### **Notes**

* Sewage & they got to Tokyo
* Meet destro & that group
* rebuilding and eventually meets Nine & Slice (and other survivors)
  + The ‘sacrificing others to survive’ group
* earthquake

### **head injuries - hawksdeku**

"You really should get that looked at," Hawks said as he landed next to him.

He gave a lazy salute to Enji, who nodded back before returning his gaze to the fire in front of them. He turned back to their base leader. Remembering a time when he was always in a helmet, Hawks wondered if their time together would have been cut short if it wasn’t for that constant head-protection.

Midoriya waved back, unintentionally showing off his swollen fingers and broken fingers. Well, the ugly bruises that danced along his back looked painful, but it probably wasn't that bad since Midoriya was breathing smoothly.

"Oh, yeah, you definitely need to get that looked at," the blond grimaced as he stepped closer. If all the dried blood on him was from his head, he would be dead, so Hawks was at least hopeful that it wasn't that bad.

Still, head injuries were dangerous for a reason.

The young man didn't even look at him. His head suddenly snapped to his left, catching both of the adults' attention, and he turned around. Right when it looked like he was going to run off, Hawks moved to stand in front of him.

"Hey, leave that to the others. We need to get you some first-aid, ASA-"

Before his words were finished, Midoriya was walking right by him. He turned around, ready to grab his arm, when the young man slapped his hand away.

Green eyes, soft like spring grass and cold like the first frost, narrowed at him. The message was clear. Midoriya did not want to be touched. Hawks hid his hurt and smiled back.

"Then please, I'm about to start crying from worry," he said, his words rang true even if his expression was the opposite of what he said. "Please consider getting proper first-aid. I don't want you to die from something preventable."

Did those words get through to him? From the blatant dismissal in green eyes, he was doubtful.

But when Midoriya turned to leave, Hawks let him.

-

“Oh god, what happened to your face?”

Hawks jerked, stopping himself from stepping out too much. In the shadow of the building, he slowed his breathing and focused on his hearing.

“It’s fine,” Midoriya’s undeniably annoyed tone came through crystal clear. “Don’t worry.”

“Make no mistake, I am not worried,” Chisaki’s matter-of-fact reply came rapid fast, “Or at least, I’m more concerned about myself than I worry about you.”

The blond’s eyebrows hiked up his face. It wasn’t the response he expected.

“I’ll worry about you when you’re not in front of me,” the older man explained. “So, nothing to worry about other than how you’re trailing blood in, right?”

Hawks left quickly, because there were some things in life better not knowing. The way Midoriya smiled at Chisaki was one of them.

### **Chimera - No**

"...If you don't want it, tell me no."

Midoriya's eyes were sharp, as though he was ready to cut Chimera for speaking. At this point, the older man would welcome it.

"No, I don't want to eat with you," Midoriya said, voice cold and harsh.

"See? Was that so hard? I'll catch you later," the larger man said, turning on his heel to leave.

Midoriya's head snapped up.

"That's it?"

The older man stopped in his steps, and turned around very slowly.

"...Yes? Did you change your mind?"

"No, I still don't want to eat with you."

“Then don't ask things like that. I might get ideas." However, his words didn't match his inquisitive expression.

But his leader tilted his head, looking confused.

"...If there's nothing else," Chimera said, "I don't want to get my hopes up. I'll bother you during dinner." He waved over his shoulder as he stepped out, leaving behind a confused Midoriya in his wake.

### **Hawks - No**

"Ah, Midoriya! There you are, I've been looking for you. Where are you going? Can I join you?"

Midoriya briefly glanced up from his book, and took a deep breath. He could do this. This wasn't hard. He tore off all the skin on the back of his hand, but he trembled as he tried to weigh the words in his mouth.

"No," he said, his voice stern and firm.

The lackadaisical smile was wiped clean off as the former-pro looked at him in shock. He blinked and then nodded. Midoriya geared for a fight.

"Aw, man," he said. He leaned to the side, crossing his arms in front of him and recovered his smile, "Hm, alright then. I'll see you around-"

"What?"

Hawks jerked back around. It was rare enough to catch Midoriya alone, it was even rarer to hear his voice. His voice was clear and firm in his rejection, and there was a light novel in his hands. It didn’t take a scientist to figure out that their base leader was trying to enjoy what little leisure time he had. So, if he didn't want company right now, Hawks would respect that.

At the moment, he was just surprised. Given how briskly Midoriya brushed past all of them at any given notice, it was shocking to think that he was being stopped from leaving.

"...What?" he echoed.

"That... That's it?"

The blond arched an eyebrow.

"Is there something else you wanted? I won't... know unless you say something."

God, they've been repeating that like a broken record, but seriously, maybe this time, something would be different-

"W...Why are you listening to me?"

Something inside of Hawks went very, very still. He (and some of the others since he had a bad habit of eavesdropping) had some theories based off of the way Midoriya worked and carried himself. It wasn't anything bad or incriminating, but just some ideas he had based on previous experience and collected observations.

"I asked you if you wanted to go on a walk together," Hawks said, deciding that summarizing it slowly and thoroughly, like the way Midoriya was with his reports, would be the best idea. He turned back to face him fully, hopeful that it would show his sincerity, "You said no. I was going to leave because I got my answer. I didn't think you had anything else you wanted to add to it. I... Was I ... incorrect in thinking that?"

"You'd stop, just because I said 'no?'"

Hawks' eyes went wide. The crater in his chest echoed.

"Why?" Midoriya asked, because he could not understand the situation. "Aren't you an alpha?"

The blond stared at him for a moment, and took a deep breath. He learned too much about Midoriya and his upbringing in that single sentence. He opened his mouth, closed it, and for all his quick thinking, could only think about bringing harm and absolute ruin to the person that led Midoriya to think like that. The thought came up like lava, a burning heat of rage that intensified when curious green eyes looked at him.

Hawks has been hated by enough people in his life to know what it looked like. Midoriya did not hate him.

And then, he allowed a brief moment of bitter resentment build in his throat for allowing this poison to fester unnoticed for so long.

"...Midoriya, if you don't want something, regardless if I'm another alpha or beta or omega or anything, you can say no and expect that to be respected,” his voice was remarkably steady. He kept his expression serious, and tried to keep that unforgiving rage under wraps, “And I... I respect you and care deeply for you. So, I will respect your words and your wishes."

"Is... Is that because you used to be a hero?"

<used to be a hero> was a phrase he still wasn't used to. It stung almost as much as the actual confusion in Midoriya's eyes. However, there were more important things than his former glory.

"No, it's because it's..." proper human decency, but that clearly wasn't going to make sense and work on Midoriya, so, "...it's because we're both, ultimately, still human. Quirks, secondary gender, nationality, religion, none of that matters. There is no excuse to treat someone like they're anything less than a human being."

"Then, why did he-" Midoriya bit his tongue to cut himself off.

He clenched his jaw hard, and Hawks despaired at how hard it was for him to understand. He wished that Midoriya would finish that sentence, so Hawks could find and enact the type of justice that the Hero Association saved for truly messy work.

But he can't push on the matter right now. He had to give Midoriya space to think for himself and come to a decision. He had opened up a realm of possibilities for him, and he needed to give the younger man time to digest that. Right now, Midoriya had to come to a decision. On his own. And if... when he reached out, Hawks would come flying to his side.

"...Thank you for answering my question,” Midoriya said, a little breathless.

"...You answered mine," Hawks replied back, a lazy grin returning to his face. "And to be fair, I'm always looking for a reason to talk to you."

It was probably the wrong thing to say, since Midoriya's confused eyes turned back at him. Wary.

But Hawks was an expert at smiling even when he felt like the world was falling apart underneath his feet. It's what drove his previous basemembers mad. He knew he should be more careful, but some habits are tough to break.

"...It probably wasn't a big deal to you," the blond started, "but to me, those nightlights you set up were everything. And everything since then has led me to believe that I want to see the world you’re trying to build here,” and in case that wasn’t clear enough, he clarified, “With you."

So long as Midoriya breathed, Hawks would return to his side. If Midoriya thought that there was something here to salvage and something worth fighting for here, then Hawks will stand right next to him and fight just as hard. All birds fly someplace warm for the summer, but Hawks had found a place where it was spring year-round.

"I just wanted that to be absolutely clear to you. I won't budge on it."

"What... if I don't want it?” Midoriya asked, tilting his head as his eyebrows furrowed. Vibrant green eyes, normally painted in rage and disdain, peered at him like he was mystified at the notion of someone wishing for his company. “Would you respect that?"

"Yeah," Hawks nodded, "I'd just go out and kill myself."

It was a low blow. He knew it, and from the shocked expression on Midoriya's face, it hit hard. Some part of him felt relieved to know that Midoriya didn't consider it and didn't ask for it. He was shocked that Hawks would go this far. Didn't that mean that he didn't want him to go? Didn't that mean that he wanted him to stay? Wasn’t it possible that it meant that Deku did care a little about him?

"If you don't want me, then there's nothing I have left."

"That... That's not..."

"Izuku," Hawks said, an easy grin on his face, because this was okay. He had come to terms with this, a long time ago before he even saw those strings of lights. "Don't think too hard about it. Live how you want to. I'm doing that too, anyways. But, I ate enough of your time and you wanted to be alone, right? Later."

And just like that, Hawks flew out. For the rest of the evening, he would replay that conversation in his head and berate himself for sounding like a lovesick, homicidal maniac.

And even though it shamed him, he hoped that it would help pave a new idea in Midoriya's head.

### **ChisaMido - Unhelpful Assistance**

"...Why?" Midoriya asked quietly, marveling at how all of his fingers were straight instead of broken and crooked for a second. He looked back up, eyes wide, "...Why did you help me?"

Chisaki stared at him for a moment and looked back down to the bandages he was working on. And then, as though the entire situation was hilarious, he snorted back.

"I'm not going to answer that," he said, "since you never answered my question either."

Midoriya frowned back, his eyes so sharp he felt like he could get cut on them.

Yellow eyes narrowed at him, as memories welled up from within him, and he sighed. "Do you even remember? I asked you that same thing when I first woke up here. You didn't answer me then. So no reason for me to answer yours now-"

"I didn't help you," Midoriya snapped out, like it was a personal offense. "You just happened to survive."

"Then, that's the same for me," Chisaki replied back, a smug smile on his face, "You just happened to live through my treatment."

Green eyes narrowed, calling him out with saying anything.

"I don't get it," Midoriya said eventually, closing his eyes. "I don't get it."

"...That's fine," the older man said. By the time Midoriya understood, nothing would be the same between them. He turned around to lean against the counter. "There's no rush. And I'll keep you alive until you let me die. While we're stuck together, we might as well figure those things out together."

"...So you don't get it either?"

He tilted his head, "Yes, I don't. I can admit that much." He looked, for a moment, like he saw something much more than the pen he was staring at. It must have been wonderful, because his mask crinkled against his smile.

"Hm, I think I'm close to an answer though," he said, eyes landing on Midoriya. "But to be honest, my answer will be different from yours."

He arched an eyebrow, and Chisaki shrugged back.

"You and I are different people. We value different things," he said, moving to stand directly in front of his patient.

He lifted his hand up to Midoriya's face, and his eyes turned explicitly soft when he saw Midoriya inch away. He pulled his mask down his face, revealing the smile on his face as he leaned close enough that their noses could touch.

"I've always wanted to try being blindly loyal. I thought that, if I could be stupid and ignorant, I could be happy. However, it would appear that I'm not simple-minded enough to be satisfied with just that," he said, hot breath washing across the young man's face.

Midoriya grimaced and pulled backwards, even though his back was already to the wall.

If at all possible, Chisaki looked pleased with that. He stepped back to kneel in front of him.

"When I find satisfaction," he said, eyes twinkling like he knew a joke Midoriya didn't, "I will have my answer. Until then, I do hope you'll try harder to return alive and well."

With that, he stood up and left.

Midoriya really hoped that his ribs would stop breaking like crackers, because he didn’t like this feeling like he was bouncing about.

### **Cleaning**

Midoriya grabbed the bins.

Monday. Time to clean the windows.

In the school they were in, there were a lot of fucking windows. By now, the others had taken complete control over it, but it would be the first time that he, that Midoriya, joined them.

And by join, he meant that he will do his own thing, do his own cleaning, and they will do whatever it is that they do. But the windows are clean, the habitual rhythm undisturbed, and it was more about the action than actually cleaning the windows.

Without a doubt, the windows were much cleaner now than anything he ever did for it.

"Midoriya, good morning!"

Midoriya, who was pulling a desk so that he could stand on it to get the top of the window, nodded as Spinner came up to him. The lizardman stared at him for a moment, a wide grin on his face.

"Need a hand?" he asked.

And the question, innocent and easy, felt like Midoriya was shoved off a cliff and into a pitfall.

He didn't need fucking anything from some alpha-

He took a deep breath. Recentered himself. The words repeated in his heads. The kindness he had faced. The strange number of coincidences. He took a deep breath.

"Can you get those windows?" he asked, pointing to the end of the room.

And Spinner shined like he was a star. Momentarily, Midoriya felt blinded by him.

"Yeah, no problem!" he said, rushing off to do just that.

And that was it. That was all Midoriya had to do. He listened. Someone listened. He said something, and they listened. This would be the third one. He didn't know how to handle this.

So he turned back to the window he was working on and meticulously started to wipe down again. There was no real reason to wipe it down so vigorously or until it gleamed, but he did. Because otherwise, he might have to face a reality that wasn't nearly as bad as he thought.

Because, if the life that he was so scared of wasn't that bad at all, then what did he try so hard to avoid?

It scared him.

If he lost his drive to be free, wouldn't he lose his drive to live? What would he be, if he didn't care anymore? He wasn't certain. He wiped in circular motions, feeling his thoughts chase each other.

-

"Spinner...san?"

"Ah, just Spinner is fine," Spinner called back, habitually. And then he stopped, when he realized who was talking to him. He turned, slowly, and Midoriya, who had moved on to the next window, nodded back.

"Spinner, I... I want something to drink," he said.

"Oh."

His own voice sounded so small and dumb. His mind whirred and he nearly stepped on his tail to get on his feet.

"Oh, you want me to get you something to drink?!" he asked. clamouring up to his feet. He couldn't believe it.

Midoriya? Ask for something? Midoriya? Asking him for something? When all the others were practically mooning and crying pitifully against walls because he gave them all a cold shoulder? He was going to ask him?

Spinner, who just like everyone else, was helped out tremendously by Helmet and have always wanted to be helpful in return, could nearly cry at this opportunity.

"Yeah sure. I don't really know what they have, but you got any preferences?"

"...Hot tea," the young man said.

Spinner grinned back.

"You got it!"

-

Spinner... might have rubbed it into way too many people's faces. But it was for a good cause.

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"Sorry it took so long," he called as he entered the room. Midoriya had finished cleaning it, and Spinner whistled back at the sight. It never felt like the windows got very dirty between weeks, but he doesn't realize how dirty they must have been because they were clear and glistening now.

He handed Midoriya the travel mug and sat down next to him to start drinking his. The aroma and taste of tea was so faint hat it felt like they were just drinking really hot water, but somehow, it felt very sweet.

He hesitated, but seeing that Midoriya wasn't leaning away from him and his scales and him being himself, he sat just a few feet away from him, facing the windows at the center of the room. They drank quietly.

"Thank you," Midoriya said eventually.

"Yeah, anytime."

There was a beat of silence.

"...Truly?" Midoriya asked. Spinner turned to him, wide-eyed. "Anytime?" he clarified.

The Lizardman nodded, "Well, as long as I'm not dying I guess. Like, I'm in a good enough position and health that I can do it, I don't mind getting you some hot tea whenever."

And then, like that wasn't creepy and desperate-sounding enough (to be fair, Spinner only had internet friends inthe MMORPG chat rooms before this), he opened his mouth to continue.

"And I can do other things other than getting hot tea. As long as it's something I can do, I'll do anything."

Smooth Spinner. He was going to think about this moment right before he fell asleep and feel nothing but hot embarrassment.

"Why?"

Spinner tilted his head, "Since you helped me? I guess?"

"Then, when you stop feeling thankful, will you stop?"

The lizardman couldn't help but think that this was starting to chart through some dangerous waters. An inkling of dread pinpricked at his senses, and he took a long sip of his tea while he thought of an answer. He burned his tongue, nearly choked on the sudden mouthful of burning hot liquid, and flinched.

"Ouch!"

And realized that Midoriya had reached for him. His travel mug was fine and balanced on the ground, and he had abandoned his spot to be next to him. Kneeling next to Spinner, one hand to grab his travel mug and the other on his back to help steady him.

He had his answer.

"I don't think I'll ever not be grateful," Spinner said. "As long as I'm with you, I'll try to help however I can. You can ask me whatever, and I'll do whatever." With his freshly burnt tongue, it sounded a little less cool than that, but for the sake of future him looking back at this moment, he hoped this was how he would remember it instead. "You... I heard that when you first woke up and broke out, you beat up everyone you met. But right when you were about to actually leave, some guy that wasn't involved in the incident slipped and you caught him before he fell, right?"

Midoriya didn't respond, but he moved back to his seat and didn't meet his eyes.

"And right now, you were fast like lightning. I... That's not fake. You can't fake reflexes like that."

Spinner placed his travel mug down, pretended his mouth didn't sting and turned to fully face Midoriya.

"I admire that about you. I think that's why. So, if one day, it's not gratitude, then it's admiration. And I think, if it stops being admiration, it'll be something else," he said.

He rubbed the back of his head, feeling a little bashful.

"I don't know why you helped me that day. I don't know why you don't trust people. But I do know me. Whatever you need me for, I'll take your side. I may not be really strong or fast but I can work on that. So if you need someone, I’ll do it."

Normally, the look on Midoriya's face was the look people gave them when they realized that he was a lizard. It was the look the girls at school gave him as they inched away with cruel smiles, and it was the look that the boys at school gave him because he couldn't play with them since he looked fundamentally different. It was a look that Spinner had dealt with for a long time, and for a period of time, was how he saw himself whenever he caught his reflection.

Today, the look is on Midoriya's face. It wasn't because he was a lizard or gross or shiny or slimy. It wasn't because he was fundamentally different or distracting or something to be poked and prodded and experimented with.

It was because he offered his services to Midoriya, unconditional, confident, and constant, and Midoriya could not understand it.

Which was fine.

Midoriya nursed Spinner back to health, a grueling process that took a week of delirious fevers. He never complained and always made sure that Spinner had the food and clothes and equipment to live comfortably. He never made Spinner feel bad when he fucked up and needed to be saved. He never held it against him or made him stop or start doing anything. He never made Spinner feel like he was more, but he never felt like Spinner was less. Spinner was just Spinner, a name and identity that he chose and he wanted and so he wanted to do the same for Midoriya.

Gratitude, admiration, those probably aren't enough to describe the entirty to why Spinner found it so easy to agree to any of Midoriya's whims. He'd do anything for the man who made this place for him. It took the end of society as he knew it, but that was okay because he was finally home. He had people to fight for, people to fight with, people to fight, and at the center of it all was Midoriya.

And that was fine.

Spinner would spend the rest of his damn life fighting to stay by Midoriya's side and proving his words right.

"...That... doesn't make sense."

Spinner shrugged back, "The world ends but we clean the windows of a school every week. Does that make sense?"

Midoriya's lips twitched. He almost smiled. Spinner grinned. The windows were clean.

### **ShoujiMido- being Free**

"Well, if you hated alphas so much then why did you save me? Why did you save anyone?!"

Why?

Did he need a fucking reason? Was it so goddamn hard for people to wrap their heads around the fact that he was just some lowly omega that saved them? Was it because they never thought they would be saved by some shitty omega? If it had been anyone else, would Shouji have asked them? If it had been a hero or an alpha or a beta or a businessman, did it fucking matter?

Of course he tried his best to help people he could find. He hated society. He hated every single last bitch that thought and believed that the world was fine the way it was.

That didn't mean he wanted people to die like that, guts spilling out onto the streets, tears filled with despair in their eyes, arms and legs split off to be savored as snacks for a later time. He didn’t want people to die, wallowing in their despair and praying for a swift death to be reunited with their family.

Because once upon a time, he wanted to be a hero. He wanted to be a hero who could save himself because no one else was going to. He wanted to be a hero that could save other people-because no one knew.

No one knew who could be a hero.

If he had to pinpoint a single reason, it would be that.

The people he helped, the people that he 'saved', were all people who could be a hero to someone else. It wouldn’t be questioned.

Not him, of course, he was his own hero. But someone else. Maybe a lover or a child or a friend or a stranger. It didn't matter. They could be a Real Hero to Someone out there. But they couldn’t do that if they died here. He was just a temporary thing, until the Real Heroes could get up and do their thing and he could just squirrel far away.

