## Unforgiving Society

### UA Grads & ME - ShotoIzu

While being stuck in a dim and dark room with a hero wasn’t the worst thing that has happened to him this week, it definitely wasn’t a highlight either. He rapped his knuckles against the walls of the metal box that they were in.

It had to be a trailer of some sort.

“Light, light, augh if only Dabi was here,” Midoriya sighed. He pat himself down and sighed. “Figures, they took my phone and my lighter huh.” He put his head against the cold wall and took a deep breath. He was certain of it.

They had to be in a trailer of some sort.

“Won’t even let me have a smoke…”

“...You would smoke in this kind of situation?”

Right. He was with someone. There was a crack of sunlight, just enough for him to make out the outline of the person, but not enough for him to know who it was.

“Well, this definitely feels like the time to smoke. Help me clear my nerves for a bit before I figure out how we get out of here,” he explained.

“...How do you plan to escape?”

“Well, if I had a smoke, I’m sure that I would be able to tell you,” Midoriya replied dryly. He already felt the itch coming, and he sighed. “Well, if you’re here, then either Kenya doesn’t care who else is involved or I’m involved in something I really shouldn’t be. If you don’t mind me asking, could I know who you are?”

“....Ice-Bition,” he said. “Todoroki Shoto.”

“Ah. Of course.”

Midoriya wanted to bash his head into a wall. A fucking hero. He was stuck in here with a hero.

“...Are you injured or suffering from anything otherwise?” he asked slowly, remembering to be polite.

“...No.”

Excellent, at the very least, he was still answering his questions. Perhaps, at this rate, they will be able to make it out alive.

No, they will.

“Okay. That means we have two able-bodied people and-”

Midoriya was suddenly caught off-guard as their entire platform began to be shifted and rocked around. He yelped in surprise, and immediately widened his stance in a futile effort to keep his posture steady. He gave a low curse as he toppled over and into the side of the trailer anyways. Loud clanging and clicking sounds rang through the trailer and against the metals, echoed through.

“No way,” Midoriya muttered. “Those fucking assholes wouldn’t-”

Outside of the trailer that they were in, two men laughed as one of eight trailers were picked up 32 feet off the ground and dropped into the water.

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Midoriya barely had enough sense to grab the other hero and brace themselves for the fall. As luck would have it, nothing broke, and from the two of them, it seemed that Midoriya did do a good job grabbing and shielding the hero from the worst of the fall. He hissed in pain, and hoped that Chisaki wouldn’t lecture him for too long about this.

As it was, he pulled away from the hero. To his dismay, there was already water beginning to stream in from the gaps where sunlight used to come in. As it was, it was clear that the trailer had tipped over so that the area they had fallen into was submerging first. The stench of metal was pugnant, and now that adrenaline was coursing through his veins from their nasty fall, it was getting exponentially hotter.

“W-Why would you do that-”

“I’ll answer all your questions when we get out. But right now, I’m certain that we have been tossed into the Tokyo Bay in a trailer. We are slowly sinking to our deaths. I believe you have an ice quirk, right?”

The man hesitated.

“Yes.”

“Great. Make a lot of ice to destroy the trailer outwards. Then, we’ll climb out and swim down, okay? As it is, there’s probably a bunch of them up there with guns, so we’ll give them some time to waste their ammo first. Just be careful, the ocean currents are going to be rough. You know how to swim right?”

The water was already up to his ankles. They needed to move.

“Y-yeah.”

“Great. I’ll leave this to you.”

There was a moment of hesitance and the young man did as instructed. What a great guy. Midoriya loved it when people worked with him during a time of crisis. The ice was created beautifully, shattering outwards from next to Todoroki by a premade hole and forcing it to burst open. The young man cheered quietly and looked to the other man.

“Go ahead,” he said, motioning to the edge.

“I… I don’t get it. Why are you helping me?”

“I don’t want to die,” Midoriya said, “And since you’re with me, I’ll go ahead and make sure that you don’t die either.”

“But why, you… you’re yakuza aren’t you? Why are you trying so hard to help me? I’m a hero, son of Endeavor!”

The way the man said it, the spite and confusion of the words rang louder than the waves crashing around them outside.

“Why didn’t you leave me to die?”

