[September 17th, 2018]

[6:05 AM]

Weather: Sunny. Two or three fluffy white clouds rolling leisurely through the sky.

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Midoriya stepped back onto the school grounds later than expected. Four dogs ran around him in a circle, yipping happily as they took turns running between his legs when he took a step forward. He gave a quiet huff, wishing that he could pet them without getting all the blood on his arms on them.

“You’re late. Trouble?”

Midoriya lifted his eyes to match Overhaul’s even stare.

“...Stragglers northbound,” he said, before looking behind to watch the dogs eagerly jump at the others trailing behind him with vigor and enthusiasm. “Head out at 11.”

“Understood,” the older man said, nodding his head. “...Any injuries?”

The curls on his head bounced when he shook his head.

“That’s a relief. I’m glad you returned unharmed.”

“Hey, you know the rest of us came back too,” Twice said as he stepped forward. “I get that Midoriya’s the most important, but we’re all here, too. // Fuck you, I never want your help!”

“Isn’t it natural to take care of the operator over the weapon?” he deadpanned back.

“Wha… How are you still in charge of the infirmary?” the blond demanded, flustered.

Overhaul’s smile was cruel. One of the dogs hid behind Midoriya at the sight of it, and two others tucked their tails in and whimpered. A frown stretched on the young man’s face.

“Don’t worry, if you return with a pulse, I’ll make sure you pull through.”

“Stop scaring my dogs,” Midoriya spoke up, raising his hand to the dogs by him. The pack at his feet knew better than to touch him, but did seem to settle down marginally as Overhaul’s smile turned into something a little more muted.

“What about me?!” Twice motioned wildly at himself. “All of mes!”

[8:30 AM]

“Settle down, it’s time for homeroom,” Vlad King announced as he walked into the building. “It’s Monday, so after lunch, we’re going to spend time cleaning up the classrooms.”

The assembled kids groaned before they were silenced with a glare.

“Class Representative-sans, I’ll leave the assignment to you,” he continued.

Kendo straightened in her seat at the same time as Iida. As one, they chorused, “Yes, sir!”

Seemingly satisfied, he gave a nod. “Today are your math and sciences. As a reminder, sign-ups for the hunting game are held by Inui-san this time. So stop harassing Nishiya-san about it.”

In the back, Kirishima’s face turned bright red while Sero elbowed him with a wide grin.

“God, I did it one time,” he muttered as he buried his face into his arms.

“And after lunch, we’ll be breaking into training groups. We had a request to help with gardening, so we’ll be breaking up accordingly. Patrol groups will pick up later tonight. As a reminder, it’s hot and humid so keep track of how much water you drink and make sure to take breaks as needed. We don’t want any heat strokes.”

“Sensei, we have nothing else to do!” Inasa said, shooting up to his feet with his hand in the air, “If the options are this and math homework, I’ll be there!”

Sato’s hand shot up, “Second!”

“Sit down.”

“Yes, sir!”

There was some scattered laughter throughout the classroom, and Vlad King shook his head in his exasperation.

“Well, that’s it for announcements. Student reps, you got until Ectoplasm gets here to divide the chores…”

[10:00 AM]

“Sensei, I can’t focus because Jurota’s stomach is growling so loudly next to me,” Jiro called out, raising her hand.

Immediately, the young man covered his stomach, “It’s not like that!” he called out. Flustered and bright red, he curled in on himself.

“Jurota, you need to be more manly!” Kirishima said, and tapped his temple, “and will your hunger away!”

“Oi Jiro, how the hell is Jurota supposed to control that?” Hiryuu asked from the front.

“Okay, you wanna switch seats with me?” Jiro snapped back. “Listening to him is making me hungry! It’s not even 11!”

“Hey, focus on the lecture, you guys,” Ectoplasm said, trying to raise his voice over the commotion. He took a deep breath and tried to think of what Eraserhead would do in the situation.

“Guys, c’mon, Ectoplasm-sensei is trying to give us a lecture. We can grab snacks once this class is over,” Iida called out from the front.

“Jurota, I got some trail mix,” Shihai called from the side, reaching into his bag. He tossed the bag over to Ojiro, who slid onto the desk next to him.

“I-I’m really sorry, everyone,” Jurota said, his head in his hands.

Ectoplasm tapped the board. “Then, a volunteer for the answer for this one.”

The class fell suddenly silent.

“Seriously?” the man sighed, “Then, Jurota, since you just had a snack, you answer the question.”

“Sensei, I haven’t even opened the packet yet…”

[12:04 PM]

“Izuku-kun, do you want us to bring anything for you?” Uraraka asked kindly.

Midoriya looked up from the workbook where he was re-working through the problems he got wrong. He shook his head, “I’m alright, thank you.”

She nodded and with another wave, she left with the last of the students. Before the door closed behind them, the window slid open, and sneaking into the room like a thief in the middle of the night was Hawks.

“Yo, Izuku, I grabbed some onigiri and tea. Let’s eat together.”

The young man frowned, a crease forming between his eyebrows.

“You gave your secretaries a hard time when you worked with them, didn’t you?”

The blond laughed back as he climbed into the seat of the desk in front of him. Midoriya never understood why Hawks asked when he was going to do as he pleased anyways.

“C’mon, isn’t it stuffy being in a classroom all morning? Let’s at least eat together-”

The door to the classroom was suddenly kicked open, and holding a bento box with the coldest look in his eyes, Dabi stood. Eyes narrowed at Hawks before he turned to the other person in the room. Midoriya, wistful, wished that they left him out of this.

“...Izuku-san,” he called out lazily, “I was hoping that you’d eat with me today.”

“Ah, as you can see, Izuku-san is super busy, so you should step back and let him be,” Hawks replied back, leaning forward to rest his chest against the back of the chair in front of Midoriya.

He almost hoped that Shouji would come back to reclaim his seat. Unlikely, but.

“Oh, well if Izuku-san’s really that busy, then I guess I should go lend a hand instead of just sitting around like a useless bum. But I suppose that’s the only training you got, hm, former Hero-san?”

Hawks’ smile didn’t diminish in the slightest, but it took a dangerous angle. The air between the electrified and Midoriya scowled. His nose wrinkled as the clashing scents of posturing alphas filled the room.

“If you’re going to fight, leave.”

He just wanted to figure out where he went wrong in this math problem, not sit between a pissing match between two alphas.

“So if we don’t fight we can stay?”

As though waiting for those words, an inquisitive look came across Dabi’s features as Hawks’ smile turned into a sweet poison. Without waiting for his next words, Dabi pushed a desk with his legs. The screeching sound of the table echoed before he plopped down on top of the desk next to him.

Midoriya had a lot of regrets in life.

“Izuku, I have the reports for the cleaning supplies.”

Sliding the door open was another source of headache, Eraserhead, who took one look around the room before a frown stretched across his face. He looked completely the same as he did earlier, his hair down and casually armed, but this time, there was a purple folder tucked under his arm.

“Where do you want them?” he asked, as though this was a normal thing for him to walk on.

Which, Midoriya thought with many regrets, it was. But still. He didn’t have to act like it.

Midoriya leaned backwards, willed the man to leave with his entire being, before understanding reality and extended his hand out to him. This was ridiculous. He wanted to answer a math problem, and somehow, this was taking all of his attention instead. He would rather the problems printed out in ink over a problem trying to avoid new red stains anyday.

They just finished cleaning. They just finished cleaning before everyone left

“I’ll take it,” he said.

“Ah, it looks like I forgot it in the room,” Eraserhead deadpanned back, not sounding in the slightest bit remorseful. “It’ll only take a minute, and there’s some stuff I would like to go over with you. Could you come with me?”

If Eraserhead thought that he was providing him with an escape, he was wrong. Midoriya shook his head. Going out, with both a clingy Hawks and a pouty Dabi, would result in this small assortment growing bigger. This might be a lesson Eraserhead had yet to learn, but Midoriya wasn’t willing to be there when he learned it.

