Summary: In all honesty, Todoroki Shoto didn’t know night from day until Midoriya told him, “Good morning, Shoto.” So in that case, it probably made sense that he didn’t even notice he was 10 years back in the past.

Alt: Midoriya Izuku met a hero for the first time when he was 13. It was a heterochromatic

Pairing: Todoroki Shoto x Midoriya Izuku

### Notes to keep “note” of haha

* Apocalypse:
  + Something-something meteor? Fucked up the moon? Volcanic eruption? The world might as well have ended
* Enter Shoto
  + Fucks shit up by existing
  + Just wants Midoriya to be safe & happy, who cares wtf about everything else, nothing will be standing in ten years anyways

### Secret Base

“The world is going to end in ten years,” the 13 year old kid said, “regardless of what you say or do now.”

Shigaraki squinted at this… heterochromatic child in the bar.

“What?”

“So, you should keep doing what you do, and so will I.”

“But what does that have to do with anything-”

“I know that if I get the information of this bar to the right people, your boss really wouldn’t like it.”

“Oh yeah, and I should believe you because-”

“I’m Endeavor’s youngest child,” he replied back, matter-of-factly and curt in a way that Shigaraki hated in people. All condescending without even looking at him. “It will be noticed that I’m not here.”

“...What do you want, Child of Endeavor?”

Now, the heterochromatic kid looked at them.

“I want a secret base.”

### Trusting the End of the World

“...You don’t believe me?” Shoto said.

“Why the hell should I believe some brat?”

Heterochromatic eyes met his for a moment and then looked down. “Ah, you’re right,” he said, as though realizing it for himself. “I don’t really care if you believe me or not.”

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“And you believe him?!” Shigaraki snapped, slamming his fist on the bartop.

Midoriya flinched, his shoulders pulled taut and his spine straight, but his eyes didn’t leave Shigaraki’s gaze.

“Uh? Yes?”

“He’s telling you that the world is going to end! In ten years! And you believe him?”

An embarrassed flush crawled up Midoriya’s face, as he dropped his gaze.

“More than believe… I don’t have a reason to not,” he said. “Shoto-kun hasn’t lied to me before, I don’t think he would start now.” He gnawed on his bottom lip. Dropping his voice down into a whisper he added, “And to be honest, I don’t think it really matters.”

“It doesn’t matter. That he’s either a prophet or a loon,” Shigaraki deadpanned. What the hell were kids made of this day? “Are you a fucking retard?”

Midoriya winced back. The older man couldn’t help it. He was right on the tipping point for Midoriya. This kid almost got it. Almost understood that this whole thing was fucking crazy. And as the person who stood in the center of all of this nonsense, surely, he would understand too.

“Even hypothetically,” the young child, they were all goddamn children in his bar, spoke clearly with a nervous smile on his face, “if someone came running to you because they knew or they even thought that the world was ending, I don’t think it matter. More than the ‘oh, the sky is falling down,’ I think that the intentions behind it means more. Does… Does that make sense?”

No, it didn’t make any fucking sense. Even without saying it, the child in front of him seemed to understand.

“Someone, Shoto, wanted to be with me. Someone came running to see me,” he placed his hand over his heart, “If that’s a lie, I don’t mind believing in it. Not that the world is going to end, but Shoto-kun.”

As it turned out, the sheer, blind faith that Shigaraki hated society for giving heroes wasn’t something that was exclusive to heroes. The thought burrowed in his heart, and poisoned his blood. He wasn’t sure what he was going to do with that knowledge, but it was never going to leave him.

Midoriya’s words rang in his head, echoing continuously in his heart as though to remind him that he had nothing there.

### Dabi wanted that

Some people were born with everything.

The love and adoration from their folks and the people around them. The attention and the respect that came with their steady studies and good-looks. Everything that could have gone right, could have gone well, did. The accumulation of all the stars and blessings in the world was one Todoroki Shoto.

In that long, long list of things that Dabi hated, Shoto ranked high up there.

It wasn’t jealousy though.

It wasn’t jealousy until green eyes caught his and Midoriya gave a sheepish smile. Rubbing the back of his head, he peered up at Dabi with a quiet, “don’t tell Shoto, it’s a surprise” as he held ingredients for soba against his chest.

“...Why do you like him?” he blurted out instead, because he didn’t understand.

Midoriya had nothing. He could tell. The kid jumped at shadows, loud noises freaked him out, and he was so accustomed to being yelled at and beaten that he didn’t even bother fighting it. He spent all his time at a dingy bar across town, but no one ever checked on him. Dabi knew this specific kind of fucked-up. He knew it well.

If this kid died right now, no one would notice.

“L-like?” his face exploded into a crimson red, the kind that flooded his face and ran all the way down to his neck. It was such an innocent expression. Dabi wanted to ruin it. Lost in his thoughts, he didn’t realize that time passed, until he finally got a response when the kid stopped stammering. “I uh… I need a reason?” he replied back.

Yes. Dabi said. There had to be a reason. Guys like Midoriya should hate guys like Shoto. Guys like Midoriya, who had nothing, should hate guys like Shoto, who had it all and lived irresponsibly. Didn’t seeing that bother him? Didn’t being with him, every day, drive that feeling of worthlessness further inside of him?

“If I need a reason,” Midoriya said quietly, “I like him because he’s him.”

Something inside of him, something small that cried for love and affirmation, banged on the doors he kept closed from the rest of the world.

Dabi was wrong. Midoriya and Dabi were not even similar.

After all, at the top of the list of people he hated, he absolutely detested, was himself.

And that was something Midoriya didn’t ever need to understand.

He placed a hand onto green curls. Wondered what the world would have looked like if he had met someone like this. Wondered and felt stupid for still daydreaming about things that can’t happen.

“I bought a lot,” Midoryia said, “so you should stay for dinner.” He rocked back and forth on his feet, “It’ll taste better if we eat together.”

He could feel it. In his heart, where he buried everything away. He could feel himself, small and stupid and confused, banging at the door in response to the gentle gaze give to him.

“...I don’t like soba,” he said, giving a wave over his shoulder as he stepped back to leave. “And I don’t want to crash a date between minors. Not the type of crime I want associated with me.”

It was better like this. Because he wanted to hate Shoto for personal reasons. He wanted to hate the Shoto in his head, who looked down on the world like Endeavor and never saw anyone eye-to-eye. He liked that Shoto. Easy to hate. Easy to burn.

Once that was done, once that fire was nothing but ash, he would be okay. He would be fine. He would find peace in a field of grass.

### Twice & Love

“You think that shit’s normal!?” Twice snapped back, “Of course not! No! You don’t get people like that! That shit only in movies and stuff!”

“They’re kids! They’re just some fucking kids!” Shigaraki snapped back.

The blond groaned, disappointed and upset. “Then, when do you need to know that something is wrong in the world? How old do you have to be to know what’s important to you?”

Shigaraki’s eyes widened, partly shocked because of how unified Twice sounded at the moment.

“Even if it’s just a phase and even if it’s just in the moment, who cares!? It matters right now! And some people will live their whole life, and they’ll never have someone who liked them enough to fight for them!”

### Eventually “Apocalypse” discussion

“Hey, when you said the world ended,” Shigaraki suddenly spoke up. Ignoring Twice’s impressed sounds of (“oh now you hear us?”) and Toga’s equally annoying voice (“Oh! You’re playing along today?”), he fixed Shoto a look. “Did the world end or did Midoriya die?”

Shoto stared back, his eyebrows furrowed, “What’s the difference?”

Shigaraki worked his jaw, and as though remember who he was talking to, took a deep breath.

### Side: