Warning: messy feelings

Disclaimer: I don’t own anything.

Summary: AU. Midoriya Izuku is your average 15 year old boy who ends up transported into some medieval Fantasy World, like he was the protagonist of some Isekai light novel. And so, Goddess Shimura Nana gave him one blessing, Harem EX becauses this goddess wants to see some boy x boy action.

Alt: Midoriya Izuku wakes up in another world, thirsty as fuck.

Paring: Everyone/Midoriya Izuku.

A/N:

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### Notes

* 15 year old Midoriya
  + Bullied all the time. Alone at home. Mom is killing herself with the workload.
  + It’s nice to be needed. Transported to this world but has lost his memories. Or at least, it feels as though they’re locked away. Perhaps he wanted to forget them
  + Also thirsty as hell
  + Classless: can do a little of everything, but his base stats/lvl is ridic.
* Isekai’d:
  + Yes, it’s Nana who brought him here so she can watch him have a good time and laugh
  + Blessed his smile heals the heart, but that’s not something that was given to him
  + A world that is now recovering from the Hero Defeating the Demon Lord
    - It’s All Might. Who is now Midoriya’s #1 Aid and wishes he was enough.
    - The two of them are on a (long) journey to help with the reconstruction and making sure the world remains at peace (esp since All Might is broken AF)
  + Harem EX
    - Those in his harem gets .5 of his stat on his as bonus
    - And gets exp thru sex (when it’s applied to the party, everyone gets some when anyone gets some)
* World
  + More magic = longer life
  + Nothing stronger than the power of pure human love
* Harem
  + Yagi - > the reason why he was summoned, the Hero
    - Blessing is : One for All -> that gives him +100 lvl. (ie the hero), in exchange, all those that he kills, he doesn’t get the exp of
    - But all those who die as the Hero will accumulate exp to the Hero (so the blessing gets stronger with time & death)
  + Shiragaki -> demon lord’s heir
  + Aizawa -> a slave with good eyes
  + Dabi -> human pretending to be a dragon pretending to be a human
  + Yamada -> the only thing Aizawa asked for was for his friend’s freedom
  + Chisaki -> the ‘demon sealed in a hole’ thing
  + Enji -> fire Fairy

### Enter Yagi

"Unfortunately, I can't help you. But I can lead you somewhere where you can get some help."

### Enter Aizawa

Aizawa Shota thought that he would finally be reunited with his family, finally have peace again, receive eternal rest, when the cart he was riding suddenly crashed. Chained to a cage, he couldn’t escape even if he wanted to. The horse must have died or ran off, and the bastards who brought him here made themselves scarce fast.

In a country he didn’t know the name of, lying among the rubble, he thought that this was a fitting end for a nobody like him.

He could vaguely hear yelling, but couldn’t hear any words.

But he did see green eyes, welled with tears and the most uncomfortable looking smile right before he passed out. If he was going to die, why couldn’t he see a cute cat or something instead? To the end, life sucked.

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The next time he woke up, he recognized the sunlight pouring in through the windows and was immediately disappointed that he was still alive.

Fuck. A debt of gratitude will chain him to the fuckers. Great. Hopefully, he’ll die this time.

### Domestic Affairs - Set up

As it turns out, Midoriya was incredibly ignorant about the world. If it wasn’t Aizawa’s problem now, it would have even been entertaining. As it was, however, Aizawa rubbed his temples while his owner kept his head down.

“Well, we might as well take requests that will take us closer to that area,” Aizawa said, “Looks like bodyguard jobs are going to be the best… but most of these are roundtrip.”

He eyed his owner from the corner of his eye, and shook his head.

“More importantly, we should get some proper equipment for traveling up north. It’s going to be a long journey.”

“...If we just abandon everything and go straight up, it won’t take longer than two weeks.”

Aizawa shot him another look. Midoriya shrank down a little more. At this rate, there won’t be much left of him.

“You really want to do that? That’s some neck-breaking speed, and that’s only under the impression that the target is there where you last saw them. If we wander a little, we might hear about where they could be.”

The green-haired man hesitated a little, and pursed his lips.

