Warning: messy feelings

Disclaimer: I don’t own anything.

Summary: Semi-AU. Midoriya Izuku has lost almost all his memories, but apparently, he is married to Shiragaki Tomura and just needs to ‘be himself’ because that’s what Shiragaki fell in love with.

Paring: Shiragaki Tomura/Midoriya Izuku

A/N:

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### Notes

* AFO & All Might dies in Kamino ward
  + Izuku has OFA (but there are 9 ppl pressing down on him, trying to stop him from using the Quirk for ‘the wrong reason’)
* Izuku : Shiragaki Izuku\*
  + Is married to Shiragaki Tomura
  + Using OFA is killing him. He wants to divorce Tomura so that he doesn’t leave him a widow but it’s not a quirk. It’s a curse.
  + Can’t use AFO because he doesn’t have the quirk.
  + AFO/OFA is literally haunting him. Sees ghosts and shit standing in the corners and shit.
    - Can ‘access’ their knowledge subconsciously, can also ‘store’ mem in them
    - So he can remember things much better than most other people can (but it’s not a quirk)
  + The backbone of the League, and smooths over a lot of things. The most solid and unwavering person ever.
    - Inlook on if Izuku wasn’t bullied all his life and didn’t question his existance
    - A confident Izuku who takes the world as he gets it. Has his priorities. Wants to protect before anything else.
    - Simply live. Live simply. Cares about things as an extension of Tomura.
    - Priority: Tomura’s health > Tomura’s ambitions > League > everyone else
    - At core, is Izuku.
      * Jumps and saves people all the goddamn time,
      * more likely to hurt himself than someone else
      * Speaks honestly, but only speaks when spoken too.
  + Best husband: cooks, cleans, honest and open. And Genuine.
    - “Our vows said in sickness and in health. So. Here I am.”
    - Not In Love with Tomura (yet). But undoubtedly devoted.
    - Protector of the Heart. Guardian of the Home
  + “More so than, I have a quirk,” Midoriya said, “It’s more like, I’m holding onto it for someone.”
  + Eventually kidnaps Gentle & Co. to learn how to hack

### Awaken

He blinked slowly.

“Ah, are you awake? You gave us quite the scare, you know.”

Green eyes slowly turned and Mr. Compress gave a smile back, even though no one could see it behind his mask.

“However, I’m sure Shiragaki will be ecstatic to hear that you woke up. How are you feeling?”

“...I’m alright,” the young boy replied back. “...Could I… trouble you for some water?”

Compress paused as he turned to stare at him. Oh no, if the boy was broken, Shiragaki was not going to be happy. However, it seemed that he has finally stopped the silly silent-treatment nonsense, so perhaps he will now be willing to eat something as well. He really hoped that the kid wasn’t broken.

“Of course, Izuku.”

For the sake of their base and what little remains of their rag-tag group, he hoped.

He passed a bottle water to him, and the young man stared at it for a moment. Right when he was about to ask if he would like some help getting it open, the young man stared back at him with a small, uncertain smile.

“...Is my name Izuku?”

The whole world slowed down and Compress wished, not for the first time, that he wasn’t the one who had to come in to check in on the young man.

### One Week

As it turns out, his name was Izuku. Shiragaki Izuku. Recently married.

Everyone has told him the same things, over and over again. That he should be seen, not heard. That he shouldn’t speak until spoken to. That he should be forgiving and accepting.

These were all things that he thinks makes sense when he thinks of < marriage >. He doesn’t know how to explain it, but it all sounds familiar in a way he didn’t know how to feel.

### Changes Something Domestic

“Good morning,” Izuku said when Spinner walked in.

The lizard flinched backwards, taken off-guard at the thought of someone, especially Izuku, gave a polite smile as he wiped his hands down.

“Breakfast won’t be ready for another couple of minutes. I’m afraid that I don’t remember anyone’s preferences, but I hope this will be uh… good enough,” he said. A faint blush crossed his face as he looked down at the towel in his hands. “Uhm, excuse me,” he said, bowing a little and turning his back to him.

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Spinner, like everyone else who was led by their nose at 9AM on a Wednesday morning, came in hungry and curious and sat around the table like mirrored confusion and surprise on their features.

Toga couldn’t quite keep the smile on her face, as though she was stuck between

### Dreamlike

Occasionally, he dreams about a woman who looks like him. When he gazes at her, he feels warm and the strangest sense of missing him. He wishes he could hold her and tell her that he’s okay.

But he doesn’t know her name, and can’t quite place who she is in his life. She looks enough like him that he thinks that they’re related, but all of his feelings are muddled as he arms wrapped around him.

She trembles and she begs.

“Izuku, one day, if you decide to marry someone, if you become someone’s husband, please understand the weight of that sentiment. There’s someone that waits for you, that wants your honesty and wants to spend forever with you. You can be the example you want to see in the world. A kind, strong, supportive husband.”

