On bats, dragons and immense willpower

by WereKoalaPL

Summary

Izuku was always a wimp, worse yet, a fatherless wimp. His luck changes as he meets a white haired man who introduces himself as his father's friend. Can Izuku find out why his father disappeared, stay true to his own beliefs, endure the ruthless training at UA, face the world which shatters ideals before breakfast is over and understand that everyone needs a little bit of love in their life?

An AU where Hisashi is forced to abandon his family, but gives his all to help Izuku fulfill his dream, where Izuku is quirkless yet shows that a man who does not recognize his own limitations is truly the one to be feared, and where a class 1A is far more rambunctious than most deem necessary.

Notes

Hi everyone!
I am really excited to start writing my first fanfic. English is my second language, so if my
grammar is off in places I will really be thankful for pointing it out. I have read and enjoyed numerous BNHA works, and would really like to contribute something of my own.

I will try to post weekly, since I know how aggravating it is when you have to wait for an update and feel like it may never be written. If for whatever reason I will have to stop writing I will shorten the plot to close the story. (I expect it to be quite long though).

I have not yet read the manga but I watched the anime. I hope to fix that rather soon, to improve the character depth in the future chapters.

See the end of the work for more notes.
"So I understand that you want me to take care of your kid, train him and if possible make him into a hero, like the ones we were?", asked a man dressed in black kevlar body plate from the other side of the screen, a small smile dancing on his lips, his eyes glued to the screen.

"I would like that.", a man in a navy shirt replied timidly, scratching the back of his head, with eyes downcast.

"Hisashi, it will be a lot of effort for the kid, he practically won't have a childhood.", the former tried reasoning. After over thirty years of heroism, nearly five of vigilantism and countless sacrifices, he understood very well what a brutal life heroes led. He gave his black haired, freckled interlocutor a piercing glare, trying to figure out his goals. "You do know this is your only son."

"I know, but this is not my choice. It is his decision. Also he may need this more than you realise Komori.", the stare directed at him caused the armoured man's eye to twitch slightly. It felt as though he was looking into the eyes of a beast, a perfect predator for a split second. Then the gaze softened revealing the laugh lines around the bottle green eyes.

"Fine I will.", Komori affirmed. "You still haven't told me what his quirk is though."

"Perfect.", the man called Hisashi gave him his trademark 5000 W grin. "Oh that is the catch, he does not have a quirk".

A dark smile spread across Komori’s face. Never yet has he had a quirkless apprentice. "Thank you for the chance to repay my debt to you Hisashi". The armoured man reached forward and ended the call. He leaned back in his seat briefly glancing at the multiple monitors on the walls. On one of them a file he requested pulled up.

"Midoriya Izuku, age 5, occupation student, quirkless. Hobbies include quirk analysis, hero tracking and reading."

Komori thought, 'If he is anything like his father, this will be very interesting. He might even just make it.’. He started undressing, removing his utility belt, and two batons, placing them in an armoured chest. The low hum of computers relaxed him as he removed his armour, hanging it on a rack next to the chest, a blissful feeling of freedom flooding his chest. Finally, he could repay the man who saved his life, the hero who came to his aid, who was actively searched for by nearly every
villain in the country and some of the most prominent heroes as they spoke. Komori double checked his reserve of total sun block and UV filtered contact lenses before heading to sleep. Lying in bed he looked at the silver shield lying on his night stand, the man knew, the league was no more.

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Hisashi closed his laptop just as Komori disconnected, letting out a pained sigh. He remembered coming home earlier and telling his family he must leave on urgent hero business and will come back in a couple of years at the earliest. Izuku and Inko were heartbroken, both cried a lot hugging him.

'This is for the best.', he stubbornly repeated in his mind for a hundredth time this evening, feeling tears gather in the corners of his eyes. Dabbing them away with his sleeve, he stepped into his son's room. The green eyes, puffed from crying, looked at him anxiously. Hisashi walked softly to the boy's bed and picked him up into a tight hug. The boy's little hands clutched his shirt tightly wrinkling it, as he nuzzled into his father's neck.

"You are getting heavy Izuku.", the older man muttered adjusting his grip.

"Dad...", he could hear his boy's voice hitch, a sob escaping his small chest. "Don't go, please.", Hisashi felt the first his son's tears wet his shirt. Repeating his internal mantra he forced himself to answer.

"I am sorry little guy, but you know I must leave", Hisashi said as softly as he could rubbing Izuku's back gently.

"I don't want you to...", the boy sobbed.

"But I have to.", he unlatched Izuku, so that he could look into those eyes so like his own. "It is very important I go. I believe you will be a great man, like no other, when I come back." He smiled and kissed his son's cheek. "Be good. Make me proud.", he whispered into his son's ear. The boy stopped crying for just a moment. Hisashi used this chance and reached into his shirt pocket extracting a small silver shield with a number engraved on it. "If ever something happens. Something not even the heroes can deal with, call this number. Use it only as a last resort. Do you understand Izuku?", making sure there was a back up plan in case Komori failed.

"Yes dad.", Izuku was looking down at his father's chest, not the silver shield. In his last attempt to capture his father's warmth he latched onto him once again. "I will be a hero, I will make you proud.", his son said snivelling. The man felt his heart shatter into a million pieces, a tear sliding down his face slowly. Gently holding Izuku, lulling him to sleep, he silently wept over his own fate. He was now a hero killer and maybe just maybe he could help prevent his son from making the same mistakes and give him a life the boy desired so much at the same time.

When his beloved son finally fell asleep he laid him in bed and tucked him in one last time, leaving the silver shield on the night stand. Hisashi crept out of the room and closed the doors softly, repeating his mantra under his breath.

Grabbing his packed suitcase, he headed for the door stopping briefly by the bedroom he shared for the past six years with his wife. She was in their bed asleep, breathing deeply. Hisashi could not stop marvelling at her beauty, truly believing that he was the luckiest man alive to find such a gentle, loving wife. He tiptoed to the dresser and placed his good bye letter containing copies of their favourite photos together, and the account number and credentials with enough money to keep them well off until Izuku became a man and could provide for them. Turning on his heel Hisashi felt a pit in his stomach, he wanted to stay, but if he did he would ruin their lives. 'This is for the best.', he thought again, closing yet another door.
His home was dark. A former hero, now killer, stood outside staring, trying to remember every little detail, when he felt a heavy hand placed on his shoulder. He inhaled automatically, loosening his arms and getting ready for a fight.

"Drago... Don't.", Hisashi recognized the voice immediately. His former student, Toshinori Yagi, currently known as All Might was standing behind him. He exhaled quietly and turned around.

"Well, will you let me go?", he asked and pierced All Might with his most predatory glare. The Symbol of Peace flinched slightly.

"You know I can't, you killed Dark Night.", Toshinori replied with a glare, the trademark smile gone.

"I will go willingly, on two conditions.", Hisashi started, looking down and rocking on the balls of his feet.

"You think you are in position to negotiate?", All Might said, cutting him off.

"Oh yes I am, you don't even know what I am capable of, third seat", Hisashi bluffed, lying straight to the hero's face was a bold move, but one he had to make. He was aware if it came down to a fight, his years of experience and lack of hesitation would allow him to win, but he did not want to kill his own student. A flash of doubt crossed All Might's face and at that moment Hisashi knew he could ask anything. "First, erase all my history from the public archives, everything, nothing is to be left. Second condition, leave Komori alone, the league is disbanded."

"Done.", Yagi said, after a moment of consideration, through clenched teeth. Hisashi tried understanding All Might's reasoning as the man clamped handcuffs around his hands, but came up with nothing. Flexing his fingers he checked if the cuffs aren't cutting off the flow of blood to his fingers. He did not suspect his student of cruelty, but an agitated person made mistakes.

"Thank you. Now let's go, I have a life sentence to serve no doubt.", Hisashi said with a wry smile. Feeling his life crumbling to pieces, he inhaled deeply and slowly burned his suitcase till there was nothing left.