And Midoriya, feeling himself sitting on that boiling bit, shouted back, "Because I thought that you would have left by now! How was I supposed to know that all of you would choose to stay? Most of you healed up within a few weeks and no one ever talked about leaving and I couldn't figure out why!"

"...And now?" Shouji asked quietly, "What about now?"

Midoriya's expression scrunched in, and he shook his head. His jaw clenched tightly, and his chest heaved. His voice had cracked, since it had been a long time since he shouted or even spoke so much, but the rage only surged with every pained breath scraping down his throat.

He wasn't going to cry. He wasn't going to cry. He was going to be alone and far away from everyone and everything when he cried and it wasn't going to be right now.

"No one will know what you want or what you're thinking unless you say anything," Shouji said. "I want to know, which is why I'm asking. What do you think now?"

"...I just want to be," a hero, "...free."

There was a brief moment of silence. The words meant different things to them, but Midoriya had no idea how else to explain himself.

The taller man nodded. "Okay," he said. "I'll do my best too, so... So the same way you kept protecting me, I'll protect your freedom. Whatever you want to do, whenever, I'll support you. Just... Just let me stay with you."

And Midoriya didn't understand how everyone could say that so easily. He spent his entire childhood dreading the fact that he'd be locked up and shackled to someone, but everyone he's met here was the exact opposite. Was it because they were free to begin with that they could wish for that? Were they a species made of idiots that only craved what they couldn't get?

What a fucking joke.

Midoriya wondered what kind of person he would have to become if he wanted to find the humor in it.

### **ishiyama - not into treatment**

"Ah, Midoriya," Ishiyama said, reaching into his pocket and pulling out a handkerchief. He extended it to the young man, concerned etching the cement face. He stared and patiently waited.

Midoriya stared for a moment longer, confused on why Ishiyama was handing this to him.

"Your...forehead."

He blinked back, slowly. The words slowly churned something in his head. His forehead? He reached one of his hands up, and indeed, his forehead was wet, he... Oh, was this his blood? As though the realization was the trigger, he felt his head throb in time with his heartbeat, and the blood oozed.

"It's fine," he said, because the pain wasn't deliberating. He would worry a little more if he was on the ground throwing up because of the pain again, but this much wasn't too bad.

"It'd... be bad if it got infected," the man cautioned, like Midoriya didn't do this a thousand times before and wouldn't do it a thousand times more.

"Yeah," he nodded, "It would."

It would mean that he dies. And that would be bad, because he hadn't finished killing everything yet. He didn't even think that he made a dent in their population either. Once most (preferably all) were dead, he could rest then, right?

Ah no, no that was too hopeful wasn't it? More likely, he'll be taken apart first. Yes, it was good to live in reality.

"...I'm fine," Midoriya said, figuring that if he didn't, the man would just stand here with his hand extended like an idiot.

"I insist."

"Stop, it's annoying."

Was that harsh enough? Would he leave him alone now?

"Even if it's annoying, I want to help prevent the Worst-Case scenario in anyway I can..."

He trailed off as Midoriya turned and left the conversation instead.

### **Submission -**

"Ah, so you hate alphas?" Chimera asked.

Midoriya narrowed his eyes, "Just the noisy ones."

"Eh, so not me," Chimera nodded, a grin stretching across his lips. After all, unlike the others, it sounded like he got real answers. "Don't look at me like that, I'll get excited." He sauntered over, his heavy steps hitting the ground at a slow pace.

The unbonded omega didn't even twitch. He kept his focus on the book in his lap.

"...Is it because of everything society says? That omegas should just worry about making the house feel like home and pop out some kits?"

His fingers twitched, but he kept his eyes on the paper.

"Maybe it was that you didn't like the idea of being owned? No, no, that's not it. Everything about you is something else..."

A fluffy hand came and grabbed his chin, forcing the young man to look up at him.

"You wanted to be free."

Green electricity ran down to the tips of his fingers before Midoriya slapped the hand away. Chimera pulled back his talons before they shattered.

"Easy," Chimera purred back.

He stepped around the desk, where green eyes watched him warily. He relaxed his fur, despite all of his instincts telling him to run because Midoriya wasn’t an opponent he could win against, as he kneeled down in front of him. Placing his head as low as he could, he peered up at Midoriya and pinned his ears back down on his head, it was a clear sign of submission.

"A bonded omega gets harassed less, right? Their scent only really affects the alpha that they're bonded with. You want the freedom from annoying pests, but you don't want to submit to just anyone."

The book closed, but Midoriya kept one of his fingers in to keep his place.

"That's fine, but I bet they didn't tell you in school that some omegas own the alphas. It's not common here, but it's not unheard of," he said, his voice a low temptation. "All the perks of being bonded, but you're the one with the reigns."

Boldly, Chimera nuzzled his face against the back of Midoriya's hand.

"If you want, I'll give you mine. You can be the omega I submit to."

Green eyes widened, and a rush of power came over him at the thought of such a large and strong alpha would submit. To him?

He could...

"Why would you do that?"

Chimera stared up at him.

"Isn't it obvious why an alpha would want to be bonded? It's because the omega is the one they want to spend the rest of their life with. I'm not picky on how. The life you saved, it's yours now. Whatever makes your life more convenient, I'll do it for you. Use me and throw me away, for all I care."

"And if I don't?" Midoriya frowned back. "What if I don't want you?"

"That's fine, too," Chimera said, "I'll go back to courting you the old-fashioned way. I just thought I'd let you know that you had options."

"...Would it... hurt you?"

Chimera shrugged. "Never had a bond, so I wouldn't be able to tell you. I bet it's the same as any other bond. But, a little pain doesn't scare me."

Still. Midoriya hesitated.

He closed his eyes and after a long breath looked back up.

"What do I have to do?"

And Chimera grinned back.

### **Ignoring- Dabi**

"Oi, Midoriya."

Midoriya paused in his steps and tipped his head back to take a very, very deep breath through his nose. After his second one, he turned to look at Dabi. The man looked incredibly amused by the entire ordeal.

"Yes?" he asked, as patiently as physically possible.

There was a time in society where people would have balked at the open hostility and annoyance that radiated off of Midoriya, but Dabi relished in the attention instead. Just a few weeks ago, Midoriya pretended that none of them existed. This was a huge step-up, in Dabi’s opinion.

"Where are you going? Can I come, too?"

Without waiting for another response, Midoriya continued walking instead, determined to ignore the older man. As expected, his words were ignored as Dabi's footsteps followed him by a few feet.

Why did he ask if he was going to tag along anyways?

The door at the end of the corridor opened, where Kirishima and Tamaki were walking in. Kirishima was carrying a box of some sort, while Tamaki was holding the door open for him, a backpack in his hands. Their conversation stopped as they realized who was in the hallway with them.

"Oh! Good morning, Izuku-san!" Kirishima greeted with a radiant smile.

"Izuku-san, g-good morning," Tamaki echoed as Midoriya came closer.

The young man nodded at the two.

"Oh, and Dabi," the two chorused together.

"I'm a foot and a half taller than him," Dabi pointed out, but was ignored.

"Where are you going?" Takami asked, still holding the door open.

Cold and distant as he stepped through the door and left, Midoriya provided no answer as he walked right by them.

Dabi, barely a step behind him, followed him.

### **Compress - Kanji Help**

"The world had ended, society as we know it has collapsed, and yet, you have amassed a large number of people, each one a little more desperate than the next for your attention and affection. All of these people, some of the most accomplished individuals and toughest people, the backbone of society and those who are deserving of the title of The Strongest," Compress said, finishing his statement with a flourish. He turned back to the young man working on the desk in front of him and took a deep sigh. "And here you are, doing problems out of a workbook."

He stood for another moment, and sighed deeply when he realized that he was being ignored.

Well, he supposed that was the most frustrating-yet relieving part of Midoriya.

He took the seat in front of Midoriya, normally fought for between a snarly Twice and growling Shouto, or worse, a I'm-Smiling-But-I-Am-Planning-Your-Demise Hawks and I-Act-Like-I-Don't-Care-But-You'll-Be-Ash-By-Dinner Dabi. The young man didn't even stop in his work, and unlike before, didn't reach for his knife. Compress didn't know if it was because he was confident he could beat Compress in a fist-fight, or because he did trust him enough to not reach for a weapon. He hoped it was the latter.

He hummed to himself, pulling a book out. He wanted to savor this moment, and that meant that he had to keep his mouth shut. Well, reading in the brief quiet, in a rare moment of silence, under the high afternoon sun, was something he always enjoyed doing, even before the world ended. The company was new, but not unwelcome.

He got through several pages in his favorite poetry collections, when Midoriya suddenly spoke up.

"...Mister Compress," he said.

"Ah, yes?"

"Do you know what Kanji this is?" he asked, shifting his book so that Compress could come closer to see.

Compress leaned in slowly, carefully gauging how close he could come before Midoriya would label him as a potential threat, and thought he could fly when there were just a few inches between them.

He answered, elegant and with examples, the way that he wanted it to be explained to him, a long time ago when he was a student. And hoped that this was a step forward, and one that would never shift backwards.

### **Talking about Tokyo**

* [and Midoriya goes with

It was something that he knew he would have to do eventually. He tapped the back of his pen on the desk as he leaned back. The sooner the better.

In apocalypse movies and books, it felt like the government always bombed major cities. It could be that it was a fictitious thing that they would never do. It could be that the government and all possible military units had been wiped out by now too. It wasn't a good feeling, but it was possible.

Even if they go, there were no guarantees of anything. Supplies or research or other information that could give them any clue about what was going on. Well, there would be one thing. Trouble.

That, no doubt, wherever they go, they will have spades.

-

“Chimera,” Midoriya called out as he entered the room, as he did so, his steps stopped cold. “I have an idea…”

Eyes wide, his gaze darted around the room. As much as he didn’t think that anyone but the person he was looking for would be here, no one in the room ever expected for him to come in like that. The shock faded into animosity, however, as the words he spoke began to seep into their heads.

Chimera, who was at their makeshift gun-range, sauntered over with a wide grin. No doubt, he was not above rubbing this moment in anyone’s face. There, he bragged without ever speaking, Midoriya came looking for him.

“About the harbor?” Chimera asked as he stepped up to him.

Midoriya looked at the older man, back to the rest of occupants in the room, and desperate to leave the place where all eyes were on him, motioned to the door. Of course, to everyone else, it would look like this was something that Midoriya didn’t want others to hear. It was private. Midoriya wanted to privately give Chimera an idea, while he glared and insulted the rest of them.

“Yeah, lead the way.”

They left quickly.

-

“You trust me?” Chimera asked when Midoriya finished explaining.

With certainty, the young man nodded his head.

“...If you trust me, why are you sending me away?”

“Who else could I send?” Midoriya replied back, furrowing his brows. “And, you’re better for solo-movement, aren’t you?”

He tilted his head back. “I can’t tell if you like me or not.”

## Summer

### **How to get rid of the [Curse] - Dabi**

Dabi was intelligent.

And so, intelligent, clever, and sly Dabi abandoned thought and reason. When he saw the blur of a moving mannequin coming for Twice with an open maw, he didn't think-he just moved.

Dabi, because he used to be intelligent, clever, sly, and alone, was inexperienced. He saw that his friend was going to get attacked. He saw a future where he would have to explain to Midoriya that he was the only one that returned. He thought that, if he was the only one that came back, it would be a bad thing. He saw that, understood it instinctively, and if he had been a hero or a hero-in-training, he might have done better, but Dabi was inexperienced.

And so, the Dabi who never had anything he wanted to protect before, yanked Twice out of the way. In result, the mannequin monster sank its teeth into his arm.

If he had the proper training, or had known he was capable of caring, he might have had a better idea on how to get both of them alive and uninjured. Even a crash course, like the ones that the heroes faithfully tried to hold for some of the younger kids, would have been preferred over this.

Dabi gave a sharp cry. Twice, although he wasn't bit, yelled even louder. What a drama-queen. As the pain tore through the skin and sank into muscle, Dabi vividly wondered if maybe he should have left Twice to get bit instead because this was fucking painful.

The pain led to anger. That rage turned into something blue.

The fire consumed.

Dabi jerked backwards, the thing that bit him dropped to the ground as a charred mess. It twitched and spasmed as it turned to ash from the inside out. Two bullets ripped through the air, embedding into the body of the second one coming up behind him.

"Dabi!" Twice yelled out.

"I'm fine!" he lied. Did that even make sense? Lying to someone because otherwise they would care too much about him? He just lied to someone because he didn’t want to worry them. Did that make any sense? Far away, in the back of his mind, he could see Natsuo's face. Was he going to lie to that wide grin? Tell him that he was fine, even though he knew what happened to those who got bit?

There was someone waiting for him at [home].

He didn't know how to describe that word. He hadn't used it in so long that he didn't even remember how to use it. Was this correct?

Did he finally learn how to use it?

Dabi gave a slow sigh. He would learn how to use it now that the world ended and he couldn't return, wouldn’t he?

A hatchet came swinging from the side, nearly slicing his ear off and embedded itself into the head of a monster. Give a guy a head’s up. Was that too much to ask for? Why did Midoriya even bother? It was already too late for him.

A blur of green blurred past him, coming so fast and hard as it tackled into one of the monsters and sent it sprawling to the ground. Landing with his foot on the chin, the resounding crack of its neck echoed throughout the room. And Midoriya, who never wasted time and never wasted movement, took one step back to reorient himself. His fingers slipped into his pocket and pulled out a knife.

The knife was tossed, hard and fast enough with frightening accuracy. It embedded into the eyeball of one of the monsters, pierced straight through its skull, and lodged itself into the wall. He walked over, yanking the hatchet out of the body of the last one as his eyes swept the room.

In the moment of silence that followed the end of a battle, they found peace.

Midoriya took a moment to catch his breath, before he stopped panting, he turned to Dabi.

"H-he," Twice stuttered, talkative but unable to get any of his words out into coherency. Stammering and babbling, he motioned at Dabi and then himself, "He-he got in the way but I-I didn't need to be-I didn't even see-It came out of nowhere - I-It-"

"I'm bit," Dabi said, cutting him off. One of his hands grasped the wound tightly, feeling his it pulse uselessly. It was so stupid. It was a shame that he couldn’t tell his body that it was a waste of effort to even try.

And still. He didn't want to die. Not here. Not now. It sounded hypocritical to say, after all this time.

"...What bit you?"

"The thing you're standing on."

Deku looked down, and looked back at Dabi.

"For certain?"

"Yeah. I think I'd know the bitch that," he motioned to his arm, "took a bite out of me. It’s the only one with blood on its mouth anyways."

He sounded calm. He wondered if the shock hadn’t kicked in yet, or if his body was prepared to die after all.

"Then you're fine," Midoriya said. “Chisaki can’t Overhaul it, and you’ll be one bedrest till it closes.”

"Bit," Twice repeated. "He got. Bit."

"Yeah," the young man nodded back, "He'll be fine."

"But he's bit."

He paused for a second and then sighed. Stepping back, he placed his hand over the bottom of his shirt and turned around while lifting it, an old scar shiny from where it recently started to heal. Dabi whistled, if dying meant a nude show, he wasn’t going to complain. It was a good time to go.

The young man dropped his shirt and turned back around to face them.

"He won't turn as long as the one that bit him is dead."

He spoke certainly. Dabi had no doubts that he spoke from experience.

"Really?" Twice whispered quietly, "No one's gonna die just because they decided to save me?"

Midoriya stared at him for a moment, eyes wide before they softened explicitly.

His hand reached out to grab Twice by the neck. He pulled him down, and Twice jerked under the touch but ultimately let it be. Both hands came up to cup the older man’s face, and forced him to come eye-to-eye with the younger man. Green eyes, certain as time, met his.

"He will live," he said.

Twice's breathing smoothed out, and Midoriya released him. He turned to Dabi, coming to kneel down next to him.

"Let me see."

"Do... I get forehead touches too?"

"Hm, I'll see what I can do," the young man said, pulling his backpack off. "I need to behead and dismember them. Do you think you can char them?"

His actions, his response, it was so nonchalant and certain, as though this was a normal occurrence that Midoriya had faced a hundred times. When Midoriya said it, it really did feel like everything was going to be okay, and an immense amount of relief was lifted off of Dabi’s shoulder.

"I'm your always-available lighter, sir," he responded back dryly. He leaned to the side, his eyesight starting to get fuzzy. "Though, I think that we'll have to do it sooner rather than later, bossman." Why did relief make him so tired? How could someone’s words bring so much relief? Dabi was thinking too hard, and as a result, he felt even more confused.

"Good. Stay with me, alright? Twice, sit tight-"

"No, no," Twice shook his head. "You... I... I can do it."

"...Twice..."

"I know!" he snapped back, running his hand through his hair. "It's because of me that Dabi's like this! I know! Dabi got hit trying to save me so it's fine! I'll be a nurse too! I can... I can do more than just get in the way."

"...Get to it," Midoriya said quietly, handing his bag to him. "We're all going to go back together."

Steel gray eyes watered, either because of guilt or because he had been waiting to be trusted for a long time.

Despite his actions and contradicting words, Twice bandaged Dabi up tightly. He supposed that if anyone, Twice would do his best to keep someone from splitting. He sighed deeply, and wondered when it became so endearing.

Endearing. What a word to use as the slick sounds of Midoriya dismembering people in the background. He wasn't sure whether to be surprised or amazed that Midoriya was throwing various body parts around the room, heads in one corner, limbs in another, torsos at the center, and essentially worked just as fast as Twice did, bandaging his arms.

Midoriya eventually showed up, splattered in gore and otherwise a little out of breath.

"You're going to have a fever for two days," Midoriya explained quickly. "It's going to be painful, but you won't remember most of it. It's going to feel like you're body is melting from the inside. Afterwards, you'll be tired for a few days."

A breathless chuckle left Dabi. "What a vote of confidence, bossman."

Midoriya paused for a second before he took Dabi's injured arm into his hands. Small hands took Dabi's into his, clasping it tightly and bringing his forehead to his knuckles.

"I swear to you, Dabi. Until you are able to protect yourself, I will protect you."

It sounded terribly naive and awfully cheesy. But, cheap words went a long way when they were genuine. And after the long nights of desperately praying and wondering and thinking, it was heartening to believe that Midoriya could look at them with such fierce determination.

"...I'll leave myself in your capable hands."

And since Dabi hadn't trusted anyone in so long, he closed his eyes and drifted to sleep. Ignorant to anything that may come after, he let his fate rest in Midoriya and those certain green eyes.

If he died right now, the last thing he would have heard was Midoriya's voice. The last thing he would have seen was Midoriya's face.

A foreign feeling, as though a great weight had been pushed off his shoulders, came over him as his closed his eyes.

### **Recovery - Dabi**

Dabi woke up with a killer headache and feeling as though he was boiling alive. But he woke up.

"Augha," he groaned.

"Easy." Midoriya's voice immediately soothed something inside of him. A cool hand came on top of his forehead. With how hot he felt, he was surprised nothing burned. "Your fever broke last night, so it'll be smooth sailing from here on. Do you think you can eat anything?"

Dabi opened his eyes, closed them, and then sighed deeply through his nose. As he tried to reorient himself, he turned the words over his head like an intricate puzzle.

"Yeah," he said after what felt like several hours, "I want something cold."

"We got water and soup," Midoriya deadpanned back. "Make do with what we have."

Dabi snorted back, "Why bother asking then?" he murmured.

When he tried to sit up, the hand removed itself from his forehead, and instead, the young man helped him sit up. Due to their proximity, all Dabi had to do was turn his head and he could kiss his boss' sternum. He had enough thought not to do that, but he did lean far more against him than he probably should have. He turned his head and nuzzled his cheek against the young man's shoulder, humming as he inhaled Midoriya's scent.

When else would he have an opportunity like this again?

"Dabi, you're a piece of shit," Midoriya, who knew exactly why he was like this, had no qualms about calling him out. But he didn't shove him away, and instead, made sure that Dabi was seated comfortably.

However, Dabi was an incorrigible opportunist. Despite the fact that he was still groggy and hadn't regained full control over all his movements, managed to snake an arm around Midoriya's waist. Without any shame, he rested his head against Midoriya's chest. He could hear the man's pulse quicken just the slightest bit, and he smiled. The sound of someone else's heartbeat was far more comfortable than he thought possible. He breathed slowly. He wasn't sure why Midoriya didn't shove him off and break his neck, but he wasn't going to look a gift horse in the face.

Midoriya's hand eventually moved up to Dabi's head. He stiffened, figuring that he was going to die, right then and there, but instead, small fingers ran through his hair. The gesture was awkward, but eventually evened out.

Could they stay like this forever? What did Dabi need to do, need to burn, so that they could?

