For the Febuwhump Challenge <https://febuwhump.tumblr.com/post/638041380836540416/febuwhump-2021-prompts-the-prompt-list-is-out>

Pairing: Everyone/Midoriya (duh)

**DAY 1: ~~mind control~~ ALT 2: “i can’t lose you too”**

Midoriya gritted his teeth, his eyes flashing dangerously as he found the person that did this. Instead of the normally amiable expression on his face, Hawks looked down at him blankly.

Eyes set to shimmer, a pair of liquid gold eyes stared down at Midoriya as the blond picked up the feather on the ground. Midoriya’s blood dripped off the feathers, like morning dew sliding off leaves, and he brought the dirty thing to his lips. He closed his eyes, taking a deep breath and then looked at Midoriya.

Midoriya, sitting uncomfortably on the ground after being ambushed by two monsters when he went to kill one. Midoriya, sitting because one of his legs was still bleeding from a feather that sliced his calf to stop him from kicking something that bled acid.

The monsters had been disposed of by Hawks, feathers sending out all three of the monsters to the outside where they suddenly burst into flames courtesy of their fire-hitters below. But-

“I’m not going to thank you.”

Because Midoriya’s done worse. Hawks had been there, too. They both know, very well, how far Midoriya was willing to go.

“...You don’t have to forgive me,” the blond replied back, pupils turning to slits. “I can’t lose you, too.”

His teeth sharpened, an alpha’s instinct or whatever other bullshit excuse.

If he thought that Midoriya would roll over and bare his neck though, he was in for a nasty shock. His leg was cut, but his arms were just fine.

“That’s why you sliced my leg?” he asked, feeling his temper rise.

Hawks hummed back, and crouched down in front of him. “Do you blame me? If I didn’t stop you, you would have gotten a worse injury.”

He twirled the feather in his fingers, careful eyes resting on Midoriya. What a bastard. Midoriya’s arms were too short to strangle the blond, but the blond’s arms weren’t. Still, he supposed that Hawks’ gaze would be better than his hands.

“I’d rather injure you than let you get injured.”

His tone was light, but Midoriya understood what he was trying to say. He didn’t like it, but it was what their life had come to.

“I lost my bag upstairs,” the young omega said.

“I know, Sato-kun went to get it.”

“I’m glad someone here knows how to be useful. Too bad no one else picked up on it.”

The blond snorted, but rummaged through his bag and pulled out some medical supplies. “Do you want to do it, or should I?”

“I’ll do it,” Midoriya snapped back, eyes sharp. The less time he spent in close proximity with these bastards, the better. “Go stand by. At least fifteen feet away.”

“Yes sir,” Hawks replied back, and his playful smile reappeared. Midoriya thought about throwing the first-aid kit at his face, and ultimately decided not to waste supplies.

Standing on the other side of the hallway, leaning against the doorframe in the remains of an office building, Hawks’ eyes lingered on Midoriya’s figure.

“...I’m glad you’re alright,” he said.

And Midoriya didn’t respond back. If he died, it would have been better to have died in the maw’s of a monster. If he lived, it would have been better to slice his leg open on Hawks’ claws.

But if he had a real choice, and not choices made of “the less painful and humiliating way to die,” then he would have never chosen Hawks. The blond understood that. It’s the only thing that made him marginally better than the others.

Alright? None of them were alright. Not by a long shot.

**DAY 2: “i can’t take this anymore”**

Kaminari trembled.

He wasn’t scared or cold or anything, but he was exhausted. He was so exhausted that he was fighting his body to keep his eyes open. He had to remind himself to breathe, but even thinking was becoming too hard.

This was too much. How long were they going to keep going?

The rain has gotten worse with time. The ground was beyond muddy. It felt like he was trudging through thick water instead. They left late last night, but they hadn’t stopped. With how hard the rain came, it was nearly impossible to gauge what time it was.

His foot slipped on something, and his entire body fell to the ground. Laying there, almost lifelessly, his body got to taste the first sign of rest. He couldn’t even lift his head properly, and ended up with a mouthful of dirty rainwater with every breath. His body screamed about how filthy it was, but he couldn’t muster any stretch.

He couldn’t. He can’t. He was exhausted.

“Kaminari! Oi, Kaminari!”

A pair of hands came to him, and hauled him up into a sitting position. Barely managing to spit the water out of his mouth, his eyes managed to catch the distinguished features of Gang Orca.

“I can’t… I can’t take this anymore,” he muttered quietly.

“Kaminari! Get yourself together!” the older man hissed out, shaking him once.

Please don’t shake me, Kaminari thought, my soul will leave my body.

“Report.”

Oh no, Kaminari thought to himself, because the only person that doesn’t accept weakness was their heartless leader, Midoriya. He managed to move his eyes up, and indeed, standing in front of them, slightly out of breath, was Midoriya. Rainwater continued to pour down above them, and obscured his hearing.

“...He can’t keep going like this,” Gang Orca said, “I’ll carry him back. It’s nothing to worry about.”

No good, Kaminari couldn’t even keep his eyes open. Surely, the man that kept him saved him at the start of all of this wouldn’t let him die yet.

Not yet. He didn’t want to die. Not like this.

He wanted to die after he had proved that it wasn’t a mistake that Midoriya saved him.

A hand came up to his forehead. Cool against his overheating body, Kaminari felt like he was walking inside of an air-conditioned store in the middle of summer.

“Easy, Kaminari,” Midoriya said, as a gentle smell tugged onto his consciousness. He inhaled deeply, feeling painfully nostalgic. “We won’t leave you here.”

He slipped away into sleep, relaxed and peacefully. Briefly, in the middle of this insane apocalypse, he felt safe.

**DAY 3: imprisonment**

“We’re going back,” Midoriya called out, walking to where all of his attack force were injured, and a little less than half were about to enter critical. “If you can run, grab someone.” He spoke clearly, but his ribs were making it hard to breath correctly.

His jacket was a mess, but it’ll cover the worst of his injuries for the moment.

Across the way, he made eye contact with Nighteye. The older man gave him a curt nod. At the very least, all the time that they did spend together really showed in these moments. Despite how much his broken arm and ribs must have hurt, the older was up on his feet and directing which of the injured were the worst. What a professional.

After watching everyone else assemble and slowly trot back to their base, he sighed. As the leader here, however unwanted, he still had the responsibility of making sure that they all returned. Meaning, he also needed to make sure that they wouldn’t be ambushed from behind, and no one was left behind.

“Lemillion-kun, take point,” Midoriya heard Nighteye call out.

“Yes, sir!” the blond called back. “Let’s go, Kirishima-kun,” he told the red-head on his back as they started to make their way back.

Nighteye, standing around the back, looked to Midoriya.

“We’ll go ahead,” he said. “Don’t stray.”

Midoriya’s lips twitched, surprised and a little annoyed at how easily he was read. He backed up against the wall, his hand coming up to his ribs. At the very least, it didn’t feel like he was going to die in the next few minutes.

Hopefully, the others would be on standby by the time he got back. Well, regardless if they were, he would return.

Midoriya slammed his fist into the wall. A strategic retreat. He called for a strategic retreat. He could not protect the injured and face off these monsters right now. It was better to evacuate the injured back, and return for revenge.

He knew that. The words swam in his head, but he knew the truth.

They were running away.

They weren’t winning back territory. They weren’t reclaiming what used to be theirs. None of that.

Their cage was just a little more apparent.

**DAY 4: ~~impaling~~ ALT 4: identity reveal**

“Oh, and here he comes,” Midoriya heard as he vaulted through the broken window and onto the sidewalk. “Ta-da!”

He looked up, where Twice was excitedly giving him some jazz hands. To the side, he could see Tamaki’s shy smile behind where the survivors were kneeling. Further down the street, he could see Ryukyu driving up in their open-truck.

Good, they were all alive and well then.

“Our one and only leader! Midoriya!” Twice cheered, a one-man show all on his own. “//Boo! We hate him!”

Midoriya smoothly ignored the way the survivor, all four of them, gawked at him. They could at least scrape their jaw off the ground. He tried to slow his breathing, wiped the beading sweat off his forehead, and attempted to reign his scent in. As the battle was over and they would be making their way back to the school, he didn’t actually like spreading his scent everywhere.

No matter how much Twice begged otherwise.

“Midoriya,” a deep voice called from behind him, “the perimeter is clear.”