Both of them were oblivious to a little green haired boy watching them from the window of the house in front of which they stood. A new day was minutes away from starting.

Izuku did not get a single minute of sleep the whole night. He was busy ripping off all the posters featuring All Might and dumping them into a big box, ready to thrown out. Tears of anger flowed down his face and he felt a metallic taste in his mouth as he bit his bottom lip with a bit too much force. The breakfast was a silent matter, his mother staring wistfully at her rice and halfheartedly coaxing Izuku to eat. They both missed their father's jokes and how he played with his son before letting him go off on his own adventures.

To the boy's surprise neither the news, nor any of his friends mentioned his father's arrest. Izuku decided to just go along with his dad's story of leaving for work. It was convenient, even if it was a lie, even if Izuku hated to lie to his friends, it just made things simple and slightly less painful.

"Deku, did your daddy get tired of you and decided to finally ditch!", sneered Bakugou Katsuki, his long standing blond haired, ruby eyed friend. A boy destined for greatness.
"Of course not Kacchan, he just got a very good job abroad". Izuku gave Katsuki his best smile and hoped he fell for it.

"Whatever, useless Deku, I bet he simply dumped you.", Bakugou teased waving his friends over and getting up. "By the way, you won't be needing that All Might figure any more will you?", he asked venomously.

"Sure not Kacchan", Izuku replied pulling it out of his bag, and looking at it with hatred. "You can keep it if you like".

"I sure'd like to! It's too good for you anyway!", Katsuki hollered, swiping the figurine from Izuku's weaker hand. "See you later wimp.", the boy said running off.

"See you, Kacchan!", the green haired boy honestly hoped to see Bakugou again. They were friends after all, even if sometimes Katsuki was hard to deal with, he simply had a lot of expectations resting on him.

Izuku was sitting alone for some time now, submerged in his whirlpool of dark thoughts regarding his father's arrest. He had no idea what his father could be guilty of, and it really bugged him.

"Kid... Kid!... Kid!!!", a tall man was crouching next to Izuku, shaking him by the shoulder. First things Izuku noticed about him was his unusual clothing. The stranger was wearing a full body suit, gloves, hat, shades and what seemed like a ton of sun-block. Every item was pitch black. He had to feel horribly hot in all that clothing, Izuku concluded.

"Um... sorry Sir, got kind of lost in thought, it happens a lot", he mumbled his regular excuse.

"It happens a lot to me too.", the stranger smiled a tight lipped smile. Izuku was puzzled as to what the stranger might actually want. His mom and dad told him many times not to talk to strangers, but this guy seemed harmless. Izuku was a nice helpful boy, so he could not help himself and asked timidly.

"Can I help you?". Behind the shades, the stranger's gaze softened.

"Maybe. I am Morisuke Komori, and I am friends with your father.", the stranger held out a gloved hand towards Izuku. The boy eyed him up and down once again, it did not sit well with him that some friend appeared just after his dad's arrest. Izuku wondered briefly whether to trust the man and ultimately settled on a small test to prove the man actually knew his dad.

"You do know my father, but you do not know my name?", he asked cautiously.

"Great observation, Izuku Midoriya. I see you are as sharp as your dad", Komori chirped and Izuku's cheeks tinged a slight shade of pink. "Has this blond haired boy been giving you a hard time? He seems like a handful.", Morisuke smiled tight-lipped once again and pointed his thumb in the direction of Bakugou disappearing in one of the alleys.

"No, that's my friend, Kacchan", Izuku replied without hesitation. The man seemed to care a great deal and it made the boy feel... happy.

"A friend...", Komori hummed. "Tell you what, I am friends with your dad, how about we two be friends too, seeing he left the country, and told me to look after you for him from time to time.", the man spoke in a friendly tone. Izuku gave him an incredulous look. Being friends with an adult seemed a bit weird, then again a hero should not judge a book by its cover.
"Why not?", the boy muttered. "What's your quirk, Komori-san?" Izuku smiled brightly forgetting for a minute the ruin which was his current life. In response Komori chuckled, covering his mouth discretely and leaning back.

"It's not really beneficial for me, I get burned by the sun easily, but the upside is I am plenty strong and fast.", Komori was liking the kid more and more, an inquisitive mind, a natural detective. Izuku could become his best apprentice this century. He did not reveal the full extent of his quirk to the boy, Morisuke always had trust issues. Only Hisashi knew how much raw power his pale skinned, too elegant, friend packed. Komori's quirk was probably far more powerful than most heroes'. He could see very well in the dark, drinking blood help speed up his recovery and he was according to the doctor's who documented his quirk about seventy years ago practically immortal. The only downside, UV radiation caused practically instantaneous second degree burns, which took a long time to heal. He caught on that Midoriya was mumbling under his breath.

"... so depending on how much sun block you applied you could also very well fight during the day... also super strength and enhanced speed allow you to cover greater distances in battle and are probably connected ... enhanced sensory processing ... ", Komori was tempted to grin, but the fear of showing his spiked fangs and spooking this little Buddha of analysis stopped him.

"So, what about your friend, what does Deku mean?", Komori asked raising his eyebrows. Izuku noticed that the man's hair was snow white.

"Well, he says that it means useless...", Izuku trailed off.

"Are you useless?", Morisuke inquired softly. raising both eyebrows.

"I don't have a quirk, so I can't really do anything special.", the boy looked down at his soiled hands. He felt the cool leather glove lift his head to look at the man.

"You are not useless, a hero is useless if he stands around saying that he is not suited for a job. A many is useless if he can't protect those he loves. Your father left to protect you and asked that I stay and keep an eye on you. And from how shortly we know each other, I can tell you a couple of things. You are devilishly intelligent, just like your father. You care for those you love, even if they don't for you. And finally, given the right training, you could become a hero, everyone would admire and respect, quirk or no quirk.", Morisuke, could not stop himself. In front of him, sweaty, dirty and probably completely depressed was sitting a boy, who had more heart than half of the so called heroes combined and probably more brains too. "Come on, or Inko will be worried, you got lost, or even worse, you got hurt.", he was about to get up, when he noticed the strange look on Izuku's face. 

"Sir, could you... help me become... a hero?", the boy choked out, with a dreamy expression.

"With great pleasure Izuku-kun. But there will be time for this, and I have a lot to teach you, a lot of things heroes don't know.", replied Komori getting up and offering his hand to the boy. Izuku felt alive for the first time since he was declared quirkless. Komori felt alive for the first time since he left UA.

Chapter End Notes

Hope you liked it!
The Dream Starts, a Friend Is Made

Chapter Summary

Izuku regains hope and makes a new friend.

Chapter Notes

Managed to cram this in before the end of the week :D I think most updates will be made on Sundays or during the weekends from now on.

Took Audrey's advice about formatting and I like it much better. If anyone can see room for improvement, please let me know.

See the end of the chapter for more notes

Komori felt relief wash over him, as the sun set behind the horizon. He could finally take off some clothes and wipe off the sun block, which started to melt away on its own, in the heat of the afternoon anyway.

"Izuku-kun, mind letting my hand go for a second?", he asked the green haired boy walking next to him.

"Um... I guess not.", Izuku mumbled looking down at his shoes, releasing the man's hand.

Taking off his gloves and shades Komori sighed contently. Then he stuffed them into the pocket of his jacket, which he promptly removed. Next the man wiped his face and neck with a handkerchief, and looked down at his little companion. "So much better.", Komori attempted to coax the boy into a better mood, and reached out his hand, for Izuku to take. The boy grabbed onto it willingly. "I really hope you won't find my looks unnerving.", the man muttered.

"Unnerving?", Izuku asked puzzled by the new word but looked up. The first thing he noticed where red eyes, but not ruby like Kacchan's. They were full of excitement and seemed to almost emit a light of their own, like two glowing charcoals. Komori's snow white hair was neatly combed, parted on the right side, with the bangs slightly covering his left eye. All his facial features were extremely sharp, and the man was very pale. His hands were cool despite being kept in gloves for the last hour or so and very callused.

