### **Notes**

* Kacchan returns in the winter
* so like, bakugo is the leader of his group of ppl
* and he doesn't remember Midoriya
* knows 'who' he is, ie student id, but lost his memories otherwise
* closed the gates and lost his memories on the way out
* (OG verse, Deku gets them as they come out of the gate, but in this one, ~three months later, so springtime fireworks)

### **Bakugo Katsuki**

It was back.

It was a feeling that he hadn't felt in a while, but it resurfaced again.

Midoriya dropped down in front of them, and Hakamata gave a polite bow to him.

"Midoriya," he said, "We found survivors. They're friendly," yeah otherwise they'd all be dead, "but there's a few injured."

His eyes moved over the group in front of him. Twenty-strong. He wondered if that was impressive. Probably, traveling in big groups was always hard.

...No, he was just looking for reasons to not be impressed.

He met eyes with Hakamata, and nodded his head.

"Take them back. I'll leave it to you."

The blond tilted his head, his eyebrows furrowing as he took in his features, "Is... everything okay?"

No, nothing was okay. Midoriya could feel his heart being torn into two different directions, one that told him to be the change he wanted to see and the other part that wanted ruin and revenge. It was a hard battle, and he could feel himself splintering under the weight of this decision.

Whatever he chose, it was going to be the wrong answer.

Hakamata's gaze made him feel like he was on the obersavtion table, ready to be dissected.

"...Do I have to repeat myself?" Midoriya replied back, voice cold as he tried not to think about how nice it would be to see Bakugo's face twist in despair.

It would be better to be empty. He wished he could be empty.

"...Alright. I hope you don't need it, but we'll come to your location if you call for us."

Those feelings that he thought he was finally over returned back. Every step made him sink half a foot deeper, the bubbling acid of his old wounds beckoning him with sweet words of revenge. He could do it. Right now, he could execute such a cold and cruel revenge, and no one would stop him. He would run himself ragged and ruined, if it meant that he could destroy the face of all his nightmares.

And that's why he had to turn away. He needed to think about the [best possible outcome] and then make a decision. Unlike before, his personal feelings were really interfereing with his thought process.

"I... Sorry, I know my manners are shit but I... I really am grateful."

Midoriya physically jerked. He didn't even hear someone approach him. He spun around, a hand on his gun and eyes wild.

Staring back at him, Bakugo Katsuki, the leader of the group of survivors they found, looked back. Red eyes, bright and determined as ever, eyed him carefully.

He bowed down to his waist. It wasn't as perfect and he could already hear Bakugo's mother nagging at him even though it was silent here and now. Midoriya missed her. No, he didn't. It was probably better that she couldn't see them, Izuku and Katsuki, as they were now.

Bakugo looked tired.

In his memories, Bakugo was always taller than him, always bigger than him. From his attitude to his physical capabilities, he was always bigger and always better than him.

(Oh Midoriya-kun, you're so lucky to have a reliable and strong alpha like Bakugo-kun so close by! Most omegas really suffer becuse they don't have an alpha nearby. Make sure you show your thanks to Bakugo-kun. He doesn't have to help you-)

"Thank you for saving our lives. We'll do our best to keep up with you."

Midoriya wanted to hit him. Or take his head off. Or otherwise commit several acts of violence.

Midoriya couldn't find his voice. Only his rage. He clenched his jaw shut and wondered how disappointed all those adults would be of him now.

"...Get ready to move," he said.

Bakugo gave one last bow before he walked back to his people.

It was clear that he went several nights hungry, but he was still taller than him. The baby fat had been stripped off his face, and he was handsome. No doubt, the type of handsome man that Twice booed and Jirou kept magazines of. The arrogant look of justified pride had matured into sharp gazes that only softened when he was telling one of his injured that "he was gonna be fine so stop bitching."

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Bakugo's group was made of two adults, Bakugo, and 17 children under the age of 13. Midoriya could only imagine what kind of adventure they went through together.

But he couldn't bring himself to ask.

### **Being Forgotten vs Not Remembering**

"...You... Do you remember me?"

Bakugo stared at him and frowned. He furrowed his eyebrows, "No, I'm sorry. Did we meet before this?"

Sorry.

Look at how easy it was for Bakugo to say sorry. To him. Midoriya stared at him for a moment longer and the anger came out so suddenly that he couldn't stop it. He didn't know how to. He was so angry that it hurt, making his throat close up and squeeze his chest as though to push all the breath out of his lungs. His eyes burned like his arms used to, caught under those hands because he was so lucky to have an alpha his age in his life-

Midoriya laughed, long and loud and hard, because he didn't want to cry anymore. He covered his eyes and laughed, the sound bouncing off the walls like bullets. He wiped at his eyes as he tried to catch his breath.

