Warning: messy feelings

Disclaimer: I don’t own anything.

Summary: Midoriya Izuku just wants to do his job, save the world, and enjoy what little peace he has with his summons. All that goes to hell when the presiding two gods decide to start a pissing competition using him as the measuring stick .

Alt: In which the author didn’t get Beel or Bel on their birthday banner, didn’t get Moriarty or Vlad during White Day, didn’t get Kengo during Valentine’s, got dodged by Silverash, and wrote in rage.

Paring: Everyone/Midoriya Izuku

A/N: All I fucking wanted was the fucking five-star that i saved 3k currency for. Which is fine. I don’t need it. But I do need is a suffering Midoriya

▬▬▬▬▬▬▬▬▬▬▬ஜ۩۞۩ஜ▬▬▬▬▬▬▬▬▬▬▬▬▬

### Notes

* World
  + Gatcha more like FGO (dive and fight) with AP (golden apples) & events and shit
  + Fighting-meta like ArKnights (dp manipulation & strategy placement)
  + Promotion like Brown Dust (but freely unevolve for cheaper cost kids)
  + World-events more like Summoner Wars
    - (we have a floating island far away from everyone and everything)
    - Including arena battles (but each mage fights their own way, Midoriya is only allowed to bring 1 so he usually always gets trashed)
  + But world more like Touken Ranbu (citadel)
* Summon Meta
  + Any summon can become 6star, but can be demoted to 3stars. (only OG 2-stars can return to that)
    - The gap btw 2starr & 3star isn’t really worth dropping another rarity
  + Promotion:
    - 1 star -> machine/spirit units (literally floating balls of energy)
    - 2 star -> shota/loli
      * With leveling up (max 60) + ascension (4x)
      * Promotion material: Blessings of a Star (ie Midoriya’s magic?)
    - 3 star -> student days (high school, for the most part)
      * Lvl up (max 70) + ascension (4x)
      * Promotion:
    - 4 star -> Promotion Materials & adult/casual wear (smoochies needed to help manage the mana)
      * Lvl up (max 80) + ascension (4x)
      * Promotion: 100% trust
    - 5 star -> Full Hero Gear (materials maxed out, awakened, cost++, have full intercourse sex + 200% trust (going both ways))
      * Lvl up (max 90) + ascension (4x)
      * Promotion: lvl 10 bond (sealed with a kiss)
    - 6 stars ->
      * Lvl up (max 100) + ascension (4x)
* AFO and OFA are gods who do the thing and they both decide to compete against each other thru Izuku
  + So AFO sends villains & OFA sends heroes to Izu’s mailbox while other summoners screams at their summon circles
  + Except they’re not heroes or villains. Just pain in the asses
  + And they’re all in love with him?!
* Izu
  + Is hardworking. Shit-luck. And that’s fine. He can work with that.
    - Hard-work pays off though, and he’s always living on the edge so when he’s finally given the same opportunity as others, he shines
    - Unbelievable stamina
    - And his heart his pure so his magic is too (physical affection turns to magic because he truly and genuinely wishes for the best in everyone, and that’s it. That’s his blessing)
  + He can’t work with all these bitches suddenly showing up in his world
  + Midoriya prefers lower rarity for faster deployment/usage.
    - & while Meta says that he should take out Enji or Dabi, he’s most comfortable with Shoto (the 3star cheaper version)

### Enter All Might

"Uh yeah, All Might is in the mailbox," Jirou said, out of the blue one day.

"All Might?" Midoriya gasped, sounding like he was about to go into cardiac arrest. "W-why?"

He had asked her to get the fucking mail, what did she mean, All Might was here?

“And uh… since you told me to collect everything. I didn’t look at what was in the mail,” and Midoriya could feel all the blood drain out of his face because there was no way she meant what he think she did, “so I might have… uh … collected him.”

All the color drained from Midoriya’s face when he heard it.

“I am here!”

And suddenly, there was a man easily double his size and triple his weight standing at the doorway. He had a large grin stretched across his face, embodying all the energy in the world as he struck a pose in front of them. Without meaning to, Midoriya’s eyes trailed over his muscles and felt his gay little heart flutter.

“Uh,” Midoriya replied back intellectually.

“I have come in response to your heartfelt words! I am All Might! The Symbol of Hope and Peace!”