When he wakes up, there are tears in his eyes. He doesn't know if it’s because it was a faraway sad memory that instinctively makes him cry, or if she was someone so important to him that he cried when she did.

>> “Please don’t ever forget that.” <<

Mission accomplished, he thought to himself. He turned in Tomura’s arms and pushed it away with a little reluctance so that he could get up and make breakfast. He pressed a kiss to his husband’s forehead, watching with amusement when he crinkles his nose at the feeling. He pulled the covers up to make sure he stays warm and left.

He couldn’t remember his maiden name but he remembered that.

When he made breakfast and the lost, wayward other members of the league came crawling in, he gave them all their plates of food as they sat down. But when Tomura came out, he placed the plate of hot food in front of him and pressed a kiss to his temple.

It felt like habit. He wonders how long he had been doing this before, but he doesn’t think it should have been a habit at all when Tomura’s ears still turn red and he turns to him in shock.

More importantly, the others are staring at him like he grew a second head.

He felt his face burn, so he walked back to the kitchen where he could pretend that this was normal. After all, if his own husband was shocked at the thought that he would give him a good-morning kiss with breakfast, then where did this habit come from?

Why did he think that this was the natural thing to do?

There was a lot of things that floated around his head at the thought of it.

### Giran notes

“...Izuku, is something wrong?” Twice asked suddenly. The man was facing his friend, who was staring at the wall for a very long time, since the start of the discussion actually.

Kurogiri, similarly, had noticed, but was more focused on the topic discussion on hand than what their wayward amnesiac was doing.

“...Not really,” Izuku said after a moment of hesitation.

There was a brief pause, and everyone that knew Izuku eyed each other. Izuku was always thinking and always had something to say, if someone just asked him. For him to turn down the opportunity to be heard wasn’t common. Tomura turned to him.

“It’s fine, Giran is pretty much one of us. Speak your mind,” he said.

Izuku turned to stare at him and then looked back down at the ground.

“This may not be my place to say,” he started, his hand coming up to his clench at his shirt, “But the order details from eight years ago was at 1.90%, and since then, have fluctuated between 2% and 1.80%, going from … 1.90 to 1.92, 1,95, 1,96, 1,94, 1,93, 1,91, 1.88, and now it’s back to 1.90 again,” he started slowly, “So I was just thinking about the new articles and I couldn’t help but notice that these were all the times that AFO-sensei himself was able to come out. Is 1.90 the reset that he set out, or is there someone else that is aware of him?”

Giran stared back, “...There’s a lot of similarities from this year and eight years ago, it’s not at all strange for two years to result in the same value of 1.90. More importantly, when did you get this information?”

Izuku nodded, and gave a nervous smile, “When you dropped the report earlier,” he said quietly, “I got a little peak at it. I couldn’t stop thinking about it, I guess. I know I don’t have the complete data set, but that’s why I didn’t really want to bring it up. I have that gut instinct, but nothing to back it up. But, if I am correct, doesn’t that mean that from now on, the values will drop further and further? Because then, what will be the threshold where you decide to step back?”

There was a long silence as the words sank in, but Kurogiri snapped back.

“Izuku! There is a limit to what you can and can’t say! Giran has been a loyal part of our cause-”

“I understand that! That’s why he decided to reset it back for us, right?” Izuku said, “But that then, why did it fluctuate to begin with? If it’s based on the market, it should have plummeted during the Golden Age and increase after All Might’s fall.”

“...And if you saw the rest of the data,” Giran said, “and you were right, what would you say?”

“...Nothing,” Izuku said, “Because I don’t know enough to make a conclusion that will benefit Tomura.”

There was another silence, and Kurogiri tried to figure out how the fuck he was going to salvage this disaster, because this guy was just as bad-if not worse that Tomura himsef. And then, Giran started laughing. He laughed long and so hard that he had to take off his glasses to wipe at his eyes. It was a loud sound that filled the room to all the nooks and crannies.

“From! From a glance!” he laughed brightly, “Oh my god!” he wheezed loudly, unbothered by the fact that that he was the only one who was laughing.

Twice shrugged with one arm, and made a circle with his finger by his temple with the other.

“You,” he said, finally calming down enough to look at Tomura, “If you can’t, or don’t know how to properly utilize that guy,” he said, pointing at Izuku, “give him to me.”

“No deal,” Tomura replied back without missing a beat.

“Ah, a shame!” he said, throwing his hands in the air. He turned to wink at Izuku, “Well, if he ever casts you aside, then I’ll take good care of you,” he said.

The young man grimaced, but didn’t say anything.

“He’s not for sale,” Tomura repeated himself.

“Boo!” Giran jeered back. “Then give me his number or something. Izuku-kun, right? Izuku, if you want, I can give you the starting blocks to,” he tapped his forehead, “become a powerhouse.”

Tomura turned, ready to snap at Izuku to just ignore him and not answer him, but Kurogiri spoke up.

“Izuku, this is your decision.”

