

## Locked on Target

Posted originally on the [Archive of Our Own](http://archiveofourown.org/works/15121415) at <http://archiveofourown.org/works/15121415>.

Rating:	<a href="#">Teen And Up Audiences</a>
Archive Warning:	<a href="#">Graphic Depictions Of Violence</a>
Category:	<a href="#">Gen</a>
Fandom:	<a href="#">僕のヒーローアカデミア</a>   <a href="#">Boku no Hero Academia</a>   <a href="#">My Hero Academia</a>
Relationships:	<a href="#">Midoriya Inko &amp; Midoriya Izuku</a> , <a href="#">Midoriya Izuku &amp; Toga Himiko</a> , <a href="#">Dabi &amp; Toga Himiko</a> , <a href="#">Dabi &amp; Midoriya Izuku</a> , <a href="#">Dabi &amp; Midoriya Izuku &amp; Toga Himiko</a> , <a href="#">Other Relationship Tags to Be Added</a>
Characters:	<a href="#">Midoriya Izuku</a> , <a href="#">Midoriya Inko</a> , <a href="#">Dabi (My Hero Academia)</a> , <a href="#">Toga Himiko</a> , <a href="#">Yagi Toshinori</a>   <a href="#">All Might</a> , <a href="#">Todoroki Enji</a>   <a href="#">Endeavor</a> , <a href="#">Todoroki Shouto</a> , <a href="#">Aizawa Shouta</a>   <a href="#">Eraserhead</a> , <a href="#">Class 1-A (My Hero Academia)</a> , <a href="#">Other Character Tags to Be Added</a> , <a href="#">Kizuna Shirohana (Original Character)</a>
Additional Tags:	<a href="#">Alternate Universe - Canon Divergence</a> , <a href="#">Alternate Universe - Assassins &amp; Hitmen</a> , <a href="#">Alternate Universe - Dark</a> , <a href="#">BAMF Midoriya Izuku</a> , <a href="#">BAMF Dabi</a> , <a href="#">BAMF Toga Himiko</a> , <a href="#">Vigilante Midoriya Izuku</a> , <a href="#">Vigilante Dabi</a> , <a href="#">Vigilante Toga Himiko</a> , <a href="#">Assassin Midoriya Izuku</a> , <a href="#">Somewhat Disabled Midoriya Izuku</a> , <a href="#">Half-Blind Midoriya Izuku</a> , <a href="#">Midoriya Izuku has Scars</a> , <a href="#">Sassy Midoriya Izuku</a> , <a href="#">Midoriya Izuku Swears</a> , <a href="#">izuku dabi and himiko are childhood friends</a> , <a href="#">Bakugou Katsuki Swears A Lot</a> , <a href="#">Bakugou Katsuki is Bad at Feelings</a> , <a href="#">Midoriya Izuku Has a Quirk</a> , <a href="#">Midoriya Izuku Does Not Go to U.A. High School</a> , <a href="#">Midoriya Izuku Does Not Have One for All Quirk</a> , <a href="#">Midoriya Izuku Needs A Hug</a> , <a href="#">and sleep</a> , <a href="#">mostly sleep</a> , <a href="#">Midoriya Izuku Has PTSD - Post-Traumatic Stress Disorder</a> , <a href="#">Blood</a> , <a href="#">Violence</a> , <a href="#">Major Character Injury</a> , <a href="#">Minor Character Death</a> , <a href="#">Tags Contain Spoilers</a> , <a href="#">Tags May Change</a> , <a href="#">Tags Are Hard</a> , <a href="#">Dabi is a Nerd</a> , <a href="#">Dabi and Todoroki Shouto Are Siblings</a> , <a href="#">Todoroki Enji</a>   <a href="#">Endeavor's Bad Parenting</a> , <a href="#">Todoroki Enji</a>   <a href="#">Endeavor Being An Asshole</a> , <a href="#">Oh</a> , <a href="#">Shinsou Hitoshi Replaces Mineta Minoru</a> , <a href="#">Alternate Universe - Mineta Minoru Doesn't Exist</a> , <a href="#">Shinsou Hitoshi is in Class 1-A</a> , <a href="#">asdfghjkl</a> !., <a href="#">in all honesty i have no idea what i'm doing</a> , <a href="#">i feel like there's so much more to add</a> , <a href="#">but i can't think of anything else</a> , <a href="#">Why Did I Write This?</a> , <a href="#">This Is Why We Can't Have Nice Things</a> , <a href="#">Author Is Sleep Deprived</a> , <a href="#">Author loves to chat in the Comments</a> , <a href="#">seriously</a> , <a href="#">it gives me validation</a> , <a href="#">so plz love me</a> , <a href="#">Other Additional Tags to Be Added</a> , <a href="#">relationships are tbd</a> , <a href="#">Insomniac Midoriya Izuku</a>
Language:	English
Stats:	Published: 2018-07-01 Completed: 2018-12-15 Words: 14,867 Chapters: 9/9

# Locked on Target

by [DemiPanRomanticAsexual \(orphan\\_account\)](#)

## Summary

In some universes, Izuku would go on to be one of the greatest heroes of all time, taught and trained by the best. He would go on to help those in need, all with a smile on his face.

However, this is not the world this Izuku lives. In this one, he knows of the heroes' downsides and imperfections. He would go on not to be a hero, but to take down anything he sees as "unfit"... And he would do it whether others wanted him to or not.

## Notes

yep. just expect lots of unfinished fics from me at this point tbh.

also, this chapter is super short, but expect the next one to be longer! i just needed an introduction into this asdfghjkl;

# Prologue

In another world, a young boy by the name of Midoriya Izuku would be born quirkless. He would grow up with his childhood friend turned bully, Bakugou Katsuki, and dream of being a hero. Years would pass and he would be constantly mocked and berated for his childish dream, and yet, he would never give up on it. He would fill notebook after notebook on information of the quirks he saw and documented them to as much detail as he possibly could. Those notebooks would be one of his lifelines as he trudged through life, head hung low to avoid his peers' accusing and mocking gazes, to avoid the teacher and adults' blank expressions.

Even his own mother would apologize to him: for him being quirkless, for him not being able to achieve his lifelong dream. Even then, he would carry on; he would prove to those that doubted him and become a great hero. One day, on his way home, he would be attacked by a villain only to be rescued by his childhood hero, All Might, only to be immediately crushed once more when said hero told him he couldn't be a hero without a quirk. In some universes, he would have given up, trashing his dream of becoming a hero only to turn on the ones he once looked up to.

In others, he would have defeated the villain and gotten the attention he deserved. In most, he would walk home, deflated, only to encounter the villain once more attacking his childhood friend, where he would rush in to help when he noticed no one else was. In those universes, whether he defeated the villain himself or not, there was a clear consensus on how they all turned out; All Might would appear before Izuku as the boy continued home, just having had been either praised or berated by the heroes on the scene who had done nothing to help Bakugou, to give him the words he either wanted or not:

“You *can* become a hero.”

There were many versions where he would weep tears of joy, finally being recognized for the talent and passion he possessed. In those versions, Midoriya Izuku would become one of the greatest heroes of all time. He would go on to inherit the power of One for All, get special training by All Might, real name Yagi Toshinori, go to U.A. and learn from the best of the best on how to be a true hero. In those universes, he would be truly happy; a ray of sunshine willing to help anyone and everyone in need...

However, that is not how this story plays out. In this world, Izuku does not yearn to be a hero. Does not wish to save people with a smile like the number one hero. Does not worship the very ground the heroes step upon. No; Izuku will become someone completely different. He will find out from a young age that not all heroes are there for the right reasons; that not all heroes care about the civilians they were supposed to be protecting. Izuku would not wear those rose-tinted lens of seeing heroes as all powerful, all knowing, and all generous beings...

No, in this world, he would go out on his own to fix the problems he saw arise one by one. In this world, he would meet and befriend those in other worlds he wouldn't have even

considered being friends with. In this world, Izuku would live by one rule and one rule only:

***Not all people are born equal.***



# I'm Only Human, After All

## Chapter Summary

Izukkun's childhood (somewhat).

## Chapter Notes

I WAS SO HYPE WRITING THIS YOU DON'T EVEN KNOW MAN QWQ  
HOPE YOU LIKE IT!

See the end of the chapter for more [notes](#)

To anyone who met her, Midoriya Inko was a sweet, kind lady who loved her family and friends dearly. For the people who knew her, they could agree to the sentiments. She had a blinding smile that warmed even the coldest of hearts and tried her best at everything she did, albeit a bit clumsy from time to time. Quick to cry and even quicker to smile, Inko was the kindest person anyone could ever meet. Her husband was less known, but everyone who knew him agreed he was kind enough, though hardly ever home due to his job. Midoriya Hisashi was a bit on the timid side, much like his wife, but didn't really portray such kindness from him as she did.

No one seemed to mind; it was clear that the two were madly in love and if that was fine with them, it was fine for everyone else as well. It was blessing once their son, Midoriya Izuku, was born; Hisashi gushed over his child while Inko nodded along tiredly, having just birthed him. Hisashi told his wife that he would work harder for the both of them, and that he did; he went overseas for a promotion and got better pay for it. Inko would stay at home and nurse their child with as much, maybe even more, love as both parents would give their child. She would often go over to her best friend's, Bakugou Mitsuki, house so that their two children could have playdates.