Midoriya’s eyebrows climbed up to hit his hairline. He turned to where Jirou was standing, her hands over her mouth as she stared back in the same amount of surprise. Okay, not just him then.

“Uh… Hello,” he said, breathless.

“Good to meet you! Are you my Contractor!”

“Your… Contractor?”

Oh no, Midoriya realized, oh fucking no.

“Yes!” he responded back, eyes bright in a way Midoriya’s future wasn’t. “I am here to do whatever it is that you would like. A servant to your desire and your ambition.”

Midoriya always knew that some of the contracts were really… charged in a way he didn’t think his virgin ass could handle, but he has been playing ignorant all this time, and he wants to play ignorant till the end of time. Besides, no matter how they act right now, he is certain that it was a momentary, fleeting emotion that will die as soon as they realize who he really is.

“I uh,” he slowly stood up, “think this is a huge misunderstanding.” He avoided making eye-contact with the man at the door and the way he dropped his arms to his side in disappointment.

“A… misunderstanding?” he asked quietly.

“Yes,” Midoriya nodded. He could feel the thrum of <energy> from where he was standing fifteen feet away. He had so much energy and power exuding off of him that his every breath seemed to make Jirou shift uncomfortably. He moved to stand in front of her.

This was ridiculous. This was his home. His Domain. Why did his summons, his contracts, his people have to suffer because someone had plopped down into his Domain? He didn’t even want this… man. If he could even call him that. There was far too… too much going on where that being stood for Midoriya to think that he could be considered the same species as himself.

However, that didn’t mean he could be rude.

“Please, until we figure this out, please take a seat over there,” he said, motioning to the couch. He turned to the young woman behind him, she was pale-faced and her hands trembled, but her eyes let him know that she was startled but fine otherwise. “...Jirou, could you please get some tea for our guest?”

She stared, her eyes darting from him to the blond who was happily moving to the couch, and Midoriya tilted his head.

“Please.”

They both knew that, if this man were to wreck havoc right now or release any more magic than he was emitting right now, his Domain would suffer. She bit her tongue, and he felt the wave of discontent wash over him from her.

“...I’ll be right back,” she said.

She rushed away and he turned back to the couch. The man was sitting where he was just sitting, augh, and he took the seat across from him instead. He thought back to how hard Kaminari and Sero argued about the placement of the couches and was grateful that Sero’s decision to have the couches around a table won out.

And then, when he sat down, he looked up and met eyes with All Might.

“...All Might….san?”

“Please, Toshinori is fine.”

Midoriya choked.

“...Is that a nickname?”

Please say yes, he begged internally.

“No, no, it’s my True Name. My True Name is Yagi Toshinori, so please, call me Toshinori. If you would like to give me a nickname, I am fine with that, too.”

Midoriya swallowed his surprise just in time to keep a frozen expression on his face instead. What the fuck just happened? Did he seriously just give him his <True Name> ? The ultimate reveal? The magical words that locked their heart away and, if the Contractor knew it, force them to do things? Like, demand absolute obedience and all that nonsense? Did he… seriously just give it to him?

“Yes,” Yagi replied back to him, and at his puzzled expression, returned a fond smile, “You were… talking aloud,” he said.

Midoriya felt his face burn. He dropped his eyes and covered his face with his hands in embarrassment. He took a deep breath, right now, he had this to deal with. He will use this embarrassing memory to cry himself to sleep tonight. Right now, he needed to figure this out in a polite and concise manner.

A hand, so large that it dwarved both of his, came around to hold his. The exceeding warmth from his hand overwhelmed him.

“Please,” the blond in front of him said, bright blue eyes shining, “Don’t stop on my account. I would like to learn more about who you are.”

Midoriya felt his eyebrow twitch, but managed to keep the smile on his face. He tugged his hands away, but as expected of one of the best and strongest summons in the world, his smile didn’t even twitch.

“Haha. Of course, silly me.” Midoriya looked at his hand and then back up at the blond. He tugged at his hands again to no avail, “So uh… All Might-”

“Toshinori. Please, I insist.”

Midoriya felt his cheeks heat up even more. To his dismay, the older man looked absolutely endeared at the fact. “So uh. Yagi-san, then.”

“If that makes you comfortable.”

“I uh… Think there is a mistake.”