"Oh, it is when something makes you nervous or anxious.", Komori supplied smiling tight-lipped, his glowing eyes trained on the boy.

"Hm...", Izuku frowned, "No, I think you look cool.", the boy smiled brightly at his father's friend, Izuku's honesty making Komori snicker. The boy noticed the man was wearing something like a leather holster, but noted no gun, which bewildered him. Leaning back, he could see two steel batons placed strategically on his new friend's back.

Seeing Izuku stare at his weaponry with a troubled expression Komori answered the unvoiced
"They are for protection, two steel rods, saved my life on more than one occasion.", Izuku frowned again in response, "Want to hold one?", he said removing one from its holster between his shoulder blades and holding it out to little boy using his left hand.

"It must be pretty heavy.", Izuku said hesitantly, but reached out with his free hand grasping the baton as Komori loosened his grip. "I can't hold it, Komori-san.", the boy huffed, looking flustered.

"No shame in that.", the man replied twirling it a few times, before depositing the rod back in its holster. "Next time I come around I will bring you two of those your own size, and much lighter. After all, I am to train you.", he assured the boy. For a while they walked in silence, Komori hummed a foreign tune softly. "Also, what do you think about acrobatics, Izuku-kun?"

"Well... I probably wouldn't be able to do them if, that is what you are asking.", the boy looked down again. Komori sighed seeing that knocking some sense of self-worth into Izuku will be months if not years of hard work. At the same time he felt slightly angry, he could see this kid could be someone great, but because he was quirkless people wrote him off as just another wannabe, worse yet some saw him as worthless all together.

"That's not what I am asking.", the boy hunched his shoulders as though waiting for a blow. "I would like to know whether you'd like to learn to do them.", the man smiled brightly, despite worrying that his little companion wasn't looking at him.

"I would but I don't know if I can.", Izuku replied sombly, biting his bottom lip. He just could not imagine himself doing flips, cartwheels and all those other insane moves which he saw some of the more fit heroes perform on TV.

"Why couldn't you?", Komori inquired, tilting his head in a weird motion more fitting for a cat and raising an eyebrow.

"Don't you need some quirk to be able to jump that high, or something?", Izuku mumbled, cheeks tinged red.

"No, you don't. I could teach you, the old fashioned way.", the man replied excitedly. Izuku looked up to see Komori grinning maniacally, pearl white teeth with overgrown sharp fangs displayed for everyone to see.

"It'd be awesome", Izuku said brightly as they arrived in front of a small house. "But I must go already. Mom will be worried I am not back yet.", he added wistfully.

"So maybe I could explain the situation to her. Also I'd be honoured to meet Hishashi's wife, I've heard so much about her gentle demeanour.", Komori said lively, his red eyes fixed on Izuku expectantly.

"You are free to try Komori-san.", the green haired boy said and laughed freely for the first time today. He could just imagine his mother giving his new friend hell, just like she did dad, when he came banged up home.

They walked up the steps, Komori pressed one of his batons into Izuku's little hands, which the boy carried with great effort. It crossed the man's mind it might actually be a lot heavier than he thought. As he was about to knock the doors swung open with enough force to bash in a skull, missing them both by a hair's width.

"Izuku, I was so, so worried.", a short woman leaned down and hugged the blushing boy tightly sweeping him off the ground. "You could have gotten lost, or worse yet, somebody could have
kidnapped you or hurt you. Do you know how common villain attacks are?!", she ranted loudly. "And what is this?", she said lifting the baton out of Izuku's arms and waving it around haphazardly.

"I am afraid this might be mine. Morisuke Komori, also known as pro hero Kyuketsuki.", the man smiled a tight-lipped smile and extended his hand for Inko to take.

"Inko Midoriya, I am this little rascal's mother. I hope he did not give you any trouble.", the woman replied narrowing her eyes at Komori and handing him the steel rod. Komori raised an eyebrow at the strange greeting. He took the baton never the less depositing it back into the holster.

"I encountered young Izuku-kun, as I was heading out for patrol, here is my license." Komori said producing the document from one of his pockets and handing it to Inko. Morisuke watched Izuku's eyes widen with shock and a disbelieving look finally flood his face. Komori winked at the boy and half smiled, to try and contain the little one's excitement. Izuku's mind raced a mile a minute. How come has he never heard of Kyuketsuki? What was his rank, fighting style? Did he go to UA? The questions flooded his mind, making him dizzy.

"Class S hero, quite something Komori-san.", she replied handing him back the document. Izuku was looking like he just had a small heart attack. He was having a hard time believing an S ranked hero walked him home, and offered him training. Where did he meet his father? Was this all not just a cruel joke?

"Anyway, I have encountered little Izuku as I was heading to patrol, and remembering Hisashi asked me yesterday to check in on you both from time to time... I just could not pass up the opportunity.", Komori smiled again, his eyes glowing softly, making a small pause. "May I come in, I have a proposal to make.", his expression suddenly became very serious, as he cut straight to the chase. The man was on a mission and there was no deterring him from achieving his goal now.

Inko caught on immediately, setting her jaw. "You may Komori-san. Izuku go to your room, and if you try to eavesdrop, I swear to you, no TV for a week.", the boy looked unwilling and was about to argue, but his mother sent him a look fitting a basilisk and Izuku wordlessly complied. Komori's eyebrows shot up, with realization that Drago probably mastered the predatory stare by observing his 'gentle' wife.

She led the white haired man to a small living room, while Izuku pattered softly to his own. "Izuku, wait up. I have a small gift for you.", Komori said as though he completely forgot about it, utterly disregarding Inko's venomous look. The boy turned around and nearly fell down the stairs in his excitement. The man knelt down in front of him, "These are stories, from long ago, before quirks existed, but when people needed heroes too.", Komori said holding out three colourful comic books. "If Midoriya-san allows me to see you again we will discuss them in greater detail. Please pick you favourite, so that I could bring you more.", Izuku accepted the gift wide eyed.

'There were heroes like me, long ago. There were...', he thought, feeling tears gather in his eyes. Staring in disbelief at the vivid covers, for the first time since his diagnosis a spark of real hope fluttered in his heart.

"Is something wrong dear?", Inko asked suspicious of Komori's gift, reaching out towards her son.

"No mom, I am just...", the boy's breath hitched, "so happy.", Izuku snivelled and ran up to his room. Clutching three colourful, very old comic books to his chest. Out of the corner of her eye Inko managed to catch parts of the titles "Batman and ...", "... Arrow", and "Iron...".

"May I interest you in some tea, or are you going to give it ideas too?", she asked coolly. Her missing husband have her enough trouble by filling her son's head with unrealistic dreams.
"Not ideas, just some hope.", the hero said rising to his feet. "We will get to that, Midoriya-san, but first things first. May I take a seat?", Komori asked politely.
Inko's eyes narrowed, as she pointed to a slightly worn out couch in front of the TV set.

"If you must", she hissed, heading to the kitchen.

"Thank you.", Komori bowed slightly and walked slowly to the used piece of furniture, removing his holster on the way and stretching his back. He was given a couple of minutes to contemplate his surroundings. He never was in his closest friend's house. Maybe because Drago was extremely private, then again so was he. The living room was small, painted white, with some family pictures hanging here and there and a bookcase filled with books on Sherlock Holmes. The hero vividly remembered giving them to Hisashi every year since they became friends on various occasions. He was shaken from his reverie by Inko setting down a tray with a teapot and two full mugs with a noticeable clang. She took the only armchair in the room

"If I was a villain I'd poison your tea.", she admitted shamelessly and with visible hostility. Komori was not ready for such treatment, but his pride would not let him step down from a fight.

"If it looked as good as this one I'd drink it in a heartbeat.", he replied, knowing how to rile someone up.

"Let's cut this merry chit chat and get to why you are here.", Inko said through clenched teeth.

"Fine by me.", replied Morisuke nonchalantly. After all Hisashi's babbling of how wonderful and gentle his wife is, this attitude was not what he expected. "Do you know why Hisashi left?", he queried. Trying to see just how much Inko knew about the circumstances of her husband's disappearance.

