## Buying a 4 Year Old

### **Moving on - Disowned**

Midoriya is debt-free for about a week, all of his mom's bills taken care of, he had plans for a nice dinner at Kurogiri's and a cozy movie night while they all just take a break. He had plans to take his motley crew to see Tokyo Tower sometime next week. He was the second highest scorer in the history midterm by a single point, and the top scorer in everything else.

He wasn't desperate for money, and he wasn't terribly injured. Of course, he still lived with his ear on the ground since he figured that he would still need to.

But on his way to the hospital, his mother's favorite array of colors scattered across petals in his hands and his recent exam scores in his bag, he runs into his father.

What luck, that the man would be rushed to the same hospital his wife was at. Or rather, it would make sense, since he came sprinting from the airport to this hospital, and ended up in an unfortunate accident.

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“...You did something, didn’t you?” Midoriya, even though his hands were shaking and he couldn’t perceive what he was seeing, talked like there was nothing wrong.

Kurobane replied by smacking the side of an ashtray across Midoriya’s forehead. Blood trickled down his tempe, a bruise forming.

“That’s what you’re going to say to the only people that are willing to give you a helping hand? What an ungrateful child.”

If the debt wasn’t something that people could count, wasn’t something that could be enumerated by the cash he can collect, he wondered how he could pay it back.

“When shown goodwill, isn’t it clear what you should do in response?”

Yes, he supposed it should be incredibly obvious.

His head ached, his heart empty, Midoriya dipped his head into a perfect, formal bow.

“Excuse my rudeness. I understand now.”

It wasn’t a debt. It was a gift exchange, and they were waiting (and counting) for Midoriya’s gift to join the pile. He had to return this favor, this gift, so it was a debt without being a debt.

Midoriya Izuku, now the only living Midoriya, joined the Shie Hassakai at 16.

### **Moves in With Chisaki - Taking Eri**

“...I’ll take her in,” Midoriya said, “There’s no need to do anything like this anymore.”

Kurono turned to arch an eyebrow, because Midoriya was here on Kurobane’s name. He was here because Kurobane, the right hand to the boss, said that he was worthwhile. Yet, here he was, standing on a landmine that no one has ever escaped from.

“...Is that why the boss sent you? To keep an eye on me?”

Midoriya doesn’t even blink, “Of course not. Kurobane-san wants me to learn from you. Since most of my funds go straight to you anyways, it’s probably for the best that I just remain by your side. No more third-party and all.”

“Ah, that’s right, you’re the reason why the group’s been making so much money recently, right? How have you been making it anyways?”

“...It’s flattering to think that you have heard of me,” the young man said, dipping his head forward, “But I make the most amount of money through stocks.”

Chisaki hummed, but anyone could see from his cold eyes that he didn’t care.

“But I’m afraid that even if Kurobane gave you to us, it’s not like we can give a child another child to care for.”

“On the contrary, I think that it’s better that I am the one in charge of Eri so that you may be able to totally and completely focus on your research. We are also closer in age, so she might feel some kindred heartening between us. Of course, I would never come in between you and her valuable family-time, but it will be one less thing for you to be aware of while you work.”

Kurono had to hand it to him, he was good at speaking. He was young, however, and it was painfully clear from the way his pale-face and how tightly his hands were clenched into fists at his side. In a few years, he might be something of note, but as it was, he was just pitiful.

And that was assuming he survived a few years. If he was already stepping on Chisaki’s toes, Kurono didn’t think that he had much of a future at all.

“...Well, there’s no need to hold back. I run a tight ship, but I have no need for idle pratter. Why don’t you tell me the real reason why you want to take Eri? No need to mince your words,” Chisaki said, opening his arms up as though to show how casual he was about all of this, “I appreciate honesty.”

Kurono has seen this many times. Kurono has also needed to clean the mess many times as well. He’s had nightmares from when those eyes have chased others into insanity.

“...If I may be frank then,” Midoriya said quietly, and when Chisaki gave his nod, his shoulders pulled back.

If the kid didn’t have his full attention before, he definitely did now. Kurono watched as he took a deep breath, and completely relaxed his body. He leaned back into his seat and lifted his chin, and on anyone else it would have been a bravada.

But in sharp contrast to the nervous kid just a few moments ago, it feels like this was the reality.

“I… understand the kind of drug you are making. To be honest, I was hoping to stop it now.”

Chisaki’s eyes narrowed, and Kurono knew that this kid was going to be smeared against the wall for coming in between Chisaki and his research. At this point, it was a matter of how long it would take. In fact, it was impressive that he was still alive.

“And why is that?”

His lips curled up, but there was no joy in his smile, and it looked more like an uncertain grimace.

“If you make this drug and it takes off, which I’m sure it will, I will lose my one edge I have in this world.”

“...Oh really?” Chisaki replied and Kurono has never heard him speak like that before. He risked a glance, and saw the way Chisaki leaned forward, and the interest in his eyes gleamed under their fluorescent lights. “...And what would that edge be? Don’t worry, we’re all family here. No need to have secrets.”

“...My greatest edge in life is that I was born quirkless.”

The silence in the room was deafening and Kurono stared at the boy in shock. Here, in the yakuza, right in front of him, the kid that Kurobane personally recommended, was quirkless? While it wasn’t impossible, Kurono hasn’t ever heard of the yakuza taking in a quirkless child. Usually, they take in the kids that have troubling or incredibly powerful quirks that no one else wanted to deal with.

It was how they found both him and Chisaki.

“...What did you say?”

“...If you take quirks away from this world,” Midoriya replied back. “It’ll ruin my one advantage I have in life.” He motioned to himself, “As you can see, my statue isn’t impressive, and I’m not exactly handsome either. I’m young, and have some limits on what my future aspects could become.”

Chisaki stared at him in a way that Kurono has never seen him stare at anyone before. He began to wonder, in tripediated fear, if something different would happen, and Midoriya would be the first person to experience something much, much worse than being overhauled and purified like all the others before him.

“...Interesting,” Chisaki said, “but unfortunately, that’s not enough. However, I am a reasonable man. As a favor to Kurobane, I will extend this deal to you. So what about this. I’ll give you six months. If you can bring me 20 million yen in six months, I’ll stop.”

Kurono felt his heart stop. What?

Even if there was no feasible way for Midoriya to net that much money in six months, the fact that Chisaki put this offer on the table was beyond him. Anyone else would be dead by now. He stared at Chisaki, who had been in such a bad mood before he came here so why was he giving this to him? Why was Chisaki giving him this possibility?

“...So be it,” Midoriya nodded. “20 milion in six months, right? I… I don’t think you’re the type to lie, but if you bend your words later, I’ll be quite upset.”

“No, no, I know better than to lie to someone like you,” the branch leader replied.

Chisaki Kai has always been able to see something that he couldn’t. He has always been able to see more, so he thought that perhaps, Chisaki had seen something much more than he did when he saw Midoriya. And with the way Midoriya’s eyes took him in, he couldn’t shake the idea that it was reciprocated.

Then, he couldn’t help but wonder why he felt so unsettled by this information.

“20 milion yen,” Midoriya whispered out, and Chisaki chuckled back.

“Of course, that’s not counting the payments to the group.”

“But the payments are monthly,” Midoriya said, “Or did you want the 20 milion in payments as well?”

Kurono vaguely wondered if Midoriya understood the figures of money he was throwing around.

Chisaki thought about it for a moment and then shook his head. “20 million. All at once or none at all.”

The young man nodded. He straightened up before he gave a proper bow, “Thank you for this opportunity, boss. I will not let you down.”

“Yes, yes,” the man replied back with a nod, “Ah, but Midoriya?”

“Yes, sir?”

“This deal is off if it negatively impacts your grades or your work here.”

“...Yes sir.”

“Dismissed.”

Kurono, for a brief second, thinks that he doesn’t recognize Chisaki at all.

### **Interlude: Fancy Stickers**

The tattoo on Midoriya’s back stretched across his shoulder blades and dipped to his hips. It’s as painful as it was expansive, but it was his.

“O-Ouch!”

Twice jerked his hand back like he had been burned. “Oops, sorry, you good?”

“Y-yeah,” Midoriya winced, “Sorry, I wasn’t expecting that.”

“When’d you get hit here?” the blond asked.