"You know, if I can monopolize your attention by getting injured, maybe I should do it more often," Dabi murmured.

"...That would be a shame," Midoriya replied back, "I'll miss the confident and self-sufficent Dabi."

He closed his eyes, a chuckle spilling from his lips even as his heart did backflips.

"You're sly," Dabi murmured, because even his heartbeat felt like it was chasing his.

"If you're well enough to banter, you're well enough to eat."

Dabi's face fell.

"You couldn't have let me bask in the moment a little longer."

"...Food."

"...Yes sir."

### **Post-curse removal**

As predicted, Dabi was back on-duty within a week. He must be, since he woke up and Midoriya, who promised to protect him for as long as he couldn’t protect himself, was gone. It really was like waking up from a sweet dream.

"And you... feel fine?" Natsuo said, a frown on his face.

"I must be," Dabi said. "If you're here now."

His younger brother (and he was still working through that mess of feelings) frowned back. "You know, I did try to visit. Izuku-chan was adamant against you having visitors."

"I... What? You mean-"

"Izuku-chan was the sole person looking after you. I honestly don't know how he functions without sleep for that long. But he wouldn't even let us look at you."

"...Huh."

"Like, what have you been eating? Are you even alive? For all I knew, you were already..." He covered his face.

"...He didn't tell you?" Dabi ased quietly.

"Just that you were in critical and Twice said that it was his fault."

Dabi's arm, suddenly, felt heavy.

"It's okay. If even Twice is keeping it a secret, it was probably something really embarrassing, right? Don't worry, everyone already promised not to ask."

Dabi wasn't sure if he liked this change of topic, but Natsuo wiped at his eyes. He sniffled loudly.

"I'm just so glad that you're okay."

Dabi stared for a moment longer, and wondered what about Natsuo made Midoriya decide that he wasn't trustworthy enough to tell him that he had the bite. More importantly, if Midoriya wasn't here anymore, he supposed that...

He lifted his hand up. His fire came and left as he ordered it to. While it made sense, it also made him feel a little empty.

It would appear that Midoriya thought that he was healed enough to protect himself now.

Being independent made him feel just a little lonely.

"Well, guess I'm fine-"

"No, no, while I trust Izuku-chan with my life, his standards of 'livable' leave much to be desired. I just... Let me make sure you're okay, alright?"

But that would mean that Natuso learned about the bite. If Midoriya didn't tell anyone about it, it would mean that he didn't trust anyone with the knowledge.

Or more likely, he was waiting until Dabi was already well and alive to put down any claims to kill him since he was bit. He stopped and pulled the bandages off his arm.

Natuso, he thought to himself, let's see if he really was as trustworthy as he was clingy. Pulling his arms free, he stared at the raw-looking injury. Definitely a bite mark.

"...You were bit?"

"Yep," Dabi said. "Sucker got too close and probably would have taken an entire chunk of my arm out if Izuku didn't get there in time."

"...Oh," Natsuo said, "That's why he made sure no one else could come in. But... you didn't turn, right? So why didn't... I mean, I'm glad you didn't but..."

Dabi wondered the same thing, but knowing Midoriya, knowing the scars that he carried, he already had an idea.

"...Probably experience," he said.

He wondered how often Midoriya had gotten bitten and had to deal with it alone so that he knew the symptoms and recovery time off the top of his head like that. He tilted his head to the side.

"Apparently, you don't turn if you kill what bit you."

"We have to tell the others," Natsuo said. "This is..."

And suddenly, Midoriya's determination to kill all the monsters felt a little more personal.

### **...While Dabi was sleeping**

Midoriya looked at Dabi, the way his brow hadn’t relaxed even as he slept and turned to Twice.

“Can you carry him?” he asked.

“Y-Yeah,” the blond replied, “No way! I don’t wanna! He smells!” But he still moved and, with Midoriya’s assistance, managed to get the unconscious man onto his back. Standing up, he whistled, “Wow, he’s a big boy.”

“...If someone knows about what happened to Dabi-”

“-They’ll be hell to pay, right? So you’re going to nurse him back to health and I get to play bodyguard until this big lug gets up completely healed?”

Green eyes blinked at him.

The taller man grinned back, “Yeah, that’s fine. Just tell me what to do.”

“...You’re not scared?”

“I’m more scared of being alone,” Twice explained. “So it’s fine, I don’t mind being used. I don’t mind keeping secrets. Besides, this is like, a sweet opportunity for you and me to find a happy ending of our own. And at the end of our route, I don’t even mind adopting an ugly kid like Dabi as our son. // Augh, I hate kids and domestic life.”

“That will never happen,” Midoriya deadpanned quickly. But, his lips wiggled just a little bit. “Thank you, Twice.”

“Jin’s fine. We’re doing a super secret co-op mission anyways. // We’re just strangers!”

And Midoriya, who always thought that the burden of holding someone’s trust would be crushing, felt warmth in Jin’s blinding smile.

### **Post- Curse: Explaining**

“But why didn’t you just say that?!”

Midoriya pointed at Dabi, “You don’t have to believe me,” he said, “just believe what you see.”

Tsukauchi shook his head, eyebrows furrowed in his concentration as he repeated again, “Izuku-chan, why do you think that we wouldn’t have believed you?”

### **Jin vs Twice**

“Then, go take Twice-”

“Me?”

Midoriya jolted, surprised that the blond suddenly stood up and had ran up to him in the few seconds when he looked like he was sleeping just a second before, but immediately schooled his features into a glare. His hand dropped onto the knife on his waist when Twice’s voice ripped through the air again.

“You-you mean me? Me? Am I Twice?”

Midoriya closed his eyes and took a deep breath, as though the last thing that he wanted to deal with was Twice and Twice’s identity crisis.

“...Yes,” he answered, eventually, reluctantly, his grip on his knife tightening.

“B-but I thought… Not… Not Jin anymore? Did we… Are we breaking up? Is it because of Dabi? I can get him bit again, no problem! I don’t mind at all! // I mind! I mind a ton! I’m not lonely by myself!”

Midoriya stared at him “Does it matter?” he deadpanned.

The older man stared at him, and right when Midoriya thought he’d break out into theatrics, the blond shut down himself instead.

Interesting.

“...No, I just… I liked hearing someone call me by my given name. It’s been a while.”

And with that, the normally exuberant and energetic Twice left without another word. He didn’t stop at the door and pout. He didn’t send shy glances over his shoulders and wiggle about. He just left.

And Midoriya returned to the task at hand.

“...Take Ectoplasm instead,” he told Tamaki.

The witness flinched back, looking between Midoriya and the door and back, lost and helpless and Midoriya gave him three whole seconds to make a cohesive sentence. Would he tell him that he was n the wrong and that he needed to go and beg Twice for forgiveness? Perhaps he’ll give a callous remark about how omegas don’t understand anything and were so ungrateful. Or give the generous piece of advise that he now owed Twice something for humiliation.

It didn’t matter. Whatever he said, Midoriya had already heard. He might even be able to recite it with Tamaki, but with even more disdain. Since, he was an ungrateful omega and all, he was adequate at complaining.

But instead, Tamaki did as Midoriya always expected alphas like him who were nothing more than wallflowers until a stronger alpha appeared, and remained silent.

Finally. Midoriya couldn’t believe his luck.

It was finally quiet.

### **DabiDeku - bonding**

“Hey, let’s mate.”

Midoriya paused from whatever he was writing to look up at Dabi.

“No.”

Dabi frowned, because why would anyone help him? And more importantly, who else other than Midoriya would care at all about some littered trash like him anyways?

“...Why not?”

Midoriya heaved a great sigh, like this was something annoying but he had to deal with every-goddamn-day. He sighed, like Dabi's feelings were a chore and responsibility that he never wanted to ever deal with, but Dabi long lost the chance to explicitly explain to Midoriya that he learned how to control the temperature of his fire because he thought that it would be important to Midoriya.

"Why do I have to explain myself to you?" Midoriya asked.

"You don't," Dabi snapped back, feeling his fire coil inside of him. The frustrations that, just a few years ago, he would have easily faulted Midoriya for, was turned against him. "I asked because I wanted to know."

"I don't have a reason to agree so I didn't," the young man said, not nearly as bitter as Dabi would have said it. It was like it didn't matter to him, and he was just recycling the same shit that he would tell anyone else.

Because there were a thousand reasons to. For every single reason why they shouldn't, Dabi could find a hundred more why they should. He was best back-up, he wouldn't force Midoriya, he didn't really want pups unless Midoriya did, and... and he'll learn how to make Midoriya's favorite foods, ingredients be damned. And he'll always return to warm Midoriya's bedside. He wasn't going to leave. He was going to stay. Unless Midoriya wanted to leave, and then he'd go wherever the young man wanted to go.

But he came from the bottom rungs of the darkest and nastiest parts of society. He didn't know how to explain how he always looked for Midoriya into something that Midoriya could understand.

He finished out his current blade, and even though he didn't finish the other two (Dabi would know, Midoriya wiped them down left to right and he was on the second of four blades), stood up. He gathered his materials, and with one last wary stare, walked past Dabi and out the door.

The taller man closed his eyes and took a deep breath.

He became a villain because it was the easiest way for him to do what he wanted as he pleased. Now that he had someone he wanted to see him as "Dabi the Decent Human Being Worthy of Being Mated" and not, "Dabi the Cremator, Hallbringer of Destruction and Ash," he felt the weight of his freedom.

### **ShigaDeku - bonding**

"So-"

"If this is about bonds, get out. Or I'm leaving. I don't care anymore."

Midoriya, as he said that, began to collect his papers. A hand came to the top of the stack and his eyes refocused his glare onto the expressionless Shigaraki.

"If it's not, can I stay?"

Midoriya looked like he swallowed a lemon, but he nodded. Slowly, he sat back down and started to leaf through the reports again. Normally, he just looked tired, but at the moment, it looked like he had channeled all of his anger into having energy to work.

"What did you want to talk about?"

"Actually, I'm here to offer to be yours too, but since you said that, I figured I can be quiet a little longer."

Midoriya rolled his eyes. "All of you are the same. Should another unbonded omega come by, you'll regret this.”

Shigaraki nodded slowly, rolling the words in his head for a bit. He tilted his head, turning to stare at him. Despite having an eye color like a vibrant red, he always managed to look so cold. "And if I don't?” he asked, “What will you do if it isn't instinct driving my desire?"

Midoriya didn't hesitate.

"Of course it's just instinct," he replied back, rolling his eyes. "What else would it be?"

And Shigaraki, who Midoriya had seen get thrown through walls with barely a grunt, looked like he had been knifed in the back. Actually, now that Midoriya was considering it, he seriously doubted that Shigaraki would blink twice at something like that. He settled on thinking that on a regular person, the expression that Shigaraki made was betrayal. Or pain.

Which was strange. And not at all like Shigaraki. He never thought that the man cared about anything with how quickly his boredom ebbed. It never failed to surprise him how deeply the alpha-instincts ran.

Was he upset that an omega turned him down? Or was he upset at the thought that another alpha got to him first? The thoughts lingered, and Midoriya didn’t know if he wanted to have an answer.

### Dabi - Fickle Trust

The burst sent the wall down-sending dust and plaster everywhere in an instant. Dabi hissed, and jerked backwards just in time to avoid getting hit by the flying debris. A monster, probably the reason why the wall broke, rolled through the debris. The fire was already at his fingertips even as he gathered distance between the target.

And then, he smelled it.

Gasoline.

It was a putrid smell, and one that he was very familiar with. Of course, he doesn't need it, but it didn't hurt to burn things even more than he normally could.

However, when in a small place, with dust all-around and no knowledge of where the gasoline was, Dabi knew better than to light up a place where he could get hurt as well. He backed up, opting to observe when the top of the monster's head split open from its forehead to its crown, and a long tongue came sweeping out.

Before it could even come close, a rock smashed into its face. The monster gave a sharp cry, and Midoriya ran in, a steel rod in his hand. Eyes so bright they looked like they were glowing, his eyes flickered to Dabi before focusing back on the monster. He threw the rod at it, dodging it when it got slapped back from its tongue. The tongue curled up, like a whip and Midoriya dodged the first two, and stood still to get hit the third time. It wrapped around his wrist, and he yanked the monster closer to him. He punched it once across the face, and brought his leg straight up and into its chin.

It made contact-and the monster screamed when it bit down on its own tongue. It didn't do much, as Midoriya was sent into the ceiling above and then crashing back into the ground. It gasped and Midoriya, as though it hadn't been tossed around like a yo-yo, came swinging back.

Blood dribbled from his forehead, a scowl on his face as he did a reverse roundhouse kick and wrapped its tongue around its own neck. With his rod back into his hand, he plunged it into the monster's arm and pinned it down.

He forced the monster, face-down into the ground.

"Dabi!" Midoriya yelled out, confirming for Dabi at once that he did know his name, "Dabi, light it!"

Dabi jerked.

The monster whimpered and whined, before it stilled for a brief second. Midoriya's eyes widened, and the monster tried to tear the human off its back. Midoriya yelled out one more time. His eyes flickered to him, eyes wide as the monster's struggling turned into more frantic thrashing.

"Dabi!" he yelled out, making brief eye-contact. He scowled, eyes dropping to the thrashing monster and before turning back to Dabi, "Fire!"

Dabi pulled his hand back, ready to ignite on command, but doubt wrapped around his neck and choked him. Green eyes stared at him for split-seconds at a time, busy trying to hold the monster down. But with only the smell of gasoline and blood in the air, Dabi finally found something that he didn't want to burn.

"Dabi!"

He hesitated.

A sickening crack sounded, and Midoriya, despite yelling Dabi's name just a second before, just hissed loudly. Suddenly, a blur of blue and silver snatched Midoriya back through the open hole in the wall as Stain dropped from above, plunging a sword straight through the eyehole of the monster. His feet landed squarely on it's shoulders and he twisted the blade. A loud squelching noise resounded. Stain leaned back, and yanked the blade back out, but it snapped. Half of the blade remained on the monster while Stain rolled backwards and back onto his feet. He looked to Dabi.

Red eyes looked him over, satisfied, he straightened.

"Any more?" he asked.

Dabi felt numb.

"...Dabi?"

"No," he said, pulling himself together. Things were awful if he Stain was actually concerned. He motioned to the monster on the ground, "Just that one."

Stain nodded and moved through.

Meanwhile, Midoriya was back on his feet and making his back through the broken wall. Behind him, Ingenium appeared.

"Wait, Midoriya," he called out, "We need, you're bleeding a lot, so let's get you up to the-"

But Midoriya made his wait straight to Dabi, stopping just a few feet away. Green eyes, brimming with enough rage that Dabi felt like there was going to be an attempt at his life, found his. His expression scrunched up in a different kind of anger than the ones that he was used to seeing on Midoriya's face.

"Trust," Midoriya said, his voice even and just barely loud enough for Dabi to know that he wasn't growling, "is a fickle thing."

Dabi felt his stomach twist.

What was fuck was he supposed to do, use his fire in this enclosed place? Use his fire when he could smell gasoline but couldn't figure out where he was? Fire at the monster while Midoriya was on him? Was he supposed to trust that Midoriya would have been faster than his fire? Assume that Midoriya would have gotten away in time without any repercussions?

But Midoriya ripped his gaze away, his jaw clenched hard as he marched away.

Dabi rubbed his temples. Yes, that was exactly what it meant to trust, didn't it? Trust was when everything worked out, even against all odds and logic. He hadn't used it, had it, needed, wanted it, in so long that he actually forgot.

What a thing to suddenly remember, now that society had fallen apart and they were fighting monsters on the daily.

### **TwiceDeku - Submission**

"I mean, as an omega, shouldn't you be happy about all the attention?"

He knew that Twice meant well, but the words hit hard. Since he knew that he wouldn't be able to keep the bitter tone out of his voice, he kept his mouth shut.

"Please don't ignore me," the blond whimpered. He rushed to stand in front of him, but didn't make any moves to block him when he walked by. "I'll wilt and die if you don't give me any attention. I was wrong, please don't ignore me anymore. I'm sorry that I don't know better but I promise I'll get better."

Midoriya slowly turned his attention back to the man next to him. He recovered quickly.

"Now that I can see your face and I have a name to call you and I've heard your voice, I thought that you trusted me-us-now and I understand that I was in the wrong. I'm not really smart or strong, I'll do whatever you want whenever you want, so please don't throw me away. // Throw me away! I don't care if you trash me!"

The young leader was quiet for a long moment. Each second had Twice's brittle and lonely heart trembling. If he was dismissed today, his heart might chip but he’ll be back. Twice wasn’t the smartest, but he’s lived long enough to know

However, unlike any other time, Midoriya sighed deeply.

"I..." Twice stared for a long moment, and then he nodded. A wide grin came on his face as the words sank in and he almost vibrated out of his body in his joy. "Oh! I can do errands! And fight! And clone! I'm super useful and a 100x more attractive than Dabi!"

Midoriya nodded at him, slowly, and he took a step back.

"Eh?! No fair!" a voice sounded behind him and, of all people, Ashida came running forward with a large frown on her face. She rushed to stand in front of Midoriya, just shy of shoving Twice away. "I don't need to copy anyone! I'm original and-and-and a 1000x more attractive than Dabi!"

Really, Midoriya really wanted to know why being more attractive or not in comparison to Dabi was so important.

"Don't listen to her!" Twice snapped back, although he sounded like he was teetering on an edge of wailing, "I-I'm actually 10,000x more attractive than Dabi! I was just being modest!"

"T-Then me too!" Ashida yelled out, raising her hand as she jumped up and down, "I didn't want him to feel bad about it but really I'm 100,000x more attractive than Dabi!"

-

"Oh, that's why you were all yelling outside?"

Midoriya, who had long since started to ignore everyone and everything that occurred around him, didn't even look up from his desk.

In a seat in front of him, Dabi was cleaning his knives out with his back to the open window.

"Shut up, Dabi!" Twice snapped back, pointing a finger at him, "What would you know about being attractive! // I'm ugly and no one will ever love me!"

Dabi snorted back, but ignored him. He looked at Midoriya and then back to his blades, "You got an answer?"

There was no answer as Midoriya carefully rewrote his report from his planner to the notebook. First in pencil, and he would write over it in pen, as he always did. Bright green eyes focused on the writing, and he took great care to write large and neatly. Dabi's eyes flitted to the page. It was an incredibly detailed account of the neighborhood that they they walked by.

The older man, figuring that he wasn't getting an answer, snorted.

"Then, why don't you get us something to drink?" he asked Twice.

"Is that something I can do?" Midoriya suddenly asked.

Those weirdly focused eyes were suddenly trained on him, and Dabi's breath caught in his throat. Having that level of focus suddenly concentrate on him left him feeling exposed. His brain short-circuited, and he lost the question, and all coherent thought.

"I uh... One more time?"

"I can just... ask him to fetch me drinks?"

Dabi's eyebrow arched slowly, and Twice all but screamed, "Yes!"

Green eyes left Dabi's face, and like how people could feel suddenly cold when a cloud moved in front of the sun, the older man couldn't help but notice the emptiness. While he was busy figuring that out, Midoriya looked dubiously at Twice.

The blond scrambled to his feet. "I-I'll go get it right now! You like tea, right?! I can get you some hot tea!"

The young man hesitated, but he looked like he was going to say something, possibly deny that this ever happen and get back to work.

Looking more like an overexcited puppy promised to go on a walk, Twice bounced on his heels as he waited. Any moment now, he would start whining in his throat about being kept in the suspense.

"Then..." Midoriya said slowly, and Twice beamed at him with a wide grin. "... do you.... mind getting me a map from the office? I forgot to grab the neighborhood map while I was down there."

"Th-The neighborhood map for the area?! Yeah, no problem, I'll snag that for you-"

A loud flutter was heard from the window. With a muffled curse, Dabi went sprawling to the ground as Hawks appeared, perched at the window. The lanky man on the ground pulled his lips back into a snarl, but the blond paid no attention to him. Looking a little out of breath, he brandished a map to Midoriya.

"This one?"

Midoriya took the map and nodded. "I... Thank you," he said.

"No!" Twice started to wail, "My-My first errand! Stolen! Robbed! By some hero! Waaaaah! A hero stole my job! // It suits you to be a messenger bird!"

Under the oppressive sound, Midoriya worked. He opened the map up, spreading it out on his desk and then moving his notebooks on top of it. He wrote slowly and carefully, as his eyes traced the path on the map. While he worked, the words bounced around his head.

Was it really okay to use someone like this? Was this really okay? At this rate, wouldn't he just become worthless and lazy because he couldn't be bothered to do his own work? Wouldn't that just mean he took a step to become the type of person he hated the most? He would eventually become one of those terrible people who viewed people as tool as he looked down on all of them, and he didn't...