Inko double checked Izuku wasn't listening on to their conversation and sat back down. "From what I understand from his letter to me, he killed some one, by accident if that is at all possible.", her expression was unreadable.

"That is correct, he did that while saving my life.", Komori said, noticing how Inko's eye twitched suddenly. "The thing is before he left, he asked me to train Izuku to become a hero."

"No.", Inko responded before the man could get his bearings.

"I am sorry, I am not done yet.", Komori felt confused by the woman's disregard for her son's and husband's wishes and her complete lack of faith in her only child.

"Yes you are. You are not going to force Izuku to take the same path as my husband, who is now either dead, imprisoned, or God only knows where.", Inko was getting very angry, and Komori could see why. He was looking at a woman who lost her beloved and could soon lose the only other men who mattered most to her.

"Midoriya-san. You husband has been arrested. I do not know where they are holding him.", Komori said quietly. "What I do know is that your son has lost all hope when he learned he is quirkless. What I know is that he is an extremely intelligent kid, who could do great things. I've known you husband for fifteen years, and now I finally get a chance to repay him, and trust me when I say, that I am going to repay him fully without your cooperation. I can train your son to be the number one hero, the real number one, respected and loved even without the media hype following his every move. Please help me full fill your husband's wish and your sons dream.",
Komori pleaded standing up and doubling over.

Inko sighed heavily looking at the man with a puzzled expression. "How exactly do you intend to train him?", she asked seeing that the hero would not be deterred.

"I will help him strengthen his mind and body. Most of the training will start after he is twelve, before that it will be rough, but endurable. He does not have a quirk so I will teach him to use weapons and his environment like a weapon. By his eighteenth birthday, he will be one of the most deadly people on the planet, armed or not.", the man looked directly in Inko's eyes. She held his stare for a long moment weighing the pros and cons and mulling over what it really meant for Izuku to be a hero.

"Unbelievable.", she sighed. "Izuku, get down here, there are some things you need to listen to.", she hollered. "And you Komori-san, if I see you disregard my son, mock him, not take this seriously, I will rip you to shreds personally.", for a second Komori swore he saw her eyes catch fire and flinched instinctively.

Small feet pattered down the stairs and soon a green bed head came into view.
"I think I like this Batman guy the best.", Izuku said putting the comics on the coffee table in front of Komori.

"Good pick.", the man complimented, pushing the books back towards the boy standing in front of the TV. "You can keep them, I am slightly too old for them anyway."

"Thank you Komori-san!", Izuku squealed with delight, his eyes full of stars.

"Izuku, sit down next to Komori-san, there is a couple of things to discuss.", Inko said patiently. "The tea is not poisoned, I assure you Komori-san", she continued, gesturing politely towards the tray. Her spit-fire attitude gone in a flash.

The man took his mug in both hands and drank a sip. "It's still to die for.", he complimented Inko, who waved him off. "Izuku, as you know I said earlier I am to be your teacher and trainer. You are very young, but there are some things I would like us to start on this summer, if your mom agrees", Komori looked expectantly at Inko who only nodded in confirmation. "The summer is barely starting, but I would like you to take up karate and acrobatics at least three times a week each, also I will drop by here every day, when you are not busy, to take you to my hide out, in the docks to train things not covered in those classes. Is this agreeable?", he looked at both Inko and Izuku.

"Yes... Yes it is... Komori-san.", Izuku stuttered out, looking at him with a wonder in his eyes. The man knew, the boy had no clue what he is in for.

"Also I have one more condition, Izuku you may not like this. I would like you to go to a different school than Katsuki Bakugou.", Komori inhaled waiting for Izuku to disagree, but the boy seemed deep in thought formulating his response.

"But, isn't he Izuku's best friend?", Inko inquired frowning.
"From what I could gather in one day worth of observation, he disrespects your son, treats him more like a pest, than a friend, and gives him...", Komori trailed off, looked at Izuku, scooted over and covered the boy's ears tightly, "confidence issues, especially regarding his lack of quirk. I don't want them in the same school, it would be counter-productive.", the man promptly released the boy, who looked around surprised, seeming to have missed the tirade regarding his friend.

"I think... I can do it.", the green storm in Izuku's eyes coming to life.
"Good I will drop off all the necessary things, like a karategi, sport's equipment and some books off today, before sunrise. Midoriya-san, I forgot to tell you, I can't really stay out in the sun much.", Komori added, a shade of pink creeping onto his cheeks.

"You don't look like you have seen the sun in about five years.", she teased noticing the man's embarrassment.

"I just have really good sunscreen.", he smiled, narrowing his eyes. "Can you sign him up for classes tomorrow?"

"Probably, anything else, that needs taking care off?", she asked. Izuku watched wide eyed as his dream was coming to life. He knew he would have to endure dreadful amounts of training. But perhaps, with some luck, and tremendous will power, he could join the pantheon of greatness and stand where his father stood before him. Maybe like his dad, he could save people. Just maybe he could find out why All Might arrested his dad and what had he done to him. He was shaken from his thoughts by Komori smiling at him, a heavy hand placed on his shoulder.

"See you tomorrow, Izuku-kun".

"See... you...", the boy replied dreamily. And noticed how Komori's step had more spring to it then before, and how the man was humming softly to himself again as he left the Midoriya household.

"Now off to bed you little imp.", Inko said jokingly, visibly amused by the awestruck expression Izuku was wearing for the last couple of minutes.

"Can't I read some more? I really liked the stories Komori-san left me. I want to see if Batman defeats the Joker! Please...", Izuku tried pleading with his mother.

"No way, off you go or you won't have strength for your first karate lesson.", she got up ushering her son into the bathroom.

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Izuku pegged this as probably the toughest summer he has lived through. The sunny season normally filled with playing with friends, and adventures in nearby parks and forests, was like a trip through hell. Nearly every day he endured a painstakingly long training of either karate or acrobatics and at least four hours of what Komori called "manly tutelage". This was basically cramming basic maths, science and learning some funky language for using computers. He quite enjoyed those lessons, they were very hands on and extremely fun. Even when he did not quite get everything Komori tried to teach him, the boy liked experimenting and analysing the applications of their meetings. To the man's surprise Izuku showed remarkable aptitude with computers, but for the love of all things holy could not stay silent when thinking. Izuku also spent a bulk of his free time with his father's friend listening to stories about their adventures in UA and their work for special operations in and outside of Japan. Komori was like a source of infinite entertainment, reading comic books with the boy and asking him about the decisions the heroes had to face and how would Izuku handle them. A couple of times he has shown him some old movies where the so familiar Batmobile looked more like a Battank. But Izuku did not complain, he loved spending time in the underground lair. Even thought he missed his friends, he understood that sometimes a sacrifice is necessary to achieve a goal.

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It was near the summer's end and the start of his first school year, one of the rare free days Komori agreed to, but ended up spending with the boy anyway. Izuku sat not far away reading one of the comic books he took from the lair in near complete silence (or at least the muttering was low key),
when a Frisbee flew right past them. A rather tall, burly boy, with rectangular glasses came charging after it a few seconds later.

"Excuse me, good strangers, but have you by any chance seen my Frisbee?", he queried, gesticulating lavishly. Komori raised an eyebrow behind his shades and a small smile sneaked onto his lips.

"I believe it flew into those bushes.", Izuku replied, looking slightly dumbfounded at the stranger. The green haired boy glanced at his guardian, who jerked his head towards the brush encouraging his protégé. "I will help you look.", Midoriya added.

"Oh, I could not possibly bother you to.", the boy was holding his hands up and waving them from side to side vehemently.

"No bother, I'm Izuku Midoriya.", said Izuku holding out his hand.

"Tenya Iida, a pleasure to meet you.", replied the dark haired boy taking Izuku's hand and shaking it rapidly. "Now let's go find that Frisbee." They raced off together, hearing Komori snicker in the distance. The man would never get tired of how care free and straightforward his protégé was when, he wasn't bullied and became genuinely interested in something.