Without even looking at the man who called him, he placed his hand on the commlink, “Corpses to the street,” he said. He turned and looked up at Endeavor, “Light it in twenty.”

“Understood,” the older man said.

“Hey, hey, Izuku!” Twice yelled, waving his arms, “What do you want us to do with new meat?”

Midoriya looked at the survivors, assessing them carefully when one of them spoke up.

“I… I’m sorry, what?” he blurted out. He looked at Endeavor’s hulking mass and then to the thin Midoriya next to him and then back. “Who’s the leader here?”

Endeavor, an alpha once praised as Number Two Hero, pointed at Midoriya, a small omega with blood smeared on his face. “He is.”

“What?”

The group of survivors looked nervously at each other.

“B-but Endeavor-san is… is right here?”

Endeavor turned around, his massive stature looking even larger, and he took two menacing steps towards them. Eyes narrowed, lips pulled back into a scowl, he spoke clearly.

“Midoriya Izuku is our leader.”

“Really? Then you should listen to your leader,” Midoriya snapped back. “What do you think, Endeavor-san?”

The red-head turned back, and for a moment, everyone held their breath in case he exploded, but he walked past him instead. The relief died and paved way to morbid curiosity as Endeavor left.

And Midoriya turned back to the group of survivors.

"Make your choice. Submit to me or leave."

But the decision should be easy for any survivor who wanted to live.

One look at the fact that Midoriya’s group, strapped with supplies and weapons, who looked healthy and able-bodied in comparison to their starving and exhausted bodies, made the decision abundantly clear. Even if they have concerns about the fact that an omega was leading the fray when a very capable alpha (several, from the looks of it) was right there, they would swallow it.

If they were alphas, they wouldn't have accepted. If they were omegas, they would have tried to imprint on one of the bachelor alphas by now.

But they weren't.

Midoriya knew what these kinds of people were like. They will greedily suck all the good things in life and complain loudly about all the negative when his back was turned. They will smile and wait for him to weaken so that they can ruin him. Then, they’ll eagerly wait for the next person to step up so that they could sink their teeth into them and ruin them too.

Looking down at them, the Leader of the Aldera High School base smiled down at them.

Betas were the easiest to use, after all.

**DAY 5: “take me instead”**

“Come now,” Midoriya’s voice echoed in the parking lot they were in.

He lifted his arm up, where the omega pheromones were carried by the wind. It did the job, as the monster turned his attention away from Shigaraki, who couldn’t even feel half his body. The monster flushed and flared, all the spikes on it’s skin twitching violently before they laid back.

Shigaraki bared his teeth, trying to will his body to get up and keep fighting.

“You want something fulfilling, don’t you?” Midoriya asked, the scent of an unbonded omega thickening enough that even Shigaraki, dying, felt his mouth water.

But, a few feathers came up to him, and he understood what was going on.

“Take me instead.”

The monster went barrelling for Midoriya. He wouldn’t understand what a mistake that was until it was too late, and Midoriya had punched it’s head straight off.

When they left the parking lot, Midoriya would smell like blood.

**DAY 6: insomnia**

“Shouldn’t you be sleeping?”

Midoriya didn’t even look up.

“I don’t want to hear that from you, Aizawa.”

The older man nodded as he made his way in. It was the closest thing to an invitation he’ll get from Midoriya. He peered outside, looking at what Midoriya was looking at at three in the morning. The two were silent, as Aizawa stared at twinkling stars and the night patrol group making their way through.

His eyes fell to Midoriya, sitting at a desk like a student would, and felt awfully nostalgic for a moment. The moonlight that hit him could have been replaced by fluorescent lights, and even though Midoriya was wrapped in bandages, Aizawa thought that the UA uniform would have suited him well. The thought blurred together better than he would like and he pulled his gaze back outside.

“...You were a teacher, right? Before all this?”

Aizawa arched an eyebrow, it was strange to think that Midoriya was making smalltalk, but he wasn’t going to discourage it.

“Yeah, at U-A. I’m the homeroom teacher for first-years.”

“And you were a hero at the same time?”

“...Yeah,” Aizawa nodded, feeling a little strange at the bright-eyed look Midoriya gave him.

“It must have been tough, balancing all that out.”

The older man shrugged back, “It pays off.”

“And now?”

As though the air in his lungs had turned to ice, Aizawa froze. He snapped to Midoriya, eyes wide, and the young man leaned back.

“...Was that rude to ask?” he asked, and in a rare show of actual shame, he backtracked, “Sorry, I didn’t know if you were an insomniac, or if this was something you were used to.”

“What were you going to do with that answer?”

Green eyes looked back outside the window.

“I figured I’d know if this was something I could get used to.”

“...If it is, let me know,” Aizawa said. “I’d like an answer too.”

The two exchanged a wry grin before looking out the window again.

**DAY 7: poisoning**

There was a crisp knock on the door.

"Hey, Midoriya, I'm coming in."

Hawks opened the door with his feather, and a tray of onigiris in his hands. His grin stretched wider when he saw the look of disdain on Midoriya’s face.

"C'mon, don't be like that. Eating together will make it so that we get along better."

"I won’t eat anything you touched."

Midoriya spoke so frankly that Hawks winced.

“Is that something you can understand?" the young man continued.

The blond stared at him, his expression faltering before he managed to pull a smile back up on his face. He gave a little laugh, like he didn't know what else he could do, and he covered his mouth. He coughed into his fist and worked his jaw.

"I... I won't poison your food, if that’s your concern. Aside from moral issues, I wouldn't actually kill a pack member," the blond said.

"We're not pack members," Midoriya immediately corrected. He flipped a page in his book. In his heart, he couldn’t explain how kindness was a type of poison.

It's been years, yet Hawks still remained as he always did. He leaned back against the doorframe, a frown on his face.

"...You should still eat something," he said.

"I will," Midoriya replied back, finally looking up from his book. He pushed the chair next to him a little closer, before he looked back down at his book.

Hawks lips twitched. “You know, this is why everyone thinks you're an unfeeling guy.”

“I don’t want to hear that from a guy who eats with me only when he’s running from someone else.”

On cue, Miruko’s voice bounced through the halls.

“Damn it, Hawks! Come out here and obediently spar with me!”

Hawks flashed Midoriya a thumbs-up. “Thanks for taking my side, bossman.”

The young man snorted, but didn’t touch the food.

**DAY 8: “hey, hey, this is no time to sleep”**

“C’mon, c’mon.”

As gently as possible, Fatgum dropped down to his knees next to Midoriya’s body. His pulse was weak, but it was there, and despite how still he looked from far away, Fatgum could see that his chest was still moving. A little bit, but it was moving, the man was definitely alive, but he was pale as a sheet in a pool of blood.

“Hey, come on, don’t do this to me,” he said, feeling as though he could feel his mind slip from his hands. “Come on, Izuku, please.”

The young man’s breathing was far too slow, and the seconds passed with increased panic. He called for help, he definitely called for help, so where was it? They were in a bad place, no one expected the monster to barrel through concrete and steel beams like they were building blocks.

It couldn’t have been that bad.

“Hey, hey, this is no place to sleep.”

He would definitely, even if it costed him his life, would keep Midoriya intact. His throat burned as tried to tap on Midoriya’s cheek, desperately trying to get him to wake up without moving the shapel piercing through his chest. There was blood dribbling from the corner of his mouth, but it was all black.

“C’mon, Izuku,” he whispered out again, “Wake up. Please.”

But Midoriya didn’t even stir, and surrounded by dust and fallen debris, still looked bewitchingly peaceful.

(Fatgum would never repeat this to anyone, but he was relieved that Midoriya could find any form of peace.)

**DAY 9: buried alive**

The dust cleared and Midoriya pulled his body out of the mess by crawling on his arms. Turning over onto his back, just barely managing to get into a sitting position, he stared out at the remains of the building.

The breath in his lungs suddenly vacated, and he felt the world close in.

Who? He wondered. Who did he just lose? Who would he never see again?

He turned to the side, his stomach churning too much for him to stop it. Vomit splattered the grass next to him and Midoriya almost hit himself. This wasn’t the time to throw a pity-party.

Move, he willed his body.

Move, he pleaded.

He pulled his legs in and managed to kneel. Good, that was step one, as he tried to stand up, a rush of engine noises sounded. As he lost his balance, two hands grabbed him.

