## **Year 5:**

* Getting Kacchan

### **Sending Dabi**

"Dabi, collect the survivors."

"Whoa-"

"Wait, we're gonna send Dabi for that?"

"I'll be there in a minute-"

"Dabi," Deku replied back, his voice silencing all others, "Do you copy?"

"...On it," the man replied after a moment of silence.

"But why Dabi?!"

"Dabi won't fail."

The stern words. The confidence from the man who didn't know if he'll come back at the end of every patrol. The cetertainty in his words, because it was as simple and as reliable as knowing that the sun will rise from the East.

Dabi will not fail to collect the survivors.

It was hard to argue when he spoke so firmly like that.

-

"The next time you ask me to collect the damn survivors, there's a good chance that we'll just have some more ash," Dabi's voice was flat, but the edge of his tone was just enough to promise.

Deku furrowed his eyebrow.

"But I asked you to."

Blue eyes were sharp as they landed on Deku. The young man met his gaze evenly.

"Yeah," Dabi confirmed. "You did."

"Is that why you did it?"

"Well, duh."

Deku nodded.

"That's why I asked you to."

There was a brief moment of silence before Dabi took a long, deep, slow breath.

Deku continued, "I trust you. Should I stop?"

"That's... a low blow."

"Is it?" Deku's smile crinkled his mask, a mischievous light dancing in his eyes.

Previous grievances forgotten, Dabi barked out a laugh.

### **Bakugo - The Man From the Tear in the Sky**

Twice made a face, as he stomped his feet, “But I don’t want to be the one that have to take him. Aren’t you stronger than me? Shouldn’t you do it? // Let’s just kill him and be done with it.”

“Don’t be like that. You lost when he plated rock, paper, scissors,” Tensei said, good naturedly.

Twice whined again, but he leaned down. His hand grabbed the mysterious blond’s arm when a sharp voice made his entire body freeze.

“Get away from him!”

He jerked backwards, at the same time as Tensei, and the two lifted their hands up in the universal sign of surrender.

To their shock, Deku came running past them. He stumbled hard, as though his legs had stopped working, before he managed to throw himself onto the blond on the ground. His hands went to grab him, but they stopped right before he could touch him.

“He-he’s bleeding,” Deku whispered. He reached for walkie and immediately spoke into it, “Keigo, I need help-”

Before he could finish his words, a fluttering was heard and Hawks was next to him. The blond’s concern and uncharacteristically serious expression slowly morphed into the same confused expression that Twice had.

Still, he moved to kneel right next to Midoriya, who flinched when he came close. After a shocked beat of silence, the young man’s hand shot out to grab Hawks’ shirt.

“Please,” he said quietly, “Please help me.”

Hawks stared for a moment longer before his hand came up to grab Deku’s. He squeezed it as gently as he could.

“Of course,” he said quietly. His feathers went to grab the blond on the ground, and he watched in alarm as Deku flinched when the blond’s body was lifted.

He looked to Twice and Tensei, who shrugged back at him.

Who was the blond?

-

Deku, for the first time since any of them had known him, abandoned the cleaning section and just continued following the blond that Hawks had carried on his feathers.

“Hey, go sanitize…” Nejire, who was in charge of making sure the patrol got cleaned up today, felt the words die in her mouth. She stared at the young man in shock, but Deku didn’t even notice her.

He tried to walk right past her, and it was enough time for Aizawa to get there.

“You know that you have to clean up that blood,” he said, moving his body in front of Deku’s path. “Hey, Deku-”

“But he’s… He’s…” Deku’s voice broke and as soon as the mysterious blond went through a door, he stopped completely. “Oh,” he said quietly. He looked around, as though finally recognizing where he was for the first time. “Oh, we… We came back.”

Aizawa shot Hawks a glance, hoping to get anything, and the former hero shrugged back.

### **Spring: Telling Kacchan about Kaya**

“..Kacchan,” Midoriya started. The blond he called for stared at him, his expression blank and red eyes carefully focused on his face. “Kaya-chan wanted me to tell you that she’s waiting for you under the big tree in the courtyard.”

There was a long silence, and the blond stared at him.

“...Were you waiting this whole time to say that?”