“Is it pressing?”

“...Nothing that can’t be put off for another day.”

Midoriya nodded, “I’ll hear it before evening patrol,” he said.

Eraserhead nodded his head, “Understood.” And in complete contrast to what he said earlier, took the folder from underneath his arm and passed it forward, “the reports.”

A wry grin came onto Midoriya’s lips, “Didn’t you just say you forgot them?”

“I forgot one of them,” Eraserhead replied back, his gaze cold as he regarded Hawks and Dabi. “Nothing I can’t get you later.”

The young man grimaced at the growing animosity in the room, and sighed deeply through his nose. Big mistake, and the next lungful of air was filled with the unmistakable smell of alpha hormones. He needed to wrap up quickly and leave. Or.

He tapped his pen against the paper.

“Posture somewhere else,” he warned.

There, peace and quiet.

The one good thing about adults was that they had a better sense of control when it came to their scent.

[2:15 PM]

At this time, many would either split off to go do some combat-training or other miscellaneous chores like gardening or helping with equipment management. He had things he needed to do. Midoriya always had shit he had to do.

The fall harvest still needed to be looked over and tended to. They should look over the plans and double-check on the traps. Preparations for settling for the worst of winter needed to be done. Rooftop maintenance and the likes should wrap up before October ended. They weren’t finished with the office building at the furthest East, and needed to come to a conclusion about what they were going to do with the train station. The list went on and on in his head.

He pinched the bridge of his nose, forcing the sleep away. Taking a slow breath, he rubbed the back of his neck. He’ll grab a few hours then. It wasn’t like he was going to focus like this. It would be better to rest now and start again later.

Right now, the reports were filed and done. The math problems made sense. Nothing was destroyed. No one was on fire. He could deal with the rest later.

Heading into the glorified doghouse, he curled in between Pochi and her sleeping pups, eyes closed and out like a light.

[7:08 PM]

Midoriya’s eyes snapped open when he heard a quiet whimper. Jerking up into a sitting position, he immediately took note about how many dogs were in the doghouse. When evening rolled in, and people started preparing for dinner, they also brought out the food for the dogs (and other strays) to eat as well.

Immediately, a dog came to him, nuzzling her soft head against his thigh and knee.

He lifted his hand up to carefully rub the top of her head.

“...What’s the matter?” he whispered quietly. Their dogs don’t make a big deal out of nothing. If she whimpered earlier, there must be something wrong.

Or.

He got up quickly, and went to the door. He took a deep breath before he swung in open quickly. It smashed against someone, rebounded back just as fast. Dodging it quickly, Midoriya looked down at Twice, who was cradling his head on the ground.

“Ouch! That hurt so bad! // It hurt so good!”

The young man stared at him impassively. Normally, Koda was the one that fed the animals, but given the lack of dogs roaming around this part of the school grounds, it was clear that the majority had left to eat. And, while that happened, Twice came to … to do whatever it was that Twice did.

A yawn stretched Midoriya’s lips.

“Wow, you’re cute when you yawn, too,” Twice whispered quietly. He ignored it.

The exhaustion that weighed his shoulders down hadn’t diminished in the slightest. He rubbed his face, but knew that he wasn’t going to be getting anymore sleep. Resigning himself to his fate, he took a deep breath. It was time to prepare for patrol.

“Twice,” Midoriya turned to the blond, knowing better by now than to leave him with the dogs like this, “Come.”

“Y-Yes sir! // You think that you can just order me around like that?”

And as he spoke, he jumped right up to his feet, trailing behind Midoriya with a wide grin and bright eyes.

Midoriya rolled his eyes.

Alphas were so damn easy.

“What were you doing anyways?”

“I smelled something sweet so I came,” Twice explained.

The young man stopped in his steps to stare at him.

“...You gave your parents a hard time growing up, huh?” he asked, his eyebrows creasing as he imagined what it must have been like to find a lost Twice in a packed mall. His heart went out to his parents.