“...I want to be more useful,” Izuku said quietly, his index finger, still in a cast since it wasn’t like he could use it for a long time, “I want to be someone who can properly support Tomura.”

“You don’t need to,” Tomura snapped back,and as the words left his mouth, his eyes found Izuku’s determined expression. “...Fine! Become more useful! I’ll use you until you break!”

Izuku’s smile turned exasperated and he nodded.

"Then, I won't break."

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Eventually, the deal was sealed, with Giran making several side mentions and giddy sounds as he tried to win Izuku over to his side.

### Kurogiri Gives in to Curiosity

“...What did you say?”

Izuku stopped and turned to him, blinking back owlishly.

“...That I thought that Tomura would only drink sweeter cocktails since he prefers sweeter food in general?”

The man shook his head, “No, no, before that, about the inventory?”

The young man tilted his head a little more, clearly confused by the onslaught of the questions.

“That we are out of orange juice and we’re down to the last bottle of vodka?”

“How… How did yuo know that?”

“You showed me the inventory yesterday,” Izuku replied back, “and of the 18 people that came in last night, we had seven orders of drinks with vodka. I just figured that we would be down to the last half-bottle.”

“..We have more in the display behind me,” he said.

“But those aren’t the nice Russian brands,” Izuku replied, “You only break it out with Giran-san, and I figured since Giran-san was going to be meeting with Twice tomorrow, you would want to break it out. ...Did I get the brand wrong?”

“...Izuku, come with me for a moment.”

Kurogiri abandoned his place at the bar and moved to stand next to Izuku, he opened a warp porta and stared at the young man meaningfully.

“..Am I in trouble?” he asked quietly.

“...We’ll see.”

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And so, Izuku ended up in front of a small room, jam-packed with bookshelves. There were no windows or doors, and was filled wall to wall with the bookshelves. The bookshelves were tightly packed by notebooks and binders. The smell of old paper filled his nostrils and it felt like he had returned to someplace familiar.

The thought of all the books, binders, and information in front of him sent his heart a flutter. His eyes immediately searched to investigate, and he took a step forward before he remembered who he came with and turned back around.

Before he could say anything, however, Kurogiri spoke up.

“Look at the bookshelf for me,” he said. “Read each and every single one of them.”

Izuku nodded and stared at the spines of books.

“How long do you think it’ll take you to memorize everything in here?” he asked.

“...If you want me to just memorize it, word for word, it’ll take me,” he looked around, “A month?” he asked shrugging, “but if you want me to learn everything here, then it’s going to take me much longer.”

“...Izuku, this is an on-going collection of every single quirk-related incident that ever occured in Japan for the last 90 years. All of these are collected journals that sensei created during his time.”

Where anyone else would look greedy, or a little frightened by the sheer amount of history packed into this room, Izuku’s eyes shined with awe.

And that’s what confirmed it for Kurogiri.

“I want you to memorize everything in here. It’ll be of great benefit to the League, and in extension, Tomura himself. Is that something you could do?”

Izuku gasped, his hands flying to his face, “You mean it? I can read all of this? Me?”

Perhaps it was because Izuku lost all of his memories, so he had a better memory than most people because he was trying to fill that emptiness with something.

But in about a week, Izuku would explain that he had gone through everything without neglecting his physical training and his self-proclaimed husbandal duties, that he had cleaned out the notes. And Kurogiri didn’t doubt it.

### Midoriya’s Ridic Int Stat

The first instant of it was when Izuku could recite back a recipe of Tomura’s favorite type of cake down to the measurement. The young man rarely followed it to the T, but he could recite it back without any problems.

They all laughed in good-humor and congratulated Tomura on having such a devoted husband.

The second instant was something that tickled the back of the mind and made them begin to really reconsider the guy standing with them.

“Uh, lemme pull up the map-”

“Go left,” Izuku said, “and then we will make a right.”

Spinner frowned as he opened the map. He squinted at the piece of paper and then turned back around, “No way, that’s going to make us go all the way around. The fastest way to get there would be to go right now and then turn left later.”

Izuku shook his head, “It’s 3:30 right now, Mr Brave should be making his lap around this area within the next twenty minutes. There were four small distinct crimes being committed on our way here, all of them were pick-pocketing and purse-snatching, that’s right in the range of normal, so I think that he’ll be here in about 15 minutes. On the side of caution, we should go around and through the way he wouldn’t notice.”

“That’s… gotta be bs,” Dabi said at last, “You want me to believe that you know the city stats and the route a Pro-Hero just like that?”

Izuku stared bac and tilted his head, confused like he didn’t know what was wrong.

“...I thought the objective was to be quiet and unseen?” Izuku said, “then, isn’t it obvious that we use all of the information available for us to achieve our goal?”

“I… I think what Dabi means is that… it’s a little hard to think that you would have all that information in your head, without looking at notes or anything,” Spinner tried.

Izuku blinked back and frowned, “Really? I… I can start taking notes, I guess. Would that make it better?”