Midoriya nodded.

“...Is she even alive?”

He shook his head.

“But I promised her that I would tell you.”

There was another silence and Bakugo rubbed his temples.

“I can’t fucking believe you. This whole time, you’ve been holding on to that?”

Almost four years later, Midoriya fulfilled his promise.

### **Kacchan v Deku**

“I… I waited,” Midoriya said quietly. “I waited here and I tried to protect but I couldn’t. I… I couldn’t protect anything but I-”

“Protect?” Bakugo frowned, “Since when the hell would anyone ask you to protect something?”

Green eyes widened and the blond scowled.

“What, you got a quirk now so you think you’re hot stuff?” he asked, his voice dropping in pitch and dripping in venom. “You think that you can slack off now that you stole that quirk? Is that it? You just sat on your ass and waited around-”

“I was waiting for you-”

“You weren’t waiting for shit!” Bakugo shouted back, “What the fuck have you spent these last years doing?!”

Midoriya felt his temper flare. He shot up to his feet, and his chair clattered behind him.

“I wanted to protect a place that you could return to?”

“Why is that a question? Return to? You think I would have ever wanted to return to you?” Bakugo snapped back, jumping to his feet as well. In less than a second, he tackled the other man into the wall. “You’re the exact fucking same, aren’t you Deku?! You hide behind your pretty words but in reality, you’re fucking nothing! You’ve never been anything and that’s why you follow other people!”

“It’s not like that!” Midoriya snapped back. He swung hard at Bakugo.

The blond dodged, much more accustomed to fighting with his anger than Midoriya was. Their current injuries didn’t help their situation, but it also served to hinder their movement. It didn’t do much to stop them. Bakugo unleashed his quirk against the young man’s stomach, sending him flying out of the room. In a split second, a whip wrapped around his ankle and tossed him into the wall.

The wall broke apart, and Bakugo growled back. In less than a second, Midoriya was already charging at him like a bull. The blond met the attack head on, wrapping his arms around his childhood friend’s torso and tossing him over using all his strength.

“Then what is it like?!” he screamed back. “Everyone here calls you Deku, don’t they?! You’ve already completely replaced everything from back then, haven’t you?!”

“No, I … I forgot for a moment but I remember now! I didn’t leave because I was waiting!”

“Waiting?! I never asked you to wait!”

“I promised Kaya-chan-”

“You never listened to anyone before so why did you start now?!” Bakugo screamed, his words hitting Midoriya’s heart harder than his fist. “You never kept your promises before so why did you start now?!”

Their stitches and other old wounds were probably all tearing open, but the rush of adrenaline blocked out anything that could stop their fight. The years of pent-up emotions came flooding out between their yells and firsts. Their bodies were breaking so they couldn’t do too much damage against each other, but damage in their hearts was tearing them apart.

“You fucking nerd! You never listened when I told you to stop fucking following me, so why did you wait now?” Bakugo’s expression twisted, his frustrated tears escaping his eyes as his voice turned raw. “Why didn’t you follow me?”

Gran Torino and Aizawa, who finally made it to the scene, finally ripped the two boys off each other. They were yelling something, but Bakugo’s and Midoriya’s full and undivided attention were on each other instead. Eventually, Bakugo wrenched himself out of Aizawa’s grip as Tamaki looked worriedly between Midoriya and the fuming blond.

Bakugo was taken back to the infirmary, forcefully, while Midoriya laid on his back.

He pressed his heels into his eyes, his entire body shuddering. His spirit mourned, but he couldn’t bring himself to cry. His throat burned hotly, but his eyes remained dry.

Why… didn’t he go?

### **Patrol**

Midoriya’s eyes watered as words of gratitude got stuck in his throat. Because the thing was, he didn’t really care about recognition or reward. He could live without A/C and heating. He didn’t need the convenience of grocery markets, and he was certain that he would survive in a world without heroes.

More than anything else, what he missed the most and what he wanted the most was this.

“You? Alone? Yeah, right. You couldn’t even go to the bathroom by yourself till we were in the fifth grade,” Bakugo snapped back. “C’mon, you stupid nerd.”

He wanted someone who didn’t believe him when he said that he was okay being alone.