The young man shrugged back, his new tattoo throbbing with every heartbeat he had, “Ah, I uh… I guess I worked too hard,” he said. He made a show of rubbing the back of his neck and rolling his shoulders. “Did I scare you?”

It was cheeky, but he didn’t want them to worry. It was strange, but he didn’t want them to know. One day, he would have to tell them, or it would come out in the worst way possible, but until then.

Twice gave a hum, rubbing the bottom of his chin, and Midoriya prayed that he would have the means to protect this man.

He snapped his fingers. “I can give killer massages! // I can even kill with them, haha, get it? Killer?!”

Midoriya lived in a world dictated by stock value, liquid assets, and the liters of blood he spilled in the name of Family. It often ended with him dry-heaving in the toilet at odd hours in the night and trembling if someone holds the door open for him. It ached for reasons that led to the ink job that detailed his servitude to the Family.

### **Interlude: Midoriya’s finance**

Looking at Chisaki, Midoriya understands that he cannot be <Midoriya Izuku> and save Eri. If he wanted to save this girl, if he wanted to spare her this agony, then he needed to save her for a selfish reason. He needed to push forward as someone who was only looking after himself and his own personal growth.

He…

He was suddenly reminded of the blond hero in his neighborhood. Not the pro-hero, but the one that lived down the street from him and grew up with him. A guy who exploded everything and was everything Midoriya wanted to be. Confident, cool, and strong.

He leaned back, relaxing his body as he gave a smile.

What would Kacchan do, to save this girl? He’d blow his way through the problem, and threaten the bad guys and the child he was trying to protect.

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20 million yen, in exchange for a life is pretty cheap. Even luckier that he gets six months.

Now that he has an end goal and his time constraint, he has a little more leniency.

Donating blood will net him about 30 thousand. He could push and make a fair bit, but he’ll have to bleed all his connections dry. It’ll be hard to survive in about eight months, but he was sure he could handle it. If he counted all of the inheritance he had as the remaining Midoriya, and the amount of money that he was saving up for his mom…

It would be a stretch, but Midoriya would do it. He would have to.

He’s not a hero or anything, but he can save this girl.

### **Midoriya walks the talk**

"Okay, then make sure that the reports are done."

"They're on your desk, sir. Please review them before signing them,” Midoriya replied without looking up from the computer screen. He did stop to pull out a folder from one of the drawers under his desk, and Chisaki wondered if this is what an office should feel like.

After the initial greetings, it’s clear that Midoriya has no intentions of talking or even looking at him in an effort to get work done. It may look disrespectful, but Chisaki actually preferred this over all the formalities his position required.

In the privacy of their workplace, he will let it slide. From his limited contact with Midoriya, the young man understood and respected that.

Chisaki walked over to his office, pushing the door open and was pleasantly surprised at the small amount of paperwork on his desk. He swore that he hadn’t seen the surface of his desk in at least a month, so this was a very nice surprise. He walked over to a very small stack of papers, three in total, and noticed that they were an assortment of blue and yellow stickies on them.

“...What are these?” he asked, motioning to the stickies.

Midoriya, who had followed him into his room with a binder in his arms, fumbled with it as he answered.

“Blue means they need to be signed, yellow means that it was something that I had to edit. Those are the only things that require your attentive attention, but the rest of it are reports that Kurono pulled up for me and I used as a basis. I didn’t know how much time you had to look them over, so I tried to expedite it as best I could. In terms of which need to be done first, the things that should be done before tomorrow are to your left and it goes till next month to your right.”

He nodded, his eyes trailing over the page and the tension in his shoulders loosened.

“...You write well,” he said after a moment. “Very concisely and factually.”

“Thank you, sir. Modern Japanese is one of my highest grades,” Midoriya said, dipping his head forward.

The older man hummed a little, and flipped through the reports. Indeed, they were ordered meticulously well with an incredible amount of detail. The reports became wordy after a while, but compared to the stacks of data that he had just this morning, it was much preferred.

“...You get a little verbose once you enter the methodology. You don’t need to add that much information about it. Compiling the conclusions of the data and the lists of news concerning the numbers is enough. Perhaps a summary of the data if it’s particularly hard to explain.”

“...Yes, sir. I’ll keep that in mind for the future.”

“But for a first time, it’s acceptable,” he said. He leaned over to sign off where he needed to and then handed it back. “Take this to Kurono and go ahead and get started on the business records.”

“Right here,” Midoriya said, pulling a manilla folder out of his binder and then taking the reports from Chisaki’s hands. “Actually, I had a couple of questions about them, but I stickied in on…”

The boss took the papers into his hands, looking through the first two and then flipping to the middle and end of the stacks to realize that the entire stack had the same amount of attentive detail through its entirety.

“..You got all of these done?”

Midoriya nodded back, and at Chisaki’s suspicious glance, shrugged back.

“Time is money.”

“...Indeed.”

The report was of similar quality. Thinking of how much work he had dumped on the young man just to see if he could handle it, Chisaki could say that he was very pleasantly surprised.

So be it, he’ll see how far he can take this.

“You’re dismissed once you get that to Kurono. Same time tomorrow.”

“Yes sir.”

Then, Midoriya left and Chisaki was informed by Irinaka that he had left the vicinity and their property to go elsewhere. He assumes that now, he would be trying (futily) to pull the magnificent sum of 20 million.

He didn’t think that Midoriya could do it. 20 million is something that most people can’t make in ten years, to think that a high schooler could make it in six months smelled of all sorts of shady things. Even then, he doesn’t think any bottom-feeding yakuza would be able to pull together that much money either.

Right now, when school was in the lull and the holidays have ended, the economy was on a decline as people returned from the holidays and the economy was trying to stabilize. There was no feasible way for him to have a part-time job that could get him this amount of money, and frankly, he was far too awkward with himself to be able to sell it.

He had no connections and no power of any sort.

Chisaki, despite all that he says or means, is a little interested in seeing how this turned out.

### **Quirk**

Chisaki walked in on a strange discussion a few weeks after Midoriya moved in. He knew that there was a strange tension between Midoriya and the other members of the group, but he expected that to an extent.

After all, everyone else who ever tried to join the Shie Hassakai as a minor had to ask to join and were brutally turned down. Even Chisaki, who was taken in as an ungrateful child, was never asked to join the family. He had to put his head to the ground, groveling and begging to join for a chance to pay back to the kumicho all the kindness that was given to a shitstain like him.

And even then, he only got in because the other generals made a case pleading for him. The Kumicho only relented after four years of his constant hard work, and being pleaded to by literally everyone else in the family.

He, like many others, chalked it up to the Boss’s kindness. He didn’t want to tie down the unfortunate kids to live a life like theirs. It made his feelings of gratitude swell even more.

And then, Midoriya Izuku entered the scene.

“Memory? Are you fucking serious right now?”

“Yes,” Midoriya nodded back. “It’s alright, I’m used to this reaction.”

“...What’s going on here?” Chiaski asked, making his presence known.

Instantly, everyone in the room jumped up to their feet and gave him a greeting in unison. He raised his hand.

“Well? Is anyone going to answer me?”

Rappa, oh Rappa, pointed at Midoriya with the grace of a five year old and yelled out, “Little Midoriya here is trying to convince us that he has a quirk when he doesn’t.” He was red in the face, and from the state of the open sake bottles, Sakaki and he had been drinking on shift again.

“I-I do!”

Golden eyes narrowed, silencing both of them. He really didn’t need to deal with this right now.

“It’s unbecoming of an informat to lie,” Chisaki said evenly, eyes narrowing.

Why would he hide something like this? What was the point of it? If being Quirkless was an asset, why was Midoriya trying to hide it?

The young man’s face blushed hotly, reminding everyone how much he doesn’t belong here. Having the boss’s favor means nothing when the boss isn’t here, and they all know that the boss lets things slide all the time.

“I-I’m not, sir,” Midoriya said, dipping his head forward. His face was pale and he was sweating. It was disgustingly clear how obvious it was that he was lying.

But Chisaki, who had to pour sake for Kurobane when Kurobane went over Midoriya’s file with him, would never forget that small, almost prideful smile on the normally impassive man.

“...Then, what is your quirk?”

Midoriya looked up at him, and Chisaki thinks he’s gotten arrogant, if he can look at him straight in the eye and reply back, “My quirk is memorization.”

