## Other:

### **My Yakuza Boss’ Strange Obsession Won’t Stop Looking at Me**

The whole 'meeting someone you used to love again' wasn't nearly as heart-tugging and as beautiful as people made it out to be.

Unless they meant, Hawks himself. Because just as much as Midoriya remembered him, he was beautiful. Maybe it was the way the sunset was positioned behind him, making his hair look like a halo around his head, and made his wings shine even brighter. He couldn't tell where the glow of red started and stopped between wings and the alleyway.

In that dingy alleyway, looking up at him with a double bloody nose, Midoriya stared at him, dazed from the bloodloss and beauty.

"...Hawks," his voice broke, as though the words and tone splintered under the weight of unspoken 'i miss you' and 'i love you' from a long time ago.

"...Who?" the blond's eyebrows furrowed, looking beautiful in his confusion. "Well, it doesn't matter. You know, of all the people you had to piss off, why'd it have to be Kai-aniki? He's going to make your life miserable."

How? Midoriya wondered. Was he going to take Hawks from him? Then yes, he would be in misery again.

"Uh. I'll let him know," Hawks said, putting his phone to his ear, "Yeah, I got him. Uhm, I think your boyfriend hit his head though. He's ... a little vacant."

The blond looked at him, and a few feathers fell onto Midoriya's shoulder. It had been so long since he touched one. His eyes watered.

"And... he's crying now."

### **Flip your thinking**

Midoriya shook his head.

"Flip your thinking. You don't save people because you're a hero. You are a hero because you save people."

He stared at him, unflinching and certain. His grin was bright.

"A license makes it official, but at its core, that's what a hero is."

### **That orphan au**

"You know, there are better people here than me. Kids who will grow stronger and faster and smarter than me. Kids who will have quirks that can help you better and be more useful than me. Kids that aren't as annoying as me."

"Yeah," Hawks nodded, "but I wanted you."

Midoriya hesitated.

"I can't... I can't legally marry you. But at least if I adopt you, we are legally, the same family."

Midoriya's face flushed.

"You're right. You don't have to but if you do, I... I wanted to have a family, be a family with you. And this was the best thing I can think of at the time."

### **My hearfelt Confession**

OG written for mah boi dab but thats all i write but tbh it could be hawks}

"I love you."

Midoriya flinched at the words. He whipped around, eyes wide and cheeks pink like soft sakura petals. The sight of it was so innocent. Like all of his other memories of him, he immediately framed this one in his heart too.

He stepped forward, taking Midoriya's hand and running his thumb across his knuckles. The young man didn't shy away, he never did, and peered up at him, adorably curious.

"Uh..."

"You don't have to give me an answer. You don't owe me anything. I told you because I wanted you to know." He gently pulled Midoriya's hand up to his lips, kissing his knuckles as tenderly as he wanted to kiss Midoriya, now, five, ten, a hundred years into the future.

Midoriya's eyes looked ready to pop out of their socket. His entire face, all the way to his neck, was red. His fingertips trembled as he gaped back like a fish. Even now, he couldn't think of anything cuter.

"The world has gone to shit, my life is shit, but I ... I got to feel something as tender as love," he said. "Thank you."

Midoriya stared at him, because the expression and look in his eyes wasn't love. It wasn't. It was the same expression his mom used to have, waiting for a phone call and flipping through old photos. That wasn't love.

He didn't want this man's love to be like that.

"I-I'm sorry," Midoriya said because he never wanted to make someone feel like that.

And he smiled back, as though expecting this answer.

But Midoriya didn't even know how to make someone fall in love with him. How could he get someone to fall out of love instead?

## Fanboy:

Summary: Midoriya was 25 when he was (finally) kidnapped by some villains. He wasn't going to let this opportunity to spice up his stories go to waste!

### Freak - ShigaDeku

"But," Midoriya said, tapping his forehead as he strained his memory, "Out of all the heroes Hawks has been seen with, he glanced at Best Jeanist the most. Three times! And one of those times, it was 36 seconds!"

Shigaraki blanched.

"You freak," he hissed.

## FireWorks [abandoned]:

Semi-AU. The one where Izuku inherited his dad’s Firebreathing quirk, he’s best friends with Kacchan, and they have plans to start their own Hero Agency in the future, everything begins to fall apart when he suddenly inherits One-For-All.

A/n: in exchange for happy MightDeku & unhappy BakuDeku, you get unhappy MightDeku & happy BakuDeku

Paring: ¯\\_(ツ)\_/¯

* In exchange for BakuIzu happy- urepi-yoropiku-ne relationship, All Might and Izuku has a strained, guilty-ridden one
  + Izuku thinks he’s temp. Is waiting to give up the power to the next person. Has been keeping it a secret because of that.
  + Baku knows that Dekkun’s hiding something, he doesn’t know what.
* Deku
  + Firebreather. Using in succession makes him choke on his own smoke. Hasn’t burned his throat or mouth in a few years though.
  + Deku because what kind of hero makes the people he saved so concerned for his accidental ass’s wellbeing.
* Kacchann + Dekkun
  + Super-duper codependent. Has known each other since diapie-days (probably a little before too actually)
  + The more people tell them that they won’t make it, the harder they try
  + Deku: yammers on and on about nerdy things, but only with Kacchan. Usually keeps his mouth shut otherwise. Pleasant smile. Quiet and Confident. Friendly and a little awkward.
  + Bakugo: silent glaring type. Really hot-headed if you know what makes his fuse light
  + Deku: stares outside in a daze thinking about data. Baku: packing up his bags and holding it.
  + “Izuku can do his best because of Bakugo. Bakugo can do his best because of Izuku. Two halves of a whole.”
  + “They spent too much time together to know how to be apart.”
  + Supposedly, the brain + the shield.
* Basically:
  + Shigaraki Tomura v All Might is long ongoing.
  + (14yo) Izuku (wrong place wrong time) shows up and saves Yagi from Shigaraki. Breaths fire and scars & the bartenders comes and takes him away like “yeah, you’re not going to win”
    - Cue grudge
    - And then Izuku gives Yagi cpr (mouth2mouth) and gets One-For-All
    - Neither realize this.
  + One-For-All Fucks him up good
    - Sudden super-strength, breaking a lot of his things (cups, pens, etc) and then shatters his leg trying to save a kid from truck, etc
    - Destroyed his sleeping habits because he has dreams or memories or nightmares of people (the other people who had this quirk)
    - Sludge Monster (and the one time they go home separated smh)
  + UA Admissions Exam
    - Yagi finally finds Midoriya and explains half of what’s up
    - Izuku doesn’t want this.
  + Shigaraki finds Izuku
    - “I’ll break you to break that man. Then, then I’ll ruin him”

### Iida - > Secrets

“...Hey, Iida-kun,” Midoriya asked quietly, stepping in front of his classmate, “Can you keep a secret?”

“I don’t think that this is the time-”

“Please.”

Iida, facing off the man who might have killed his brother, stood in the dark alleyway with no hopes.

“...Of course.”

Midoriya relaxed a little at that, “Okay. Then, what you’re about to see, keep it to yourself and don’t ask questions, okay?”

He clenched and unclenched his hands into fists, took a deep breath, and jumped headfirst into his new plan.

## Another You (isekai)

Summary: Semi-AU. One day, Midoriya Izuku saw his Mentor in his Prime. Out of sheer nostalgia, he reached out and unexpectedly, took All Might’s injuries onto his own body. Dying and stranded, Midoriya falls in love in a world where his self never reached the age of three.

Alt: Midoriya was so naive to think that this world was a carbon-copy of his world. It was very, very different. First of all, the villains that terrorized him as a child weren't villains but the people who protected him from playground bullies, and the heroes that he looked up to were a lot more fickle than he once believed.

Alt: There’s a small coffee shop where there are no villains or heroes or law or grudges. When you enter through the doors, you are only another person.

### Notes

* World of Quirk Liberation. And Izuku is caught right at the center of it.
  + Everyone for themselves.
  + Midoriya is 10 years older than cannon self. (a year younger than Dabi)
* Izuku ends up in another universe. Takes All Might’s crippling injury, so All Might can continue on like nothing was wrong.
  + In essence, gave him his <OFA> in exchange for his injuries.
  + But now half his stomach is gone. His chest looks like it’s been shattered, on top of all his old injuries are scary to any civilian.
  + The more he wants to stay in this world, the more of his previous life he forgets. Forgets how to read his name first, and thinks that it’s Deku.
  + Old Lady took his broken, suspicious ass in. Gave him a place to work and stay, in a small cafe. Is ‘adopted’
  + Eventually, she dies and gives it to her son, who really really doesn’t like Deku and is trying to get him to quit and hand over the buisness so he can make more money by selling it to someone else (and then, Heroes start showing up here for coffee, and that plans burn the fuck down thanks endeavor)
* School
  + Dabi & Chisaki are same year different class
  + Izu is 2 yrs younger than them
  + Shiragaki is in ms
* Cafe
  + Midoriya gives a Good Meal to anyone & extends a hand to anyone nearby. He doesn’t know it, but he saves them.
  + Touya eventually works there. And Midoriya fixes the Todoroki fam
  + Overhaul, who is lost, a little broken and now only sees Midoriya. Stabilizing the Yakuza.
  + Regulars:
    - Aizawa is Taken™ by this one. Comes every school day at 5 am sharp.
    - Shoto, because he’s mending paths with his brother, and truly enjoys Deku’s company
  + Hizashi & Enji are the only ones that know that Deku spews blood out of his mouth on the daily
* All Might’s Muscle-self is Him.
  + Will die with OFA but he desperately wants to find the man who took his injury for him. Imagine his shock when he learns that the guy didn’t ‘heal’ his injury, he took it.
  + AFO/OFA is gone. Disappeared out of the world.
* All For One is gone. Nonnegotiable.
  + Shiragaki is still a villian. Ish.

### Dabi-senpai

He attends a normal public high school.

-

“...Dabi…”

“...Why do you call me that?” he asked. “My name is Todoroki Touya.”

“...You don’t look like someone who wants to be associated with your family, and I’m not close enough to you to call you by your first name,” Midoriya replied back. “So, Dabi.”

Which was a lie, because in reality, Midoriya thinks that old habits are hard to break. And even without the permanent purple scars and staples all around his body, he recognizes that lonely, lonely, lonely look in his eyes and knows that he can’t leave him alone.

“Cremation, huh? Yeah, that makes sense. I destroy everything I touch.”

“...That’s one way to look at it,” Midoriya said, tilting his head, because while that did make sense, it wasn’t what he associated Dabi with.

“...Then what else would it mean?”

“That nothing beats your fire,” Midoriya replied back. “I… I don’t think I’ve ever seen anyone whose fire, like your passion, burns brighter than yours. So like, all your adversaries turn to ash, since you’ll never lose… I guess?”

However, now that he had to explain himself, the less it made sense. And once he realized what he said, after he said it, he felt like his face was burning in embarrassment. He turned around, keeping his eyes to the ground and missing the surprised expression on Dabi’s face as he high-tailed it out of there.

-

The following day, Friday, Midoriya naively thought that he was safe because Dabi er… Todoroki-senpai never came to school on Fridays. He always skips.

And concerning who his father is, no one bats an eye.