### Enter Shigaraki

“Midoriya!”

Midoriya’s head snapped up as Sero came running in. Ashen-pale, the man came in, waving his arms wildly.

“Situation! We have a situation!”

Which could be anything ranging from

-

He has a good idea why this happened. And by that, he means that there is only one person in the world who would do something like this to him.

### Gods Next Door

“No, I’m okay. I’m really, really, really okay,” Midoriya said, shaking his head. “Please. Take them back.”

Some tutting sounds, some sounds of people who truly didn't care what he thought and felt, some sounds of being unheard but acting like they were listening and Midoriya took a deep breath.

He closed his eyes. Put all his strength into not letting the tears fall.

"-and I know you will do just a great job!"

"-as a token of your hard work and good efforts-

"-look forward to the gifts we have sent you-"

No, no gifts. No presents. Midoriya was happy with what he had. Midoriya didn't need change. Not like this. He had plenty to do, skills to level.

### 4 gleaming stars

-> enter Aizawa + Kurogiri

-

### Exhaustion

“...Midoriya, you look tired.”

Did he? Because that was strange, since it wasn’t like he wasn’t particularly tired or anything. The same amount of frustrated exhaustion that came creeping up in his life. It pushed his shoulders down to remind him that he’ll never be better and otherwise made him feel like lead.

But he looked tired? Well, wasn’t that new?

He looked up, something less than savory about to whip out of his mouth, but he stopped. Yaoyozuro stooped in front of him, her eyes etched with worry as she wrung her fingers together. He sighed. It probably took a lot of courage for her to come up to him like this.

“I’m fine,” he said, “It’s a manageable amount of tired.”

Her worry gave way to a grimace. Frustration etched her features. He didn’t blame her. There wasn’t much that they could do in the situation they were in. With the new influx of new summons, they were all running ragged.

Even if he didn’t want them, he had no intention of leaving them unattended and abandoned. They, to some extent, probably understood that.

“Would you like some tea?” she asked, her voice soothing and gentle.

The exhaustion became a little lighter at the small gesture of kindness.

“That would be great.”

He looked back down at the papers in front of him. They would be dungeon-crawling all day tomorrow too, from the looks of it. He rubbed the bridge of his nose. Willed his headache away. He can’t believe that this was his life right now.

If only there was a way that he could make it so that they just costed less. Like, if he could just take away a star, and then, all their stas would drop and it would become usable, right?

### Dabi - unapologetic

A hand grabbed his wrist, and without meaning to, Midoriya squeaked. Immediately, the man who pulled him stopped and he covered his mouth with his hand.

"...Was my grip too strong?" Dabi said, and his concern would have been much more believable, if it wasn't for that damned smile curling on his face. He leaned in even closer, "So sorry."

Midoriya, who could feel his unapologetic words blow past his ears, he shivered.

### Enji - Take Me

A sudden vortex of fire filled the hallway, and as quickly as it came, dispersed away into nothing but ash.

Midoroya stared in shell-shocked silence.

“Why did you not call me?” Endeavor slowly turned around to stare at the young contractor. He opened his arms open, gesturing to the ashen remains smeared against the walls, “Look! This isn’t even the full extent of my caliber!”

Midoriya, recovering from his shock, schooled his expression back into the plain one that Endeavor saw far too often.

“Why didn’t you call for me?!”

“You…” Midoriya looked surprise and wrong-footed before he curled his lips back into a frown and bite out his next words, “You said my cause wasn’t good enough for you.”

Endeavor’s eyes widened, as his mind rushed to catch up with his mind. He stared at the young man.

“What… What was I supposed to do? Force you out when you don’t even want to be here?”

“Well, yes,” Endeavor nodded. “That is what you’re supposed to do. As a contractor, you are the one that determines my weight in the world. My existence in this Plane is solely determined based on what worth you wish me to have. Surely, with all those under your contact, you understand that, right?”

There was a long silence as Midoriya stared at the ground.He seemed to be in deep consideration, and Endeavor doesn’t understand how he’s gotten this far in his career without learning that lesson. However, when he thinks about how far below his peers he was despite the sprawling beauty of the garden, he thinks he understands the intensity of his Contractor’s naivety.

“I don’t want to,” Midoriya said at last. He lifted his eyes to stare at Endeavor. “I don’t want to be that kind of person.”

