Warning: messy feelings

Disclaimer: I don’t own anything.

Summary: Semi-AU. In a world without heroes, the strong rules the world, and Midoriya is homeless by the time he’s 13. And so, the first time Midoriya Izuku meets his internet (boy)friend Spinner, he gets taken to the League of Villain.

Alt: Midoriya Izuku would be great at whatever he decides to do. He’s smart, he’s hard-working, and he has a way with people. If only he wasn’t so stuck on being Spinner’s wife.

Paring: mainly Iguchi Shuchi/Midoriya Izuku. And lowkey Deku-bowl because Villain x Deku is infectious.

A/N:

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### Notes

* World
  + OG!Destro won. Strong rule the world. Free quirk independency.
* Izuku
  + Quirkless. Tired. Doesn’t want to put effort into anything because it’s so ingrained into him that he’ll never be anything in the world
* League
  + No one really knows if they want Izuku or what Shuichi has with Izuku
  + Eventually becomes a group that just wants to be Free
* Dabi- A Timeline
  + Meets Izu
  + Falls
  + Realizes he fell
  + Tried to vy for Deku but likes Spinner too much to do it
  + Accepts reality
  + Transcends his humanity

### Meeting Spinner

Laying eyes on his internet friend Spinner for the first time, Midoriya doesn’t think he’s ever met anyone cooler. He doesn’t know anyone cooler. He doesn't think anyone could. All the ads of beautiful women and handsome men on cologne and car commercials just faded away into the backdrop as a new definition was filled in for the word 'handsome'.

“Hey,” he said, breathless as he ran in. He wiped at his chin, where the rainwater had gathered and dripped down his face. He pushed his hair back, and if he walked right off an ad, Midoriya wouldn't have questioned it. “...You’re… Deku, right? From … BNHA Online? I’m …. I’m uh… Spinner.”

Midoriya stared, eyes wide and cheeks burning. He ducked his head, as though staring at Spinner for too long will cause his heart to just implode, and he gulped.

Midoriya slowly brought his eyes back up and nodded.

“Yeah,” he said, breathy, “I uh… I’m… I’m Deku.”

When Spinner had, online, told him that his quirk was useless and a little freaky, and that he was treated as such. Midoriya didn’t ever think that it would be a physical trait. He thought it would be something actually useless, and seeing him now, ‘useless’ was the furthest thing from his mind. Regardless, his eyes traced the scales on him with no little amount of fascination. He was a lot thicker than he would expect some hikikomori to be, and Midoriya thinks that he's being launched into space when he stares into those dark eyes.

“I … This is going to sound really, really strange,” Midoriya said, wringing his hands, “But uhm… I think I uh… I think I just fell for you,” he said. He has never learned how to keep his mouth shut, and with all his brain processes failing on him, he said everything as it came to mind.

The lizard man stared at him, and his face slowly turned more and more pink. He looked down.

“I uh… Are you sure? I look like,” he gestured to himself and Midoriya took a bold step forward.

He’s never… wanted something before. Not like this, definitely.

“Yeah, and I know this is going to make me sound shallow but I… I don’t know, when I finally saw you, I think just… something slid into place.”

He placed his hand onto his heart, and stared at Spinner in a way no one has ever seen him before. In fact, he didn’t think that someone’s eyes could look so clear that he’ll be able to see his own reflection in them. The older man gulped, uncertain what to do with the bubbling feeling inside of his chest.

“I… I would, if you would like to, uh… like to spend more time together? You and me? And uhm… maybe we can see how things go from there?”

Iguchi felt his throat constrict painfully. He's known Midoriya's face for a few moments, but he doesn't think that anyone would look at him the way his online friend does. “Yeah,” he said on the exhale, like Midoriya’s words punched the air and his agreement out of him, “That sounds great.”

When Midoriya learned that about his Internet Friend Spinner, he thinks that the world isn't so cruel after all.

### Money

“...Money? You guys just need money?”

They paused, turning to Midoriya, who actually huffed a little laugh.

“Goodness, no wonder Iguchi-san called me. How much do you need? A million or something?”

Shiragaki narrowed his eyes, “Do you even know how much a million is?”

Midoriya actually laughed this time. It was a bright sound that he tried to hide behind his hand, like someone said a particularly funny joke, and Spinner wonders if he can make it his ringtone. “It’s chump change. When do you need it? Next week? Tomorrow?”