"That's probably a good thing," he said. "My name is Midoriya Izuku."

"...Bakugo Katsuki. Thanks for helping us out."

This was how they could have been. It was so painfully easy.

"If you're planning on staying, you find Makoto and Aizawa, they're in charge of domestic logistics. If you're looking to help out, that's a good place to start."

"I'll get on it."

And Midoriya wondered if poeple like him were called victims because it was infinitely harder for them to 'get over it' when everyone else never cared.

It gave him a few more chuckles. If he could go back in time, he'd tell himself firmly that no one did anything because it didn't matter. It would be easier to adjust to that then it would to be where they were.

### **Dabi & Mido - Revenge**

"...Dabi," he said, voice so quiet that Dabi thought he was dreaming.

He stared at him, stopping where he stood.

"...If you hate someone so much that you wanted to destroy the whole world, would you kill him?"

Dabi arched an eyebrow.

"If I wanted to kill someone, they would be dead."

Midoriya thought back to the Dabi that followed him off the schoolgrounds screaming when he brought Endeavor back. The abuse he shouted, the raw pain he felt, a grudge against the former Number Two Hero that couldn't be measured by tears and scar tissue.

That Endeavor and Dabi went on patrol together yesterday. Midoriya was there.

"And I don't think you and I are the same type of people. We don't hate the same," Dabi continued.

### **Swan Dive**

“Oh, is that your quirk?”

Midoriya felt something crawling in his heart. He felt it nest into an old wound, wriggling and writhing into the festering cut on his beating heart. With every heartbeat, it pulsated painfully and spewed age-old puss from its gaping aches. Midoriya felt a familiar heat, a familiar rage hit the roof as his lips twisted into a smile to frame all the cruelty he had faced on his way here.

“Yeah,” he said, “I got it when I took a swan-dive off the side of a building.”

The blond nodded slowly, “Sounds painful,” he said.

And Midoriya wasn’t sure what he was expecting when he said that. Did he want to hurt him as much as he was hurt? Remind Bakugo of something that happened so far in the past? Tell Bakugo this, and thus reminding the whole world that he didn’t forget? Maybe he wanted acknowledgement? If it was acknowledged and known, and the world could point and say that it was awful.

But Midoriya didn’t really care about what the world thought either.

Then what? He wanted it to mean something? Even if Bakugo remembered those words, showed remorse and apologized, he didn’t know if he would have accepted it. So what, did he want some closure?

Did it matter?

Bakugo nodded like it was just something, just anything, that could have been said. That’s it. All of everything that Midoriya held in his heart, that Midoriya felt suppurate inside of him because he never wished to be born, was in those two damn words. He took one step back, then another.

“...Midoriya?”

They were just strangers now. It was not as liberating at the books said it would be. It was not as great as what everyone around him talked about it being. If this was closure, it was emptying him out. He couldn’t do this. He couldn’t believe it.

It had always mattered more to him than anyone else. The thought permeated through everything, and all those old thoughts that he wasn’t important, he was never important, he will never be important, rose up in his mouth.

The scenery blurred. He managed to get into a restroom before his knees hit the ground and everything bubbled back out. Let this be the end then. He should also move on, just like everyone else had. The world that they grew up in, the world that they thought they would grow into, none of that was here and now.

Midoriya flushed, wiped his mouth and opened the door. The worried expression of Mirio stared back.

“I … I heard you… Are you… okay?”

“...Go double check all the food for spoils,” he said.

The blond stared at Midoriya, straightened and nodded. “On my way.”

Which was wrong, because this wasn’t Lunchrush’s fault. And he knew that Lunchrush would rather slit his own throat than serve rotting food out for people to eat. He knew that, but it was easier than to admit to the world that he was stuck in the past.

It was time to move on.

He wanted to be free.

### **“Chan”**

"Midoriya-chan?"

Midoriya felt a hole in his heart widen just a little bit more. Still, he looked to where Makoto came up to him.

"Midoriya-chan, we got some prototypes for the water filter you asked for," she reported. "Whenever you have some time, head on down to the shop room."

See? It was nothing. Still, the tension didn't leave his shoulders. Even though he should be happy that they finally made some leeway in the filters he was asking for, he couldn't feel it. It almost felt as though his victory had been dragged through the mud, and it left a sour taste in his mouth.

"Understood," he nodded. "I'll head after I finish this," he said, waving his notes.

Makoto nodded, "Then, I'll go first, Midoriya-chan. I'll see you soon," and she made her way back.

"...If you hate the way they address you, why don't you say something?"

Midoriya sighed.

"It's bad manners to eavesdrop, Kacchan."

"Don't give me that shit, Deku," the blond spat back. He pushed off the wall he was leaning against and stood next to him. "You forget how to speak or something? Or what, you secretely did want to be treated like that?"