“...It’s fine. We can go,” Aizawa said, remembering his place, “Whatever you want.”

“Let’s prepare to go straight up,” Midoriya said.

### Party of Two

Aizawa learns, very quickly that his new Master is a fucking idiot. It was like he had never left the house before or something.

“And if you just come with me, I’ll be happy to show you the way, just right through this alleyway. Yes, it’s a shortcut-”

“Master,” Aizawa said, doing his best not to sound alarmed as those wide eyes turned back to him. Is is okay that someone who owns slaves looked that innocent. “I’m hungry.”

“Eh? Already?”

Luckily, his dumb, dumb, dumb Master left the side of the suspicious looking man next to him to return to his side. It was impudent to think that his Master had returned to him, when he was the slave in this relationship, but he made sure to glare at the man before he nodded.

He wasn’t hungry, of course, but his Master was far too dumb to realize this.

“Ah, I guess we have been walking around for a while,” he nodded, “Do you want to split a sandwich?”

Hm… Sandwiches are something that can be eaten as they walk around, but if they eat something that requires them to sit in a diner, they won’t like him.

“Okay,” he said, coming to a conclusion, “I’m fine with whatever.”

The little smile that his Master gave him made his annoyance ebb.

“Alright, let’s go swing by that cafe,” he said, pointing somewhere behind him.

“Ah, are you sure?” the guy from earlier added, “As a slave, don’t you think that he’s too outspoken. If you’d like, I could introduce you to someone more obedient. I understand that a man as young as yourself, it must be hard to assert your authority.”

Aizawa felt as though there was ice freezing all the blood in his body through his veins, from his heart. Right when he turned with his lips twisted down and a glare that could put down a basilisk, Midoriya spoke up.

“Sir, you wouldn’t have to resort to asking children to make sales if you were articulate,” his Master said, stunning both of them for a second. “But I suppose that, being as young as myself, it might be a concept too ‘New’ for you to understand.”

Leaving the man fuming behind him, Aizawa and his not-as-dumb-as-he-thought Master made their way for their second lunch.

### Yagi vs Aizawa - The Older Wife vs New Mistress

“The truth is,” Midoriya hesitated before he blurted everything out, “I’m actually from another world. I was grabbed by something and I’ve been here ever since.”

"...You know what?" Aizawa said darkly, "It wouldn't even be the craziest shit you've done."

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“I asked because I didn’t know,” Midoriya said, “and if you don’t answer, I’ll never know.”

Yagi hesitated for another moment and then suddenly spun around so that they were suddenly nose to nose.

“After all, compared to me, I suppose that it’s only right that you would like someone as young and able-bodied as Aizawa-kun!”

Midoriya gawked back before he found his voice, “No, that’s not even close! How could anyone ever compare to the first person who has ever shown me kindness here!” he snapped back. He stomped over, grabbing Yagi’s hand to press it against his chest, so that his palm would feel every thundering heartbeat as Midoriya turned pleading eyes to him, “Please, believe me!”

The blond stared at him, eyes shining before he relaxed. He opened his palm against Midoriya’s chest.

“Truly? Is it alright that I am here?”

Midoriya’s heart ached and he squeezed his hand.

“Yes!”

### Shopping with Aizawa-

Aizawa, Yagi, and Midoriya.

Before they knew it, it was the three of them.

“Well, for just another silver coin, we would be happy to upgrade that for you!”

Yagi quailed under the beady eyes of the salesman.

“We’re fine,” Aizawa cut in, stepping between them. “C’mon, Yagi-san, we need to leave.”

“Aizawa-kun…!” the awe and gratitude was palaple in the blond’s eyes. The two made the final purchase and walked out the door. “Thank you, truly, thank you so much.”

Vaguely, Aizawa wondered if this was how he was bought too, because they kept pushing and pushing and his other companions had a very hard time saying no.

“Uhm, I’m really sorry, but I really should be meeting with my party members now-”

“What?! You already have party members? That’s great, we can give you a group special! How many, I can put this at half price for you.”