So, the sight of Dab… Todoroki-senpai leaning against the space right next to his shoe locker was just as surprising to Midoriya as everyone else in the school.

“Hey there, Midoriya,” he said, lazy half-lidded eyes and a small smile on his face. He swears he can see the scarred man from another lifetime, with purple skin stapled together overlapping the not-as-scarred Todoroki-senpai in front of him.

“I don’t have any money,” Midoriya blurted back, wisely keeping several feet between them.

The older man frowned at that, “I don’t want your money.”

"...I can't do your homework. I have no idea what's going on in your class."

"Why would I ask you to do my homework? I don't even go to class."

Mudoriya opened his mouth, closed it and then gave an irritated huff. "Then what do you want?"

The older man looked less than amused. Around them, students gave them a wide berth and remained absolutely silent. He’s certain that they are just as curious as they are terrified, and he’s also certain that none of them are more confused than himself. "If you would let me speak, I'd tell you."

Midoriya didn't want to know. But at the same time, he was super curious. Curiosity won out, since he figured that if the man wanted him dead and gone, he would be.

"I’m waiting,” he said with a lot more attitude than he expected.

And surprisingly, instead of getting annoyed or upset, an amused gleam crossed his eyes. After several years of seeing that expression on his face only before someone got injured, Midoriya tensed on instinct.

“Let’s skip.”

“No way,” Midoriya shot that idea down immediately. “I have perfect attendance.”

“...No one’s going to notice, so why not?”

“Is this it? This is why you came to bother me at school?” Midoriya sighed, walking right up to him as he changed his shoes out. “I don’t want to skip. It’s not a matter of if anyone else cares or not.”

“Loosen up, one day won’t kill you. Live a little, will you?”

Midoriya stared at him, “If that’s what it means to relax and loosen up, then I’m fine being a boring, tense person for the rest of my life.”

Dabi scowled back, “What’s so good about class anyways?”

“We’re going to be learning about the Sengoku Warring Period,” Midoriya replied back, “Why would I want to skip that?”

The older man ‘s eyebrows hiked up on his face before it narrowed down into something a little more frustrated and annoyed. “I could just burn you right now,” he said, the blue fire dancing right at his shoulders.

The green-haired man shrugged back as he put his shoes away, “History is at 1.”

Dabi threw his hands in the air, “Do you have a comeback for everything?”

“What do you want to do anyways that can’t wait till after class?” Midoriya asked as he slipped into his shoes and changed them into the locker.

He closed it, and seeing how blue eyes were sharp and focused, looked back. He stared at the graffiti on his locker, normal things like “loser” and “fuckface” was scrapped into it, probably at the expensive of someone’s keys. It was clear that Dabi wasn’t looking at that, because Midoriya couldn’t imagine him ever caring about something like that when he’s trying to get him to play hooky.

“Let’s get on a train and spend the day at the beach,” Dabi said.

“Let’s go after class,” Midoriya said, remembering something fond from a long time ago, “The quiet train ride back at night is pretty romantic.”

He could punch himself in the face for saying that, but he would never be able to take the words back. The wide-eyed look on Dabi’s face made it clear that he heard it. And then, to his shock, his cheeks turned bright red, and it made him look so much more innocent than the villain who once bragged to the world that he killed an exorbitant number of people with Endeavor’s fire.

His hand came up to his lips, like he couldn’t believe the things he said.

“Oh,” he said quietly. “I mean. We don’t have to.”

“I’ll come by when you’re done. When are you done?” he asked, rubbing the back of his neck.

“If you go to class, you would know,” the young man replied back coldly.

“Look it…”

-

Still, standing at his locker 15 minutes after the last bell rang was Dabi. Midoriya wasn’t sure what to feel.

### Quirkless

Where he was from, he had a childhood friend who never let him forget that he was useless and worthless because he was quirkless. He should just end his miserable life since there was no point in living in such a dazzling world when he couldn't be a part of it.

Here, the isolation is silent. He doesn't exist, and when he does, he was treated like a plague. Here, people assume that interaction with a quirkless kid will make you quirkless.

It's baseless but human fear worked like that. Just as before, Midoriya felt powerless.

-

"You're quirkless?"

Ah, since Dabi doesn't have friends and doesn't really come to school, he realized that this man probably had no idea that Midoriya was quirkless. Wasn’t that funny?

Would this be the end? Midoriya never saw it as a big deal but since everyone else isolated him because of it, perhaps it was a much bigger deal than he had anticipated. He didn't think that Dabi said that he didn't care or want his quirk, but now faced with the (fake) possibility, he'll probably change his mind. It's still his quirk, after all.

"Yeah," Midoriya replied back. "You didn't know?"

"...You're not upset?"

He shrugged back. "Why should I? I don't need one." His heart twisted.

"...Why didn't you tell me?"

"...I thought everyone already knew," Midoriya replied back. "...But if you don't want to be seen with me anymore, it's okay. I… " miss him a ton, but he doesn't say that. He took a deep breath, "You should take care of yourself."

"...You think that, if I leave you, I'll be taking care of myself?"

"If you keep being seen with me, people are gonna talk about you behind your back-"

"Like they weren't before. Then, the reason why you put up such a fight and you were… you thought I was going to be like them?"

Midoriya didn't answer him and Dabi's hands erupted in flames for a brief second. Was he going to die? Just as he thought that, Dabi's hand flung out, shooting blue flames to slice through the air. It missed him to the left by a foot. Was he feeling okay? His aim usually isn't...

"Why didn't you dodge?"

Oh.

He didn't miss.

Midoriya suddenly felt warm. Was it a delay reaction from the fire?

"Why… why are you looking at me like that?"

"Senpai," Midoriya said quietly, "Thank you."

"Don't thank me!" Dabi snapped back. He surged forward, grabbing Midoriya by the collar of his shirt and slamming him into the wall behind him. "I… God, I fucking hate you."

"I know."

But come friday afternoon, they meet up for their weekly snack.

### Coward

"You act like a coward, but when it comes to it, you're the bravest dumbass ever."

"...Thank you…?"

"It wasn't a compliment."

### Children

Looking at Todoroki-senpai and Chisaki though, Midoriya felt so fucking stupid.

They weren’t the villains he remembered. They weren’t villains at all, actually. They were just a bunch of kids who haven’t found themselves yet and haven’t gone down one pathway or another.

What… what the fuck has he been doing?

-

But he supposed that, if all they needed was someone to reach out to them, and they wouldn’t be a villain anymore, then there would be no villains at all. He, in his head, understood that it is naive to think any other way.

But when he saw that Chisaki still had that picture of them as his phone background, and when he saw Dabi order and pay for them because they always take too long to order when they always get the same things, he couldn’t help but hope.

### Aizawa-sensei

For Heroes, it wasn’t uncommon for them to get flyers and coupons from cafes, restaurants, and the likes. Places that can take their photo in association to, and their business usually boom for another week or so. If it’s a popular place or a place that they are regulars at, Heroes are usually treated as a commodity to be taken a picture with and bragged about on social media.

It was not something that Aizawa enjoyed. In fact, it was the part about heroism that he really, really disliked. He just wanted a fucking coffee.

But, desperate times called for desperate measures. He had to step in to help the neighboring heroes in dealing with a specific citizen who’s quirk was to throw up acid everywhere. Yeah, he showed up and the situation was quickly resolved.

Yet, the contacting and the moving around and the fighting and then the dealing with the officials to make sure they could get the criminal apprehended safely, lasted an entire hour an and a half. An entire hour and a half that he should have spent sleeping.

And so, he ducked in to this cafe with Present Mic on one side and Gang Orca on the other. It was awfully loud, they were all tired, and while Gang Orca could go home and crash, Present Mic and he had classes to teach.

The young man at the counter, who could have easily passed as a high school student, looked up from the counter on this slow Wednesday morning, and predictably opened his mouth in pure shock.

“A-Aiza…”

He then clicked his mouth shut as Eraserhead narrowed his eyes.

“Ah, sorry, I mistook you for someone else,” he said, giving a quick bow before raising his head, “Welcome to Our Story.”

He gave a smile, and the three tired heroes dropped all pretense and walked in to the new coffee-house.

-

The coffee was delicious. The area was quiet and out of the way. Despite being in uniform, they were almost completely left alone, except for the only other person in the cafe, the waiter who brought them their orders.

Other than that moment, however, he left them alone. He didn’t spare them a second glance. And they left him a tip on their way out.

However, it was a favorable experience that would make them return back again and again.

### Suspicious Man Chisaki

Chisaki’s eyes snapped open, and placed his hand on the bed, ready to unleash Overhaul at a second’s notice when the door opened.

He was on a soft bed in a very plain room. There were minimal to no furniture or decorations in the barren room, and sunlight pouring in through the curtain on the only window in the room. He sat up, eyes alert because the last thing he remembered was being ambushed by his own-

“Ah, you’re up.”

A young man stared back at him. He was...incredibly plain-looking. There was nothing noteworthy about him and his green eyes and messy green-hair, like a face that people will overlook in a crowd, and Chisaki tried to wrack his memory for who this man is.

He was carrying a thin plastic bag of packaged sandwiches, canned coffee, and bottled water. It looked as though he had just come from the convenience store or something.

“...Here. You can have these if you want,” he said. “The bathroom is down the hall. There’s an exit when you go down the stairs. All your belongings are under your bed in a tray,” he explained. “I don’t have anything to charge your phone with though, sorry about that. You can leave when you want to.”

“...Wh-Who are you? Why did you help me?”

The young man stared at him for a moment, a small smile on his face.

“...Midoriya Izuku is fine,” he said, and turned to leave. “I have to go to work, but my door is auto-lock so you can leave without worries.” Gold eyes stared at him in confusion and he paused right before he left.

He hesitated and stared at Chisaki for another moment, as though there was something so awfully funny about this entire ordeal before he shook his head.

“As for why I saved you? Isn’t it obvious? Because you looked like you needed help.”

### Endeavor’s Exceeding Warmth

“...Over here, sir,” Midoriya said, beckoning the older man to the furthest corner of the bakery.

“...Most people would put me at the window so others can see that I’m here,” Enji replied back, voice a fraction of the man he remembered.

“Well, I’m not most people,” Midoriya replied back. He looked over his shoulder, and thought that the man who had the face of the Pro Hero who ruined his best friend’s childhood, but none of the exceeding confidence that his position held. “And you look like you could take a break from the world.”

This Enji looks exhausted. He looks like there is nothing left in the world except to lay down and accept defeat. It’s something that he never wanted to see, but he’s not someone important or of note-worthy to help him.

But he can do this.

“I don’t know how you do it,” he said, “but for me, when I want to take a break from the world, I read.”

He turned around and pulled an old book off the shelves.

“Here. This one is interesting enough to forget about the world.”

Enji’s eyes slid over the cover, but he took the book. He must be even more desperate than Midoriya thought, if he was going to consider his words,“...This is the second book.”

“Easier to lose yourself in,” Midoriya said, “Besides, when you meet someone new, you start from the middle of their story.” He shrugged back, “and if the book really does interest you, you’ll try to find out everything about them right?”

“...Indeed.” He said, staring at the book like it was much more than a simple novel.

“Your usual then, sir?”

He gave a little nod back and Midoriya left to do just that.