Midoriya spun back, eyes lit with rage as his lips pulled back into a scowl, "Of course I hate what they call me!"

"Then just say it! What are you so afraid of, you coward!?"

"Afraid? You think that I'm fucking afraid?!" Midoriya snapped back, "You think that if they change how they call me, they'll start seeing me as a real person or something? Even I'm not stupid enough to actually think and believe that any of you fucking alphas will ever see me as a human being," he spoke fiercely, the words spewing like a poison that had sat and festered in his heart for a long time. His expression regressed back into something more manageable, the same expression that Bakugo had seen whenever those eyes defied him, "At least if they call me that, we all know how they really see me."

He brushed past Bakugo, eyes narrowed and ready to continue this never ending war.

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"Midoriya-cha... I mean, Midoriya-kun."

God, Midoriya closed his eyes, you had to be fucking kidding. He took a deep breath and turned to Makoto. He clenched his jaw so hard it hurt.

"Is eavesdropping all you do?"

-Which, he really didn't mean to say. Truly. He felt that bubbling rage dissipate in an instant because he didn't mean to say that.

"I didn't mean to say that aloud-"

"But you were thinking it, weren't you?" she asked, her words sharp.

Here it came. Midoriya took a deep breath and wondered if he could just leave. No, he wanted to hear about the prototype. Makoto wasn't someone that did things halfway. If he avoided this now, she'll find some time to force this down his throat.

It would be better to get it over now then. He took a deep breath and turned back to her, willing her to just say her piece and be done with it.

"I..." she opened her mouth, ready to speak and go on and on about whatever bad manners he had and that he's a shame to all omegas and whatever else she had gripes about, when she surprised him instead. "I'm sorry."

so shocked and surprised, Midoriya's mind went blank. "What?"

Makoto stared at him, waited for their eyes to meet before she brought her head and torso into a straight bow.

"I am sorry for my previous actions. It was never my intention to disrespect you. If there are other ways that I have otherwise offended you, please let me know so I can cease that behavior."

Midoria stared for a long time before he looked back down.

"Your apology," is everything that I've always wanted to hear, "is horse shit. Say your piece and leave."

Makoto straightened with a flinch, biting her lip as she swallowed her heart. "I," am sorry and I don't know what else I can say so that you would believe in my sincerity, "understand. So we worked on the prototype. At the moment, it runs..."

And everything went back to their stilted level of professionalism. As far as Midoriya was concerned, nothing had changed and everything will go back to normal. It would go back to the normal that they were most comfortable with, and Midoriya would chew himself out for ever rising against Bakugo.

### **Lost**

Midoriya's hands were trembling.

"...I figured you would be here," Bakugo's voice came up. "You've always ran away to places like this."

Green eyes narrowed back.

"What do you want, Kacchan?" he asked, sounding more exhausted than before.

The blond stared at him for a moment longer, before he sighed.

"I didn't think you'd want to be alone."

"No, I would rather be alone than with you."

"Yeah, I don't blame you," he agreed, to Midoriya's shock. "But I don't want to leave you alone."

And that bubbling rage returned like a tsunami, sudden and immense. He clenched his jaw tightly, doing his absolute best to hold back on that torrental flood. He didn't want this. He was sick of people telling him what he wanted and needed. He just wanted to be alone, please, just for a few goddamn moments so that he could clear his head and calm him heart because he swore that he could feel it splinter-

"Because when I had my first kill, I really didn't want to be alone either."

A little while ago (even if it felt like an eternity), the two of them had grand dreams of becoming heroes. Now, with their hands drenched in the blood of people they didn't even know, they became closer in a way neither wished for.

"I feel cold," Midoriya said quietly.

"Yeah."

"...I don't regret it."

"Yeah."

"Id do it again."

Bakugo nodded.

"Me too."

And Midoriya laughed back, the sound coming out like broken glass, cutting his tongue on its way out.

He never thought that he and Bakugo would have anything in common as they grew up.

"Kacchan," Midoriya said quietly, "I was glad that the world ended."

Bakugo's pinched expression as he gritted his teeth hard, as familiar as it felt painful.

"I was happy when I was alone."

Midoriya covered his face with his hands, too exhausted to cry, too strung to pretend he wasn't. He took a deep breath, a long sigh pulling from his lips.

"But we can't have that."

It would appear, in the time they spent apart, Bakugo learned patience. He stood there, waiting for Midoriya to finish.

"Haha," Midoriya laughed, "If people need each other to survive, then why are we so awful to each other?" he asked. "If that's the only way we can live, isn't it a good thing that we're all getting wiped out? But when I see everyone on this base, I can't help but think that the world would be too quiet without them."

He turned to Bakugo, the years of constant stress gnawing at him until this was the only thing that was left.

"I just want to be free."