“Bullshit,” Rappa, who also knew that Midoriya was quirkless because Chisaki told all his Precepts so, muttered under his breath.

“I can prove it too,” Midoriya said, “...If you would let me.”

“...Alright,” Chisaki said, “Let’s get this over with. Make it quick.”

“Luckily,” the young man said, motioning to the table, “We were just about to get ready for a game, right Setsuno-aniki?”

“Huh?” Setsuno looked at the deck of cards in his hands, and then back up, “Uh yeah.”

Midoriya probably wanted to smile, but instead, he ended up flashing his teeth at them, “If you would please take a seat. Why don’t we play a game of blackjack? We were playing earlier, so as long as Setsuno hasn’t shuffled it yet.”

Midoriya Izuku is the only person that Kumicho brought in as a minor with the intention to make him one of them. He was 13 when they placed him into a pitfall that he’ll never be able to escape from. They used his mother’s sickness against him, dangled the medical bills over his head, and forced him to undertake payments equal to a small group.

They found his father and lorded it over his head that his little boy had run to the yakuza for help. It was a blatant lie, but there was no one to say or believe that. As a result, the man abandoned the boy, leaving him disowned and alone. And now that he was alone, the Kumicho paid for his first tattoo and showed up for his inauguration ceremony.

A cruel set-up, but it worked.

Unheard of , but it happened.

They all knew, and Chisaki had no doubts that Kumicho and Kurobane had just turned a blind eye to it all, and they made Midoriya’s life a living hell in a cheap effort to see why he was different.

“How many cards?” Midoriya asked.

“Pardon?” Setsuno asked, “uh… 52?”

“No, I mean,” his eyes turned to Chisaki, looking more nervous than anything, “How many cards would you like me to take before I get to blackjack?”

“...Four,” Chisaki said.

“Alright,” Midoriya nodded, and turned back to Setsuno. “Whenever you’re ready, hit me.”

Within three minutes, they had crowded the table in awe as Midoriya calmly asked for the amount of cards, and delivered blackjack as promised several times. The young man, the more he did it, the more confident he seemed and Chisaki said.

“Make blackjack with eights of hearts, seven of spades, and six of clubs.”

“Yes sir.”

And it was delivered.

Midoriya looked up at Chisaki, his chin up and said, “Next?”

The silence was deafening. If Chisaki didn’t already know that he was Quirkless, he would have definitely believed him then and there that he did have a quirk. That his quirk was memorization, and Chisaki thought that it could be incredibly useful, if he didn’t have a notepad or a phone. As it was, it would be a good last resort.

But that wasn’t the case. Midoriya did not have a quirk. Kurobane’s information cannot be wrong.

“...No, we wasted enough time here already,” he said, turning away.

However, Chisaki never questioned why he cared.

### **Curfew -**

“...My curfew is what?”

“Two AM on the weekends,” Kurono said, “and noon on school days. Don’t make me repeat it again.”

The man’s face fell.

“...It moved up?”

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The first time he breaks curfew, it’s his second week and it costs him a dislocated shoulder.

Where anyone else would have been groveling and crying in pain, Irinaka felt a shiver run down his spine when he caught Midoriya’s unrepenting, clear and focused eyes after his beating. They were the same expression that he had when he was looking at the report and calculating and recalculating the numbers in front of him. It was the expression of someone who was trying to figure something out.

Irinaka knows that look. It’s the look of someone who has a goal and a method. More importantly, he has a drive to do it.

Setsuno helped him put his shoulder back in, and the young man hissed in pain. His fellow precept laughed at his misery and placed a first-aid kit next to him.

“Don’t be late again, they went easy on you tonight.”

It was said to scare him, and the young man grimaced at the thought. And light in his eyes didn’t fade in the slightest.

It bothered Irinaka more than he thought. No matter how hard he tried to remind himself that Midoriya is quirkless and weak, with minimal to no connections to anyone in the immediate vicinity, with a contract with Chisaki to buy a young girl that he has no chance of doing. He is nothing. He is no one.

And no matter how hard he repeats this in his head, he can’t shake his gut feeling.

### **Quirk Debunked**

“Fuck, you gotta be cheating.”

Midoriya’s smile is sly and smooth as he takes his winnings for the evening. He tapped his forehead.

“The longer the game, the more in my favor it is.”

“...Then, let’s play a round. It’s been a while since I got to play mahjong. Kurono, we need a South.”

Kurono looked as uncomfortable as he felt. It was strange enough that Chisaki was engaging with them, but nearly unheard of for him to sit down and play with them. This was beyond strange, but since Midoriya came here, a lot of things were strange.

“Of course.”

Midoriya’s smile turned strained as Chisaki took a seat at the west seat. Kurono took a seat at the south side, and the poor fool that just lost all his money from paled in an instant.

“I don’t have any money, so I will bow out,” he said, “Please excuse me.” Chisaki waved him off, and Midoriya saw his chance.

“...I uh… Guess I’ll go to my room and do my homewor-”

“You’ll be playing too, of course, Izuku. It’ll be a pain to try and find two more players, after all. Stay here and entertain me for a game, would you?” Chisaki said, voice sweet like poison as he gave him a smile through the facemask. It wasn’t like Midoriya had any ability to refuse him anyways, so his lips twitched but he remained seated. “Hm, we need a North as well. Hojo.”

“Yes, boss.”

“You know how to play mahjong, right? Come, join us.”

Hojo looked perplexed, shot a look to Kurono, who only gave him a dead-eyed stare in return, and took the seat at the North side. His face progressively played and Midoriya had no doubts that he was mourning the loss of his money already. In his head, he tried to think of a way to minimize losses across the board.

“Its… been a while,” he said.

“Not a problem,” Chisaki replied. His eyes slid to Midoriya, “Now then, Midoriya, impress us.”

The man hesitated, and the game began.

Kurono won the first round. It’s clear on his face that he regretted being alive. Hojo looked pale, like he was going to be sick, with the second highest score. Chisaki waves it off, despite being dead last, and gives a side-eye to Midoriya, who sits with the score of zero. The look in their boss’s eye is predatory, and it’s hard to breathe in the same vicinity as him, moreless play and win in mahjong.

The money gets shuffled around, but it’s clearly not the focus as the next game sets up.

Their boss is merciless. Since most people skit around him, it’s easy to forget that his position wasn’t earned because of his path of carnage he overhauled, but his predatory ambition to stand at the top. And his current target was Midoriya.

Kurono, unusually nervous, fibbed a little and lost badly in the second round. Hojo is pale-faced at first. Midoriya remained at zero points, and Chisaki is still in the negatives, just not as bad as Kurono.

The others noticed something, and Chisaki started the next round.

“Oh that’s right,” the man said, snapping his fingers and Irinaka stepped forward with a bag. He titled his head to prevent himself from meeting Midoriya’s gaze at all cost. “Before I forget, I thought I should mention this very interesting book we found.” the branch head said, lifting a worn notebook in his hands.

Midoriya’s eyes widened while Hojo and Kurono continued their turns without looking at him. He opened his mouth, ready to say something, but no sound came out.

His tone was playful, voice mocking, “Hm… What’s this? Aren’t all these ways to count cards and keep track of most games that we play? What a handy book of tricks, don’t you think?”

It was strange to see the normally cold Chisaki, who only does things for his goal, sitting in the game room as it was. It was strange to watch him target and corner their newest addition like this, when he has never shown any semblance of interest in a person before.

“You… went through my things?” Midoriya asked quietly, just as shocked as the rest of them to think that Chisaki would voluntarily hold something that belonged to another person, even with his gloves on. The whole idea that Chisaki was giving him the time of day, just to personally debunk and ruin the notion that he had a quirk was strange enough as it was.

This whole thing was like something out of the Twilight Zone.

“Everything here,” Chisaki said, motioning to the pieces, “belongs to me, Midoriya.”

The hidden message didn’t go ignored.

Smugger than a cat with a canary, he chuckled, “But I suppose with your memorization quirk, you wouldn't ever need notes, right?”

Midoriya’s jaw clenched hard. “...What… do you want from me?”