Speaking of being unable to say no, here was the other one. Looking two parts uncomfortable and one part on the verge of tears, Aizawa took a deep breath and hated shopping a little more than usual.

“Oi! Master, what are you doing?”

The green-haired man turned around, his entire perplexion brightening at the sight of his savior. “Aizawa-san!” he chirped back.

Honestly.

“...We’re not interested” he said, coming up behind Midoriya. Next to him, Yagi placed a boney hand on the younger man’s shoulder and Aizawa watched him relax under the touch from the corner of his eye. “Let’s grab lunch.”

And just like that, the three of them ended up at the only pub in the town. He gave a long sigh through his nose as he eyed the menu.

“I’m really glad that Aizawa-kun decided to stay with us,” Yagi commented.

“Yeah, I think that’s the fastest we have ever been through our shopping list.”

Aizawa blanched at the thought, just imagining that. “Coming in to get refills must be awful,” he said.

“To be honest, after a while, we avoided it altogether,” Midoriya said, “So we’re really thankful for you Aizawa. I’ve been meaning to get Toshinori some better armor. I’m glad we finally got a chance to.”

The blond stared at the younger man, with the same expression that always made Aizawa feel like he was intruding on something sacred. He drank his water and nodded.

“...Well, for as long as I’m here, you don’t have to worry about that anymore,” he said, even though he can no longer imagine a life without them.

### Yamada -

Aizawa’s eyes caught something in the slave market and Midoriya followed his gaze to a long-haired blond sitting in a cage.

“...Hizashi...?”

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“If you want,” Midoriya said, “You can stay. You don’t have to come with us.”

Yamada stared at Midoriya and thought back to the night Aizawa warned him of <kindness>. He sees it with alarming clarity, and he thinks that it’s nice how his friend hadn’t lost his humanity with his freedom.

“...My place,” Yamada said, “is by your side.”

The younger man looked hesitant at that, and the blond wished that he would never lose this, that he could protect this, and smiled back.

“But, I suppose if my performance is that unsatisfactory, you could always return me.”

“Please don’t joke about that,” Midoriya said. He paused for a minute, looking at the taller man out of the corner of his eye and licked his lips, “Besides, your… place is with me, isn’t it?”

The blond blinked, and a large grin came onto his face. He broke out laughing, wrapping his arms around his chest as the feelings came tumbling out and he laughed and laughed and laughed. Next to him, Midoriya blushed brighter, but he didn’t stop and laughed harder instead.

### Sickness -

Yamada yanked him to the side, and it was so sudden and so unexpected that Midoriya just stumbled against the wall. The blond was on him in an instant, and right when Midoriya opened his mouth to complain because he was tired and irritated, Yamada spoke first.

“It hurts, doesn’t it?”

Midoriya’s jaw clicked shut, “...How-”

“Of course I know,” he said, leaning down while simultaneously bringing up Midoriya’s hand up so that he could brush his lips against his knuckles. He looked at Midoriya, and through the shades, could feel the intensity of his stare, “I told you that I’m always watching you, aren’t I?”

The thrum of magic resonated between the two of them and Midoriya shivered.

“...Sorry, that’s too much huh?” the blond asked, but without waiting for a reply, he instead engulfed Midoriya into a hug. He cupped the back of his head and pressed him against his chest. “I got you.”

And even though there was no known healing properties that could magically put his hp or stamina back together from just a hug, the warmth of Yamada’s body against his soothed his soul.

### Dabi - the Dragon

Eventually, they made about a week straight north, and were taking turns washing in the river when Midoriya suddenly fell through the rockbed and into a cavern. Aizawa, had he not watched him fall himself, would have just assumed that someone had taken Midoriya without him even noticing.

He’s not sure what’s better.

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His name was Dabi.

The dragon transformed into a fucking human being and called himself Dabi. God knows why he looked the way he did, but Aizawa was still stuck on the fact that Midoriya crash-landed into a dragon’s den and brought it back with him as their new companion.

He stared at him, wondering what had happened in the four hours that he was separated, but his growing migraine made him stop all questions and just accept this as his reality.

This was his reality. The less he questioned, the easier it would be for him.