His stomach churned at the thought.

If he had to step on other people to be free, was he really free? Did anything really change? If people were waiting for his words, weren't they just living in the same place as before, just with different people at the top?

He finished the logs to the sound of Twice's crying, and realized that nothing had changed.

He marked up the map, ignoring the way Dabi scowled and grumbled as he took the seat behind Midoriya, where the door was closed and Hawks wasn't swinging his legs from where he was sitting on the window ledge. It was the same. He was still boxed in. He was still here.

Society was not nearly as fragile as some people would like to believe.

### **Requests for Requests [fatdeku]**

"So uh, is there anything I can get you? Are you comfortable? Maybe a little hungry?"

As calmly as he could, Midoriya placed his book down. Was this going to be the new normal? Did they seriously have nothing better to do? Ever? Other than annoy him?

Were they that uncertain about him?

The part of him that wanted to snarl back. The part of him who wanted to tear down all and every one he came into contact with wanted it to hurt others.

The rest of him, who remembered a time when Toyomitsu kept himself on the edge of starvation because he couldn't believe that everyone had more than enough to eat, couldn't look at him and say anything rude.

"No," he said, hoping to be done with it.

"Oh," he sounded so incredibly disappointed.

But he stayed there. He wasn't doing anything but staring at Midoriya as he shifted from foot to foot. The young man wanted to throw something at him, he wanted to yell at him to just leave, so he just took a deep breath.

He should be happy that at least Toyomitsu was quiet, right?

Finishing the chapter, he stood up. There, at least he could leave.

Except, who was he kidding? Toyomitsu just happily followed him out the door and to the archives room.

Who could he even ask about this?

### **Kouta & Protection**

"If you have something you want to protect, then go do that," Kouta deadpanned. "If it really matters to you, you'll get better. Getting stronger and faster and smarter because that's something anyone can learn to do."

Coming from the kid who was now one of the most reliable shooters on base, it felt doubly powerful.

"Even I could figure that out."

Asui Samidare, a few years older than Kouta, stared back in poorly contained awe.

“Wow…”

He hadn’t even entertained the notion of protecting someone else. But there was someone smaller and younger than him who seemed to have a better grasp on that than him. Instead of feeling embarrassed or humiliated that he was shown-up by someone younger than him, Samidare felt admiration instead.

He straightened his back, thinking of how rare his sisters’ smiles had become.

“Okay!” he said, “I want to be strong too!” He puffed his chest out and declared it aloud to the whole world, “I want to be strong enough to protect what’s important to me!”

Kouta gave his approval in a firm nod.

### **Trust Issues - [dabi]**

Midoriya skittered nervously. He didn't notice it before since he had a helmet on and thick gloves, but now, it was clear as day. His fingers worried into the palms, his eyes flitted around, and his back was ramrod straight at all times.

The habitual way that he carried himself, coupled with the wary gaze he gave people when they came too close, all amounted to the same conclusion. He stepped away when people came close, glared at people when they came within eyeshot, and otherwise ignored them.

There was no reports on him eating with any of them (but they were certain that he was eating), going in and out of the bathroom, or really anything that everyone else seemed to do at any given notice. Some days, it was rare to even catch a glimpse of him. Regardless, it all spelled out to onething.

He didn’t trust them.

Dabi wondered if he was always like this. This distrusting. This skittish. Or maybe Midoriya only started to give off these vibes, now that he and everyone else here knew that he was an omega. He didn’t know, and Midoriya wasn’t sharing.

But Dabi knew himself. Had he met Midoriya, not Helmet, all those months ago, he wouldn’t have followed him like he did well. There was no way he would have ever accepted an omega as easily as he did when he was Helmet and he didn’t know if he was saved by a capable beta or a lonely alpha. If it had been an alpha, he might have snarled a bit but ultimately caved. If it was a beta, it would have taken a little longer.

Not omega. Omega wasn’t even a part of the list. There was a small number of things that he would have used omegas for and then he would have left just as fast. Because Dabi knew himself.

So, Midoriya was very right-in-his-mind to not trust him (or anyone else here).

Despite understanding that, he felt hollow.

He really did hate living up to expectations.

### **Trust Issues - [kaminari]**

Eventually, one day, someday, it was all the same thing. It wasn't right now.

When would Midoriya trust him?

Kaminari knew, of course, that the world had been cruel to him. He knew that being omega meant it was different for him, and that he had more to lose in the long-run or whatever. He understood that but that didn't mean he suddenly gained an infinite amount of patience.

He just wanted to help the guy that helped him. Why was that so hard? Why couldn't they do this?He wanted to be trusted as much as he trusted, but how could he ever believe that Midoriya trusted him (or any of them really), when he gazed at all of them so coldly?

He didn't even know that Midoriya could smile until he found him at the end of a long battle, when he was surrounded by corpses and reeking of blood.

Kaminari knew that, in theory, he was the alpha and Midoriya was an omega and he could force him into submission. But he didn't want that. He didn't want that forced shit. He wanted Midoriya to genuinely and totally think that he was a little cool and definitely reliable.

And also because anyone that alpha'd out on Midoriya will be met with excruciatingly painful and swift justice from many others including Midoriya.

### Dabi’s Goals

He made his way into the next room, and met eyes with Dabi.

"...You're a lot colder than you look," the man said, as a greeting.

"...You look like you have too much time on your hands," he replied back in kind.

"Ouch, you wound me, dear leader."

"Good. Maybe it'll teach you some humility."

Dabi's lips twitched, halfway between a smile and mortification, and eventually gave out to an exasperated sigh.

"If you hate it that much, why'd you say it?"

Midoriya stared at Dabi for a long moment before he sighed back. He ran his hand through his hair.

"I'm tired of-" he clicked his jaw shut, eyes narrowed at Dabi. The other man raised his eyebrow.

"...Of...?" he prompted.

Jaw clenched tightly, Midoriya glared at Dabi. And then, as though realizing something, he sighed back.

“Forget it,” he said.

Dabi's smile slid off his face. He pushed off the desk he was leaning against with the grace of a cat, and sauntered to the young man.

"...You, what are you so afraid of?" he asked. "As soon as I think that we've gotten a little closer, you go crawling back to that... that expression." His tone was flat, almost sounding like he didn't care, except his eyes were vivid in their frustrations. "Hey, if I said something or did something that pissed you off, can't you just say it?"

Midoriya placed his hand on Dabi's chest, stopping him from coming in any closer. Green lightning sparked down his arm, ready to use all and any methods to assist in his escape. But to his surprise, Dabi's hand came to hold his against his chest. Slowly, the man moved the small hand over his heart, where Midoriya felt the organ thudding against his breastbone. In his surprise, he relaxed and the hand holding his tightened.

"This is driving me crazy," Dabi said quietly. He towered over Midoriya, leaning over him as he asked quietly, "Hey, do you even realize that I'm a real human being? I'm not a fucking dog for you to just feed and take on walks."

"...I'm sure there's plenty of people here who would love to lay with you," Midoriya replied back.

Dabi's expression scrunched like he didn't know if he wanted to laugh or scream. Or maybe it was just the scars on his face that made it hard to see what his expressions were.

"It's not about the sex," he snapped out. He hesitated. "It's you. It's just you. What do I have to do so that the distance between us closes? You look like you're holding back. How do you regret what you don’t have? Is that the freedom that you want?"

Midoriya hesitated, just for another second. His eyes dropped, Dabi's heartbeat under his palm, and he shook his head. Could someone lie about this? Could someone force their heart to act so vulnerable on command? Could Dabi?

"I... If I…” his words caught in his throat, lost and choked out. He cleared his throat, pursing his lips and then asked, “Could I?"

Dabi's expression didn't change. His heartbeat, however, seemed to get even stronger, and Midoriya felt inspired by it. He licked his lips, gnawed on his bottom lip, and brought his eyes up to meet summer blue eyes.

"If I said something-would, would someone hear me?"

Dabi's hand tightened around his, just a little bit more.

"I will," he said quietly. "I may not like to hear what you say, and we might disagree, but I swear to you, I will listen."

The hand in his trembled.

The distance between them, did it close a little? Even if it was just a few millimeters, that's fine. Dabi would claw at it, bit by bit. He'd creep into Midoriya's heart, force himself and contort himself as much as he needed to fit through whatever locks and gates Midoriya set up. And then he'll tear apart all the security, drive himself in, and then, by then, surely, it'll be Midoriya who would be driven crazy by the desire to have Dabi by his side at his every waking moment.

It would be the perfect revenge for Dabi to have against Midoroiya, who dared to save his life.

### **What you wanted from the world**

"...It doesn't sound like you wanted the world to end or society to collapse or whatever," Midoriya said. He reached out to pour himself some more tea as he continued, "You just wanted to sit at the top. You're not changing anything. For the rest of us bottom-fodder, nothing changes but the name of the person at the top."

He tapped the stack of papers on his desk.

"Well, it's not like I have any room to speak," he commented dryly as he took a sip of his tea. It was just watered down barley tea, but it was precious to them. "It's not like I'm really inviting any change either."

A tyrant. A menace. An omega. A cruel ruler with pitiful subjects. It would be nice if these could all mean the same things, by the time he's dead. Unlikely, and he's certain that he'll be buried away in the sands of time once they were done desecrating his body. These kinds of stories all had the same kind of ending.

Well, not much he could do about it.

Preoccupied with his thoughts, he missed the stricken look on Shigaraki's face.

"It's nothing to be ashamed of," Midoriya continued. "It's because we live selfishly that we are alive at all."

Case and point, him. He clawed his way out of almost all of his precarious positions. He'd lie and cheat other people if it meant that they would leave him alone. He wasn't afraid to hurt and he wasn't afraid to be hurt, if it meant that he would live. And as long as he was alive, he would fight.

“Then, what do you fight for? What are you trying so hard for?”

Did it matter? It would never come true. He could fight and kill and murder and maim all he wanted. He could save and help and feed and assist all the people that he could find. He could do all of that, as many times as he wanted to, but it wouldn’t make a difference. Nothing had changed for him, except maybe the timetable.

Midoriya looked at the older man.

“I’m trying to find the area under the curve,” he said.

And maybe, find what it meant to be free while he was there.

“Don’t fuck with me!” Shigaraki snapped back.

The base leader turned back to his workbook, and got busy.

## Destro

### **Unfortunate**

>> unlike OG they meet in the park?

## Paradise over Graveyard

### **Sweater-Theft [ShigaDeku]**

"Take this off."

Shigaraki didn't yelp, but the sound that escaped him came close. He struggled uselessly against Midoriya's firm hold on his hoodie's hood. The young man was trying to yank it off of him, but due to their height difference, the collar of the hoodie caught under Shigaraki's chin. He squirmed in his hold, twisting this way and that.

"S-Stop that!" He yanked himself from his hold. "Crazy bastard," he hissed, but still took the hoodie off. He all but chucked it at Midoriya. "There. And I want it back..."

His words trailed off as Midoriya dropped his backpack and pulled the hoodie over his head. He pulled his arms through the sleeves, and realizing that it hung almost half a foot over his hands, yanked it up. He put his backpack back on and looked over the ledge and down below.

"...I'll give it back to you when I'm done," Midoriya, who threw clothes back at their owners or into a fire when they tried to dress him, said in Shigaraki's large sweater. "And drop a size or three for me."

"Yeah, like I have any control over that," Shigaraki shot back dryly, still a little off-put by the fact that Midoriya was in his fucking sweater.

It swamped him. God. It was moments like this that Shigaraki understood that he could literally squirrel Midoriya away, swaddled in his sweater and tucked under his arm. And that image, that thought, did things to him.

Their leader, without any knowledge or care about what Shigaraki thought, leapt off the side of the building.

Understanding his position and what Midoriya probably wanted from him, he pulled his rifle off his shoulder and kept an eye on the surroundings.

### **Nine + Slice**

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“Now that you have saved our lives, what will you have us do?”

### **Set-up**

Really, Midoriya was super happy and glad that there were still people with decent morals and the likes still living and surviving in the world. Truly, he was happy about that. He thought it was a good thing.

But he could do without them being themselves.

“Well, he’s so young.”

“And an omega.”

He rubbed his face. What a mistake. It was too late to take someone’s jacket and pretend he was someone he wasn’t, and it wasn’t like they wouldn’t figure it out eventually. But. God. If they were going to whisper, couldn’t they have done a good job of it? Did they think that this was something he wanted?

Fuck, he broke three of his fingers for these ungrateful fucks? At this rate, he’ll forget what actual gratitude looked like. He rubbed his face and kept his fingers out of sight. If this was their gratitude, he really didn’t want to see their concern.

“To speak poorly of Midoriya is to speak poorly of me.”

His head snapped over to where Enji spoke, clearly and concisely.

“I advise you don’t do it.”

This was new. Unwanted and unwarranted, but new. It made conflicting emotions rise up inside of him.

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“

### **Chisaki & Quirks**

“...I don’t want to, but I’ll do it for you,” Chisaki said. “My quirk just think of it as an extension to you.”

## Surviving off of Sacrifices

### **Eyeing the pretty one**

Midoriya stepped forward. "I'm not confident in my skills on a mattress," he admitted, eyes cold. "But there's something else I could do for you?"

"Oh really, sweet omega? What could that be?"

"I'll kill all those monsters out there," he said.

They stared at him for a moment before they started laughing. The sound echoed in the room and Shouji grabbed Dabi's arm before the man could shoot forward to fight instead.

"I'm not a fucking idiot, sweetheart," the supposed-leader said. He snatched Midoriya's chin in his hand, "You think I'd believe you and let you get yourself go so easily?" His other hand came around his waist and settled right at the small of his back. "Don't worry baby, I'll be gentle the first time."

He tugged the young man forward, or at least tried to.

His smile faded and Midoriya, who remained impassive and unmoving, repeated himself.

"I'll kill all those monsters out there."

And while the others continued to laugh, the Leader suddenly took a step back. His hands came to his side as his face paled.

Midoriya wasn't shocked. They've probably seen the same type of people by this point. The desperate people and the angry people, the people who couldn't think outside of 'why did I survive' and 'oh god how did i survive', and the people who had nothing left to lose. Midoriya was certain of this, because when he saw confidence, he backed away.

Midoriya's confidence was the result of experience. This man, who holed up in this old apartment with its tenants, probably understood that.

-

"Oh my god."

And Twice wanted to point and laugh because that's right. That was Midoriya. The Midoriya that saved his worthless life was so cool and aamzing. People should just be glad that they get the opportunity to even look at him.

"...He's actually killing all of them."

"Good god."

Of course not, Twice almost preened, because Midoriya wasn't a god. He was the guy who would kill them. Who cared about a higher Deity and a bigger picture and all of that when Twice had finally found someone who didn't want to throw him away.

Midoriya returned, not even out of breath and dripping in gore.

"Welcome back, boss," Twice said. He took a step back as Midoriya pulled himself up through the window. "How was the fight?"

"Easy," Midoriya replied back.

He paused briefly when Dabi handed a towel to him. Normally, he wouldn't have even paid him a second glance, but this was different. It was important for them to show their unity.

Wow, Twice thought when Midoriya took the offered towel to start wiping himself down. Dabi was a piece of shit that took advantage of these moments shamelessly. Gnawing his botom lip, Twice was a little jealous and a bit frustrated that he didn't think of that first.

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"...That wasn't confidence," the man said, as soon as everyone else left. "That was experience."

"I've been doing this for a while."

The unsaid, 'unlike you', lingered.

"Before, I said it because I just wanted to see Hawks' face when I took the omega he's been eyeing, but..." the man leaned in, a wide grin on his face, "I think I actually want you."

Midoriya rolled his eyes, but didn't say anything.

"...C'mon, I can see you have shit to say, so why odn't you say it?"

Midoriya looked at him and then back down to where he was wrapping his hand.

"You speak plenty."

### **Too many sacrifices**

"I don't believe this! You want us to just-just believe you? That there's a way to turn back the infection?! That this whole time- Satoru, Satoru didn't have to die?!"

Midoriya didn't know who Satoru was, but had a good feeling about what had happened.

"You're lying! You're lying!"

He hardened his heart. Just because people can't handle the truth doesn't mean it will suddenly change the fact. There was nothing he could say that would assuade the sudden weight of their guilt.

What, it's okay to kill people because you didn't know that they could have been saved? That wasn't a truth that people could just suddenly accept, even more so the closer they were to the person that died. Of course not.

Midoriya, of all people, would know that.

### 

## Newcomer Troubles

### **Alpha double standards**

"...So you just thought that, what, if it worked with one alpha it would work on them all?"

Slowly, Midoriya nodded.

"You don't think that's strange? You-you thought that what, all alphas are the same or something?"

He did. He truly did. Because for a long time, he had never had reason to believe otherwise.

### **New to trust:**

But some people, Midoriya learned, just don't want to believe him. He doesn't blame them, of course. How could he? If someone came forward to tell them that the battle wasn't over and that there was a fucking nest with more things to kill just down the street, he would be pretty upset.

He would also like to think that the battle that left Endeavor knocked out and Hawks struggling to stand would be a battle that ended in their victory, and well ended. There was nothing left to worry about, aside from their recovery and scavenging the destroyed office building for anything that could be used. So it made sense. People tend to forget facts to protect themselves and their mental state.

However, He didn’t think like that. It would just be negligent, and could result in even worse circumstances later. That's why Midoriya could not let this go. That's why Midoriya would go and hunt them down, and kill them all. Midoriya simply could not just choose to pretend not to know or not to see because he was tired and he didn't want to go because of course he didn’t want to go, of course he was tired and injured-

"-That's fine," Midoriya said, because this was going nowhere. "Let's get the injured back first. Ingenium-san," Ingenium's head snapped up, a little tired and favoring his left leg, but his eyes were alert, "I'll leave that to you." He turned to Compress, who straightened despite his broken ribs, under his attention. He motioned to the building, "Take care of that, and double-check to make sure we don't leave anything behind." He turned back to where he saw those monsters scamper off. If his mental-map was accurate, there was a stream up ahead. "Gang Orca-san, you're with me-"

"-Wait, wait, what?"

"If-Are you going after them anyways?"

Gang Orca, who was already double-checking his rifle, stood up to join Midoriya. Their eyes met, and the older man gave him a nod.

"That's preposterous! That's suicide! At the very least, Gang Orca-san please, you see reason, don't you?"

Because if he wasn't an omega it would be because he was young and if he wasn't because he was young it would be because he was inexperienced and if it wasn't that then it'd be because he was injured and it was because he wasn't smart and it was because because because-

A thousand reasons. A thousand possibilities. All of them led to the same conclusion. That he wasn’t to be trusted and that they shouldn’t let him do anything other than his intended purpose.

This had nothing to do with the fact that he was an omega. It was just the easiest excuse.

"If Midoriya said we have to go kill them, then we go,” Gang Orca said, like he was explaining that the sun would come up tomorrow.

"But why-"

"Because we chose him to lead us," the former-hero said. "And he hasn't been wrong yet."

Gang Orca's eyes met his again. All the (correct) reasons not to believe Midoriya, who was stupid and worthless, young and an omega, in pain and driven by rage, but Gang Orca met his eyes and told Midoriya one thing.

"I'm ready."

Midoriya nodded and broke into a jog. They didn't have the time to waste. They didn't have the luxury of explaining it without wasting time. They had to move. He had one more thing to do and then-

"If we don't return in seven hours, we're dead," Midoriya told Dabi as he passed them.

"We'll send back-up as soon as we sort this out."

Midoriya had no idea how Dabi interpreted his words, but that was the conclusion that he came to. There wasn’t any time to dissuade that, but he did hope that they would send someone to collect (at the very least) Gang Orca’s body. The taller man placed his hand over his broken arm.

"Do us all a favor and don't kick the bucket."

And they were gone.

If Midoriya wanted to prove them all wrong, and he really did want to break free from the cold restraints placed on him since he was born and he really, really did want to be free to do what he wanted as he pleased, he would have thanked Gang Orca, for inviting such warm feelings into his heart. He would have never thought that someone would <believe> him, or that they wouldn't ask and just join him, now that they knew his face and designation and label.

Instead, he kept his mouth shut and eyes focused.

### **deku - watching things**

Shigaraki spoke as he walked in, "Thought it was weird that you didn't come to get my reports," the man said as he stood in the seat across from Midoriya. He gave the young man a meaningful look as he waited.

The young man motioned to it. Shigaraki gave a curt nod, pulling the chair out as he continued his report, "No casualties, everyone that left came back the way they did. Jeanist is the only one that went to go rest afterwards."

Midoriya nodded back, pulling out one of his notebooks from the stacks in front of him to start writing. He scribbled this and that down before he looked back at the taller man.

He took the unspoken cue.