-

He leaves, as quietly as he came. The old, worn book remained on his table next to his empty cup and a tip equating to the price of his entire coffee order that he blanches at. The shop got busy in an instant, so he didn’t get to check on the man after initially getting his coffee to him.

Augh, he thinks, just. Augh. Then and there, he decides to make Enji’s next order on the house.

It would be a while before he realized that he was expecting Enji to come again to this shitty little coffee house out of the way.

-

The next time Enji comes in, he has a bag in his hand.

He is standing outside of the store before opening, and Midoriya opens the doors as soon as he sees him.

“We don’t open for another 30 minutes,” he said, “but if you promise to be quiet, I’ll let you in early.”

Enji takes one look at him and huffs a laugh. It’s such a foreign expression on him that Midoriya’s eyes widen.

“...I’m only here to drop this off,” Enji replied, lifting the bag in his hand.

“Oh, for Dabi-senpai?” Midoriya suppressed the urge to giggle, thinking of what kind of expression Dabi would make when he learns that Enji waited outside of their store before opening to give him something. Instead, he gets this huge goofy smile as he extends his hand out, “Yeah I’ll-”

“It’s for you.”

His hand stops cold. His face slackens and his eyes dart to Enji’s face.

“...What?”

“It’s the rest of the series. I saw that you only have the second and fourth books. I got the rest of them for you.”

“Oh. Oh! For the cafe!” Midoriya said, desperately grasping at straws as his mind tried to fill in the gaps of logic.

“No,” Enji said, reaffirming himself, “It’s for you.”

“I… I uh…”

“I believe that you were the one who told me that, if you get interested in a moment, you’ll naturally be taken by a lifetime.”

“Uh… no, that’s really not what I said-”

“...Was I presumptuous in assuming that you were interested in the rest of the series?”

Midoriya’s jaw clicked shut, and he looked from the man to the bag of books as he felt the temptation claw at him. Of course he wanted to read them. They were the first books that he had fallen in love with since he came here, but they were a relic of the past and weren’t popular enough to keep in circulation.

Any copy he found was out of his budget, so he was going to buy a book every five years or so.

“...I’ll return them to you later,” Midoriya said, sighing in defeat.

“No need,” the large man replied back. He paused for a moment before he reached over and grabbed Midoriya’s hand. The man blinked, too shocked to stop him, but his jaw slowly unhinged as Enji pressed a chaste kiss to his knuckles.

The man leaned back, every bit smug and arrogant for some reason, and Midoriya is taken back to another lifetime where this expression was his default one.

“That’s a good expression on you,” he said.

What.

Enji puts the bag into his hand, turns around and leaves.

He doesn’t come in for coffee, and Midoriya doesn’t know who this man is, but he wasn’t Todoroki Enji of any universe.

### Hisashi Finds Out

"Oi, Dekuuun!" Hisashi sang out, stumbling out of the main room and towards the kitchen. "You are taking too long with the snaaacks," he whined out. And taking on the manliest voice he can,"No need to fear, I am here!"

He cackled at his own joke, and by then he oriented himself back on his feet and a drunk laugh. He hiccuped, took a moment, and then finally realized that no one still hadn't responded.

He stared and easily found Deku in the bright kitchen. He was hunched over the sink and had lifted his head to look at Hisashi in shock. Blood, because the smell was unmistakable, dribbled down his chin, making his complexion seem even paler.

In an instant all the alcohol left his system.

"D-Deku-"

Deku took that moment to throw a small plate at him. With the experience and reflex of a hero, he grabbed it before it clattered and cut his words off in the process. He looked back up and Deku shook his head.

"Don't tell Aizawa. Please."

He turned back, spitting everything out of his mouth and turned the water on to gargle. He left the water running as he continued to rinse and wash two more times, a practiced ease that made something clench tightly in Hisashi.

"W… What happened? Are you okay?"

Hisashi, holding the plate flat against his chest, peered worriedly at the smaller man.

He looked back at him and flashed a relieved, sunny smile filled with a wonder that Hisashi could only recognize because he's saved so many people. The smile of a victim who were in awe at the fact that they were going to be saved.

"Yes, thank you for worrying about me. But it's alright."

"I wouldn't call throwing up blood 'alright'," he responded dryly.

"Haha," Deku gave a breathless laugh, and Hisashi wondered if something hot would help him, "But I'm alive."

Hisashi gave him a long stare and Deku handed the plate of side-dishes to them.

-

"What took you guys so long?" Aizawa drawled out, putting another can against his lips, “Now we’re outta beer and all we got are sidedishes.”

“Maybe you shouldn’t have drank all of … hey those are mine!” Hizashi abandoned the side-dishes at the table and jumped at his roommate, “Aizawa! You bastard! You’re going to throw away all our years of friendship over this?!”

“Worth it,” the man slurred out, downing the rest of his can in an attempt to cover his grin.

## Unrewarded:

Summary: Midoriya Izuku, an overworked 25 year old public officer, gets suddenly summoned and told to fix a kingdom if he wants to go back home. Maybe, if he’s just a terrible person, they’ll let him go!

* Izuku is 20. In the middle of his 72 hour Business Contract Warrior Mode. And now, here he is.
  + “Quirkless” but one Hell of a Hand-To-Hand Combatant (a life of being bullied)
  + #1 in all his classes (since it’s all he had and he didn’t have friends and shit anyways)
  + Is overworked, underpaid, and very tired
  + Understands that he probably can’t go back until he dies or something, so figures that he’ll work everyone to the bone, hopefully they’ll stop trying to get other people to do their jobs and just do it themselves
* A world with quirks & magic is a world where people are lazy
  + “Someone with a suitable quirk will come!”
* Factions:
  + Royals (ie maids/butlers) -> the only people that Midoriya seems to treat with real respect
    - “...You have no power here. I have no need to fear you.”
  + Knights/councilmembers -> ridiculed at all opportunities
    - Gotta give them a reason to betray me
    - And they’re all people that understands hard work when they see it
  + Liberation (deathly against him)
    - A lot of corrupt nobles end up siding with them. And then Destro sees the light in Shiragaki…
  + Villains -> AKA “demons”
    - People who are shunned/kicked out because they’re unloved & unwanted & uncontrollable. And Midoriya gives them a reason to fight
    - “Once they learn ambition, I will probably die. Hopefully, this kingdom will be able to stand up once I leave.”

### Kidnapped to Isekai

Yagi appeared on the grounds to kidnap the smartest person, and got him. It was pretty easy, all things considered

-

It takes a week to drag Midoriya’s unwilling ass to the top of the nobility, and Yagi watches as the anxious ball of energy recedes and something cold settles into his eye.

“...You know, this place is beautiful,” he spoke slowly, never stuttering as he looked around the magnificent throne room with a great amount of awe. “The decor is absolutely stunning. The attire you have presented to me is absolutely charming. I can tell that there was a long, successful reign.”

Even though he was the only person speaking, the mood of the entire throne room lightened. The ease it was to make them drop their guard, and how eager they were to accept these flattering remarks made his heart ache for the taxpayers bleeding for their money.

“...It’s such a shame that it couldn’t be carried onwards anymore, and has been reduced to what it is outside.”

There was a brief pause. Next to him, Yagi gaped back and Midoriya honestly couldn’t even find it in him to be remorseful. The amount of negligence in the kingdom that they swore that they would protect was disgusting.

“You…”

“If you guys put even half the effort to make this place beautiful into your kingdom, I bet you would have never needed to summon a person from another world to clean up after your mess.”

Where did the kid that cried to sleep every night go?

### House-Arrest

Midoriya was placed in the farthest corner of the castle, out of sight and out of mind. There was a bathroom connected to the room. His food was brought to him in the room.

There were two guards outside of his room at all times. It seems that they change guard shifts every few hours.

Regardless, their intent was clear. Midoriya was a guest in name and a prisoner in reality.

He took a deep breath and hardened his heart.

### 3 Demands

“Well, if you want me to take care of this, then I need three things.”

“Three? Well, please, list them.”

Hah, the fools. They think that someone only needs three things to fix this sorry state? Suddenly reminded of his manager bringing him in front of the boss to endure the grilling questions and strong-holding him into a position that he would have never accepted otherwise.

It looks like, in that sense, it didn’t matter what time period he was in, what world he was in, this was just what people did. He hated almost all corporate exec for this very reason.

“The first is that I need total and complete power over everything,” he said. “A place higher than the king.”

These suckers looked so shocked that they couldn’t even find their voices. An uncharacteristically cruel smirk came onto his face and Midoriya hoped that they could feel his scorn.

“And, with that, I need your entire council to disband until further notice. They clearly aren’t doing their jobs anyways, so having them here will just make more clutter.”

“You dare to-”

“If you don’t meet my demands,” Midoriya said, “or unsatisfied with them, you should just send me home, don’t you think so?” he asked, a smile coming onto his face. After all those years of bearing the brunt of all the faults in the projects that ever came up, he was damned if he was going to let that be here.

His way, or let him go home.

If they agree, then he really will do everything he can to salvage this mess of a kingdom. If they don’t agree, then he’ll be on his merry way home. Even though it hurts his heart and conscience to abandon all these people, but he can’t help people who didn’t want to be helped. No one could.

“...And your final demand?”

“I want your guarantee that you, as a council will not try to fight me or dethrone me for the next three years.”

After all, this would mean that they won’t revolt obviously. It gives him a time limit, and hopefully, will teach them patience. If there is no progress in three years, Midoriya would be happy to accept any kind of awful humiliation they will subjugate him to. At the very least, it will give them a focus to concentrate all of their negative energies instead of taking it out on the common folk.

And, if he makes progress and they come for his head at the end of three years, then he’ll know that they’re just lying scumbags.

Of course, they could just break their word and kill him early, and just summon some other poor sucker to do this awful job, but that wouldn’t be his problem either.

In reality, there was a thousand ways for this to end. And all of them spell a grisly death for him. Regardless, Midoriya was sick of living under the thumb of someone else. When other people were involved, he didn’t want to be comfortable being a puppet for anyone anymore.

“Alright. We will agree to your terms.”

The king had spoken, sealing Midoriya’s fate.

The young man couldn’t find a single reason to smile and nodded his head. Still, looking at the king’s expression, he thinks that the situation must be incredibly dire to leave it to some stranger from another world. The fact that this is something that’s readily available makes it even worse.

“Great. Enjoy this unpaid vacation.”

And just like that Midoriya became the Tyrant in this new place filled with strangers and enemies.

### The Tyrant: Week 1

As soon as he finally got a team, he put them to work. They had a lot to do, and the longer the waited, the worse the situation outside would get. Knowing that this was going to dreadful, he took a deep breath and began.

“Alright, the first thing I need to figure out is the budget,” Midoriya said, rubbing his temples. “All your records for the budget for the last ten years, bring it to me. Order it, with the most recent being first.”

-

“You know, there’s all sorts of rumors going around about you,” Yamada said.

“Should I care about how my kidnappers view me?” the response was cold, and he didn’t even slow down his writing.

“Hey, you know we’re not all like that.”

“Bystanders are just as bad as the people who did the deed,” Midoriya replied back. He scribbled something down and pulled another document off the stack to skim through. “Actually, they’re probably worse. Since they’re just cowards.”