Oh boy, Midoriya thought to himself. What the fuck did UA do to their students, that this was one of their top graduates? Vaguely, he wondered if, had he gone to UA like All Might wanted him to all those years ago, would he have also come out like this?

He couldn’t imagine it.

“...When I was a kid, I loved heroes,” he said. “Actually, I still do. But anyways, my favorite hero. He once said in an interview… that heroes are people who save other people, even when they don’t want to be saved.”

With that, Midoriya grabbed Todoroki by his shirt and bodily dragged him to the gaping hole he created. The water was up to his knees and Todoroki’s thighs, but surely, they’ll be able to get out with relatively little difficulties now, right?

“You can hate me and try to kill me after we get out of this. For now, swim!”

And with a strength that couldn’t have been his, all but shoved Todoroki into the water.

He stared at it, his expensive clothes, tipped his head back to take a deep breath and jumped right after him.

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“...You should take responsibility,” Todoroki said, “For making me live.”

“You wanted to live,” Midoriya said, “If you really wanted to die, you would have by now. That’s just the kind of life heroes live. What you should be saying right now is ‘thank you for saving my life, Midoriya-sama. I will turn over a new leaf with this newfound courage’.”

The hero gave him a deadpanned look and the smaller man laughed back. However, as they were still trying to catch their breath while they managed to swim onto a beach two or three miles away from the initial drop. It was exhausting and something that neither wanted to repeat anytime soon.

“...Is it alright? That I’m alive? That I was ever born?”

Midoriya stared back, wondering where education failed this attractive man so that he was coming to a yakuza man for questions about his existential crisis.

“...I don’t know what happened to you,” he said, “but isn’t it obvious that if you’re still alive, you got a chance to prove that it’s okay?”

The heterochromatic eyes stared at him in awe, like he had never considered the notion. Midoriya didn’t know if it was the words he needed or the words he wanted, but he hoped that it would help him find the him he wanted to be.

“...You’re a hero. If you can’t save yourself, who can you save?”

“...I’m sorry,” he said. “I’ll… I’ll do better.”

“...I think you’re doing fine,” Midoriya replied back, “Your numbers are good. You catch the bad guys in less than two minutes 95% of the time. Concerning the number of cases you’re a part of day-to-day, that’s amazing. If you’re still feeling like this after that, isn’t it because there’s something that you know you need to do?”

Had that been their first and last meeting, Midoriya would have been satisfied. However, his life was not that easy nor simple.

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Three weeks after the trailer incident, Midoriya was getting a pack of cigarettes from a convenience store. He walked right back outside, when suddenly, a pillar of ice appeared and Ice-bition slid down it.

In a second, Dabi’s flames danced by his hands as he stood in front of Midoriya. The young man, out of reflex, grabbed him by the back of his jacket to remind him where they were.

While no one in Midoriya’s district would ever make claims against him, it wasn’t something that Midoriya wanted to abuse.

“It’s very hard to find you,” Todoroki said as greeting. “Let’s exchange numbers so that it’ll be easier in the future.”

“Excuse me, what?”

The young man frowned back, ruining his good looks, and Midoriya groaned back. He pulled out his new phone and did as told. The smile that rewarded him could kill someone with a weaker constitution.

As quick as he came, he left, and even got rid of all the ice for them. It dispersed into cold air, and Midoriya shivered against the sudden cold front.

“...When did you make friends?”

Midoriya looked at his phone and gave a nervous laugh, “I wish I could tell you.”

### Caught - Enter: Bakugo

The number one reason why any yakuza member goes to jail, on paper, is because of their Quirk. They mark it up as a quirk-related violence, maybe some drug-involvement or organized-crime sentence of some sort, and they whisk their kids away.

For Midoriya Izuku, this was never a problem.

He was quirkless. This was by far, his greatest asset. Occasionally, he thinks that, if he was born with a quirk, he would have been satisfied with life even if he didn’t become a hero. However, that was neither there or here.

More importantly, being quirkless means that, if he was going to go to jail, it was for something fucking huge. And, it meant that he fucked up bad and he was going to be put away for a long time. He would have had to, if he had gotten caught in this day and age.