The boys were rummaging through the bushes for quite a while when Izuku couldn't help himself and asked. "Iida-kun what is your quirk?". For a brief moment the dark haired boy stopped to stare at his new acquaintance. Izuku mentally chastised himself and added slightly embarrassed, "I am sorry, I didn't mean to pry. It's just that quirks are very interesting, and let people do such great things, and every hero has a quirk, and...", he trailed off seeing Iida's amused look.

"Midoriya-kun, do you see those two exhausts sticking out of my calves?", the larger boy queried. "They are connected to engines which allow me to run faster than most.", Iida smiled to himself, content with the clear and short explanation. "What is your quirk Midoriya-kun, if you do not mind me asking?"

Izuku started to feel heat creep up his neck and immediately regretted his question in the first place. "Um... well...", he looked around for something to shift the conversation, and caught a flash of something yellow out of the corner of his eye. "I think I found your Frisbee.", Izuku replied walking towards what after closer examination turned out to indeed be Iida's disc.

The boy's mind apparently raced off towards the game as he did not ask further about his companion's quirk. "Would you like to play with me and my older brother? It might be more fun to play with more people?", Izuku looked at the dark haired boy.

"Sure, it could be fun.", he replied giving Iida his trademark 5000 W smile. They sped off together in the direction of a small clearing, Iida foregoing the use of his quirk, where a young man was standing tapping his foot nervously.

"Where were you Tenya?! I was getting worried.", the stranger was well built, had short spiked black hair, just like Tenya, and arrow-shaped eyebrows. "Making new friends I see.", the man flashed a smile at Izuku.

"This is Midoriya Izuku, he helped me find the lost Frisbee. You really should not use your quirk like a toy dear brother.", Tenya scowled the man. Izuku found the view slightly shocking, a little boy was talking as though he was the older more responsible one. Izuku could not help but snicker,
which earned him a contemptuous look from Tenya. This in turn caused the man to chuckle under
his breath.

"It is a pleasure to have you, my name is Tensei Iida, I am Tenya's older brother."

"You are the Turbo Hero Ingenium.", Izuku looked at Tensei with awe. "You helped bring in this
car thief a week ago. Your quirk is really amazing! Your brother is also probably aspiring to become
a hero too.", he reminisced giving Tenya a wondrous look.

"Indeed I am Midoriya-kun. Are you also going to be a hero?", Izuku's smile faded for a second, just
long enough for both brothers to notice. Tenya wanted to say something but was cut off by his new
acquaintance.

"You bet I am. I am going to be even better than my dad, or my teacher.", Izuku flashed his overly
bright smile once again. Tenya relaxed a bit seeing the boy's spirit lifting again.

"Why not be better than All Might? Isn't he the number one hero?", queried Tensei.

Izuku flinched, his eyes hardening into a glare. "I just think I might be better off setting more real
standards for myself.", the green haired boy told the truth, he did not want to be like All Might, he
despised the man who took away his father. Suddenly there was a hand on his shoulder.

"It is a rational pursuit to set your goals as realistic, it is a noble pursuit to set your goals as high as
you can.", Tenya said thoughtfully.

"Deep one brother.", Tensei praised ruffling Tenya's hair and making the younger boy squirm and
Izuku laugh at their antics.

"Oh, Iida-san, did you think about installing a different sort of stabilizers? It could really enhance
your turns. It came to me as I was watching the chase, that you can't really manoeuvre at top speed.
Also even if you have air bags and parachutes maybe you could consider using a more durable
material for your costume? It would decrease your acceleration, but would probably not influence
your top speed", Izuku started out speaking clearly, but as he delved into his analysis he started
mumbling more and more.

"Midoriya-kun, you are muttering, please speak up.", Tenya nudged him in the ribs gently.

Izuku turned beet red immediately, "Oh, I am so sorry, it's a bad habit I don't know where I picked
up. Ummm...let's play.", he suggested to keep from shaming himself further.

They spread out across the clearing throwing the Frisbee back and forth. The brothers threw it with
unparalleled speed, but their accuracy was lacking at best. Izuku just barely managed to keep up, as
he dived and jumped after it. After about an hour of playing, both boys were lying on their backs,
panting, sweat trickling down their faces.

"Midoriya-kun, you have got some stamina", Ingenium praised, "for a kid.", he added after a pause.

"Thank you, Iida-san.", Izuku whizzed.

"As for you brother, if you want to become my side kick in the future, you really need to put more
effort into athletics, not just study.", Tensei teased. Tenya seemed too tired to sit up and properly
articulate a response, so he just huffed.
"Tenya I like him, you two should hang out more, I hope you will go to the same elementary.", Tensei added without losing a beat.

"Me too.", sighed Izuku, getting up. The sun was slowly setting, which was his cue to look for Komori and return home for dinner. They were having katsudon, his favourite. "It was a pleasure.", Izuku bowed his head, "I must go find my guardian now and get back home."

"Oh, no need to find me", a familiar gloved hand rested on Izuku's head.

"Komori-san!", the boy hooted.

"The one and only.", the white haired man replied ruffling the green hair. "Thank you for playing with Izuku, it seems he really enjoyed the game. Now if you will excuse us, I have to get this little troublemaker home."

Izuku squirmed out from under his hand and ran over to a sitting up Tenya. "Iida-kun, would you like to be friends?", he piped out and added his trademark smile to seal Tenya's decision.

"Gladly Midoriya-kun", the dark haired boy replied slightly abashed by how straight forward the request was. The boys shook hands and headed to their respective homes. Unbeknown to them, a life long friendship has just begun.

Chapter End Notes

Thank's for reading! If you liked it, stay tuned :)  

All criticism and praise is welcome and will be taken into account.

Next time: Float Like a Butterfly, Sting Like a Bee.  
A history lesson, a life and death situation, and confession of truth can be quite a lot for a 12 year old.
Float Like a Butterfly, Sting Like a Bee

Chapter Summary

A clash of ideals. A fight. A helping hand.

Chapter Notes

So, because it's easter and I really have nothing better to do I decided to practice my English and write the next chapter for you all!

This is actually getting quite addictive :D

Hope you like it!

See the end of the chapter for more notes

'There is literally no space here.', Izuku thought. 'Either that, or maybe, I have finally hit a growth spurt', the boy wondered delighted at the prospect. He was two hours into sneaking up on Komori and was way to invested to give up now. Especially after bailing on Iida, who invited him out to this new ice cream shop, and disarming about a dozen of different alarms, five of which Izuku was certain were illegal. The hero promised him, that if by any chance Izuku manages to get a drop on him, it means that he is ready for the second stage of his training. "After six bloody years, finally something real", he muttered hearing a faint sound of Irish folk music and the familiar sound of metal-tipped shoes hitting the concrete floor. Slowly the boy crept towards an opening in the vent, careful not to trip any alarm on his way there. The grille was right above his teacher, and Izuku could not believe his luck. Maybe this time, he finally managed to avoid all of Komori's security. For a couple of minutes he was watching the white haired man dance his legs off, wrecking the floor and whooping loudly from time to time. 'Really tap-dancing? Off all the hobbies he could choose, tap-dancing.', Izuku sighed and immediately regretted his carelessness. In a flash Komori whipped his head around, tore off the grille separating them and grabbed the boy by the front of his shirt.

"Peekaboo!", the hero said playfully dragging Izuku out of the shaft and throwing him across the room towards an area covered in tatami. Izuku landed gracefully turning his fall into a backwards tumble pushing to his feet using his hands. Unsurprisingly Komori was already charging at his protégé with fangs bared and hands raised in an offensive stance. Izuku grabbed the first weapon he could see, a wooden training sword, and tumbled to the side and raising it defensively. To his dismay his teacher stopped dead in his tracks just before the mats and toed of his shoes. "What? I don't want to ruin the flooring.", Komori said noticing the puzzled look on Izuku's face. Mimicking his master's actions, the boy removed his shoes and socks, keeping his eyes on the hero.