Spinner gave Shiragaki a helpless shrug, “You said you wanted an asset. I don’t think there’s anyone here who can do what Izuku can.”

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The week rolls around and Midoriya and Iguchi walks in with matching duffle bags. While Midoriya struggles to carry one, Shuichi is worriedly staring at him as he supports one bag on each of his shoulders.

"Shiragaki-san," Midoriya called out. "I have a present for you," he said, almost singing it out.

"He'll be out in a moment," Kurogiri said from behind the bar. "I trust that this is… the money?"

Midoriya nodded back. He walked up to the bar, waddling under the weight of the bag and strained hard to lift it up. In a rush, Spinner placed his bags on the bar first, before grabbing Midoriya's. Their hands brushed and both of them turned bright red.

Kurogiri watched the sickenly display of affection with as little contempt as he could.

### Smart Smart Smart

Midoriya wears everything on his face. If it wasn’t the only inclination that they had that he had a problem with the plan laid out in front of them, he would tell him to fix it.

“What’s up?” Shiragaki said, “If you got something to say, just say it.”

“Eh?” Midoriya’s head snapped up from where he was staring at the plans in front of them and finding everyone’s eyes on him, blushed. He dropped his gaze and shook his head. “Oh no, it’s nothing.”

“Just say it,” Shiragaki replied back. “I don’t have that much patience.”

“It’s just…” Midoriya hesitated, and Spinner tilted his head towards him, curious as well. The young man looked back down, “The closest heroes to the place only runs on rotation on Saturdays. And they’re rotation overlaps between 8 and 9 pm, so maybe we could situate the time there.”

“And so, when they get back-up, get even more shit on us?”

Midoriya shook his head, “There’s an internal turmoil inside of the police department. Something about a mistress between the two deputies. I think that in terms of distraction, that’s better than anything that we can give them. Of course, if we add the original plan to that, it’ll just send their entire force into confusion since they won’t have a stable top to listen to. Accounting for the fact that Deputy Kobayashi will be on the west side and Deputy Miyami will be towards the southside, we should split into three teams accordingly. But then the teams might not be well cohesive, so it might be better to set the team leader as someone who can see everything and know when to pull back, and device teams based on who will listen to them. So I think that we should push the whole plan up an hour and ten minutes. Then, we can get them when they’re most… vulnerable…” his words lost steam as he hunched in on himself.

They stared at him, no doubt disgusted with his mumbling habits, and he flushed in shame. He brought his hands up to his face, fully intent to get up and run away when Spinner’s hand caught his sleeve to stop him from leaving.

“Wait,” Dabi said, “How the fuck do you know about their mistress?”

“Oh, they broadcast their personal problems on the police links,” Midoriya said slowly. He was cautious now, and careful not to just keep talking. He lifted his phone up, “There’s an app that lets you listen in to the police lines. I use it all the time to figure out if there’s going to be a delay in the subway so we should take the bus instead when we go to the Netcafe. It’s Japan law to open the frequencies to the public ear, but since the usage of radio has really plumented, even less people use it than before. Of course, there’s a chance that they were just lying or joking around, but since it was 2AM when they were talking, and they all sounded really upset, I don’t think that’s the case…” he forced himself to stop again, but now he was pale like a ghost. His arms wrapped around his front and his trembling hands gripped his arms tightly.

There was a long silence, and each second of it made his stomach churn uncomfortably.

“And they just… announce their problems?” Compress asked, baffled.

Midoriya shrugged back, looking confused. “No, this is a rarity. So I thought it might … be useful. It’s so bad that they’re talking about it over the frequencies. It’s like they’re asking for it to be used against them.” And then, as though realizing what he had been talking for a long time, flushed again. “O-Of course, we don’t have to, if you don’t want to. I know that the whole thing with the supplies takes a lot of time, so it might make more sense to go at our regular time when they’re switching off patrols instead-”

“No,” Shiragaki said, his eyes staring at Midoriya peculiarly, as though seeing the man in a new light, “We’ll go with this. Any objections?”

“Nope! None here! // This is bullshit! Let’s just go now!” Twice snapped back.

“None here!” Toga sang out. She tilted her head towards Midoriya, “You’re really smart, huh?”

