. Was he seriously trying to debate the pros and cons of this?

“It’s hard right now because your body is adapting to it,” a voice sounded above him and Midoriya wanted to smack the demon. Of course he was here. Well, he supposed that it was better him than anyone else, but that didn’t make the feeling any better. A chuckle, because the damn demon could read him, and the man said, “Just sleep. I won’t allow anything to happen to you.”

And right before sleep could take him away and spare him any more moments with this demon, a quieter voice inside of his whispered out.

“Thank you for reuniting me to my other half.”

And he prayed that this wasn’t another route that opened up.

### Unseen brother

“He won’t really be out, not like me,” AFO explained easily.

“Oh thank god,” Midoriya sighed. If AFO appeared as the physical personification of the Former Princess’s nightmares, then he had a feeling that OFA would have been her dreams. And, if his nightlife was anything to go off of, it wasn’t something he thought his heart could take.

Well, no need to worry about all of that then.

“So, I’m good to go? No more coughing up blood? Fainting spells?”

“Not the ones caused by mana imbalance or bad health,” AFO corrected.

Midoriya supposed that asking for immunity and perfect health would be Too Much but… Didn’t he deserve it? He went through enough shit every day, didn’t he?

But, if the world worked in balance of the worst kind, he supposed that meant that somewhere else, someone else could get sick even worse to make up for it. The gods here didn’t fuck around.

### Visiting Grandpa

Midoriya leaned against the wall, his hand coming to his mouth as he tried to regain control over his body.

Of course the Princess was a violent bitch. Of course she had lost all semblance of control. He wondered how long she had been desperately hoping and praying for someone to save her that she had surrounded her felt with all these people who [vowed] to protect her. People that could snap her waist in their hands, but hearts made of gold.

Did she hope and pray? That any one of those people would have tried to save her, be it by killing her or otherwise? He didn't think that she was smart enough to try and incite anger and rage, and try to die by someone's hand like that. He also didn't think that, just because she was in a position of suffering, that it was okay to make other people suffer so much.

But he supposed it all she ever knew was how to hurt and maim, this would be the outcome. His shoulders trembled.

[There is a barrier around the Empire's Castle. No magic may travel in or out of the barrier.]

He looked at her hands, unable to feel the thrum of his contracts. It would appear that he would have to break this magical barrier, or make a summon inside the castle to be used whenever he was here.

He hadn't felt this alone in a long time.

-

He knew when he had left the barrier. The air around him surged, and crouched down in front of him was AFO.

"...You're late," Midoriya said, his voice breaking.

"I couldn't trace you," the demon said. His hand came up to Midoriya's cheeks, and even though he knew it was coming, the young man flinched.

His eyes welled with tears, so he closed them.

"...It appears that you weren't treated with grace and respect," he said, his voice low.

"It's done," Midoriya replied back, trying to close his heart. "I didn't think a demon was capable of worrying."

"Worry?"

Both hands, cold like a corpse (and it could have been him, he could have died and have been this cold), cupped his face and forced him to stare at the stretch of skin where AFO's eyes should have been.

"Nonsense. I do not like it when people lay their filthy hands on my gems."

Yeah, Midoriya thought, that did make more sense.

He batted the hands away from him, tired of the cold.

"Then, you should do a better job a security, hm?"

AFO grinned, but both of them knew he was going to go to hell.

### s