“No,” Dabi said, “You freak of nature. Where the fuck did you even get this information?”

“Kurogiri-san has access to a lot of security footage,” Izuku replied back dismissively, “Like you wouldn’t even believe. I thought I was going to lose my mind watching all of them.”

“...There’s so many things that make no sense about you,” Dabi said, “But whatever fine. We’ll go with your crazy-dumb idea.”

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“Ah,” Izuku realized when they made it to their destination without anyone knowing. “It was ten minutes off,” he said.

Spinner and Dabi stared in gobsmacked shock as, just as Izuku had described, Mr Brave was talking through the street, right where they would have been coming out of.

### Love - TomuIzu

“...How do you feel about me?”

Izuku stopped making onigiris for a second as he thought about it. He must have remained too quiet, since Tomura stepped closer and grabbed the mishapen ball of rice out of his hand.

“Answer me. Don’t think about lying.”

“... I don’t know,” he said. “I feel a lot of things whenever I see you or whenever someone mentions you. I don’t know how to explain all of that with one word.”

He reached to take the onigiri out of Tomura’s hand and began to properly form it so that it could join the others that he had on a plate in front of him.

“But… I feel comfortable. Thank you.”

“...You know, in reality, we kidnapped you. I ordered everyone here to help me kidnap you from your world. You don’t have friends or family outside of us. I forced you into this marriage and locked you down here. You fought me every step of the way, and when you realized that you couldn’t get out, tried to kill yourself.”

His hand slammed down on the table, and Izuku flinched at the sudden sound.

“You still feel comfortable, Izuku? You think that this marriage is about love, Izuku? Don’t be silly, dear,” he said, rolling his name and the terms of endearment with a sickenly amount of mocking cheer, “You can’t fool me. I know you’re still in there. You can’t escape me.”

He spun on his heel at that and walked out, effectively ending the conversation.

“...Moreso than falling in love with him,” Izuku muttered to himself, “I think it’ll be harder for him to fall in love with <me>.”

### Shirts (1)

Izuku poked his head out, “Ah, Dabi, there you are.”

The older man paused, a slow smile on his face as the younger man approached him. “It’s rare for you to come and find me,” he said, looking as disinterested as possible even though his eyes gave him away.

“Stop wearing my shirts,” Izuku said to him. “You’re stretching them out.”

“Ehh, you wear my shirts all the time,” Dabi said monotonously as he eyed the younger man, “Isn’t that like… double standards?”

Which is to say, Izuku has more clean clothes than Dabi.

“Except,” Izuku said, “I don’t wear your shirts. So stop wearing mine.”

Dabi shrugged back, “Whatever.”

“I mean it, Dabi,” Izuku said, surging suddenly closer to the older man.

The man grunted back, with no intention of doing just that.

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The following day, Dabi makes a little more effort to wait for Izuku to hop into the shower when he takes his shirt again. Did the kid really think that he wore them? When it came to stretching them out, it was probably Twice or Spinner. He has a reason for taking these shirts.

Idiot.

He put the shirt over his pillow and laid his head against it. Like this, he could pretend that Izuku was his.

### Working Hard -

Shiragaki was about to walk into his room, yawning, before his eyes caught the light at the end of the hallway. He paused and turned towards the source, because he didn’t think that anyone would be up at four in the morning.

Ready to give hell to whoever was burning up their electricity, he walked over and saw Izuku at the dining table. There were a neat stack of notebooks surrounding him and he was busy writing down something and flipping through something else.

He walked in, and peered over Izuku’s shoulder to see what he was reading.

It was a handwriting that he recognized, but he couldn’t put a name to it. His eyes followed the words, and he realized that Izuku was compiling analysis of quirks, their history, their connections, in a consise way that Shiragaki could understand with one read through.

“...You do this every night?”

Izuku flinched hard, and his leg hit the bottom of the table in his shock. A shocked gasp choked out any other sounds and while turning around he fell out of his chair in his shock. The chair clattered on the ground, awkwardly stuck in between his legs as he sprawled on the ground.

He gave a small groan of pain, but managed to pull himself together and tucked his legs underneath him. Kneeling before his husband like a thoroughly chastised child, his hands gripped his knees until his knuckles turned white. He kept his head bowed, like he was caught doing something terrible.

Shiragaki, meanwhile, picked up his notebook and began reading it.

Shame crawled across Izuku’s face, and the older man couldn’t think of why.

“Get up,” Shiragaki said. “What is all of this anyways?”

“I… I don’t know anything about this world. And I thought that maybe if I learned and could commit to memory more information, I… I could be useful to you. But I got a lot of work to do first.”

“...I see,” Shiragaki said.

“S-Sorry, I’ll put it away, really fast,” he said, laughing nervously as he got to his feet. “My handwriting is pretty crappy too, isn’t it? I didn’t even realize what time it was. Did I keep you up? Don’t worry, I’ll put this away immediately, and I won’t let it get in the way of...” He reached over to collect some of his notes, bottom lip trembling before Shiragaki grabbed him by the shoulder. “...Tomura?”

