Summary: Shitty psycho-pass au. IE in which people“use criminals to capture criminals” AU.

Alt: Ignorance is Bliss.

Alt: 14 year old Midoriya is a police officer(?) and recently added to the program to use villains to hunt other villains.

Alt: Certainly, Todoroki Touya was the lucky one. He lived a blessed life, courtesy of Daddy Dearest, and even after all the crimes he committed, he was going to be given a chance to rehabilitate. And so, here he was, a police’s dog, here to capture other criminals. Which could have been fine. And it could have been fine. Except it wasn’t.

His handler was 14 year old Midoriya Izuku, and Touya’s luck had run out.

### Vacation vs PTO

"Ara?" Midoriya tilted his head to the side as he watched one of the targets escape to the side. "Touya, if you let this one go, I'm docking your pay."

And since this was back when Touya was naive, he opened his mouth to retort sharply, "you don't even pay me."

And of course, Midoriya laughed at him. Of course he did. Looking back at this moment, he wanted to laugh at himself.

"You're right, I don't pay you. And now, you don't even get holidays."

Touya thought about it. The days in between crazy cases and dumbass mistakes that land him on a hospital bed for days-

"You mean bedrest?"

"Hey, any day you're not here is your vacation. That's tax payer money, you know. If you can't manage them, then that's not my problem, Touya-san."

Touya jaw hurt from how hard he was grinding his teeth down.

"Now, are you going to use your vacation days on this poor man?"

"I'm on it."

### PTO

"So," Touya drew the sound out, "Do I get paid-time off?"

"Huh?" Midoriya frowned, "Who gave you that idea? Of course not. You don't have rights."

"I.... What?" Touya blinked back, tried to process it quickly. School was a distant memory, but he was fairly certain about the fact that even criminals had rights. He barely managed a quiet, "That's illegal."

Midoriya, 14 and smoking as he drove a fucking patrol car, laughed back. It was an innocent sound, bright and free like fireflies in the midsummer evening.

"Of course not. It's only illegal if you can pay for a lawyer."

Touya's face twitched. Was this seriously the face of justice?

"And last I checked, no one will be willing to fund an A-class villain like you.”

He could think of one man, but it would appear-

“I made sure of it."

-That Midoriya knew exactly who that was too.

### Driving

A muffled thud came from the back, followed by a long groan, and Touya's hands flew to the sides. Speedbumps shouldn't cause that kind of sound to come out of a car. Aren't Japan's car regulations ridiculous or something? He hadn't been that out of touch with society, was he? He was in jail for like. Twenty days or something.

One hand gripped his seat tightly, and the other grabbed his car door. It was locked, which, fine. That was obvious. Of course it was locked. Midoriya knew exactly how far he would go if it meant that Touya didn’t have to deal with him anymore. Likewise, if he pulled any harder, the car door would break. And that meant that he would be crawling out of the window to get in and out of this car, while Midoriya took a video of it and there are enough of those videos, okay? Touya would like to preserve what little of his pride and dignity was left, if at all possible.

But back to the current situation that made him want to return to prison. The boys back there were strange, yes, but they weren’t Midoriya.

Another thud came back, Touya had done enough strange and terrible things to know the sound of someone kicking a car from the inside.

"...Is there someone in the trunk?" he asked quietly.

"Hm?" Midoriya typed something on the laptop in his lap, occasionally bringing his hand up to readjust the steering wheel and make sure they were majority on the road. "Oh, I think it's Lieutenant Heida. It's Tuesday, right?"

This was a joke. This had to be a joke. Touya’s entire life was a joke, and that was okay and he could come to terms with that, so long as it all ends. Sooner rather than later.

"Lieu... Lieutenant Heida," Touya repeated.

The name didn't bring a face, but the entire situation was something he didn't want to deal with. Why did he ask? Why did he always ask? Touya had long lost forsaken the idea to ask why Midoriya was like this, because he just needed to do his best to protect himself. And honestly, it was slowly becoming one of the hardest things he’s ever done.

"... Is this okay? Aren't you the symbol of justice on the streets?"

A hum came from Midoriya as he took both hands off his keyboard and onto the steering wheel to make a hard right turn. Touya pretended that his insides weren't getting scrambled. If he threw up in this car, he would have to deal with the putrid smell of vomit and the sound of Midoriya's laughter. He could (probably) deal with one at a time, but both, and whatever Heida was doing in the trunk, was too much. He kept his eyes forward. Counted backwards from ten. Slowly.