"You were right, to no one's shock. There's all sorts of shit floating about in the stream. I got rid of what we could find."

"That'll have to do until we find out where they're coming from," Midoriya replied back. He scribbled something else down before he hesitated. "...Did they..."

"Whatever identification we found, we brought back. Tsukauchi and Ingenium are cleaning them up. Though, some of the bodies didn't have any IDs. No clothes, no hair, nothing. Short of collecting their fingers for prints, I don't think we'll be able to identify them."

"...Foul play?"

"Seems like it," he said, absent-mindedly like this didn't matter to him. "There weren't any injuries on them and bloated to hell. Unless a monster accidentally dropped their naked and hairless lunch in water, it's probably another group."

Midoriya closed his eyes, picturing it perfectly in his head, and then opened his eyes. His scent didn't fluctuate, and his expression didn't even stutter. It was impossible to tell if he was distressed or just sleepy.

"I see."

He scribbled some more things down on his notebook.

"Get your arm checked out."

"It's fine," Shigaraki scowled back, his other hand coming up to his elbow. "Damn, nothing gets by you, does it?" There was a cut, under his jacket, but they cleaned it up before they came back. He didn't think that anyone, especially Midoriya, would notice.

Green eyes looked up at him, unimpressed, and then back to the notebook in front of him. It was enough of a dismissal to leave.

However, Shigaraki wouldn't be Shigaraki if he didn't move at his own pace. Obviously, he'll go get his arm checked out. Obviously, he'd go finish out what he promised and get ready to join Midoriya when the young man inevitably decided to leave again.

Right now, however, he was going to bask in this rare moment of peace.

The two sat silently for another moment.

"But Shigaraki," Midoriya said, a smile coming onto his face. "Welcome back.”

Whatever aggressive energy he had before faded in an instant.

He leaned back, crossing his hands over his chest and scowled hard. His hair fell forward, and obscured any view of his face, but the tips of his ears were visible, and they were bright red.

And in the corner, the newcomer tried to make sense of this.

-

It wasn't until dinner rolled around that he spoke up though. Perhaps he felt braver when Midoriya was alone. Perhaps he felt braver when he thought that no one else was in the general vicinity to hear. Perhaps, perhaps, perhaps.

Or, perhaps, something had happened and he reached his maximum tolerance level.

"Haven't you had this fantasy long enough?"

...Fantasy?

Midoriya's thought-process geared to a standstill before starting up again.

Right, Midoriya thought to himself. This was a fantastical area, wasn't it? Like seeing a unicorn, what was the likelihood of seeing an omega making decisions concerning territories? It was something that remained in the fantasies of children who didn't understand the complexities of reality. Of course. Or maybe it was the fact that some of the people once known as the "Apex Alpha" were not the leading figure.

Or perhaps, they've spent so long out and wandering that they had long forgotten the comforts of electricity and running water. Upon coming here, it really was like standing in their daydreams, pretending that the world was fine and never fell apart for them.

"Isn't it time to let this farce go and live in reality?"

This farce. This was a farce.

The hot water, air-conditioning, electricity, and fresh fruits. It was all a farce. Healthy children growing up, people laughing, playing sports on the weekends, and training-sessions. It was all a farce. They had movie-nights, threw on plays, had a concert, have firework displays, and a mini festival complete with rigged games and yukatas.

And it was all a farce?

Midoriya looked at the papers in front of him, and he wondered why nothing had fucking changed. The entirety of their lives had come to a screeching halt when the sky shattered and the monsters raided. Monsters that swallowed humans like people ate popcorn scoured their streets, as though to replace all the shadows in the world with their presence.

Society in that sense, with law and order and justice and politicians and economy and technology and everything, crumbled away, but this remained.

Even now. Even here.

"You're just an omega. I'm sure you want to rest now. And since there are all these capable alphas here, isn't it time for you to retire so that we could get real leadership? This place could really be something. You should think about the best possible future for everyone."

This base was built off of sacrifice and theft. Midoriya wasn't going to refute that.

This base was built on the piles and piles of human life that were desecrated and disregarded.

However, it was one of the rare places that was here. It was a place where they could have eating competitions and rotating patrols, a sprawling garden and nighttime-storytelling. They had the capacity to support new life and old, ranging from medical supplies to daytime entertainment. They fought, of course they did, but they had the opportunity to amend their ways and reconcile too. People here went to sleep, unafraid to wake up the following day. It was a place that Midoriya forged from his blood, sweat, and tears.

This place, for any stranger, must be a fantasy. It was just a farce.

"Aren't you the one that should be living in reality?"

Midoriya and the man both reeled around to see Shouto. The youngest Todoroki frowned back. Midoriya couldn't believe it. He didn't even notice him come in.

"I am here to let you know that dinner is going to be late," he said, more to Midoriya than the other man. He turned back, heterochromatic sharp as he glared at him. "You're the one who begged for assistance. You and your entire group have been allowed to stay here. We have shared our supplies and living quarters with you. And you're going to complain about it, without once trying to help? Who's the one that isn't living in reality now? Do you just wake up in the morning and decide that this isn't the reality you want so you'll reject it? Then, how have you lived now? Is that the world you want to live in, begging for help because of the monsters you cannot defeat?"

It was clear that the more he spoke, the angrier he got.

"If you're so unsatisfied with your current living situation, then leave. This works for us, and there is no reason to listen or care about what you think-!"

"Todoroki. That's enough."

The young man reeled backwards as though he was slapped into silence. His hurtful gaze stared right at Midoriya, who looked back at him, expressionless.

"Gratitude isn't a muzzle. He's allowed to say as he pleased," he said. "The same way you forced your way into this conversation to do the same."

At the very least, Todoroki dropped his gaze, chastised and shamed. If Midoriya was in a better mood, he would have let this go without a problem. However, he's felt that oppressive cloud wrap around his neck, weighing heavier and heavier everyday.

This man wasn't wrong. This fantasy will end.

He turned on his heel to leave, because this conversation was a waste of time and he had a long list of things to get through, and Todoroki spoke up again.

"If... If it's something that we wake up to everyday, then it's not a fantasy. We work hard everyday to protect it because it's not a fantasy. It's our reality. And I..." he spoke slowly, before he found his confidence again. He straightened his back and looked directly at Midoriya, "This place is precious to me."

Under his earnest, honest stare, Midoriya lost his words. He looked down, his heart betraying him as it bathed in the warmth of the statement.

Thank you, Todoroki-kun, he wanted to say. But there is value in not saying anything. Letting Todoroki develop his own opinions, and then letting him to defend them without anyone else's input, was the best thing that Midoriya could do for him. Even if he agreed, even if he supported him, he would swallow his heart.

Since, deep down, he knew that he would never be enough. If he agreed now, if they agreed on this now, they would become closer. And if Shouto was anything like the rest of his family, they were one stray remark or passing gesture that would forever cement their feelings. They would anchor themselves here, and never look past that to be more.

And he couldn't take that from them.

Hardening his heart, he left the room and the discussion to work.

### **deku - problem with betas**

Midoriya, to an extent, didn't blame alphas. They were just slaves to their instincts, and were never taught or told to control themselves. They were glorified and praised for the rambuctious ways and coddled when it came to responsibility.

Midoriya's problem were the betas. From the enabling shits to the ones that averted their gaze, the people he could not forgive were betas.

### **deku - Walls and Reality**

"No walls," Midoriya said bluntly. That was it. That was the end of the discussion. He didn't want them, so there would be no walls.

In reality, there were a lot of reasons. The first was that it would be hard enough to do evacuation, should the need arise. The only real 'wall's that they surrounded the school were the small fence they have over the garden to keep animals out (it rarely works), and to fence some of their livestock.

And mainly, he didn't want something so confining. Not now. He knew, of course, that eventually, he would be confined. It would be awful. Confinement could come later, but until then, just the thought of having his exits closed off made him sick to the bone.

"If it upsets you, and you go around my back to make them anyways," he said, because it was fair to warn them. "I'll be sure to break all of them." Of course, if he had to do that anyways, it wouldn't matter. These weren't people that cared about what he thought.

Well, no matter.

He'd fight until his last breath.

"Please, we don't want to cause a rift."

"Yes, that's right! Let's all remain calm and think this through rationally."

This.... was easier when he was Helmet, moreso than Midoriya. They wouldn't have tried so hard. They would have built some walls, and Midoriya would have torn them all down, and the message would be set. It was something even a child could understand. It was something that, without any extra words, they communicated just found.

But he had a name and a face and a scent now.

"You should calm down!" they said, like they didn't wait until he was alone in the corridor holding a gallon of bleach in either hand to flank him.

His gun was strapped to his thigh. His body was almost fully healed. Surrounded by a possible threat from the outside, this was the closest to calm that he was going to get.

As calmly as possible, he arched an eybrow at them. He stepped forward, ready to shove them out of his way when one grabbed his shoulder to stop him.

"Hey, we're not done talking."

"You ask," Midoriya said, "and I answered." He shrugged off the hand and tried to leave again.

Blocked on all sides by people double his size and 1.5x his weight, another pair of hands grabbing both his shoulders this time,

"You-!"

"You should respect your elders more!"

"We are saying this for your sake, too!"

"Don't think everyone is as kind as the people who spoil you here!"

And Midoriya wondered how much longer he would have to hear this kind of babble.

Well, they weren't strong, for all they flexed and blithered. Midoriya turned and just kept walking instead. Within four steps, they all released him, yelling about this or another, because he didn't know anything about survival. He didn't know anything about how the real world worked. He didn't know anything and wouldn't be able to lean on the others forever. He was nothing and no one alone. At the rate he was going, he will be alone.

Yes, all in all, it was very enlightening.

Midoriya, who was filling spray bottles with the gallons that he carried here, finally finished. He didn't mean to push it off for so long, but he was getting harassed on every other corner he turned. It was consuming his time, just bit and bit. And those bits were building up.

He rubbed the back of his neck, sighing deeply through his nose. Even though he hadn't done anything really, he just felt overwhelmingly tired. Exhausted even. Like he could just lay down somewhere and sleep for half of eternity.

He hadn't felt like this in a while. Usually, his exhaustion stemmed from fighting too long or if he was recovering from one injury or another. Well, now that he thought about it, the last time he felt like this, was back when he learned about the aftermath of the omegas that were taken into a nest. Thinking back on the emotional trauma he...

And then, he realized that, even though the words didn't stick with him, it was starting to wear him down.

He looked down at his hands.

Even now, even still, apparently, he was affected by the meaningless words of meaningless people. If this wasn't the mark of his ineptitude and weakness, he didn't know what else to call it. He stared at the things in front of him, trying to find the will to keep going. There was so much shit to do, there always was, but he was still stuck. He didn't know where to go from here.

No, no that was a lie. He grabbed the spray bottles.

He had to go clean out the gym that they found today. He doesn't have to plan too far into the future, and he didn't have to map out every single damn step. He could just go until he had a better reason and way to reorient himself.

### **Deku - slang**

“I just thought that patrol was slang for… for your uh… nightly activities.”

### **nc - a command**

"Omega, stop!"

The command was forceful and infused with the will behind the person calling it.

Midoriya froze. The command laced through his entire body, and if he had been any other person, the command would have kept him there.

But Midoriya was not just any other person. If he was, he would have died, a thousand times over, by now.

Instead, he clenched his jaw hard, and grabbed the closest thing on hand-his tea- he threw it at the alpha who dared to fucking command him.

His irritation bled through, the indignation of a strength that wasn't his roared at his ears, and the teacup shattered into wet dust against the wall, after sailing right by the alpha's ear.

He stared back, his gut coiling tightly as he stared at the alpha. He met his eyes, and pulled his chin up, letting his full intention be aware that if this alpha wanted to command him, he was going to have to beat it into Midoriya.

And even if this entire base turned against him, Midoriya will fight tooth-and-nail for every last breath of freedom.

He turned back over his shoulder, and left the room. His blood boiling, his vision was hazy, the rage was unquellable, and so Midoriya removed himself from the situation before he mocked the man who expected societal norms from him. He couldn't do this. It was times like this that he truly and honestly wished that he was alone again.

He was just so damn sick and tired of being with people. This shit always happened.

### Hawks is very popular

"Don't think that you're special or anything."

Briefly, Midoriya wondered if he would have dealt with the same things if he had gone to high school as planned.

"Hawks-sama is only giving you special attention because you're an omega. He only does this because he pities you, but that's it. You're nothing-"

"I know," Midoriya said, because that was obvious and everyone knew it, and also because he wanted this pointless conversation to stop sooner rather than later. He had reports to filter through.

"You... what?"

The beta in front of him, who probably once spent a dedicated amount of time, money and patience taking care of her health and beauty, blinked back in surprise. The same way she never expected to be stuck in an apocalypse, she never expected to see Hawks every day.

"You are correct. Hawks gives me attention because he pities me," the words came out easily, because he knew it and believed it and thought nothing of it. "However, if it comes to staying by his side indefinately, I'm sure that you are better suited for him."

She blinked back.

"O-oh," she said. Slowly, she pushed her hair back behind her ear and asked quietly, "Do you really think that?"

"Yes," Midoriya thought, because Hawks deserved someone who would fight for him, or someone that knew and cared about social norms so that they could ensure that the blond will be treated the way he should be. It would be probably better if it was a civilin, so Hawks had someone to return to at all costs, instead of being plagued and distracted on the field.

Then, perhaps now at the edge of the end of Civilization and Society, Hawks would learn how to be selfish.

"Good luck," Midoriya said, nodding at her and stepping away.

"R-Right," she said, breathless. She sketched a bow, and Midoriya marveled at how easy it was to gain someone's respect when they didn't think you were actively threatening their love-life. "And uh. Midoriya-san," she called out.

He passed in his steps, but didn't turn around.

"Uhm, you too," she said. "I... Good luck out there."

He turned around to face her, eyes wide in his shock.

That's it? That's all it took? Everything from the way he was stared at when he walked by to the silence that greeted him when he walked into any room, cleared out, just like that. If he didn't feel a dizzying amount of bitter rage, he would have laughed. Instead, he gave one more nod before he left.

-

"So uh, you've been uh, talking to people about me?"

If talking to people meant being flanked on each side, or having reports confiscated because someone wanted to hurl words at him, then yes, he supposed so.

Deku looked from the body he tossed into the fire and then back. He stared at Hawks, as the man landed next to him, and then turned back to the fire. The last of the bodies were now burning, if Hawks' appearance was any indication. He was grateful for the man to carry all the remains with his feathers to be incinerated.

He offered his prayer to the dead, and hoped that their next life would be peaceful.

"And you said that I'd be a good fit for them?"

Oh, was that what he was bringing up? Midoriya wished he would talk about how the office they just cleaned had untouched vending machines instead.

He sighed and side-eyed him.

"Yeah, I did."

The blond was smiling, but it looked like it was frozen on his face. He coughed into his hand, the corners of his lips failing to stay up. For once, he looked uncertain.

"Why?"

"Because I thought they would be."

The blond stared at him, the smile disappearing off his face. He looked at him for another moment, wide-eyes hinging on anger and he spoke.

"How?"

And Midoriya, who got harrased from being half-naked and harassed for going out to kill and harassed for being single and harassed for not speaking and harassed for saying anything at all and harassed for the sake of being harassed, looked back at him.

Was he upset that he had to deal with the adoring affection of the others on base? No, Midoriya didn't think that was the case because Hawks had a whole career about dealing with fans and having fan-interactions. He didn't think the problem were the people, since they were all cowards that went around other people's backs. He didn't think that they would do more than drop in a greeting and make some small-talk every now and then.

Still, Midoriya thought that Hawks would like someone like that. Someone smaller and weaker than him, so that his protective-bordering-coddling habits could be stroked. Someone that would listen to him and take his side, because he had no doubts that Hawks would do the same. The blond seemed the type to do what he thought was necessary for the greater goal than he was about being morally correct, and then be crushed by guilt later on. In that sense, he hoped that the person that Hawks was with would be someone that could ease that burden.

He never wanted Hawks to be unhappy. In Midoriya's perfect future, Hawks and his Chosen Beloved (or three or however many Hawks felt content with) would fly away, forever in their honeymoon-state, far away from where their paths would never intersect again.

"I thought that they could give you what you wanted," he ultimately decided to say.

Which, admittedly, could have been worded better.

In a voice much colder than Midoriya ever heard him speak, Hawks started to laugh. The sound was sharp and jagged, like shards of glass, and he ran his hand through his hair.

"And Midoriya, what the fuck do you think that I want?" he asked, words sharp and eyes sharper. He looked at the young man, his eyes almost glowing with barely-constrained rage. "A quick and easy lay? An obedient partner? Some convenient person that will see as nothing more than a badge of honor? Is that the kind of guy you think I am?"

And yes, Midoriya was hoping that Hawks was that kind of guy. He was hoping that the blond would be easy and give up on the dazzle of a Fighting-Omega and stop looking at him like that. Like he was smart and clever and strong and-and a person and not just Deku, worthless, useless, omega boy. He didn't want that.

He didn't want Hawks (or anyone else) to be likable.

He stared for a moment, waited for Hawks to finish his words.

"I'm not," he said. "I swear to you, before or now, I was never that kind of man. I ... I am the type who loves one and only one. It's corny and it's cheesy, I know, but that's the kind of life I want. I want to find the person that I will always fly back to, someone that I would share my life and everything I am with."

And Midoriya nodded his head, wanting to say that he wouldn't have to look too hard for someone who wanted to share a life with him-

"Or at least, I used to think like that."

Green eyes narrowed at him, at first in confusion and then in annoyance. Couldn't he just say his piece and leave? But instead, he kept his attention on the fire and took a step away from the blond.

The blond watched him, and just gave this little laugh. A pathetic little sound that sounded more like it got caught in his throat and only the air came out instead.

"And you don't care, do you?"

Midoriya wished that the bodies would burn faster. He should have asked Dabi to set the fire instead of lighting it himself.

"Haaah," Hawks heaved a great sigh, even though Midoriya was the one that wanted to sigh. "You're... so mean to me," he said. "Do you know that?"

Midoriya, as expected, didn't respond.

"...Midoriya," he said, and same as always, added, "I love you."

Midoriya didn't even look at him.

"Does that... mean anything to you?"

"Should it?" the young man asked. The fire crackled next to him, the red glow casting shadows across his face. "You're just saying that because I'm an omega, right?"

"And if I'm not? Maybe I'm saying it because you're Midoriya Izuku."

Midoriya took a shuddering sigh, closing his eyes as he grabbed his shoulder tightly.

"Then you're a terrible liar."

Had Midoriya seen the look on Hawks face, he would have known that they were both terrible liars, and Hawks read right through him.

### **Yamadeku - unwanted questions and some wanted apologies**

"So like, what do you do during your heats?"

And Midoriya didn't even answer questions about where they were going to go during patrol. He wasn't sure why this was going to be the magical question that he would answer to some random stranger. It was, frankly, none of their damn business.

So Midoriya kept reading. He promised Hagakure that he'll finish this volume so he can give it to her.

"...Hey, you know, I asked a question."

He couldn't believe that Ayano would be the one to confess. He flipped the page, eyes flying over panels as he took in the teary-eyed expression of the other love interests. Was his boy Hirono going to be okay?

"Like, this is actually important! Listen to me!"

There was a tinge to those words. The softest bit of a command lacing the words, and it brought Midoriya (not matter how hard he tried) to full awareness.

"Do I have your attention now? Jeez, we didn't have to do this if you would just-"

Midoriya reached over and threw a pen cap at the man. It got his straight on his nose, not enough to break it, but enough for the man to shut his damn mouth. Green eyes glared at him,

"Get out. You understand that, don't you?"

He turned back to the manga. his good mood soured. His irritation bubbled right under his skin. He clenched his jaw tightly.

But of course, nothing about his life was easy as this man started to yell back.

"I'm saying this for you!" he said, the same way all of them always claimed. "I'm saying this and you should be grateful that someone cares about you at all!"

The feeling that sat in Midoriya's heart was not gratitude.

And he yelled and yelled, and Midoriya leaned back in his seat, already a champion at ignoring this kind of thing.

Wasn't it obvious what he did during his heat? It's not like there was much privacy in a place like this anyways, and most of them had been together for years now. He did, on his heats, the same damn shit he did when he wasn't on his heats. It really didn't need a fucking detective to figure out some good ol' cause and effect.

He kept it to himself of course. It was clear that this man wasn't here because he wanted to listen to whatever it was that Midoriya wanted to say.

-

"Okay, he went about it in a bad way, but I get where he's coming from," Yamada said. "He was probably just worried."