“I was fine with Kumicho’s decision to let you stay here because you were quirkless. I wouldn’t allow any disgusting rat to take refuge in my home, after all,” Chisaki said, “And I do not want anyone to think that I tolerate liars. It’s as simple as that. I think this facade has been going on long enough, don’t you? Finish your turn.”

Midoriya gritted his teeth. His eyes flickered across the tiles and the round ended with his score remaining at zero. Chisaki leaned back, finally in the positives but Hojo won again. Kurono looked almost at peace with his negative score.

“Final round,” Chisaki said, golden eyes glued to Midoriya’s pale complexion. “And I have yet to be impressed.”

A shudder ran down Hojo’s spine, but he shuffled the tiles and started the final round.

All things considered, it ended anti-climatically. Chisaki reigned in first, Kurono two points behind him. The man looked oddly pleased about it, even if the boss looked disappointed. Hojo continued his terrible performance and Midoriya remained at zero.

With how the game was set up, Hojo would be the only one who lost money, while Chisaki and Kurono would be the only ones who gained. Midoriya stared at the tiles, carefully keeping as much emotion off his face as he could, but in the raptorial eyes of the boss, he might as well have been naked.

“How disappointing,” the boss said. He stood up and walked out without a further word.

Sitting there, however, Kurono eyed the game scoreboard with no small amount of trepidation.

Even though Chisaki said that, and everyone here bore witness to the undeniable fact that Midoriya lied about having a quirk, Kurono didn’t think that this debunked the young man of his abilities. In fact, this game served to prove how terrifying this young man could be.

He scored a perfect score of zero this entire time. In mahjong, it was nearly unheard of. Quirk or not, this wasn’t something that someone could pull off without resorting to cheating.

His eyes flickered to the notebook. He barely had a chance to look through it, but it was clear that they were notes on some card games like blackjack and poker. He’s seen the man’s reports, he has no reason to doubt that these were Midoriya’s personal notes that Midoriya made.

No matter how well someone memorized the rules on the fastest way to win, or could memorize an entire deck of 52 cards even with the small shifts in the numbers and cards, the fact that Midoriya could do it in practice wasn’t anything to scoff at. Kurono had no doubt that Chisaki had to notice and recognize that, since even he noticed.

And looking around the room, the same amount of sinking realization could be seen in most of their members' faces.

Yes, Midoriya lied about having a quirk. Yes, Chisaki decided to step in himself, even though it didn’t seem to be bothering anyone there. Kid was a good sport, and it wasn’t like he was robbing all of them of their money.

And yes, Midoriya didn’t have a quirk. Instead, he just proved that he has something just as irreplaceable. In all honesty, Kurono thinks that this is much more terrifying.

### **Rappa’s Attitude**

It was a normal day, or as normal as it could get.

“Ah, the squirt’s still at school?”

Chisaki’s hand stopped moving from where he was signing off on reports. His eyes flew to Kurono for answers, and his right-hand looked just as surprised and shocked as he felt. In fact, Kurono’s eyes flew to him, like he had any clue what the fuck was going through Rappa’s mind right now if he was looking at Kurono for answers. The two shared that look and then turned back to Rappa.

When did Rappa ever go around looking for someone?

“...School gets off at three,” Kurono said, finding his voice.

“...Haaah? But his curfew is at four,” Rappa said, narrowing, “Why does he need an hour to get back home?”

Chisaki hasn’t been this surprised since the day Kumicho announced Midoriya’s quirkless appearance to them. What was going on? Rappa knew Midoriya’s curfew? Rappa is waiting for someone? Rappa… refers to this place as home?

He knew too much now.

“Ah, whatever. I guess I’ll work out ‘till he gets here,” he said, rubbing the back of his neck. “See ya,” he said with a wave.

Rappa… just walked away without demanding a fight? He didn’t make a mess of his office? He…

Chisaki’s phone buzzed, alerting him that his attention was needed, and he stared at the time.

It was two.

He stared at Kurono, too shocked to formulate words, and just motioned at the man who left the room.

Later, he and everyone else in the manor would know exactly when Midoriya came home, because the unmistakable sound of something breaking would sound.

“Can’t you wait until I get my shoes off?!”

“I’ve waited long enough, pipsqueak!”

“No, not the bonsai plants!”

“You should have acted sooner, brat!”

“Rappaaaaa!”

Midoriya’s screams could be heard ringing through the manor, but no one seemed to be worried. They look on with fond exasperation and resumed their day like this was a normal and endearing situation that happened.

And while Chisaki never had been in a ‘welcoming’ home, he’s never felt so foreign before either.

### **Changes at Home**

Chisaki tiredly rubbed the back of his neck. He will have to admit, since Midoriya came here, his life has gotten a lot easier. Reports were in on time and properly queried, and they had money rolling in a steady stream. The budget was clean and they had real savings now. Data was properly collected and catalogued. Mistakes were at an all-time low, and morale was at an all-time high.

It was… strange.

Chisaki would have never thought that he would be able to hear a happy buzz in his manor. If he were a lesser man, he knew that he would be laughing and partying right with them. Of course, it would be disgusting to spend any time or even breath the same air as someone with a quirk. He would never choose to do that on his own.

Yes, he was only going because he knew that they were slacking and needed to get to work. And if they really had nothing to do, then they needed to go to a bar or somewhere else so that he didn’t have to deal with their loud noises. He didn’t want to hear their sudden bursts of laughter, and he didn’t want to either.

He repeated this to himself. He walked down the hallway, drawn in by the sounds of laughter. He opened the door and as always, everything fell silent immediately as all eyes fell on him.

This, however, hasn’t changed.

They were all on their feet in an instant, bowing their heads forward to properly greet them and he waved them off. So they weren’t drunk? Why were they like this?

“Resume,” he said, even though he never asked them about this before. He should have sent them away or reminded them about the importance of what he was doing.

Why was he like this?

Just a few weeks ago, he would have Overhauled everyone in the room for being so relaxed that they didn’t hear him coming down the hall. Then, he would have another punishment for the fools that made him use his dirty quirk.

He never thought that he would ever feel like a stranger in his home. Boss, definitely. Alone and respected. But not a stranger. He had come here to see what the commotion was about, and now that he was here, he realized that they were just talking and enjoying themselves. He didn’t get it. And he was even more confused because usually the only time someone could enjoy themselves was when there was much more alcohol. There were barely any beers open.

Awkwardly and a little nervously, they resumed. Their conversation was much more silted, clearly too aware of their boss’s presence to do anything or say anything out of fear.

He… he doesn't know why that bothered him.

“Oh man, you guys are so quiet! I was so scared for a moment that everyone had already left without me-”

Midoriya, the catalyst to all changes in his life, poked his head into the room, a big, wide grin on his face. He took one look at Chisaki and stepped into the room to give a proper bow and greeting, “Chisaki-san,” he said. He looked around the group and then back at the boss, and with a bright smile that did not fit on a man saddled with an insane amount of debt and asked, “How are you today?”

“...Fine,” Chisaki replied back.

“That’s good, you look better. I just finished the last of the reports and took it to your desk. Would you like to review them here instead?”

“...Not at all,” Chisaki said, and he exited the room. The man was holding a plastic bag from the nearby convenience store, and walking by, he realized that they were all snacks. ...Did he run out to get some snacks for them?

As he walked back to his office, the lively chatter returned and he felt annoyed.

Something was changing. Something was making it change. And he… he didn’t know what to do about it. He looked to Midoriya at his side, and wondered why it took him so long to realize that the kid had given him a safe and easy way out of the stifled atmosphere without anyone losing face?

Ridiculous.

“Aren’t you too lax for someone who has to hunt down 20 million?” he asked, stopping on his trek to his office when he saw Midoriya at the office lounge area, covering the entire coffee table with small action figures of various heroes.

The young man looked up and shot out of his seat. He gave a bow right as the older man raised his hand to stop the greeting before it came. He paused, looking at him for a second before he gave a nervous laugh as he looked back to his collection. “Yeah, I guess it does look like that, huh?”

“...What’s it for?”

Midoriya’s eyebrows climbed up to his hairline and he stared at Chisaki in surprise. Under those clear eyes, Chisaki felt a bit of embarrassment crept up inside of him. He frowned at him, and narrowed his eyes. If he backed out now, it would be worse so.

“Well?”