### **Kacchan On Base -**

From the corner of his eyes, he saw Bakugo walking across the way to get rid of some of the trash. His heart swelled at the familiar sight, and he rushed over.

“Ka-”

“Ah, Deku-shounen, good timing. Are you busy?”

The young man hesitated, looking at Yagi’s smile and then back to where Bakugo had already left his line of sight. He gave a little sigh but turned to the older man. He shook his head, and walked towards him, ready to help in any way he could.

Next time, he told himself.

-

Once, their eyes met. Across the way as Midoriya returned from his recent scouting trip. He scrambled to take his helmet off, and by the time he got free of it, Sako excitedly stood between him and Bakugo.

He blinked at the older man, who was fretting over him for some strange reason. When he tried to look around Sako, it was to no avail, as Bakugo was nowhere to be seen anymore. A little sad, he moved on from those feelings as he focused his attention on Sako.

It was rare enough that this man was happy as it was. He thought that it was a good look on him.

-

“Kacchan, can you help me with the laundry-”

Before he could finish his words, Mirio phased through from the floor above.

“I would be happy to help!” he shouted with poorly contained enthusiasm. His shining grin was far too bright for Midoriya’s eyes, and in his surprise, was whisked away. Flustered at the appearance of a suddenly naked man, Midoriya lost his ability to fight back.

Out of the corner of his eye, he saw Bakugo turn the corner and away.

Drat. Maybe next time.

### **Mountain**

“...We should leave,” Midoriya spoke up one day, looking over a map.

“And go where?” Bakugo asked dryly, leafing through the notebook in front of him. “This kanji is wrong too, dumbass. God, you still don’t know how to read?”

“I never had a lot of chances to read,” Midoriya pouted back, but leaned in to see what the man was talking about. “But, we haven’t been to the mountains in a while. Lots of greenery, a little farm, and access to some more resources.”

“Tch, sounds pretty half-assed,” he replied back, but there was an unmistakable glint in his eyes as he looked at the man. “You just want to eat those apples, don’t you? I won’t carry you even if you pass out halfway up.”

Midoriya gave a cheeky grin back. “Sounds like fun, right?”

“Hm, whatever. I guess leaving you to do it will result in our deaths,” the blond replied back, a smile hanging on his face as he remembered a childhood far away. “When should we go?”

“Traveling will be best in autumn, but that means we will have to hunker down for the winter. Maybe we should go right after winter, right when it gets warm? There should be some left and we’ll be back before the start of winter.”

“...Huh, I guess you can really use that head of yours when you want to, hm, nerd?”

“Mou, Kacchan, you make it sound like you wouldn’t go either.”

Bakugo snorted in response.

A loud clattering suddenly drew their attention to where Tamaki had entered the room. The tea that he was bringing had clattered and clashed onto the ground, and brought the attention of the others.

“Oi, you fucking extra!” Bakugo snarled, getting to his feet and grabbing the trash can to help with the clean up. “Fuck, be careful! Hey, get a towel!”

Midoriya reached over to the box of towels behind him, and when he turned around, realized that Tamaki’s pale face was staring right at him. Behind him, some of the others have appeared, probably alerted to the sudden crash.

“What… what do you mean, leaving?”

-

“...Your words carry a lot of weight here,” Bakugo said. “Do us all a favor and be more aware of it.”

“...I don’t get it,” Midoriya said.

The blnd stared at him and then grinned, wolfish and confident in a way that embodied courage to Deku.

“Then, fucking say it. If you don’t say it now, it’s only going to get worse from here.”

And Midoriya thinks that a world without Bakugo would be a quiet place.

He stood up, and walked out. And for every single person he saw, announced loud and proud, “After dinner, I have an announcement to make.”

-

“This isn’t the whole world,” Midoriya said, his gaze falling to Kouta. “I don’t want you to think that it is.”

“So you’re just… gonna leave?”

## **Year + [Afterword]**

### **ShigaDeku - Victory**

The echo of Shigaraki's laughter filled all the nooks and crannies in the building. Monsters turned to dust with a touch, and Shigaraki's eyes looking for the next one to kill.