Worried? Midoriya wouldn't use 'worry' to describe the tone that the man took in his office, but Midoriya wasn't the adult in the room. He supposed that he wouldn't know anything about that. Instead, he looked around his desk for the paper that he was looking for, Mirio's report on the deer-sightings for the week, and reached for it. Yamada placed his hand down on top of the stack and Midoriya wondered if any of them understood what the word 'respect' meant.

Well, he supposed they did, it just didn't apply to him. He looked up at the blond at last.

"Can you just start screeching, or whatever it is that you do, so I can get back to making sure that we're not being slowly closed in by a monster group we haven't seen yet? Normally, I'd just let you stand there and ramble or whatever, but this is something that I want to figure out sooner than later."

The blond blinked back. Wordlessly, he passed the report to him. Midoriya snatched it out of his hand and started reading again.

"...We bother you when you're working because we don't know when else we can talk to you."

"Consider that I don't want to talk."

"You know, it's because you act like that everyone says you got an a bad attitude. You're not that cold, so why do you..." he made a motion.

Well Midoriya wanted to know why he was the one that people had to 'figure out'. Kon was a literal chimera but people gave him a wide-berth. Nine has a healing quirk, but people don't harass him for first-aid. Chisaki was considered handsome but no one even talked about him most days. Hatsume literally only heard what she wanted to hear, but everyone looks at her, all fond and exasperated but he.

He needed to be figured out. It didn't make sense that he was so goal-driven. He supposed that wouldn't make sense to Yamada, who lived in reality and prospered in society.

Midoriya closed his eyes.

He should stop complaining. This wasn't really worth complaining about. It wasn't worth the effort.

"...I think I offended you. I'm sorry," Yamada said, "You saw right through me. I didn't come here because I wanted to get an answer that he couldn't. I came here because I wanted to talk to you, listener. I didn't want to fight. I didn't want to make you uncomfortable."

And he took a proper bow.

"Sorry."

The young man stared at Present Mic. He once stood in line for his figurine.

"If you're really sorry, then stay like that till dinner."

And Midoriya kept working until amber lights flooded the room and the door slid open again.

"Oi, Midoriya, I have your report... Yamada?"

Aizawa stared at the sight of Yamada, who was still bowing (hours later, Midoriya was almost impressed that the man didn't try to wiggle his way out of this), and then narrowed his eyes.

This would be new. He doesn't think that he's ever seen Aizawa lose his cool after that first meeting. Was it Aizawa's turn to prove him and everyone else right? Whatever, Midoriya had his route planned, so he just needed to go out and do it and return before midnight.

"Hizashi, what are you doing?" he hissed.

"Apologizing for lying," Yamada hissed back, "Go away, Shota."

"Yamada's an idiot and he probably deserves everything that happens to him," Aizawa said as he handed the report over to Midoriya. "I don't know what he did, but it should happen more often."

"Yamada, go get dinner," Midoriya replied. He took the report and placed it on his desk. He'll look it over when he came back. Right now, he needed to completely focus on the task on hand.

Yamada straightened, his back cracking.

"Ahh! I'm too old for this!" he shouted out, bouncing right back to the person that Midoriya was used to bouncing around base. "My hips and back hurt! Shota, carry me to the cafeteria."

Aizawa grimaced back.

Midoriya grabbed his gloves and then his back from the side of his desk.

"...Are you going to get dinner?" the blond asked.

"...Later," Midoriya said, because he took the apology to heart.

Yamada, despite how vacant he was at time, seemed to understand that. A wide grin stretched across his face, "I'll wait to eat with you then," he said.

This time, Midoriya grimaced. "Don't."

"Where are you going?" Aizawa asked.

"On a walk-"

"Oh, then I'll go too. Gotta stretch out my body and work up an appetite!" Before Midoriya could get another word in, he tutted and wagged his finger at him. "Food taste better together, little listener!"

Which felt like a lie, like how people vying for his attention would make him feel anything other than exhausted annoyance.

"So let's eat together, okay?"

And Midoriya used to stay up at night to listen to Present Mic's braodcasts at night. In his All Might Jammies, he stole his mom's phone to listen into those broadcast and unknowingly racked up the bill. He got an earful from his mom, but those were some fond moments in his life.

"Don't be annoying about it," he decided. "I'll eat when I come back."

"Okay, have a safe trip!" Yamada said, a grin on his face.

Midoriya felt his heart strain, like it was too small for the emotion that was trying to flood out.

### **Making yourself a villain - HawksDeku**

Midoriya was naive. He didn't realize it until he was walking by a string of conversations that became more and more frequent.

"Well, Hawks, don't you think that it's a bit of a waste for someone of your caliber?"

"Hm? Ah, I'm so grateful that you think so highly of me haha," Hawks replied, all smiles and good mood.

"But Hawks-san, you're out and about more than anyone else here. It bring everyone here so much security just to see you here."

"Really? Wow, you're making me blush. I'm glad that I can do that for you."

"And well, isn't it worrying? Someone Midoriya's age should be worried about catching the attention of the person he likes and enjoying hobbies. It doesn't look like he has many friends here either."

It was something his secretary’s mother would say. It was obvious and it was simple. The same way Midoriya had been getting books on origami for Kouta and Eri (and whoever else was interested in things like that), the adults probably only saw him as a kid, same as Kouta and Eri just a little taller and a little angrier.

Regardless of sex or value, he had no doubts that there were plenty of adults who felt like it was only right for kids to grow up, hunky-dory and happy-go-lucky while they're young. He rubbed his temples. The worst of people were the people who were actually good.

Then, he figured that he needed to break that veil that he's a kid. He should ruin that to the point where these Good People and Righteous Intentions would be a little relieved when he finally kicked the bucket.

And also because once upon a time, before Midoriya realized that the world wasn't for him, he idolized all the heroes here.

He leaned over the railing.

"Hawks. If you're done slacking off, explain to me your shitty excuse of a report," he called out.

Let his voice caust a tight ball of anxiety to pool in their guts. Let his figure bring an uncomfortable noose to tighten around their neck. Let him be everything that embodied the worst parts of society. Let him be that, a monster in the schoolyard.

And hopefully, they'll find peace-even if he can't find freedom.

But Hawks whipped around to him, eyes wide as he stared up at him and he kept moving forward. A flutter of wings, a quick "excuse me" because Hawks was polite even to people that didn't deserve it, and he was next to Midoriya.

"You-"

"The reports," Midoriya cut in because he didn't want to hear it and he didn't want Hawks to make excuses when it wasn't his fucking fault, and shrugged back, "I must have forgotten them back in the classroom. Go find them."

"Alright," the blond said. "Where... what didn't you like?"

None of it. It was perfect. Your handwriting is great too. From the bulleted list of the supplies that was taken, written both in total weight and number of containers, to the extra notes concerning the rooftops that only Hawks could see so easily, it was wonderful. Midoriya almost burst into tears when he saw it, it was so beautiful.

But Midoriya couldn't say that.

"It was so awful that I couldn't even look at it," he lied. He waved him off and kept moving. He clenched his hands into fists in an effort to stop them from trembling.

Surprisingly enough, being mean was actually hard.

-

"I can't believe that he's just using you like this, you're so much more than some messenger bird."

"Indeed, Hawks, you're far too kind to allow this kind of attitude against you."

"Yes, he should know by now that people can't survive alone."

"Hawks," the call came, as though Midoriya had ears on the wall trained to intervene at these moments, looking at all of the people who complain about him, "when you're done kissing ass, go help Lunchrush unload. I'm sure even you're still capable of carrying things."

Hawks’ smile turned tight, but it was still on his face as he looked to Midoriya. He gave a salute.

"You got it, bossman!" he cheered back, but Midoriya had already turned his back and left. He looked to the group next to him, "Well, you heard him! Gotta go work for my stay here."

And he left without looking back. His wings stretched open and he took off.

"Yo, Lunchrush, you need any help?" he asked as he landed.

Lunchrush waved at him. And when he came closer, shook his head.

"Huh?" Hawks blinked, "Mido... You uh... aren't unloading?"

Lunchrush tilted his head.

Hawks tilted his head to the side, contemplative.

"Huh."

-

Midoriya adjusted the gloves on his hands, moving all of his fingers but feeling unsatisfied with the feeling. It was too loose around his fingers, but the glove was tight around his palm. He wished that he was proportionally correct and didn't need to customize all the things that he wore. Well, it’ll all rip anyways, so he supposed there was no real point in caring.

"What do you want?" he asked as the man landed in the windowsill.

“Is this really what you want to do?”

Midoriya didn’t turn around. “If you don’t have anything actually important, then leave. Stop wasting my time.”

There was a flutter of something, and Hawks was gone. There was a feather, as though to leave physical evidence that he had been there. He left his feathers all over the damn place. Midoriya’s hands clenched into a fist as he buried his heart.

He knew what he had to do.

## Report on Nests

### **Learning About Breeding**

On a good day, Midoriya was intense. His eyes were bright, and his desire to live burned sparked brightly, as though ready to start a fire at any given opportunity.

Out in the field, it felt especially vibrant.

Toyomitsu was in the middle of a sudden fight. It was rare for there to be a monster bigger than him, but it was starting to happen with more and more frequency. At his back, Tamaki was busy handling another one.

"Fatgum-san, there's another one incoming!" he called out.

"What?!" Toyomitsu was in a near equal match in strength. "You gotta be kidding me!"

Something exploded behind him, and he heard Tamaki's voice scream out-

"Fatgum-san!"

And had barely enough time to drop to the ground when another monster came flying into the one he was just fighting. Both slammed into each other and then into the wall, breaking it down, and then was launched out the side of the building.

In an instant, a pillar of fire engulfed the monsters. Only ash fell.

Midoriya rushed through the broken wall. His eyes immediately locked with the final monster in the room and he rushed at it. Jumping right in front of it, he smashed his kneecap into its head. The skull crumpled under the force and his knee sunk almost halfway into its head. Backing up from it, yanking Tamamki out of the way while doing so, he watched the monster drop to the ground. Dead.

He turned to the other two. “Injuries?” he asked, prompting them out of their shock.

"Midoriya, are you trying to kill us?" Toyomitsu asked, dropping his head back. He eyed the body uncomfortably, but was grateful for the assist. “You got some killer timing, I’ll give you that.”

The young man blushed as he looked down. "Sorry about that, I lost control."

The two gave him a tired look. It was rare for their normally cold leader to look so bashful, and they felt all their annoyances at the brush with death fade away. The young man was always so much more relaxed after a fight, but that wasn’t a thought they liked entertaining for long.

"Alright, well, we're last up here," Toyomitsu said standing up. His jacket was way too baggy on him now. He wouldn't be joining the next few patrols until he fattens up again. "We just going to do one last patrol before he head back?" he asked Midoriya.

The young man, coming off his battle high as soon as returning to the base was mentioned, lost his gleam. His features were schooled back into something more neutral and he nodded.

"I'll leave here to you," he said. Without another moment of hesitation, he left the room.

"Fatgum-san," Tamaki said, "You should head down too. I'll wrap up the patrol."

"Eh? You know, Tamaki, just because I'm Fitgum right now, that doesn't mean that I'm worthless. I promise I'll hold my own."

But when Tamaki couldn't meet his eyes, he understood that Tamaki probably noticed how badly his hands were shaking. It felt awful, if he was honest, that children couldn’t trust him anymore.

"Hai, hai, I'll go," he said, standing up. He grabbed his walkie as he walked out the door and down the hallway. "This is Fat, heading out of the room. Someone switch with me to finish the last run."

"Roger, I'll come up. Tensei out."

And normally, that would have been fine, except Toyomitsu heard it from somewhere that wasn't his walkie. He looked around, he didn't see anyone, and the normal troublemakers wouldn't mess around in a place where Midoriya was.

...Was it Midoriya's walkie? Come to think of it, he always lost or broke his walkie anyways.

Maybe he dropped it. Even though it felt like they eliminated the monsters in the area, it never hurt to air on the side of caution. He walked over to the walkie when he suddenly smelled a pungent smell. It slammed into him, and it had been such a long time since he had smelled it that he didn't register it at first. But it was undoubtedly sex.

His stomach dropped to the ground. He stared at this huge gaping hole, and there was a fallen bookshelf in front of it. Books and scattered papers framed the missing piece of the wall. They must have missed this whole since there was a bookshelf in front of it.

But Midoriya, where was Midoriya? He had just seen Midoriya. He had just fucking seen Midoriya, how could he have...

"I need back-up. It's got Midoriya! I'm at the main entrance. There's a whole in the wall, just follow!"

And he ran in, scared of what he would smell and what he would see but more terrified of what he might lose.

-

"Midoriya!"

The hallway opened up into a small cave, just slightly underground. It was clearly dug out by something, since the remains of the claw marks decorated the walls and floors. It was a hastily done job, but it was thorough.

Toyomitsu stared, his eyes and his stomach churning, coming to a complete stop as he stepped into a puddle of drying blood.

In the corner of the room, Midoriya was crouched down next to a body. Pieces of a monster were strewn about, but there were three other disfigured human bodies. Their legs were chained and tied up, and their pale skin emphasized the dark bruising and discolored markings embedded on their body.

"M...Midoriya?"

Slowly, their base leader stood up. His scent, something soothing and familiar, reached him and Toyomitsu suddenly realized what must have happened.

"Did you... kill them?"

"Back-up's here! Fatgum? Why did you stop here? Where's Mido..."

"I'm here," the young man answered. "Are patrols finished? I didn't think I took that much time..." his voice trailed as he turned to stare at them. He tilted his head, as though he found an unexpected answer.

"So this is normal? You... You just..."

"Find their nest and kill their young," Midoriya finished for him.

-

"...You knew?"

Midoriya didn't answer, but it felt like the answer should be obvious.

"You knew, this whole time?"

He remained silent.

"Why... Why didn't you say anything, during the briefings or anything?"

Toyomitsu looked ready to scream. He ran his hand through his hair, his eyes welling with tears. He would never forget how those women looked, lying in filth as they waited for their death.

"This is... this is-"

"It's the future for any omega," Midoriya said. "What are you so surprised about? We don't talk about it the same way we don't argue about killing monsters or not."

Because when Midoriya learned the truth, he was also angry and bitter. He hated how, even after society collapsed, the end-results for people who just happened to be born a certain way was the same damn thing.

The blond whipped around to him.

"No!" he shouted back, "No, it's not. I would never-"

"Weren't you a hero?" Midoriya replied back, too confused to hold his words back.

"Yes!" Toyomitsu said, frustrated and still in shock at the scene in front of him. "Yes, I-"

"You used to protect the peace, uphold justice and order, and bring hope for civilians," Midoriya cut in, and the blond closed his mouth. He nodded, feeling his head clear just a little bit until Midoriya's next words froze him to his spot instead, "Then, isn't this your ideal?"

There was nothing mocking about his tone. There was nothing bitter in his words. As far as Midoriya was concerned, he truly didn't understand why Toyomitsu was so upset. It was the exact thing that people prided alphas on, didn't they? That they would have several omegas filled out with their pups, surrounded by the things that they like? It was the same shit, wherever he went, whoever he was with. He didn't understand why Toyomitsu was having such a hard time accepting this.

Toyomitsu turned to Midoriya, his face contorting in pain as he shook his head.

"No, Midoriya," he said, "When I was a hero, I wanted to protect everyone I could. It didn't matter what their secondary gender was."

From the incredibly cold gaze on Midoriya's face, it was clear that he didn't believe him.

"...I'm sure," he said, taking a step back.

"Midoriya, we're ready to go!" Spinner called out from above.

A hand came to his walkie and Midoriya announced, "Light it."

The bodies of the damned burned the same way they always did.

### **reports on breeding**

There was a long silence.

"...They... breed?" Tsukauchi asked for clarification, looking pale and a little sick.

Toyomitsu nodded curtly, his expression dark.

"Yeah, there was a bunch of women and omegas in the... their nest."

Yamada covered his face and took a deep breath in.

"Holy shit," he muttered.

"...And the people inside?" Enji asked.

"They're all dead," Midoriya spoke up. "I killed them all."

"K-killed?"

"Yes, the kids, their parents, everyone and everything in that office space."

"They were alive? Then, couldn't we have brought them back to be treated?" Yagi asked, firm disapproval on his face.

And Midoriya, who had stained his arms to spare someone else, tried not to think about the people he killed. He thought about the way their arms and legs were torn off. He thought about the way they looked at him, and how the only words they had left were to beg for the same thing that every omega he's ever met wanted.

Freedom.

"One day, that will be me," Midoriya said, his expression blank and features cold. He had no doubt about that. People like him, who had hurt and killed as many as he had, were only running towards a tragedy.

He'll get what's coming for him. It was just a matter of time.

"At that time, I hope that someone will come and end my life instead of prolong it."

"It won't happen," Shigaraki replied back, pointing at Midoriya. And just as easily, he pointed at Yagi, "And even if we brought them back, it wasn't like we could help them. We got no damn therapist and a fuckton of alphas. Bring someone who had just been used and abused into a den of people who will do the same damn thing to them? I'd kill myself, too."

"Shigaraki!"

Shigaraki's eyes met Midoriya's, a promise behind his words, a vow in those eyes, and Midoriya found comfort with his imminent and gruesome death.

"Wait," Usaigiyama said, snapping her fingers as the realization sank in. "Your scent... Do you go around shirtless because you know that they're... looking for you?"

Midoriya nodded. Wasn't that obvious? Just in case, he said, "Yes."

Yagi jumped up to his feet in his disbelief, while Sasaki pushed the glasses up on his face and carefully took a breath.

"It's faster than looking for them," he offered as explanation.

"B-But that's-"

Midoriya, because it never mattered what they thought before and nothing has changed since, stood up.

"W-Where are you going-"

He looked at them, one last gaze that held nothing but thinly veiled annoyance in a way only a teen could look at an adult, as he turned on his heel and made his way for the door.

What a waste of time.

### **Mercy - Best Jeanist & Midoriya**

He was alive, if you could say that. If Chisaki was here, it was possible that they could keep him alive. If Nine was here, they could have...

But Midoriya had no intention of pinning the blame on bad circumstances and on people who weren't even here.

"Let me... Please... I want to see her..."

And more importantly, the man didn't want it. Looking at the picture of (what Midoriya assumed) a cleaner-and-younger him holding a small baby with a wide grin on his face, Midoriya had a good idea on what kind of life his man had led before this moment.

Midoriya kneeled down next to the man, taking his hand and gripping it tightly.They cannot save those who do not want to be saved. People who do not want to be saved aren't salvagable. They aren't useful. They...

"I can make it easier."

The man stared at him, eyed the gun in its holster by his waist, and then back up to Midoriya. Understanding what was going to happen, he gave a nod, his eyes welling with tears and relief.

Midoriya didn't want to know how long he had to be here, waiting and waiting.

His lips, cracked and dry, trembled as though it took all of his strength. His raspy voice filled the space betwen them. "T-Thank you," he whispered.

Midoriya took his gun out, placed it between his eyes, and took a deep breath.

"Rest."

If he could send this man to the baby in picture, if he could give this man some form of respect, if Midoriya could give an ounce of peace to this man, he would. He squeezed.

One day, this would be him.

-

"Izuku! We heard a gunshot!"

Midoriya put the gun back into its holster as Best Jeanist rounded the corner.

"Is everything..."

It wasn't uncommon (and who would have thought Best Jeanist would ever think that) to find Midoriya with a dead body at his feet. However, Best Jeanist was familiar with Midoriya's gorey and rather desperate kind of battle, so it meant a lot that there was a gunshot wound in the man's forehead.

And suddenly, he understood why Midoriya carried around a gun, even though no one had ever seen him use it.

"...I see," Best Jeanist said quietly.

And Midoriya tilted his head to the side, wondering what Best Jeanist saw and understood before his lips curled into something unfathomably cold.

"He was asking for it," he said, giving a dramatic shrug.

He looked at Best Jeanist, the ways his eyes narrowed, and breathed a sigh of relief.

Please hate him.

He didn't want pity. He would much rather to be hated. He didn't want Best Jeanist to look at him like that. But more than anything else in the world, he didn't want Best Jeanist to understand.

"Saying it like that... is a bit cold. Even for you," Best Jeanist said quietly.

And so Midoriya laughed, a sound like shards of glass to piece Best Jeanist and his kind disposition.

"If you can't handle the cold, maybe you should tuck in by the fireplace. It might suit your skillset better."

Best Jeanist's forehead creased, a frown prevalant even behind his high collar, and the young man walked by him.

Midoriya used to roll on his bed in his excitement when he saw Best Jeanist take the news. He used to watch and re-watch all of his interviews, and could recite the Jeanist Peace Pledge from memory.

Midoriya did not want Best Jeanist to understand. It's foolish and dumb and idealistic, but he can't help it.

Wasn't it normal to try and protect the people you used to idolize?

Of course not. Midoriya hasn't been 'normal' enough since he was born.