The blonde's child, Bakugou Katsuki, was a bit rowdy, but seemed to have his heart in the right place. Izuku never seemed to mind, either. Inko would watch with a loving smile as the two boys grew up and played together; however, it was when both boys were three when things began to shift slightly. Mitsuki had work that day and, since her husband, Bakugou Masaru, was also out at work, asked Inko if she could watch her son for her, which the smaller woman happily obliged. Katsuki stormed into the apartment a few minutes later, yelling at Izuku to hurry up so that they could watch the latest episode of the new All Might show.

Izuku rushed to finish his homework before joining his blonde friend on the couch downstairs. Inko busied herself with simple housework, making the children snacks and cleaning around a bit. The two watched as the TV flared on and All Might's form appeared on the screen. Katsuki grinned widely and cheered when he saw him, while Izuku stayed silent, eyes wide; it was the normal, everyday scene. However... as the show went on, Izuku began to frown slightly, lips pursed together in thought. Katsuki glanced at his friend, raising an eyebrow, staying silent for a moment before asking the boy what was wrong.

"I don't get it." The green haired boy stated simply, rubbing his chin with a forefinger gently.

Katsuki blinked, completely confused. "Hah? What don't you get about it? All Might's awesome and he's kicking major butt!"

Izuku's lips thinned slightly as his frown increased. "That's just it... I don't get why they have the most powerful hero in the *world* go around and solve mundane tasks like that. Even then, is it really necessary to destroy whole buildings just to catch one guy? What was so wrong with what they were doing, anyway? Sure, bank robbery and petty thievery aren't all that good, but they aren't something that needs to be hyped up like that."

Red eyes widened slightly and glanced straight at Inko, who had paused from her dishwashing to stare at her son with wide eyes of her own. She glanced at Katsuki and shook her head slightly; even she didn't know what he was going on about.

The boy returned his gaze to his friend, who was now muttering to himself quietly. Licking his lips, he once again began to talk. "Well, it doesn't matter what the crime is; what matters is that they're villains and need to be taken down!"

Izuku looked back at him, making the blonde flinch under his intense gaze. "Why?"

A pregnant pause followed before Katsuki smartly blurted out a "Hah?"

"Why are they classified as villains?" The smaller male pushed, leaning forward, making the other lean back. "I don't think such a strong term should be used for such small crimes. I'd think them more as 'criminals', and, even then, such terms are loose and based on social perception. Someone you call a 'villain' could be considered a 'hero' to many others. Sure, what they do is technically 'wrong' and 'illegal', but, once again, those are terms society created to keep things in black and white terms.

"In most of these cases, the 'villains' just wanted a bit of money to support a family they otherwise couldn't, or take back something either stolen from them or someone else by a person society would call 'heroic'. Tell me, Kacchan - is it a crime to wish the best for your family? Is it a crime to try to right the wrongs done by someone everyone else would have otherwise ignored because of idolized ideals?"

The two listening were stunned into silence. Katsuki's mouth gaped open, looking as if he wanted to say something but couldn't - either unable to find the right words or his own voice. Inko, herself, was quite shell shocked; where did her son learn all of these things from? A

child, especially one at such a young age, shouldn't even know about anything on such a serious topic!

She wiped her hands on a nearby cloth and cleared her throat, catching the boys' attention. Giving them a small, shaky smile, she asked: "Izuku, sweetie... W-Where did you learn all this from?"

Izuku's calm and unnerving gaze bore into her, as if staring directly into her soul. He tilted his head slightly, processing his mother's question. "I don't know. I just thought about it when I was watching things like this... Like, why are the villains always 'bad' and the heroes always 'good'? The heroes do just as much damage as the villains sometimes; sometimes even more! All Might has destroyed countless buildings in most episodes just trying to catch someone who robbed a bank or stole some old lady's purse...

"But, since he's a hero, his actions are praised and reveled upon while the villains are shamed and scorned, though they have somewhat decent reasons for doing what they do. While it's understandable that some people do crimes because they enjoy them, there are those who are either forced into it or have no other choice because of the cards life dealt them. Isn't it wrong to judge people based on only the things you can see on the surface? Isn't that what you always tell me, Mommy; never judge a book by it's cover?"

Inko was once again stunned into silence, unable to find it in herself to reply. Whether it was because she wouldn't, or *couldn't*, she didn't know. All that was clear was that her son was much smarter and realistic than she could have ever imagined. Katsuki looked slightly uncomfortable, shifting in his spot nervously, unsure of how to react in such a situation. Before anything else could be done, Mitsuki had returned and picked Katsuki back up, blissfully ignorant to what had happened inside that apartment that day.

Ever since then, Katsuki avoided watching anything with heroes around Izuku.

The next 'incident' happened when the boys had turned five. Katsuki had developed a quirk while Izuku's had not shown up yet. That was fine, at least for the green haired child it was; but, for Katsuki, he couldn't stand that his 'childhood friend' hadn't developed such an essential thing for life - for being a *hero*.

"God fucking dammit, Deku!" Katsuki growled at him at the park one day, the two 'playing' while Inko and Mitsuki sat on a bench a bit a ways away, making small talk. "When is your quirk coming in? I can't have a quirkless person as a sidekick!"

Izuku hummed in reply, choosing to ignore the blonde in favor of making a mound of sand in the sandbox. He was getting a good shape, you know. That didn't seem to sit well with the angry child as he smashed Izuku's hard work with a foot, crushing and destroying it. Izuku blinked slowly, watching the event unfold with a blank expression. Well, there goes a whole two minutes of work. Katsuki growled and forced the smaller boy to look up at him, red eyes glaring into neutral green.

“Fucking *answer me* when I talk to you!” He snarled, explosions littering his palms in uncontrolled rage.

The green haired child tilt his head to the side slightly, looking at Katsuki with his oh-so ever calm, yet blank, expression. “Why?”

Katsuki frowned, annoyed. “Whadda *mean* why?”

“Why can’t a quirkless person be a sidekick?” Izuku asked, seeming genuinely confused.

The blonde shot him an exasperated look, seeming to say “*Really? Did you really just ask that?*” Katsuki ruffled his hair in irritation. “Cause they’re useless! They’d just be deadweight on a mission cause they don’t have a quirk to help the team; heck, they wouldn’t even have a quirk to help *themselves* .”

“Says who?” The smaller interjected, frowning, pouting out his lips.

“Hah-”

“Who says that quirkless people wouldn’t be of any use?” Izuku continued, ignoring his ‘friend’s’ rising anger. “If anything, they’d be a benefit! They’d be physically more capable than most because they don’t have anything to fall back on, and would be unaffected by some people who are *too* reliant on their quirks. People who depend on their quirks for everything are much more likely to lack the tactical and strategic stand points that one without a quirk would possess, and are more likely to be outplayed by them as well.

“Someone without a quirk is just as useful as someone with one, sometimes maybe even more so.” Izuku finished, head tilted slightly to the side, a small habit he picked up from early childhood.

Katsuki glared at him fiercely, not willing to back down on *this* argument, at least. “Sure, let’s say that, but they’d still be weaker than people with quirks!”

“Not necessarily; people who are over reliant on their quirks are less likely to train their physical bodies unless their quirk either helps in that regard or basically demands it. So, if a quirkless person were to train themselves to be even marginally better than an average person would be in physical strength, it would increase their playing field tenfold. Take Present Mic, for example. His quirk allows him for long range attacks and is generally powerful by itself, but is pretty much useless in hand-to-hand combat.

“So, take into account of his physical stature; I’m sure he had trained his body decently so that he could at least be capable in hand-to-hand fighting, but I doubt he’s taken any more time than necessary for it. So, if someone were to train themselves in both strength and speed, then they’d be able to charge in on him and take him down with ease. Considering that he’s a ranged fighter doesn’t help all that much, and it seems that his voice takes a while to travel to its intended target. So, if you were fast enough to evade it and strong enough to outmatch him in a one-on-one fight, then you’d be good to go and able to take him down without a hitch.”

Katsuki gaped his mouth open, eyes widened in shock, about to say something else before being cut off.

“And while I understand that there are plenty of heroes that work in groups, as someone might *have* to, there is still a way of taking them down. Take the Wild, Wild Pussycats for this example. While they are quite the powerful team and strong team players, there is an easy way to take them down. First, isolate each member individually; make them as far away from each other as possible. If you are unable to do that, at least distract them long enough to go for the first targets, which should be Mandalay and Ragdoll.

“The reason for that is because of their quirks. Sure, they’re not physical, but they are more dangerous than that; Mandalay would be able to communicate with her teammates and perhaps outside help while Ragdoll would be able to out you on your weaknesses and strengths, therefore having an advantage over you, and it would be bad if she somehow managed to alert her team. They are not to be underestimated; Mandalay and Ragdoll are the ‘brains’ of the team, so to speak- without them, their foundations will crack and taking out the other two would just take time and patience.”

Now everything was silent. The sounds of the other children and parents faded to nothing as the two started intently at each other. Katsuki was absolutely dumbfounded by his friend's analytical skills and ability to plan out such a well thought plan on the spot like that. A cold shiver ran down his spine as the smaller went back to playing with the sand. *He would be a terrifying villain.*

The day that Izuku’s quirk shown was under rather... *unique* circumstances. He had been out shopping with his mom when a man sauntered up to the cash register with a gun and held out a large bag, demanding for them to put all their money in it. Izuku watched the exchange with mild interest; why would he use a gun instead of his quirk? It seems that the Gods above heard his question and decided to answer when another child called the man out on it, their voice squeaky and shaky.

“Huh? Are you stupid, kid?” The man snapped, turning his head to glare at them. “I don’t want to get in trouble with the law; why would I blatantly use my quirk in public?”