“Oh thank god,” Ingenium breathed out, “We thought… We thought you might have been lost in there.”

Which wouldn’t be the worst thing that happened to Midoriya. He turned to him quickly.

“Missing?”

“Just you,” Ingenium said, “My brother and I are pretty fast, you know.”

He couldn’t see it, because of the helmet, but Midoriya was certain that he had a toothy grin on his face. His legs felt a little weaker, and his body started to tremble as the shock started to settle into his bones. At the very least, it was Ingenium, and not a monster. Just a few months ago, he wouldn’t have been able to tell the difference.

He must really be losing his mind, if he thought that this was relieving.

“Easy,” Ingenium said, kneeling down next to him. “Got any orders to relay? Otherwise, I’m going to take you to our temporary stay.”

Midoriya nodded. “Tell them we’re going back in thirty.”

A short chuckle escaped the former hero as his hand came to his earpiece, “Ingenium reporting, everyone is accounted for. Orders from the top to kick back for 30 minutes.”

**DAY 10: “i’m sorry. i didn’t know”**

This wasn’t a big deal. This should not be a big deal. No matter how many times he tried to repeat the words in his head, he still couldn’t get it through.

“I really lost sight of myself,” Tetsutetsu admitted. He bowed his head forward, and his other hand came to sheepishly rub the back of his head. “This is my fault.”

If he wasn’t what he was, Midoriya wondered if things would be different. If he was a regular person, would the things that he treasured be better kept? The more he thought about it, the less it made sense. He stared at the destroyed wall.

Maybe it was too easy to fix. Maybe it was too replaceable. Maybe it wasn’t valuable enough to other people. He stared at the mess of books on the ground. He took a step closer, staring at the mess of a spine and ripped pages. It would appear that they spared no strength when they broke through the door.

“No, it’s also my fault. I’m sorry, I didn’t know that your stuff was back here.”

So, if it wasn’t his things but someone else’s, would that make it better? Midoriya thought about it. If the wall broke and someone else’s belonging broke apart, would he have been this angry? When he thought of it like that, it became clear to him. He wouldn’t have been angry.

“We’re really sorry.”

“We can help pick it up and reorder it, though!”

Then, did he really have any reason to be angry? Suddenly, his rage subsided by a fraction of an inch. And disappointed in himself, he leaned down to pick up one of the books.

“It’s fine,” he said, even though he didn’t mean it. “It’s just trash.”

Because if he didn’t treasure anything, then he had nothing to lose. And if he had nothing to lose, this anger wouldn’t be his anymore. With his anger missing, he would remain level-headed, and no one would know what he treasured. This whole thing could have been avoided.

Crading the ripped book oto his chest, Midoriya tried to convince himself that he didn’t care, because that was more favorably than admitting that he lost something priceless because of some rough-housing.

**DAY 11: ~~hallucinations~~ ALT 5: hostage situation**

To die because of pride was a fool’s death.

To let someone else die because of his pride was a waste.

“You’re probably unbonded for a reason, aren’t you?” the man with his foot on Spinner’s neck said. “Well whatever, I don’t care what conditions the goods are in.”

The girl a floor above, in charge of how Aoyama was hanging precariously over them, laughed.

“Don’t break him, ji-san! We all want a round!”

Midoriya eyed them impassively. It looked like a sizable group of eight. Three were upstairs and the remaining lingered about. It spoke of measures if they could have a sizable group like this exist cohesively. He supposed that having an omega would help smooth out any rough ridges they still might have.

“N-no problem, Monsieur!” Aoyama cried out weakly even though his blood continued to drip down to the ground.

From where the pressure on his neck had become too much, Spinner’s lips moved without any sound. Even without looking, however, Midoriya understood what this man wanted him to do.

He wanted him to protect his chastity over their lives. They both wanted to keep his pride intact instead of living. He could see it. All these people, all of whom that he had directly or indirectly saved at some point or another, and they still don’t see the worth of their own lives.

Midoriya sighed as he dropped his backpack. He unhooked his knife from his belt, and pulled it off. With his belongings around him, he lifted his hands up in the air.

From behind, someone came up to him. A sudden gust of wind and a dumb display of strength had his shirt half torn off of him. Inwardly, he mourned the loss of another shirt, but he wondered if Best Jeanist would be pleased to know that it wasn’t drenched in his blood this time.

There was a brief silence as they surveyed him. Some more interested than others, some more disgusted than the rest.

“Well,” one of them spoke up, “At least we know that we don’t need to be gentle.”

**DAY 12: “who are you?”**

“Hejiki.”

The former yakuza snapped his head up when Midoriya dropped down next to him. Immediately, his eyes locked onto the nasty burn painting from his shoulder to his hand. It was bleeding and a corner of it was scorched. His gaze trailed back to Midoriya's face, where he just mildly annoyed.

“How long can you keep a barrier up?” he asked.

“A few days,” he replied, “Though I don’t recommend it.”

In the background, they heard more yelling.

“Hey!” someone shouted out, “C’mon sweetheart, let’s be friends!”

An unfamiliar amount of rage flickered on inside of Hejiki, and it stoked a fire inside of him. This bastard dared to even dream that he was worthy of even looking at Midoriya? His fingers twitched for his gun. Would Midoriya ask him to take out half of them? He was almost looking forward to it.

“...How long can you block Endeavor’s flames?”

Hejiki made a face, no doubt remembering that awful volleyball game a few weeks past.

“I can outlast him,” he said certainly, “without losing the inside temperature for about twenty minutes, assuming I'm facing the brunt of it.” Still, the smell of Midoriya's roasted arm was nauseating.

Probably ignorant to how Hejiki felt, the younger man nodded back.

“The floor above us, in the supply closet, Awase is resting,” he said. “I’ll give you six minutes to get to him. Put up your guard.”

He took a deep breath, electric lightning beginning to appear and outline his arms.

“Two people per minute with some time to switch targets...” he muttered for a moment before sharp eyes turned to the man next to him, “I’ll finish this in thirty minutes.”

If Hejiki was younger and more hot-headed, he would have fought this. He would have tried to argue against Midoriya that they should go together because 2 vs 50 was better than 1 vs 50, when 1 was already injured. If he believed in Justice and Doing the Right Thing™, then he might have argued to buy time for back-up instead.

However, Hejiki was neither young nor naive. He trusted Midoriya. He only had his trust.

“Understood," he said, because people who fight against orders were people who died, but added, "Be careful.”

Briefly, green eyes flitted to him, just slightly confused. However, Midoriya was nothing if not prompt, so instead of wasting time, he gave a curt nod. Looking back at the scout group that had tracked them into this building, he jumped through the broken window at the same time Hejiki turned around for the stairs. Six minutes.

Behind him, he heard it.

“W-Who the hell are you?!”

They were going to die, so they didn’t need to know, but Hejiki was a little jealous.

At the very least, a death by Midoriya’s hands would be swift. They should be grateful, even if they didn’t know that. They would die like dignified humans, instead of whatever the hell it was that they were planning on doing to Midoriya.

**DAY 13: hiding injury**

“Alright, we’re ready to go,” Lemillion said, stepping forward with a wide grin on his face.

“Oh, you sure you’re okay? You took a bad spill,” Present Mic said, eyebrows furrowed.

Next to him, Midoriya finished checking his backpack and slung it on. After getting caught in a wayward fight and then an autumn shower, they were soaked and tired from the fight. Lemillion, who had taken the worst of the hit when they came in, seemed to bounce back.

The younger man grinned back, flexing his arm gaudily, “Ta-da! I phased through most of it!”

The former pro took a long look at him, but Lemillion knew. Even if the man wanted him to kick back and rest, there was no chance of that. They lost contact with HQ. It was a cloudy night, with thunderclouds looming menacingly. They were supposed to be back at base three hours ago.

They had no choice but to keep moving. Yamada couldn’t pick up Lemillion and run with him, and they would be easy picking if they were to stay there. The rain couldn’t mitigate the delicious smell coming from Midoriya, after all.

Lemillion kept the smile on his face. The worst of the injury was manageable. As long as he got back before he died, they would patch him up. He’s seen Overhaul work in-person, after all.

And suddenly, Midoriya’s fist lodged into Lemillion’s side. The blond gave a strangled groan as he fell back onto the ground.

“...What’s your excuse now?” Midoriya asked quietly.