And, while he was cleaning off the plates from dinner, he came back to the campsite to see Dabi crawling over Midoriya. His hands were up the smaller man’s shirt while he kissed the younger man into submission. Scowling, Aizawa made his way over, fully-intent on ripping this dragon off of him and gaining the title <Dragon-Slayer> that night, when he heard Izuku’s quiet pleas to give him *more*.

Dabi leaned back, meeting his eyes and licking his glistening lips.

While Aizawa didn’t gain the <Dragon-Slayer> title, he leveled up after a threesome with a dragon. It was not something that he ever entertained, and now that he has seen Dragon Dick himself, was reminded that his master is much stronger than he carried himself. Unfortunately, the dragon looked absolutely delighted when he saw his stats in the morning, and hasn’t kept his hands to himself since.

Midoriya’s face had retained its pink flush all through lunch.

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“You didn’t run,” Midoriya said quietly, once they were all back up under the stars and on the grass. “Thank you.”

“...It wasn’t like I was any help,” Aizawa replied., no doubt eyeing the impressive bruise Dabi left on Midoriya’s neck.

The young man laughed back, a soft sound that the wind easily carried away.

“Still. I didn’t think I would ever have someone to say I returned to. Thank you.”

### DabDek

“...Well, you fought me because I broke into your house,” Midoriya said. “That’s fair. But I don’t want to die, so I fought back.” He gave a polite bow, “So sorry about that.”

He scratched the back of his head.

“It’s going to sound weird, since I did break into your place like this, but… you know, since it’s already destroyed, why don’t you just come with me and find a new home?” he asked. He extended his hand out to the dragon in front of him, earnest in his words.

It made Dabi feel sick to the bone. So sick, with all the things that were twisting his insides, that he turned into a human in revulsion. He stared at Midoriya’s hand for a long moment, and in his disdain, because there was no other way to describe the feeling seizing his heart, took his hand.

### Watching (1)-

Aizawa stared, his eyes narrowing at the sight of his childhood friend thrusting relentlessly into his Master. He closed the door behind him right as some obscene sounds began to leave the young man, and his eyes trailed to see Dabi’s lecherous grin where he was sitting.

“Whoa there,” he called out, “Let the kittens play.”

Next to him, Yagi’s face was bright red as he polished his armor.

### Dabi the not-dragon

“You’re not a dragon, right?” Midoriya asked quietly. “There’s no way a dragon would care about how they look. So, if you, great Dragon Lord, became a human who looks like that, and then are self-concious about it, I think it’s obvious.”

Dabi didn’t even shift. His eyes dragged up from Midoriya’s bare chest up to his earnest eyes.

“...You’re a human. You have the ability to turn and a lot of cool abilities, but I’m pretty certain about it. You’re definitely a human.”

“...So what? What are you going to do about it?”

Midoriya nodded, “Absolutely nothing.”

Dabi blinked, “huh?”

“But don’t lie to me again. I would rather you just say that you don’t know or you don’t want to tell me. But I don’t want you to lie to me.”

“Isn’t that a little backwards? Since you’re holding back too?”

Midoriya shot him a look and then nodded.

“No, I suppose you are right. We should be in equal amounts of giving and receiving. So be it, I’ll tell you whatever I know to the best of my ability,” he said. “Does that sound fair to you?”

“Fair? In this world, you’re going to ask me if it’s fair?”

“This is an unfair world. So, when we can, we should try to make it fair instead of just complaining about it, right?” the younger man replied back. “It won’t change if we don’t try to change it.”

“...You look really young, and according to your stats, you are young,” Dabi said, leaning in closer, “Yet, when you speak, you feel much older. Is there a reason for that?”

“...I don’t know,” Midoriya said, “To be honest, I lost all my memories up till a few months ago.”

Dabi’s eyes snapped to his face, taking in the soft features that stretched in a nervous smile.

“Everything feels unfamiliar to me too, but I… I think there’s a reason why I forgot everything. So it’s okay, you don’t have to look at me like that,” he said. “I already know that having someone call my name out is a blessing.”