Well, if anyone knows of someone stupider than this man, now was the time to speak up. Izuku fought the urge to sigh and roll his eyes into oblivion. Biting his tongue, he forced down saying things along the lines of “*are you fucking stupid?*” and “*what a moron*”. He may or may not have learned a few things from Katsuki. While he was internally fighting himself to keep his neutral stance, his eyes wandered to the gun in the man's hands. It was a simple gun, a model he had no idea of because, not only was he a child, he had no interest to the subject prior.

However, there was something about the shining chic black that coated the deadly device and the curves and edges carved to make its shape that really caught his attention. Before he knew

it, his feet carried him over to the criminal and held out his hand expectantly, confusing both the man and everyone around them.

“Can I see your gun?” Well, it looks like they found someone dumber than the villain.

Everyone's mouth dropped open in shock, unable to comprehend what the child just said. Even the man himself was flabbergasted.

“Wha-? Kid, are you nuts? Who do think I am? Why would I *willingly* give you my gun?”

Izuku pouted, a sight that would've been cute had it been under different circumstances. Inko was freaking out, quietly calling for her son to come back as a loud crash came from the store's entrance. All eyes turned to it as a few heroes rushed into the scene, having just broke through the front door in a rush to get in. The green haired child frowned at the sight. *Who do you think pays for that?* A hero with wings on their back swooped down and kicked the gun from the guy's hand, making it fly and crash on the floor as it then slide across the floor to the other side of the room.

More interested in that than the fight itself, Izuku rushed over to and examined it as everyone else's attention was stuck on the fight. He eyed the barrel with heightened interest, his heart pounding with excitement he'd never felt before. There was something about this gun that drew him in, making him want to know every little thing about it... So, he did what any other smart person would do and slowly reached over to touch it. His fingers grazed the hilt of the gun when information flashed before his eyes. The model, date made, weaknesses, strengths, advantages, disadvantages, modifications and other things about the gun made its way into his brain, storing itself in a secure and isolate part of his mind.

He pulled back, as if he had been burnt, when soft arms wrapped around his midsection and pulled him backwards. Confused, he looked up to see the worried face of his mother, tears brimming her eyes and her lips trembling slightly.

“Izuku, what in the world were you doing?” She fret, her voice wavering and thick with emotion as she looked him over for any injuries.

The boy looked around, noticing that the heroes caught the man, but not without a bit more of property destruction. Oh well. That wasn't that important right now. He turned to his mom and smiled gently.

“Mom, I think I found my quirk.”

## Chapter End Notes

why is everything pasting weirdly does life just hate me asdfghjkl;'



# Meeting You

## Chapter Summary

Izuku meets a new potential friend.

## Chapter Notes

I know absolutely nothing about guns, why did I decide to do this?

Oh well. THE SHOW MUST GO ON!

See the end of the chapter for more [notes](#)

One would think that if someone were to find out about their quirk that that'd be a happy occasion, but they'd be wrong. No, Izuku wasn't dissatisfied with his quirk; in fact, he was delighted! Gun Weapons Mastery was his quirk - though that wasn't what he was going to call it; it's real name is to be decided - and was an extremely rare quirk at that. Few people had a weapons mastery quirk, and they all pertained to one sort of weapon type only. His just happened to be guns, which was extremely useful. He was able to tell everything about a gun once he got physical contact with it and the information was stored in his brain for later use.

Because of this, he knew what any gun should look and act like, so he was able to differentiate well used guns from newly made ones and any cracks or minor deformities the weapon might have. All in all, it was rather useful; however, the kids at school didn't think the same. Since he was seven when he first discovered his quirk, not only was he still weak and useless, but a weak, useless late bloomer as well. Katsuki, whom had begun to bully him two years prior because of his lack of quirk then, only got worse with his treatment afterwards when he learned of Izuku's quirk.

“What kind of a useless quirk is that?” The blonde seethed, lips drawn back in a snarl. “What good is it to know all about guns? If anything, that makes you a worthless criminal!”

The other kids cheered him on while Izuku looked at him with his normal blank expression. He took a quick glance at the teacher, who seemed unbothered by the whole thing. Weren't they supposed to be in class right now? A loud explosion brought his gaze back to the explosive blonde, who seemed pissed by Izuku's lack of response. Well, what was he supposed to say? “Yes, of course, Katsuki! A mere mortal like myself pales in comparison to your egotistical glory! I am but worthless compared to your bloated pride that could feed every starving mouth that roams this planet!”



Yeah, no; he liked living, thanks. It seems silence wasn't the right answer either as he pulled on the smaller's hair, glaring at him with hate filled spite. Izuku had decided to grow his hair out because cutting it was "too much trouble and pointless", so his hair stayed just above his shoulders at the moment. He blinked slowly, trying to process what exactly was happening.

"Answer me when I talk to you, fuck face!" Katsuki bellowed, face reddening with barely controlled anger.

*He looks like a weird tomato.* Izuku thought blandly, amusing himself with mental images of the blonde as a tomato. He decided to entertain the other before some of his hair was singed off. "What do you want me to say? Aren't the questions you asked rhetorical?"

"What?" Izuku really wanted to slam his head against the wall. He forgot not everyone read the dictionary for fun. *Obvious sarcasm is obvious. He just knew more than the average elementary school child because of his love for learning.*

"It means your questions weren't meant to be answered because everyone knew or at least had a similar idea of what the answer was going to be." He said instead, a heavy tiredness for life lacing his voice. "And as for the usefulness of my quirk, it's actually quick useful. I'd be able to use any gun to its fullest capacity while simultaneously knowing how to disarm one if someone else happened to possess one. And, since most quirks have nothing to do with protecting the body, a bullet would do significant damage because, after all, their bodies are only flesh."

A vein protruded from his former friend's forehead as sparks erupted from his hands. "What about the people with mutation quirks, huh? Those who are made out of things like rock and steel?"

Izuku waved him off, unperturbed by the blonde's rising tone. "People who use guns are most likely to be support than actually going on the frontlines themselves. I also have no plans of becoming a hero, so any worries like that don't pertain to me."

*That* seemed to shut everyone up. Even Katsuki was taken aback, letting go of Izuku in favor of gawking at him instead. If it weren't such a normal occurrence with the two, since Izuku tended to go off realistically on him to the point that the blonde couldn't find anything to retort with, it'd be amusing. However, the peace and quiet were generally always appreciated. The green haired boy could only take so much of the obnoxious yelling before it grated on his nerves.

"Well, if you don't wanna become a hero, then what *do* you wanna do?" A kid asked, their voice wavering slightly with uncertainty.

He blinked, looking over everyone blankly, all their eyes on him in anticipation. "I'm not sure."

"Fucking nerd! Whadda mean you *don't know*?" Katsuki snarled, face contorting back to its usual rage.

*Well, the quiet was nice while it lasted.* Izuku to himself blandly, humming to the blonde in response. “Unless you suddenly became unable to understand the definitions of simple words like that, I’ll take it you understood exactly what I meant when I said ‘I don’t know’.”

Sparks of explosions and a loud “Deku!” rang throughout the classroom as the final bell rang. Izuku simply got up and grabbed his things, avoiding Katsuki as the taller lunged at him; really, the blonde was so impulsive when he was angry. After that, it was a simple game of cat and mouse; Izuku avoiding Katsuki while keeping the same pace and the other trying his best to slam the smaller against *something*. Eventually Izuku got rid of him from tailing him and walked home in quiet content. He opened the door, scrolling through the internet on his phone. He needed to discuss a few things with his mom.

Seven years passed since then, and their cat and mouse game got more creative as time went on. Izuku would find himself casually hanging onto a ceiling with a sticky substance he asked another student for just so he could avoid Katsuki, which the other would curse loudly when he couldn’t find him. No one ever called Izuku out on it, all of them finding it rather amusing and interesting to see how their ‘game’ played out. Though, Katsuki was getting slower and slower to catching him. After the day everyone became aware of his quirk, Izuku had asked his mom for a few fighting lessons.

It wasn’t anything special, really. Just the basics and a few other things; he was more than willing to fight dirty if need be. He couldn’t do much of anything if he didn’t know how to at least throw a few punches. Not only that, but he’d managed to convince his mom to take him down to the town’s local gun shop to help develop his quirk. He really couldn’t do much if all he knew about was just 9mm Luger Semi Auto Pistols because of the one and only villain he’d encountered that actually had a gun on them. Everyone else relied on their quirks in this day and age.

After that, he’d convinced the shop keep to let him examine the guns they had, which was much easier than convincing his mom. The poor guy was just happy there were still people interested in his line of trade. So, he did just that; he’d train after school, concerning himself with mostly speed and stealth, then go to the shop on the weekends. Because of that, he was able to walk around endlessly without being noticed, knowing exactly when and how to blend in with crowds and deceiving one’s eyes when there weren’t as many places to hide.

It was a Saturday, and Izuku had just gone out to visit the shop keep, Yamada-san. He was about a third of the way there when he noticed a body slumped behind a dumpster. Izuku paused and stared, not sure if his eyes were playing tricks on him or not. A low grumble and a leg being shifted inward slightly told him that, no, what he was seeing was, in fact, real. Deciding that Yamada-san could wait for a bit, Izuku walked over to the person without much precaution; it was too much trouble. Besides, any thoughts that the person could’ve been dangerous were immediately washed away when he saw a boy, just a few years older than himself, leaning against the alley’s brick wall, panting heavily, eyes closed and brows furrowed as he clutched his side in pain.