"...It's a little scary," Kirishima said quietly, "that he looks so happy when he kills them."

Which should be unfair, since Kirishima knew that they were all doing their best. And he knew that he should be happy that these monsters were dead.

Still, the grin on Shigaraki's face was one he only found at the end of battle.

"...Killing doesn't make him happy," Deku spoke up from behind him.

Kirishima flinched, not noticing when their base leader showed up behind him. From the looks of it, he had just shown up. He was panting, blood drying from his temple to his cheek, and several new bruises accented with smudges of dirt and grime on his chest.

"Uh," Kirishima looked back to where Shigaraki was still laughing.

"...Winning makes him happy. But not killing," the young man clarified.

"...What's the difference?" he asked slowly, tilting his head back.

"If killing made him happy, our entire base would be dust."

The man blinked back, eyes wide as he slowly nodded back. The thought of their base becoming ash left him feeling hollow, but the more he thought about it, the more that did make sense. Shigaraki was meticulous when it came to destruction. Everything was gone in an instant, leaving nothing behind.

But that laugh echoed, haunting the former building and all the monsters.

"...Victory, huh?" Kirishima muttered under his breath. "...Deku, when you kill, what do you feel?"

The young man hesitated, not because he was ashamed or because he had nothing to share, but because he didn't know. This whole time, he never really considered this a victory. All the monsters that he killed, the group of survivors that he managed to salvage, all of it meant the same to him. Nothing.

The only victory he wanted...

He placed his hand over his heart. “It’s heavy,” he said quietly. Taking a deep breath, he motioned back, “C’mon, let’s go rendezvous with him.”

"Oh, right!"

### **Travelers**

"...We could just kill them," Dabi suddenly pitched in. "How does that sound? Then we just need to get rid of the body and be done with it. We haven't started our daily bonfire anyways."

The traveler froze, paling considerably at the words.

"I'm telling Deku you're bullying him."

The scared face twisted into a frown.

"I'm not bullying him. Don't lie to him."

Fearfully, the traveler looked between Uraraka and Dabi, but kept his mouth shut.

"Tch, how boring," Dabi muttered back. He buried his hands into his pocket.

Uraraka, however, still had a gun to the traveler's head.

"I'm going to ask one more time," she said, digging the metal into the back of the traveler's head. "Why are you here?"

"W-We're just passing through. Honest! W-We didn't know that we were passing through someone's grounds! Really-"

"How many of you are there?" Dabi asked.

"We-oh, I mean, I-I'm alone. I-"

The gun a the back of his head pulled back just to hit him harder. He whimpered at the pain.

"Can you count?" she asked quietly. "How many people do you need to be greater than one?"

Fat tears began to roll down his face.

"P-Please, please, please-"

"Answer the question."

"Eight! There's eight of us here!"

There was a long silence.

"I-"

"Deku, there's eight of them."

Dabi placed both his feet on the ground. He looked to the traveler and kept his hand on his earpiece as he spoke. After a moment, he looked back to the traveler and sighed.

"You're a slave-driver, you know that?"

He dropped his hands and shook his head at the girl. Uraraka took a step back, her gun still in her hand, the way policeman do when they're ready for a fight. The traveler slowly looked up.

"Must be your lucky day," Dabi said as the traveler looked up, "All eight are alive."

-

The group of eight are reunited at the parking lot of the building they were caught in. A small lot that packed their cars in, able to house forty small cars as long as no one opened their doors too widely. It was from a time period that most don't really remember anymore.

The traveler rushed to greet his companions while Dabi and Uraraka walked up to what he assumed was their Leader, the slave-driver, Deku.

He was smaller than he expected. Small enough that Dabi craned his neck to look down at him. He was in a helmet that looked too big for his body.

"Brought you the stray," he said, his voice barely a murmur.

"So, what are we going to do with them?" Uraraka asked quietly.

The man with the helmet remained silent.

Next to him, former Pro Hero Eraserhead and some other unfamiliar figures that stood in imposing ways. The message was clear though. If these guests decide not to be guests but enemies, they will die. Outnumbered and against people they wouldn't be able to win against, they were prepped for easy slaughter. With the way they were being eyed by the (former) Pro-Hero, it was clear that things have changed since the end of the world.