Getting caught means that all of his operations, his carefully laid plans, everything that he has made up till this moment would crumble. It also meant that his people would be hunted down, either from their own group because they didn’t protect him or because he had a lot of enemies. There were plenty of people who wanted to completely and absolutely destroy everything he’s built up to this point.

He knew that. Of course he did. As he ran for Bakugo, who was screaming, who was writhing as his hands burned, who looked at him like he wanted to be saved, he recited to himself all his current projects. He had to wait for the construction plans, and pull money from the stocks to fund the scholarships. There was that open list of debts that he had to collect, and an entire experiment that should be getting results within the next week or two.

All of this required his supervision and presence. He knew that. And he ran for Bakugo.

“Kachan!” he called out, “Stop sweating!”

“I’m-fuckkk- trying!”

And then, as though remembering where they were and who he was and how long it’s been, red eyes zoned right back onto him.

“Deku?!”

There were even more explosions. Apparently, seeing your long-lost almost childhood friend made you sweat more. It would be a lot more endearing if Midoriya couldn’t feel the force of fire from where he was. He gritted his teeth but forged on.

“Kacchan! It’s going to be okay!”

“Wh-What are you doing here?”

“It looked like… like you wanted to be saved!”

Ah, it was like they never grew up. Have they changed? It’s been almost years since they last saw each other, right?

Midoriya’s greatest fault was that he was kind. Then, his second greatest fault was that he operated on the assumption that it was okay to be injured if it meant everyone else was okay. It’s what made him forget about human limits and the Greater Goal. It’s what made him rush recklessly forward to Bakugo with a fire blanket. Even though the burns and the explosion brought forth a rush of emotions, memories and pain all around, he forged on.

Bakugo would never admit it to anyone, but he really did miss that nervous smile.

"Put your hands up where I can see them!"

Midoriya could confidently say that this wasn't the worst thing that happened to him, but it was definitely one of the up there. He apologized, long and hard, to Oyaji-sama for failing him and then to Chisaki, who was going to have to keep hold of the family until he got out.

If he got out.

"...I'm afraid I can't lift my arms up at the moment, Officer-san."

His arms, the bloodied, burnt remains of flesh sticking onto bones rested against his thighs. In all honesty, he was surprised that they were still attached. Being handcuffed when you don't have hands is very hard, after all, and making the police’s job harder was only going to make his life harder. He can’t move his fingers, even though he can see that they’re attached, and has no idea if he was so exhausted that can’t feel or if all his nerve endings have been blown off.

Add armless to the list of things that Midoriya is, it’ll fit nicely between “useless” and “quirkless”.

His pants were barely hanging on, and the only thing left of his shirt was the colar and left sleeve, and it exposed his burnt and mangled body for all eyes to see. At the very least, they could also see that he had no weapons, and didn’t bother trying to do a pat-down.

It could also be because of how badly he smelled, sweat, burnt flesh, and all.

While being manhandled away, however, he managed to see Bakugo's peaceful sleeping expression out of the corner of his eyes. Amazing, he still slept the same way he did when they were kids. Six years could be a long time, but he feels much closer to his childhood friend than anyone else in the whole world.

There was a protect against his arrest.

### ix Years

It’s been about six years since the last time they got to talk to each other. The time before, in that stilted building, they had to fight together in a fight against each other. It was everything that he didn’t want, rolled into one, but it was such a fitting reunion.

So the second time they met, it was a little better.

Midoriya stared at Bakugo. The blond doesn’t even look surprised when he sees him, and he thinks that this is so fitting. At the center of the fallen buildings and rubble from the recent villain attack, the two confronted each other at the heart of Mustafuyu.

He took a deep drag out of his cigarette before stubbing it out under his shoe. He turned to the blond hero, and thinks that he looks every bit the dream he always associated with him. It seemed that he was still bigger than him, taller and thicker in his tights while Midoriya’s pristine suit was a little dusty.

“...Good evening, Kacchan,” he said. “How have you been?”

How have you changed in six years?

In six years, Bakugo has attended and then graduated from UA with Honors. In six years, he was working as an up-and-coming hero as Kamui Wood’s sidekick. In six years, he was a registered Pro-Hero with a license, and was voted in the Top 10 Up-And-Coming Rookies-of-the-Year.

In six years, Midoriya Izuku became the Shie Hassakai Boss and owns about 1/8th of Japan’s underbelly.