Since it was useless to ask why Midoriya had a license when he could barely see over the dashboard anyways, he asked the Real Question. Why haven't they crashed? Oh right, since they're in a patrol car, no fucking idiot was even going to honk at them. He should have burned the whole world down while he could. But now he was...

"You see this badge?" Midoriya asked, reaching into his breast pocket to whip it out. Flipping it open to shine the badge in front of Touya, he spoke frankly, "This is my, 'Do whatever you want to a hero and get away with it badge'."

Midoriya smiled, like a young boy who was satisfied with his last test results. He tucked the badge back into his pocket and resumed typing again, lifting his hand to move the wheel this way and that.

Touya, eyes on the street, wanted to go punch whoever said that watching the road would help with car motion sickness. It clearly wasn’t helping.

-

When they got off the car, the trunk popped open. Touya squinted at the body bag. It twitched around, looking like a caterpillar on its last leg. Midoriya, calmly, as though this was normal (knowing him, it probably was), unzipped the bag. It revealed an older gentleman, looking old enough to be someone’s great-grandpa, wheezing.

The heat of the summer, in the back of a patrol car, in a bodybag while Midoriya recklessly drove over enough speedbumps that Touya had a bruise on his head from how often he collided with the roof of the car.

"Hello, Lieutenant Heida-san," Midoriya said politely, as though he was greeting a receptionist.

"Ah, Midoriya-kun," he said, a crazy gleam in his eyes once the ball-gag was taken out of his mouth. The saliva was slick and there was some drool coming out of the man’s trembling lips. Touya grimaced, disgusted. He would rather have a dead and rotting body than this. "Yes, that was amazing, Midoriya-kun." He wiggled his old and wrinkling body out of the bodybag once Midoriya zipped it down more so he could come out. He even extended his hand out to the wrinkly one, and the old fart took it. His hand, the skeletal bones that he was left as, rubbed circles into Midoriya’s. "Goodness, you always make me feel so young."

If that mess of a car ride couldn't make him puke, this just might.

Midoriya's smile didn't falter. He was the model that every Retail Buisiness's Guest Services worker would pray to. The ballgag was still in his hand. Still dripping.

"Of course. Same time next week?" He said while passing Touya's water bottle to the Lieutenant. Touya stared in alarm as the old man uncuffed himself (some part in his brain was coherent to think that this man had a key to the cuffs on his hands, on his person, and he was still tossed around in the back of a patrol car and he just wanted to lay down somewhere now) and took the drink. He greedily drank it down, eyeing Midoriya as he tongued the mouth of Touya's water bottle.

Touya's water bottle. Midoriya doesn't even drink water. Touya's certain it's because devils don't need water.

"Yes, I look forward to it."

With that Lieutenant Heida left. Midoriya pulled out a handkerchief and began to wipe down the ballgag before placing it back into the bodybag.

There was so much about the world that Touya hated. He wished that he didn't find more. How could there still be so many more reasons to just hate the entire world.

He really, really, didn't need more. Please.

He rolled the bag up and tucked it under his arm, and handed Touya his water bottle back.

“You think I want this back?” he asked.

Midoriya blinked, furrowed his brow and gave a gasp, “Oh shit, my bad. You usually aren’t here to see it, are you?”

Touya felt sick to the bone as he frantically searched his memory for the last drink that Midoriya had gotten him. Suddenly, he was forced to recount the time Midoriya passed him some outside food, greasy Chinese food and Touya had actually thanked him.

"Wipe that look off your face," Midoriya said, "It's not like it was the Commissioner this time. Now, that's a man who likes the bold and dangerous. Oops, I'm under contract not to say that. You didn’t hear that from me."

Midoriya dumped the excess water out of the bottle and tossed it into the recycling bin. He caught Touya’s wary expression and smiled back.

“I’m just doing my civic responsibility and recycling.”

### Almost human

Touya almost couldn't believe it.

Sitting in a chair, head in his hands, was his handler. Midoriya sniffled and Touya wondered if he woke up in the twilight zone. Could it be? Midoriya could emote like a realass human being?

He felt a pull inside of him. Without thinking about it, he made his way closer.

"...Midoriya," he said quietly. He was small. He knew, since Midoriya comes in his school uniform and changes when he gets to the station, but it always surprised him. Considering the collossal headache that he caused, it was strange to remember that this guy, he was a kid.

A kid that barely came up to his chest, but still a kid.

"I..." he said quietly. He sniffled harder. Touya could hardly believe that this was the same kid who could smile at any slimy geezer eyeing him like they were at a buffet. "I got the dates mixed up," he cried. "I missed the pre-order for the new Gang Orca figurine."