The older man turned, “Midoriya, that aws… excessive.”

“It wouldn’t have been if he didn’t lie,” the young replied. He motioned for his left side, and when Midoriya ducked down to Lemillion’s right, he understood.

Present Mic, who was about half of Lemillion’s width, gave him a grin as he supported him from underneath his left arm.

“You kids are all crazy,” the blond boldly, “Us adults aren’t that unreliable.” He side-eyed him before they moved forward a couple of feet, “Or unobservant.”

The guilt that he needed someone to come and help him burrowed deeper than Lemillion was comfortable with. His heart ached, and his instincts screamed that this was dangerous. Being vulnerable in front of another alpha like this was dangerous and he needed to kill this man or run away-

“...Thank you,” he said instead.

“I’ll leave to scout until we regroup with some of the others,” Midoriya said, “Everyone’s going back today.”

**DAY 14: “i didn’t mean it”**

Dabi stared at the young beta in front of him. The way she leaned forward, and batted her eyes up at him. She smelled alright, and she was sorta cute. They both could use a shower, but with limited water supply here, it wasn’t going to happen.

He understood what she was looking for. Well, from the looks of it, she was clearly single and he was too. The ones who were bonded or not interested were doing other things, like recovering (Hado) or talking to other people (Ojiro) or looking at personal items (Inui), or whatever. Well, he was doing his best to look like he was relaxing outside of their designated camp, and keeping people away from where Midoriya was supposedly giving himself first-aid.

Obviously, Dabi knew Midoriya. Midoriya was definitely not bothering with the first-aid aside from making sure he wasn’t bleeding everywhere, and was probably reading a map and figuring out where the hell they were going to go from here.

He could picture it clearly, Midoriya sitting with papers scattered on the ground around him, gnawing on the back of a pen, a patchwork of bandages clumsily taped from where he cared, and a hand in his hair. The arm that was hurt would rest in his lap, and no matter how much pain he was in, he wouldn’t move from the position that he thought was comfortable. He knew that scene well. Dabi was familiar with Midoriya’s side profile, typically the right side when he was sitting and the left when they could walk together, at least fifteen feet apart and not an inch closer.

His eyes fell to the beta in front of him.

Nothing changed, but she didn’t look as cute as she did a second before.

“Well?” she asked, a small smile on her face and still not the right smile, “If you’re not busy, do you want to come by my tent?”

She was forward. She wanted him, probably just for the moment, because everyone liked him until they knew him. It would be easy. He considered it. He wished that one of the brats would come back so he can stick them on watchdog duty so he can indulge in a different smell and pretend that it was the smell he wanted.

“He’s mine,” Midoriya spoke up, boldly standing in front of Dabi and stealing his breath. He gave a pointed look at the beta coming closer, narrowing his eyes until she stepped back with a scowl.

“If you’re bonded, then you should make it more obvious,” her tone was scathing, but she left without further fanfare.

He turned around and after a quick glance at Dabi, and tugged on his sleeve. Without a second glance, he left, and Dabi trailed after him, entering the tent. Heart lodged in his throat, he managed to keep his features neutral.

“...Yours, huh?” Dabi said, voice low as he felt something inside of him purr at the thought. Without meaning to, his eyes trailed onto the back of Midoriya’s neck, riddled in scars but still tantalizing.

“...It was poorly stated, that was my bad. I didn’t mean it,” Midoriya said, swimming in Dabi’s sweater and smelling more of Dabi than himself, as he picked up one of the maps on the ground. “At least, not like that. You understand that, right?”

Dabi’s hand tightened into a fist. He kept a cool exterior while he thought about sucking Midoriya’s lip and nibbling on his collarbone. Even though he felt a fire coarse through his veins, his features remained neutral.

“...Yeah,” he said, “that makes more sense.”

“I did it because I trust you,” Midoriya said, and then came up next to him. “This is where we are, and this is where the nest should be. I’ll go and kill it, so keep an eye on our injured while I’m gone,” he said, but his voice was drained out from Dabi’s thoughts.

What kind of guy did Midoriya think Dabi was? As soon as he thought he had one answer, the young man turned around and did things like this to him. As soon as Dabi was used to 15 feet, the young man would stand next to him, his neck bare and in Dabi’s clothes, like this was normal and natural and like he didn’t mind being seen next to Dabi.

Like he didn’t mind a future with Dabi.

“If you don’t actually want me, and you don’t actually want this to be real,” Dabi said slowly, slinging an arm around a thin waist and pulling him closer, “then don’t say things like that.”

One of Midoriya’s hands came to splay open on his heart and the other cradled the map against his chest. An easily creatable shade of green peered up at Dabi, surprised. Like he didn’t know why the man would do this. Midoriya looked uncomfortable with how close they are, but he didn’t move away.

Dabi felt something inside of him swell. Not even his dreams were this kind to him.

“...I’m sorry,” Midoriya said, “I won’t do it again. I didn’t mean it, for it to bother you.”

Dabi’s jaw tightened.

“It was convenient for me, but I didn’t take into account how you might feel. If you want her, I don’t think it’s too late to go after her.”

Blue eyes stared at Midoriya, so shocked that he forgot how to speak.

**DAY 15: “run. don’t look back”**

Green eyes narrowed as the door and wall around the door was laid waste to the ground. The monster had a small body and no legs but massive arms. Arms thick enough that they could not fit through a normal door, and it pulled itself out of the room.

This was more than annoying.

Given the size of it, Midoriya didn’t think that it’s smell was anything impressive. Shows what he knew. So much for their speedy escape. His hand came up to his ribs, carefully assessing the damage. Given his luck, if he took another hit, he was going to see his mom.

Air whips stretching around his arms, making sure that he won’t tear them off this time, and he wiped at the blood over his eye. The smearing of the blood shoulder help concentrate the smell on him and not the person behind him.

This was his mistake.

However, Midoriya wasn’t the type of person to let other people take responsibility for his actions. He stripped his backpack off and tossed it to Koda. The man behind him didn’t even squeak as he flinched, but clumsily caught the bag. Good, he was still alert.

That made it a little easier.

“Run,” he said, “Run. Don’t look back.”

“B-But-”

Midoriya stopped and turned around, “And go call for help,” he added. “Preferably Miruko and Nine.”

Both of their earpieces shattered when the first hit came. Since they were both normally quiet people, no one will come looking for them for another few hours, or unless Midoriya laid this building to waste and attracted some more attention.

But that would mean that all the supplies here would be ruined. All the people who died here might be lost. He didn’t want to do that.

Minimize damage and kill the monster. The faster the better.

“Hurry back quick.”

Massive fingers stretched open and pushed against the hallway. Fingernails as big as cardoors shined under the light, and the veins protruded from the skins as thick as Midoriya’s torso.

Koda, clumsily, started to run. Good. Midoriya should invest in more cowards.

Now then, how was he going to kill this before back-up got back?

**DAY 16: broken bones**

“...Hah!” Miruko laughed, a sound that sounded too sharp for them to think there was anything humorous about the situation, “Don’t tell me you’re going to tap out already, Gang Orca!” Blood smeared down her face and neck from a head injury that hadn’t stopped bleeding, but she remained stable on her feet.

Next to her, Gang Orca scowled back. The forearm of his right arm was shattered, and he wasn’t going to be able to use it. Even trying to make his fingers move was incredibly hard. Still, his other hand was fine.

“Miruko,” Gang Orca scowled back, “Shut up and keep fighting.”

“You don’t have to tell me twice!”

They made a call requesting for back-up, after the initial hit came down, but they haven’t arrived yet. Concerning that it’s been over twenty minutes, it was safe to assume that the others were attacked too.

A planned ambush then.

The gun in Gang Orca’s hand was no more friendly than it was a year ago, but he knew how to use it well.

“We’ll clear this out and join up with the others.”

“Sounds great!” Miruko said, her words punctuated by swift kicks and a long jump.

A loud explosion carried over them, shaking the building that they were in. A pillar of light shot through the sky, and the temperature of the surrounding area creeped up. The two made brief eye contact.

“Damn, the Todorokis are tough,” Miruko said dryly. Her breathing was far more labored.

“Indeed,” Gang Orca agreed, a grin stretching onto his face as the pain pulsed in his arm. He couldn’t even count how many monsters were crawling around here. “Here’s to hoping that the ceiling doesn't cave again.”