He tilted his head to the side, taking in the scene before him. Purple scars marred the male's jaw, neck, and tip of his chest, as well as his shoulders to just above his palms. The bags under his eyes held the same purpled skin, puffed up painfully and looking slightly irritated. Small hook-like strings decorated the linings of the scars, making it look as if he were stitched together. At this point, Izuku wouldn't doubt if he were. Blaring red hair spiked up and in millions of different directions lay atop his head, the small winds blowing through it. The male's hair looks as if it hadn't been washed in *months*, and the smell emitting from the area didn't help the situation at all.

Izuku's eyes traveled downward to where the other was holding his side, noticing a sickening red weep through an open wound. He blinked slowly, unfazed, as the blood seeped through the cracks between his bruised fingers. Normally, a person who came across such a scene would scream and call the cops, perhaps running away as they did so. Izuku was not one of those people; he doubt he'd be considered 'normal' at this point. No, he just stood and stared in mild fascination. He watched as the other's chest rose and fell rapidly, as if their lungs were struggling to contain the air they sucked in.

The crimson red pooled beneath them, staining the concrete with its wet, sticking coloring. Green eyes swooped up and down the person's body, noting how they had clothes quite bit smaller than them and were just as dirty as the body carrying them were. Dirt plastered on the agonized face and breath was drawn through closed teeth. Izuku looked back at the other's face, face still as blank and impassive as ever. If he left them there, they would surely die; there was no question about it. He tilt his head once again, pondering over what he should do.

As another low groan left the injured person's lips, he let out a quiet sigh and pulled out his phone, sending a quick text to Yamada-san. He wouldn't mind if Izuku missed a day; after all, he had bigger things to worry about. Slipping his phone back in his pocket, he walked over to the older boy, carefully picking him up as best he could - *damn* this guy was tall - before trudging back home, formulating a plan in his mind on how he was going to explain this to his mother.

Inko took to it better than he expected. Of course, at first she screamed when she saw the presumably dead body in with him, but, after careful and calming explanations from Izuku, she quickly let them inside, rushing the injured male to the couch and laying him down. She rushed to the bathroom and her own room, gathering all the medical supplies she had before returning. Izuku was satisfied with his decision to bring him home instead of calling the ambulance; not only would he not be able to explain to them in the slightest of what happened, but he had a gut feeling that the other didn't want many people to know of his condition.

Call it a sixth sense of sorts, but Izuku quickly learned to trust his instincts. Not only that, but Inko herself had experience in such things, as she was once a nurse herself, retiring to take care of Izuku. So, Izuku helped his mother when need be, watching her with unblinking eyes as she removed the boy's shirt to reveal a multitude of bruises, cuts, and burn marks littering pale skin, the bluish hue dying the red of the bruises. Inko winced upon seeing them,

wondering who on Earth could have hurt this poor child so. Izuku remained calm, complacent, eagle-like eyes scanning the wounds, storing the information for later use.

The two worked for hours patching up everything they could, bearing witness to even more marks decorating the male's body. After wrapping a bandage around the last visible bruise, Inko let out the breath she didn't know she was holding and stood up, worrying her bottom lip as she looked the person her son brought over once more. He was practically covered in the white fabric, barely any of his skin visible because of it. She had wiped him down as best she could with a wet cloth not only to clean some of the wounds, but to rid the poor boy of the much he'd gathered.

Looking at him, he couldn't have been that much older than Izuku himself, and that made her heart ache... How could someone do this to a child? Motherly instincts kicked in as she turned to her own son, eyes shining with determination.

"Izuku, would you mind telling me where you found him again?"

She caught herself before she flinched under the small boy's gaze. No matter how many times she was subjugated to it and no matter how long it's been since the first time, she could never suppress the cold shiver that ran up and down her spine every time her son's calculating and blank eyes landed on her. She never knew why, just that there was something... *off putting* about it. Inko pushed those thoughts to the back of her mind, more worried about the injured boy in front of her.

It took a few moments for Izuku to respond, as it always it, for he always processed what was being said slowly, tearing the words apart and coming up with different replies that would pertain to or help the situation at hand. "I found him in an alleyway beside a dumpster while going to see Yamada-san. He didn't look too good, and I felt that he didn't want anyone to know about his... *condition* , so I decided to bring him home. I've already texted Yamada-san that I wouldn't be going over today."

The green haired woman nodded mutely, looking back at the sleeping boy on her couch. She was aware of Izuku's "gift", so to speak, of knowing what to do and what other people wanted. If it weren't for the fact Izuku already had a quirk, she would have sworn *that* was it. The boy was given a sleeping medication through injection so that he wouldn't wake up while she was tending to him; she didn't need him squirming about when she tried to clean him up. Izuku sat down on the armchair next to the couch, watching the newcomer with an indecipherable stare.

"I'll watch over him for now. I know you want to go out and search for some more things to help him."

Her lips pressed together thinly as she nodded, hurriedly grabbing her purse and heading out the door. Sometimes, that boy could creep her out, and she'd feel guilty about it every single time.

It was late into the afternoon the next day before their ‘patient’ awoke, blinking his eyes open groggily and letting out a low groan. Izuku had opted out on visiting Yamada-san again that day, choosing to watch over the injured male instead. When he explained his situation to the shop keep, the man agreed that their safety should come first. So, Izuku turned his eyes from the TV playing a loud, obnoxious show of some sort to watch as tired blue eyes opened and made contact with his own. A few terse moments passed, neither looking away or even choosing to speak. Izuku simply watched with wide, unmoving eyes; he seemed to win out as his ‘guest’ looked away after some time, clearing his throat awkwardly.

“Uh... hi...?” He spoke, blue eyes returning to the younger child, voice raspy and hoarse.

Izuku tilted his head, having not blinked once since looking at the other male, mulling over his words in his head. “Hello.”

“Where... Where am I...?”

A pause.

“My house.”

“Ah... And, who are you?”

Another pause.

“Midoriya Izuku.”

The taller male slowly sat up, grunting quietly as pain shot from his abdomen. He looked around, taking in his surroundings. “What happened...?”

Izuku stayed quiet for a moment, head tilted and eyes trained on the, slowly growing uncomfortable, other boy. “I found you near a dumpster in an alleyway. I brought you home so that my mother could look at you, since she used to be a nurse. I suspected that you wouldn’t have appreciated going to a hospital, so this was the second best option.”

He looked over at Izuku once more, eyes slightly widened in surprise. “How did you know...?”

A quiet hum escaped Izuku’s lips as he pondered the question. “I don’t know. It’s just a feeling I got.”

“I-I see...” The other mumbled, shifting in his spot uncomfortably. “Also... Do you always take a while to answer?”

A pause.

“I suppose.” The green haired boy replied. “I think about what others say before responding, so I guess I am a bit slow to answer...” A thought struck the smaller boy. “Ah, what’s your name? I can’t just call you ‘you’.”

The red headed male stared at him for a moment before whispering. “Dabi. Just call me Dabi.”

Izuku nodded, locking away the fact that the other didn’t want to reveal his true name. “Nice to meet you, Dabi.”

Dabi shifted slightly, trying to find a more comfortable position to sit in. “Thanks. Same to you, I think...” He stared at Izuku for a second before saying, “Aren’t you gonna blink any time soon...?”

He did as he was told, watching as the taller let out a small sigh of relief. Izuku tilted his head slightly, confused. Why did that bother him? His mom never seemed to mind.

“Izuku, I’m home!” A sweet voice called from the entrance, catching both boys’ attention.

Inko walked up to them, noticing that Dabi had finally gotten up.

She smiled happily. “Oh, you’re finally awake! Thank goodness!”

Dabi stared at her in apprehension, unsure of what to do.

Izuku, noticing the other’s unease, spoke for him. “This is Dabi. He just woke up a few minutes ago.”

The green haired woman sent him a warm, comforting smile, making the male relax unconsciously. “Well, Dabi, it’s nice to meet you. Would you like dinner?”

Blue eyes flickered between the two in shock. They’d just met, hardly knew a thing about one another, and yet they were offering him to stay for dinner...

“I bet you must be starved; look at you! No meat on those bones!” Inko continued, frowning at the sad state the male was in. “Is meatloaf alright with you?”

He nodded numbly, utterly confused and jarred by the events that were happening. His eyes traveled back over to Izuku, who looked back in response.

“It seems that you’ve injured yourself quite a bit.” The younger stated plainly. “We’ll be having you stay for a while, so that we can keep an eye on your wounds. Besides, I don’t think you have a place to go back to... You’re thinner than a twig and dirtier than a street rat.”

Dabi was now officially dumbfounded. This teen... this *kid*, knew more about him in the span of a few minutes than he ever thought possible. So, he just nodded; what else could he do? He certainly didn’t expect to be rewarded with a small, barely visible smile; one that you could only see if you were *really* looking at it, but a smile nonetheless. Not only that, but that smile held more warmth than any other smile he’d ever seen, including his own mother’s.

“Then... welcome home, Dabi.” Izuku whispered, the words making Dabi’s heart swell slightly.

This was crazy, but... Maybe he could use a little crazy at the moment.

## Chapter End Notes

Am I going too fast?

..... eh. who cares. asdfghjkl;'

# Getting to Know You

## Chapter Summary

Izuku gets to know Dabi better and meets someone new while he's at it.

## Chapter Notes

BEEN WAITING LONG? (i mean, it hasn't been *\*that\** long, but w/e)

LET ME JUST THROW DOMESTIC FLUFF AT YOU AND BE ON MY MERRY WAY.

See the end of the chapter for more [notes](#)

“I’m telling you, I can take a bath by myself!”