The dragonic human stared back, looking as though he wanted to say something, but unable to find words, the two sat quietly by the riverside and watched the stars fade away against the morning light.

Aizawa, when he realized that they didn’t have sex, stared at him like he was suspicious of him. He snorted back at the expression.

### Registry (2) -

“Alright, the registration is complete,” Aizawa said. “In this uncertain time, we’re lucky that it’s normal for people without any information on them to just suddenly appear.”

He passed Dabi his dog tag.

“You’re now officially one of us. Don’t lose it.”

The younger man nodded back and took the ID, “Yessir,” he replied back lazily. “Now that we’re in a village, that means we can fuck in a bed, right? I want a hot bath too. Fuck, tub sex sounds great.” He gave a raunchy grin, “Gotta keep getting stronger, right?”

Aizawa narrowed his eyes, doing very little to hide his disgust, and he wondered if this was how this man always was.

“We should get more supplies too.”

They end up spending the day indulging in physical pleasures instead.

### Chisaki- Sealed Away

Chisaki Kai is one of the demon lords who was sealed deep within this dungeon. And looking at Midoriya, Aizawa understands that this was the face of a new companion.

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"More so than breaking this curse," Midoriya sighed, "I just took it as mine."

"Why?"

Midoriya stared at Chisaki for a moment and then shrugged. "Just felt like it." When the older man opened his mouth to challenge that, he shrugged again, "But you know, being with an annoying brat has got to be better than here."

And he couldn't imagine it, being stuck in this dark, dingy hole that for however many hundred years. Chisaki was stuck here, without light or another voice. He was awake and conscious for every second, ready to wait out an eternity whether he wanted it or not.

"I will never bow down to you, human scum."

Midoriya nodded back, "I think that's fair."

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“What kind of curse is it?” Aizawa asked quietly.

“A curse that has a demon sticking to my back until he realizes that he can leave whenever he wants,” Midoriya retorted dryly.

Aizawa paused for a brief second and gave him a dry look, “You mean…”

“Yeah,” Midoriya sighed back, “Looks like we got another one.”

The older man clicked his tongue. “Great. Another one.” He knew this would happen, but he would appreciate it if Midoriya didn’t act like it was out of his control.

“Wait,” Yamada said, “I don’t get it.”

Yagi’s smile towards him was kind, but pitying at best.

“There’s nothing wrong with that,” he said. “In fact, it’s probably better that you don’t know.”

Dabi shrugged back, “Can he do a magic trick?”

### Chisaki’s Affection

Chisaki wasn’t an affectionate person, but as soon as his eyes meet Aizawa, he had an arm slung around Midoriya’s shoulders like it was the most natural thing.

Midoriya, who never gets touched until someone wants to have sex or beat him up, stared at him like he grew another head.

“Izuku,” he said, voice like silk, “Do you want to make camp for the night?”

“Uh…”

“We should go for a couple more miles,” Aizawa sudden pipped up, uncharacteristically. Normally, Aizawa would be the first one to start camp when the sun turned amber, but he supposed this was a little earlier than before. Midoriya gave a frown, but before he could say anything, his hand reached to grab his.

Midoriya’s eyes nearly bugged out of his head. What was going on?

“Midoriya,” Aizawa said while the young man kept his eyes on their conjoined hands, “You’re going to listen to me and keep going right?”

The grip on his shoulder tightened, and Chisaki stepped closer so that he could feel the warmth through their clothes and armor.

“There’s no need to act so basal,” he said, voice light and grip tight, “I’m sure that Midoriya will take my words into careful consideration. After all, there’s plenty for us to do tonight.”

Midoriya quickly looked left and right, and found Yagi and Yamada staring at him from behind a couple of trees, laughing about something. When they caught his eyes, they looked from Aizawa to Chisaki to him and then promptly turned around.

“I’ll check a little further out,” Yamada called out loudly.

“I’ll… help him,” Yagi agreed.

Assholes. Bastards. Traitors.

He turned to Dabi, who looked like he was enjoying far too much. He brought his hands up and made a few obscene gestures at them. Midoriya’s face lit up, a hot blush crossing his face.

Why was this his life?

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