**DAY 17: field surgery**

“Oh my god,” Natsuo panted out, “oh my god.”

His eyes watered as he looked down at the mess of flesh in front of him. That could have been him. That should have been him. He stared, and as the panic made his mind fuzzier. Was this-

“Can you help him or not?” Stain demanded next to him, his eyes as sharp as his blade, his voice cutting through his panic-haze.

Next to him, a groggy-looking Midoriya appeared, his hand against his head, blood running down his neck and dripping off his elbow. The sight of it made something inside Natsuo coil tightly. Despite his labored breathing, green eyes remained clear as he assessed the situation quietly. The older man tried to reach for his bleeding injury, but his hands were batted away.

Before anyone else could say anything, several gunshots echoed through them, deafening Natsuo for a moment as it rang through his body. He shuddered again.

“Hey!" the sharp cry somehow pierced through the ringing, "Hey, backup! Backup! I gotta reload!"

“Stain-san!” Someone else yelled out.

Stain jerked backwards, his jaw set hard as his eyes flitted from where he was called and back to Midoriya. The young man nodded at him, sending him on his way. With a scowl, he rushed off.

“Todoroki,” Midoriya asked, voice firm, “Can you do anything?”

Natsuo shook his head. He was barely an intern, learning about sports medicine and getting ready to be a physical therapist’s assistant, before the world ended. That was almost an entire year ago. All the practical learning he managed to scrape together since then was sudden and gorey.

And what, he was supposed to just… be ready for field surgery for this random guy they found?

He didn’t know how to operate on a random stranger. Aside from other issues like hygiene and the fact that they were shooting bullets right next to him, and the looming threat that whatever did this to the stranger was coming for them, and he didn’t know if this man (it was a man, right? His entire front was totally ripped off and half his face was gone, there was more visible muscle than anything else on this man) was allergic to anything. Right now, as they were, he knew that they didn’t have any blood on them. Even if, by miracle of god, he managed to put all this man’s organs back into his body and he lived through it, that didn’t mean that infection wouldn’t take him instead.

If this wound was from a monster (and judging from the size of the thing that they found here, it could be), then it was highly likely that Overhaul wouldn’t be able to do anything for him either. This guy was literally waiting for death.

A hand suddenly reached for his. Small fingers were barely able to reach around the back of his hand.

Natsuo’s head snapped up to Midoriya. Had he ever seen such a gentle expression on his face before? The first time Midoriya looked at him with anything other than scorn would be when there's a dying man between them.

“...It’s alright,” the young man who once saved him said, speaking loud enough that Natsuo heard it despite the gunshots ringing in his head. It did nothing to assuage his heart. “None of this is your fault.”

Blue eyes, wide and lost like he was six and looking for his brother in the woods again, stared at Midoriya. The words slowly soaked into him.

"Look away," he was told before the omega pulled at his own sleeve, exposing his wrist.

Within a few seconds, Natsuo felt his fraying nerves calm at the smell of something so sweet. His breathing stabilized as Midoriya brought the inside of his wrist to the fallen person on the ground.

“It’s alright,” Midoriya said quietly. His other hand came off the bloody mess his ear was, and reached to grab what remained of the fallen person's hand.

They (?) gurgled back, their open chest cavity slowing down. Their body relaxing, minutely. And Natsuo suddenly heard his middle school teacher explaining that an omega's scent could be extremely comforting.

And in the next second, Midoriya brought his hand from the stranger’s nose to their chin and snapped it to the left. The man jerked before he completely relaxed. Natsuo understood why Midoriya told him to look away. He was never going to forget this. The faceless person laid there, and Midoriya stood up.

“Get ready to leave!” he shouted over the gunfire. He turned back to Natsuo, “Be ready to run in six minutes.”

Natsuo's shaking had stopped. In place of fear and uselessness, he felt nothing.

He had six minutes to mourn the death of a stranger. He assumed because no one else could. He assumed because he couldn't do anything else.

**DAY 18: “i can’t see”**

...Where was he?

Overhaul tugged at his arms and legs, trying to get a feel for his limbs but he couldn't tell. Were his fingers moving? His toes? Did he still have them?

He closed his eyes. Or maybe he was opening them? He didn't know. He couldn't tell. There was no difference in if he did or did not have his eyes open. That was just the kind of darkness he was in, as his conscious kept swimming.

He took a deep breath, and felt his chest constrict in return. Oh good, he still had a chest, that was a start. The ringing sound died down, but he didn't know if it was because it was in his head or because someone, somewhere, was finishing something up. He hoped a little bit of both. But preferably, he would like to be up on his own feet before the others realized that he was gone.

Time passed. It could have been seconds. It could have been hours. No, it couldn't have been hours, because then someone would have pulled him out. They were all idiots like that. Overhaul wasn't in pain, so it was hard to tell. His thoughts fell like they were lagging behind time. He was no more thirsty and hungry as he was before, and he didn't know. Maybe it had been hours, and everyone was dead. Then, they would have to wait for the back-up team, in a day or maybe it was a week.

Perhaps he was dead.

That. That sparked a feeling inside of him.

He was not dead. The dead could not possibly feel. The dead could not possibly long like he did. The dead would not know loneliness. He tried to feel around. Tried, and felt his thoughts sharpen. His focus returned, and he understood that he was on something hard. Somewhere.

Indeed, he was alive.

His memory returned next. They were ambushed in a rotting building. They fell through the floor. He scraped his memory. There should be four more people, and that would have been their team. The real question was, where were they? He was alive, and underneath nonsense. As soon as he regained full mobility of his arms, he could use his quirk to get rid of it all.

Shit, he thought, he couldn't see. He couldn't see a damn thing. A tingling feeling ran along his body, and then the pain settled in.

If he didn't know if he was alive before. He had a certain answer now. He was alive.

In a pit, where he can't see and he was in pain, he was alive. Probably not for long, but he was alive.

It was a shame, but he wasn't too upset. The very last thing he remembered seeing was Midoriya's shocked expression-watching him fall as he tried to handle the pack of monsters coming at them.

Even if it was a lie, even if it was that Midoriya was shocked that the floor gave out, Overhaul wanted to believe that it wasn't the case. Was it okay for him to think that Midoriya was shocked because he didn't want to lose Overhaul? He wanted to believe it. If he was going to die anyways...

In the dark and the quiet, on the ledge between the living and the dead, Overhaul kept these painfully naïve and uselessly hopeful thoughts close to his heart.

**DAY 19: sleep deprivation**

Shigaraki, sprawled out on a chair made for someone half his size and age, stared at Midoriya for a long moment.

“You look like shit.”

Midoriya rubbed his face.

Thank you, Shigaraki. That was exactly what he needed to hear right now.

He was running on pure spite and hate at the moment, and even that was down to it’s last fumes. He was beyond exhausted. Since the explosion at the (former) bank down the street, they've all been tired though, so he hadn't complained anywhere someone could hear. Of course, he wanted to close his eyes for twenty minutes, but then Shigaraki had to show his face-

“Have you slept? At all?”

Was he worried? How cute. Midoriya was all aflutter. If he wasn’t so damn tired, he might have even praised Shigaraki for acting like a human being. He should consider doing it more often. More people wouldn't dodge him as much.

He took a deep breath, what would it be today? How was Shigaraki going to make his life difficult today? Since he started like this, Midoriya figured it would be like anyone else that had tracked him down earlier today. Will he be like Inui and lecture him? Will he whine and complain at his feet like Twice just did? Make thinly veiled threats? Attempt to wrestle him away from his seat? Which would it be?

Midoriya didn’t actually care, he just wanted Shigaraki to be done with it and leave.

“...Izuku-”

“Midoriya!” throwing the door open, Iida’s voiced echoed in the room and rang in his head, “Midoriya, we have a problem.”

They always had problems. They never not had problems. The apocalpyse was an ongoing event that they were still dealing with in every sense of the word. Immediately, he thought to Iida’s group that left earlier that morning, the grin on Asido’s face, the confidence in Gang Orca’s figure, the promise in Spinner's words, and his gut twisted.

Midoriya got up, when a dizzy wave hit him hard. He teetered hard to the side, running his elbow into his desk and almost sprawling over the ground. He managed to keep himself onto his feet by holding onto the desk with a white-knuckled grip. Pressing the base of his other hand into one of his eyes, he willed the headache to just go away. Briefly, he felt like he was in free-fall, even though he was standing solidly on the ground.