Sheepishly, Twice rubbed the back of his neck, “Yeah, probably. At least, it was bad enough that my dad ditched and my mom dropped me off at a store.” His steps didn’t even falter as he kept going, “But you know, I thought that I’ll never be alone since,” he raised his hands, probably to reference his quirk, “but I guess I did anyway. // No way, I’m never alone!”

Midoriya stared back, eyes wide because he wasn’t expecting for the man to suddenly share such an intimate part of himself like that. He wasn’t sure what to say, or if he should share a part of himself too. Except nothing came to mind.

“It’s fine,” Twice said, swaying to his own mood with a wide grin, “Because I did find a place for me, you know?”

Against his will, Midoriya’s lips curled up into a smile.

“Yes, you’re right.”

His exhaustion lessened by a fraction.

[8:30 PM]

“It’s going to start getting chilly soon,” Best Jeanist commented.

Midoriya double-checked his handgun before putting it back into his holster by his side. As always, the straps were chafing his skin, but he supposed that it’s what he got since he went shirtless for patrols. It wasn’t cold yet, but it would get ruthlessly cold soon enough. He would have to carry another pair in his back pocket or something.

Gloves were hard. He never knew if he wanted to just rip his way through them or keep them on.

“Calm down, jeanie,” Shigaraki said lazily as he wandered over. Red eyes carefully took in Midoriya’s figure, as they always did, with a wolfish grin. “The view is good.”

Midoriya squinted at the taller man. He doesn’t know how Shigaraki was wearing a hoodie sweatshirt in the cooling heat of the summer. It would be another week or two before it really became sweater weather.

“Why do you talk like a middle-aged man?” he asked instead.

The blond snorted, covering his mouth and turning away to snicker.

“Tch,” Shigaraki clicked his tongue, “Don’t be like that.”

Deciding that the conversation was over, he made his way out.

“Good evening, Izuku-san!”

At the door, the younger Iida greeted him excitedly. Even through the helmet, Midoriya felt like he knew exactly what kind of expression he was wearing.

“I am excited to join you during patrol this evening! Please take good care of me!”

Midoriya waved at him, wondering when he would stop saying that. It wasn’t like this was the first time they were doing this anyways. Stepping out, his eyes caught on the person crouching down on the remains of the school gate. Stain gave him a curt nod before he left, probably taking his merry band of patrollers with him.

He wasn’t too worried. Stain had a good head on his shoulders. They’ll all come back.

“Preparations are complete,” Compress called out, giving a graceful bow when Midoriya’s gaze fell on him. “Whenever you are ready.”

Midoriya pointed at Shigaraki, “West.” He pointed at Best Jeanist, “East.” He dropped his hand and addressed the whole lot of them. “You got two hours.”

There was a pause, as he waited for objections and questions. Hearing none, he motioned for Compress and Shouji before making his way out. They had some ground to cover down by the southside.

[11:00 PM]

Nighteye looked at the map on the table and then pinched his nose. Next to him, Midoriya let out a slow exhale. Shigaraki looked between the two of them and then back down to the map, trying to see what they were despairing about.

“Okay, I can’t actually read your mind. What’s wrong with my report?”

“It’s not your report,” Nighteye said, “but we received some eerily similar reports from Stain-kun.”

Shigaraki recoiled, as he always did when he heard anyone refer to Stain like that, but managed to get his composure under control to focus on the important things.

“...It just means we have more work to do,” Midoriya said, standing up. “I’ll confirm it by dawn.”

“Wait, Izuku,” Nighteye got up to his feet, “Let me go and report this to La Brava. There must be something that was recorded on the cameras that we missed. Please give me an hour.”

Midoriya stared at him, frustration already etching onto his face.

“If we’re right,” their leader spoke clearly and quickly, “something made a nest out there while none of us noticed.”

“Then all the more reason to prepare properly. We don’t even know how many of them are out there. We should fight at morning light once we are rested and ready.”

Green eyes narrowed dangerously, when Shigaraki suddenly stood up.