### War on Paperwork

-

Finding Midoriya, sleeping with his head against the window ledge, sitting against the wall surroudned by books and stacks of reports on all sides, was a scene far more endearing than Yagi was expecting to see.

The blond walked up to him, ready to wake him up for the day, when his eyes fell to the fountain pen that was still in his hand. There seemed to be something on it, and after careful deliberation, he pulled it off and inspected it carefully. All the royal pens were golden and interlaced with intricate designs, and then he felt his blood run cold as he realized that they were actually caked in blood.

His eyes then turned to Midoriya, and his peaceful expression as he slept on.

He had lost a considerable amount of weight. His complexion was white like snow, and his cheeks have turned more and more hollow. The blond stared at his hands, however. Blisters outlined them, with old wounds and some dried blood outlining them.

Without a doubt, this was someone who worked hard. He thinks back to the cold words that he used, the biting tone, that mocking gaze, and he thinks that there is kindness in another world.

### Punishment

“As far as a worthy punishment…” Midoriya turned over his shoulder where Yagi was, “What’s usually the case?”

“Well, stealing is a crime. Usually, we just put a fine on them, or put them into manual labor for a few days.”

“Really?” Midoriya asked, eyes wide. He looked back and nodded, “I guess, for a lazy empire like this, a lenient punishment like that is much better. Alright, let’s do that.”

“What… were you thinking? How is it usually handled from where you are from?” he asked hesitantly.

“Hm,” Midoriya looked over at him and he tilted his head to think. His eyes turned to the child in front of him, “If the criminal is a child, usually we bring their parents or guardians in to help dish out the punishment. It’s a shame to punish a kid when it’s probably their parent’s fault, after all. And from there, they have to either pay up or give something up of equal value.”

Of course, Midoriya was thinking of a parent being called in, and after apologizing profusely and paying for whatever damages they caused, would be let go. The kid’s punishment usually depended on the adult, but one of his, more wild senpais explained it like that.

However, everyone else who was in earshot suppressed a shudder, thinking that he meant that the criminal’s parents would be called in for the punishment as well, resulting in several people losing their hands for a seemingly small and petty crime.

The rumors surrounding Midoriya seemed to get more and more violent every day.

### Ally

Midorita stared at Aizawa for a long moment, his eyes filling with tears as he looked down to the ground with a huff.

“...What is it?”

“No, I just… I didn’t think that I could make allies here,” he said, a smile on his face. “A familiar face won’t be so bad. Thank you.”

### Change of Mind -

“...What?” Midoriya said, “Is there something on my face?”

“No,” Tsukauchi said, a loose grin forming on his face.

“What’s so funny, then?”

“...It’s the first time,” the older man said, a warm look in his eyes, “that you said ‘our’ country instead of ‘yours’.”

The young man blinked, an expression of gobsmacked shock on his face, and under the morning light, Tsukauchi appreciated the sight.

“I-It’s not-”

It seems that Midoriya, for all his foresight and wisdom, could get flustered like any other human. The thought warmed the older man, who had been by his side the most consistently.

## MightKiller

Summary: Cannon Divergence. The last time Bakugou saw Midoriya Izuku, they were six and he was quirkless. But here he was, the man that killed All Might and stole his quirk, sitting behind him at UA, eight years later.

* All Might raised Midoriya Izuku and gave him his quirk at young age
* And then dies (killed by Midoriya). Everyone blames Midoriya, esp since he has his quirk. And blames him for everything.
  + Recovery girl, Nezu, Tsukausa and Gran Torino are the only ones that know that All Might died because he ran out of time, but managed to save One-For-All and hope in the form of Midoriya Izuku
  + Izuku killed him so that the League of Villain wouldn’t have that. Also gunning to kill all the Nomus and put an end to this century long grudge, once and for all.
* "... I'll take responsibility for this and become the new Symbol Of Peace." And he does but no one trusts him & shit
  + Ready to die in every battle, only if everyone else is okay
  + Doesn’t get carted away but under heavy surveillance. Passed around the teachers for the most part. And ofc, everyone knows that he was taken into villain hold for a long time
* Takes down All-For-One but shigaraki gets away anyways
  + Endeavor takes it as his victory.
* Expects that he has no comrades or allies. Is almost fine with that. The daily life that he shares with them is more than enough
  + Ie, the verse where Shiragaki had everything, AFO, comrades, quirks, and still loses to lonely, OFA Deku
* 6yo Midoriya taken by AFO
  + Saw his mom die
* 10 yo Midoriya saved by All Might. Essentially groomed to be his heir
  + Has had OFA as soon as puberty hit. Can comfortably use 50% by 14
  + Was imprisoned by All Might, as the Perfect Secret Weapon, and he was okay with that
* 14 yo Mido kills All Might (uploaded to YouTube etc).
* Enrolls in UA.
  + Stays in a makeshift shack at the school. It’s a fucking mess and barely livable, but Midoriya figures that punishment is punishment.
* Mass protests.
* Classmates are uncertain with him. The other students hate him bully him, etc
  + Wins respect slowly but surely
  + Bakugo challenges him like “then if i beat you, i defeated all might”
* Summer Vacation
  + League of Villains + 2 Nomus go for the kids. Specifically Bakugou. Midoriya puts an end to that.
  + Limiters are off and Midoriya shatters his arms, trashes his rib cage, breaks his leg and gets a concussion, but he did it. He let them get away because of it and then is put in handcuffs.
  + Yaorozuro puts a tracking device on the one Nomu Midoriya didn’t demolish.

### Might-Killer In My Class

Since the death of All Might, the entire world seemed to be a little hazy. And then, at the center of it all, was the cause and culprit, Midoriya Izuku.

Due to the fact that he didn’t use his quirk during that battle and the fact that he was a minor, the laws that were strapped onto him were light. While the public called for his execution, he was ultimately allowed to walk free.

And by walk free, they mean they enrolled him into the most Prestigious Hero Academy, UA. While it seemed very unfair, anyone who could think could see how superficial. Surrounded by Pro Heroes, locked under curfew and with quirk-limiters, Midoriya Izuku was imprisoned.

And now, Aizawa thought as he squinted at his class roster, he was in his class.

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“Don’t you think that I should have been given some warning that I would have the Killer of the Symbol of Peace in my class?” he asked as calmly as he could.

The Principal looked up at him and brought a paw up to his chin, as though thinking about it.

“I didn’t? Oh, I was so sure I did! Well, regardless, I think you’ll be fine, since it’s not like you’ve ever cared about where your students came from or how other people saw you.”

Aizawa gave him a side-eye and then scowled back.

“How do you know that I won’t be the last push he needs to become a villain? As it’s going, I don’t think he’s far off.”

Neszu chuckled, as though the entire idea was just funny, and shook his head.

“If that boy wanted to be a villain, society would have already collapsed,” he said. “But I’m sure now you’ll understand that yourself. Come now, Homeroom Teacher, I am going to trust you to be able to guide your students to the right path.”

Aizawa snorted back.

It was fine.

“Then, you should have no qualms if I just expel them all, right?”

The principal nodded. “That’s how you do things.”

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He didn't expel them.

They had potential, all of them, to be heroes. Now, it was a matter of time to make them get there.

### Sports Festival

And when Midoriya Izuku stepped forward, for the first time in all of UA history, the entire stadium was filled with booing.

For a moment, everyone was filled so with so much shock at such a spectacle, that no one did anything. Of course, after the shock wore off (they were pros), they were quick to try and silence the crowd to move along with the program, but the crowd wasn’t having it.

“Get him out of here!”

“He killed the Symbol of Peace!”

“Just another villain!”

“That’s not even his quirk!”

The constant, constant, constant downpour of curses that came for the quiet boy from class 1-A had everyone reeling in shock.

“Mic!” Aizawa hissed and Present Mic shook off the shock to continue the program.

With a voice louder than even the stadium’s combined jeering, he blasted over everyone, “Congratulations to the winner, from Class 1-A, Midoriya Izuku! Following close behind him is Bakugo Katsuki and Todoroki Shouta! Man, Aizawa, these are all kids from your class! What have you been feeding them!?”

“Believe me, if food could make them like this, I would starve them all,” Aizawa replied back, in his usually dead-beat humor, but it was still drowned out under the weight of the negative energy concerning who won.

And then, and then, Bakugo stood up, several explosions coming out of his hand, and he screamed out for the world to hear.

“Why did you bastards even come?! This is OUR Sports Festival! This is the UA Sports Festival, and we won’t let anyone take that from us!” he shouted out, and then spinning around, he pointed at Midoriya. “Don’t worry! This victory?! It means nothing! The person who is actually going to win, is me!”

And then, he pointed back to the rest of the audience.

“And all you idiots need to do is sit there and watch!”

“That…”

“You shitty brat!”

“Is this seriously the next generation of heroes!?”

“UA! What have you been doing?!”

Yet, Bakugo was clearly unsatisfied with this, as his eyes turned back to glare at classmates.

“Don’t you dare think about holding back. That power you used to kill All Might? Bring it on. I’ll blow it all away.”

“....Damn Aizawa,” Present Mic said, turning off his mic to turn off to his friend, “You’ve never mentioned that they’re like this to me. Ever.”

“...Must have slipped my mind,” Aizawa thought, unable to take his eyes of how bright Midoriya’s features have become as he stared at Bakugo.

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“Stop… Stop using that quirk!”

“That quirk isn’t yours!”

“Stop using it!”

It was like all their negative energy, all the building resentment, came tumbling only as Midoriya’s feet hit the center stage. While it hasn’t been getting better, the ease that Midoriya took to it was staggering. The Pro Heroes that they had in the crowd could do little to ebb their constant frustrations.

It was hard, it was hard on all of them. With raising crime rates, the threats of their safety, the lingering threat of the League of Villains and all of those implications, and the crux of the reason for their degrading, uncertain society standing right in front of them, it made sense.

At the same time, it was embarrassing. There they were, an entire arena of them, pinning all their unconfirmed suspicions on a 14 year old brat at a school sports festival.

It took some time, but it happened. The majority of the crowd calmed down just enough for the battle to start. And then, the crowd shifted to cheering for Todoroki on, the same way they did for Shinsou. They called for a fight to hurt the other student. They asked for revenge, but in different terms.

Aizawa grimaced, and Present Mic tried to keep it as positive as possible, but alas, nothing Class 1-A does makes anything easy.

Todoroki’s ice suddenly came up, and the entire stadium dropped in two degrees as it was suddenly shattered like glass. And then, the young man jerked backwards, a hand coming up to the cut on his cheek. On the opposite side of Todoroki, was Midoriya Izuku, hands stained with blood.

“Oh! And we’re off to a icy start!” Mic said, and grimaced to himself as he saw the state of Midoriya’s hands. “Looks like we’re off to a flashy start!”

“...He’s using his nails,” Aizawa said, a little quietly, and confirmed what Mic saw for himself. “I see, using his strength to blast away the ice and then flinging his nails off to get some damage onto Todoroki without breaking all his bones.”

“Augh, explaining it makes it sound even worse,” Mic shuddered back.

They watched the continued ice barrage, and how it was immediately countered with a fist, until the ice suddenly came up and Midoriya’s arm was caught in it.

“You lost! Just admit it!” Todoroki snapped out.