“Ah, uh,” Midoriya jolted out of his stupor and rubbed the back of his neck. “It’s like a collector’s thing. I saw a new vending machine with things that I didn’t have on my way back from lunch so I…”

“...I see,” Chisaki replied back, feeling a little disappointed. He didn’t know what he was expecting. Did he think that there was going to be a greater meaning behind it?

The thought scared him. When did he start expecting these kinds of things from Midoriya when he still double-checks Kurono’s reports?

“I have a few of the Super Rare All Might,” Midoriya continued, “They’re what I really wanted, you know? I didn’t expect any of the vending machines here to carry this line. These are more popular in Tokyo and places around schools, since the kids empty them out faster so they have to refill it often.”

Oh no, he was going on a tangent. His eyes shone, reminding him how young he really was as he excitedly explained way more about a toy line than he wanted to know.

“...I couldn’t believe it until I saw it for myself-”

“Izuku.”

His jaw clicked shut as he turned to Chisaki. Seeing the annoyed expression on his boss’ face, he dipped his head forward, “I’m sorry for talking you ear off,” he said immediately.

“...Whatever, get these out of my office. I don’t want to see these disgusting hero merchandise in the manor again.”

They weren’t important after all. Midoriya gave a nervous laugh and nodded again. He wanted to Overhaul that expression off his face. He didn’t need a face to write up his reports, right?

“Yes sir. It won’t happen again.”

“...Where are the reports for the Ishiyama meeting?” he asked.

“Right here,” Midoriya said, pulling it out from underneath the pile of Present Mic figures he had. Chisaki felt dirty, even though he had his gloves on.

He looked through it, critical yellow eyes skimming past the handwriting. Midoriya really would have been perfect if only he had better handwriting. He was really considering passing a rule so that the boys would stop breaking his fingers, if only in an effort to try and get better handwriting.

As it was, he felt himself feeling better, like having a report was all he needed to cleanse his mind.

“...Comb through all the data about the Miyamuras,” he said, “Ask Kurono if you need access to something. I want a report about it by tomorrow morning. They’re getting ready to change their successors and we need to make a decision on which one to support.”

“Yes sir.”

Chisaki eyed the figures in disdain, but figured that he could show mercy. He had more important things to do, after all. With that thought in mind, he started to walk towards the door, and ignored the slight tilt of Irinaka’s head when he eyed him and then Midoriya. Why was everyone looking at him like that?

This was Midoriya’s first offense, and he was in a good mood again. Contrary to popular belief, he had small mercies for the kid that brought in the most amount of money in their group. This wasn’t favoritism. This was rewarding good behavior.

His eyes caught the way Midoriya gently and carefully placed each and every single hero figure into a big gift bag and snorted.

He was yakuza, right?

### **Large-Scale Meeting (1)**

“...Stop looking around so much,” Chisaki called out. “It’s unbecoming of someone that I came with.”

“R-Right, sorry, sir,” Midoriya said, paled faced. The older man’s eyes slid down his arms where he saw how tightly his hands had formed into fists and trembled.

Chisaki gave him a withering stare, and he did his best not to meet his eyes.

“...Is there something wrong?”

Chisaki’s voice was cold as he stepped forward. He looked between Midoriya and the other man.

“...No, sir,” they both said hastily. He scampered off and Midoriya grimaced at the thought of bearing the brunt of this scolding.

“...Lift your head. While you are with me, you are under my power and rule,” he said. “Currently, only four other people outrank my position right now. The Kumicho, his two closest aids, and the other Silver General.”

Midoriya lifted his gaze, and when green eyes met gold ones, didn’t shy away. For a guy with seemingly no spine, he was adept at keeping eye contact. Chisaki could understand why people hated him so much. For a kid dragged into the dirtiest part of the world, his eyes were still far too clear.

“That means that right now, out of everyone else here, they are the only people that can challenge me and the people that I bring. Do you understand? There’s no need for you to bow your head to anyone. I brought you here because you were the least likely to start a fight, but I will not tolerate you getting stepped on like that.”

Hesitantly, Midoriya nodded.

Chisaki stared back and sighed. He reached into his pocket and pulled out a fat wad of bills. “I know that you are an asset. I know that you have an ability that most people can never reach. I know that. You know that. Kumicho knows that. So go prove it to the rest of them.”

With trembling hands, Midoriya stared at the bills in his hands.

“I heard that they’re sitting down to play Mahjong,” he said. “Go make a mess out of them.”

His eyes narrowed in his determination. And he nodded.

“I won’t let you down, sir.”

They leave with triple the amount of money that they started with. The target on Midoriya’s back has widened considerably, but it was for a different reason than usual. Chisaki walked out, his head held high, and Midoriya in a considerably better mood.

### **[Gunshot]**

The sound of gunshot was deafening. Neither Twice or Dabi were strangers to guns, but the situation was too strange for them to think of it as anything normal. It had been some time since they’ve heard a gunshot, but the ringing in their ears calmed down faster than their heartrate.

Standing over the body of a young girl, Midoriya took a deep breath before he holstered the gun. On the ground, half of the skull of the victim was blown out, splattering the ground in a spread of blood and chunks of flesh and brain matter.

“...Wasn’t that our… objective?” Spinner asked quietly.

Midoriya pushed his hair back, “Can’t be helped, she saw my face.”

He kneeled down in front of her.

“It’s fine. I still have use for the body.”

He sighed as he pulled his phone out and started to type on it. He stopped to take a picture of the deceased girl’s body and went back to typing. When he was satisfied, he pocketed the phone again.

“Well then, is everyone alive?”

“You have a gun?” Twice asked, breathless as he came running up to the man. “You-when did you have a gun?”

Midoriya looked at the masked blond and arched his eyebrow, “Of course I have a gun,” he said. “I can’t be caught weak here.”

The man opened his mouth and then closed it. Midoriya wasn’t even shaking. Midoriya wasn’t trembling. The Midoriya, who yelped for jump-scares and cried when dogs die in movies, wasn’t even shaking as he regarded Twice, the body of a young girl just his age at his feet.

“C’mon,” Midoriya said, “We have a lot to do tonight.”

And Twice, briefly, wondered if he was disappointed for not even noticing what Midoriya went through.

-

Dabi found Midoriya, a smoke in between his lips as he leaned back in his chair. In front of him, his laptop screen casted shadows over his face. Green eyes followed the words across a paper, one of many from the small stack in front of him. He didn’t even look up when Dabi walked into the shitty love-hotel they were parked in while the police sirens wailed outside.

They’d be in here for a while, and it was as safe as they were going to get, yes, but Midoriya didn’t even flinch.

The young man looked like he wasn’t phased, but Dabi was there. This was a guy who blushed when he saw two people kissing in the hallway of the Love Hotel. This was a guy whose hands shake when he’s about to open the toy that came with his kid’s meal. And even though this was out of his paygrade and Dabi didn’t actually care, his feet took him to the guy who once stayed two and a half nights straight to make sure he got over his fever.

"I've killed 30 people," Dabi said quietly, “Before this.” He leaned backwards against the dresser. It creaked obnoxiously, so he didn’t put too much weight on it.

Okay. According to Google, he needed to first find a common ground. Then, he could try and say something comforting, based off his experiences. It would be the first time he did this, but he would do it. He’ll do it right. And Midoriya will fucking appreciate it.

He would do it because Midoriya didn’t even send him to get his favorite ice cream and didn’t mention getting any form of take-out, and it was starting to really freak Twice. In turn, meant that Twice was four times more annoying, Shigaraki was two times more aggravating, and Dabi was stuck between them because Toga was out with a cold and Spinner ran away with Compress to do shitty scouting missions. And because he hadn’t seen Midoriya smile since they returned to the hotel. But that wasn’t even a real reason, so he buried that thought farther and farther away.

But the fastest way to fix anything without killing everyone and ruining his current cash-flow would be to staunch the bleeding at the source. So.

“It ... doesn't really get easier-” he tried. He was really trying-

"Dabi," Midoriya frowned, "You remember the people that you've killed?"

The honest confusion and surprise on Midoriya's part had Dabi reeling back. Not for the first time, he couldn't help but think that he didn't know who this man was anymore.

He opened his mouth. And then closed it. Midoriya didn’t ignore them or whatever because he was coping. He wasn’t pretending that he was fine. Dabi, looking Midoriya straight in the eye, understood.