“Izuku-!”

Could Iida's voice get any louder? He didn't understand how both brothers could be the exact same but total opposites at the same time. He wanted to throttle them, more often than not.

“It’s fine,” Midoriya said, waving his hand in front of him. His vision split. It was amazing how worthless the human body became just because he skipped a few days of sleep. He reoriented himself.

Which would come first? Sleep or death?

Midoriya was an unlucky sonuvabitch, so he would definitely survive. Even if it meant that everyone and everything else died, he would always remain.

“They told you to get me for a reason, didn’t they?”

Losing sleep must have taken the edge off, the lingering threat of death didn’t feel like an inhibitor but a stimulant.

“Lead the way.”

He pretended that it was sleep-deprivation that kept him from noticing Shigaraki's prevalent frown.

**DAY 20: betrayal**

“Izuku, I… I trust your judgement and I trust in your thoughts, because that’s why we have all survived this long,” Yaoyorozu said quietly, her half-eaten granola bar in her hands.

Midoriya, wiping down his police shield, didn’t even look up. He understood where she was coming from. He wasn’t too sure exactly what she went through, but if she had lived this long, then she probably had her fair share of meeting despicable people.

Well, it wasn’t like either of them were perfectly clean.

“I’m just… concerned. If you… If you don’t mind, will you please share your reasoning for trusting them?” she asked. She turned to face him, her expression pleading with so much hope that he felt his heart clench. “I think that I’m not seeing the whole picture. If you don’t mind sharing your opinions, I think that I will have a better understanding, and this feeling will go away. Or at least be easier to manage.”

She was smart. He had no doubts that, if the world didn’t turn out like this, Yaoyorozu would have become someone incredible. Instead, the two of them were here, cleaning out their supplies, wondering if the monsters outside will kill them first or the new strangers instead.

If possible, he wanted to protect her from this too.

“What are you worried about?” he asked. Catching how his question might come off, he amended, “I don’t mean it in a rude way, but truly, what do you think is the worst thing that could happen?”

She blinked at him and took a moment to think. She was one of the rare people that seemed to consider his words thoughtfully, so he felt like had an infinite amount of patience for her, as pathetic as that sounded.

“...I suppose that they kill us and then move on to our team. Then try to make their way into the base?” she asked, but the longer she thought about it, she shook her head, “but no one would accept them.”

“Is that really the worst thing?” he asked. He stood up and started to pack up. “If they killed us off like that, that wouldn’t be betrayal,” Midoriya replied back, “It would be mercy.”

Her eyes widened and then she looked down.

“...Then, I suppose that the worst thing that they will do is keep us… sedated and alive.”

Midoriya smiled back, a painful looking expression as the color drained out of Yaoyorozu’s face. A beautiful alpha woman and a durable omega man.

Their story would end in dirty victory or pitiful tragedy.

“I see.”

“Does that … alleviate your concerns?”

“Yes, thank you for… sharing your thoughts with me,” Yaoyorozu said, her voice even as her fingers trembled. She grit down on her teeth and then turned to him, “But I won’t let it come to that.”

She was as strong as she was smart. Midoriya supposed that he really lucked out.

**DAY 21: torture**

Life was hard, but there were things that he could get used to.

The fighting and the killing and the maiming and the threatening were all things that he could deal with. The blood and the gore and the rot were all things that he was starting to get used to. Seeing the buildings that he once spent day and night to protect, decimated and ruined were all things that didn't hurt Nighteye as much as they used to.

The weight of it was heavy. The constant reminder was hard. But it was something that had gotten a little easier over time.

“...What’s Kawanori?” Kouta’s innocent question was fueled by simple curiosity.

“Hm? Uh… A … person?” Honenuki replied back, sounding as confused as Kouta. He tilted his head, trying to move his mind from where he was returning from scouting to the question in the air. “I don’t really know, but it sounds like someone’s name. Maybe someone important? Let’s ask Itsuka.” He waved his hand up and waved down his friend, “Itsuka, you heard of Kawanori?”

“It’s a mountain, isn’t it?” Itsuka said, tilting her head. “Uhm… I think it was in a part… Chiyu? Chitsu? Chichibu?”

“Chichibu?” Uraraka tapped her chin thoughtfully, “Oh! Chichibu-Kai?”

Itsuka snapped her fingers, “That’s it! Chichibu Tama-Kai! It’s a national park!”

But in these moments, when he realized that there were no fruits to his efforts, since these were children more familiar with firing bullets than they were remembering the mountains that bordered their cities, Nighteye found it the most unbearable.

“We could make a pit stop before heading back,” Nighteye muttered to himself. It wasn't necessary. It wasn't important. He just wanted these kids to know the areas more than the names. Nighteye, who spent a youthful childhood hiking mountain ranges with his family, wanted to share that not everything was lost.

The hard part would be trying to convince…

His eyes trailed to Midoriya, shirtless with low-riding jeans despite the incoming chill of winter. Standing on dead leaves, under a dying maple leaves, he was the only speck of green against the colors of amber. Bringing up the rear of their guard, their leader did a sweep of the area behind him before jogging in.

Nighteye felt, suddenly and acutely, how much more of the world he had seen than the children here. Had it only been two years? Some of them would be real adults now, some of them would be applying to work in hero offices, reshaping the world with their work.

Instead, here they were, building up something from the bare backbones their life used to be.

Hope and torture went hand in hand here.

**DAY 22: burned**

“Burn it!”

Midoriya’s voice could rip through time and space. The stampede caused by the monster bringing the ceiling down on them was momentarily muted, and Dabi met eyes with him. A green that could silence the world. There was probably a word to describe that color, but Dabi couldn’t focus on anything other than those eyes. Struggling to remember how to breath, as though his entire entity was emptying itself out-

“Dabi, burn it!”

And for whatever reason, even with the smell of gasoline wrapping around his neck like a noose, Dabi did as told.

-

Dabi once questioned if Midoriya was faster than his fire. It was a question that took too long to find an answer, and it nearly cost him all of Midoriya’s trust.

Laying on his back, light-headed and tingly all-over, it took Dabi a full minute to realize that the sky was not blue, his fire was just that wild. From the looks of it, the entire floor was engulfed in blue flames. The windows up to two floors above and two floors below looked to be completely shattered, or at least melting off.

And then, he realized that Midoriya was next to him.

He stared, eyes wide. Was Midoriya always that small?

“...Izuku?” he called out.

Struggling to breath and having a hard time remembering where he was, Dabi still managed to pull himself up onto his elbows and crawl to the man he listened to.

“Izuku,” he tried again, his voice shot like it was coated in ash. “Shit, Izuku-”

His eyes trailed to the mess that was Midoriya’s legs and feet. The pants and shoes and socks were completely missing, as was several levels of skin. Dabi quickly checked himself. Not even an ember.

He turned back.

It would appear that the question he asked was wrong. He shouldn’t have wondered if Midoriya could be faster than his fire. He should have wondered if Midoriya cared enough about himself to get himself out of the fire without injuries. It was such a giant oversight that Dabi wanted to burn the world down.

“Augh.” Midoriya’s eyebrows pinched before his eyes opened. A full body shiver racked his body, as he tried to push onto his arms. “God, fuck,” he hissed.

“Y...Your legs-”

Midoriya’s eyes snapped to Dabi, and as though understanding something, yelled out, “Is it dead?”

“Izuku! Dabi!” Landing right next to them, Miruko scowled, “I came as soon as I saw the light show.”

“Fuck, is it dead?” Midoriya snapped back. He turned his head, hissing as it pulled on something and Dabi took the moment to see the blue of his flames dance in dark green eyes.

There was a long moment of silence, and they watched the building lose another floor.

“No, it’s alive,” Dabi reported.

“Goddamnit,” Midoriya scowled back. The young man curled his hand into a fist and slammed it to the ground. He slowly pushed himself up onto his knees, grinding his teeth down as his eyes shined with something brighter than the flames stoked at the end of the world. “Alright, time to go kill it.”

Dabi’s eyes fell to the wound again, but he couldn’t find a name for what he was feeling.

**DAY 23: “don’t look”**

His shoes clicked as he made his way down the hallway. Unlike some of the other buildings in the area, the main cathedral was actually made of stone. It was as sturdy as it looked, withstanding the test of time and reckless human violence.