“Then.” Endeavor narrowed his eyes, “Are you satisfied lying as the loser?”

For a moment, Endeavor thinks that he could be swallowed into the abyss of those eyes.

“I don’t want to find comfort in my life based on what other people say and do. I… If you think that, I have no doubts that there is reality in your statement. But… If that’s what it means to get what I want, then I suppose I’ll never see victory.”

Endeavor looked at him, wide-eyed and not angry but something else in its entirety. Midoriya recognized it, and he knew what it was, but it wasn’t him. It wasn’t who he was. It wasn’t who he wanted to be.

He spoke frankly. "I don't need to win. I just need to go home."

The return home was silent.

-

“I… I didn’t ask for any of this, you know?” he asked. “I was happy where I was, with what I had. I didn’t ask for you all to just show up and clutter my Domain. I didn’t… I never wanted any of you to appear in my life.

### Dabi & Work

“...They’re underestimating you.”

Midoriya shrugged back. “Perhaps.”

The older man narrowed his eyes, and shoved Midoriya to the wall. The young man, not seeing a reason to fight back, rolled with the shove and let his back hit the wall. He looked up at him, certain and patient and Dabi scowled back.

“That doesn’t piss you off?” he asked, voice low and eyes narrowed.

“...Should it?” Midoriya replied back, arching an eyebrow. “It’s just some playground squabbling. As children do,” he said easily. “There’s no reason to be upset or care about it. It’s nothing.”

The other man scowled harder, if that was at all possible, and Midoriya almost felt flattered at the thought that he was so offended on his behalf. However, as things stood, this wasn’t something that he wanted to deal with, and this wasn’t something that he wanted Dabi to care about.

He balanced the book into his hand and reached up to cup Dabi’s face. Predictably, the taller man leaned into the touch, just a little shy of being able to say that he was waiting for it, and Midoriya gave him a pointed look.

“Besides, no matter how menial it is, someone has to do it. But at least this way, I know that these archives are properly made and filed.”

Dabi stared as Midoriya pulled a binder off the shelf and placed it on his arms, on top of the other collection of files and binders he had.

“And, I don’t think more information could hurt.”

“Oh, you’re not a nerd,” Dabi said, narrowing his eyes, “You’re a paranoid nerd.”

“....You’ve been spending too much time with Kacchan.”

### Arena -

“Then,” Dabi turned back around, his finger coming to tilt Midoriya’s chin up towards him, “If I win, you should give me a reward too.”

Green eyes stared right into blue ones.

“Better earn that,” he replied back.

Dabi’s grin turned feral as he turned on his heel and walked away. He gave a wave.

“What a slave-driver,” he said, as bored as always despite the expression on his face.

“He’s so hard to read,” Midoriya sighed, running his hand through his hair. “C’mon, we better get to the spectator seats.”

Takami stared at Midoriya, “You can’t be serious.”

“Huh?”

Midoriya tilted his head up towards the blond, who sighed back.

“You’re so smart, Midoriya,” he said. “Just… why.”

“Hm? Oh, Dabi’s just like that,” Midoriya said, “But he doesn’t mean anything by it. I mean,” the young man motioned to himself, “There’s nothing worth fighting for. He’s probably going to ask for more solo battles.”

“I don’t think you guys are thinking of the same kind of reward…”

“...Don’t worry,” Midoriya said, a comforting smile on his face, “I’m sure he won’t kill me.”

The blond blanched at that.

“I think your standards are all over the place.”

### Shiragaki & Admittance

“You know,” Shiragaki said quietly, “I don’t care about the fate of the world or whatever.”

Midoriya looked up, surprised, but when his eyes took in Shiragaki, nodded like it sorta made sense. He was trying to finish his reading, but it was clear that Shiragaki wasn’t going to let that happen. The taller man flopped down in the place next to Midoriya, and then laid down so that he could lay down across Midoriya’s lap-right on top of his arms and book.

“That can’t be comfortable,” Midoriya said, but not bothering to try and fight it anymore, “So why don’t you just get off.”

“No way,” Shiragaki said, “Then you’re going to start lecturing me on what’s good for the world and bullshit. I don’t care about that.”

“Alright, then, what do you care about?”

Shiragaki lifted his head, just enough so that his hair parted a little and his red eyes met his.