“Technically speaking, yes you could, but it’s not a wise option seeing as how you’re still healing and moving around will agitate your wounds.”

Maybe he spoke too soon when he said he could use a little crazy. There were many things in his life that he regretted, and this just so happened to slowly be climbing its way onto the list. Dabi relented on the younger teen’s unmovable argument, letting himself be washed by him once again. It had been a week since his ‘rescue’, so to speak, and every day he’d been nursed by the long haired male and said boy’s mother. Izuku, whom he decided to call by his first name in at least *some* attempt at revenge - it didn’t work, by the way -, had his long, curly hair tied back to avoid getting wet.

The green mess of hair reached down to just above the boy’s hips, curled bangs pushed to one side, cupping around the male’s freckled cheek and chin. When Dabi had asked him why his hair was *so damn long*, the other just simply told him “getting a haircut was too much trouble”.

“And washing that mess is any easier?” The redhead retorted, frowning as Izuku’s hair splay across the couch. It looked super fluffy and soft... it must be hell to get it to look that nice.

He simply shrugged once again, still reading who knows what. Dabi leaned forward slightly to see the title... is that a book on World War 2? “I suppose some people would think so. Fortunately for me, it’s naturally soft and silky, so washing it is easy.”



Let it be known that was the first time Dabi was jealous of someone else's *hair*. Lucky bastard. He leaned back, pleased to see the small frown on the younger's face when he splashed him with some water, getting his shirt wet. *That's what you get.* Dabi may or may not be a bit petty at times; sue him. Soft hands ran through his hair, getting the day's grime out with swift, eased movements. His eyes began to drop, the routine relaxing him greatly; whatever this kid was doing, he was doing it right.

"Dabi, what's your quirk?" The sudden question broke their calm silence, making the taller male stiffen slightly, the tenseness returning to his body.

A pregnant pause filled the room, the only sound coming through was the water rushing from the showerhead. Dabi stared at his reflection in the water, examining his scars with apprehensive sadness.

"You don't have to tell me." He continued, noticing the obvious tension radiating off of the older teen. "I was just curious; sorry if I brought up something that bothered you."

Relief washed over him, his muscles relaxing once again. "It's fine... I just... I'll tell you later."

"Okay."

The two continued in silence for a bit longer before Dabi spoke up once more. "What about you?"

"Hm..." Izuku hummed, grabbing the conditioner and squeezing the substance onto his palm.

"What's your quirk?"

Izuku tilted his head, placing the container down and rubbing his hands together. After a moment, he responded. "Gun Weapons Mastery. As long as I've had physical contact with a gun, I will know absolutely everything about it."

Dabi hummed noncommittally, bringing a hand out of the water and watching the liquid run from his palm. "That sounds cool. Seems pretty useful."

"Mhm."

Once again the two fell into silence. Neither spoke and Izuku ran his fingers through the older teen's red hair, letting the conditioner sink into his scalp and rubbing it between the threads of his hair. Dabi allowed his eyes to drop, a heavy weight blanketing onto them as the younger massaged his head with much more care than he thought the other was capable of. Suds began to bubble up, coating the red on the top of his head. Small bubbles floated around as the suds grew.

Dabi nearly fell asleep until the rushing of water slammed against his head, jolting him awake, groaning when some got in his eyes, making him snap them back shut and rubbing them.

“... What are you doing?” The younger’s voice floated into his ears.

Now, if those words had been laced with even the *smallest* amount of sarcasm or something of the like, Dabi would have retaliated in kind. However, when Izuku asked, his sound genuinely confused. How was he supposed to be sarcastic and snarky when the person talking to him sounded so innocent? He sighed, blinking a few times to test his eyes out.

“I was just surprised... I didn’t expect to suddenly be *shot with water*. ”

A pause.

“Who shot you with water?”

“You did!”

Another pause.

“... When did I do that?”

“Just now.”

A third pause.

“... Oh. Sorry?”

This *is why I can’t be angry at the small green bean*. He thought, swallowing down another sigh. “It’s fine... I’d just like a warning next time, okay?”

A pause.

“Okay.”

“Izuku, where are the pop-tarts?”

A moment of silence.

“... Izuku?”

A few more moments of silence pass before there is a loud *crash* .

“Izuku? Izuku, sweetie, are you okay?” Inko worried, rushing to his room where the sound came from.

She threw the door open to see Dabi holding her son in a choke hold, the younger bent awkwardly off the edge of the bed. Her eyes traveled to the controllers on the floor, following the lines attached to them to the PlayStation 2 on the floor. Green eyes made it up to the small

TV screen, large words in bold proclaiming “PLAYER 2 WINS”. Inko sighed quietly, looking back at the boys, who had gone deathly silent upon her arrival.

Dabi held Izuku over the bed’s edge, crystal blue eyes wide and staring directly at her in unspoken shock and worry. Izuku, on the other hand, lay limp and relaxed in the older’s arms, looking completely unbothered by the whole situation at hand. *Well, that’s her son for you.*

“Izuku, Dabi... What are you two doing?”

Izuku tilted his head back, emerald green eyes staring at her, unblinking. “We were playing Crash Team Racing and I won.”

“He *always* wins!” Dabi interrupted, pouting.

Inko smiled and shook her head fondly. “Dabi, you can’t keep ‘punishing’ Izuku like that every time he wins.” Her eyes traveled to the opened box of pop-tarts on the floor. “And I see where all of our pop-tarts went.”

Dabi let the green haired boy go, the other just flopping onto the floor unceremoniously, not bothering to get back up. The red head spared him a glance before turning to the woman and smiled sheepishly, said smile hard to notice due to the scars. Inko sighed again but let it go; she glanced at her son, who still lay flat on the floor, but looked slightly amused. Ever since Dabi’s appearance two months ago, the young boy had taken care of the injured boy’s every need, never letting him leave his sight for a minute.

Because of this, the two had grown close rapidly; Dabi stopped questioning Izuku’s strange habits like his slow talking and rare blinking and Izuku never asked about Dabi about how he’d gotten injured. In return, the Midoriya’s got some other personal information about the teen: he was seventeen, three years older than Izuku, and had run away from ‘a bad place’. Neither asked what he meant by that, and Dabi couldn’t have been more grateful. The red head also refused to use his quirk for a while, not that either of the other two minded.

Once Dabi had been seen fit enough by Inko and Izuku to move around and do simple tasks on his own, Izuku had taken going back to the gun shop to improve his quirk once again - but only when Inko was home. He didn’t trust the older teen to be able to do everything without the possibility of him breaking something, whether on purpose or not. Yamada-san had welcomed the boy’s return with open arms - and more guns that he’d imported during Izuku’s absence. Within a week of returning to his normal schedule - or, well, as normal as he could make it -, Izuku had gotten all the information off of all the guns Yamada-san owned and was able to construct and deconstruct any of them within minutes.

He bid the owner a final farewell after he was done, the old man (did he still count as old when he was only in his mid-forties?) told him he was welcomed back any time. During all of this, Izuku had not gone to school, instead opting to have all his schoolwork delivered to him so that he could do it from home. In all honesty, it was much easier to do it at home in the peace and quiet it offered instead of the obnoxious classroom where the kids joked around and didn’t take anything seriously. Well, it was quiet most of the time; Dabi would interrupt him from time to time when the older got bored and just wanted something to do.

Izuku never really minded, as he never had a “proper” friend before, and assumed it was just something friends would do. He mentioned it to the redhead once and got a shocked silence in return.

“You consider me a friend...?” Dabi asked quietly, wide eyes still staring at the smaller.

He simply nodded, chewing on a pocky stick as he read from a textbook in front of him. “Mhm... Are we not?” He asked, turning from the book to look at the older.

Dabi chewed on his bottom lip nervously, looking down at the floor instead of meeting those unblinking eyes. “I...” He rubbed the back on his neck gingerly, a small blush forming on pale cheeks. “I guess... we *can* be.”

It was after that moment that Inko had noticed that her son had become increasingly happier (she may or may not have been eavesdropping in on their conversation - hey, it wouldn't hurt if they didn't know!). While the boy didn't show it openly - she wasn't even sure if the child *could* -, there was a small light in his eyes that sparked from that one sentence and he began to talk slightly more than usual. It may have not been much to anyone else, but Inko was overjoyed - her baby boy had a *friend* ! A true, honest-to-god friend! And thanks to that friend, she was able to see her boy act like the child he was from time to time, and she couldn't be happier.

She smiled to herself as she left their room, listening as a wrestling match insinuated - probably most likely due to Izuku's passiveness - and went to the kitchen to cook the two a quick snack. If there was a small skip in her step, she wouldn't deny it.

Izuku stared up at the ceiling as Dabi snored softly on the floor below him. The two shared a room since the apartment was small and Izuku refused to have the older teen sleep in the living room (Inko wholeheartedly agreed). He simply stared through the darkness of night, barely able to make out the markings on the ceiling that the builders considered “acceptable” - who the hell allowed this? After a few moments of silence, aside from the snoring from his ‘roommate’, he decided he needed a bit of fresh air.

He got up and gently tip-toed over the large body that was Dabi and quietly opened the bedroom door and sliding out before slowly closing it again. Green eyes surveyed the empty hallway, making sure his mom wasn't up before rushing to the front door as quietly as possible. Izuku slipped on his slippers - his shoes *mysteriously* disappeared thanks to a certain redheaded teen - and slipped out of the apartment. A rush of cold air slapped him in the face, coloring his cheeks and nose a tinted red.