“...It’s fine,” he said, “You can go back to work. Don’t let it get in the way of your usual duties.”

“...Yes sir,” Izuku replied back, breathless.

Shiragaki walked out at that, and wondered how hard this guy was working for him if there was dried blood on the notebooks. His pens had some blood on them as well, flaked, and he vividly remembered how Izuku was always rubbing at his hands.

The thoughts that it was a nervous habit was something that was quickly being replaced by something else.

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Izuku has blisters on his hands. He notices them more now.

“Here, I got it.”

Izuku’s eyes widened as Shiragaki took the plate from his hands, and placed it on the table. He took his seat afterwards, and right when he lifted his chopsticks to start eating, realized that everyone was staring at him.

“What?”

“Nothing,” Spinner blurted back out.

“No, that was definitely something,” Magne replied back.

“Ehhh? You’re surprisingly pretty dere, huh, Shiragaki?” Toga teased.

“Augh, you guys are so cute! I wish I wasn’t single!” Twice said, muttering something or another under his breath.

Dabi remained silent throughout the encounter, as did Izuku, who was blushing brightly.

“Eh, whatever,” Shiragaki replied back.

Whether or not he wanted to, he notices it more and more now. Like a curse, his eyes were always drawn to him.

### Runaway - DabiIzu

“Do you want to run away?” Dabi asked. “If… If you wanted to, you could run away from everything here and live pretty well wherever you are.”

“I don’t think Tomura has any plans on abandoning world domination,” Izuku replied dryly, wishing that people stopped trying to corner him in the kitchen while he’s cooking to ask him soul-searching questions. See if they’re getting chocolate chip cookies after dinner tonight.

“No, I mean you. Just you.”

Izuku’s hands stilled as he thought about it. “Yeah, I want to.”

He kept stirring, and Dabi reminded himself that if he wanted to hear Izuku’s voice, he needed to say something.

“...What’s stopping you?” he asked at last.

Izuku lifted his hand off the wooden spoon, where the ring sat, and then returned to stirring the soup. He turned to Dabi once he set the fire to low and gave a small smile.

“The same thing as always,” he said. “I just want Tomura’s success, happiness, and good health.”

“...You’re way too good for him,” Dabi said. He leaned against the wall, “I’m sure you get that too, right? It must be frustrating to work with people who have an ambiguous goal and no real means of achieving it. What are you really feeling?”

“...I wish that I could be of better help,” Izuku replied, “After all, isn’t it a husband’s duty to bring good fortune?”

“..You implying that Shiragaki isn’t a good husband?”

Izuku opened his mouth and then closed it. “...I never questioned it.”

“Hah!” Dabi gave a harsh bark, but Izuku has finally spent enough time with him to know that that was just how he laughed. “But, you hesitated, didn’t you?”

“...I wasn’t prepared for your question,” he replied back, face flushed as he stirred a little faster. “Aren’t you acting way out of character anyways?”

“Hm? Should I go back to my shut-in days?” he joked back, but he almost meant it.

Almost. He doesn't think that he’ll ever be satisfied now that he’s seen Izuku smile.

The young man flashed him that warm smile, tilting his head just enough for the breath to catch in his throat.

“Of course not,” the young man said, warm like the morning light, “Some character development will do you some good.”

And just like the morning light, Dabi pulls away from it.

### Goals - KuroIzu

“...I think there has been a misunderstanding,” Izuku said quietly. “...Do you mind if I share my thoughts with you?”

“...Please, go ahead,” Kurogiri said.

The two stood, side-by-side, as they cleared out the dishes at a frightening speed and deadly precision.

“...I… I do not care for the League and your sensei’s ambitions,” he explained quietly, and Kurogiri froze in his place. “...World domination and the likes means nothing to me,” he continued. “The things that you are fighting for are not the things that I am fighting for.”

“...I see. Then, what is your ambition?”

Izuku chuckled, “I thought it would be obvious by now,” he said, “but I wish to be the Tomura’s support.”

They continued to finish the rest of the dishes in a shared silence.

### Gentle Kidnapping

“Please don’t misunderstand,” Izuku said, wiping the blood off his nose with one hand as he kept his other hand steady. With his gun ready to bury a bullet through Gentle’s head, he gave a grim smile to the young girl in front of him, “I have people I need to protect, too.”

La Brava stared back, her eyes watering.

“Teach me how you do what you do,” he said, “And I swear I’ll never bother you again. I won’t let anyone hurt you on the way out either.”