The green-haired man, at the compliment, dropped his eyes to the ground instead. His hands clenched tightly into fists at his side. It was a little surprising, because they expected him to become a near incoherent blushing mess instead of the depreciating smile on his face.

“...Thank you for your input,” Shiragaki said, “Then. We’ll march on with this plan.”

“W-What?” Midoriya gasped, looking ready to pass out.

“You gave us valuable information,” Shiragaki said, “We should use it to raise the success of the mission.”

“But I…” Midoriya looked like he truly didn’t know how to even try comprehending the reality in front of him. He gaped like a fish before he looked up at Shiragaki, “You didn’t… think that was annoying? I couldn’t… It was something anyone could have done. I’m not… Uhm… It could be false information.”

There was a brief moment of pause, and when the words caught up to Midoriya, the young man ducked his head head back down.

“... You’re not annoying,” Shiragaki said. “And there’s nothing you have said that’s useless. You believe in the information that you gave us. And you’re a shit liar, so I don’t think you’re lying.”

Midoriya stared at him, his eyes impossibly bright and Shiragaki turned his eyes away from it, like how someone turns away from the sunlight.

“There were no objections. So this is the plan we’re going with. We’re all assholes here, so if someone didn’t think this was a good idea, they would have said something.”

The man rubbed the back of his neck, careful to keep a pinky off of his neck as he sighed.

“I’m not going to say this again. If you have something to say,” he said, pinning the man down with a glare, “Just say it. I will decide if it’s useless or not.”

Spinner couldn’t help but smile at the watery smile that came onto Midoriya’s face. He ducked his head, sniffling a little, and he has no doubt that he was crying. Again, he’s glad that he could provide a place where someone appreciated his best friend as much as he did.

“Thank you,” Midoriya said, meaning more in his words than Shiragaki was comfortable with.

“If you’re going to cry, get out,” he said, with absolutely no tact.

Immediately, Magne and Twice boo’d at him.

### Comfort & Love -

Perhaps, the world was cold and bitter and hateful because all the love it could have sustained was manifested in Midoriya Izuku and the way his fingers always found Iguchi’s.

Shiragaki never thought that you could just see someone’s eyes and could just tell that they were in love. It sounded so fake, and he always thought it was something that coupled normies said to make them sound better than the single shitheads in the world.

For the record, Shiragaki was single because he wanted to be, alright?

Regardless, he wasn’t sure if he ever wanted to be in a relationship when he saw Midoriya and Spinner. It always felt like he was the one intruding, even if they were the one who put their relationship on display. As long as their eyes met, it felt like the whole world could just disappear, and for someone like Shiragaki, who wanted to make his mark on the world, it made his entire platform shaky.

For a single bastard like Shiragaki, it was fucking awul. He couldn’t imagine looking at someone as if they were his entire world.

### Dabi & Deku

As it was, Dabi managed to pull Midoriya to safety. The sheer incredulousity of it, coupled with the rush of adrenaline and all, had the two of them stare at each other for a moment, and then they started to laugh. There was nothing funny about the situation, since they lost the entire mission and all their objectives and barely had their lives. However, they were laughing.

They laughed and laughed, until their sides hurt for reasons that had nothing to do with their new bruises. They laughed, a bright and happy sound that would never be associated with scum like them.

Blue eyes finally opened, wiping the stray tear out of his eyes. He couldn’t remember the last time he laughed so hard, if he ever did. He looked over at Midoriya, who was stopped trying to stay upright, and was laying on his side, soft chuckles wheezing out of him.

And just like that, Dabi knew that he was going to be yearning for that laugh for the rest of his life.

### Getting Together

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"And so, we got together," Spinner said. He wrapped his arm around Midoriya, and the young man looked so pale that he was going to pass out. It had been a while since they’ve seen him so uncertain and anxious that he looked like he was going to die just by existing.

"Yeah," Twice nodded. "We know. What's the important thing you wanted to tell us?"

Spinner blinked. Midoriya uncurled a little from his side, his white-knuckled grip on his side loosening as hs showed his confusion.

"... You're… not upset?"

Shiragaki waved his hand, frowning. "I'm upset, but I can care less if you like dick or pussy."

Spinner flushed red at the statement, but Midoriya gave this helpless little sound.

"Boo! Shiragaki is just single and lonely!" Toga called back. She laughed happily, clapping excitedly. "Yay!!!"

