Warning: reverse harem, messy feelings

Disclaimer: I don’t own anything.

Summary: Semi-AU. Midoriya Izumi was the apple of her parent’s eyes. She was blessed with her mom’s telekinesis and her dad’s fire, and even All Might showed up one day to ask her to become his protege.

And sometimes, it made Midoriya Izku feel like his birth was a mistake.

Alt: Midoriya Izumi was on her way to becoming the Number One Hero and next Symbol of Peace. With fire-breathing from her dad, telekinesis from her mom, and All For One as her quirks, and her best friends at her side, she’s certain that she will be able to save her older twin brother Izuku from the evil clutches of the bad guys.

Alt: Eventually, Izuku will understand that there is nowhere to run and nowhere to hide.

Paring: Everyone/Izuku ¯\\_(ツ)\_/¯

A/N: i wanted a world where Izuku suffers.

A/N: not as cannon compliant as i was hoping for

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### Notes

* Izumi
  + A bad mix between Hina (bandori) and Asahi (cat sleeping on dragon king’s lap)
    - Perfect and doesn't get why everyone cant do it
    - Always somehow ends up surrounded by people who fawn over her
  + Genius. Everything is clear black/white.
* Izuku
  + Our dead-eyed Protagonist.
  + Gentle to a fault. Wants to save people & be their hero
  + But the people who want to save him are labeled as <Villians>. The people who cage him are labeled as <heroes> or <loving>
  + Really wants to die, wants the world to end, wants to run away but ultimately can’t do it because it’s just him. He’s the only problem in this perfect equation.
  + Goes from flee -> acceptance
  + “...some people aren’t meant to be saved. That’s fine. Maybe if it’s me, that means we can save someone else”
  + people mistake him as his sister (but he’s flat-chested guys come on)
  + None of his stuff is > his <
* Harem
* Timeline stuff
  + Izuku parttimes (lies about his age) to get $$ so he can leave
  + Dad: “stop holding your sister back and become independent” + “thnks for the money, we need it for UA & her support equipment” and Midoriya feels tired.

### Normal

Izuku doesn’t exist. Or rather, he existed in these moments.

“Ah, are we eating yakitori for dinner?” Izumi said.

“Hm? What’s wrong, Izumi? You don’t like yakitori?” her father, Hisashi, asked.

Izumi shook her head, “Nah, it’s okay. We were talking about pizza during class today, so I really got into the mood for it.”

“Oh, we can get pizza tomorrow or something,” Inko, her mother, said with a smile that Izumi mirrored back.

“That sounds great!”

“Let’s just eat it tonight,” Hisashi spoke up, “I don’t see anything wrong with it.”

And Izuku, who had finished setting the table with said yakitori and assorted side dishes, looked up at them.

“Well, I don’t hear any objections! Ah, Izuku,” he said, “Great timing! Just pack it into bentos for everyone tomorrow, okay? Haha! I guess since my daughter has become a hero, your father is working harder to become a problem solver!”

With a small sigh, Izuku took the dishes back to the kitchen to do just that.

### Laughter

For as long as Izuku could remember, the bright sound of joyous laughter was his background music.

It might not be anything that he was a part of, and it might not be anything that was ever for him, but it was there. It was present and apparent enough that no one, not even Midoriya, would ever believe that he had anything other than a ‘happy’ childhood.

He was happy. He had happiness. He was not a stranger to it.

But he also doesn’t know how to laugh. Just a breathless chuckle so anyone looking at him will know that he’s laughing. The frowning face in a sea of laughter is the most apparent, after all.

### Theft - Convenience store!Midoriya

Midoriya Izuku lived a normally fine and easy life. In his comfortable days where nothing was wrong and nothing ever went awry, he got kids like this.

“Hey!” he shouted.

The kid standing in the candy aisle flinched, and dropped the treat from his hand. His head snapped up, and Midoriya managed to grab him by the back of his jacket before he ran.