### Overhaul Timeline - >

1. Meets Eri (via ice cream in park) - calming a lost child
2. Goes into 1st Chisaki meeting. Magne dies and Izuku sees how other mourns/don’t mourn
   1. And realizes that, if he dies, Tomura would probably truly and honestly not give a fuck
3. Meets Eri again (this time to chill and recover something neither knew was missing)
4. Raid is Conducted against Chisaki before they reach agreement
   1. Eri runs out. Yakuza is in shambles tryna find her. Then raid.
   2. Eri finds Izuku and begs for help
   3. Izuku delivers. Calls for back-up.
5. Overhaul Raid Arc happens as it cannon (except with more Eri-making Izu boss)
   1. Eri + Izu tag-team beats Chisaki before he fuses. Destroys the place.
      1. “...after everything i did to you?” & “...i don’t want you to die”
   2. Aizawa stops Eri && “...How reliable.”
   3. Nighteye isn’t dead.
   4. Remeets Uraraka.
   5. Only Chisaki escapes arrest
6. Izuku brings Overhaul and Eri
   1. Overhaul works with League under 2 conditions:
      1. They get his research group out (expendables + Kurono & Mimic)
      2. All of his research is paid for
   2. Becomes their R&D. Under Izuku’s direct supervision, since no one else is smart enough
      1. Overhaul has lost himself. And is truly and honestly so enthralled by Izuku (always was tbh).
   3. And believes that Izuku should be at the top, not Shiragaki.

### Vs Uraraka-

"Why are they calling me Deku?" Izuku asked.

He didn't know why they called him that. No matter how people could read his name, to call him < useless> so familiarly was something that made his insides tighten up.

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"Deku! Did they tell you who you are? Who you used to be?!" Uraraka shouted back.

"Shit," Twice growled back, and Toga ran for the young brunette in an attempt to end the conversation.

"They're just using you!" She yelled out, while Tsuyu met with Toga and Ryuku handled Twice and his clones. "You're not dumb, memories or not, I'm sure that part of you hasn't changed!"

"Wait!" Toga snapped back, eyes frantically flickering between Izuku and the girl she was fighting.

"We are taking Izuku back!" She said, using her tongue as a whip and slapped her knife out her hand.

He stared, numbly, and Uraviry took this moment to step closer.

"I promise that you're going to be alright now," she said quietly, "So please, just come with me. Let's go home."

Izuku stared for a moment longer and then gave a small smile.

"...You know, when I first saw you, I felt relief," he said, a hand over his heart and a tender smile on his face. "I don't even know your name, but I thought… that you were doing well."

The brunette stared back, her eyes beginning to shine with unshed tears.

"Thank you for your time and your generosity. However, the man you are looking for isn't here."

He stared at her hand, straightening out like a confident young man and gave a proper, formal bow.

"My name is Shiragaki Izuku," he said. "And my loyalties fall with the home I have with Tomura."

He pulled the gloves on his hands a little tighter before he clenched them into fists and raised his guard.

"Put up a good fight, Hero.”

-

Certainly, Uraraka thought to herself. Had Midoriya gotten the chance to grow up as a self-assured and confident person, it would be the Izuku that she met earlier today.

### Post Liberation Paranormal Front: Moment of weakness -

Izuku doesn’t use his quirk. No one asks him to, and no one cares if he does or doesn’t. He assumes it’s because they know that his quirk has some tough draw-backs. Made even worse since they didn’t have a designated healer.

More importantly, they were gearing up for something truly amazing. They finally had the army, the funds, the research, they had everything.

Right now, he couldn’t be the reason why Tomura slows down. No, it would be better to just die if that was the case. All he needed to be was the place that Tomura could rest and then it would be fine.

He didn’t need a quirk for that. He didn’t.

The incessant burn returned to his chest. He hoped that it didn’t show on his face. The meeting adjourned and he needed to get up with everyone else. He ran the details through his head, a feeble way to distract him from the bubbling ache inside of him, but something he knew was more important.

He gritted his teeth tighter as it built up his throat. He needed to get to a quiet corner ASAP.

“...Izuku?”

He suppressed the urge to die right then and there. At the very least, it was Spinner. He could trust Spinner to keep his mouth shut.

“Izuku, are you alright? Should I call for some-”

“Bathroom,” Izuku managed to rasp out. “Now.”

Spinner straightened and grabbed Izuku by the shoulders. Within moments, the man had half-dragged, half-led Izuku into an empty stall. Izuku unceremoniously dropped to his knees, barely keeping himself together long enough to lift the toilet seat up before releasing everything that he had been keeping inside.

He coughed and choked, and the burn turned white-hot before it slowly subsided. He wheezed, and iron painted his throat all the way up. It bubbled out of his mouth like acid and his fingers curled around the boliet bowl tightly in an effort to keep himself in his own head.

“...Izuku, don’t you need a doctor for this?”

“It’s okay,” Izuku said, wiping his mouth. He slowly got up to his feet. He wiped his mouth on some toilet paper and flushed everything away. “It’s not as bad as it looks,” he lied.

Spinner looked at him in disbelief, so he smiled back as sweetly as he could.

“Don’t worry. I won’t let it get in the way.”

“...Does Shiragaki know?”

If Izuku’s smile wasn’t very convincing before, it was downright awful now.

“...You’re not going to tell him?”