"I'm surprised it took you so long to get together," Compress said. He gave a big bow, "congratulations nonetheless. It warms my heart to think that such a beautiful and pure love could bloom even amongst scum like ourselves."

"See? If anyone, they'll accept us," Spinner said, pressing a kiss to the top of Midoriya's head. "There was never any worry."

And the fact that Midoriya was concerned about that made something stick inside of them.

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"Hey, Dabi, I-" Twice cut himself off as he stared at the absolutely exhausted look on the other man, "Wow, you look like shit."

Dabi flipped him off. He rubbed his eyes and sighed.

"You get dumped, too?"

"What do you mean, 'too'?"

At that moment, Shiragaki stepped out in front of him. Shoulders hunched, pale-skinned, and heavy bags under his eyes.

Shiragaki and Dabi met eyes and immediately scowled at the other.

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“Yeah, Twice was telling everyone that you guys got dumped on the same day,” Midoriya said. “I guess our… announcement must have really rubbed salt on the wound.”

You have no idea, Dabi thought humorlessly.

“I-I know that it’s not much coming from me, but I just wanted to let you know that I’m happy. And if I could… could find happiness just being with someone who also finds happiness with uhm… with me,” he said quietly. He looked up at Dabi, through his eyelashes in a way that made the other man lean in instinctively. “I’m sure that you will also find someone one day, too.”

Dabi was born one part tragedy and three parts suffering. He doesn't know why the world made this his life, but when he sees those green eyes, and pink lips, he concedes defeat.

“...Don’t worry about it,” he said. “Congrats on getting together.”

His traitorous heart fluttered when Midoriya beamed back.

“Thank you,” he said, meaning every word of it.

### Deku

“Ah, Deku’s fine, I guess. If I need to have a villain name.”

“Deku?” Toga picked her head up, “Like… ‘useless’?”

Shuichi frowned, but before he could say anything, Shiragaki spoke up.

“No, that’s dumb. Choose something real.”

“Shuichi’s name is Spinner!” Midoriya shot back, “That’s pretty dumb.”

“It’s not dumb, Izuku! And we’re not going to talk about this in front of everyone again!” the man called back. He hesitated for a second and then added, “Maybe you could… try a different name instead?”

The green-haired man looked down in his lap.

“We can’t just go with it?”

“No,” Shiragaki said, putting his foot down, “You’re not useless.”

All eyes landed on him in an instant. He was very careful not to look at anyone as he looked straight at the young man. Especially not Toga. Or Magne.

“So, pick something else.”

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“....Shiragaki-san,” Midoriya said quietly, “Thank you.”

His boss hesitated for a moment, looking as though there was something else he wanted to say, but ultimately he turned away instead.

“Yeah whatever. I just didn’t want you to drag the rest of us down. You have to really pull your weight.”

“Yes sir.”

### Kiss Goodnight

Midoriya leaned against Iguchi, resting his head against the man’s shoulder. Sitting on the couch like this, his program set to run on his laptop as it rests on the coffee table, he feels Iguchi's arm slide around his waist and feels like he's home.

“You good?” the lizardman asked, rubbing his nose against the top of his head.

“Just tired,” the young man replied back, yawning. He pressed his head against the cool scales and soft cotton shirt. He inhales the smell of the fresh laundry, and feels something loosen in his chest.

“I’ll wake you up when this is done,” Iguchi said, eyeing the progress bar on Midoriya’s laptop, “Take a nap.”

“Hm… okay… Will you be here when I wake up?” he asked quietly.

"Of course," Iguchi didn't hesitate in his response, like it was a certain truth. He leaned back further into the couch, so that Midoriya could adjust himself to a more comfortable position.

Walking into the room at the time, Shiragaki gagged.

### Dabi vs Green

Everyone said that the color of love was red, passion. Or pink, something a little softer and innocent. The fucking idiots have clearly never seen love before. The blind bastards have been lying to him all along. It wouldn’t be the first time, of course, and he was the fool for thinking that they were ever telling the truth about anything at all, but whatever.

For love was the particular shade of green in Midoriya’s eyes when they found Spinner, across the room, across the street, across whatever destined distance set for them. Like how everyone speaks with certainty that Spring will come and the cherry blossoms will bloom, Dabi knows with painful certainty that Midoriya’s eyes will always find Spinner.

And Dabi hated the color green.