“C’mon,” he said. With a small tug, he placed the child on a chair right behind the counter, in front of the cigarettes. “Sit there. If you try to leave, I’m going to call the cops.”

The kid nodded, petrified and scared shitless. Midoriya checked out the line of officer drones.

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“Alright, why’d you do it?” Midoriya asked.

The kid clutched his stomach, tears welling at his eyes.

“...I’m… I’m hungry,” he said, his voice cracking. “And my brothers are hungry too.”

Midoriya stared and nodded.

“Okay, what does that have to do with stealing?”

The kid flinched backwards. “I just didn’t want them to be hungry. Hey, if I go to jail, do you think they feed me? Can I bring my brothers?”

His words came out like a facet.

“...I don’t know about that,” Midoriya said, pretending that his heart wasn’t breaking. “But I can tell you that my name is Midoriya.”

“...Huh?”

“That means we’re not strangers. We’re friends now,” he said. He grabbed a few of the meat buns, “and friends get each other freebies, especially since you waited so patiently for me,” and he handed the bag to the young man. “Here you go.”

“...Can you do that?”

“Yep, I work here,” Midoriya said, already calculating how much money he was needed to put back into the register. “So, come and visit your friend here, okay?”

The kid stared at him, bright eyed and in wonder. Fat tears slipped out of his eyes.

“Thank you, ji-san.”

“I’m not that old,” he spluttered back.

The kid ran and buried his nose into Midoriya’s pant leg, “Ji-san, thank you so much.”

“...Alright, alright,” Midoriya said, leaning down to ruffle his head. “C’mon. Bring your brothers next time, okay?”

His paycheck was going to be on a diet soon enough, he supposed.

### Video Store - Chisaki (1)

There’s a man in a fucking bird mask, like he was walking off the goddamn movie poster about plague doctors, and he stands in front of him.

“...What kind of videos do five year old girls like?”

Izuku blinked at him, and figures that it makes sense that someone with a bird mask wouldn’t know what seven year old girls would like in a movie. He peered over the man and pointed at their family collection.

“Depends on the girl, I guess. If she likes princess-y things, our Disney selection is by the wall. We have the new Princess and the Frog. It’s about a girl getting what she wants from the world,” he said, eyeing the man and his white tie on his black collared-shirt.

Despite the fact that he was wearing white gloves, he had rolled the sleeves up to his elbows. He had an idea about what kind of relationship he must have with his daughter or niece or whatever, if he was asking him for his opinion as a video store clerk instead of just googling it. Izuku, who was trying to close up for the night, wish he would fucking leave.

“If it’s something you’re planning on watching with her, Mirai no Mirai’s blue-ray edition is being featured in our family section to your left. Ponyo is also a popular choice for young girls. It’s about a girl trying to step out of her father’s comfort zone to do what she wants to do instead.”

The older man nodded slowly, clearing missing the little nuances that Izuku dropped, “Alright. I’ll get them.”

“No need,” Izuku said, pulling a copy of each from where he was sorting out the returns. “I have them right here. Would you like these in a bag, sir?”

“...Yes, that would be nice.”

They made the exchange, and Izuku made careful certainty to leave the bag in front of the man and waited for him to take the bag. He gave a polite smile and bow.

“Have a good night, sir. We hope to see you soon.”

Those uncannily sharp gold eyes shot him a look over his shoulder, staring for a while back, and Izuku tilted his head in confusion. Did he say something wrong?

“...You as well,” he said at last and left.

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Izuku was in the middle of dealing with the inventory in the back when the chime of the door alerted him of a potential customer. He greeted first, and cut himself off as a stack of dvds dropped down in front of him.

“As you suggested, I watched these with her. They were awful movies. She hated all of them.”