A shuddering breath released from Midoriya’s lips before he lifted his other hand and smashed it into the ice. Blood ran down his hands, now from his knuckles as he yanked his limb out of the ice and then yanked his foot out. To anyone with eyes, they could see how bad the cold was getting to him.

.”...If you leave it like that, you’re going to get frostbite,” the other boy warned him, “So just forfeit!”

Midoriya replied by jumping at him, and Todoroki’s delayed reaction failed to protect him from the next hit that came for his stomach. He was taken a full feet off of his feet, choking on his breath, and barely managed to garner some distance between them.

In front of him, Midoriya’s trembling and shivering body remained standing.

“...Why…?” Todoroki asked quietly.

“You’re not… the only one…” he murmured quietly. “Everyone… Everyone here is trying to reach for the top, everyone here is trying to be a hero!” he snapped back. He rushed forward, ready to continue the barrage of attacks and Todoroki barely kept it in him to doge.

The cold in his limbs was awful, since he staggered a little, and relied on his legs to give him a quick burst of super-speed before he tumbled on over, unable to properly stabilize himself before the next rush. Yet, all the while, Todoroki failed to take the upper-hand of the situation, despite being in better physical condition.

But his mind was conflicted.

“We’re staking everything here! Everyone here is using everything we got here to get to the top! I get it! You had a hard time! You’re stronger and smarter than me, but if you go halfway-then you better damn well taste defeat!”

Midoriya’s words were punctuated with a clean hit to his face.

“This is my quirk!” he continued to shout, “This is my quirk that I use and I control! This is mine! And I’m going to use it to become a hero! I’m going to go Plus Ultra!” His chest heaved at the shout and pulled his bloodied hands into fists to prepare for the next hit.

Todoroki flew several feet before he rolled over his back and onto his feet. His eyes found Midoriya’s and under that gaze, finally found his voice.

“...I… This power is-”

“Your power is your own!” Midoriya shouted out over him. “You are you, Todoroki-kun! So tell me,” he opened his arms open, “Who am I fighting now!?”

And a sudden inferno opened up at the arena. Most of the spectators jerked back, and Aizawa stood up in the spectators box.

“...Are you stupid? I thought you wanted to win… Why are you trying to inspire me right now? Haha… Are you sure you’re taking this seriously?”

For the life of him, he thought that time would be the only thing that could hope to heal whatever wound Todoroki carried on his shoulders. He, after all many students, believed that this was something that he would have to leave to someone who wants to become a hero, to save themselves.

So, being able to see that uncertain smile on Todoroki’s face, as he declares his intentions to be a hero, was something that Aizawa didn’t ever think he would see so soon. He looked to the way Midoriya gawked at the spectacle of the fire.

So focused in on the fight, he didn’t think they could hear Endeavor’s shout of encouragement.

Instead, for them, he is certain that there was only the two of them in the world right now. They must have said something much quieter this time, because the two gave each other loose grins before prepping for what would be the final battle.

“Oh shit-”

“Midnight!”

Their comms went wild for a split second before the fight ended. The dust cleared. While Todoroki was knocked onto his back, groaning in pain, Midoriya was flung outside of the ring.

And Aizawa had to admire how he managed to keep on his feet anyways.

“Todoroki moves on to the third round!”

After some delay, the crowd exploded in cheers. The jeering they threw Midoriya’s way continued, but at least, there were focusing on the winner.

“Good job, Todorki!”

“Put him in his place!”

-

“...That limiter,” Recovery girl sighed, “is it only for looks?”

“Uh… no, ma’am.”

“Then tell me, how did you manage to pull through with this?” she asked motioning at his broken fingers.

“I uh… got excited, ma’am.”

“Oh really? Excited to break yourself apart? Don’t do that, kid. If you’re not careful, you won’t last.”

“...I think I’ll be okay with that,” Midoriya said quietly, looking at his hands. “I just… Once I started, I couldn’t stop. Even if Todoroki-kun didn’t want to hear that, or didn’t want to know that I just… I couldn’t do nothing.”

She sighed back, and wished that his figure didn’t overlap with the Symbol of Hope’s blond figure.

“...You’re a lot like him.”

“Huh?”

“No, nothing. I don’t want to see you here again, do I make myself clear?”

“Yes ma’am.”

### Training Camp Hell-

They brought two Nomus with them. Bioengineered humans.

It was the first time they had to deal with something like that. It was also the first time they saw how far Midoriya was willing to go for them.

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“...The reason why I killed All Might,” Midoriya explained to them afterwards, “was because they were getting better and better every day. They took in parts of him, bit by bit, and so, we figured that we could artificially halt that process, even if it was only for a little bit.”

And while the Death of Number One Hero was still a hard topic, it was harder still to hear it like that.

“...Don’t worry. I am here, so you don’t have to worry about them. I will kill each and every single last one of them.”

Midoriya gave a smile at that, even if he looked like he was ready to cry at any moment.

“Because I am the man who killed All Might.”

### Aizawa & Deku- care

"... Sensei? What are you doing?"

"I'm not a doctor but I can administer first aid," his teacher said, kneeling down next to his student.

"It's okay. I'm fine. I'll be healed real soon anyways-"

"Are you refusing me?"

Midoriya shut his mouth and stuck his bleeding arm towards his teacher.

"That's what I thought."

Aizawa was not gentle, but he was thorough. If it hurt, Midoriya didn't even flinch and instead, a very content smile came onto his face.

Aizawa saw though, and he wanted to beat himself up about this.

-

Behind them, further away, the medics flustered over Bakugo's injuries, despite how much the young man was fighting it, nd Kaminari found himself staring at how alone Midoriya used to look.

### Okay?

“...Is this okay?” Midoriya asked quietly.

Aizawa looked up at him and wished that his colleagues would try a little better to pretend that they weren’t listening in to this conversation.

“...It’s not a matter of it being okay,” Aizawa replied back, “This is something you earned through your hard work. Be proud. Someone recognizes you.”

Midoriya looked down at the piece of paper, the one that indicated that someone wanted him to intern at their Hero Office. Someone wanted him.

“Is it… really okay?”

Aizawa sighed sharply, looking as though he really wanted Midoriya to leave so that he could return to his paperwork.

“Yes, yes. Why wouldn’t it be?”

“No I just… I don’t really understand why good things keep happening to me,” Midoriya replied.

Although the teachers’ lounge was always quiet, somehow, the silence became deafening and Aizawa could hear his own heartbeat thudding in his chest.

“...As I said,” he said, cautiously reaching to put his hand on Midoriya’s shoulder, he looked into Midoriya’s eyes, hoping that this time, his words could reach him. “Your hard work is finally bearing fruit.”

He squeezed his student’s shoulder tightly.

“So stop crying.”

Midoriya flinched out of the grasp, his hands flying to his face.

“Whoa! S-Sorry about that, haha,” he said, wiping his eyes, but when they didn’t stop, focused on keeping a smile on his face as he gave a little bow, “I-I’ll be out of your hair now, thanks Aizawa-sensei. I won’t let you down!”

He said this in a rush, taking several steps backwards, tripping over a trashcan, stumbling back up to his feet and running out of the room just as Aizawa called out.

“Stay out of trouble!”

Through the closed door, everyone could still hear a squwak and several thudding noises of someone taking a fall and running into several other things.

Aizawa could feel the impending headache come on, but he sighed back.

### Nighteye -

“...So you’re his successor, huh?”

Midoriya nodded back.

“...Your eyes are just like his,” the older man replied, a heavy sigh coming out of his lips.

Meeting Nighteye was a strange thing, because until this moment, Midoriya had never met someone who took his side first.

### Kindness - Ectoplasm & Deku

“...One day,” Midoriya said, his eyes seeing something far beyond then the ground in front of him, “I.. .One day, I would like to return all the kindness that I have gotten here.”

Ectoplasm stared, and wondered when he had to start reminding himself that Midoriya had killed the Symbol of Peace.

“But I have no idea how,” he laughed humorlessly.

“...Midoriya,” he said, slowly and cautiously, “If you live a long and happy life, can look back and laugh about these days… I think you have done more than repaid it back.”

Next to him, the student’s eyes shined, looking more like a young child than a murderer. Just looking at the light, it made him remember why he decided to be a hero, all those years ago. That look in his eyes, that small shine, that flickering glimmer, he wanted to protect it.

### A Quiet Place to Die

At some point, Midoriya seemed to just get slower.

## ForeverShip

* Midoriya Izuku and Todoroki Touya are actually childhood best friends
  + Featuring: Always A Third Wheel Chisaki and Never in the Picture Kurono
* Izuku eventually becomes the symbol of peace (still All Might’s protege) and is number 1 hero because he fights were everyone else falls
  + And as number one hero asks for all the other hero’s autographs

## Magda ->

Summary: What wouldn’t Izuku do for his best friend?

* World
  + Of Magda.
  + Izuku has great affinity, but no capability to magir. And also quirkless. He makes due.
  + Everyone who is a big player is at the ball
    - Formerly the Kingdom of the South: Paranormal Front
      * The land of the savages
      * (Former Prince) Duke Shiragaki Tomura
    - Formerly the Kingdom of the North: Endeavor & Majority of the Pro Heroes
      * The land of the Old Nobility
      * Pro-ranking determines nobility class
    - Kingdom: celebrating the unity
      * King Tsukague
* Izumi
  + The guy all the ppl with power fall hard for
  + Izuku assumes this identity because “it’s easier for a girl to gain favor” and no, it’s not, okay. These corsets fucking hurt
  + Comes in from Night-Eye’s family. Nighteye is the only person that knows she’s a he.
* Izuku
  + The street-rat who with a silver tongue and a good head
  + A good fist-fighter. Can’t use magic
  + Bandit-esque with the other students of UA.
* Bakugo
  + Has been captured. Izuku wants to rescue him and abandon this entire kingdom for a place far away...

### MiriDeku - a beautiful woman

While Midoriya understood the whole, the less people knew the better, that didn’t really make any of this better. He looked up, so nervous he feels like he’s going to throw up, and watched Mirio’s smile slip off his face to gawk at him.

This wasn’t going to work. There was no way someone as plain as Midoriya could ever even dream of sneaking into the ball like this. This was going to come down, crashing and burning all around him, wasn’t it?

“Mirio, this is my niece, Izumi.”

“Sir’s… niece?”

“Izumi, this is my aide, Mirio. He will be your escort for the evening.”

The older man gave him a stink eye and Midoriya swallowed his pride. He gently took hold of his very, very expensive dress, and gave a proper curtsey. He looked up, and in a quiet voice to minimize any chances of being heard and recognized as a man, greeted him.

“Good evening, Mirio-san,” he said, “ I am truly grateful for your generosity.”

“Uh….” the blond stared back at him for a long moment, and Midoriya turned his head up to him with a confused smile.

“...Mirio...san?”

“Uh…” the blond blinked again, and it was like the spell broke. He coughed awkwardly into his hands and nodded, “Yes. I would...I think I’m the one who should say that.”

Ah, a well-practiced response, Midoriya thought to himself as the taller man offered his arm up to him. He felt what little remained of his manhood dissipate away as he stepped forward to take it.

The older man couldn’t even look at him, and Midoriya thinks that this is enough proof for Nighteye to see exactly how much of a bad idea it is.

He gave him a side-eyed, and blanched at the way the man gave him a thumbs-up for his trouble.