Suppressing a shiver, Izuku rubbed his arms, chastising himself internally for forgetting his coat but was too lazy to go back and get it. He walked down the stairs and onto the streets, letting the street lamps illuminate the path in front of him. The moon glistened brightly in the night sky, the stars shining beautifully around it. Izuku decided to dip into his thoughts,

letting his feet take him wherever they please. So, off he went, eyes glazed over in thought while his feet trudged on, taking him to the park he used to play at when he was younger.

Before he even realized it, he had taken a seat on an empty swing, swaying up and down gently while still in his own little world, thinking about everything and nothing. Due to his zoned out state, he didn't even notice when the swing next to him popped slightly, the chains snapping together under the sudden weight of someone plopping down onto the rubber. The other person stayed silent for a while, just side-eyeing Izuku as he stared up at the sky with his ever blank expression, eerily silent.

"Hey, what're you doing?" The voice brought him out of his mind, bringing him back to reality.

He brought his feet down, dragging them against the ground to stop his momentum and turned his head to look at the newcomer. Piercing yellow eyes stared back at him, their cat-like appearance peering through the blanket of darkness. Crazy blonde hair was bundled into two messy buns, a wide, cheshire-like smile on blushing cheeks. Izuku tilted his head, taking in the other's appearance. They looked to be a female, wearing a girl's uniform for a school he didn't recognize with high socks and dark colored shoes.

"Just thinking." He replied after a short while, returning his gaze to hers.

"Oh? What about?" She asked, grinning widely.

*Her voice is kinda shrill...* he thought numbly, humming quietly. "... Nothing really. What are you doing out here, by the way?"

She flinched slightly, a movement one wouldn't notice if they weren't trained for it... Or if they weren't observant enough, but, luckily for Izuku, it was something natural for him. "I, ah... I kinda had a, uh... *fight with my parents and they locked me out*?" She mumbled the last part pretty fast, but Izuku was able to make it out.

He blinked slowly, letting the information sink in. The two stayed silent for a long moment before Izuku finally spoke up once more. "I'm Midoriya Izuku... what's your name?"

The other looked slightly surprised at his sudden introduction but decided to play along anyway. "Oh! I'm Toga Himiko! It's nice to meet you, Izukun!"

Izuku nodded slowly, observing her a bit longer before deciding on his next words. "Would you like to stay with me for a while...?"

"Huh?"

He tilted his head slightly, eyes never leaving hers. "Would you like to stay at my place for a while...?"

Toga sat there in shocked, barely able to process what was happening. Before she knew it, a hand reached out to her and the boy stood in front of her, face as neutral and stoic as before. She glanced between his hand and face a few times before tentatively reaching out and

grabbing onto it. A small hint of a smile crossed the boy's lips but was gone before she could confirm if it actually happened or not. The next few words that left his mouth had her in tears.

"I see... Welcome home, Himiko."

## Chapter End Notes

I'm actually kinda disappointed it's not 3k words long but... w/e qwq

# Battle Scars

## Chapter Notes

whoop de doop guess what's back

See the end of the chapter for more [notes](#)

“Izuku, you need to stop adopting people the moment you meet them.” Inko sighed softly, a hand cupping her cheek as she shook her head slightly.

She had awoken to quite the ruckus and a voice she didn’t quite recognize. Confused and slightly worried, she hurried to get dressed and rushed out of her room to the living room and was met with a peculiar sight. Izuku was on the floor, laying on his back with his usual blank expression, with a small, lithe body sprawled on top of him. Said body belonged to a girl, who looked slightly older than Izuku, with long, curly blonde hair and golden cat-like eyes, a feral smile on her lips as she put Izuku in a headlock. Dabi was sitting on the couch, laughing his head off at their antics while Izuku looked nonplussed, completely unfazed by the goings-ons of what was happening.

When she entered, they all paused, looking at her. Izuku’s green eyes unblinking, Dabi’s blue ones slightly worried while the girl’s golden gaze looked mildly curious.

“Izukkun, who is she?” The blonde asked, looking down at the small male.

After a few moments Izuku responded. “That’s my mom. Mom, this is Toga Himiko. Himiko, this is Mom.”

“Oh!” The newly named Himiko gasped, hopping off the green-haired teen and bouncing over to the older woman. “So *this* is Mamadoriya! It’s nice to meet you, Ma’am! I’m Toga Himiko, just call me Himiko! I’m Izukkun’s newest friend!”

Inko blinked slowly, surprised by the sudden burst of energy. She had grown so used to the boy’s low amount of excitement that having someone so full of energy was a bit of a backlash for her. However, she simply sighed and smiled, shaking her head at her son’s ability to find wandering souls to adopt and bring home.

“It’s nice to meet you too, Himiko-chan. I’m Midoriya Inko, Izuku’s mother. I assume you’ll be living here as well?”

Himiko looked slightly embarrassed and worried, shuffling on her feet slightly. “Y-Yeah... If that’s fine with you...?”

“Of course, sweetheart.” The woman smiled, watching the blonde relax, relieved. “If you won’t mind me asking, what brought you here?”

Gold eyes flickered with an emotion too fast for Inko to catch, but she answered anyway: “Oh, I... I had a fight with my parents and was locked out...”

Rage bubbled in the pit of the green-haired woman’s stomach. Who would *ever* lock their child out of their own home? “Oh? And why did they do that?”

“I, uh... I got into a fight at school because someone said my quirk was villainous so when I got home, my parents started yelling at me, even when I told them what happened and how they started it... Then they said that I *was* a villain and how they wished I weren’t their daughter, and I... I kinda, just, uh... ran out? I wanted to get some fresh air, but when I came back a few hours later, they’d locked me out...”

Now Inko was furious. Who would say that to their child! No one deserved such treatment, *especially* one so young and impressionable! She gnawed on her lower lip, trying to keep her emotions in check, but, by the expressions on the children’s faces, she knew she wasn’t doing that good of a job.

“I’m so sorry to hear that.” She said instead, bringing the smaller female into a hug. “You’re welcome to stay here for as long as you like; I know Izuku has already adopted you, so I know I can trust you. If you need *anything*, anything at all, don’t hesitate to ask.” She looked at Dabi, eyes shining with seriousness. “You too, Dabi. You’re both like my own children now, and I know Izuku would do anything for you two too.”

Both of them wore shocked expression. Tears pooled in Himiko’s eyes as she grasped onto Inko’s sleeve, trembling slightly, the tears slowly falling as she sobbed quietly. Dabi’s expression morphed into one Inko couldn’t decipher but she knew he was secretly appreciative of her words; the red-head was never one for deep emotions but, from their time together, she was able to get a decent grasp on his expressions and body language. Izuku had sat up and watched the exchange with his usual aloofness but she knew he agreed with her; these two needed protecting and the Midoriyas would be more than happy to do that for them.

A few months passed and the trio got infinitely closer than anyone could have imagined. They all slept in Izuku’s room, despite Inko’s suggestion that Himiko could take up in her room, since they were both females. The blonde refused, clinging to Izuku’s arm; Inko allowed it, since she knew that nothing would happen. It was quite endearing to walk into her son’s room to see them all piled up on the small bed in a cluster of limbs.

During that time, they had learned a lot about Himiko as well; her quirk allowed her to transform into anyone as long as she ingested their blood, to which Izuku praised her for her unique and usefulness of her quirk, to which the blonde preened at the smaller male’s words. She also adored anything and everything she deemed cute, which was what most girls would consider cute. Her clothing, which she had picked out with Inko the first week of her stay in the apartment, were a barrage of bright colors, but mostly pinks and yellows.



She also seemed to grow quite attached to Izuku, never leaving his side when he was home and clung to his arm nearly all the time. Izuku didn't seem to mind, and indulged in Himiko's selfish tendencies but did reprimand her when she did something wrong. It was like a parent with their child; he would praise and reward her with head pats if she did something good, and scold her when she did something bad. The blonde seemed to love being praised and getting head pats, so she did her best to get Izuku to do just that.

Dabi had also become more affectionate towards the younger male during this time. While not as touchy as Himiko, he also stuck close to Izuku's side and hovered around him constantly. He wasn't nearly as selfish as the female teen, but he did secretly enjoy being praised and patted on the head by Izuku as well. The red-head didn't go out of his way to get that, though; he was quite lazy and didn't really cause trouble in general, so that kind of reward-punishment system wouldn't really do anything for him anyway.

Izuku, himself, didn't seem to change all that much, but it was obvious if you knew him; even as a child, he wasn't all too affectionate but allowed the other two teens to be in close proximity to him, close enough for their arms to brush constantly, and didn't push them away when they were touchy with him. His aura also seemed to mellow out; before, he appeared standoffish and unapproachable, and he still was to those he wasn't really close with, but he was definitely more smoothed out compared to before.

When it came to Inko, she honestly couldn't be happier; she adopted the other two right away and treated them as if they were her own children. They had even begun to call her "Mom", which she cried tears of joy the first time they had, encouraging them to continue to do so. Of course, the first time it happened was completely on accident, a slip up on Dabi's part, but she accepted and appreciated it nonetheless. Izuku had also been pulled out of school, opting to be homeschooled instead, which was fine, because the teen was much more intelligent for his age. He was actually taking college courses, having skipped multiple grade and quickly finishing up the ones he didn't.

All in all, the four of them were happy. Of course, this happiness couldn't last forever.

Izuku strolled down the street, scrolling on his phone as Himiko clung to his arm, chatting about something he wasn't necessarily paying attention to, Dabi walking on his other side, nearly as close as the blonde was. The red-head was just glancing around, head in the clouds as he followed the other two. Inko had work and sent Izuku a text, asking him to get groceries, which the greenette agreed to do, the other two tagging along because they never left him alone anymore.