This wasn’t Midoriya’s first kill. Not even close. The look in his eyes- this wasn’t any different from wiping the dining table when he was done eating. Something he did to keep his life a little neater, a little cleaner. He was truly and honestly just working.

“...Dabi?”

“...What are you working on?” he asked, suddenly more exhausted than he would be between a wailing Twice and scowling Shigaraki.

“Ah, we did end up losing money, and with the pigs all around, we can’t even make chump change,” he sighed. He rubbed the back of his neck. “At this rate, we might have to wrap up tonight-”

His phone buzzed. Deku surged for his phone, dropping the papers on his laptop keyboard as he looked at the message. A wide grin crossed his face.

“Change of plans,” he said, getting up, his eyes lighting up like Christmas lights, “I knew he’d pull through. Come on, let’s go. We gotta make back that money.”

Dabi felt something in his heart still.

### **Chisaki’s Slip**

“And the report?”

Nemoto flinched, “I-I’m terribly sorry. It must have slipped my mind. I will work on it right-

“It’s fine,” he said, he flipped his phone over to check the time, and his annoyance dissipated in an instant. He gave a satisfied nod, “Midoriya should be back soon enough. He can figure it out. In the meantime, we will focus on whatever’s going on in the north districts. Do well not to catch the eyes of the heroes there.” As it was, he has long since learned that Midoriya had much better reports than anyone else’s, if only because Chisaki preferred having too much information rather than too little and then being caught off-guard.

He pocketed his device and was about to leave when he felt like he was being scrutinized. He looked up sharply, annoyed at how no one was moving, but then realized that everyone present in the room was staring at him like they had never seen him before.

“...What is it?” he asked, voice curt. He was in an alright mood, but depending on their next move, it was going to come crashing down in an instant.

“N-Nothing, sir,” Nemoto said, ducking his head back down.

The boss frowned back, feeling the agitation and irritation return in full force, but he managed to keep his temper cool. In the back of his mind, he heard Midoriya’s incredibly naive words to encourage people to speak freely because occasionally, they will have caught something he wouldn’t have. “Speak your mind, Nemoto. I will decide if it’s nothing.”

The man flinched a little, tensing hard and then quietly spoke. “I… I was just caught off-guard for a moment, but it’s alright.”

“...Nemoto. I will not ask again.”

Even though his face was covered by the bird’s mask, anyone could tell that he was nervous. His fingers nervously tapped against his pants leg and he shifted from leg to leg. “...I just thought that it was interesting that you brought up Midoriya for this. Usually, you would have taken it all on yourself. I guess… I’m just glad that you don’t look as alone anymore.”

Nemoto slowly lifted his head back up, and bore witness to the rare sight of Chisaki Kai being absolutely speechless.

Numbly, Chisaki managed to make it back to his desk. He dropped into his chair, feeling as though the ground underneath him was suddenly uncertain. He needed to get a grip on his feelings and footing right now, but his mind swam.

He leaned forward to rest his elbows on his desk and placed his head in his hands.

When? When did he look for Midoriya? When did he start to wait for Midoriya?

The sinking realization that he and his entire group had, slowly but surely, been infected by whatever it was that Midoriya did to people made his entire core tremble.

The worst, the absolutely worst part of all of this, was the fact that he fucking welcomed the future where Midoriya stayed by his side. He could imagine it with alarming clarity, the Kumicho’s proud smile when he passed on the Shie Hassaki to him. He would turn around to see Kurono’s calm presence, Irinaka’s big grin, and Midoriya’s nervous smile. He already knew which sake it would be, a bottle bought from the heart of Osaka, where the boss’s boss had given him his first taste of sake. Oyaji was a nostalgic sort of soul, and a romantic at heart. He just knew that they would plan the private ceremony under the full moon after the Sakura petals bloomed in the main garden.

When did he start seeing someone’s smile in his future? No, when did he start to see other people in his dreams?

He feels, despite seeing a clear route to his ultimate goal, like he had lost his footing and has gotten lost instead.

### **Interlude: 4 Month Mark**

Sometime or another, Midoriya suddenly remembered that he had two months left to amass 10 million yen. By this point, he’s exhausted. He’s been trying to grab some minutes of sleep while he was on transportation, but the thought of missing potential information just by looking around and opening his senses to what was around him proved to be too much.

And as boring and lonely as school could be, Midoriya loved learning.

He didn’t realize how bad he must be, when he ran into the doorframe and he didn’t react in time so he just took a tumble for the ground. Had Spinner not grabbed him in that exact moment, he is certain that he would have a new bruise on top of the old bruise he got from missing curfew just a few days ago.

As it was, he was going to get his ass beat for missing curfew again tonight, but he was in no place to complain when 500 thousand rested on this nights’ deals.

“Midoriya,” Spinner said quietly, “...Have you been sleeping?”

He waved it off. He rubbed his temples and took a deep, slow breath. “I’m fine,” he said. And shaking his head, managed a small smile at his employee. “Thank you for catching me. That could have been really embarrassing.”

Spinner’s hands, however, remained around him, even though he was righted. How tired was he that he didn’t immediately straighten? He felt like a fool.

“...Midoriya, I… I think you should at least take a break. We have a general idea on how things go, and it’s just the USB, right? We can… handle it.”

Midoriya shakes his head, “No way, Jyabura-san has a big mouth. If I’m lucky, he’ll give us a lead on what to expect from that deal Kalifa’s trying to control. And if we’re not, we’ll still get some intel on that whole Hong Kong thing that’s going on.” His eyes lift to Spinner as he realizes something, “Oh, is everyone tired? I guess we can start working in shifts-”

“It’s you,” Spinner said, “I’m worried about you. These last couple of months… you’ve been acting strangely. I know it’s because of the money and stuff but… But I think you could really use a break, Midoriya.”

The young man stared at him, and so desperately wanted to say yes. He wanted to give up. He wanted to curl up on Twice’s couch and sleep for a year. He wanted everything to stop hurting. He wanted to stop hearing everything and block everything out for some time. He’s sick of seeing his friends get hurt because the dealings are slightly wronged, and he doesn’t want this anymore.

“Thank you, Spinner. But unfortunately, that’s not an option-”

“Why not?!” Spinner snapped, his eyes turning to slits in his frustrations as his fingers tightened around Midoriya shoulders. “Tell me, why aren’t you-”

“Spinner,” Midoriya cut in, voice cold and eyes better focused. “Focus. We have a dealing to get to.”

The man’s eyes widened, and in his shock loosened his hold on Midoriya. Midoriya pulled out of the touch and straightened his shirt. He was a little grateful for this, for Spinner, so that he could orientate himself a little better and focus in.

There’s a small girl that doesn’t come up to his knees who has never had cotton candy before.

“...Midoriya,” Spinner said quietly, “...Is it family business?”

Midoriya is an informat, and he’s fucking good at his job. It doesn’t matter how close they are or how incapitated he is, if he has information of value, he will not share it with anyone until the right price has been met.

Spinner doesn't know what the price of this information is, but he is certain that Midoriya would never tell him for any price.

Funny, he won’t hesitate to take a bullet for him, and he has no doubts that Midoriya would definitely do the same, but this was something that he will not budge on.

Dabi’s methods were much more forceful than his. He literally threw Midoriya onto his back, against the wall, and the young man groaned as the wall cracked under the force of the hit. He trembled with fatigue and pain, and barely able to sit up before Dabi was burying his foot into his collarbone, right where the giant bruise from a time before sat.

There are people bigger and heavier than Midoriya who would have cried at that kind of treatment. As it was, Midoriya hissed quietly as Dabi grinded his foot into an old injury Spinner didn’t think he forgot about.

“Don’t fucking underestimate me,” he said, fire dancing between his fingertips. “There’s no fucking way I can’t keep up with you.”

It was brutish, yes, but the message was clear.

If Midoriya wanted to run himself into the dirt, break himself apart for this unknown sum and unknown reason, then they would follow him all the way through. He would break only after there was nothing left of them. When Midoriya’s eyes, surprised at the words, met Dabi’s blue ones, he finally relented. He reached out his hand, no more fire, and after a second, Midoriya took it.