Who woulda thought?

Bakugo eyed him critically. His gaze felt considerably heavy. Was it because they hadn’t seen each other in so long? Was it because Midoriya knew he didn’t even deserve to be alive at this point? He hadn’t thought about the things his childhood dreamed of in so long, but looking at Kacchan’s face, he didn’t realize that it would hurt so much.

“...Stop fucking around, Deku,” the blond said.

He could almost cry, because as it turned out, they didn’t change at all. Pro Hero and Yakuza, or two childhood friends torn apart by the forces of the universe, their relationship had twisted into something neither of them could name. And yet.

The whole world could end right now but right now, in this moment, they hadn’t changed.

They were still Deku and Kacchan.

### Justice for the Person Who Did it

Midoriya’s arrest is over quirk violence, just as he thought. It made his fight much easier and he took a deep breath. He could do this.

“Ah, well… This is a little embarrassing to say, but that’s impossible. Because I’m quirkless.”

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The best kind of victory was when all odds were stacked against you, and you still come out on top. This was something Midoriya knew intimately well.

With a cigarette in between his lips, he took a deep, long drag.

And the first drag after a complete victory was something that Midoriya truly enjoyed. Leaning back, he stared down at the papers in front of him, unsure if it was the rush of nicotine or high of victory that made his fingers tremble.

He was finally, finally, finally able to see the fruit of his victory.

It was indisputable. It was irrefutable. His hard work was finally paying off on the bigger scale.

After all, the crime rate in his territories has finally dipped below 3%. He knows that it's not solely because of him and that it's possible that he had no connection to that number, but he couldn't help but beam down at the number.

His towns were getting safer. Wasn't that a good thing?

Sitting back in his car, he felt his heart lighten. For a bit, he had thought he had gotten too powerful. He had a stern hand over the underbelly in this area, and was on good terms with the police in the area. The people now rallied underneath him, and he had friends in all sorts of strange places. He was very, very close to becoming the undisputed Top of the Underworld.

But thank god, at the very least, he could trust that a hero, that Bakugo, would be able to take him down.

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“...God,” Chisaki said, rubbing his temples, “Only god could make something as stupid as you.”

Midoriya winced backwards.

“Fucking filthy. His quirk did this to you?” he asked, squinting at the mess that was Midoriya and the remains of his arms. “And he’s a hero. Are you going to put a hit order on his head? I think Shigaraki is actually going to fight Stain for it.”

The young man laughed back, “No, no, no need,” he said. “He’s the future Symbol of Peace.”

Chisaki pulled back suddenly, and green eyes flitted up to meet narrowed yellow eyes.

“...He almost completely blew off one of your arms. Almost leveled an entire building made of concrete. You got your bleeding, dying ass tossed into a hospital where they didn’t even bother treating all your wounds. I don’t know how you managed to organize something when you were ball and chained, but there might not be a next time.”

He kneeled down in front of him, signalling how important this was to him, and Midoriya couldn’t help but smile at the overwhelming wave of warmth as he kept talking.

“...For shits like us, you’re the reason why the world spins. You’re all rhyme, reason, and cause in the world. Losing you is a fate worse than death.”

And then, the mood was ruined when he painfully Overhaul’d him back to peak condition. Midoriya groaned at the sudden bolts of pain and the phantom feelings of getting his limbs all back the way he remembered them made his stomach roll.

“...Augh, can’t you be more gentle?” he asked.

Chisaki responded by reaching his hand to cup his face, and tilted it up. He pulled his face mask down to his chin and pressed a kiss to his cheek, and then pecked his lips. He kept their faces so close that he could feel his eyelashes against his cheeks as he slowly opened his eyes. Yellow eyes, warm and soft in a way that was criminal, and paired with his ridiculously handsome face, Midoriya felt his pulse jump.

“...Is this,” he asked, leaning in to press a kiss against the shell of his ear, “gentle enough, boss?”

Midoriya gave a full body shiver, ever so weak to the people he held close to his heart, and Chisaki gave a full-body chuckle, though it came out more like a deep rumble that echoed against Midoriya’s side.

“...That’s seduction,” he pouted back, his hand coming up to cover his ear as his face flushed like he was fourteen again, “You stupid pervert. I’ll sue you for sexual harassment.”

