## Dump

### **Choices - Midoriya's class on easy decisions**

"The rain's not letting up," Stain reported as he slinked into their temporary stay.

"We can't stay here," Dabi immediately reminded them, "Everything within a 5 km radius is probably locked into our place here."

"And if we leave, we're still easy prey," Vlad said.

As always, when tensions were thick and a verdict couldn't be found, all eyes fell to Midoriya. The young man kneeled next to their injured, a completely unconscious Toga and a delirious Hijike.

"We can't just keep them here. Hijike and Toga both hit their heads. Toga's breathing but we can't be too careful with her head."

In theory, they needed Chisaki as soon as possible, without moving the injured any more than absolutely necessary. They really can't just take them through rain and combat. Time was not on their side.

"Leave them here," Midoriya said, his hand checking Hijike's fever.

"M-Midoriya…" Vlad trailed off.

"Vlad, you stay."

### **Not a Hero**

It was such an easy conclusion. It was so simple and it was so obvious. At another time or what, it might have haunted him. In that moment, however, Kirishima felt a great sense of relief.

He wasn't a hero.

There was no reason why he had to save this stranger or forgive them or anything. There was no reason. He didn't have to listen to someone beg for help and mercy, and feel anything. It wasn't his problem.

All he had to worry about was his own. He just needed to keep his own safe and alive. That's it.

Tears streaming down his face, he turned around to abandon the strangers and all his hero ideals.

### **Breaking down - Midoriya**

Midoriya slammed his fist to the ground. His temper flared. His eyes burned. the start of a scream clawed up his throat. He grinded his teeth down as the truth of the matter came crashing down on him.

Tears streaming down his face, Midoriya didn't realize that he had enough hope to be disappointed.

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Midoriya's killed a lot of things. Some days, he felt like all he did was kill. It made him scared.

If all the monsters were gone, what would be left to kill? If humanity returned as though nothing had ever happened, what would he do? Would he be a killer? Just another murderer? A villain with All Might's quirk?

The thought didn't scare him. It was just something new that he would have to get used to. But Midoriya wasn't good at dealing with surprises and sudden changes. It was better to start thinking about it now so that he could make a decision later. It would be easier for him. The transition, at least.

"Izuku-nii?"

He turned to where Eri came up next to him. She turned her head, a young lady already, and he realized something awful.

Was he seriously thinking about the future? A future that's so far away that he couldn't even imagine how much time it would take?

"...Fuyumi-sensei said that Makoto called for a meeting."

Blinking slowly, as the words suddenly sank in, he gave a nod. A meeting for the future, meaning a day to a week moving forward. Things that could be measured and imagined with certainty. The addition of another few km to their territory. Possibly some words about getting to the place that the radio was blaring about.

"...Yeah," he stood up, but felt disoriented, like this wasn't his body anymore.

## Enji

### **[helmet]**

Gratitude didn’t even begin to describe the feeling wallowing in his heart.

Obviously, that wasn’t the case at first.

The man in the helmet was well-timed. Enji didn’t think he would have taken him seriously if they had met before … all of this. But when Helmet came, Enji cursed him out long and hard in his head.

From the bottom of his heart and all the way out, he wished to die. He wanted to die in order to repent properly. There was no other way for him to recover. There was no way… Which was all a lie. In reality, Enji felt too tired. His family was nowhere to be found. His comrades were picked off one by one. The civilians that he swore to protect were much more fickle than he wanted to believe.

He was laying, left for dead, wherever it was that he was. He was tossed by a monster and he was in and out of consciousness for a while. Being alive, being dead, did it matter when the body he trained so hard to protect others couldn’t even sit up?

But the taste of some hot mashed apples slipped between his lips and death tasted far sweeter than anything he ever imagined.

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As it turned out, the love and affection he held was not something that was reciprocated. It was not something that was understood.

But his family was whole. They were alive.

And living in shame would be the hardest thing he had ever done-but it will not be the last.

### **Repentance**

Enji took one look at Midoriya, the way he brought his fingers up to his lips so he could breath warm air on it, and took a step into the room where he was working. Today, it was in the classroom with a lot of maps and journals stacked up to his waist around the room.

It wasn't cold, not biting winter cold, but Spring hasn't thawed out the world and welcomed summer yet either. The evenings could get cold.