"So sorry to interupt your tender moment," former Pro-Hero Eraserhead spoke up, looking and sounding completely unapologetic. "But I'm sure you're all aware of what it means to be caught like this by someone else, right?"

Their momentary joy quickly shattered, and they turned back to give them a reproachful look.

"We'll let you go if you answer a few of our questions, and don't pull any funny business," he said. "We just want to know our path. Where did you come from and where are you going?"

The group looked cautiously at each other.

"And if you don't answer in the next few seconds, we'll start with," he pointed at the child at the left, that Dabi and Uraraka just brought in.

"We came from C-Chiba!" one of them blurted out.

The others' head snapped up at the proclamation.

"T-Tokyo's really scary, we went around. We circled around Saitama-we're trying to get to Toyama!"

"Toyama?" Aizawa replied back, a frown on his face and his eyebrows furrowed.

"Y-Yes! We heard on a broadcast that there's a safe-zone up there!"

"Please, we didn't realize that we came into someone else's territory!"

"Please, just let us go, we didn't mean any harm!"

"...Alright, we'll let you go," Deku spoke up, catching all of their attention. "Uraraka, let's set up camp here," he said. Then, he looked to Aizawa, "Tell HQ we'll be late. Dabi, go patrol."

"How come I always get the patrol?" the man grumbled while turning around to do as commanded.

"You wanna explain this to Sasaki?" Aizawa asked, extending the commlink to the man.

Dabi grimaced. Uraraka made sure not to make eye-contact with either of them as she tip-toed away.

Meanwhile, the man in the helmet made their way to the group of eight. A pair of hands came up to the helmet, and pulled it off. A young man who covered the bottom of his face with a mask, looked back at them, green eyes uncannily bright and gentle. "Tell me of your trip, and we will share our supplies. We have food, and some medicine," he said. "I’m curious, where did you go and what did you see?"

At once, he didn't look like he belonged with the weight of all their lives on his shoulders.

"Don't worry, we'll compensate you for your time."

-

Dabi had to hand it to them. They were pretty well-behaved. It was almost like they were just some innocent children, latching on to the first sign of peace they had in a long time. Obviously, this will probably lead to their ultimate demise, but he thought that it would be heartening for Deku to know that there were some people who were fine. Who were innocent enough to just blindly trust.

All in all, Dabi was pretty certain that these were naive idiots who were way in over their heads. Even the one that looked to be the most alert and distrusting hadn't realized that they had three snipers aiming for their heads the second Deku gave any motion to behead them.

At the same time, Deku, who could nod along, eyes shining as he took notes on the things that this group regaled to him, was the same Deku who wouldn't hesitate to knock their head off their shoulders. That part was probably Dabi’s favorite part about him.

“How’s patrol?” Aizawa’s voice crackled over the comm, like he didn’t know.

Dabi leaned back, and Hojo snorted back. Still, he didn’t move away from where he was positioned.

“Hm, as peaceful as ever,” he said.

“Let’s keep it that way.”

What an asshole. It made Dabi want to let something loose, just to see this man sweat. Still, even where he was, about two kilometers from where they camped out, he could see the smile on Deku’s face.

“Yeah, yeah, Dabi out.”

“You got softer,” Hojo called out from above.

“I did? None of those kids are injured,” Dabi replied back sharply, “Or are you a worse-shot?”

Which was false. If they had been shot at, they wouldn’t have received Deku and the others so easily. Or they would have been much more desperate, possibly hopeful, when they saw Aizawa. But they weren’t injured beyond something that could be treated with a first-aid kit.

“Dabi, don’t deflect,” Hojo replied, but Dabi could hear him running from where he stood below.

Clearly, he spent too much time with all of these assholes.

### **Reputation**

It didn’t surprise him. He couldn’t imagine how many times he’s set fire to something. He figured that it must be terrifying to see mounds of corpses, on fire as often as they did.

But to think, he would have the label as a [tyrant] on him. The bloodthirsty group that killed all that defied him, and he sat at the top of it.

“...I guess I am pretty scary.”

To think that, he’d become some symbol of terror.

### **Quirks?**

“You… you guys still have quirks? You have… have your… How? How did you guys get your quirks back?”