Chisaki leaned back, pulling his mask back up. “And not even a thank you for using my dirty quirk.”

Midoriya scowled back and swung his legs. He stopped for a moment and looked up to Chisaki with a coy little smile on his face. The sight of it, especially given all the exciting memories he had that always followed that little smile, ignited something inside of the older man.

“You’re right, I suppose I should reward you for all your hard work,” he all but purred out. He tilted his head and tapped his finger against his bottom lip, repressing the urge to shiver at the carnal desire in Chisaki’s gaze when his eyes honed in on his lip. “Do you have anything you particularly want?”

Chisaki pulled at his tie, and locked the door in response.

### The Price of Your Future

The way that Midoriya loved heroes, he loved villains. They were two sides of the same coin. Heroes were made even cooler and and stronger and even-more amazing because of the villains that they used as stepping stones to get where they were. Now that he was older, he understood that it was a cruel sentiment, but at the same time...

At the same time, he really respected villains. They really put everything on the line. It wasn't easy. There was nothing easy about choosing to go down a road with no other options. As pitiful as villains may seem, Midoriya respected that unwillingness to bend for anything and just move forward.

Being told that he was worthy of throwing away that resolve should have come as the greatest compliment. It should have, but these days, when he saw Chisaki's face, he felt guilt. Dabi, who used to call eating a waste of time, has favorite restaraunts that he drags Midoriya away from his work to go to. Shigaraki, who used to sneer and glare at the hero billboards, wiped down his figurines. Stain, who used to greet him with a knife to his neck, brought candy for him in his packets of information.

While he knew that this was good for him, and so he shouldn't complain, it made him worry about the world at large.

It worried him because the police gave him tip-offs. He had heroes reporting to him. Civilians were starting to turn to him instead of the proper authorities.

In return for his future aspirations, it felt like he was selling his childhood.

## Boss

### **news**

When Shie Hassaikai’s Kumicho passed away, there were uneasy whispers that broke through the ranks. It made sense for Kurobane, the Boss’s Right Hand, or Miyuki, the second lieutenant, to take the place as the next head. Just three years ago, everyone would be convinced that if the Shie Hassaikai didn’t die with Kumicho, Kurobane would probably take the name and carry the burden.

Instead, Midoriya Izuku was named the successor per the will of the Kumicho himself.

Kurobane and Miyuki both supported this decision. It helped eliminate many of these rumors, but the general feeling never left. Many thought he was too young. Sure, he brings the most amount of money, and has amassed some great achievements in his short time here, but by those same reasons, Chisaki should have been chosen instead. He was older and his reputation of being polite and ruthless was ideal in a boss.

“W-what? W-Wait, slow down a little.”

Of course, the person that took this hardest was Midoriya himself.

The young man’s eyes fluttered a little, and he took a step backwards. A hand came up to his head as he battled with his shock.

“O-Oyaji-sama … died?”

“...I understand how you feel, but calm down, Midoriya. We have bigger things to worry about,” Kurobane replied back, voice stern and gaze sharp. “Oyaji-sama has listed you as his sole successor. While I will be honored to plan out the funeral and wake, we must also prepare you to finally take this position. Right now, we need you to pull yourself together before war breaks out.”

That seemed to snap Midoriya right out of his trance. He was a little pale, still, and he nodded.

“Of course.”

Kurobane would give one mercy to the boy who let Kumicho pass on without regrets. He would give him this one mercy as an extension for his gratitude.

He put his hand down on Midoriya’s shoulder and squeezed.

“Take a moment now,” he said. “When you walk through those doors, you’ll be the Kumicho of this empire. So take your last moment right now as Midoriya.”

The young man looked down at the ground, before he took a deep breath in and met Kurobane’s eyes.

“Okay,” he said. “Let’s go.”

Those eyes, clear like glass and so much more durable, met his with the same amount of determination that he saw six years ago in that hospital parking lot.

“...It’s not going to be easy,” Kurobane said, right as they walked down the hallways.

On the other side of the wall were the rest of the generals that the former Kumicho had gathered and their two closest lieutenants. It was a large gathering, and Midoriya wouldn’t be surprised if several other groups around the area were also here. He could hear loud shouting, but he couldn’t make out any words.