Today, the brunette with the cropped hair came in with that terrifying bird mask, a white-tie on his black button up, dark slacks and a forest green jacket with fur lining it’s hood. He looked, in a single word, upset. Even with half his face covered, Izuku could gain that much. He doesn’t know how much of the films they had watched, if they even bothered with all three, but here he was, the following day.

“...Did she?” Izuku blinked back in shock and confusion, and then stared at the larger man. He stared for a little bit longer before a smile came onto his face instead as all the puzzle pieces began to allign, “Are you saying that she hated these movies because she cried?”

“Yes!” the older man snapped back and then paused, “How did you -”

“Of course she cried, these are damn good movies,” he said, matter-of-factly. “I bet… she watched them more than once, too, right?”

“...and if she did?”

“Then, if you go back tonight and you don’t have these films, she’s going to be upset. That’s when you’ll see her upset.”

“...You haven’t even met my daughter, what would you know?”

“Then don’t take my word for it. Maybe you should even google the search next time,” the younger man replied. “Now, are you returning these and getting new ones or will you like to extend your check-out?”

“Return,” he replied back, voice cold.

“Thank you for your patronage, sir,” Izuku said, “We hope to see you again.”

Those gold eyes narrowed against him again, and he left.

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Alas, Izuku was right, because he came back in four hours.

“...I would like to check out those movies again,” he said, like it was pretty hard to do so.

“Of course,” Izuku said, bringing the dvds out again from where he had kept them under the registrar. “If she likes these, I definitely recommend some of the other Ghibli movies too. Castle in the Sky and Spirited Away are classics when it comes to hard-working main characters.”

The older man stared at him and then nodded, “Then, those too please.”

And Izuku, more than happy to take some of these titles off of his To-Do pile, placed them on the counter.

“Don’t worry, sir, these are at a get four and get one half-off,” he said. “Would you like these for a week?”

“...Yes, that will suffice.”

He rang him up.

“Well, here you are, sir. I hope she hates these too,” he said with a big grin on his face. He just couldn’t help it. The dry look the older man gave him back made him purse his lips. “Have a good day. Hope to see you again.”

“...You as well.”

He left again, and Izuku finished inventory before closing time.

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“...I must admit, you’re suggestions are very good,” the older man said, the next time he came.

“Really? I’m just glad that she does like… uh, hate them.”

Those gold eyes narrowed just a fraction and he sighed, “...What gave it away? That she actually liked them?”

Izuku placed the next movie Boy and the Beast onto the counter. “This one is about how family isn’t just in your blood,” he said, “and I think some variety in her movies will be good. If she hates this one, I’ll have a good idea on what else she likes. I’ll throw it in for you as your half-price one.” He calculated the total costs.

He took another moment, bagging the goodes the way he always did, and placed it on the counter for the man to take at his own leisure. It was a habit that he made so that people didn’t rush to put their card or cash away in their wallets, but he never really thought about it until he noticed how often this man paused before taking the bags.

“...As for why she liked them? Ghibli heals the heart. If she cried watching them, that means she wants to heal or something, y’know? I mean, I don’t really know anyone who doesn’t like these films. And I figured-”

“Why do you say that? That she wants to heal?”

Izuku stared at him for a moment, blinking, “C’mon, that’s a trick question right? Sir, with all due respect, you said that she’s your daughter and she’s seven but you don’t know her favorite movie?” He put the receipt in the bag, “That just reeks of loneliness.”

The young man gave a small smile, it wasn’t pitying but one of acceptance.

“I don’t know what your line of job is, but loneliness is what hurts people. We only get one childhood, so don’t let hers be one that’s alone.”

“...Are you speaking from experience?”

Izuku’s eyes dropped to the counter. “...Yeah, I know a guy.”

“...Maybe, you could tell me about him next time.”

“Sounds great, but I’m on the clock,” Izuku replied back, “And I have work that I need to finish. Thanks for the talk, sir.”

“Chisaki is fine.”

Izuku’s smile turned even warmer, “Chisaki-san then. Thank you for your continued patronage. I hope you have a nice day.”