### **Comfortable enough to ask about the future**

"So, Midoriya, who are you thinking of settling down with?"

It was never a question of If, but right before Midoriya said something, someone else spoke up.

"Oh that's right. Especially since the likelihood of male omegas experiencing fatalities during childbirth increases exponentially once they're older than 30, right?"

But that, no one told him. He's never read it. He's never been told of it. It might be because society collapsed and his resources had gotten extremely limited, but it could also be because it was some myth that people aggressively tried to push forward as the truth. He could never tell.

But it worried him.

If it was true, if it really was a biological thing, then wouldn't that mean that they could smell it? He gnawed on his bottom lip. His ability to bait would diminish, and that could be very dangerous. They, he, relied on it. It was convenient, and it worked well, but now he wondered if they were just being lazy.

No, no, using all and every available resource to make current tasks faster and easier wasn't being lazy.

"...Midoriya-kun?"

Very well, he supposed. There was one thing left to do. He would have to kill all the monsters in the next ten or so years. At once, ten years felt too damn long and too damn short all at once. Could he kill all of them before he perished? The thought felt naive.

Even if he killed all the monsters out there, that didn't mean that there were no monsters in the world left. Monsters weren't the only things that were capable of cruelty.

And so, Midoriya reached a single conclusion.

He had to die before all the monsters were killed. He had to figure out a way to pass this quirk down to someone before he died. It'll be neatest if he just had everything planned out so that he could just go and die in some corner, forgotten like he was never born.

"...I never thought about it," he said to the people waiting for an answer.

Unexpectedly, his imminent demise brought a warmth unfamiliar to bloom in his chest. Without meaning to, he started to smile.

-

"...Did something happen?"

Midoriya, munching through his bowl of fried rice, arched an eyebrow at Uraraka.

"...Not particularly," he replied back. "Why?"

"Ah, it's not that something's wrong or anything," she said, shaking her head and her hands. "But it uh... it feels like you're in a rush," she continued quietly. She wrapped her hair around her finger, looking left and right nervously. "And if you were, I was curious why. Because, uhm, if you're trying to hurry-up for a reason, I thought it would motivate me to hurry up with you too, haha..." her words trailed off. Slowly, her face started to flush red before she gave up and covered her face. "A-anyways," she continued on, "I-It's not like I was unmotivated earlier or anything, either so let's just keep up the good work, okay thanks bye!"

She turned on her heel, robotically beginning to walk out.

"Do you think," Midoriya suddenly spoke up, "that this will be a better place if we killed all the monsters?"

"I... Wouldn't it?" Uraraka replied back. She tilted her head to the side, "Then we won't have to worry about them coming after us. Not saying that we won't have any worries, but it'll be one less worry for us."

Midoriya kept his eyes focused on a part of the wall in front of him as he mechanically continued to eat.

"Yeah," he nodded his head, "That's a good point."

But somehow, Uraraka thought that she said the wrong thing. The bitter smile on Midoriya's face made its way into her head.

She pursed her lips, unsure what to do. In her heart, she knew that he would be okay, since there were plenty of adults that he spent the daily with. However, even though she knew that there were people here who would drop everything if he just reached out, she remained rooted to the spot.

She turned back around, slow and hesitant.

"W-What about you?"

Midoriya stopped chewing, "Hm?" he asked, with his mouth full of food.

"W-what do you think? Do you think that the world would be better if all the monsters out there were dead?"

She swallowed hard. Was that okay? Did she say the right thing? Did her words reach him?

He chewed and swallowed. He reached for his tea and took several mouthfuls. There was another moment.

"I don't think we'll ever get rid of all the monsters," he said, honest and quiet. "but if we do, I think we'll become the monsters."

Uraraka doesn't know how she made it back to the kitchen afterwards. She wasn't sure what her chores were and what was going to happen. The words continued to echo in her head, and she wondered and pondered what the hell Midoriya saw in the world to make the conclusion. She thought about it before, but in these moments, she really did think that Midoriya was a gentle person who felt bad even for the monsters that he killed.

## Stench

### **Stench (1)**

Midoriya jerked to a stop. He whipped his head to the side, eyes wide.

"Midoriya?" Spinner jerked, skidding to a stop just a few steps ahead of Midoriya and alerting the rest of the group that their leader had stopped.

A hand came up to his mouth, and all his features paled considerably. A shiver ran down his spine, and for a moment, he looked like he was going to be sick all over the concrete.

"Midoriya, are you alright?"

"You don't..." the young man closed his eyes, hunching over as the world spun. Even though his help wouldn't be appreciated, Spinner took a step closer, arm extended in case Midoriya wanted extra support. "-don't smell that?" he hissed.

Another shudder ran down his entire body, leaving his teeth to clatter as he closed his eyes.

"Hey, why'd you guys stop?" Kaminari asked, slowing his steps to stop right in front of them. Around them, their party formed around them.

"You smell anything?" Spinner asked.

"Smell?" Kaminari parroted. He tilted his head, closed his eyes and took a deep breath, "Uh... It smells like autumn."

Midoriya's hand turned into a fist and he slammed it against the wall.

"You don't fucking smell that?!" he snapped out, his voice so loud it rang in the street.

There wasn't a lot of sound in the area to begin with, but after Midoriya's outburst, it felt particularly deafening. It felt like his voice echoed down the way, and his vibrant eyes narrowed at Kaminari. His jaw worked tightly, and he must have come to his own conclusion, because he closed his eyes and took a deep breath. He grimaced, but straightened.

"...I'm sorry for the outburst. It's clearly nothing. Let's finish this up."

But the color didn't return to his face.

"No, it-it's not like I'm calling you a liar," Kaminari said. "But, we can check if you want-"

With a fierce scowl on his face, Midoriya walked past him, with the intention to make it through this patrol.

-

Patrol ended after two ambushes. While the damage was minimal and response time was near-perfect, it was still exhausting to deal with. Caked in blood, the group returned back to their homebase. Although only several hours had passed, it felt much longer as fatigue settled into their bones.

Kirishima gave a long sigh, rubbing his arms.

"You good?"

He looked up, and dropped his arms, as though ashamed to have been caught taking a break. "Togato-san!"

"No need to be so formal," the blond replied as always, a brightsmile on his face. "Sorry if I interupted your moment."

"N-not at all," the younger man replied, shaking his head. "I... I guess I'm just a little more tired than I thought."

"Yeah, I feel that," he agreed, crossing his arms in front of his body. "But I think that it's what makes dinner getting back better."

Kirishima felt something in his back relax as he started to laugh.

"You're right!" he said, feeling his spirits turn into something much lighter.

"Ah, Midoriya?" Togato suddenly mentioned.

Looking as though he still hadn't had a change to go and shower, Midoriya had a fire hydrant strapped to his leg as he ran past them.

"W-wait, Midoriya?"

No questions asked, stomach growling and muscles cramping from how tired they were, Togato and Kirishima followed Midoriya off the compound.

-

"B-but you came here," Kirishima said quietly.

"...You're right," Midoriya nodded back. "It's not like you have your own sense of self and abiity to make decisions. No, you have nothing but your instinct, and when you smell a sweet omega, you run after it without any thought of your own."

His deadpan voice, accompanied by his emotionless face, made the words stop in their mouth.

He stared at them. There was nothing in his expression that showcared that might have been disappointment or bitter resentment on anyone else. In fact, it almost looked like he believed what he said. And well, more importantly, he didn't care and wanted to move on from this moment. He pushed himself back onto unsteady feet, and his hand came up to his bleeding head wound.

The same way he doesn't ask, or even considered getting back-up, is the same way he doesn't think that the availiable supplies for first-aid were for him. It was pretty obvious how his life must have lined up that this was his habits and certainties on his life. If he didn't know and cared about Midoriya, he might have felt pity.

But he did know and care about Midoriya. He did know and care and wanted Midoriya to know that he knew and he cared.

And so, instead, he just became angry. It was an anger that sat and boiled under his belly, making his vision narrow until all he could see was the resigned disappointment etching his face. It was an anger that stemmed from how, now matter what he said or pleaded or promised, Midoriya dismissed him without even looking at him. A fog that thinned out when it stopped being the main focus, but never left. A fog that became as dense as a wall when his anger condensed in moments like this.

### **99 problems**

"Okay, I'll go in and take care of it."

"What? No, why do you have to-"

Midoriya pointed at Shigaraki, "You can't. You're too big to fit" He pointed at Tensei, who was still on the ground. "He can't even pronounce his name right now." He pointed at Shouji, "And you're working on getting him out alive." And then he pointed at Momo. "And you have terrible performance anxiety so you will fuck it up." She flinched.

He turned back forward, ready to go after this fucking piece of shit through the mud, dirt, and other questionable things in the tunnelway.

"But, if something were to happen to you, I-"

Midoriya's gaze was scathing.

"That's not my problem."

And he climbed into the tunnel.

## Earthquake

### **To fight**

“That’s going to be playing around in the backyard if we don’t do something about it,” Midoriya said and then stopped cold. His eyes widened as he turned back, but everyone else looked just as surprised.

His lips curled into something cruel. Before he knew it, he was already conditioned.

The only person that he didn’t want to disappoint was himself, but he had just proven to himself and everyone else here that he was nothing more than a lump of disappointment. His jaw clenched shut, his heart hardening.

“...I’ll take care of it,” he said, standing up.

There was no reason for him to do anything else. There was no reason for him to ever think that he was ‘one of them’ in any sense of the word. As always, Midoriya will fight.

If he had to fight with other people, then it was better to be dead. If he needed other people to survive, then death was a better option.

This time too, he would prove it all. If he died, they were right. If he doesn’t die, then he’s right.

### **Aizawa Confesses & One step forward, two steps back - AiDeku**

It felt like, as soon as they made some level of progress, they had to immediately back-track. It felt like, for every smallest inch they managed to pick at the walls surrounding Midoriya, it would only reveal an even thicker wall underneath.

It was beyond frustrating.

“You can’t actually be thinking of fighting that thing by yourself,” Aizawa tired. “There’s no reason to!”

However, trying to organize a group as large as theirs was nearly impossible without any form of leadership. When about half of their attacking force can’t see eye-to-eye with each other, they have no form of order. To fight a monster like that would require some level of coordination, especially since some of their fighters would be more interested fighting each other instead.

Whether they mean to or not, several of their quirks can cause rampant damage to each other. This wasn’t a game. They can’t just turn off friendly-fire.

But the only one who had weight to his words was Midoriya.

And Midoriya was back into that thing that he does, where he goes about the world as though he can’t hear anything and anyone around him. It’s something that he did, less often until now, and Aizawa felt his frustrations ebb into something ugly.

“If you go out without a proper plan, then all you’re doing is marching to your death. Even if you…” he stopped, took a deep breath before he said something that he regretted. He thought for a long moment, and then spoke again, “Could you… share what you’re thinking?” he asked. And then added, “Please?

If he tried to physically restrain and stop Midoriya, nothing would change. They were just delaying the inevitable.

But there was nothing else he could do. He couldn’t force Midoriya to speak-and even if he could, it was better that he didn’t. For the same reasons as above.

They couldn’t do anything. Midoriya had to. Relationship were two-way streets. No one side can carry up that burden all alone. If Aizawa wanted Midoriya to look at him, ask him for advice and share his griefs, then Aizawa had to wait for Midoriya.

But waiting also meant that Midoriya would be alive. And Aizawa was back to the crux of the issue.

Midoriya, who was grabbing a fire hydrant, finally turned to Aizawa.

“What do you want to hear?” he asked.

Aizawa’s temper flared.

“Tell me, so I can say it and you’ll stop annoying me-”

“I’m trying to tell you that I want to help!” Aizawa snapped, the words like a spitting fire.

Midoriya nodded once.

“This won’t kill me,” he said, confident and on anyone else, it would be arrogance. “I’ll kill it and come back. Nothing new.”

The former teacher worked his jaw hard. It hurt, from how hard he was clenching and unclenching his jaw. Eyes narrowed down into slits, he tried to find the words-

“You guys talk about trust, but in the end, you don’t trust me either.”

And Aizawa’s anger dissipated in an instant. Replaced with something else in its entirety, he stared at Midoriya’s resigned expression.

“You don’t have to understand. You don’t have to know. You can live, on your own, independent from me. The same way you never wanted this, I never wanted it either,” he said. “I’m telling you this because I won’t want to see you upset and stressed over simple things..”

He spoke clearly, eyes locked with Aizawa’s. He wasn’t scowling and glaring with scornful eyes. He stared at him, a hard stare that colleagues with differing opinions might give each other, and for the first time, Aizawa thought that Midoriya was looking at him and seeing him.

At the same time, it hurt his heart.

“Is this that simple of a matter to you?” he asked, voice quiet as his chest constricted his breathing, “Did you think that I was doing this because I’m struggling with my identity and my morals?”

From Midoriya’s furrowed brows, no, he didn’t had any idea.

“Have you never considered the fact that I truly and genuinely care for you and your well-being? More than the monsters and the peace, Izuku, I just wanted to know about you. It’s okay if you’re happy. It’s okay that you treasure yourself.”

“And you’ll teach me? You’ll show me the way?

The biting tone returned, but Aizawa got him to say something. They were speaking. They weren’t just angry. This conversation had completely derailed from what Aizawa originally started talking to him about, but it wasn’t something he was going to relinquish.

“No, I’m begging you not to leave me.”

Was it okay? Was it alright that he exposed himself like this?

“My selfish request is to see you, day after day, and eventually, one day, I want to see what you look like when you’re at peace.”

It had to be alright, Midoriya can’t hate him anymore, right? There was nothing for him to lose.

“Even if it isn’t me, I don’t want you to throw your life away. It’s baseless worry. I know you’ll be okay. I know that, if you say you’re going to go and kill it, you would. I know that, but I can’t stop myself from worrying about the person I love.”

The silence between them was deafening. Even Aizawa couldn’t believe what he just said.

“...I lost my head. Excuse me,” he said. He rubbed his face and turned around, “...You should do as you please. However, it would give me some peace of mind if you took someone with you.”

## Other

### **Mina’s Mistake**

Mina flinched backwards, and Kirishima stepped forward.

"W-Wait, that's a little harsh, don't you think?"

"...She has a mouth," Midoriya pointed out, "Unless you're telling she's already used it?"

Kirishima's face flushed red at the implications, and the leader of the base here tilted his head to the side.

"Well? If you're going to start crying for sympathy, it better be something amazing so you can generate some more support."

"Hey!"

Midoriya remained as impassive as before, even as the front of his collar was grabbed and yanked him forward by a few inches. Aizawa's stormy expression glared down at him.

"That's enough," he said, his voice hard as stone.

A small hand came up to Aizawa's wrist. The strength that used to carry all the hopes for a peaceful world stretched through his fingers as he grabbed the bigger wrist holding him.

"You way over-stepped the line," the older man said.

"...Did I? Maybe you didn't do a good enough coddling them."

"It's not his fault!" Mina suddenly shouted out. "I wanted... I wanted to help and I got feedback so now I should work on it so it's fine. It's okay."

And in another time and another moment, Midoriya would have basked in that moment. Look here, he wanted to shout out to the world, this was Mina Asido and she won't stay down for long. She's stronger than ever before and nothing would ever bring her down. That kind of courage was what inspired him to grit his teeth and get his hands dirty.

The kind of courage he needed to open his mouth and say, "Pretty words."

Slapping Aizawa's hands off of him, he left without further fanfare.

-

Aizawa massaged his temples.

"I don't get it. He was quiet this whole time, but he's..."

"It's fine, right?"

Aizawa frowned, but held his tongue as Yamada smiled back.

"He's talking now. Before we didn't even know what he was thinking about, but now we do. Rocky start, I guess, but it's a start. It isn't just... silence."

Aizawa looked to Yamada, and then dropped his gaze.

### **To save what you hate - sasakiDeku**

"...Izuku," Sasaki spoke quietly. it was hard to tell if he spoke quietly because he couldn't speak any louder, or if he spoke quietly because he wished to soothe that stricken expression on Midoriya's face. "It's..." he took a slow, deep breath, "alright."

Because Sasaki had spent a long career where if he failed, people died, and he watched too many children learn how to kill if they didn't want to die. It was frustrating to leave like this when he finally found a cause that he wanted to support going forward, but he wasn't worried.

"The future," he muttered quietly, "I'll leave it to you."

Breathing raked cold nails against the inside of his throat, and he could feel his organs slowly shutting down-

When suddenly, Midroiya backhanded him hard. His glasses, what remained of them, flew off his face and clattered across the ground.

"Shut up," Midoriya hissed out.

"Izuku, it's hopeless-"

"If you really thought that," he said, his voice cold and devoid of life even as a wild gleam entered his eyes, "then you would have bit your tongue off and died by now."

And even if it looked desperate, and even if it looked like Midoriya cared, and even if it made Midoriya look weak, Midoriya did it anyways.

"As long as you want to be saved- as long as you want to live," he said, reaching for Nighteye's hand and bringing his knuckles to his forehead as though praying, "I swear to you that I will come."

Sasaki stared, his mouth agape as the image of the tear-stained face of Midoriya seered itself into his head.

"So please, please, please," he pleaded, "Don't give up on me."

And Sasaki respected Midoriya too much to do anything other than obey.

-

"He spoke so earnestly," Sasaki said, feeling his heart race at the memory.

He placed his head in his hands, long fingers reaching into his hair as the memory played again and again in his head. Like the melody of a particularly catchy song, all his thoughts were rerouted as that sound continued to play in his head.

"Could you... Could you speak that earnestly to someone you hate?" Nighteye asked, eyes wide and unseeing. He turned to All Might, "I don't think I could."

"If... if I truly hated them," All Might replied back slowly, closing his eyes as he remembered a person who laughed as they tore dreams like they were butterfly wings, "I don't think I could be."

The blond hesitated.

"Do you think that... perhaps Midoriya may not actually hate you?"

Nighteye stared at his hands.

"I pray for that to be the case."

But Midoriya hadn't even visited him.

### **Hawks - frustrated**

"You... make it really hard to look after you."

Midoriya, if he heard, didn't even pause in his steps. Hawks was just as exhausted as anyone else here, even if he didn't act like it, and lost to the growing amount of frustrations and annoyance bubbling out of him. The stench of blood that followed Midoriya made his nose burn, and it didn't take a scienist to see how much he was hobbling on one leg.

"Hey, at least get that looked at," he said, a little harsher as his exhaustion sharpened his voice.

His hand reached out to grab the young man by the shoulder, forcing him to turn his chest towards his. He swore that he could feel his bone from underneath the thin cloth, and he wondered if Midorya was even eating.

"Do you... Can you understand me? I have some first-aid, let me look over that for you..."

Midoriya's eyes remained on the hand on his shoulder. After a second, it clicked in Hawks' head and he yanked his hand back.

"S-sorry," he said, but he didn't want to back down from his.

Momentarily, the thought crossed his mind. If Midoriya already hated him, then wasn't it fine to just push in recklessly anyways? It he already hated him and there was no way to change his mind, shouldn't he just force Midoriya? There was no saving grace for him as it was, but he wouldn't let this man die. Enough people had died up until this point, Hawks would not lose this man.

As a hero of his prestige and stature, he had dealt with more than his fair share of his hate from the world. He had lived long enough to experience failure and move on from it.

And he didn’t want to live past failing Midoriya.

### **Dabi & fallen buildings**

Dabi was, by no means, a small person. While he wasn't a muscle power-house and decidedly human, he wasn't at all a small person. He was not a weak person. People don't come and try to protect guys like him, with faces like him, with a quirk like his.

But again, above him, stood Midoriya, trying to shelter him from the debris that had fallen all over. He looked up, eyes wide because he still wasn't used to this. He wasn't used to looking up at someone who got hurt in his stead.

Midoriya yanked his arms out of the wall, where he had used to pin himself above Dabi and took a step back. His breathing came out in labored pants, and Dabi's eyes traced how there was blood trickling down from his shoulders and neck.

"Can you walk?" he asked.

Dabi stared for another moment and shakily nodded. "Y-yeah," he said, just as breathless in a different way.

"Get up," Midoriya said, he peered around the rubble and up. "...The building is standing, but not for long."

Dabi pushed himself onto his feet, his legs feeling like jelly. He dusted himself off absentmindedly, and Midoriya sighed back.

"What a mess. What the hell were they doing up there?" he muttered darkly. He teetered dangerously over to one side, but caught himself before Dabi's hand could catch him.

Dabi stared at his outstretched hand. Did he just try to help? Did he just try to assist? His hand was trembling, the impact and the adrenaline rush when he thought that he was going to die sending his body through shock. Midoriya turned to the door, taking careful steps as he made his way through the rubble and to the door they came through. With his back to him like this, however, Dabi could see the mess his back had become. The wounds that should have been Dabi's stretched and clawed down Midoriya's back, disgusting trails of dark red smearing across the tiny back. And where most people would sit down and scream from the pain, or turn and demand compensation from Dabi, Midoriya was more upset at the fact that Dabi wasn't keeping up.