“Alright,” he said, “From what I got, we got reason to believe that there’s some monsters out there. Great.” He pointed at Nighteye, “You should set that up. Get back-up ready to go wherever we tell them to, and we,” he motioned at himself and Midoriya, “can take some commlinks and scout it out to see if we need the help.”

The other two stared at him.

“Either way, he’s going,” Shigaraki reminded Nighteye.

And that seemed to be enough for the former pro to remember. He looked at Midoriya and took a deep breath.

“...Please be careful.”

And without another word, Midoriya left the room.

“...It would be at the end of the world where I end up playing mediator,” Shigaraki mused. He pointed at the older man, “And I can’t believe I get to tell a hero this, but you really should know better by now.” His lips stretched into something cruel and mocking, but Nighteye didn’t pay any special attention to it.

He gave a wave as he also left the room, running through his head about what he would need to do before meeting up with Midoriya for this side-quest.

“You too,” Nighteye called out when he had a foot outside of the door. “Please return carefully.”

Shigaraki, just for a second, forgot his anger and his annoyance and everything. He stared at the taller man for a long moment before he shrugged back.

“...Yeah, I know.”

The feeling in his heart wasn’t as foreign as it used to be, but it would be a long-shot to say that he was used to it.

[September 18h, 2018]

[1:48 AM]

The communication on base burst into life with Midoriya’s voice carrying over the speaker.

“Get medic on Standby.”

Kendo flinched as the words settled heavily in the air.

His voice returned. “...HQ?”

“Confirmed,” Midnight said as she reached around Kendo to answer the commlink, “Midoriya, we will get medic on Standby.”

“We-” his voice was interrupted when the commlink turned frazzled. Both women’s facial features tightened before his voice came back, “-two monsters. Repeat, two monsters. This whole place is wired. Tell back-up to wait for me. Midoriya out.”

The line went dead, and knowing Midoriya, it was very possible that he turned it off or broke it. Nemuri took a deep breath and turned to Kendo.

“Out of all of us, Izuku has the most amount of experience out there. He’s not someone who works for nothing. So, if he reached his hand out to us, that means he needs it.”

The words might have been reassuring to someone else, but for Kendo, it gave her more anxiety instead.

“I didn’t say that to make you feel worse,” Midnight chuckled as she reached for the intercom. “You should feel relieved. Izuku needs help, and asked us for it, instead of trying to figure it out for himself irregardless of consequence.”

The words brought comfort to Kendo. She took a deep breath, and noticed that her hands stopped shaking.

“Infirmary, please come in,” Midnight called.

“...Go ahead,” Hojo’s scratchy voice replied.

“Izuku just requested for the Infirmary to be on standby.”

There was a brief pause and right before Midnight tried to repeat herself, another voice returned.

“Understood. I will be ready.”

She nodded, and gave a grin to Kendo.

“Nothing to worry about.”

Overhaul was not someone who included ‘failure’ in his dictionary. He was a perfectionist in the fullest sense of the world.

Kendo nodded back. “I need to… think about what I can do to help, right?” she asked.

Midnight’s smile was more reassuring this time, and the young girl returned it.

[2:06 AM]

Weather: Clear skies.

Moon: First Quarter

Midoriya leaned back and rolled his shoulders. Today was a peaceful day as well. With luck, tomorrow and the day after, and the day after that will be as well.

He watched the moon shine down from the night skies. A thousand stars twinkled, and Midoriya wondered if they were all laughing at them, seven billion lightyears away. A familiar feeling starting to well up inside of him as he tilted his head back and up.

One day, he thought to himself, he’ll knock down all the stars out of the sky. The world will plunge into darkness unlike any other, and Midoriya will stand up in the world as someone.

“Izuku, we’re ready to light it!”

Not today, though, since he had something to protect. Today, he’ll take care of the monsters that crawled about in his territory.

Midoriya stepped forward to where he was called.

“Light it,” he called out.

It didn’t make any physical sense, but he hoped that the smoke reached the stars. He hoped that they choked the smell of burning flesh, and understood that Midoriya would be coming for them next.