Chisaki stared at him for another moment before nodding.

“You as well.”

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“...Midoriya-kun, turn in your nametag.”

Izuku’s hands stilled as he turned in shock to his manager.

“I… what?”

“...I’m sorry, you’re a great worker, you are. But we don’t want any trouble here.”

Immediately, Izuku felt something drop to the bottom of his stomach. What did his sister do this time? Or was it Bakugo? The store was relatively intact and his manager didn’t seem to be suffering from both, so he was certain that they didn’t come together again. So what had he done?

“W...What do you mean?”

“...That man who has been coming in recently,” the manager said, wringing his hands together in front of him, “is Yakuza. His name is Overhaul. He’s infamous over here,” he continued.

Izuku’s thoughts immediately brought forth the man with the plague mask to the forefront of his mind.

“Oh no, he’s a good guy. He’s just looking for some movie to watch with his kid-”

“That’s not the problem here, Midoriya-kun! It’s the disrespect you show him at every turn!”

The young man reeled back at that, because while he wasn’t incredibly respectful towards him, he didn’t think that he was disrespectful either. He was pretty certain that he treated him the same way he treated anyone that came in at closing time and overstayed their welcome.

“It’s not-”

“We can’t handle that! He’s not someone we can make an enemy out of! I don’t want to deal with the fallout when your young and brash actions bring about ruin to my business.”

Izuku took a step back, unused to the man raising his voice at him like that.

“Just! Just turn in your nametag and your apron. Don’t ever come back.”

Izuku’s mouth felt suddenly dry as he wet his lips with his tongue. “W-What should.. What-”

“Please! Just leave! Your last pay will be in the mail.”

Immediately, Izuku thought back to his family and shook his head, “Wait, can’t I just come and pick it-”

“Get out! Never return! Do you understand me!?”

And just like that, Midoriya Izuku was fired for the first time for a reason that wasn’t related to his sister or Bakugo.

It didn’t feel like a victory.

### Bakery - ChisaIzu

Without the counter between them, Izuku thinks that he’s even more taller and imposing than he first thought.

“...Then, perhaps this time, I could get your number?”

“...I’m afraid I’m out of dvd ideas, so I don’t think that’s a good idea.”

“No, I must insist. We could go and watch a movie together next time.”

Izuku took a step back, and Chisaki didn’t get the hint. He stepped forward.

“No, I uh… mumble and mutter through movies all the time. It drives other patrons insane. It wouldn’t be any fun to watch it with someone like me.”

“We can watch it at my place instead. I’m sure Eri would love to meet you.”

“That’s probably a bad idea. I’m a… a pretty terrible person.”

“I think it’ll be good if she can make those distinctions on her own.”

“You don’t know that, I could… take her for ransom or something awful like that. Maybe I’ll even do…” he searched for something to say, and he didn’t even know the girl but he couldn’t think of anything that he could do, “...something pretty bad. Like. Awful. She would never be the same.”

“Nonsense,” Chisaki replied back, looking far too amused by this entire ordeal. “You like Ghibli, after all.”

Izuku scoffed and spluttered, to think that this man would use such a great company against him like this.

“I’m a terrible influence. I didn’t say it earlier, but I’m a habitual liar.”

“One of my underlings have a quirk to stop that.”

...Underling?

“And I’m underage. Yeah! I’m in high school, you know. You’d have to way another two years haha.”

“That’s not a problem. I can keep my hands to myself.”

Izuku’s felt his face, and Chisaki chuckled.

“And I’m… I’m pretty dumb. You know, dumb enough that every time I say something, everyone around me becomes dumber.”

“...I don’t think so at all,” Chisaki said, “And those are all things that we can work towards together.”

“And really weak. If someone were to kidnap me and take me away, that’s the end for you, you know? I will give them all of your deepest darkest secrets. I just don’t know how to keep my mouth shut. So like, nothing good about me here.”