“...This… This isn’t something that he should be worried about.”

### Bakugo v Kacchan - Trust Fall

“...We used to do this as kids,” Ground Zero suddenly blurted out, “Even if you don’t remember, I do.”

Izuku turned around to where the blond had stepped onto the broken wall, where a 83-floor drop awaired. Clouds rolled by in the sky, and the glow of the city lights illuminated the calm expression on his face.

“Wh… What are you…”

“Deku, I know that you’re there. You annoying fucking shit, there’s no way you would ever die so easily, after all,” he said, stepping up to the edge of the building. He closed his eyes as the night air washed over him. “That shitty piece of shit you, that no matter how hard I blasted at, you were always convinced that you were doing to be a hero.”

He lifted his arms up to his side, and turned around.

His eyes, somehow, seemed to glow as the night lights below shimmered against his dirtied skin.

“Remember? We’d go to the highest place we could find, and we would climb up there and pretend that we were standing at the top of the world.”

Briefly, Izuku swears that he could remember it. The rustle of trees on a hot summer day, the pleasant breeze of the river, four kids laughing as they made their way through the adventurous jungles in hopes to save a princess from the burning castle…

His head started to hurt again. He clutched at it.

“That’s right, we stood at the top and when I slipped, you were the only one that came down. I always hated that about you,” he said. “And then that fucking Sludge incident. That fucking mess at Kamino ward. So, Deku, what are you doing?”

His grin stretched open, showing his teeth, and briefly Izuku wondered how such a villainous grin could be on a hero’s face. He wondered how someone who looked as lost and vulnerable as Ground Zero could ever be a hero when he looked as though he wanted to be saved himself.

“Come and save me.”

He stepped backwards, and possessed by something he could described, Izuku launched himself off the side of the 83rd floor of this skyscraper in a desperate attempt to save him.

-

My luck and some miracle, Izuku managed to grab several stay cables. The first one he grabbed electrocuted and burned through his glove. He let it go as immediately as he got it, and then gave up and crashed his fist through one of the glass panes.

The effect was immediate.

The combined weight of the two of them broke his arm and dislocated his shoulder. Luckily, his arm got impaled by one of the glass shards when he shattered it and it got caught. Blood ran up his arm, staining his sleeves and his shirt and running across his neck. He took a deep breath and wondered why this felt so familiar.

“Are you stupid?!” he snapped back, “You have your whole career ahead of you?! Why are you throwing it away now?! Didn’t you work hard to get to this point?”

His other arm, the arm that barely managed to catch the bruised and bleeding Ground Zero, trembled as he struggled to keep the man in his grip. His had one arm wrapped under his arm and clutching at his hero uniform, and he was panting hard against his shoulder.

“...Haha,” he laughed out, clearly delirious and probably a little high off the adrenaline rush, “I fucking knew it… You’re in there somewhere, aren’t ya, Deku?”

And again, Izuku felt his heart waver.

-

With his broken, bruised, bloody arm, and a hell of a lot of effort, he managed to pull himself and Ground Zero up and into the floor with the broken window. He was unconscious now, the lucky bastard. With the pain acing all over Izuku’s body, he wishes he were the one sleeping.

He didn’t even have the energy to get the both of them off the shards of broken glass.

His eyes glazed over, taking in the cityscape in front of him. He took a deep slow breath, feeling his body grow numb and shuddered as his body racked with chills.

No good, he had bled too much. At this rate, his heart clenched tightly, he was going to leave Tomura behind as a widow. He couldn’t afford that. And the thought of being the reason that his husband would become stuck gave him courage.

He didn’t doubt, not even for a second, that Ground Zero wouldn’t make it out alive.

He got up to his unsteady feet and began to walk away. He had a long way to go if he wanted to get to the bottom floor. He-

“Hey there, you want a ride?”

He turned over his shoulder, where Number Two Hero Hawks stood by the window they broke into. Izuku stared at him for a long moment.

“Better hurry, otherwise, I gotta let them arrest you instead.”

Izuku nodded, not trusting to open his mouth. Four feathers came to his aid as Hawks leaned down next to Ground Zero.

“Go.”

On the feathers of a Pro Hero, Izuku was back outside and flying outwards, far away. He realized it was to the rendezvous point at the outside of the city. He soars through the skies and he thinks that he left something behind.

Privately, he thought to himself as he was taken in by the authorities, he realized that even though he used One for All, he wasn’t spewing blood from his mouth.

### Point of no return

There was a long silence as Izuku clenched and unclenched his jaw.

The head of the man splattered across the ground, painted the walls, and the deafening gunshot rang through the empty room. The smoke from the gun, held in Izuku's trembling hands, was quickly put back into his holster.

"...No turning back, right?"

Shiragaki stared back at him, at his sweaty and pale husband, ans was overcome with the need to kiss him senseless.

### Dabi & Adrenaline

“...Leading the Vanguard will be-”

“Me,” Izuku stepped forward. “And I think Dabi and I can do it ourselves.”