"This will be fun.", the man said grabbing two short wooden batons from the wall. "Tell you what, you did actually manage to get a drop on me this time.", the boy's face brightened. "Well nearly, but it was a passable effort.", Izuku's expression soured. My did Komori love that straight forward nature. "So, in order to celebrate we will have a sparring match. The winner gets to ask anything of the loser.", Komori offered. They sparred often, the man always won of course, but that did not deter them from betting on most occasions.
"That seems mildly unfair.", Izuku replied customarily, eyes trained on his teacher's movements like a hawk.

"When is life ever fair?", Komori shrugged leaving the boy an evident opening. Izuku did not need more encouragement, he charged forward, changing the direction at the last moment and cutting from the hip to the shoulder. Komori dodged by a hair and tried hitting from the side only to be blocked. For a while they struggled, the boy huffing with exertion, the hero overpowering him millimetre by millimetre.

"You know what Izuku?", the man said playfully, pressing down his student to his knees. Not having received an answer he continued his monologue. "When you lose, I am going to either drink your blood or ask about you love life!", he exclaimed.

"If...", the boy replied with a smirk.

"If?", the man queried raising an eyebrow, and lost his balance, as Izuku tumbled around him, and slashed at his legs from behind. But before the strike connected, Komori lunged into the air throwing one of his batons directly at the boy's exposed hand. The pain caused by the impact caused Izuku to drop the sword and close his eyes for a second. In the dark he felt someone massive tackle him to the ground and press something hard and cold to his throat. Izuku opened his eyes to see Komori sitting on his stomach, grinning maniacally and holding a wooden rod to his throat.

"Great.", Izuku sighed blushing at his defeat.

"I know, pretty good, A for effort and a C for result. Next time don't close your eyes.", Komori advised. "So Izuku-kun, what will it be a voluntary blood donation or a talk about your very first crush?", the man teased seeming way to excited in the boy's opinion. Not to mention he was still sitting on his student and watching the youngster squirm uncomfortably.

"Neither.", Izuku tried backing out.

"No backsies.", teased the man crossing his arms in front of his chest. "Pick one, cause, I can happily execute both if you don't decide in the next ten... nine...", Izuku's mind raced a mile a minute, as he played out the various options. He noticed Komori's fangs long ago and deducted that part of his vampiric quirk was ingesting blood, he only didn't know what for. Maybe it tasted like candy or he could turn it into alcohol. "six... five...", said Komori skipping two numbers. Then again love life, he sort of did think of someone, but he would rather die than tell anyone about this. "two...", the man's eyes narrowed in a predatory way.

"Blood.", Izuku yelped closing scrunching his eyes shut and covering his face with his hands. Suddenly the weight on his abdomen was gone and the boy peeked through his lids, watching Komori head off towards the living quarters. They boy picked himself up off the floor, took off his shirt and leaned against the wall. Izuku hissed when the cold concrete touched his skin and waited for his mentor to return.

Nerves and imagination were just starting to get the better of him when Komori walked through the door holding a big white suitcase with a red cross painted on it. "And you are doing what exactly?", the man asked dismayed, looking at his shirtless apprentice.

"Don't you have those fangs for sucking blood directly from the veins?", Izuku asked feeling embarrassed by his hasty assumption. "Like Dracula...", he muttered.

"Well done on your reading. I do, but there are really more humane ways of obtaining it.", Komori chuckled seeing his protégé turn red. "Put your shirt back on. I don't want you catching a cold.", the man chided, through his fit of laughter, watching Izuku comply. Komori walked over to where Izuku
was sitting and placed the suitcase down gently on the boy's left side. Then sat down cross-legged.

"So why did you agree to blood letting but not discussing that crush of yours?", the hero inquired.

"Can we please, not talk about that?", Izuku asked his cheeks getting even more red.

"All right not this time.", the man concurred, earning a sigh of relief from Izuku. "Now make a fist a couple of times.", Komori instructed unpacking the briefcase and assembling the blood donation kit.

"Give me your arm.", He saw the hesitation in the boy's eyes at the sight of the large needle. 'Good thing I didn't show him the adult-sized one.', Komori thought mildly amused. "Izuku, look at me.", he whispered. The boy turned bleary eyed towards his mentor and extended his arm. "Now relax, I am going to take only half of what is taken from a grown-up, so that you don't feel too lightheaded. You may feel a pinch though.", Komori murmured disinfecting the crook of the elbow. He was always astonished by the boy's pain threshold. During their sparring the matches, the boy took severe beatings and still managed to get back on his feet, almost to the moment he dropped from exhaustion.

"Not helping sens..ei", Izuku drew in the breath and shut his eyes feeling the needle pierce his skin. He opened them after a long calming breath and watched as blood flowed through a plastic tube into a small bag.

"See, not so scary was it?", Komori was smiling fondly, ruffling Izuku's dense greenish hair, with his free hand, after taping the needle in place. It would take a couple of minutes for the blood donation to complete. They fell into a comfortable silence.

"Komori-san, I'd like to ask you something.", Izuku said after a minute of plucking up his courage, a fierce look in his eyes.

"Ask away.", the man sighed, sensing this is going to be a tough talk, one he would not rather have. Komori was not used to dealing with peoples' emotions and Izuku was a rather emotional kid. This often caused the man to doubt his ability as a guardian.

"What exactly happened to my father? Why did he leave?", the boy whispered meekly, before he could change his mind. It was a question eating away at Izuku's heart for years now, and he knew that if anyone had the answers it was Komori, his mom and All Might. Whenever he asked his mom, she told him, she will tell him when he is older. The didn't know how to get to All Might, and thought that the man would have a biased opinion. Than again so would Komori, but he was almost like a father to him after all these years. The memories of how his father looked were slowly dimming down, no matter how hard Izuku held onto them. The man in all those family photo's, over which he sometimes found his mom crying, was looking more and more like a stranger to him.

"That's a complicated matter. As you know I have known your father since UA, and we both worked in the special operations. In other words, we protected Japan from external threats.", Komori started. Trying to sugar coat the truth would not work with Izuku. The boy had a vision of the world, which was unshakable, and the possibility he could shatter it scared the man.

"I know but, I think there is something you are omitting.", Izuku interjected softly, looking down. He readied himself to hear whatever it was that got his father arrested.

Komori sighed heavily, but did not tare his gaze away from the boy, "What I did not tell you was that most of the time elimination of a threat was not the equivalent of apprehending it.", the boy looked up, noticing how flustered the man holding his arm was. When Komori did not know how to formulate his thoughts he often used overly complex wording. It annoyed Izuku when he was younger, now he found it rather entertaining. "We were assassins.", Komori choked out after a long
Izuku felt his heart drop. The men he looked up to killed in cold blood for the government. His mentor lied to him for over five years so far, telling him stories of how they took down all those bad people, secret organizations, gangs and corrupt heroes.

"How many did you kill?", Izuku asked feeling sweat beading on his brow and tears gathering in his eyes. Komori looked at the boy, with unbelievable anguish in his red eyes and ruffled his white hair. "How many?!", Izuku yelled, stiffening.

"One hundred thirty nine, and I regret every single one.", the man whispered, hanging his head. Komori could feel the disgust which came with his apprentice's words.

"Unbelievable", Izuku spat through gritted teeth, with eyes ablaze. He wanted to grab him mentor by that snow white hair of his and smash his head against the wall, until the man gushed blood. "So you were no heroes, you were just government licensed murderers!", Izuku hollered, his voice breaking, as tears of anger flowed.

"This was necessary. They were dangerous people we faced Izuku. Some men can't be reasoned with.", the man pleaded calmly, but his jaw was set.

"So, let me guess, my father killed someone and was put away by Japan's most powerful hero for doing his damned job.", Izuku drawled out through gritted teeth.

"Your father saved my life, and by mistake killed a hero, who was not even supposed to be there! I have to live with this every day, that if I hadn't been reckless, it could be your father training you, not a replacement!", Komori said angrily. He knew he was just a temporary fix, even if he was the best Hisashi could find. Still, hearing the boy talk about his closest friend and him like that burned a hole in his heart.