It proved how shaken he was. His hands trembled.

“No,” he said, “Nothing here ever is.”

Kurobane snorted at that. Midoriya thinks that it’s a testament to how bothered he was about all of this, if he was so open about how he felt.

“...Boss.”

Midoriya looked up to where Chisaki and Shigaraki stood at the entrance way. He stared at them for a moment, feeling his eyes water because Kurobane was wrong. This shit was the easy stuff. He can handle getting the verbal harassment and physical abuse. He was fine with the paperwork and the planning. He could deal with long work hours for little or nothing in return. He can turn a fortune and watch over a group. That shit was the easy things.

But standing there, with Kurobane’s unconditional support, Shigaraki’s unwavering loyalty, and Chisaki’s unquestionable trust, knowing that they were just a few of the many who has foolishly handed their lives and beings to him, he thinks that everyone was wrong this whole time.

This was hard. The hard stuff was knowing that the people that he loved and wanted to protect will be standing in the line of fire with him, for him. Even moreso now than ever, he’s terrified of leaving them. He’s terrified that he has made too much of an impact in their lives, and if something were to happen to him, there would be nothing left of the people that mattered the most to him.

Unlike the Kumicho before him, and Kurobane is walking proof of this, Midoriya has laid no plans for his people once he dies. He only has plans for the here and now. He has plans for the unseen future ahead of him, but he needs to be alive for that. He doesn’t know how to plan for something he can’t do anything about.

“...Hey, you look like you’re about to shit yourself.”

Thank you, Shigaraki.

The comment was so uncalled for, and something that only someone with as little shits to give as Shigaraki could say. Chisaki shot him a really tired look and Kurobane’s eyebrow twitched, but Midoriya huffed a little laugh.

“I’m a little nervous, yes,” Midoriya said. “But I’m okay now.”

He’ll march into the uncertain future. He’ll march blindly into something that he won’t be prepared for, and he’ll leave everything else to the fools that stand by him.

His hand came to the door.

“Let’s go.”

“...Grief is a strange thing. It can make a man say things that he has no place to mention,” Midoriya said, cold as he lifted his sake cup. “And so, the amount of disrespect that you have all decided to show me today will be ignored. This is the only mercy I can give you.” He took the shot.

“What did you-”

“I have a vision for the future of this group. This is only the beginning. I need people who are willing to move on with me, to carry the Shie Hassakai to their former glory and then to new heights. This is the will that Kumicho wanted, and I will achieve them.” He placed his cup down, and the clink rang throughout the room. “...The call is yours.”

He took a deep breath.

“If you leave, you leave as the former Kumicho’s closest allies. If you stay, I will show you the sight that Kumicho wanted.”

### **overMidoriya**

Chisaki would later find him, curled under his brand new desk, made of the sakura trees and stained with memories.

“...Boss,” he said, as he always would have. His eyes trailed the trembling shoulders and he pushed his chair all the way back. He kneeled next to him and reached out slowly. “Midoriya.”

Midoriya’s shoulder trembled harder, but he lifted his head. His face was drenched with tears, bright red, and his eyes were swollen. Long strands of snot dribbled from his nose and he couldn’t keep his saliva in his mouth. It was, on any other person, disgusting.

For Chisaki, it was just Midoriya.

“...Midoriya,” he said again, voice quiet and low, as though trying to coax a frightened animal out of its hiding place

He dropped his hand to the sides, and in that moment, Midoriya launched himself into his arms. He pressed his face to the man’s chest and his hands came to clutch at his vest.

“Oyaji… Oyaji is…”

In times like these, Chisaki thinks that Midoriya doesn’t belong in this world. His heart is too big and even though he play the part, it’s clear that it’s not in his nature. This was a kid who, unlike everyone else there, didn’t forget about the love that was taken from him. Where love and kindness made them bitter, it fortified Midoriya. The things that drew them to him were the same things that came back to hurt him.

If he could, he would just…. Overhaul all of this away.

But he couldn’t.

Of course not. Because one day, that will be him. And the thought that someone, one of the most powerful people in all of the underworld, would mourn him like this, under a desk, looking absolutely wrecked, made him feel warm. While he had no intention of leaving Midoriya’s side anytime in the foreseeable future, he felt as though every passing moment cemented that a little further.