“No,” Tomura snapped back, “There’s no way in hell that we are letting the two of you-”

“It’ll be fine. I’ll lead the assault. Our abilities will shine because we’re alone together. We don’t have to worry about extra casualties and we’re good at staying out of each others way. More importantly,” Izuku looked back at him sharply, “You guys are going to need all the help you can get doing the actual distraction.”

Tomura hesitated anyways, and Izuku wondered if he was that unreliable.

“...It’s not that you’re unreliable,” Tomura said, making Izuku realize that he had spoken aloud.

“We’ll take a copy of Twice,” Izuku continued, “If that’ll make you feel better.”

Tomura hesitated and ran his hand through his hair.

“...Izuzu,” Toga said quietly, “Are you sure?”

His eyes met Dabi’s narrowed ones across the table and nodded.

“...The Vanguard team will be Izuku and Dabi then,” Tomura said, “We’ll buy you two hours. So get in, get it and get out.”

-

“What are you talking about?” Izuku frowned, “You’re not here to fight. You’re here as my support. And since you’re not dumb and you’re strong. If all else fails, you’ll know how to prioritize. Besides, using your flames in close-quarters like this can end really badly for us, especially if we lose oxygen.”

Dabi arched his eyebrow at him. “So what, am I here as an accessory? Why didn’t you just solo it yourself?”

“Someone has to make sure this doesn’t fail spectacularly,” Izuku replied back, “And more importantly, this,” Izuku said, handing him a bag. “Be gentle, that’s my lifeline.”

Dabi rolled his eyes back, “I can’t believe you’re bringing me in to be a pack-mule. Why didn’t you just bring Twice and just Twice?”

Izuku stared at Dabi for a moment longer and smiled back.

“I trust you,” he said, “Not that I don’t trust Twice, but… But when it comes down to it, I trust you a lot.”

Dabi frowned.

-

Gunfire wasn’t something that Dabi wasn’t used to, as strange as that sounded. For guys like him, something sudden and destructive like that could absolutely ruin him.

However, when the gunfires suddenly echoed, the last thing he expected was for Izuku to take a step in front of him and take the hits himself.

“W-Wha-”

“Don’t use your flames,” Izuku gritted out, before he lurched forward and began brawling.

-

“...Your flames,” Izuku said, “Use them now.’

Dabi stared at Izuku, “You want me to burn you.”

“Yeah, c’mon, we’re on a time crunch.”

“...Shiragaki is going to kill us both when we get out of here,” he said, doing just that.

It hurt to admit it, but the younger man was right. Dabi couldn’t release his flames recklessly, but that didn’t mean he wanted this. Why did anyone think this was a good idea?

Oh right, because they had gotten so used to Izuku thinking of all the little intricacies that this was just their natural response.

The smell of burnt flesh, as Dabi tried to minimize the temperature of the flame, stung his nose, but Izuku didn’t even flinch. What the fuck.

“It’s okay,” he said, “As long as the mission is a success, I don’t think he’ll complain too much.’

Dabi stared at the burns and scars that patterned Izuku’s chest. He wondered if the former-student was always like this or if they knocked his head around really badly.

-

“...Time?”

“...We got about 80 minutes left,” Dabi said.

Izuku nodded, “Okay, open the bag.”

The older man rolled his eyes and did just that. He was relatively unscathed, since Izuku was taking the heavy-hitting and shield of the operation, but the toll was showing on his body. He was pale and shivering, either because of the pain or the blood-loss, and Dabi knew that they would have to switch it up soon.

Instead, his words died on his tongue as Izuku opened the bag and revealed a large amount of pill bottles, and syringes.

“...Atta boy, Giran,” Izuku muttered as he picked up the pill bottle. His eyes glided over the labels and he popped it open. Like he was taking a shot, he put the bottle to his lips and down several at once.

By this point, Dabi had gotten in better control of himself and shoved the shock away to grab him by the wrist.

His eyes traced the words. Naproxen.

“...Pain-relievers…?” he muttered as Izuku nodded. He swallowed the pills, and with his other hand reached for a can of some energy drink. He watched in shock as Izuku opened the can and downed it. He only stopped when he reached about halfway to grab another pill bottle and toss back several. He snatched that pill bottle too.

Oxycodone.

Dabi’s mind whirred and he eyed the syringes.

“Don’t tell me…”

“It’s adrenaline,” Izuku said, “I’m going to shoot straight adrenaline into my bloodstream. Then we run.”

“This… This is going to kill you. I’m not brining your dead body up to-”

“You won’t,” Izuku said, “You know what we’re here for.”

Suddenly, Dabi punched the wall behind him. The heat emitting out of it didn’t do much for Izuku, but his hands started to tremble as the drugs and sugar and caffeine coursed through his veins.

“You fucking bitch,” he growled out, “You set this up, didn’t you?”

“C’mon,” Izuku said, “78 minutes left.”

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