And this was why Touya didn't have any empathy anymore.

### Number Three Hero Hawks-san

"Oh no," Midoriya whispered, ducking behind Touya. "This is really bad."

Which.

Which, Midoriya hiding behind Touya usually meant that there was either someone who prefered bishies over shotas or someone with a gun. Both options sucked. So, Touya prepared himself for the worst-and also getting on his feet when Midoriya inevitably dragged him out of his cot the following day.

So, which will it be?

He looked, arching an eyebrow as Number Three Pro-Hero Hawks came into the room. Next to him, the police officer who was probably in charge of being his escort looked like he was watching the world end in front of his very eyes.

"Izuku-kun," he sang out and Touya winced because he could see literal stars around him. "I can smell you!"

It had been some time before Touya felt a full-body shudder. It would have been totally okay with him if he never had to feel like this again. But instead, his life was tightly wound around Midoriya and his shitty idea of justice.

"Ara?" Eyes, a predator's eyes, found Touya as the blond tilted his head to the side. He was being looked down on, but more importantly, why was he being involved with this?

This was his punishment for trying to get some fucking reports in. Fuck this shit.

"Midoriya, if you hide, that just makes me more excited."

Touya wanted to hide. And he wasn't even the underage brat that this guy was looking for.

"C'mon, don't you want to get dinner tonight? I'll get depressed if you keep avoiding me like this."

"Uh, no thank you, Hawks-san. I promised Touya here that I would eat with him. It's apart of the rehab process."

Which, Touya would like to remind the readers, was total bullshit. Touya, like anyone of his statue, ate prison food while Midoriya ate something especially delicious and mouth-watering in front of him.

"Eh?" Hawks didn't sound impressed.

His wings were folded back but Touya had no doubts that he could cross the room and tear through Touya (thorugh-in an incredibly graphic and violent way that would bring Touya to eternal rest and bump the rating of this story up) to get to the underage kid behind him.

"I just took some pictures so they could make a mold for my next line of figurines," Hawks said, "but I guess we can push that to another day-"

"Oh my god, is the new line already promised?"

Midoriya stucked his head around Touya. Fool.

In a blur, Midoriya was in Hawks's arms. The color drained out of Midoriya's face instantly and in all honesty, Touya thought it was nice to see Midoriya on this side for once.

"C'mon, I found a new chicken place. You're going to love it."

"Wait, my work-"

"Don't worry, I already cleared it with your supervisor-" oh that explained the fact that the offiers were making reservations for drinks- "-aren't they so nice? I think you're working too hard, you know. You should really take care of yourself. Well, I'll take care of it tonight..."

With a little more glee than he probably should, Touya saluted him as he took the greatest pain in his life away.

Bless Heroes.

\*

"Surprsed you don't have any dirt on him."

While all the other officers were nursing hangovers, Midoriya looked just as pale and shaky after an evening with Hawks. He rubbed his temples as he looked through the reports.

"You can't blackmail someone who has no shame," Midoriya deadpanned back, covering his face. "I can't become a bride anymore."

Touya snorted back. Karma was a cruel bitch, wasn't she? He placed his hand on Midoriya's face. No doubt, he knew that Midoriya had every bad thing in his life coming for him. It was one of the rare things that they had in common.

"If you can't find anyone, I'll take ya."

But if karma was a cruel bitch and Midoriya had been digging his grave since he was born, then Touya was the dumbest bitch in the whole world. His mouth clicked shut, his eyes widening comically, because he never wanted to say it aloud.

But Midoriya looked up at him, disgusted and confused like he couldn't figure out why there was two-week old road kill still in the parking lot.

"Why would I marry you? You can't even buy your own figurines."

And Touya took a deep breath through his nose.

### [insert psychological condition] here

Stockholm Syndrome? Suspension Bridge Effect? Did it matter?

Touya placed his head into his hands and didn't even have [anything] left. Midoriya made sure about that.

### ‘Before Dabi’

"Yeah, but of all the guys, you're the only one that lasted this long," Tsukauchi told him.

And the worst of all of it was that Touya's heart actually fluttered at that. He hated himself a little bit more everyday.

But, now that the thought was rolling in his mind, he had to know.

“There were people before me?” he asked.

Because, well, Midoriya was 14.

“...How long has Midoriya been in service?”

The smile that Tsukauchi gave him told him too much without saying anything at all. Not knowing was probably better for him, in any case.

“In theory,” Tsuakuchi said quietly, “he hasn’t even started his service.”

“...What?”

“Yep,” the policeman leaned back and grabbed another can of an energy drink. “He’s an intern.”

### w