“...I will walk you home.”

Izuku hesitated, and for a brief moment, felt his heart stutter, and then scowled. Fine, then. He’ll pull out the big guns. With this last card, he would lose all face, probably, but if it might ruin this man’s desire to talk to him ever again, it will be well worth it.

“I’m quirkless,” he blurted out at last. His hand came up to his heart, in a feeble attempt to calm himself down as he set fire to one of the only people who knew him as <Izuku>.

There was a long silence, and he looked up slowly to the absolute brightest expression he has ever seen another human being give him. For a moment, he loses himself in those golden eyes, and nearly misses the disarming laugh Chisaki gave.

Goodness, what a handsome man.

“...Amazing,” Chisaki whispered back, in awe himself, “You know, even though you seemed to play into everything that I could have ever hoped for in a person. I did think that at some point, I wouldn’t even want to breathe the same air as you. But… that’s not the case at all, is it? I never thought you could get any more perfect.”

It was the last thing Izuku ever expected to hear. So caught off guard by the entire ordeal, his eyes began to water. He sniffled loudly, his bottom lip trembling, and golden eyes widened in shock as Izuku’s hands flew to his face in an effort to control himself.

He hoped and prayed this was a joke, a ruse, a fucking lie. He really did. Because then, reality would set forth and everything that he ever thought and believed would remain and he didn’t have to deal with all the thoughts and emotions he tried so hard to pack away.

“I’m sorry,” Izuku said, trying to laugh and failing miserably, “I can’t… I just can’t believe you,” he said. He pinched the bridge of his nose tightly, hoping that the pain would help ground him because he honestly felt like he was going to fly away.

“...It’s alright,” Chisaki said quietly, “I can wait. I’ll say it, as many times as you would like, for as long as you would like. I am a rather patient man.”

Izuku pressed one of his hands to his mouth hard, as though physically ill from the gentle treatment being shown to him.

Even if he gets fired for this, because of this man again, he ran away like the coward he was.

### (not) your money

“...What?” Izuku said.

“Izuku, I’m so proud of you!” his father said, “I didn’t realize that you were working to help pay for your sister’s UA tuition! If you had told me, I would have signed off on all the shifts you wanted!”

“... But I’m not?”

“Ah, Izuku, there’s no need to be so modest,” his mother said, her face glowing as she smiled back. “Izuku, your heart is far bigger than your body.”

“I felt bad since I can’t get a job because of training! But I’m glad that you’re actually helping!”

“...That’s not for you,” Izuku tried. “That’s my money. I earned that-”

“Izuku!” Hisashi admonished, “You’re better than that!”

“Honey, please,” Inko tried, “come on Izuku, don’t be like that. We’re family. It’s expected that we help each other out.”

“It’s okay, mom and dad,” Izumi said, a wide grin on her face, “This is the first time Izuku’s worked hard for something, so I think it’s okay if he gets to keep it.”

“Oh, my daughter is a saint. You are truly as kind as you are beautiful! As expected of Future Number One Hero!” Hisashi laughed. He turned to Izuku with sharp eyes, “You should be grateful that your sister is so nice and forgiving. Stealing from your family isn’t commendable.”

“Izuku, I know we told both of you that you can choose your own paths,” Inko explained in gentle terms, like they were still five and learning how to play nice on the playground, “but that doesn’t mean you live alone. The things you do will be reflected on other people.”

“So reflect, properly, Izuku!” Hisashi snapped back. “Your mother shouldn’t need to spell it out for you! Why can’t you just be more filial!?”

“Why would I be filial to a bunch of thieves!”

“Izuku!”

Hisashi’s hands slammed down on the table, but the words had already been spilled.

“Well fine, you thief! You think that the clothes on your back were cheap?! You think raising a child is simple?! You think that you can treat me after I have given you everything you have?!”