Most rooms were huge and empty. There was destroyed furniture, ruined walls and cabinets, ripped carpets and broken paintings. All sorts of things to describe how people lose their fate. Midoriya felt like, in that sense, he was walking through the perfect picturesque of how the apocalypse played out for some people.

He would leave the sweeping for the others behind him, before anyone else got there, he wanted to double-check something. The stench of blood and something a little more foul beckoned him, and made his feet move faster.

It had been a while, that didn’t mean that these kinds of places didn’t exist. He ran past a room, and the smell suddenly died, he passed it. He walked backwards, to where the smell lingered and moved a bookshelf out of the way. Indeed, the stench became much stronger, so he ran in.

A smell underneath the blood, that any omega would recognize immediately.

He stared at the sight in front of him. An assortment of omegas, among others, scattered about. Some in pieces and some that were almost whole. All in differing states of rot. A few that were still alive. One with child.

“Izuku? You know, I always wondered how you always managed to find the-”

“Don’t look!” Midoriya whipped around to stop Dabi from coming in.

The older man stiffened, and Midoriya wasted no time wrapping his air whip around him and launching him back up the stairwell. With one last glance thrown at the omegas, he rushed up the stairs.

Lying on the ground among a broken bookshelf and scattered books, Dabi groaned.

“You can’t… treat me a little more delicately?” he hissed back. “Or just tell us not to go down the passageway behind the bookshelf?” He slowly sat up, glaring at the man in front of him.

“...Sorry,” the young man said, truly apologetic but, “I didn’t want you to look at them.”

“Yeah, got the memo.”

"Then, keep the others from coming down.”

Blue eyes were sharp. Like his fire, his gaze was hard to escape.

“Are you going to kill them? Release them or whatever?”

Midoriya didn’t answer him. They both knew the answer. He stood at the stairwell for a brief second more before he went down to do exactly that. Ignoring anything that Dabi could have done or said before he went down, he made his way to the omegas down in the separate holding cells. Nursery. Prison. It was the same thing, for people like them.

His heart ached, and his hands trembled.

He prayed that, when it was his turn to be used like this, none of the others would see him like that either.

**DAY 24: memory loss**

Natsuo had a lot of memories.

A lot of them were fueled by anguish and regret, and he didn’t like to dwell on them. On occasion, he prayed that he would wake up and forget everything. Ignorance would be better than the constant reminders that he did live with.

When the world ended, he found momentary liberation. Even if he didn’t completely forget, he could pretend it never happened. It would be easier, and no matter what, they didn’t have to go back to that home. It was never home, and no one really knew or cared.

But a flash of red ice, red like his father’s flame, cold like his mother's long gaze out the window, and Natsuo felt his heart emptying out. From his hand, an ice so cold it was hot, coated the ground. Red ice, glistening like glass, shined under the sunlight.

A look onto the clean ice, and when his eyes caught on his reflection, knew that he looked too much like Him.

Why was he born? Was it possible for someone like him, who was brought into the world between someone who didn’t want him and someone who didn't notice he was alive, to be happy? Could he be happy? He didn’t think so. If he grew up to be like either his mother or father, wasn’t it better that he wasn’t born at all?

In that instant where he felt like he was wavering, it was always when Midoriya and he met.

“Oh, uh, Izuku.”

The younger man, who rarely gave anyone time of day, didn’t even pause in his steps as he shot past him. The blatant disregard and disrespect, while it might annoy and infuriate others, brought peace to Natuso’s mind.

Smashing through the red ice that Natsuo made, Midoriya did an impressive kick to the monster that tried to force its way through the gap. Black blood splurted out and splattered across Natsuo's reflection in the ice, distorting it.

It was almost as though he finally found someone who treated him the way him and his worthless, meaningless, loveless life deserved to be treated.

**DAY 25: car accident**

The car jumped because of the speed bump, leaving their wounded groaning and Awase snapping at Present Mic for his shitty driving job. In the passenger seat next to him, the glare Gang Orca gave their driver was scalding.

“I’m doing my best!” Present Mic shouted back from the driver’s side. “Hey, can you get them off our trail yet?!”

Dabi, holding onto the sides of the car roof, scowled back.

“I’d love to, if you could stop driving like a maniac,” he hissed out instead of the long list of profanities that was piling in his head. Gripping the side of the sunroof he was sticking out of, he tried to concentrate his fire.

In that same instant, another monster came bursting out of a house that they were passing. This was, they understood at once, a planned amush. The monster, who was slow but huge, came to the side of their van like a semi-truck.

“Shit-!”

As though their reinforced van that Mei and Powerloader painstakingly worked on were made of paper, it crumpled and crashed into another house.

The drywall and windows splintered as their car was flung into it like a catapult. Awase, even though it wasn’t much, tried to cover as many of the previously injured as he could with his body. It didn’t amount to anything, and the world went dark.

However, right before he lost consciousness, he swore to god that he saw Midoriya’s eyes open. An electric kind of green that Awase recognized as the color of life.

There was no logical reason to think so, but he thought that they would be fine.

**DAY 26: recovery**

“...Would it kill you? No, that’s not it. That's not what I should be saying,” Overhaul pinched the bridge of his nose as he tried to find the words. “It will kill you,” he said as he found them. He snapped his fingers and turned back, eyes looking as though they would swallow him in liquid gold, “If you keep doing shit like this, you're going to die.”

Midoriya, who was clearly running a fever and had ripped all of his stitches on his side, glared back at him. Or he tried to, but he was clearly in too much pain since his expression shuddered. Was this really an omega? What part of this looked like some small child that they should coddle? No, no, at this point, Overhaul was hard-pressed to believe that he was really human.

Even though he was certain that they just cleaned off all the blood in the room, he could smell fresh blood. Overhaul wasn’t that shocked. This was a lot of damage, even by Midoriya’s bizarre standards. Just a few inches in any direction might result in organ failure, possibly death.

Goodness.

“Aside from the fact that you want to die,” he spoke frankly, “is there any other reason why you’re trying to escape the infirmary again?” He could feel his blood pressure rise, but he didn't let it show. “I won’t let you die. You can count on that. So you should just give up and accept treatment.”

He leaned forward, placing one hand on the bed and the other on Midoriya’s shoulder. He shoved the man back down, and it was almost laughable how weak Midoriya was, that he couldn’t even push him off. This man once destroyed an entire building with a single punch. And now, here he was flushed and too far in pain to even see properly.

In that haze of pain, Overhaul wondered who Midoriya was seeing, that he was still trying to fight.

“...Just rest,” he said, his chest feeling tight. He should get himself checked out when he could. This was becoming too often. It shouldn’t bother him this much that Midoriya was being his unhelpful and suicidal self. “Just rest. I’m going to watch you get better, not worse.”

This was why he never wanted to be a doctor. Ungrateful patients were the worst.

His chest heaving for breath, Midoriya glared at him for another moment before he closed his eyes.

“Just…” His voice could be carried away by the breeze. Overhaul wasn’t sure what that meant for him, because he thought that his heart would leave right with it. “Just today.”

Overhaul didn’t want to imagine how painful it was for Midoriya, that he actually swallowed his pride and relented, but he was grateful. He was grateful that there were monsters still out there, still able to give Midoriya a helping of humility. He was honestly glad that Midoriya got injured, got thrashed this badly.

The former yakuza was despicable, and everyone knew it. He was fine with it. If he wasn’t despicable, he wouldn’t have ever had a chance to even meet Midoriya, after all. If he wasn’t awful, he would never have had a chance to even stand by Midoriya’s side like this. He knew that wishing someone ill was a terrible thing, but he was a despicable person so it was okay. If Midoriya returned to his side, too tired to fight and ultimately accepting his help, he didn't care what kind of person he did become.

Taking the bandaged hand in his, he dropped his head against the ruined skin. It wasn’t something that bothered him, if only because Midoriya seemed dead-set on making sure that he’s the exception to anything and everything that Chisaki ever stood for. The back of Midoriya’s hand looked like a terrain map. On another person, it would be disgusting.

On Midoriya, it felt like he was being told that he’ll never get lost.

**DAY 27: <strike> “i wish i had never given you a chance” </strike> ALT 9: gunpoint**

Normally, in these kinds of situations, they hold the hostage at gunpoint and threaten to shoot them. It was something he saw all the time, in film and manga.