Now he was certain, this guy just wanted him to suffer.

## EMT ->

Summary: Semi-AU. When Izuku was four and he learned that he’s quirkless and will never be like All Might. And his parents take that to mean that they need to do, and teach Izuku that not all heroes wear capes.

* Midoriya’s take Izuku around the world, volunteering and doing a lot of humanitarian
  + “You may not be a Superhero like All Might, but you can be a Hero.”
  + Home-schooled!Izuku & well-trained. Grew up to be calm, confident, and deadly smart + in control of himself
* Izuku
  + Used to be JSDF (18-22)
    - Meets Shinsou. Been together since
    - “I wanna be a hero,” Izuku said, “I’m quirkless but that doesn’t mean I can’t save anyone, you know?”
  + Becomes a Paramedic (EMT -> Paramedic)
  + League of Villains never happen.
* 25 when he meets the others
  + Izuku: “If heroes save the people, then I’ll save you.”
  + Bakugo “There’s no way you’re quirkless, I would never fall for someone who is quirkless”
  + Todoroki finally uses his fire-half, his half and now he’s whole, and goes to talk to his mom, is shocked at how much she wanted to talk to him too and all is well
  + “Are… all of UA’s Graduate likes that? Uhm…. traumatized?”

### Scars

“But man, you’re really ripped,” Kirishima said, whistling as he eyed Midoriya’s ripped figure. “I thought I was doing really well but damn Midoriya.”

The man laughed back, the rich sound filling up the bath house as they got ready to get into the onsen.

“The results of a lot of hard work,” he replied back, good-naturedly.

“Man, way to make a guy feel self-conscious,” Kaminari said, but the grin on his face was unmistakable. “And look at those medals! You’ve definitely got more than all of us here,” he said with a laugh, motioning to the assortment of scars that Mirodiya had.

Kirishima nodded at that. As someone whose quirk was hardening, scars weren’t something he had many of. On the other hand, Kaminari rarely entered the battlefield without any backup, so he rarely sustained serious injuries.

To be honest, they totally forgot about the first responders and what they did. Most of the time, people come flocking to them, and the glory of victory is usually all theirs. But now that they were able to talk to the other half of the ‘saving people’ business, they weren’t able to stop themselves from the questions they did have.

“But wow, you guys really experience a lot of shit, huh?”

Midoriya chuckled a little, “I guess you can say that. But really, we respond to the same things as you guys too.”

“How did you get this one?” Kaminari asked, pointed at a circular wound on his side.

“Uh… I think that one was the collapsed building. I heard a kid’s calling for help and I saw some of the piping fall. By the time I realized what I was doing, I got the kid out of the way, but I got impaled instead. It was a long path to recovery. I was out of work for a month.”

Kaminari’s eyebrows hiked up to his hairline and Kirishima clicked his jaw shut.

“...Before you knew what you were…? Christ, and you went back?”

Midoriya shrugged back, “Part of the job. You would have done the same. Probably have gotten less injuries, but you would have done everything to save that kid too.”

Which, Kirishima agreed with, and definitely could see him or Bakugo or even Todoroki doing what heroes did, but hearing someone who wasn’t a hero, who was quirkless, said that he would do the same thing made something tense in his stomach.

“What about this one?”

Midoriya craned his neck and twisted around to the ragged, almost diamond, and mostly fading scar by his hip-bone.

“...When I was first starting, one of the calls we had made us go to someone whose friend had a heart attack. When we got there, it was actually that they had overdosed, and one of their friends was high and knifed me in the back while we were carting him out,” Midoriya replied back.

“Wow. He went to prison for that, right?”

Midoriya shook his head, “No, they went to rehab afterwards?”

“....Were you upset about it?”

The quirkless chuckled back, “Nah, no need. He’s a drug addict, not a villain,” he said. “Nothing to fear.”

By this point they were finished with bathing themselves, and made for the onsen itself.

“Ah…. that hits the spot,” they all sighed at the same time when they submerged themselves into the waters.

“So wait, what about this one?”

Midoriya gave the man an amused smile, “I didn’t expect you to get into this,” he said, “...Which one?”

Excitedly, Kaminari pointed to the cluster of dark, round, scars right around his shoulder areas. They, of all of his scars, were probably the oldest.

“...They’re cigarette burns,” Midoriya said, “From some people who thought that quirkless people are ashtrays.”

There was a long silence after that.

“Oh, uh. Sorry,” Kaminari said.

“No need,” Midoriya replied back, “It was a long time ago.”

### Vassal

Summary: Semi AU. When Midoriya Izuku was 10, he and three other kids were kidnapped and experimented on. Six months later, All Might rescues him and takes him in as his successor. Four years later, comes face-to-face with a Nomu who calls him < Deku>.

Alt: In which All Might took Midoriya in earlier.

* 10 yo Midoriya
  + And bakugo + 2 other kids, get taken by Daruma Ujiko for quirk testing
  + And he was deemed perfect because they’re testing what <gives people a quirk>
  + Six months later, All Might comes
  + uses a fire extinguisher to save All Might (who was dying) and they win
  + “Even if I die-the Symbol of Hope can’t!”
* Midori Gets taken in
  + Red-eyed Midoriya with a Bakugo Heart (shhhhh on the blood type shit)
  + Lots of surgery scars
* 15 yo Midoriya -> @ UA
  + Todoroki hates him. Inasa Yoarashi hates Todoroki.
* Nomus
  + Everything could have been fine until USJ and Midoriya sees the Nomu who explodes shit out of his hands
* Eventually Bakugo Katsuki
  + Born and bred for the Villain role.

## MiriMido ->

Summary: Semi-Office AU. And in the dazzling world of quirks, Midoriya Izuku is your average office worker. There is nothing special or particularly good about him, but somehow, he’s dating Mirio, the Office’s Shining Star.

* Not soulmate, or at least, not obviously
  + No Hero AU. But Midoriya once saved the whole world from AFO and they will never know.
* Workplace
  + UA Corporation - known for construction/relief/makes shit
  + Midoriya works in tax offices, with the rest of 1-A, under Aizawa
  + Mirio is older and in another tax department, same company
* Midoriya
  + Quirkless. Diligent, hardworking, weak.
  + Made some mistakes in high school
  + Also saved the world with OFA. Got pretty badly injured.
* Chisaki
  + Shady surgeon
  + In Love with Midoriya. Has really shady ties and does some shady shit
* Shiragaki
  + Shady guy who owns a bar
  + Can’t keep his hands to himself. Is midoriya’s ex.

### Mirio to Izu

Togato never really thought about things like love or companionship. He had a good job, a nice apartment, great friends, a wonderful family, and he never, ever thought that it wasn’t enough. He was happy, content, and figured that one day he’ll meet the right person, they’ll fall in love, have three kids, and he’ll grow old and die surrounded by his friends and family.

And then, one day, a car came at him.

It was a rainy day, and was on his way home after dropping Hadou to her roommates off after a night of drinking. He was a little intoxicated, enough to stumble and lose grasp on his quirk, but not so far gone that he couldn’t get himself home. However, that couldn’t be said about other people.

When those headlights shined in his eyes, his immediate thought was that this was how he was going to die. And then he realized that he just needed to use his quirk and all would be fine, the car and his clothes would phase right through him and he’ll be fine.

The car’s driver must have seen him though, and swerved hard to the left. The vehicle skidded on the water and slipped up, even though it phased right through Mirio, it crashed hard and immediately began to erupt in flames.

His casual Friday Night came to a crashing halt.

“Hey! Call an ambulance!”

In his shock, he sobered up immediately, but still couldn’t manage to process what the fuck he had just witnessed. A streak of dark green came from behind him, while Mirio was gaping at the scene in front of him, and a hand grabbed his shoulder.

“Hey!” the young man, and although he looked like a twig, was strong like a bull and managed to pull Mirio from his shock. Those green eyes met his, but with the blaze next to them, felt more like his eyes were igniting. He stared at Mirio’s shocked expression for another second before his voice dropped, “Hey, it’s okay, alright? This wasn’t anyone’s fault. Take a deep breath with me, ready?”

Mirio’s breath caught, and slowly he nodded. He breathed in deeply.

“Okay, now out.”

He exhaled. His nerves settled. The anchor on his shoulder left and the young man took his sweater off.

“Okay, now call an ambulance.”

The blond nodded, fumbling to pull his phone out. And then, he looked back up, trying to figure out what road they were on to give the operator proper instructions and realized that he didn’t know where that young man went. He looked up and there he was, bashing the car window in and trying to pull the driver out of the burning wreck.

What… What was he doing?

-

The ambulance took about eight minutes to arrive. The young man handed the intoxicated driver, who was shivering in pain and clutching to him as a lifeline, over to the authorities.

No one died. The worst of the injuries was the driver, who inhaled a lot of smoke and banged his head hard against the steering wheel when he crashed. The young man had ash smeared on his face and a burn on his arm. Togato was completely uninjured.

Said young man was getting lectured by two of the officers while the driver was being carted into the ambulance.

And despite the potentially life-threatening, awful situation that could have ended with death, Mirio’s eyes didn’t stray from the absolute beauty that was the young man’s reassuring smile. The picture of the flames dancing across his face, the absolute certainty in his eyes, everything about him made something ignite inside of Togato.

But, before he even got a chance to say “hello” or “thank you for saving my life” or even as for a name, he was hassled by several reporters. It wasn’t a crash that was fatal or bad, but the bright it was definitely bright and flashy enough that it garnered a lot of attention. They all told him things about how lucky the driver was that he was there, and he was surrounded by more people than he could get around.

And well, he really didn’t want to just get naked and phase right through them, so he just uncertainly looked around. He wanted to politely excuse himself, but alas, the young man and the police were gone before he could get disentangled by the people nearby.

Just like that, Togato was featured on social media as the Drunk Buisnessman who had saved a man from a tragic death.

-

The following day, he was hassled by his friends.

“I can’t believe you, Mirio! I leave you alone for just a minute and you end up on TV?” Hadou asked, waving the unflattering picture of Togato’s confused smile on his face.

“Maybe next time, Nejire should be the one to walk you home,” Amajiki added, eyes worried even though his tone was light.

“No you guys don’t understand, there was this other guy there. He was the one that did the actual rescue.”

“No need to be so humble,” Amajiki said.

Togato laughed, but he couldn’t quite lift his eyes.

His two friends exchanged a glance.

“Okay, okay,” Amajiki conceded, “So, the actual guy who saved the driver, what about him?”

At this, the blond’s face turned bright red. “Well, uh… I mean, I saw that he was getting his arm looked at, I guess he got burned. And I didn’t even get his name or anything. But you guys, he… he had this smile…”

His words trailed off, and his eyes turned distant. It was clear to anyone watching him that he was lost in his own memories.

“No way…”

“Oh my god…”

“I just want to see him again. And say thank you, properly.”

“Mirio,” Amajiki said suddenly, his suddenly stern voice breaking his concentration, “know what, no matter what, Nejire and I will back you up okay?”

Togato straightened at that.

“Yeah, let us know, we’ll do anything and everything to help, okay?”

The blond stared and relaxed a little. A bright smile came onto his face and he laughed, radiant. “Thanks, you guys. You’re the best friends I could have ever asked for.”