He hauled his employer up to his feet, wrapping his arm around the younger man and tucking him against his left side like he belonged there. His employer had a little smile begin to stretch onto his face, the first he had seen in a while, and Spinner wondered what happened for the two of them to know everything they needed to know with just a glance. The older man turned to the rest of them, as impassive and bored as always.

“We’re getting oden. Midoriya’s paying so stuff yourself.”

Toga and Twice cheered loudly. Midoriya, however, gave a breathless laugh at that like he didn’t know what else he could do, and Spinner wonders what it would sound like right next to his side. But, he gets to see the light return to Midoriya’s eyes, as he stops seeing the unknown goal ahead and meets his instead.

“Yes, I… I think a break would be good, after all.”

The following day, Midoriya would drop three duffel bags in the bar for his friends to split between them.

### **intentionally winning a fixed game**

"Midoriya if you can turn this around and win, you have no curfew for the rest of the week."

"...Seriously?" Midoriya asked.

His immediate boss waved his hand a little, "I'm a man of my word."

"...Then, if I win all the games for the rest of the night, could I choose which week?"

Chisaki pretended to think about and ultimately nodded, "Go ahead.”

“...And if I gave all that money to you,” Midoriya said slowly, raising his eyes to meet his, “Can that count as next month’s payment?”

“Better be an impressive game."

The young man stared at him, blank faced before he stubbed his cigarette out, took his jacket off to hang on his seat and leaned forward in his seat. His eyes hardened, focusing and the entire air around him shifted.

"Gentlemen," he said, addressing the people at his table, with a small smile on his face, "please don't take this personally."

From the look on Chisaki's face, he looked ready to start cackling like mad. But the layman’s equivalent to laughing like a maniac was a smugass grin on the man’s face.

"Hm... It could have been impressive, I suppose," Chisaki said at the end of the match.

"Ah, Chisaki-san, if you think that's impressive, the your bar is much lower than I thought," Midoriya replied back, a sly smile on his face. "Perhaps I could interest you in watching another game."

Midoriya would take his winnings in three weeks. The money of the game was supposed to go into his pocket, but instead, he spent it to pay off his next few months of payments at once. He straight up didn't bother coming home until about twenty minutes he had to go to school. Otherwise, he only stopping by to drop off reports and pick up new assignments before he would head out. Once, Setsuno had to text him to come back and pick things up, and Midoriya was in within the hour, leaving just as quickly.

The most impressive part of it was that he still got all of his work done. He just wasn't present.

The manor was much quieter for a weekend. Chisaki didn't know when he began to think that it was a strange thing.

### **Paid**

Four days before the deadline, Midoriya walked into Chisaki’s office looking as though he was put through the wringer. He had a double-bloody nose, a black eye, three of his fingers on his left hand was broken, but he had a duffel bag over his shoulder and another one in his not-as-broken hand.

Before Setsuno could even ask him what had happened, Midoriya walked straight up to Chisaki and dumped the duffel onto the coffee table he was sitting at. Chisaki didn’t even bat an eye at the disgusting amount of germs that the man must have brought into his office, and was more than ready to make him clean it all up by himself again. He was literally dripping blood from his arm and chin.

“20 milion,” Midoriya said, almost gurgling like he was choking on his blood as well. “In six months.”

There was a long, long silence as everything in the office seemed to stop moving.

Chisaki stared at the bag, a rare expression of shock on his face as he stared from the young man to the bag. Midoriya wasn’t a sloppy person, the time they spent together proved this to him time and time again. So, he’s certain that if Midoriya said there was 20 million yen just sitting in his office right now, then there was 20 million yen.

“...Nemoto, come here.”

The man came running, and stood right next to Chisaki. “You called?”

“...Midoriya, I’m sure you know this, but Nemoto here has a quirk called ‘Confession’.”

It was something that was meaningless to say, since Midoriya wasn’t the type to lie, but Chisaki wasn’t going fuck around with this. He wanted to know the truth and the full truth.

“...How did you amass this much money?”

Midoriya opened his mouth, ready to respond before his fist came flying to punch himself in the face. It was such a strong and sudden hit that no one could stop him (not that they were expecting it from the beginning) but the damage was done. One of his teeth flew out and blood spewed on the desk.

Where the sight of blood splattering normally had Chisaki breaking out in hives, the man just looked shocked at Midoriya who coughed and shivered. The tells were all there.

He thought it was strange that Midoriya was in such an obviously bad state.

This kid came here, in pain, to avoid being asked questions. It was a smart move, but so painfully naïve that Chisaki wanted to crush it. He pulled off his glove and reached over. Where a lesser person would have said that he was showing mercy, anyone who has ever experienced <Overhaul> consciously wouldn’t call it that.

Midoriya gave a sharp cry and learned a valuable lesson. However, he passed out, either from the pain or shock, and managed to buy himself a few hours.

Interesting.

If Chisaki didn’t believed in some form of higher being, his opinion would begin to waver. With all the knowledge, thoughts, reasoning and possibilities open to him, he would find that the easiest conclusion on why Midoriya was such a lucky bastard.

After all, shortly after knocking his own lights out, they didn’t get a chance to force him awake because they were called to assist in a drug scandal in another territory. He shot Midoriya, who was moved to lay down on the couch, a glance and snorted.

He’d find out soon enough. He always did.

That night, Chisaki cornered Midoriya on the couch he left him on. He asked again.

“I don’t know,” Midoriya replied, even though Nemoto stood behind him.

“...What?”

Midoriya gave a smile as he put his hand into his pocket.

“I guess I knew that you would do something like this. That you would try and squeeze the information out of me,” he spoke freely, probably due to the fact that Nemoto’s quirk was influencing him to speak at all, and placed a pill-case in front of them. “Do you know what this is, Chisaki-san?” he asked.

Chisaki stared at the pill, but didn’t make a move to touch it. His eyes narrowed.

“Apparently, it’s an old, old drug from a long time ago. I got incredibly lucky when I managed to get it, because I had this awful inkling feeling that I would need it. You see, this is a trial drug to treat people’s cholesterol levels, except, it never really got the green-light to go since the long term effects outweighed its efficiency.”

The look in Midoriya’s eyes were wild.

“As you know, I started smoking,” he reached into his pocket, the same way he always did, to pull the box of cigarettes out. Instead of smoking one, he placed the entire case onto the table, “I’m sure you know how the carbon monoxide inhaled from smokes affect cholesterol levels, right? I was so worried that this would backfire badly, but whatever other side effects it has, I decided that it was going to be worth it.”

“Make your point.”

“I can’t tell you what I don’t know. That’s how the whole ‘confession’ works, right? It makes you say the full truth, so here it is. The full truth, as I remember it. No one can make me tell you something that I don’t know. These pills made me lose my memories for the last six months,” Midoriya said. He tapped the pill case, “I don’t know what I’ve been up to for the last six months, but now, you won’t either.”

Chisaki stared at him, unable to keep the shock off his face.

“For me,” Midoriya said, “We made a deal yesterday concerning Eri. I have the 20 million, so give me Eri.”

“...Why did you go this far?” Chisaki asked quietly.

The young man pulled his lips back in a sad attempt to smile, but it looked too uncertain, “No idea, but I’m certain that I’ll find out soon.”

“...You chose to forget it all?” he asked quietly.

“Yes.”

Golden eyes stared at Midoriya for another moment and he closed his eyes. He took a long, deep breath.

Overhaul cannot affect the mind. He can fix someone’s brain, reconnect nerves, take them away, replace them or combine them with something completely different, but he can’t bring someone’s memories back, and he can't force memories in.

He can’t make someone feel something with his quirk. If he could, Eri would be a willing participant, and a lot of people wouldn’t have needed to die due to frivolous and otherwise avoidable ways.

By this point, Chisaki was intimately familiar with how smart and thorough Midoriya was. This was someone who knew how to make the world work in his favor, and knew how to push certain pieces in order to make the best possible outcome for himself. It was something that happened over and over again, and still, Chisaki had underestimated him.

And with this incident, he understood that Midoriya made a choice and threw it back into his face.

He conceded. This was beyond defeat for him.

“...Tell Kurono to stop the experiment,” Chisaki said to Nemoto.

“...What? Chisaki…”

Golden eyes fell back to determined, if exhausted, green eyes.

“...You win.”

Midoriya gave an exhausted smile.

And then, the side-effects hit. In the haze of pain, Chisaki opened his hand.

