## Kouta-kun

### **Kota &**

Izumi Kota is ten and a half years old when he runs away from home and straight to Tokyo. He wanders the streets until it’s 2AM and he’s falling asleep where he’s sitting down next to the convenience store.

“...Kid, you shouldn’t be sleeping out here.”

He groggily looked up to see some old guy looking down at him.

“Whatcha… gonna do about it,” he muttered back. “I ain’t got… a place to stay for the night, ossan.”

“...Alright then, you wanna go with the police or you wanna come with me?”

And Kouta thought about it. Police meant that he would have to return to Mandalay. But he didn’t want to go back to the place where they glorify the death of his parents. So.

“Okay.” he said, looking at the man. “I’ll go with you, weird ossan.”

Sharp blue eyes narrowed at him and the man clicked his tongue.

“Don’t you know that you shouldn’t trust strangers?”

“Don’t you know that you can get arrested for talking to a kid in the middle of the night?”

“...Cheeky brat. I know people that will kill for less.”

“Can I meet them? I wanna see my parents again.”

And unlike anyone else he met before when he said that, the man looked down on him and laughed.

“Poor kid, you expecting sympathy from me?”

And then suddenly, he stilled before reaching into his pocket and pulled out his phone. He didn’t even look at the screen as he placed the phone against his ear.

“Yeah, yeah, they were sold out. Just ask Twice to clone you a box till tomorrow,” the man said, a lazy drawl in his voice. “I’m on my way back now.”

He hung up and pocketed his phone. He turned around, ready to leave, when the kid spoke up again.

“Where are we going?”

“...I’m going back to the office,” the man replied back after a second. “Don’t know about you.”

He peered up at the man, his smooth skin, the casual slouch in his posture and thinks that he’s the living opposite on Mandalay.

“If you really wanna die, then speak your mind,” the strange adult said.

Kouta didn’t hesitate, “You don’t look like a hard-worker. So why are you going back to the office?”

The man who promised him a life of pain in exchange for the truth barked out a laugh. The sound was quiet, but so sudden, and biting, like even his laughter had to be a weapon.

“Oh my god, kid,” the man said, “How are you still alive?”

“So, can I come with you? So you can kill me?”

His blue eyes shined with an expression that made Kouta think that he should run. If he wanted to live, he needed to run and get away right now. But Kouta didn’t care if he was alive or dead. He didn’t really care if he woke up tomorrow or not.

“...Alright kid, I guess you can tag along.”

And thus, Kouta met Dabi.

### **Meeting Midoriya -**

“I’m back,” Dabi called as he entered the room.

“Dabi!” a man in a mask flew towards him, crying dramatically as he waved his arms frantically in front of him, “Dabi, we’re fucked! We’re in trouble! We-”

He stopped, his eyes meeting Kouta and Kouta met his gaze resolutely.

“What are you?” he asked.

“W-what am I? What are you?!” Twice yelled back, pointing at him, and then at Dabi, “Is this what you’ve been doing? Instead of getting cigarettes, you were p-p-procreating?!”

The man scowled back and Kouta frowned..

“What does procating mean?” he asked.

“...Procreating,” Dabi amended, “And if you don’t know what that means, go to school-”

“Boss!” Twice yelled into the office space, “Dabi isn’t pure anymore!”

“Twice, you freak-” he hissed out.

“Dabi is a daddy!”

Kouta gasped and took a step away from Dabi. “Ew.”

“What do you mean, ‘ew’?”

“Is Dabi back?”

Kouta turned to see the most underwhelming person he’s ever seen before. Which wasn’t saying much since all he talked to are schoolmates and the occasional reporter who wants sensational news, but still. Underwhelming. With a mop of green curls on his face, bags under his eyes and a yawn ripping out of his lips, the young man that stood in front of him looked like an overworked and underpaid office drone.

“Boss,” Dabi said, sketching a bow before his hand dropped onto Kouta’s head. “Bow, you’re in the presence of the most powerful guy here.”

Him? Kouta frowned.

“If you piss him off, you won’t rest even in death,” he said slowly. It wasn’t a threat. It was something else, but Kouta was too young to understand that.

“Don’t say such scary things to your son, Dabi,” the boss said, a small smile on his face.

“Not my kid,” Dabi replied back, his hand tight on Kouta’s head. He wasn’t going to relent, and was steadily trying to shove Kouta closer to the floor. “Unless you want to adopt him with me.”

Kouta squirmed, and the hold tightened.

“Kid.”

“Let him be,” his boss said, waving it off, “It’s not like you were ever good at the whole respect thing.”

## Interludes:

### Three Conditions

There were three conditions that would lead to someone losing to Midoriya.

It didn’t matter who that <someone> was, but if these three conditions were to line up, whether they like it or not, they will lose to Midoriya.

The first condition is that someone believes that Midoriya is useless. In addition to the fact that he wasn’t much of a shot and easily outmatched in a fight, it’s easy to come to the conclusion that he’s weak. Then, when someone learns that he is <Quirkless> the seeds have been successfully planted.

No one would ever think that they would lose against this man, one on one.

The second condition is that Midoriya does not lie.

He may give half-truths, gloss over some facts, and withhold information, but he does not lie. It’s what makes his word so powerful, so believable. By far, this reputation he has greatly outweighs almost everything else about him.

The last condition is that Midoriya Izuku has bestowed <kindness> onto you.

At the underbelly of this world, surrounded by deceit and the threat of death around every corner, anyone who wants to survive will take. They will take and take, without regard for anything else other than their own life and pleasure.

And so, those who give, those with <kindness> are the first to die.

For the creatures that dwell in the shithole of society, it’s obvious that they will instinctively take everything. They will take and take and take the kindness, with a fever that only the devil would smile on.

Then, at the end of that, at the edge of desperation and complete annihilation, without fail, that man would extend his hand out. To all those that he trample over, he will smile down at them.

“Come with me.”

These conditions, followed by a complete loss, result in taking his hand.