## AiDeku - >

### Eyes

Midoriya looked up and caught Aizawa’s eyes. As always, it took his breath away, to see that man’s eyes lock with his. He gave a wave and Midoriya returned it with one of his own.

These days, it felt as though they were getting softer and softer. While he knew that his former teacher was nowhere near as cold as he presents himself to be, the undeniable warmth in his eyes always made something inside of him melt.

“Izuku,” he said, once he managed to come within earshot. “Something the matter?”

“You’re… you’re just really handsome,” Midoriya blurted out, “I… Sorry. I just got distracted.”

Aizawa’s eyebrow arched up and Midoriya realized he spoke aloud. His face felt like it was onfire, and he dropped his gaze even as he heard some of the others cooing behind him.

Ugh. End him.

## DabiDeku - >

### 8way: 8 Treatments to your Absence

Summary: The Todorokis’ have all accepted the fact that Touya, Dabi, had inherited all the bad traits from Enji and Rei. So when Midoriya Izuku stepped into their lives, the last thing they expected was for him to change.

Alt: Midoriya Izuku is certain that this time he’ll save Dabi, even if it means that the two never, ever meet again.

* Midoriya Izuku
  + Goes back in time to stop his boyfriend/love of his life Dabi from dying to save his life
  + Forgets that, in the three years he and Dabi had met, fallen in love, etc, he also makes friends and has confidence and all of that

-

“You fucking bitch!” he screamed out, and Midoriya’s eyes widened.

And Dabi feels so cheated. He’s seen this guy around their house. He flinches by lifting his arms up and hiding behind them. He yells in shock when he’s hurt and Dabi has seen how fast he can run when he’s frightened suddenly.

But this fucking bitch, with his haunting green eyes, stares at Dabi in shock and surprise but not fear.

This guy got so scared by their neighbor’s dog that he cried, but he didn’t even flinch when Dabi comes at him with heat and anger.

“What the hell is wrong with you?”

“I…” Midoriya looked like several things were running through his head at the moment, and Dabi has no doubt that he was thinking of a thousand things at once. “I don’t know?”

### Dabi/Midoriya - confession

Midoriya stared, eyes watering.

If he wasn’t supposed to exist or whatever, that’s fine. He was okay with that. If the only use the world has for him is that he needs to become a big, bad villain and ruin this beautiful peace that his world never had, then he’ll reject this world. He’ll fight it with every last bit of his will and every ounce.

He had finally found someone that he wants to live for. He doesn’t want to try and follow a script and give everyone else a perfect ending. He wants it too. He wants to be happy.

So he ran.

He ran and he ran and when he checks the library and it’s empty, he keeps running. The park that they met at was empty. The abandoned bus stop was empty. The convenience store didn’t even have any traces of his presence. He turned around and doubled back, checking between alleys where they found those cats once and talked about the future for the first time. He ran and he ran.

And as though to mock him, he found him right in front of his apartment.

“D-Dabi-” he gasped and stuttered out.

Now that he was here, he couldn’t even talk properly. He didn’t know if it was because Dabi always had a way to steal his breath, or because he hadn’t ran that hard in so long. Regardless, each breath was painful as he wheezed.

“Mi… Mido-”

“Dabi! I wanna eat your katsudon!” he screamed out.

And where everyone else would have smacked their head and frowned at how absolutely foolish this whole thing was, and possibly lecture Midoriya on the right and wrong things to say in these kinds of situations, Dabi’s eyes met his.

Dabi, strong, confident, quiet, lonely Dabi, stared back, his eyes shining with unshed tears and finally, he smiled.

“Okay, I’ll learn how to make it.”

Even if they aren’t meant to be together or the world wanted to keep them apart or anything of the matter, the fact that they fell hard for each other was unmistakable. There had to be a reason for that.

And if the world didn’t want them to admit that they loved each other, then that’s fine too.

They’ll find another way.

## HawksDeku ->

* Hawks trying to figure out League of Villain shit
  + Realizes how much of a centerpiece Midoriya is in all of this
  + And also Dabi has a picture of him in his pocket.
* So goes for Midoriya
  + Falls hard falls fast
  + And Midoriya wraps up the whole thing.
* Midoriya
  + “...I figured there had to be a reason for this. There’s no way someone would want me.”
  + “These last couple of months were like a dream, though. Thank you. The person that you love… they’re very lucky.”

### Roses

“Good afternoon, Midoriya-chan.”

Midoriya looked up and blanched at the sight of Hawks smiling down at him from his place, perched on the window.

“...Hawks-san.”

“Don’t be so high-strung,” the man said, waving his hand leisurely as he jumped into the room. From seemingly nowhere, he pulled out a bouquet of roses, “A pretty face like yours should be smiling.”

Midoriya forced a laugh out and stared at the flowers. “Haha,” he trailed off. “Ha.”

The blond held the flowers out for another moment, and Midoriya lifted his casted arms.

“Sorry, I uh… can’t take them. I don’t know if they’ll give you a refund though.”

### Serious

But Midoriya knew when Hawks’s got serious.

The big bouquet of roses became a single rose. It appeared on his desk, simple and modest. And then his phone rang.

>> I’m thinking of you.

Midoriya looked back and gave a huff. Wasn’t the mission over? Was this necessary?

## Trashed Isekai:

### Aizawa - the Slave

“...Do you want to come with me?”

And, cramped with a dislocated shoulder, Aizawa couldn’t even see the man who asked him that question. He had no idea, but certainly, anything was better than awaiting death so-

“Yes.”

-

His new owner is young. He doesn’t even come up to his collarbone. He’s thinner than Aizawa, and looking at him makes him feel old.

This guy bought him?

He seemed like he could barely stutter out his own name, but this guy bought him?

Aizawa wasn’t one to toot his own horn, but he was certain that there were standards to be met when it came to buying him. One, they had to be a B-rank or higher. Two, a shitton of money. Three, goals to take on the Labyrinth.

He looked at the young man, if he could even be called that, next to him.

Well, whatever, all he wanted was to die. The best way to do that was to go to the Labyrinth and wait for it there. It’d be a dog’s death, but for a slave like him, it would just be sweet release.

The contract that binded them was green, lush like summertime forests. It came and gripped his heart tightly, light, translucent green chains forming from his neck to his new owner’s hand. The magic was potent and if Aizawa was a lesser man, he would have gotten intoxicated by it.

As it was, all his wounds immediately healed. His health returned, and left him with the feeling that he was hungry.

“I’m afraid that I’m in a rush,” his owner said, “So we’ll be taking lunch on the run, alright?”

What a young man. He was asking him, a slave. Without the confidence to even face his own slave, despite knowing that Aizawa was literally bound to him and unable to fight back, how the hell were they going to go through a market, moreless a labyrinth?

Interestingly enough, however, he couldn’t sense his strength. Looking at him, he was a twig with unkempt, fluffy looking green hair. His armor was minimal, just supporting his joints. His clothes were baggey, and seemed more like it was tired onto him via the armor. The way his shirt hung off him demonstrated how thin he was. But then he turned a little, the wind blew a little, and Aizawa saw this huge scar, at least four inches wide, wedged at the crook of his young owner’s neck.

It brought up questions. But, Aizawa was just a lowly slave looking for death. This meant nothing to him.

-

“I’m loaded in cash, so get whatever you want,” Midoriya, his new Master, said when they entered a store. “If you need something specific and they don’t have it, I’m sorry to say, but we’ll have to go without it. I need to head back to that Labrynth asap.”

Aizawa stared at him in shock.

“..Is that too sudden?” the young man asked, a small smile on his lips, “Sorry about that. I… I guess I lost myself…” he shook his head and walked in front of him and up to the counter. “Could I get something for the man I’m with?”

“...I can go in as is,” Aizawa said, “If you are pressed for time, we might as well just go now.”

The young man shook his head, “I’m not bringing you in there to die. Please, accept my goodwill.”

And just like that, Aizawa was dressed better than his owner. He was in clothes that were comfortable to move in, and all black, how he liked it. The armor was simple and light. It was very well-made, but a little heavy and he could feel the sturdiness just by touching it.

“...It’s not much, but I think this is the least I could do. Let’s get along, Aizawa-san.”

Bit by bit, more and more, Aizawa couldn’t help but think that something was wrong, and he was going to get a lot more than bargained for.

-

As expected though, he became the pack mule.

Well, he says that but Midoriya also has a much smaller pack over his shoulder and it demonstrates how thin he is under his baggy clothes. In fact, Aizawa would even go as far to say that the bag was better at keeping his shirt on him now. He watched as the young man tightened his clearly too-big gloves on his hands by the string on his wrist.

Everything about him screamed unprepared.

Were they really going into the Labyrinth like this? Aizawa didn’t really keep stock of everything that was packed, but there wasn’t anything more than two days worth of food and water and some packs of basic healing potions of all types, the medium size ones. He remembers seeing a fry-pan and some small knives, as well as some pouches with herbs. Either way, it was clear to see that this was for at most, a weekend expedition.

“Sorry about this,” Midoriya said, as Aizawa slipped his on the backpack and hoisted in onto his shoulders. It was much lighter than he expected. “But I can’t afford to let these break. I bought you since it looks like you’re nimble enough to run, and smart enough to know when. Luckily, you’re strong enough to hold it too.”

Aizawa gave him a dry look, but didn’t say anything otherwise. He didn’t really think that his owner would be such a talker, and he mumbled constantly, but he really didn’t have any place to complain.

“It’s a little crude, but we’ll be safe for the first couple of floors,” Midoriya said, as he pulled out a package, wrapped in a large leaf and tied together by string, “so go ahead and eat while we move.”

He took the package warily, and then noticed that his owner was also eating something similar. He pulled the package a part and ate the sandwich on the inside, so Aizawa did the same.

“Oh, and since you probably know more than I do about dungeons and stuff, please don’t be afraid to speak up,” Midoriya continued on. He looked at the man and smiled.

What a farce.

Well, he thought after the first bite, it was fucking delicious. It could be because he hasn’t eaten real food that wasn’t stale or rotting in a very long time, or it could be because he has never had anything like this before. But this was very, very nice. Much nicer than a man like him deserved or a slave like him earned. The little kindness that he was being shown made him all the more wary though.

More importantly…

“Shouldn’t we make a party before we go in?” he asked, he had this gut feeling that his new owner was the type of person that would forget to take care of himself and then die. “That way, we can keep an eye on each other?”

Since a <slave> is a title, not a class or a type of living being, it can be changed. Likewise, when engaging in a party, all their information will be available for each other. Also, being in a party together would mean that Aizawa would get all of his current inventory and goods. Crude, but if he was going to be forced to live on, he might as well. Maybe he could distribute that and donate it all somewhere before he finds a quiet place to kick the bucket.

“Oh, that’s a good idea.”

And just like that, they entered the labyrinth.

-

Aizawa Shota is a little bit better than the average person of his experience and age with the <Assassin> job. Having been an active part of the field for the last 10 years or so, he’s easily an A-rank adventurer at level 40.

And, next to his owner, he might as well be a fly on the wall.

His owner, is level 10. What even.

Never in his career has he even heard of someone being so strong that they could kill monsters from afar with a single punch. Moreorless an entire pack of slimes, the monster with one of the highest resilience to regular physical moves, destroyed in an instant with a single punch from Midoriya 15 feet away.