The same man adopted both of them. He adopted both of them off the streets when they had nothing and no one else. However, Midoriya is the one that was sobbing like this. With his face pressed against his chest, Chisaki’s arms wrap around him before he knew what he was doing. He felt, of course, sad that Oyaji died, but Oyaji wasn’t the first person he lost and he wouldn’t be the last.

Yet, his eyes felt dry.

Shie Hassakai’s boss, Midoriya has a special gift. It was a curse. It was a weapon in his hands. It was his greatest weakness. Holding him in his arms, it felt like peace.

“...It’s alright,” he said, voice low and soft as he bent down so that he could say this as close to Midoriya as his back would allow.

He forgets that the man who has his hand on the pulse of the underworld is so small that he could engulf him, even now.

He cries long and hard. Until finally, his breathing evens out and he leans out of the embrace. Chisaki’s shirt is damp now, and he tries his best not to think about it. It’s easy, when he can see Midoriya’s red-rimmed, but clear, eyes.

“Kai,” he said resolutely, “thanks.”

“...You’re getting me a new shirt,” Chisaki replied without any bite.

“Of course,” Midoriya sighed deeply. He placed his hands on his knees, shuffling forward to get out from under the desk and slowly made it to his feet using the desk as leverage.

Without thinking about it, Chisaki’s hand wrapped around his wrist and held him there.

“...Kai?”

“...I’m still here,” he said. He looked up so that their eyes met.

The thought that Midoriya would be the one to cast him aside didn’t even occur to him.

With an angel’s grace, his lips twisted upwards, and Midoriya nodded.

“Yeah,” he said, the devil’s promise on his lips, “Let’s go conquer the rest of Japan.”

When Chisaki agreed again, he knew that they were going to go to hell.

### **The Horizon - ShiraMidoriya**

“How do I look?”

Part of being the boss meant that his entire wardrobe needed to change. Normally, he would have Magne here to help him with this, and possibly Twice to help model all of these color schemes, but right now, it was just him and Shigaraki.

He opened his arms, the black kimono with pale-pink lotus flowers embroidered on it. While this wasn’t the first time he has worn something so formal (and expensive), it would be the first one he wears to a meeting as the Boss of all Bosses. It was a foolish question, since this was chosen after a fist-fight between Magne and four other kimono designers, but the insecurities he never dealt with came creeping back into his mind.

The longer Shigaraki was quiet, the worse he felt.

“Everything is tied on correctly,” Midoriya said, since he had meticulously tied it himself. “We have a few minutes, right? Maybe I should tie this again-”

“Midoriya,” Shigaraki spoke up and his head snapped to the other man. “You’d look like a boss if you kept your mouth shut.”

Midoriya’s jaw clicked shut at that. And lips pressed closely together, he nodded, jerkily.

“There’s about twenty minutes left,” he said, flashing his phone screen with the time on it at him. He stared at him for a moment longer, “Ready?”

Midoriya stared at him for a moment and then nodded.

The coronation of the new boss was going to be tough. He wasn’t at all impressive, and many people see him as an easy target. Concerning their current state, though, he was their last and only buffer against the law and the Pro-Heroes. He had a trump card that no other boss before him had since quirks first emerged.

Midoriya was quirkless.

Getting to the door, Shigaraki reached to open it for him. Or at least, he should have, but instead, he placed his hand on the door, making sure that no one would be able to open it. In the back of his mind, he stared at the black archery-gloves on Shigaraki’s hand, and felt oddly nostalgic.

Shigaraki moved to stand behind him, leaning over a little so that his breath tickled his ear,as he spoke quietly.

“My answer, Midoriya.”

Midoriya turned around, and Shigaraki leaned back. With his hair slicked back, the younger man could see the vulnerability in his eyes as clear as day.

“...Tomura,” he said quietly, “Do you really think that this is the highest I can go?”

Red eyes widened, and he dropped his gaze. Endeared, Midoriya reached up to cup his face in his hand.

“We have a lot of things to do,” he said while the taller man leaned into the touch. “We’re not even halfway there.”

[ One day, I want to look down on all these lights. ]

The clothes and formal wear are radically different than what they are used to. Midoriya, who barely came up to his chest, can reach his shoulder with little effort, the young man who always had a black eye stands in front of him in near-perfect health.