“Hisashi!” Inko snapped back, shocked.

“I can’t deal with his attitude! You can’t live like that Izuku! Guys who have nothing to be prideful of, like you, can’t live with that kind of attitude! You think you can get away with that in the workforce? Of course not! And that’s only assuming that you ever get a job anyways!”

“It’s okay,” Izumi said, speaking up, “I’ll take care of you and mom and Izuku. I don’t mind. Because heroes are supposed to help people.”

“Oh, what did Izuku ever do to deserve a sister like you!”

And Izuku stood there, wondering why the table he always ate on suddenly felt so long.

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He didn’t get his money back.

### High school

When Midoriya Izuku entered high school, entered UA high school support, he thought naively.

He thought that he would be okay, far away from his sister. He thought that it would be fine, to be away from her and everyone that knew her and then understood that his dreams were meant to fail.

### Gloomy

“God you’re so gloomy. Would it just kill you to cut back on that shit?” Shigaraki drawled out, “Your sister can smile when her arms break!”

And as though realizing what he said,his hand came up to his mouth.

Izuku stared at him for a long minute. He supposed that this was what it was like to have been shot by a bullet. It was a shocking thing, and then, as the adrenaline faded and his brain cleared, the pain settled in. He stared at Shigaraki for a moment longer, and nodded his ead.

Indeed, villain.

“You’re right,” Izuku said, his voice hollow and cracking as he agreed with Shigaraki.

Even a villain would say the same things his dad did. Maybe they were right. Maybe Izuku was the one that was born wrong.

“The problem isn’t society,” he said, because he didn’t realize that he could still be hurt by the same things, “the problem is me, for not being able to live up to that.”

“Izuku-”

“Shigaraki,” Izuku said, “I don’t know how to change.”

He took a deep breath, wiping at his eyes because they were always the first to give him away.

“Take care. Good luck with… world domination, or whatever it was that you’re doing.”

He turned to leave, because he didn’t think he could handle this.

He can’t choose his family. He can choose his friends. He just didn’t choose right this time or last time or before that. And that was fine, because life was about making mistakes and learning from them. Midoriya learned that maybe villains who wanted to change the world that didn’t accept them weren’t for him. Nothing too strange, and that was fine.

He would be fine.

### Diner - hawks & izuku

“Hello,” Hawks said, bright gleaming grin on his face. “Hi, sorry to bother you, you got a minute?”

Midoriya, as the nametag read, blinked back at him, and he gave a nod.

“Yes…?”

“Do you remember me? Ah, I know that’s a little arrogant to say, but I came to UA a few weeks ago.”

Green eyes stared at him blankly before they fell to the ground. The kid took a deep breath before he looked up with a smile, “Yes.you came last week for the internship explanation program, right?”

Hawks’ grin could have blinded someone. “Yes! It’s me, in the flesh! Hey, I was wondering if I can talk to you for a moment.”

Midoriya motioned at himself, the apron, the nametag, “I’m sorry, but I’m at work right now.”

‘Oh, right!” Hawks laughed, nervously, “oops, sorry about that. When are you off?”

“I’m working till closing,” Midoriya replied. “Uhm, you can make an inquiry to school, and I should be able to make time for you.”

“Yeah, that sounds great!”

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The call didn’t come through, which was how Midoriya knew that Hawks was talking to the wrong twin. It happened. It didn’t bother him anymore.

### Hawks - freedom

His eyes kept trailing to his wings. It was something that Hawks wasn’t used to, but reminding himself to play nice, he gave a smile to the young man in front of him.

“Yes?”

“...Ah, sorry,” Izuku said, snapping himself out of his trance. He dropped his gaze, “I didn’t mean to stare, I just…”

“It’s alright,” Hawks replied back, more than happy to indulge in this boy and his curiosity, “What’s up? Feel free to speak your mind, I won’t tell anyone.”