“You still don’t get it?” he asked, a frown on his face. “All this, and you still don’t get it?”

The green-haired man stared down at him, his gaze nearly scathing, as he sighed back.

“You know what?” he said, “I don’t care. I’m going to go back to grinding for the event.”

He promptly shoved the man off his lap, uncaring about the way he went sprawling onto the ground. He stood up and walked out, pretending to the best of his ability that the words weren’t seeping through his heart.

### Another Dungeon - The Heart of the Strong

-

“Okay, I think that’s the last of them,” Midoriya sighed. He looked over to where Gang Orca was finishing up the final monster in the area. The young man looked to the remains of their squad.

This mission has gone almost completely belly-up. With four of the ten members put out of commission, he had to reassess their options.

“...Midoriya…?”

He turned to the young girl next to him. He vividly remembered hearing that this was their first mission. They had sent out the new and the young, and looking at the current mess his group leaders were, in an attempt to gather the most amount of field experience and the thought made him feel bitter.

He quickly put those feelings away. With almost half the group gone, he was the next in line.

“Okay,” he said. He looked to the remaining members, “We’re going to get all of them out of here.”

He looked to the remains of the dungeon.

“Gang Orca, watch the rear, okay?”

He knew, deep in his heart, that this man probably wanted to fight. That he was certain that he could just go out and fight and win, but that’s not what he needed right now. Right now, Midoriya needed absolute obedience. If his own summons won’t listen to him, the panicked and fearful new recruits would definitely not listen either. They can’t make that mistake right now.

Someone will die if they’re not careful.

Luckily, Gang Orca didn’t fight him on the matter. He gave a nod and turned back to the others.

“Let’s get them to the entrance.”

-

“Okay, the proper authorities have been notified,” Midoriya confirmed. “From now on, your duty will be to ensure that they,” he motioned to the incapitated four, “get the proper medical assistance when it comes. Figure out a guard shift between the five of you to work in pairs to keep an eye on the gate. Nothing leaves alive.”

They nodded, fearfully.

“Wait… what about you?”

Midoriya stared at her and gave a small smile.

“Our original mission objective is to close this dungeon. I will go and do that.”

“What?”

“I’m sure you know of the current situation at HQ, right?” Midoriya said, “We need all hands on deck to clear out every single dungeon that breaks out. Dungeon entrances work like film, but it can only be broken from this side. We initiated contact. It’s only a matter of time before they start trying to spill out.”

He turned back to the seemingly innocent gate in front of them. The number readingers were completely wrong, and they suffered tremendously for it. However, it was good that they were here. Casualties will be kept to a minimum… no. This would be the only casualties they suffer.

“S-So you’re going to go back in there?!”

Midoriya quirked an eyebrow up, “Yes,” he said. “That’s what it means to carry this emblem,” he said, motioning to the emblem on his uniform. “If someone doesn’t aggro, they will spill out. Even with five of us, it’s inevitable that we will eventually lose track of one or two. Just one of those can kill an entire town.”

He made a motion to the town, and he has no doubt that the others remember the place where they had eaten dinner so heartily.

“That’s why, it’s better to sacrifice someone inside of the dungeon, and have everyone else watching over for stragglers in the outside.

“B-But still! This… Alone?”

Midoriya’s posture loosened as he understood their concern. After all this time, receiving these warm worries gave him butterflies in his stomach.

“It’s alright,” he said. “I’m not going in to die. But leaving the dungeon unattended will cause everyone to suffer. Right now, I’m not here as Midoriya Izuku, but as the representative and de facto leader. We have a mission. I will see it through.”

He gave a little wave, and like he wasn’t about to walk into the maws of death, boldly stepped back into the dungeon.

-

“You’re shaking.”

Midoriya blanched as his hand came up to grip his arm.

“Guess I’m more freaked out then I thought. Funny huh? I said some pretty bi things but when it comes down to it, I’m just a coward too.”

“...I didn’t say that to make you feel bad,” Gang Orga replied back. He took a certain step in front of Midoriya, as though to let him know that he wasn’t watching and that he couldn’t see Midoriya’s cowardice. The action meant a lot to him. “I said that because there’s no need for fear when I am here.”

“...You’ve been spending a lot of time with All Might, huh?”

The taller man scoffed back, but didn’t say anything.

### s