Of all the things that could have changed, this has not.

“Are you coming with me?”

Shigaraki stepped to the side to pull the door open, because they both knew the answer.

### **First Decree**

As boss, the first thing he had to do was place down the law. Which was him. He was the law now. He decided who lives, who died, who moves, who stays. The judge, the jury, the executioner, to an extent.

And with his eyes focused on the bigger picture, he knows where to begin.

“Miyuki and Chisaki are remaining as my generals,” he said, picking up the shogi pieces and setting up the board. “Shigaraki and Dabi are my knights. And Stain is going to be my personal attack dog, my lance, if you will.”

He looked down at the pieces, placing them down as he listed them.

“And your rook? What will you do about that?”

“Eri,” Midoriya said, placing the piece down. He pulled out a cigarette to his lips and fumbled a little for his lighter.

### Flowers in December - DabiMidoriya

“...Did you know?” Midoriya asked quietly, “These are pansy flowers.”

Dabi looked up from where he was lighting his cigarette with his finger, but didn’t say anything.

“They’re a strong flower, and one of the only ones that can withstand the winter frost and snow.”

He watched as Deku’s green eyes took them in.

“They’re small and look frail, don’t they? I guess, we just assume that all flowers are weak things, don’t we?” he continued, his eyes warm. “But, it’s good to see some color even in the winter. I should really praise our gardening team, they did a great job. The flowers are beautiful, don’t you think?”

Dabi, staring right at Midoriya, nodded back.

“...Yeah,” he said, taking a moment to open the umbrella to keep the snow off of his boss before he stepped off the patio space, “I think I get it.”

“I wonder what they mean,” Midoriya said absentmindedly.

Admiration, Dabi thought to himself, his eyes fixated on the way Midoriya takes the cigarette out of his mouth and exhales slowly instead. Pansies are flowers that mean admiration.

He knew, because once upon a time, when his mom told him that her favorite flowers were rindous, he said that they were his favorite too, just so that they would have something in common. However, when she told him that it was her favorite flower because of her husband, a long time ago, the feeling soured. He hadn’t even seen one in years. He doesn’t know if he’ll recognize it if he does.

“Do you?”

“Hm?” He pulled himself out of memory lane.

“Do you have a favorite flower?”

Dabi stared at Midoriya, his gentle gaze, and smiled back.

“Rindous,” he said.

“Rindous?” Midoriya blinked back. “I don’t even know what those are.”

“What about you?” he asked. “You like pansies?”

His boss dropped his gaze, a somber smile gracing his lips, “I guess I do,” he said. “To be honest, I never really thought about flowers and stuff. Whenever I had to go in to visit, I just got whatever the florist said would be nice, and then the white irises or the pom-pom flowers for funerals. I guess I never really paid more attention.”

Dabi pulled the car door open for him, the gush of the heater washing over them, and Midoriya climbed in.

He couldn’t help but call bull on this. There was no way that Midoriya, who knows the rotation of socks that Twice wears with 100% accuracy for the last four years straight, wouldn’t know a thing or a hundred on flowers. It may not be important, but it could be. That was reason enough for Midoriya to sit and memorize things until he spew blood.

“...Then, if you don’t want to be chained up for a lecture, don’t ever tell Magne,” he said.

Midoriya blinked before he burst out laughing. Dabi, under the gentle snowfall, felt warmed and satisfied by the sound before he closed the door. He made for the passenger side, closing his umbrella and climbing in. Spinner, who was in charge of driving today, shot him a glance, and he nodded curtly back.

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*Rindos: “Lonely affection.”*

### **All Might-san**

“You were… your information was because you were yakuza.”

Midoriya leaned against the pane, where his childhood hero stood on the other side of.

“Yes.”

“You knew that I was looking for my teacher’s… For Shimura Tenko.”

“Yes.”

A shuddery sigh came out. Midoriya never wanted this. He never wanted to smear All Might’s good name in mud. He never wanted to hurt this man. He never, ever, ever wanted but the best for this man. But he can’t do that.

He had his own daily to keep safe.

“Why?”

“Because for me, family comes first.”

And he didn’t think anyone as lonely as Number One Hero would understand that.