"If this is how it is!", Izuku roared, glaring daggers at Komori, "If I am trained to become like my father! Then I never want to see either of you!", he bellowed ripping his arm from Komori's grip, not paying attention to the man's hurt expression and complete disbelief. Izuku grabbed the needle and winced as he pulled it out of his arm sloshing blood all over his shirt and tatami.

The man was so shocked and taken aback by Izuku's display of anger, he could not move a single muscle as the boy bolted for the reinforced entrance door. "Izuku...", he just kept repeating reaching after his green haired protégé, whom he treated like a son.

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Izuku didn't look where he was going. He just ran until he felt like he was breathing water and his heart pumped battery acid. The soles of his feet hurt, probably scraped raw in some places. From what he gathered he wasn't very far from his family home, the exact place he wanted to avoid right now. Still far from calm he turned around ready to bolt away, just to see his childhood friend, Katsuki Bakugou. He has not spoken to the blond since elementary started. Looking back on it, he was glad that he did not.

"What the fuck, are you doing here Deku?!", hollered Katsuki grabbing him by the front of his shirt. "Been so scared you ran to a different school you wimp?!", there was something cruel lurking in the blond's eyes and Izuku saw it very clearly. This was not the boy he knew, not by a long shot. This was a stranger, just like his father and his teacher. 'Are there any people I truly know?', Izuku wondered bitterly, while Katsuki was tormenting him verbally.
"Leave me be.", Izuku spat, looking eyes with Bakugou. "Kacchan.", he added aiming to infuriate the blond.

"Or what?", Katsuki drawled, preparing to punch his old victim. The green haired boy snapped. With all his might he planted his knee in Bakugou’s gut, making the boy let go, fall on all fours and lurch at the pavement. Izuku was overcome with a sense of wonder, awe and disgust at the same time. 'I've just hurt my friend.', was the first thought that came to him, nearly making him sick. 'No friend would treat you like that.', came the next, the idea made him so angry his knuckles paled as he kicked Bokugou in the ribs as hard as he could. The boy flipped over onto his back, and lay panting, curled in on himself, trying to hold down his last meal. Izuku proceeded to put his foot on Katsuki’s chest and the bully opened his right eye just a fraction.

"Come at me again, and I will end you.", Izuku gritted out. Katsuki's eyes flew open as he froze stiff on the ground, not daring to twitch a muscle. Izuku looked around, chose a street at random and sprinted away, leaving a part of his past behind. Running Izuku remembered again that he was barefoot, but the sun was too close to the horizon and he needed to pick up distance in case Komori came after him for whatever reason this blood sucker would think up.

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By the time he got to the station it was already dark. Not wanting to attract too much attention he took the first relatively empty train that came. There was a couple of kids about his age on the other side of the train talking animatedly. One had red spiked hair and shark teeth. The other was blond and had a black lightning bolt dyed on the side of his head. Izuku, watched them for a while after sitting down. He felt slightly light headed, heavy lidded, and completely sore, the events of the day taking their toll finally.

The train passed a few stations and Izuku started dozing off, catching himself every couple of minutes. It was warm, and the seat was comfortable, the only problem was his feet were starting to burn unpleasantly. Upon waking from one of his micro naps he found a pair of flip flops in his lap and a folded note. It read, "Man, don't go around barefoot and see a doctor. If you can't afford one give me a call.". Izuku looked around to see the car completely deserted and sighed heavily, putting on the shoes. Suddenly his phone rang, the boy stuffed the note into his pocket and fished the phone out. Caller id read "Mom". Ignoring the call, he wrote her a message. 'Can't talk right now. Taking the train.', and hoped to buy at least half an hour of peace. As he was clicking send one of the conductor’s stopped in front of him.

"Sir, are you all right?", he inquired eyeing the stains on Izuku's shirt, his bloodied arm and dirty feet.

"Oh, yes, sorry it's just my quirk acting up again.", Izuku lied without skipping a beat. It was one of the first skills Komori taught him and forced the boy to master, despite the guilt his protégé felt about lying to anyone.

"I see, I still have to ask you to leave the train until you get this sorted out.", the man replied with a tense expression on his face.

"Not a problem, I had to get off here anyway.", the green haired boy smiled brightly and got up, making the conductor relax visibly. In his mind Izuku cursed the overly strict worker.

When the train finally arrived at the station he stepped out onto the cool platform. He was on the other side of town now, definitely far enough that even Komori would not be able to easily track him.

"Now he should not be able to find me.", Izuku sighed and left the platform in a leisurely walk. His
feet still burned but the cold evening air helped alleviate the pain. The lightheadedness was not subsiding but at least he could now think more or less clearly.

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The district he found himself in was nice. There were lots of small traditional houses, with family names neatly painted on the poles by the gates. He wondered the streets admiring the beauty of each building trying to keep his mind off Komori, his dad, his training or anything which included heroics. Unfortunately like every place in the city, this district too had its run down alleys and places the residents avoided. However Izuku was no resident, and tonight he definitely wasn't careful. Lost in thought he did not notice a group of teenagers surrounding him as he walked through one of such alleys. Two men each cut him off from possible routes of escape. The one in front who seemed like the leader was sporting a green mahawk. Izuku was shaken from his thoughts, only when the teenager spoke.

"Give us your phone, watch and all your money and we won't hurt you.", he sneered looking Izuku up and down with a smirk.

At this very moment, the boy's blood boiled. "I have had a very bad day.", Izuku said with an eerie calm. "And if you villainous scum, want to make it any worse I really won't hold myself accountable for my actions.", the green haired boy finished, relaxing his fists, getting ready for a fight.

The leader chuckled and lunged himself at Izuku, claws protruding from his hands. The boy stepped to the side, but not far enough as, the claws made contact with his chest, and slid down, ripping his shirt and cutting the flesh. The boy yelped in pain and surprise, but managed to keep his guard up while staggering back.

"You still wanna fight?", the assailant asked venomously staring at his blood dripping claws in wonder. Izuku quickly assessed the damage, the cut's bled, but not profusely, and the quirk seemed to have no other effects except for the user having claws. The green haired boy smiled hungrily.

"Bring it.", Izuku growled. The villain did not respond, instead he lunged once again, but this time was quickly distracted by a punch to his jaw. 'I was not trained for nothing!', Izuku's thought's raged, as he put a lock on the mugger's elbow twisting until he heard a loud crack. He was smiling softly, as the leader of the gang fell to the ground clutching his arm bent at an unnatural angle. For a few moments nothing but the howling of the wind and whimpers of pain could be heard. Izuku stayed focused, listening for even the slightest indication of further hostility. He straightened and faced the remaining adversary in front of him. The teenager had fish eyes, sharp teeth and webbed fingers. Izuku concluded it was a mutant quirk and would not have any additional surprises.

Just then the fish eyed aggressor charged screeching. Izuku rushed at him, but instead of clashing with the bigger opponent, the boy lunged into the air, rotating his hips and planting a roundhouse kick to the assailant's head. The effect was astounding as the fish eyed teen flipped over and landed on the concrete face first.

The green haired boy stood over the mugger he just knocked out cold, looking at his last to opponents. The remaining aggressors had metal part's protruding from their bodies. 'Enemies with weapons are hard to deal with if you are not armed.', he heard Komori's voice in his head, and smiled at the comfort it brought. The closer assailant decided to attack the green haired boy after a brief hesitation, drawing two metal swords from his arms. The other fled. Izuku closed the distance quickly sliding into the metal-mugger's legs, and toppling his opponent. The apprentice transitioned quickly into a hold on the ankle of the assailant and twisted it violently, feeling his palm ripped open. A loud crack resonated through the night air, and then a shriek of pain. When he got up there was no one else to fight in alleyway. Izuku flexed his fingers, listening to the weeping of the men he had just
broken, and hissed in pain. His palm was drizzling red. 'I need this to stop bleeding', he thought pulling of his shirt. The lightheadedness was really starting to get to him as he tightly wrapped the palm up. Izuku stepped over to the fish-eyed thug. After a couple minutes of searching the man's pockets he found a phone. Taking a deep breath and steadying himself, Izuku dialled the number for the police.