He shucked his jacket off, and walked up to drop it over Midoriya's shoulder. The young man grabbed the jacket as it came down and threw it across the room.

Which was. Fine.

Enji could light a fire instead. Or something. Maybe he should just stand next to him and be himself. Rei hated when he did that, back when they were dating and dazzled by someone so perfectly their opposite. He just stood next to her, and made one side of her warmer than the other. It was a complain she said often.

"You look cold," Enji said. It came out even more pathetic than he hoped.

Midoriya didn't answer him, his eyes focused on the map in front of him.

Enji took a deep breath. Four beats in, four beats out. Nice, nice, that was good.

And then Midoriya stood up suddenly, his chair screeched as it slid backwards, and he turned. He grabbed his bag and a bat and was out the door.

Blue eyes flitted to the map and back to Midoriya, what the fuck did he see?

"Midoriya, where are you going?"

There was no answer.

There never was. Grinding his teeth together, he left the room. Sharp blue eyes narrowed as he watched the young man take the stairs down. As calmly as he could, he stalked after the man. He tried his hardest not to break out into a sprint, because this wasn't an emergency and he didn't want anyone to think that it was but...

"Eh? Izuku-chan?"

He heard Fuyumi's voice down the hallway.

"Oh, are you heading out? Have a safe trip."

He came to a brief pause, just barely staying out of her gaze. Even now, he felt like he didn't deserve to stand under her kind gaze. It was a biting feeling that clawed at his chest, and it was even more intensified since he didn't want to die yet.

Unable to repent and unable to forgive himself, he had been standing in this awful purgatory. He had thought, and truly believed that, if (when) Helmet trusted him, that would be the sign that he was a better person. That he could (and he would) spend the rest of his life repenting. It wouldn't be a waste, he could become a better person. He wanted that.

"Eh? Dad?" Fuyumi looked over to see him, "Oh, Izuku-chan just left that way," she said, pointing down the stairs. "He's uhm," she blinked and coughed a little awkwardly into her hand, "half-naked. But it looked like he was going to head back outside."

Enji tensed, his expression tightening painfully as he nodded his head curtly.

She stared back at him. The conversation fizzled into something silent and dreadful. He could feel their relationship rot between them. He didn't even know how he didn't realize it before. He didn't know what to say. He wasn't a doctor, he was a hero. He saved people, but he didn't heal them. He.

"And uh, Father, you should go. Before you lose your chance."

The words stung. The unsaid 'again' hung between them. He was so disgustingly relieved to know that his kids were okay, even with him, but now it made his head ache.

Helmet's helmet was off but he felt the world become just as uneven as before.

He nodded at her, curtly, and moved to walk past her. Her gaze landed on the ground, her smile was a fraction of what it normally was, and he didn't know what to do. He didn't-

"H-Have a safe trip."

His heart ached.

His child was once so small he could carry her in one hand (he never did, of course), and now, she was stronger than anyone he knew. He looked at her, eyes wide as she gave a little smile and wave. Then she was gone.

Pitiful, he told himself. And if he didn't want to be pitiful any longer, he needed to follow Helmet, follow Midoriya. He gave his word.

Nothing had changed. He just learned that his name was Midoriya.

### **The problem with Kindness - EnDeku**

"You said, I should do as I please," Endeavor said, taking one step and then another, and he could almost laugh because Midoriya finally took a step back. He gave a wide grin, one that had little to do with happiness and glee and all to do with the sweet feeling of victory because he finally got a different expression from this man. "I did."

Midoriya looked at him, his eyes flitting from his new, gaping injury on his arm and then back to his face.

"Are you crazy?" he asked.

Endeavor snorted. What a stupid question.

"Midoriya, I don't know how you grew up or who you are. Frankly, I don't really care about it. But," he gave a crooked grin, "saving someone who saved me is considered common courtesy where I'm from. If it bothers you so much, don't do it again."

Midoriya's jaw unhinged in his shock.

"But you're hurt," he said.

Endeavor stared at him, the bitter humor and pettiness fading away into something else.

"So are you," he replied back.

Because the scar that ran from Midoriya's shoulder to his elbow, the circular scar on his side, the assortment of discolored skin running across his back, was all because Endeavor was late to the fight, or Endeavor failed to protect something or someone else, or Endeavor desperately needed assistance. Each and every single one of his desperate rescues, careless assistance, and close calls were etched on his skin, creating mountains and ridges like books have pages.