He continued browsing his phone, letting his feet take him where he needed to be, but was stopped when a loud explosion caught his attention. He paused and turned towards the sound, Himiko and Dabi also looking in curiosity. Smoke billowed out from a pile of rubble in a large hole in the street, a large shark-looking person standing on the large pieces, laughing loudly.

"A villain!" Someone screamed, everyone around them scattering, running away.

Izuku simply stayed where he stood, slightly curious. He felt a tug on his arm and he looked down, golden cat-like eyes staring up at him curiously. “Are we gonna run away too?”

He tilted his head, thinking about it for a bit before shaking his head. “Nah. This seems interesting.”

“If we’re going to stay, we should at least move back a little.” Dabi cut in, rubbing the back on his neck. “We’ll be in the crossfire otherwise.”

The other two nodded and the trio walked a few feet back before stopping to watch the show. The villain continued to terrorize the city, letting out obnoxious roars as he smashed buildings and basically everything in sight. Izuku watched, eyes unblinking as he observed the villain’s movements. Himiko hummed a song he didn’t recognize to herself, bobbing on the heels of her feet as she continued to cling to Izuku’s arm. Dabi seemed to have gotten bored and just scrolled through his phone, but didn’t leave the greenette’s side.

After about ten minutes was when the heroes finally showed up, which was too long in Izuku’s opinion. He watched as relatively unknown heroes tried to subdue the villain, but all failing miserably; it took another fifteen minutes before a hero who could take on the villain appeared. That hero happened to be Endeavor, and he didn’t look too terribly happy about it, though Izuku wasn’t sure if the pro hero was *ever* happy based on any pictures or videos he’d seen of the flame hero.

Dabi tensed next to him, but he didn’t look at the other; he assumed the two had some sort of history because of that reaction, but didn’t want to push it. He would tell him when he was ready. Izuku watched with no emotion as Endeavor fought the villain, the two destroying more of the city as they did so. A loud cry caught his attention and he glanced over to see a young boy caught under a large piece of a building, crying as he tried to pry his leg from the rubble.

Without thinking, Izuku ran over to him, removing Himiko from his arm, not hearing her cry of protest and surprise. He ran up to the little boy, crouching down next to him, looking him over.

“Are you alright?” He asked, getting the child’s attention.

The child looked up at him, large tears in their eyes. “I-I’m stuck!”

Another loud explosion sounded extremely close to them, a small piece of rock nearly hitting him on the nose. Izuku scrunched up his nose, trying to ignore the large amount of dust surrounding them now. He could hear Dabi and Himiko crying out for him and he spared them a glance, seeing that the police had finally arrived and were keeping them back. The child let out a whimper and he returned his attention back to them.

“I’ll get you out.” He told the boy, scooting closer and looking for a way to remove the rock-like material.

He found a place where it was weaker and would break easily if hit a couple of times. Izuku looked around and grabbed a small rock and began to slam it against the rubble,

watching a small crack appear and grow bigger until the rubble keeping the young boy underneath broke in half, freeing him. Izuku quickly threw the rock away and picked the boy up, turning around, ready to run back to safety but stopped when he noticed a wave of hellish flames rushing towards the villain, who was now placed a few feet in front of him.

The villain dodged and the flames were now head straight towards him. Thinking quickly, Izuku tossed the boy out of the way, letting him land near the police, ignoring the cry of pain the boy let out. Instantly after he did that, Izuku also dodged the flames, the roaring heat missing him by a hair's width. However, due to the flames melting the fragile pile of rubble behind him, it tumbled down, effectively trapping Izuku beneath it. A large shard of something sharp slashed him across his left eye, causing him to cry out in pain.

He slammed to the ground, wind being knocked out of him from the crushing weight of rock and brick. His vision faded in and out as pain flared through his entire body. The last thing he heard before passing out were his friend's voices calling out to him desperately before he closed his good eye and falling into the darkness.

## Chapter End Notes

i just really wanted to get the ball rolling man

# Please Don't Go

## Chapter Summary

The reactions of the "accident".

## Chapter Notes

I know that this is shorter than the other chapters, but I at least tried to make it 1000 words. ;w;

This couldn't be happening. Today was supposed to be a normal day. Those exact words kept replaying in Dabi's mind as he watched in horror as Izuku disappeared from his sight.

"Get out of my way! My friend is in trouble!" He shouted, ramming himself against the police officers who were blocking his path, arm outstretched in a vain attempt to reach the green-haired teen.

"I'm sorry, but it's too dangerous." One of the men blocking him replied, another one picking up the child Izuku had tossed their way, trying to comfort him as they brought him back to safety.

Anger flared in Dabi's veins as he glared at the child his first friend, his *only* friend, had sacrificed himself for. How come that no-named child was here and Izuku wasn't? He could still hear the heart wrenching scream Izuku let out as something had obviously hurt him while the rubble came crashing down. How come *he* was hurt and this *useless child was still here, being comforted*- He couldn't finish his thoughts as he heard Toga yell at the man.

"Are you just going to leave him like that? He could *die* !" She screamed, tears gathering in her eyes as she glared at the people who kept her from her friend.

"I'm sorry, but we cannot allow any more casualties-"

"So you're saying he's not worth it?" The red head hissed, feeling fed up with them. *How dare they...!*

Before the officer could respond, another explosion sounded off, shaking the people nearby. Dabi glanced over to see even more rubble pile itself on top of his friend, and fear began to pulse through him. They had to hurry, or else...! He tried to push past the line of men again, Toga at his side, doing the same. They didn't budge, however, and their hollow

words in an attempt to soothe them fell on deaf ears. Nothing else mattered but Izuku. After what seemed like forever, Endeavor finally managed to apprehend the villain, a smug smirk on his face as he watched the police cuff him.

While the line of police were occupied, Dabi and Toga made a run for it, rushing over to where Izuku was buried, hurriedly digging through the rubble. Dabi grew more and more panicked as he was unable to see that familiar gleam of green hair no matter how much he searched. Where was he? He pulled off a rather large rock from the pile and saw a flash of something bright against the dull colors. He looked over and saw pale skin and his heart skipped a beat. *Izuku!* He pulled on Toga's arm, motioning to leg and the two got to work.

They pulled off everything on and around the leg and showed the lower half of their friend. Dabi scooted upward and began to work on where he thought the other's face would be, worried that, the longer he stayed under, he would suffocate. After pulling off a pipe and another rock, Izuku's face appeared, relief flooding both of them. However, that was immediately put out by the amount of blood pooling around him. They glanced at each other and quickly unburied the rest of the green-haired teen. After freeing him, Dabi pulled the other out and picked him up.

Blood dripped from a large gash that went from the top of Izuku's left eye and traveled down to the corner of his mouth. His shirt was torn and shredded, showing a gash from the middle of the right side of his neck going to the middle of his chest, dirt and blood dirtying the cloth. A few cuts and bruises lined his thin arms and legs, and Dabi was certain that there was much more he wasn't able to see.

Bile rose to his throat as he looked at his friend, who looked so weak and broken in his arms. How did this happen? They were just supposed to get groceries for Mom... Paramedics began making their way towards the trio and Dabi growled at them, making them pause. He turned on his heel and began to ran off, Toga following close behind, both ignoring the yells of the people behind them as they hurried home.

Himiko didn't know how she was feeling. She stood there in shock as she watched her first friend ever since her appearance of her quirk disappeared under a pile of rubble, a heart wrenching scream embedding itself into her soul. Her mind was racing, thoughts jumbling around incoherently as she followed Dabi back to Izuku's home, *their* home. The burst through the front door, quickly rushing to the couch and placing Izuku down gently. Inko rushed up to them, having seen the news and rushing home, close to panicking.

"Oh my God...!" She hissed out, angry with the policemen that tried stopping her son's friends from rescuing her baby boy. Green eyes took in everything she saw and forced down vomit that threatened to climb the back of her throat.

She quickly went to the bathroom for the first aid kit and a few other things. Himiko watched blankly, mind still not caught up with everything. Dabi stood by Izuku's side, refusing to leave the bleeding boy alone. Himiko was also by his side, but she still couldn't believe this all was real. This couldn't be real, right? Izuku would never look like this, so hurt, so *broken* ... Tears welled up in her golden eyes, the reality of everything setting in. She

grabbed the green-haired male's hand, gripping it in hers, the coolness of his skin unsettling her.

*Please be okay... Please, don't leave me...* She prayed, wanting whatever God there was out there to listen to her prayers. She couldn't lose him; a quick glance at Dabi, both pair of eyes meeting briefly, concluded the two of them were thinking the same thing, both of them agreeing on the unspoken words on their lips: *Please don't take away the only light in our lives, our only reason to live...*

*Please, let Izuku live...*

## **Game Over**

Tears fell down her face in constant streams as Inko bawled, watching as her son was placed in the hole dug for him, his casket a beautiful golden brown glowing in the afternoon sunlight. Toga cried openly next to her, gripping onto the hem of her shirt tightly as she wept for her friend. Dabi stood on her other side, tears pooling in his eyes, refusing to let them out. The trio couldn't believe the green-haired male was dead, that he was gone and was never going to come back...

Their hearts broke once more as they began to refill the hole, the brown earth covering the person who meant so much to them. It hurt, and there was nothing they could do about it...

***[Game Over...]***















JUST KIDDING! :D Thanks for the idea, Momo. <3 I'll update this soon... Maybe...