They didn’t even stop to collect materials, and Aizawa thought it was a bit of waste. However, at the pace they were going at, there was no point in staying around to grab them. It was clear from the moment he was bought that Midoriya was gunning for something in the lower floors of the labyrinth.

And for the first twenty floors. That’s how they went. At a constant, regular walking speed, they made their way to the 21st floor with no problems. Going down the stairs though, however, Midoriya finally stopped.

“Oh, we should take a break,” he said suddenly, “You’re tired, aren’t you?”

Aizawa blinked back, because he could go ahead for another couple of floors at this rate, but Midoriya was already sitting down on the stairs and pulled two bottles out of his pack to hand to the slave.

“Go ahead and drink all of it. And do whatever you need to do. We can leave in a little bit.”

Aizawa arched an eyebrow, but didn’t question it otherwise.

He had other questions, and a sense of impending doom in his chest. He had, once he scraped his jaw off the ground, opened the stats and saw that he could see all of his owner’s stats without any difficulty. If they continue to travel together, he would have to fix that.

More importantly, he saw that his master had a blessing.

<Harem EX>

He couldn’t help but think that it meant something, that he was bought, that they were here, but it wasn’t something that he wanted to talk about or bring up until he absolutely had to. As it was, Midoriya got lost in thought often, and kept muttering to himself.

The only sounds of the dungeon were their footsteps and his constant muttering.

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The next ten floors, despite being supposed to be harder and harder, was cleared with the same amount of difficulty. It was, at once, terrifying and awe-inspiring.

But right before the 40th floor, Midoriya turned around to look at Aizawa. He stared at moment and then nodded.

“Let’s camp here for the night. Once we clear the 40th Floor boss, the entire place should be relatively peaceful for us to get some shut-eye.”

The older man nodded, and the two holed up in the 40th Floor after Midoriya killed the boss in three hits. Of course, the first two hits was to cripple him, and then it died. It was so anti-climatic that Aizawa sorta felt useless.

Why was he here, anyways?

It was clear that it wasn’t because he was needed for his special ability, his experience or anything. He wasn’t much of a pack mule either. And from the way Midoriya cooked the floor boss on a fry-pan, it wasn't for any of his survivability. His owner mumbles a lot but rarely speaks to him. Surely, even his owner would think that he was just a waste of resources at this point right?

Unless…

One of three options opened suddenly. Either 1) Midoriya wanted to show off in front of him and demonstrate how worthless it would be for him to try and fight him. Which was dumb since Aizawa came here with the intention to die. So it led to 2) Midoriya brought him specifically for a fight down below. It was feasible, but would also mean that Midoriya had already come to this labrynth before. At which, why didn’t they start with the floor he was needed instead of starting over at the beginning?

And thus, he came to the last option. 3) He was brought to be a sacrifice. And thus, he had to be well-fed and sorta rested to be a good and proper sacrifice. While this wasn’t the way he wanted to go, it wasn’t like Aizawa really cared how he left this world as long as he left it.

...He was going to die.

The thought came into his heart, seeped through, but nothing came to mind. He didn’t think about any lingering regrets, or his parents, or the comrades he left behind, or a special someone. It was probably because he hadn’t been living in a long time, and had come to terms with this already.

The thought was much lonelier than he thought.

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Day two was very similar to the first day. They kept going down, and he kept watching Midoriya make very short work of the monsters that accumulated.

However, their pacing did slow down. The first 40 floors were a blitz, and they only managed to get to floor 60. Of course, for any other adventuring group, it would be staggering, but here they were.

With their entire potion and medical kits completely intact, and nothing worse than a need for a shower, they were both in as good of health as when they had entered the labyrinth. Concerning that they cleared more than halfway through, it was impressive.

More importantly, Midoriya was beginning to store the floor boss’s into a pocket dimension of somesort. Aizawa wanted to scream when he saw it, but managed to hold onto himself. Although he was super curious about someone’s ability to store things in a pocket dimension, essentially a perfectly protected storage system, he was also curious on why they both carried things if this was available to them.

Occasionally, while they were walking through, he would also toss in this and that, anything from extra drop items like armor or swords, to plants that catch his eyes. They would never spend longer than a few extra seconds, and otherwise never broke stride.

If Aizawa was being honest, it was just really boring.

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Day 4 through 8 passed without incident. They’re long out of the food they brought, but the food here that his owners makes for the two of them is pretty good.

At one point, however, they parked into the 75th level for a few days while Midoriya seemed to go around and hunt everything down. It was both terrifying and amazing, and Aizawa was getting tired of feeling both.

“If they’re not in good quality, we’ll eat those first. Everything we can’t eat today and tomorrow, we’ll make into jerky.”

Jerky will eventually become Aizawa’s favorite food, but if anyone ever asks, it started here.

This cycle would repeat for every floor. They would wake up, clear a floor, thoroughly plunge it, take a break in the stairs, take another floor, rest in the stairs, and repeat. It would be disgusting if it wasn’t for the fact that his owner brought soap and they took advantage of every water supply they saw.

They bathed separately, with one person on watch. They do the same for when they sleep. Regardless, Aizawa doesn’t feel as tired as he should, for someone fine-combing a labyrinth. He eats much better, almost enough to make his stomach strain from over-eating, and he feels his strength returning to him much better.

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Aizawa could honestly say that he had never cleared a Labyrinth before. But here they were.

Day four, they cleared all 100 levels of the Labyrinth without ever leaving it.

Indeed, he was wrong, and his owner was clearly used to this. The questions were boiling under his breath, pressing up against his skin, but he had no way of answering.

“...You were supposed to die,” Midoriya said, being one of the first things that he had actually said, “here, right?”

He stared, still surprised, as Midoriya wiped the blood off of his hands.

“...I know, the guy I bought you from said that. And… And I know this is selfish of me, but what if…” he trailed off for a bit and then gave him a smile, “That life that you want to throw away. Can I have it instead?”

He extended a hand out to the older man. Aizawa stared at it for a long moment. Even though he couldn’t feel anything, he felt the words coming out before he knew what he was saying.

“...It’s already yours.”

He meant it because he was bought, but the joy in those green eyes were staggering and for a moment, Aizawa lost all the breath in his lungs at the sight of it.

### Sleeping Together - AiDeku

“Uh… what?”

Aizawa pulled his shirt off and then stared at Midoriya for a moment. He looked to the shirt in his hand and then drew the wrong conclusion.

“...Would it be better to keep my clothes on?”

“Yes,” Midoriya blurted back and then thought about it and shook his head, “No no, I actually don’t care. You should do whatever you’re most comfortable with. But uh… why are you taking off your clothes?”

“...To have sex with you,” Aizawa said, bluntly. He would have, in normal circumstances, assumed that this was a part of the play his master wished of him, but it was clear from the absolute horror on Midoriya’s face, that it wasn’t the case at all. Perhaps he had misunderstood something. He had always thought that this was put on hold because they were in the labyrinth, but perhaps there was something else instead, “Isn’t that why you got a slave? I saw it. Your blessing.”

The green-haired male covered his face with his hand, but it did nothing to show how bright he was turning. Despite himself, he thought it was endearing.

“Oh, no. Good god no,” Midoriya said, “I…”

He looked up at the man and then back down at himself.

“Uh… I’m like… no, I am undesirable,” he said, looking at his hands. “So I wouldn’t… I couldn’t make anyone do stuff like that with me. And I’m a man. And I’m uh… I…”

He rubbed his face. His ears were red, and it looked like he was having trouble looking anywhere but at him.

“A-Anyways, I bought you on that day because I needed your help to clear the labyrinth. Not for… for this stuff. You don’t have to-”

“That’s a lie,” Aizawa shot back. These days, he had been pushing and pushing to see how far he could push before Midoriya would snap back, but he has yet to find it, “The way you fought in there… you didn’t need help clearing it.”

Aizawa never considered himself basal or the type to give in to his instincts so easily, but this was different. The young man fidgeted on the bed, but his eyes kept darting from Aizawa’s lips to the sheets.

Midoriya made this keening noise, and Aizawa got onto the bed, invadings his owner’s space and leaned in.

“Last chance.”

His eyes flickered from Aizawa’s figure, muscular and lean, and he licked his lips.

Good enough.

His new owner’s lips are much softer than he expected.

-

In the morning, something has changed. Aside from the fact that Midoriya can’t meet his eyes at all and Aizawa feels even emptier than usual, they sit in an awkward silence on the bed, facing each other, at daybreak.

Instead of getting dressed, Midoriya was still naked, with the bedsheet wrapped around him, and Aizawa had managed to get his pants on.

“I… I want to tell you a little bit about myself,” the younger man said.

Figures, Aizawa thought, Midoriya otherwise plays into the stereotype of owners with first slave at a younger age.

“...I come from a land far, far away from here. And where I am from, there is no slavery. So when it comes to things like this, I am very inexperienced, as you’ve… probably could tell,” he muttered back. “To be honest, this whole thing makes me… really uncomfortable. So, as a reward for… treating me so kindly last night, and going along with my whims on the labyrinth, I wanted to… grant you your freedom.”

“My freedom? You don’t even know who I am, or why I became a slave in the first place. For all you know, I’ll just kill you as soon as I become free.”

Midoriya nodded, “Yeah. But I… I don’t really know how to explain this, but I just wanted to. Just for you. And if I die because of that, at least it was a choice we both knew of, right?”

“...Did you fall in love with me or something?”

But that couldn’t be it. Even if Midoriya’s cheeks seemed to be stained permanently in that pink-color, Aizawa didn’t think that could be it.

“Maybe I did? I haven’t… really been with anyone in a while, like, at all. So I don’t know if I’m just feeling this way because this is new.”

Aizawa, after this, would often wonder what kind of place Midoriya came from, that he was a stranger to slavery and cruelty. It must be a beautiful place, for it to house a stranger to violence and make it so that he could still smile at the end. He couldn’t help but wonder why Midoriya left and ended up here instead.

However, in that moment, all he could think was that this fucking child thought that he could out-wit him. It made such a dash on his pride, what remained of it, that he scowled and decided on that point to declare war.

He was always a petty man.

“Alright, I don’t know why you’re lying to me, but fine. I’ll make you fall in love with me,” he declared boldly, “I’ll make it that you can’t live without me. Then I’ll leave you.”

Midoriya’s smile, somehow, turned a little more genuine and much softer, like Aizawa promised a life of roses and company instead of a threat.

“That sounds great.”

"Now that that's cleared up," Aizawa said, feeling full of something even though they haven’t had breakfast yet, "What are you doing now?"

"There's someone I'm looking for. I got separated from them and I want to return to them."

The way he said it, it was probably a lover or some sort. Aizawa felt the hollow cavity in his chest pang.

"I see. Do you have any idea where?"

"Well, when you get lost, you should go to the last place you met them right? I'm going to return there. To the mountains in the north."

Figures. A guy as strong as Midoriya would come from one of the most dangerous areas in the world. And naturally, he would be in a rush to get right back. Of course.

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Aizawa paused as he stared at his stats.

Did… Did he level up? Overnight? No way, he…

He stared at Midoriya and opened up his status as well. He stared and stared and then gave an audible sigh.

They leveled up because of sex, didn’t they?

Well, one way to find out.

### up