But the thing about hating something beautiful, is that it’s very easy to lose yourself to it.

### The Game Incident

“Pft the Hanayo-ending was so much better-”

“Fuck you, Maya is so much better!”

Shiragaki spluttered back, probably more shocked than anything else that the normally easy-going Midoriya was standing on the barstool to point and yell.

“She’s 70% dere and 20% tsun! That’s the perfect ratio that a wife who loves you should be once you clear her route!” he snapped back.

His boss scowled back, more upset at the thought that someone dared to insinuate that someone outclasses his waifu, “Oh yeah? And that last ten percent!”

Midoriya crossed his arms over his chest and looked down on him. A haughty smirk came onto his face, looking downright predatory as he explained, “Megane.”

Shiragaki narrowed his eyes back.

“Hanayo is a megane you fucking filth!”

“She takes her glasses off for the wedding! She’s not a real megane! Glasses is love! Glasses is life!”

“What… are they fighting about?” Dabi asked slowly.

Compress opened his mouth, closed it, and then tapped his finger onto his chin.

“...They’re arguing about the point value wearing glasses have on someone’s desirability stat.”

Dabi looked at Midoriya, immediately imagining him in glasses, and hummed. “Eh… 10% sounds about right, then.”

“Really?” Compress turned in surprise.

“Yeah, because 10% of 24 hours is about two and a half hours, right? That’s about how many hours he spends on writing out the plans…” Dabi muttered, thinking of something completely different.

“Ah, I lost Dabi,” Compress said wistfully.

“Your quirk is so cool!” Midoriya all but screeched back, “How can your taste in wives be actual shit!?”

“Neither of those things have anything to do with each other, you fucktard!”

“You’re stupid!”

“Dumbass!”

“Are they fighting again?” Twice asked, walking in, before his voice changed, “Alright, I’ll beat them both up!” Just like that, he ran right in to the center of the argument, grabbing Midoriya and throwing him at Shiragaki.

Shiragaki, more used to this than he would like to admit, growled while Midoriya shrieked at being tossed like a beanbag at the man. The two collided painfully, but Shiragaki’s work-out regiment was really being seen as he managed to catch Midoriya without his pinkies and only took a step back. Last time they tried this, Shiragaki and Midoriya crashed hard enough against the wall that it cracked a little. Compress remembered that moment fondly.

“...Shouldn’t we break them up? Magne asked, poking her head in. “Kurogiri’s going to be pissed.”

“You want to go in?” Compress asked cryly.

Magne watched as Shiragaki threw Midoriya right back. The young man flailed and cursed and yelled, but it all became groans when Twice sidestepped him entirely and dove in to punch his boss in the face.

“I love this place! // I hate this place!” he cried out.

“Goddamnit, Twice!” Shiragaki snapped back, spitting out a mouthful of blood before diving against him.

“...I’ll call Spinner,” Magne decided.

“I think he’s in the kitchen. Can you get me a coke while you’re done there?”

The look Magne shot him could stop a lesser man’s heart cold, but Compress managed a cheeky smile in return, even if the other couldn’t see it.

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Midoriya huffed loudly, as Spinner gently treated the wounds on his face.

“I just can’t believe it!” the young man sighed, “Could you? Our boss likes fucking Hanayo over Maya.”

Spinner nodded solemnly, more than used to the spats between his boss and his boyfriend, and turned back to grab some gauze for the mess that was Midoriya’s face. More than the injuries, or the fact that Twice jumped in, or the fact that he was tossed around like a sack of potatoes for a good portion of the very strangely made fist-fight, Midoriya was still seething about his Best Girl.

“Like, she’s tsun with double the dere? What’s not to love? She’s been wearing glasses since anniversary too, I can’t believe that Shiragaki doesn’t see her appeal as a wife!” he continued on, like he has been since Spinner was called to stop-or at least rescue Midoriya before Dabi decided to jump in too.

“Yeah?” he said, a little absentmindedly.

Midoriya sniffled and Spinner grabbed him a metal bowl for him to spit out more blood.

“Is that all of it?” he asked quietly.

Midoriya nodded, and Spinner was just glad that his nose finally stopped bleeding. He was starting to get a little worried if it had persisted, but luckily, they wouldn’t need to find another underground doctor for something like this again.