# Izuku's Resolution

## Chapter Summary

Insert good enough summary here.

## Chapter Notes

NOPE, IT'S NOT OVER SUCKERS!

It seems like not everyone found my joke that funny... Whoops? ￣\('▽')\_/

Also, sorry that these last few chapters have been short... I'm trying, okay? qwq

See the end of the chapter for more [notes](#)

The first thing Izuku noted when he woke up was exhaustion and *pain*.

Everything hurt, and he found he couldn't move his body as it was stiff and sore, pain shooting through him when he tried to. He peeled open his eyes, ignoring the crust of sleep that kept his eyes closed, slowly blinking his eyes to test them. Half of the world was black, and he tried to continue blinking his eyes to fix it. After a few minutes, or what seemed like hours to the greenette, the world continued to be halved, darkness taking over the left side of his face.

He began to feel panic well up in his stomach and he tried to force himself to get up, only to fall off the bed he was placed on. The sounds of his fall and surprised grunts had Dabi and Himiko rushing to his side, both looking concerned and relieved.

"Izukkun!" Himiko cried, a wide, relieved smile on her lips as she pulled Izuku into a harsh hug, knocking the wind out of him.

He coughed, trying to suck in breath. "C-Can't... breathe..."

"Oh!" She pushed back, holding onto his shoulders still, tears in her eyes. "Sorry, I was just so worried that you..."

"We're glad you're okay." Dabi whispered, picking the green-haired teen up and placing him back on his bed. "How are you feeling?"

Izuku glanced at him, his blind eye still disorienting him slightly. "I... Can't see..."

The other two tensed.

“What do you mean?” Himiko asked softly, eyebrows scrunching up in worry.

He stayed silent for a moment before responding. “My left eye... I can’t see anything from it.”

The blonde and redhead glanced at each other, worry in their eyes. Dabi looked back at him, his voice quiet and weak, “You got hit by something on your eye, and you have a scar on it now... I guess that’s what happened to blind you in that eye...”

Izuku didn’t speak for a moment, letting his words sink in. He barely remembered anything that happened after he saved the child from the fight, but he supposed what the older said made sense.

“That bastard...” Dabi continued, rage flickering in his eyes. “He hurt you, and he didn’t even care...! I knew he was an asshole, but this time, he’s gone too far...”

Himiko patted the taller on his back, a kind smile on her lips. “Don’t worry, Dabi; we’ll make sure he pays.” Her smile turned feral, a murderous aura coming from her. “And he’ll regret the day he was born.”

The green-haired teen stared at the other two silently, letting his mind process what they were saying. His memories took a while, but he remembered it was Endeavor who had been fighting the villain at the place he was injured at, that it was the flame hero who wound up injuring him whether he meant to or not. Anger boiled in his blood as he thought about how Endeavor was the number two hero, someone who was meant to *save* people, someone who was meant to put others lives before anything else.

*The hero world is more messed up than I thought... his thoughts told him, making him even angrier, and no one seems to care about doing anything about it.* He glanced at his friends, who were silently watching him, eyes filled with worry and concern. His heart skipped a beat, and he came to a conclusion; *I’ll change it. If no one else will, then I will. I’ll change the hero world. I’ll take out those who don’t care about the true meaning of being a hero, and I’ll be strong enough to make sure that Dabi and Himiko will never have to worry about me again.*

He gingerly took Dabi’s hand in his, the movement making him stiffen slightly in discomfort, but wanting to show them his determination. They looked into his eyes in shock, only to find steely determination shining in them. “Don’t worry. I’m okay. Also... I’ve decided on what I want to do from now on.”

They listened with rapt attention, as Izuku had never really talked about what he wanted to do in the future, the small male claiming to not really know what he wanted himself.

Izuku glanced down at his bed before looking back up at them, jaw set in resolution. “I’ll change the hero world so that only the true heroes will remain. I’ll show everyone that I won’t stand for what being a hero means now, and that, if they won’t change, I’ll do it *for* them.”



Dabi and Himiko remained silent for a moment, letting his declaration sink in. The red-haired male sighed, a small smile playing on his scarred lips. "I see. I suppose I can't stop you... But, you're not doing it alone."

Himiko nodded, a frown on her dainty face. "Yeah! We'll be right there with you, Izukkun! After all, *you* saved us!" She smiled, letting herself relax. "Izukkun, *you* are our hero."

The green-haired male felt tears pooling in his eyes, emotions crashing into him. He carefully raised a hand to reach for the tears, surprised that he was even capable of crying in the first place. Dabi and Himiko smiled at him and pulled him into a soft hug. Izuku let his tears fall, crying silently as he allowed the warmth of his friends to wash over him.

Inko stood outside the bedroom door, a small smile gracing her face as she held the soup she made her son for when she heard him wake up. She knew what this meant, but she wasn't going to stop them. After all, she believed in her little Izuku the most. Turning around, she left, deciding to give her son his food later. For right now, he needed to be with his friends, with the people whose lives he changed without him ever knowing.

It took months for Izuku to return to a somewhat normal lifestyle. His ability to walk after what happened to him in such little time, especially since he wasn't seen by a hospital and didn't have any therapy training, was a miracle to say the least, which Dabi and Himiko didn't forget to let him know about. Izuku shrugged them off, just glad he wasn't permanently paralyzed, as that'd throw a huge wrench in his plans. He found out his mother had overheard the trio's plans on the day he woke up, and voiced her worries, but let him know she wasn't going to stop them; she just hoped they would stay as safe as possible.

Izuku did a deep search through the internet for an anonymous sponsor that'd help him with his plans while not bothering to question his reasons for doing so. He found that his goals were a lot like the Hero Killer Stain, a weird gray between vigilante and villain. Izuku wouldn't necessarily call him a villain, just a vigilante that killed heroes he saw "unfit". That seemed to resonate with Izuku, but he wasn't planning on just offing heroes- He was going to go after villains as well... Well, only villains he saw that didn't have a plausible enough reason to do what they were doing.

He decided to take up Stain's ideology, deciding it was what he was going to set as his goal even if his plans were *slightly* different.

During his months of recovery, Dabi had confessed his backstory and quirk to them, telling them that his father was Endeavor and that it was actually *his* fault that Dabi wound up injured in the alleyway Izuku found him in.

"I tried protecting my younger brother from him," The elder teen confessed, eyes glued to the floorboard. "He didn't take too kindly to that and beat me within an inch of my life and threw me out of the house, demanding I never come back..."

*That* made Izuku see red. He decided that their first target would be the flaming pile of trash, even letting the other two know right then and there. Himiko just nodded sagely while

Dabi sent him a small smile. “Good. It's about time that piece of shit got what he deserved.”

Izuku also decided to train up his endurance, not wanting to be able to be easily caught because he wasn't able to stand running for a long time or unable to take hits. Himiko and Dabi also trained; Himiko, her body, along with Izuku, and Dabi, his quirk. Izuku offered to let Himiko train her quirk with his blood, but she refused, saying she didn't want to hurt him or either of the other two because she loved them too much. Also, because of Dabi's disdain, which was putting it *very* lightly, for Endeavor, the trio decided to dye his hair black, which Izuku admitted he actually liked better; it just suited the teen more.

Inko did her best to encourage and motivate them while telling them to do things in moderation else they wind up in serious trouble. Izuku found a sponsor on a sketchy website who went by the name Doomsday (how original, but who was he to judge?) and agreed to hook them up with costumes and weapons. They seemed really excited about it, even calling their inventions their “babies” (which was really weird, but, once again, he couldn't really judge), which just worked out for him.

Not only had he found a sponsor, but he managed to snag a cheap hotel in a town a few miles from his mother's, close enough for a single train ride so that they could still visit if they so wanted. Inko tried to convince him to stay, but Izuku refused; if they stayed, they'd be putting her in the line of danger, and he couldn't do that to his mother. She didn't deserve that. He managed to convince Yamada-san to give him a rifle he had his eye - *ha* - on, visiting the older man around a month after the “incident” with Endeavor.

Speaking of Endeavor, Izuku was able to work out the hero's work schedule and daily schedule; he was going to save Dabi, he'd make sure of it. He also worked on a side project of finding Himiko's parents, deciding they needed to be “offed” as well, as they were the reason for Himiko's pain. He scrolled through the personal files he'd managed to hack in to (he also learned how to hack during his stay time at home, which was honestly easier than he thought), saving the information he read into his memory.

“Izuku! Dinner's ready!” Inko called out to him, snapping him out of his trance.

Izuku scooted back, hopping out of his chair, tying his hair back in a ponytail as he made his way to the kitchen. He made eye contact with his friends and they smiled at him. Giving them a slight nod, they understood; everything was ready. Izuku sat down at the table, watching as his mother set a plate of food in front of him. He began to eat, the other following soon after. Everything was ready, and soon the world would be changed for the better.

## Chapter End Notes

Mm... Everything's finally sliding into place. :)



# NOT AN UPDATE!!!!

Chapter Summary

PLEASE READ

Chapter Notes

[MY NEW ACCOUNT!!!](#)

Alright, so, I honestly didn't want to do this, as I wanted a fresh start, but I'd feel bad if I didn't say anything. I have decided to leave this account behind and start a new one. There was just too many things here and I wanted to start over so yeah... once I'm back on my laptop I'll link it but for now just know that no fics on this account will be continued. :( I'll also post this to my other fics so that everyone is on the same page!

Thank you,

Myu

Please [drop by the Archive and comment](#) to let the creator know if you enjoyed their work!