Sero didn’t really understand how naïve that thought process was, until he had a gun to his head.

“Your supplies! Give me all your supplies or I’ll shoot him!”

And yes, Sero didn’t want to die. And yes, Sero was ashamed and upset that he was being held as a hostage and used as leverage against his group. And yes, Sero knew that it was his gun that the stranger was holding against his head. Probably, it would be better to die than admit defeat, and lose their supplies. In his head, he understood.

This was a situation that, poorly handled, would result in all of their deaths.

He didn’t even know what was in his bag. Was there anything in his bag? He had started to get into the habit of carrying nothing in hopes of bringing home a heavier bag. Then, were they going to die over his empty bag? His mind was totally blank, and he lost all semblance of thought as he stared at the only other person here.

“Hey, hey, no need for that,” Ryuku said, raising her empty hands in the air and far away from the knife and gun on her belt. “I heard you and I’ll give you my pack-”

Hero training included things like this. Not really for guns in particular, but for hostage situations in general. Heroes were instructed to speak slowly and clearly, describing their movements as they did it until back-up got into place or they could do something else. If Sero had the chance to go to a hero school, he would have learned that.

“Shut up! Shut up and give me your supplies!”

“Okay! I will!” Ryuku tried, “I am taking off the pack right now-”

And a gunshot was fired into Sero’s leg. The young man screamed as the bullet ripped through muscle and flesh before he was smacked in the head by the butt of his handgun.

“Sero!” he heard Ryuku yell.

“I’m not fucking around! Hurry up if you want to save him, hero-san!”

Ryuku took her backpack off and dropped it to the ground. Sero despaired. There was baby powder in her bag. Baby powder for the small kids that were born in the middle of an apocalypse. They had been so happy to have found it, Midoriya even laughed.

“Give it to me, you fucking-”

With incredible precision, a bullet was fired into the temple of his head, before he could even finish his sentence. Sero had no doubts that this stranger didn’t even realize that they weren’t alone. In fact, he didn’t think he even knew that he was already dead.

And that Midoriya never missed.

Ryuku grabbed her backpack and ran for Sero, ignoring the body to the side while Midoriya dropped down next to them. Sero wanted to cry out, or at least say something other than some short cries of pain as they turned him onto his back to check his leg. Worry about the living. Worry about your own. He knew that.

He never wanted to be the reason why they had to kill someone else though.

**DAY 28: “you have to let me go”**

“Next time, don’t bother,” Midoriya’s voice was sharp even though it was quiet, like someone was drawing a line in the place between light and shadow. “Just leave me there.”

Kouta froze at the doorway.

“Don’t you think you should try a little harder to live?”

Kouta’s hands came to the door and shoved it open. Eyes wide in his surprise, he ignored decorum and the fact that he probably wasn’t supposed to hear it and forced himself into the room.

“W-What-what does that mean?” he stuttered out.

His eyes were wide. He looked to where Shigaraki arched an eyebrow at him, and then back to Midoriya’s whose expression turned into something sour, like he was caught by Toga and Inasa again. Kouta once heard from an adult that people compare past memories to current ones to help them understand it, but everything that came up in his head felt wrong.

“Are you… leaving?” he whispered, as though he was scared that if he spoke too loudly, it would disrupt the world and he would be forced to face a reality he didn’t want.

But as expected of the guy who never shied from a fight, Midoriya didn't avoice him. His voice was clear. “It will happen, one day. If not now, then later. One day, there will come a time when I have to go. You have to let me go then.”

It was simple. It was frank. It was as obvious as explaining that the sun would rise. It was as certain like knowing that the sun would set.

“No!” Kouta yelled out, “I don’t want to! I don’t want you to go!”

Midoriya leaned down in front of the younger boy. Just a few years ago, he had to kneel to be at eye level with him. In a little bit, he knew that he wouldn’t need to even look down. Next to him, Shigaraki, for once, seemed to have the decency to turn around, facing the windows and giving them the illusion of privacy as Kouta felt his world crash down around him.

It was surprisingly quieter than the screams of the mass hysteria he remembered people having when they had to 'let go'.

“W-Why are you leaving? Why… Why wouldn’t you stay? Or come back?”

There was a silence, as though Midoriya saw so much more than Kouta ever could, before he repeated himself firmly. As though to make one last mark on the small kid that he nearly died to save all that time ago, he spoke, “Kouta. One day, I won’t be here anymore.”

And Kouta, who never really knew the difference between ‘surviving’ and ‘living,’ learned something foul. Tears streaming down his face, he prayed that ‘one day’ will never happen. He didn’t need it. Electricity and hot food, running water and a roof over his head. He spent some time without it, and he knew that he didn’t actually need it.

In the back of his head, he knew that he didn’t need Midoriya to survive either. But there was a difference that he didn’t want to learn about. He lived a life without Midoriya. He remembered it. It was the only thing he feared. He didn’t want to go back to that.

He was sick of living in a nightmare.

“It’s alright,” his hero, the only hero on base, told him, “It’s okay, Kouta. You can let me go, knowing that I’ll be happier.”

Kouta shook his head, sick and tired of being left.

“Me too,” he croaked out. He was here to find out if Midoriya had some time to spar, not find out about some inevitable *one day*. “Let me come, too. I’ll be good. I’ll get stronger. Izuku-nii, I won’t be annoying and I won’t eat too much and I won’t snore so please, please, let me come too.”

He choked and he cried, feeling as though if death didn't take him, this feeling would. At least, if he died, he would see his parents again, but this? But living? He couldn’t bear the thought. Being alone again would be worse.

He ran forward, wrapping his arms around Midoriya and crying in his chest. Kouta wouldn’t beg for his life. But he…

“Don’t leave me behind. Please.”

Kouta wouldn’t know it for a long while, but he was the lucky one. He got to hold Midoriya when he was lost in his grief. He got to hold Midoriya because he didn’t want to be alone. Others, like Shigaraki, had to pretend that nothing was wrong as he watched the rain fall outside.

**ALT 1: truth serum**

**ALT 3: coma**

**ALT 6: “don’t try to pin this on me”**

**ALT 7: time travel**

**ALT 8: allergies**

**ALT 10: “please come back”**

**Failed Prompt: Car Accident**

“You’re never driving again,” Endeavor groaned.

“I-I am truly so, so sorry,” All Might said, dipping his head, again and again.

“Shut up, Dad, you don’t even drive,” Natsuo snapped out, more than tired of this. Endeavor clicked his jaw shut as his son scowled as he bandaged up the nasty cut on his dad’s arm. “How did we even get into a car accident after the world ends?”

Endeavor gave a pointed glare, but didn’t say anything. All Might seemed to curl a little more into himself. Natsuo gave a long, suffering sigh as he finished his quick job. Amazing how much of a better job he did when no one’s life was on the line and there weren’t bullets flying from every direction.

“I don’t think we can use the car anymore,” Tsuyu called out, “And we got four injured. What do you want us to do, Izuku-chan?”

Midoriya, who was pulling the last of their supplies from the burning wreck of their van, straightened up. Blood tricked down from his temple, but he didn’t look anything more than mildly annoyed. “I have a safe house a few miles that way,” he said, pointing off the highway and into the residential area. “We’ll get people there to rest. I’ll come back for the supplies.”

He eyed the collection of supplies on the ground. None of them were incredibly important, but it did felt like a colossal waste.

“I, uh, I can help carry something-”

All Might was cut off when Midoriya pulled a knife out and a handkerchief. Slicing his hand open, he squeezed the piece of cloth tightly. The smell of blood immediately piled in.

“Todoroki, you’ve been there before, so go.”

Right when Natsuo was about to say that he had no recollection of that, Endeavor replied back curtly.

“What about you?”

“I’ll make a new trail. Go.”

Endeavor. clenched his jaw tightly, but got up. His hand came up to his head, no doubt because he was trying to walk off a concussion, and Natsuo grabbed his arm to help steady him. Somewhere, he felt his heart coil at the thought of touching this man, but brushed it off.

All Might came onto the other side of Endeavor.

“Izuku-shounen-”

“And get ready to explain to Powerloader why we trashed another van,” idoriya said, a shadow of a smile on his face, “All Might-san.”

The blond’s shoulder loosened by a fraction of an inch.

“Yes sir,” he replied back, breathless but in good humor.