“Eh? Uh… like a few years ago?”

“...A few years, huh?”

Deku leaned against the wall. He remembered a time when he was quirkless, it was a little fuzzier, like how he couldn’t remember what color his mom’s favorite apron was, but he remembered that it was like that. Of course, when everything went belly-up, everyone was quirkless in a world where monsters roamed the streets.

And then he got this quirk.

So he didn’t understand what it was like for people to lose their quirk and then try to get it back. He didn’t know what he could say or what he could do.

“Just like, use it, I guess.”

And apparently, neither did Twice.

## Sleepers

### **Finding a bunch of cyrostasis ppl**

[Deku + Tokoyami, Endeavor, Nine, Kaminari, Mt Lady, Scissor]

+ [Sakamata + Jiro + Shouji + Tensei + Yaoyozoru]

"Oh man," Kaminari whispered. "You know, in games and stuff, you always get a group of like, really rich and influential people altogther and they're locked up and put to sleep or whatever to wait out the shit that's going on but..."

The group looked around to where several pods rested around them.

"... Never thought that they'd actually do it."

"It's been poorly maintained," Nine said, walking around to inspect it. "If we leave them, they're going to die. If we wake them..."

It had been, what, seven years since the world ended?

Deku thought about it. He had no doubts that they could sustain ten or twenty or even fifty more people, but what did concern him was if they could adapt to it. He might not care, but the others really did. Things like <those who don't work don't eat> and other ideals like <everyone has to pull their own weight>. It was one of the many things that he couldn't convince them otherwise of.

The lives of these strangers were in his hands. He could kill them all, right now, by his hand. They would leave this earth peacefully, without ever experiencing the same fears and agony they had to. It was a mercy. He's done that before.

What would have been better? If it had been him, would he have wanted to make a choice? If it was so loaded one way or another, was it really a choice?

"Wake them up," Deku said, making a decision promptly. He pointed at Enji, "Contact Brava and let her know to send Shouji's squad. Bring a truckbed and enough food and water for thirty."

About twenty people were here, he thought. He brought six of them here. The base will bring four to five people. Depending on if the other scouting teams have made it back home, Hawks will find his way to him again.

There was a good chance that several of them will not wake up. There was a good chance that the people who do wake up won't return with them back to base. He didn't want to hope that they died. He didn't want to hope that they were all alive. He didn't want them to be obediant and docile. He didn't want them to break and panic.

He rubbed his temples and took a deep breath. This had to be the best possible answer.

They wake them up. They choose whether or not they want to come along. If they choose yes, they take them and hopefully they'll learn how to be useful and don't piss off the wrong people. At worst case, Deku really didn't want it to be an incident where Stain or Chisaki disembowls someone again because they were too rude to be kept alive. Likewise, they couldn't keep these guys here either.

If Deku and co could get in here, any enemy or monster could too. He'd rather not give them a meal like that. Regardless of what he chose and what he decided, at the very least, they couldn't leave any bodies behind.

"...Deku, are you sure?"

"It doesn't matter," Deku said quietly, "Whatever I choose, it's the wrong answer."

His hands came up to his shoulder, squeezing them tightly. Releasing a shaky breath, he tried to regain composure.

"Hopefully, they'll all wake up, or they'll all stay asleep."

-

The world was not kind to Midoriya. As though to mock him for daring to have hopes, all but three woke up.

As thought to make it even worse, four of the 17 took one look at Endeavor before attaching themselves to him like baby hatchlings imprinting on their mother. Except these were all fully grown businessmen who carried a dirty glint in their eyes as they eyed the former Number Two.

"Well, I can't believe that we are waiting on this young man! Young man, don't you know who this is? This is Endeavor! Surely, you would have enough respect for a man of his caliber-"

Enji's hand shot out to grab the man by the back of the jacket. He yanked him backwards.

"Apologies, Deku," he said.

Deku shook his head. This man was lucky that Twice wasn't here, the blond cut the kneecaps of the last person who dished shade at him like that. Hopefully, they could teach them to keep their mouth shut, at the very least around the trigger-happy people, until they learn how to defend themselves.

### **n**