“...If you don’t mind me asking,” the young man said, peering up at him with those impossibly green eyes, “...with your wings, do you… do you think that you’re free?”

Something cold settled right behind his breastbone, right where his heart should be, and it sank right to the pit of his stomach. The look on Izuku’s eyes, the desperate kind of hopeful that shined through those tired eyes, made Hawks really consider lying.

“...No,” he said, “that’s why I’m a hero.”

The hope faded from his eyes as he closed them. He took a deep breath before opening them again.

“...Yeah, that makes sense. I’ll be cheering for you, so please keep up the good work.”

Hawks truly and honestly debated with himself for a moment on whether or not he wanted to abandon everything and everyone, take him, and fly.

But he wouldn’t be a hero if he prioritized one person above all else.

“You too,” he said, lifting the coffee in his hand with a smile.

### Post USJ Kidnapping - Aizawa finds him

Aizawa and Yamada found themselves at one of the seediest bars in town, tucked far away at one of the more dangerous parts in town. The idea was that they were going to get smashed, lay off some steam, and pretend for a night, that they didn’t just abandon a small child.

He had, over the course of the weeks since this case blew up in their face, explained to his best friend of all the instances that he thought something was off. His best friend, after some time and a lot of talking, had begun to admit about things that he had seen and noticed as well.

Favoritism or not, those dead eyes weren’t something that he was ever going to forget. He would never wish for someone to be taken from their loving and safe family.

“Okay, I’m at the bar. I’ll see you in a bit.”

Aizawa’s head snapped over, far too sober to be seeing hallucinations, and if Yamada’s choking sounds next to him was any indication, it was clear that they were seeing the same hallucination.

Midoriya Izuku, the missing first year from UA’s General Educations course, stared back at them in the same amount of shock. He stared at them, his arm in a sling and fumbling over himself when he tried to turn around, but Aizawa’s capture scarf was faster.

“Don’t worry,” he said, “We’re here to help you.”

And then, he heard the kid crying.

Fat tears rolled down his face as he trembled and struggled worthlessly against the scarves. “Please, please,” he begged quietly, “Please, I am begging you, please, don’t take me back.”

Aizawa hesitated at that, unsure how to combat this before he centered himself and yanked the kid closer.

“No, no, I’m begging you please, please just let me die,” he said. “If I have to go back, just let me die. Just mark me as dead.”

“Sorry, I can’t do that-”

“I can’t, I can’t. Please, please don’t take me back,” Izuku sobbed out, nearly hyperventilating as he was yanked close enough for Yamada to grab him. “Oh god, oh god please. Please if there is mercy in your heart, just kill me. Please just fucking kill me-”

“God, what did they do to you?” Yamada asked quietly, the heartbreak in his words evident.

“I don’t want to go back-”

“Whatever they did to you kid, it’s going to be okay,” Aizawa said. “We’re here to save you.”

Izuku, at that, turned slack in his grip. He gave this watery laugh, as though he couldn’t believe his own shit luck, and he shook his head. And then, he suddenly stopped. His eyes widened as realization sank in, and Aizawa wondered if perhaps he now recognized them as his teachers, the Pro-Heroes.

“...Right,” he said, “No you’re right.” He laughed again, even though he kept crying. His breath heaved as he shook his head.

If you were to measure the exact angle that his shoulders slump, you would find the exact numerical degrees to spell out defeat on a human body.

“Right, of course. I guess I have been too happy recently, huh? I’ve made enough happy memories here to last me the rest of my pitiful life. Okay, fine. That’s fine. There’s no way I could win against you anyways.”

He crumpled in on himself, and if it wasn’t for Aizawa’s capture scarves, would have fallen onto the ground like a puppet with all its strings cut.

“Fine. Just… Just leave them alone. Please. It’s the least I could do for the people who have tried so hard to help me.”

“...What do you mean?” Yamada asked quietly.

Aizawa shot him a look to try and keep his mouth shut and the blond looked nervously between his friend and the student in his hands.