“...If you give her back, I can end this now.”

Midoriya laughed back.

“For the me that lived those six months,” he said, even as blood came dripping out of his mouth and he couldn’t see one Chisaki but a blur of four Chisakis, “I can’t do that.”

### **Recovery**

It takes Midoriya a full two weeks to recover and flush all the drugs out of his system. As soon as he’s lucid, however, he sends a text out to his motley crew that he’s alive but very, very sick, and that they have the rest of the month off.

He turns his phone off after that, and would remain ignorant to all attempts to contact him. When he turns it back on, it’ll come in, all at once, and his eyes would bug out at the thought that they all cared, in varying amounts.

He spends a grand majority of his time unconscious. Later, he’ll learn that his body had finally crashed after the strenuous effort he packed into it for the last six months. And whatever the unknown, suspicious drug he put into his body.

Midoriya… scares himself.

Of course, after everything that he said to Chisaki’s face (only half-heartedly influenced by Nemoto’s quirk), he still has a detailed journal about what he has been doing for the past six months. It contained all the information of the data he had collected and the amount of money they would be worth per person.

It detailed how who he was with when, who they met with, how and where. Some things had time-stamps on it as well. And at the end of every <day> was a long, long, long string of numbers. Some days had more numbers than information written.

He… he has a good idea what those numbers mean, and it scares him.

Six months is about 3% of his life.

“...I’m sorry,” he said come Friday evening when they are gathered in the Employee’s Only Room behind the bar. He gives a full bow as soon as everyone is there, and there is a long moment of silence.

“Is this about the sudden vacation? I’m just glad that you look like you’re finally human again,” Spinner said.

“...Don’t do it again,” Shigaraki throws in his two cents.

“Yeah, if you’re going to get that close to dying, at least let me come over,” Toga called out, pouting. And a bright blush came onto her face as the fantasies began to play in her mind, “Kya, a defenseless Midoriya, just laying there waiting for death…”

They all took a moment to stare at her before they ignored her and returned to Midoriya, who straightened back.

“What brought this on?” Compress asked. “Although, if I may say, you do look… different.”

“...I…” Midoriya’s eyes dropped to the ground and then he gave another bow, “I’m really sorry for how I have been acting these last few months, if I have been acting strangely at all.”

“..The way you’re speaking…”

“...The truth is, I have no memories of the past six months.”

There was a long pause.

“What?”

“Whoa, there the fuck-”

“What did you do-”

“This is like a shitty plot point-”

“I’m really, really sorry-”

There was a loud clattering sound, as Twice got to his feet.

“...Everything? In the last six months?”

“...Yes.”

“...Midoriya, what the fuck.”

“So, all your questions that you have,” Midoriya said, rubbing the back of his neck sheepishly, “I probably can’t answer.”

“No, just…” Shigaraki pinched the bridge of his nose, “Sit down and explain everything.”

So he told them. He told them that he needed to make 20 million yen to buy something. The sum of the money had their eyes popping, but they must have remembered something he couldn’t, because they went quiet quickly.

When they were quiet, he told them of a drug that he took. It was a drug that made it so that he wouldn’t remember anything. He thought that he could manipulate it based on how much he smoked, and the helpless sound that Twice gave out made him pause for a brief moment. He stared at the blond, looking down at his feet before he looked back up and finished his explanation that he had been in recovery mode since.

And then, when they asked what he bought, felt that this wasn’t his secret. He gave a helpless shrug.

As it turns out, the only person that knew what he did was Gentle. He doesn’t know how that makes him feel.

### **Smiling**

With all that’s said and done, they managed to return to their time before the six months. Indeed, it almost felt like the six month period didn’t happen at all.

Midoriya laughed so hard that he almost fell over, almost, if Jin wasn’t there to prop him up, laughing just as hard. Toga stared at him, a bright smile on her face and Iguchi abandoned his attempt to hide his chuckles.

Dabi, who had been bringing in more popcorn after losing in rock, paper, scissors again, took a moment to stare at Midoriya’s face.

He couldn’t even remember the last time he saw that kind of open laughter on his face. It was without weight, without worry. Thinking about how Midoriya was just a month ago, he repeats to himself that he didn’t want it. This was the Midoriya he wanted.

Once upon a time, Dabi didn’t think he’d ever see the same face more than twice a week. Now, he feels like he suddenly has too many things to protect.

### **Muscular**

“Ah, excuse me,” he said. “No hard feelings, it’s just,” his eye focused in on Midoriya, “I need your head for a job.”

Midoriya made a lot of enemies and got careless enough that they all know who he is now. So here comes all the bitches who wanna kill him for what he knows.

and he buries him in cement via construction sites after he wrecks all his friends. And gets the authorities involved. And word gets around that his quirk must be strengthening or whatever

now he’s a terror.

and izuku realizes what it means for his hired hands who aren’t seen as hired hands but as his <friends> and doesn’t want to clip their wings and take them away from what they have and take him to his world. Thus starts to put some distance. Also doesn’t NEED money like he did for eri.

and the others who are super attached

## Short Break

### **Informat-kun**

Shockingly, Midoriya lived an almost quiet life afterwards. When he found out about huge deals, he passed them to Chisaki. If there were children involved or other non-yakuza parties, he’d get a hero or the police involved. If they were small time, petty little things, like government officials who came looking for a bdsm club or to cheat on their wife, Midoriya would take care of it for a price.

More importantly, he wasn’t referred to as a villain or a hero or a vigilante.

He was someone who stood on the outside of the system. He was almost completely removed except when someone came to him for the right price.

Of course, there were the occasional hiccups. People that thought that they could control him, people who thought that they could steal from him, and Midoriya will return the price in full. He doesn’t like living in debt, after all.

Truly, the only hard part was making sure that no one else knew or cared about him and what he did. Midoriya and Midoriya weren’t the same pitiful person after all, the more people thought that the better it was for him.

### **The Things He Doesn’t Remember**

“Wow, that’s a nice jacket,” Midoriya said. His eyes trailed over the fabric, “Oh, and I guess it doesn’t rub against your scales wrong, right? This is really good material. I should get a lighter one for you to wear in the Spring...”

He stopped, at the sight of Spinner’s expression, and then dropped his gaze back to the ground.

“I… bought that for you, huh?”

The man nodded.

“...Sorry.”

Spinner hesitated for a second.

“...You said the same thing, you know,” he said. His lips curled up into a smile, but Midoriya couldn’t help but think that he looked ready to cry. “When you got me this jacket, you said that you’d get me a lighter version for the Spring.”

“...Sorry,” Midoriya repeated. Honestly, he felt awful about this. He wished that he didn’t have to forget all these small and significant moments.

Spinner shook his head, “Nah, don’t be. I was just caught off guard,” he said. His lips curled back to show his teeth in a wide grin, “I look pretty good in it, right? I wear it everywhere now.”

“Really?”

“Yeah, since my good friend got it me for me.”

At Midoriya’s surprised look, Spinner laughed even harder, like this was some special joke that Midodiya didn’t know about. Somehow, it felt a little lonely, since he wanted to know what made Spinner smile, so that he could make sure to recreate it to an extent on another day.

The things that make Spinner smile like that was important to Midoriya.

### **DabiMidoriya - eyes**

“It’s been a while,” Dabi said, leaning against the wall, “Since you’ve met my eyes.”

Midoriya looked up at him and then back to the bag in his hand, and then back to him.

“You don’t like Gari-Gari bars anymore?”

The man stared at him, those summer blue eyes staring at Midoriya’s before he tipped his head back and gave a long, suffering sigh.

“So smart and so stupid,” he said. He dropped his hand onto Midoriya’s curls and aggressively ruffled his hair, uncaring about the weak attempts Midorya gave to escape.

Just as suddenly, he pulled back, and when Midoriya opened his mouth to yell, he stopped when he caught the large, almost relieved grin on Dabi’s face.

“Just stay the way you are,” he said. “That’ll be perfect.”

No like seriously, he thought, what the hell did he do in the last six months?

In his confusion, however, he learned that Dabi took both of the Gari-Gari bars.

"Hey, that's not yours! Give it back!"

"Hm, make me," Dabi replied back, a grin twisting on his face.

Seriously, a guy with scars like him should not be able to look so innocently mischievous.

"Dabi!"