He gave his finishing touches, and grabbed the last thing, an ice pack, out of the first-aid kit. He broke it and shook it, and once he felt it get cold, placed it on the worst of Midoriya’s bruises by his temple.

“I can’t believe Twice got involved again,” he sighed.

“He likes Hanayo….” Midoriya moaned out. He took the ice pack and rested it against his head, and took a deep breath. The fight deserted him, then and there. “Like, I get it, you know? We all have our preferences and stuff, but I don’t know… I thought Shiragaki and I shared something, you know? Like, Shiragaki gets Waifus like me so I thought he would understand.”

Spinner stared for another moment and then reached inside of his pocket.

“But more than those 2-D girls,” Spinner said very, very quietly, as he pulled out a cheap set of glasses. Feeling like a fool, but willing to do it for Midoriya, he slipped on the pair of glasses, green like Midoriya’s eyes, “You like me, right?”

Midoriya stared, blinking once and then twice before he gave a big grin. The action must have hurt, because he winced. Still, he couldn’t stop his shoulders from shaking as he leaned in closer to the older man’s face.

“No, Spinner, I love you.”

Spinner, as always, blushed at the adamant statement. But, his recovery time has been getting better, so he leaned in to close the distance between the two.

### Mending Clothes -

“Ah, Shuichi, you have a rip in your pants,” Midoriya called out calmly one day. He pointed at it and Spinner twisted around to see if he could see what the young man was talking. Indeed, there was a small rip, no bigger than a 500 yen coin, right at Spinner’s ankle.

If Midoriya didn’t let him know, he wouldn’t have even noticed it until it became something much worse.

“I’ll take care of it when you put it in the wash,” the young man said.

“Thanks, that’ll be great,” Spinner nodded back, grateful and guilty all in one. “Sorry for making you do that.”

“We all have different things we’re good at," Midoriya reminded him, a small smile on his face.

The two gazed deeply into each other’s eyes for another moment, their gaze turning tender the longer they stared. The notion that someone could just tell when another person was in love just by looking at them was personified with the two of them.

Next to them, Twice aggressively pointed at the giant hole in his jeans, where his entire knee was open for the world to view.

### AFO & Izuku -

And then, Sensei started to laugh. He laughed so long and so hard that his heart monitor gave several warning beeps. They all stared in surprise as the sounds carried through the computer, and Midoriya slowly turned his shocked and slightly confused expression to Shiragaki, who looked just as lost.

“Oh my,” he said between wheezing pants. He took a few slow breaths, calming down, “My oh my, I haven’t laughed like that in a while,” he said. He gave a couple more chuckles. “Tomura,” he said.

“...Yes?” Shiragaki asked, straightening though a little suspicious.

“Good job finding this one,” the man in the monitor said. “Now then, Izuku-kun, was it?”

“Yes sir,” Izuku said, voice embarrassingly high before he coughed into his fist, “Yes sir,” he said with a more even tone.

“Please, call me Sensei,” he said, voice low and soothing in a way only a demon could be. “I do hope you enjoy your stay here, and if at all possible, consider spending the rest of your life with Tomura. I think you’ll find what you’re looking for here.”

“Ah… uh… If I may?”

“Go ahead.”

“...I’m not lost,” Midoriya said, “I have what I have been looking for. At this moment, all I’m looking for is a safe place to spend some time with my uh…” his eyes flitted to Shuichi, “my significant other.”

Both of them blushed at that.

“I see. I did not realize that you already had found someone,” AFO sighed back, though he didn’t sound upset at all. He gave another chuckle, “How fascinating. To think that, after all this time, there would still be something I have never seen before. Oh, humans are so fascinating.”

He gave another rumbling chuckle.

“I expect great things from you, Tomura. I shall be in touch.”

The monitor clicked off.

Shiragaki turned to Midoriya.

“You had one fucking job,” he said.

“I know!” Midoriya wailed back, “I didn’t mean to!”

### DabDek - Pairing Up

“...I don’t mind, but why am I always with Dabi? Wouldn’t it be better to have Dabi with Toga or Twice? They’ll provide better cover for him than me,” Midoriya asked, turning his head up to Shiragaki.

“You’re smarter than that,” Shiragaki replied back, as though that was the magical answer to everything.