“Don’t look at me like that. I know what you’re thinking but look at him, Shota. He’s… He’s given up completely. Alright? No harm in listening.”

“It’s fine,” Izuku said, sniffling once as the tears finally stopped. His face was blank, and whatever light in his eyes had completely evaporated away. “The time I had here was like a dream, and it’s time to wake up. I understand now. I have nothing, I am nothing, and I’m sure you would like to get back to drinking, with the uplifted idea that you have done the right thing.”

“...Alright,” Aizawa said, releasing his capture scarves. “Talk.”

“...Uh, what?” Izuku blinked back.

Yamada took a seat at the bar, and Aizawa joined him on the other side. They turned his back to him, and called down the frozen bartender to get more drinks out for them. Izuku stared at them in shock.

“...I mean, we know where you are now,” Yamada said. “So come here, same time, next week. If you’re there, then we’ll believe you and we’ll leave you alone.”

“...Why?” Izuku asked.

“Because,” Aizawa said, looking even more tired than when he came in, “We don’t have any idea how to save you.”

Izuku stared, his eyes watering as he gave a loose laugh.

“You already have,” he said.

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Izuku was there, as promised, the following week. As a bad joke, Yamada passed him the class handouts from his English class, and the sheer joy that emitted from the young man could put the sun to shame.

For that shine alone, Aizawa was so tempted to drag him back to UA, if only so that this kid could get the education he clearly wants. Christ, he’s never seen someone look so excited to learn about grammar, and from the expression on Yamada’s face, he clearly never has either.

Afterwards, this became a recent thing, and everytime they showed up to this seedy bar, Izuku seemed to gain a little more light in his eyes and a spring in his step. Holding the notes in his hands like they were a national treasure or someone’s precious child, he looked as though he was handed the entire world in a stack of papers.

Then, one day, he pressed Yamada’s notes to his lips and covered the bottom half of his face. It wasn’t enough to cover the growing blush on his face, and those shining emerald eyes nervously glanced between the ground and them.

“If… and I don’t mean to be presumptuous,” he said, suddenly shy and quiet, “But perhaps I could get Ectoplasm’s notes? His… His lectures were always a lot of fun.”

Fun was the last word Yamada would ever use to describe math, but for the kid he couldn’t save, he’ll give him a big grin and a promise to do just that.

The smile that awarded him at the end of the following week was so much more than he could have ever imagined.

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Often the ‘right thing’ to do didn’t feel like that. It felt like he was going to kill someone, so he was going to choose the faster option to put someone out of agony sooner. Neither option was good, neither option soothed his soul, but it was about doing the ‘right’ thing.

In those neat packets about human psychology, stacks of law and legality, and the Hero’s Code that they are all sworn in by, Aizawa thought he knew that.

“Oh, I see! And that’s why the Shinsengumi was put down!”

“Yep!” Yamada agreed, even though it was more likely that he had no idea what was going on. History wasn’t really his strong suit. Of all people, Aizawa knew that the best.

Aziawa’s lip twitched. He wondered what he was going to do when he saw Izumi’s worried expression the following morning. He thought about her worried expression, and figured it would be okay.

“...Do you want to let your folks know that you’re alright? Or at least, your sister?”

Like a magic spell, Izuku’s face fell.

“...Ah, that’s right. The right thing to do isn’t about me, is it?” he said. Hisvoice was steady, but his face looked like he was ready to accept death, “...You can take me. If it’ll make it easier for you. I don’t want ot be the blemish on your record.”

Aizawa frowned, “It’s not like that.”

“It’s okay,” Izuku replied. “I won’t fight you. I know what happiness could be. It’s okay. I know I can live without it now.”

Yamada grimaced.

Izuku smiled.

“So go ahead and save me as you please.”

And again, the feeling that the textbook answer of the ‘right thing’ didn’t align with how he felt.

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