"...What's the matter?"

Dabi looked at Midoriya's arms, the awful shade of purple that they were turning, and stepped forward.

"Nothing," he said, as he made his way across the room. He paused as Midoriya's eyes gazed over him. "...If you look at me like that, I'm going to get excited."

Green eyes narrowed, the same way they always did, when he lifted his hand and suddenly jabbed him in the side. Dabi choked, pain lacing up and down his side. He hissed, his hands flying to the new ache as he glared at the young man.

"...Still excited?" he asked.

Dabi clicked his tongue and hobbled out without justifying it with a response.

He'll get back at him later.

### **Dabideku - almost a heat**

Could you fucking believe it? Dabi thought to himself, and since he couldn't cry, he laughed instead. Midoriya didn't want him so bad that he fired an entire magazine into his gut.

### **Paying dues**

If they got out of this mess alive and whole, Kirishima was going to die. He knew and he explicitly understood this. Not just because he was struggling as hard as possible against the constraints on him, but also because they got caught because of him.

“Oh man, an omega? I haven’t had one in so long.”

Disgust rolled all the way down from his neck to the pit of his stomach.

“And unmated, hm? Is it because you’re ugly?”

“Don’t worry, pretty baby, we’ll take good care of you. ”

Kirishima struggled harder, even though there was a blade digging into his neck.

“Thanks, sweet thing-”

And they fired Midoriya’s gun.

-

Kirishima always thought that Midoriya was fucking manly. From his infinite silence to his rigid rules, everything about Midoriya carried the weight of his determination and the strength of his heart. Strong in every way possible, Kirishima really looked up to Midoriya.

So in these moments, when Midoriya didn’t even flinch when a bullet tore through his thigh, he sorta wished that he wasn’t so manly. That Midoriya never needed to be so manly. It was stupid of him, but he didn’t get it.

And Kirishima didn’t even know where to begin, to even be half as manly as Midoriya could be.

-

A shine of something came, whizzing past them, and Midoriya swung his broken arm at the man on top of him. He shattered his jaw and rolled backwards and over his head. He yanked his other arm up, ripping it out of the stake that pinned him down.

Grimacing at the pain, he scowled as he eyed the missing chunk of flesh in his arm. Slowly, he made his way back to his feet. Unsteady, but at least his new bullet wound wasn’t bleeding as much. It must have been a clean hit, but getting to his leg was a pain.

A little further away, the man cradling his broken jaw on the ground.

“Y-you fucking bitch! You’re just- you’re just some fucking omega!”

He spoke admirably clearly, or maybe Midoriya was so familiar to these types of speech that he automatically filled in the gaps in his words. It didn’t really matter to him. The things that they said are the same things that he’ll hear when he gets back to the school.

In his bag, there was a lighter. He’ll take care of this wound.

“Uwoooh!”

Green electric scattered down his arm, now that he had no reason to hold back, as he eyed the blur of red across the way. Eyes welling in tears, hardened fists jumping at the man on the ground, Midoriya wondered if Kirishima was one of those alphas that laid claim to things just because he was nearby.

How annoying.

“His name! His name is Midoriya! His name is Midoriya Izuku!”

Midoriya’s eyes widened.

“The name of the manliest man! The strongest guy around! That’s Midoriya Izuku!”

The young man felt something breaking, until a hand grabbed the back of Kirishima and yanked him off of the guy. He hissed, eyes turning to up glare and yell at the man, and faltered when Gang Orca stood next to him.

“...It would appear that you’ve treated our own well,” Gang Orca said quietly, “You filthy maggot. It’ll be the last thing that you do-”

“Orca,” Midoriya spoke up, his voice hoarse from how long they pressed down on his throat, “I want information on the tower back there.”

“You need to get some first-aid. Shut up and stop dying.”

Green eyes narrowed, and Orca bared his teeth back.

“No way, I-I didn’t… I didn’t realize he was yours.”

Orca kicked him in the face. Several teeth went flying. Next to him, Stain appeared with his bag.

“There’s not a lot left,” he said. “And he’s the only one left.”

Midoriya nodded back, and took the bag. Even though it was a fraction of it’s usual weight (they took everything from him, gorged themselves on his rations and indulge in his supplies, but what a waste it was, now that they were all dead), the weight nearly threw his entire balance off kilter. His ribs, from where he’s been stomped and kicked at, creaked and whined while his leg screamed in pain. He gritted his teeth down, but remained standing. His broken arm ached, but at least his other arm wasn’t bleeding as badly.

Next to him, Stain extended his arm.

“...C’mon, let’s get you patched up.”

Midoriya sighed back, tired and exhausted. He looked at Stain’s arm and just dropped to the ground. The man barely caught him by the shoulders, frowning when he hissed at how his hands caught on the bruises on his shoulders.

He slowly moved to his bleeding arm, and Midoriya didn’t fight him. With a quiet breath of relief, Stain got to work.

“Midoriya,” Gang Orca said, “What do you want to do with the rest of them?”

Green eyes flitted to the man, his hopeful expression, and he wondered.

“Lemme at him!” Kirishima shouted from the back, the rage in his eyes palpable. Briefly, Midoriya didn’t even recognize him.

In his heart, he knew they should let them go. There wasn’t anything worth killing them over. None of their own died, and they were just acting in their best interests. If the situations were reversed, Midoriya knew that he would have done much worse.

However, if they let them go, it would be after severe beatings and stealing all their supplies. Meaning, they weren’t going to make it very far. As much as Midoriya didn’t care, he really didn’t want to hand any monsters out here a free meal.

“...Kill them all,” Midoriya decided, “It’s neater.”

Stain yanked his bones back into place with a sickening crack. Midoriya pretended that he couldn’t hear the screams of those that said this was unfair and an unjust reason for execution. They didn’t know that this was an omega that belonged to someone else. They would have never bothered him if they had known that this was someone else’s, like Gang Orca no less.

And Midoriya wondered if he’ll ever be free.

-

“Thanks,” he said quietly, “for coming.”

Gang Orca turned to him.

“...You’d excuse this shitty fucking excuse?”

Midoriya shrugged back.

“There’s only one ending for omegas,” he replied back.

### **confession [hawks]**

"I don't want you," Hawks said. "Sorry, try someone else?"

"I did," she said, fat tears starting to rest at the corner of her eyes. "I did. You were last."

Which, ow, Hawks didn't know why he was a last resort when he was The Best Catch, but whatever.

Him, with a crying woman, in an enclosed room, was not a good place to be at the moment.

"But no one wants me."

"Who did you, uh, try?"

Because there were probably plenty of guys who were just as desperate. He knew because they were always complaining at him. He can think of a few off the top of his head, too.

"Chisaki and Dabi and Mirio and-and-"

Oh no, Hawks thought to himself, as she listed a good number of the people who frequently went on patrol. She had a Type.

Her type were the people who had enough control over themselves. And by control over themselves, he meant that they were all people who had fundamentally destroyed their entire instinctual basis because of-

"-Hawks, do you have a moment..."

Midoriya.

Hawks' heart did that thing again. As it always did. He straightened, and his lips were stretching into a smile because it was so rare for Midoriya to be looking for him. He thought he made it certain that the young man would never have to look for him, or look far if he did, because Hawks would get to Midoriya's side at his fastest-in an instant, he would-

"-Why do they want you?!" the Beta screamed.

Midoriya blinked, and looking from her to Hawks, and then back, came to (probably) the wrong conclusion.

"It's instinct," he said. "It doesn't mean anything. It's whatever smells nice."

Which. Ow. Hawks felt something prick in his heart.

"Hawks, when you're done here, go find Mirio. I'll leave this with him," the base leader said, waving the notebook of-of whatever it was.

The blond, only seeing that he was leaving, opened his mouth to stop him. "We're done here."

"Instinct isn't an excuse to be a douchebag," Midoriya replied back, and motioned at the beta. "Treat people with respect."

Which, triple ow. Hawks would need to see Natsuo after this or something.

"I do," he said, affronted.

Midoriya gave the beta a very pointed look before looking back at him. He turned on his heel, deeming this situation done and completed and left.

"Oh," the beta said, placing her hands over her heart as he walked away. Flustered, she turned to the former-hero. "That's why? I-Is this how it starts?"

And Hawks felt his smile twitch. This always happened, didn't it?

"I-I don't really get any chances to talk to him," she admitted. "...Wow..."

He sighed back.

-

"Midoriya," Hawks called out as he entered the room. "You got something for me to do?"

The young man, with a box of something in his arms, looked at him.

"...Aren't you busy?" he replied back. And, as realization dawned on his face, looked at Hawks like he was worse than the scud on his shoes. "What did you do?"

"Hey, hey," the blond said, lifting his hands up in the universal sign of surrender, "Don't look at me like that. I tried to let her down as nicely as I could."

The disbelief on Midoriya's face should have felt insulting.

"I can be gentle," he said, because it felt like it needed to be said. However, once he said that, he realized how unconvincing he sounded.

"It's fine," the base leader said, silencing him.

"Huh?"

"You can do what you want," he shifted from foot to foot, "I... I said that because I didn't want you to act differently because I was there. You can do what you want to do, with who you want."

Which, in Hawks' head, translated into trust. That Midoriya trusted him to make good decisions. And since Hawks had dropped enough hints that a deaf, blind, and dumb person would have understood, that had to mean that Midoriya was giving the okay for Hawks to like, court him, right?

"It's hard to suppress instinct, after all," Midoriya continued, adjusting his hold on the box. "Maybe you'll be quiet now."

The blond could feel something inside of him shrivel up.

And then, Midoriya looked at him, looking bored and as though he was reading lines off a cue card.

"Congratulations."

And Hawks didn't even realize that he could feel so bitter.

### **Aizawa’s close call & fast replacements**

"Aizawa!"

Midoriya's voice ripped through the silence, with the same might his fist had against concrete walls.

Aizawa would be lying if he said that he wasn't jealous of that kind of power. It was so eye-catching. It was so flashy. It was a great way to announce yourself without ever saying anything.

Landing next to him, Aizawa didn't have the energy to even be surprised. Of course this guy found him. Of course, if anyone, the person who could find him was a kid that didn't even come up to his chest.

He hated this.

Out of everyone, he really didn't want to be found by Midoriya. Because all he's ever seen was that unmoving and silent expression of absolute disgust on his face.

-

"Here, Izuku-chan, this is the updated report for supplies today."

Midoriya's heart lurched as Tenya passed the report to him. He stared for a long moment, wondering why he was waiting for someone that was in the infirmary. The job that Aizawa used to faithfully do without fail or mistake was already being managed by someone else.

After such a long time of constantly telling himself that he hated everyone here and that he didn't want anything to deal with them, it was a shock for him to realize that someone was missing.

Contraty to that, the people who preached the most about the importance of having something to do and working together, it was a slap to the face to see how quickly they replaced him. It was such a smooth and flawless process.

Feeling a little numb, Midoriya took the report.

"...Izuku-chan," Iida spoke up, "Is there anything else you want?"

Before the answer was easy and simple. Midoriya would like nothing to do with anyone here.

Today, the answer he came up was instead, [Was Aizawa okay?].

Which was stupid and still nothing that he'd ever say aloud. Midoriya looked down at the papers and resumed working as though nothing had changed. Because nothing had changed.

### **Confession [staindeku]**

"I had one," Stain suddenly spoke up, "a special someone that I loved. It was a long time ago, of course, but I had one."

Midoriya eyed the older man suspiciously, but figured that this would be another night where people bared their soul to him. He didn't say anything or otherwise indicate for the man to continue, and waited instead.

"...She was an omega I met before I dropped out of high school. She was one of the only people that made me really consider if I was really going to finish school or not," he explained.

He closed his eyes, sinking into his memories.

"I heard that she got married to some guy in her company a few years back. By happenstance, I saw them between hits. She looked happy."

A small smile curled on his face, a full grin on anyone else but a tiny thing on Stain.

"I didn't even realize I had any regrets but when I saw her, I didn't have any regrets. She looked happy. It was all I needed. My hits were especially clean while I was riding on that high."

Even while reminiscing, Stain spoke clearly and certainly. As slow as the moon following the sun down, red eyes turned to Midoriya.

"Midoriya," he called out, finally bringing in the importance of that tangent, "I want you to be happy."

His grin was crooked, fitting for a man that couldn't fit in the neat lines that society once drew out for him. The meaning behind his words didn't pass Midoriya, who stared back in shock.

"I don't need an answer or a response," he said. He turned around, fully intent on letting Midoriya stew in his thoughts now.

### **Run Away - YagiMido**

"...Izuku-shounen, a moment please."

Midoriya paused in his steps and turned to Yagi. He arched an eyebrow, but instead of his usual amount of disdain, there was just confusion. Like the, 'why was this strange old man talking to me?' look that Yagi used to get as Small Might from high school girls if he ever tried to return the handkerchief that they dropped. The feeling was as nostalgic as it was disheartening.

"In private, if you would."

Midoriya sighed deeply through his nose before he got up to his feet. A grimace twisted his face as his hand came to his ribcage and Yagi felt the guilt gnaw at him. As he got up to his feet, his expression returned back to his regular amount of indifference.

"It's fine, I'm just sore from not moving," Midoriya explained, he rolled his neck. "Did you have a place in mind?"

Yagi stepped back and motioned for the young man to follow him. The two moved into the corridor, and eventually made it out to the gardens.

Midoriya stood, staring at the soft pastels that dotted the ground, silent as he waited for Yagi to say his piece so he could leave.

"...It pains me greatly to ask this but I was wondering if..." his voice trailed away before he recovered and asked, "do you wish to leave?"

Midoriya's eyes widened as his head snapped up to Yagi. What the fuck did that mean?

"...It's alright if you do," Yagi said. "And I'm not saying that you should take me along with you either. I... It'll be hard to be alone, but I can't help but think that being lonely would be better than being in misery." He covered his face, "I do not wish to see you looking so tortured but I can't think of any other solution. I... It would appear that I am not a hero at all." The blond crouched down, facing the flowers as he covered his face with his hands.

There might have been some artistic way to describe this scene in front of him, of Former Number One Hero in front of a flower garden like this, but Midoriya couldn't think beyond his shock.

"I have become the type of evil that I tried so hard to fight," he said, shaking his head. "When I see you, I am overcome with a feeling that I... I need to own you. And I do not want that."

His shoulders trembled.

"This was not the kind of adult I wanted to grow up to become."

Midoriya always felt like he had to fight and claw his way up. Even now he felt like the expectations that laid across him made it so that he would be chained down and unable to break free. Similar to him, Yagi suffered from the ground shaking uncontrollably underneath him. His ideals made for a shit footing when they have long lost the concept of law and justice here.

Peace was what made others eager to tear him down. Peace was made it easier for Yagi to breathe.

"I don't want to ruin what tentative relationship we have between each other," the blond continued, his voice raspy as though he had been crying for days. "So, if it's what you wish for, I will do my best to help you. If you... wish to leave, I will help you."

"I used to think about leaving all the time," Midoriya admitted. "It would be easy. Easier then than now too."

"...Why..." did you stay?

Yagi, who once Symbolized Peace with a wide grin, could not find the strength to finish his sentence. It was alright, since Midoriya had an idea about what he was asking about.

"Leaving feels like losing," Midoriya said boldly. "I'm sick of losing." He gave a toothy grin, one of the first that Yagi had ever seen.

He faced the flowergarden, and crouched down next to the older man. Between them was barely half a foot and the closest Yagi had ever been to him. If they were a little closer, Yagi would smell him on every breath, could feel his warmth and he-

"It's alright," Midoriya said, "Just say that I seduced you or blackmailed you. It's fine." The leaves of the flowers weren't visible from above, but from the side, it gave all the beautiful petals something soft to land on. "I'm more or less used to it, and it'll make life here easier if there's just one single bad guy, right?"

Yagi turned, immediately ready to fight to hell and back because Midoriya was a lot of things but not a bad-

"I've seen how people treat heroes. At least they're quiet if they think I'm mean."

He chuckled, adjusting to sit down on the side of the sidewalk. After a second, Yagi sat down too, getting comfortable.

"...I thought that if someone told me to leave, it'll be easier but... Hearing that made me want to stay instead," Midoriya said, a chuckle bubbling from his lips. "...I read in a book somewhere that... "Regret was a party that only the living could attend.""

"...Fitting," Yagi agreed.

"Let's go together."

The blond's eyes brightened, a cautious kind of hope that shined too brightly,

and with a voice so fragile it could break before it hit the ground, said, "Yes, that sounds wonderful."

And at the end of his life, Yagi hoped that he would look back at this regret the most fondly.

### **Apologies**

“...I don’t get it,” Twice said, standing up.

“...Twice,” Aizawa’s tone was a warning.

“No, no, listen to me,” Twice said, putting his hand up, “I don’t get why you think that all you need to do is what? Apologize?” and then, he pointed at the former hero, “and then what? They apologize to you, when you’re not the person that they kept… jeering at, but it’s fine right? Everything is solved with an apology right?”

Twice turned back to some of the younger members in the group.

“And these are the adults you want to grow up and be like?”

### **All Might Joins Patrol**

Four steps past the school gates, Midoriya suddenly came to a stop. Whipping around suddenly, he stared at the blond behind him.

"You're coming too?"

And Midoriya, who never seemed to care or even notice who or what came with them, asked Yagi with so much incredulous shock that the blond flinched backwards.

"I uh... Yes?"

Midoriya stared at him for a moment and then at himself. He hesitated, and then then started to head back to the school.

"...What?"

The rest of the patrol group stood in shared shock. Do they just, keep moving? Like Midoriya did? Did they wait? Groups that went on their own usually left by themselves, whenever they felt like it, so the remains were poele that liked traveling with Midoriya (regardless if the young man wanted him or not).

"Are... Are you kidding me?" Aizawa hissed out, "That's it? That's all we had to do to keep him here?"

"Uh, is patrol cancelled?" Hojo asked, "I... I really don't want to explain this to Chisaki-san. Should we just leave anyways?"

In their confusion and with limited information, they stood there and waited instead.

"I.. did I do something?" Yagi asked quietly, walking up to Aizawa with a wild look in his eyes.

"Shouldn't I be asking you that?" the older man hissed back.

Just when their confused silence was about to turn even more awkward, however, Midoriya returned. With a bat in hand, really reminesent of Before they learned who he was, he came back. He shot Yagi a glance.

"Stay in the back," he told him, and moved to the front. Without looking at the rest of them, he moved on.

"Okay, what the hell was that all about?" Twice chided him as he came to the front. "Really thought we were going to kill him. // Better save him!"

As always, Midoriya ignored him.

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"Are you joining us from now on?" Midoriya asked.

"Ah... I was planning on it," Yagi said. The weight of the gun on his back wasn't familiar, but if it was something that he could do to help, then...

"Alright," the young man nodded. "I'll keep that in mind."

The blond stared, because it wasn't special treatment. Midoriya just wasn't the kind of person that cared about that kind of thing. Yagi hesitated for a second, before he brought it up.

"If you don't mind sharing, I was curious," he said quietly, "Is there a reason why you asked me? I didn't think that you..." he trailed off wen he realized how offensive his words would sound, but Midoriya finished his sentence.

"...would care?" he said.

Yagi winced, but nodded.

A wry smile curled on his lips, perfectly framing a picture of a man who had long-lost his ability to laugh. The sight of it made Yagi's chest twist uncomfortably.

"It's fine. I know what kind of reputation I have here," he said, and then moving back into their conversation, shrugged. "To answer your question, I... I didn't think you would want to see your quirk used to hurt people."

Another silence reigned on them.

"I see," Yagi said, covering his mouth with a hand. He could feel his organ churn uncomfortably, as though he could feel his heart rot away into nothing, and looked back up to Midoriya. "It must be hard," he said quietly, "to look after everyone."

"There's more than enough troubles to go around," Midoriya replied back, "No need to add more where I don't have to."

Yagi's hand trembled. Indeed, some time ago, he put people like Midoriya down for needless violence. Even now, he felt uncomfortable with the amount of gore that Midoriya was caked in, every time he returned.

However, even though he meant well, and he was doing the man a kindness, Yagi couldn't help the incredulous feeling inside of him. Him? He needed to be looked after? The thought felt putrid. he was well-bodied. He didn't need to be looked after. Why would he need that? He was strong and powerful, even without a quirk. He-

The look in Midoriya's eyes, as he washed the blood off his hands in a bucket of bleach, stopped his words from escaping from his mouth.

### **comfor**