The young man stared at him, before his hand came up to his lips. It was clear with anyone that could see that he was deep in thought, but his eyes never left Shiragaki’s figure. A little woefully, Shiragaki can’t help but think that if Midoriya can get that look in his eyes all the time, he could look like a threat. His eyes were certain and deadly in a way that Shiragaki couldn’t name, but could feel deep in his heart. It as as though he was being cut open and dissected just by Midoriya’s eyes.

“...If you think that I can control Dabi in any capacity, I need to fix that misunderstanding right now.”

The man stared back at him, shocked because no Izuku, not even close.

“Like, Dabi only seems like he listens to me. In reality, he’s just like… going along with what I say, you know? He acts like that, but he’s actually really smart. If he thinks he’ll get something out of it, then he’ll do it.”

“...I meant that you needed the most amount of protection out of all of us.”

Midoriya blinked and then frowned. He shook his head, clearly frustrated with where this was starting to lead to, “...You’ll need him more in the field and stuff. I’ll just be chilling out here anyways. And even if they get me-”

“If they get you, all our future plans will go to hell,” Shiragaki said. He pointed at him, “You are undoubtedly our top priority.”

And as always, faced with the idea that someone saw him for who he was and what he could do, Midoriya dropped his eyes instead.

One day, Shiragaki thinks, Midoriay’s bravado won’t be fake. It won’t be something he constructs when he’s in a teasing mood. It won’t be something that appears only if Spinner is holding his hand. It won’t be something that he has only if someone else’s life is on the line. And that certain look in his eyes won’t be something that shows up occasionally.

And if it takes bringing society down to its knees to get that through his head, then Shiragaki understands that they will be getting very busy now.

### Chisaki & Flowers -

“Ah, there you are, Midoriya-kun.”

Midoriya froze and immediately ducked behind Spinner. The taller man narrowed his eyes, and placed one of his hands on the blade on his thigh.

“Please, peace,” Chisaki said, his eyes glimmering in a way neither of them were comfortable with. “I come bearing gifts.”

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“...Augh, I hate him,” Toga said, narrowing her eyes. “All he talks about is Izukun. Izukun is ours.”

“Yeah, but his information isn’t bad and he’ll be a good tool,” Midoriya said, eyes blank as he flipped through the folder Chisaki gave them. He grimaced, “Though I wish he’d stop with the love letters.”

“Yeah, the only love letters Izukun wants are the one that Spinner leaves on his neck,” Dabi called out lazily from his place on the couch.

The young man’s hand flew to his neck, and when he realized he was still in a turtleneck, turned scarlet red.

Toga giggled while Dabi kept his eyes on him, even if he didn’t see it. He dropped his head backwards.

“That was cheap,” Midoriya scowled back, frowning as he looked through the papers.

### Jealousy vs Possessive - SpinDek

“Huh?” Midoriya blinked at them before he gave a little laugh, “Of course Spinner gets jealous. He gets jealous all the time.”

Toga thought back to the time Spinner caught Midoriya in Dabi’s jacket and didn’t see anything wrong with it.

“Really?”

Midoriya thought about it and chuckled at the particular memory, “Yeah.”

“Then, what about you, Izuku?” Magne pipped up. As far as she knew Midoriya avoided talking to anyone that wasn’t a particular label of <scum> like the rest of them, and was straight up disinterested in just about anything that wasn’t Spinner.

In all honesty, she was pretty certain that Midoriya would be the jealous one.

Midoriya sheepishly rubbed the back of his head.

Spinner walked in, “Hey, Izuku, do you mind if I borrow your scarf? I can’t find mine.”

The young man spun around, ignoring everyone else to give his boyfriend his undivided attention.

“That’s terrible,” Midoriya gasped, and where anyone else could see how fake he was, Spinner rubbed the back of his neck as though ashamed. “Yeah, you can use anything that’s mine,” he said. “I hope we can find your scarves soon.”

“Thanks, Izu,” Spinner said, a warm smile on his face before he turned back to his room.

Toga and Magne gave him a very tired look when he looked back at them.

“What were we talking about again?”

“Nothing,” Toga sung out, turning back to sharpening her knives.

Magne sighed, placing her hand under her chin, “Oh, young love.”

### Dabi Transcends

“I thought things like… ‘I’ll steal him away and make him mine’. Or that I will show him that I’m better than Spinner or kill him or something.”

He snorted, shaking his head.

“I guess I’m still a fucking brat after all.”

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