"It's not," Midoriya hesitated, and then shook his head. His eyes came to Endeavor's arm again, "It's not the same."

"...Really?"

Endeavor was neither kind or patient. However, he had been so desperate to hear Midoriya, to talk to him and listen to him and figure out what the fuck he was thinking, that he clicked his mouth shut and waited.

"You fight for others."

And Endeavor never wished that Rei was wrong more now than ever before.

["The way he fights, the way he is... I think the scariest thing for Midoriya-chan isn't monsters or alphas or people or being alone. I think it's kindness."]

### **Price**

## Misc.

### God

If god existed, then it was obvious what Midoriya would do.

The asshole kept him alive all this time, the least he could do was return that favor in full, right?

## AiDeku

### Aizawa Confession

"But I," Midoriya's voice cracked, his eyes watering, "I can't make you happy."

Aizawa stared for a moment longer, "I don't need that."

Green eyes widened, "You want me to believe that? That you don't want, need, to be happy? How could I ever want that-"

"Do you think that I would be happier without you?'

Midoriya's jaw clicked shut. His expression scrunched. He nodded.

## OverDeku

### Chisaki Confession

“But, Midoriya,” he said quietly, “you never said what I needed to do.”

The space between Midoriya’s eyebrows creased with his confusion, so Overhaul continued on.

“I don’t want to wait for someone else so that I can prove to you that my feelings are sincere,” he said, “If I have to wait for another, hypothetical person to appear, then I don’t think it’s my feeling’s sincerity that’s at risk.”

He looked at the young man, taking a slow step closer. Midoriya promptly took a step back, and Overhaul’s expression shuddered.

“...You are,” he said quietly, “everything that I ever wanted to walk by. Being able to stand with you, paving a future from the desolation around us, has given me meaning. To expect and see your face every morning has filled my life with joy.”

Overhaul lifted his eyes stare at Midoriya’s shocked expression. He gave this smile, looking more hopeless than anything else, before he continued. A voice so quiet, as though it rumbled out of the earth, echoed between them.

“Even if you don’t return my feelings,” he said, “I don’t want you to think that they were dishonest.”

Midoriya’s jaw clenched, and for a moment, Overhaul wondered if Midoriya was pitying him, before he gave a bitter smile.

“Midoriya Izuku,” he said, looking as though he was looking at something as precious as it was distant, “I love you.”

Looking at Midoriya, someone would think that he had just been stabbed. It was a painfully familiar expression that Chisaki’s seen on his face, when someone showed him any modicrom of proper decency like this. Since he wasn’t being shrugged off, Chisaki could only hope that his words were at least being taken seriously.

He looked back at the work behind him.

“Pay me no mind,” he said, “Regardless of how you feel for me, I will follow your will.” He picked up some of the papers scattered about, looking like he was about to return to his experiments even though he knew he wouldn’t be able to focus on anything anymore. “You don’t need to give me anything-”

“I need time.”

Overhaul stared back, eyes wide.

“I need… I need to digest this,” Midoriya said, forever ignorant of how Overhaul’s heart fluttered. “It just… It won’t be easy.”

“Nothing worthwhile is.”

“And it might not be what you’re expecting.”

“Flexibility and adaptability goes hand in hand with survival.”

“You could be greatly disappointed too.”

The man laughed at that, a quiet chuckle that came from the furthest corner of his heart where he thought he had buried all that nonsense away.

“I didn’t express my feelings to you because I had hopes.”

“Then, why did you…?” He trailed off and motioned at himself, the mess of scars that he was, probably ignorant to the way that Overhaul could map those scars out in his head at any given moment. “When you know what kind of person I am?”

“Because I know, I can tell you this. Is that so hard to believe?”

The confusion on his face, in another situation, would have brought a smile to his face. Instead, Overhaul could only exercise patience, and he wondered how the others would laugh at him now, if they knew what kind of man he had become.

“Yes.” Midoriya didn’t hesitate. It bothered Overhaul more than he would like to admit.

“Is it hard to believe that someone loves you, or is it hard to believe that it’s me?”

He hesitated, and Overhaul shook his head bitterly.

“Even that part of you, I find endearing.”