"Hello, this is the police speaking.", a tired voice came from the other side.

"Good evening. I've just been attacked by four quirk users. One of them fled, the rest are incapacitated in the location of this phone.", Izuku spoke quickly and as clearly as he could manage. "If you home in on this signal, you will find them.", he added, leaving the call connected and setting the phone next to the clawed villain, who whimpered pathetically.

Stepping out onto the main street he mumbled, "Komori-san, thank you. You are right, some people can't be reasoned with.", rubbing his teary eyes tiredly.

A man in black kevlar plated armour, watching the scene from the rooftop, smiled to himself.

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His apprentice kept on walking, but the cut on the boy's hand bled through the shirt long ago. Small ruby drops dripped every now and then onto the pavement, marking a path to follow. Komori pursued silently from rooftop to rooftop, observing, analysing, and mentally shuddering. Inko already assured him, that if he does not clear this situation up by the time Izuku comes back home, she will 'telekinetically remove his two little objects situated below the belt, that every man prizes'. He was taking his time, watching how his apprentice will handle the situation. He was genuinely astonished Izuku refused to seek medical help, and stored it away, to ask about later. At the same time, his concern was growing by the minute. It was true that for a kid this green haired rascal had an unbelievable pain threshold, still he couldn't help but worry. He taught the boy a lot, but not how to navigate such situations. Komori watched as Izuku made a typical rookie mistake of wondering into a 24hrs convenience store near the scene.

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For Tenya this was supposed to be just another small errand to run for his brother. He felt proud to be a able to help such a great hero, and silently hoped that one day, they could save people side by side. The boy always had deep admiration for Tensei, who inspired him to do his best at school and outside of it.

'So, this is the third time I asked Midoriya-kun out, and he declined. This is going worse than I thought.', he wondered feeling the tips of his ears redden. 'Maybe he just does not see me that way.', his train of thought continued.

He heard a doorbell wring, signifying the entrance of another customer. To his surprise a displeased yell from the cashier followed, "Hey, you! What's wrong with you?!".

"Just need some bandages.", a raspy voice answered. Tenya could not shake the feeling there was something awfully familiar about it. Following his instincts, he spun around on his heel, still holding an orange in his hand. The boy standing at the counter, had dark green hair, a plain freckled face and was definitely Miodriya Izuku, his friend and classmate. He walked over slowly, not to alert the boy arguing his case. "Look, I cut my hand, and I just need something for it. I am sorry I made a mess.", the boy ground out. Tenya was astonished at how angry his friend looked. They knew one another for nearly eight years now, and not once had he seen Midoriya glare like that at anybody. Coming out of the isle he noted that not only was his mysterious friend shirtless, but a blood-soaked rag was
wrapped around his right hand. To his horror he realized, he had issues with both and felt blush creep onto his face.

"Midoriya-kun, what are you doing here?", he asked waving wildly with his hand after depositing the orange in the bag.

The boy turned him and flinched. "Oh, hi Iida-kun. Just needed some bandages.", the response was warm like always, and Iida received the trademarked 5000 W smile, but the boy was acting strange. He was trying to hide the wrapped up hand behind his back, and angle his body to make claw marks on his chest less evident. 'Claw marks?!', Iida's mind screeched. The larger boy took a deep breath to calm himself down.

"Maybe you would like to drop by my house? We have bandages and antiseptics. I think Tensei, wouldn't mind.", Iida said, preemptively removing all of his friend's counterarguments.

"Umm... If I wouldn't be intruding.", Izuku seemed hesitant.

"You surely wouldn't. You are always a welcome guest at the Iida household.", Tenya supplied gesticulating with his free hand and depositing the shopping bag on the counter.

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After paying they walked in silence. Finally the dark haired boy could not take the quiet any more.

"Midoriya-kun, could you tell me what exactly happened?", he asked.

The other boy flushed in embarrassment, "I... got mugged.", Izuku stammered. Iida was shocked, this was a good neighbourhood, and yet someone attacked his friend.

"Why didn't you call for help? Why didn't you run?", Tenya asked incredulous, looking his hurt classmate up and down.

"Help wouldn't make it on time, and I couldn't really run. They caught me off guard.", the boy mumbled, seeming to recall some troubling memory.

"Were you forced to use your quirk?", Iida queried. For a while now he was suspecting that Midoriya's quirk was not very hero like and probably pretty violent. Either that or it was completely harmless, like light emission or very limited telekinesis.

"No", Izuku answered frowning and giving his dirty feet a glare. "I couldn't use my quirk.", the boy continued not looking up. Tenya could see the tips of his friend's ears redden. "I couldn't, because I don't have one.", the smaller boy choked out a whisper and hunched his shoulders. For a while it was completely silent, Izuku waiting to be punched and Tenya staring in disbelief.

"There is nothing wrong with that.", Tenya replied softly, patting Izuku's shoulder with his free hand.

"You will be my friend even though I don't a quirk?", the smaller boy looked up with disbelief in his eyes, blinking rapidly.

"I will be your friend, no matter what. Even though becoming a hero may be tough.", Iida replied with a smile. A few things clicked suddenly, like why the boy was always leaving some questions unanswered. Yet, he couldn't help but wonder how did Izuku attain the level of fitness and physical aptitude he currently possessed. And if he didn't run from the mugger's how did he defeat them?
"It was a green haired demon!", was the most coherent response Naomasa Tsukauchi could get out of the three muggers with twisted limbs as the paramedics loaded them into the ambulance. He sighed in exasperation pinching the bridge of his nose and closing his eyes. 'I really should go on vacation and get away from this city for a while', he thought.

"Sir, we pulled this off a security camera overlooking this street.". Tsukauchi sighed again and pulled up the file on his mobile computer. It was a video, maybe a couple of minutes long. For a moment nothing happened, then in a few swift movements a boy incapacitated the thugs. Naomasa paused the video, these movements looked eerily familiar, and way too precise. Pulling out his phone the detective dialled a number, which he hoped never to use again.

Chapter End Notes

I am going slightly over board with Inko (way overboard), but I just can't see her as this fluffy (pretty spineless) person, who worries about Izuku but let's him get beaten up as a child anyway.

Also Komori is turning out way differently than I thought he will. He was supposed to be this scary bat, who lives in a cave and prowls the city at night. (I think any of you alread figured out who he was modeled after.) Still, I like this one better.

The chapters are getting longer, but I can't really split them up, so I hope that's not bothering any of you.

Just couldn't stop myself from introducing Kaminari and Kirishima. Had a feeling that something like giving somebody barefooted a pair of flip flops was right along Kirishima's personality.

See you again on Sunday! Next time: Everybody Needs Somebody To Care
Who did Naomasa call?
Poor Izuku finally gets help
Tenya faces the music!
Everybody Needs Somebody To Care

Chapter Summary

A surprise visit, A small measure of peace, A confession at dawn

Chapter Notes

Hi everyone!

Updating earlier because I will have a busy weekend and I don't want to keep you waiting. I really hope you enjoy this chapter :)

Next update next Sunday of course!

Also sorry for changing the chapter contents slightly. It's just that sometimes as I write I start seeing that certain behaviors/responses don't fit or that I skip over too many things. So stay with me, since this is my first fic and I am still sorting out some details in my head on how to write.

See the end of the chapter for more notes

"Japanese High Security Prison. Please choose one of the following options. To access the h...", a mechanical voice started giving the standard formula on the other end of the line. Naomasa Tsukauchi was known as a patient, dutiful man, but even he did not have the time and will to deal with mechanized assistance. Sighing tiredly, he mashed the button with number one. The detective felt truly uncomfortable speaking on a secured line outside, so he opened the door of his car and sat down.

"Please give your passphrase after the signal.", the bot instructed, as Naomasa was locking up.

"Three things can't be long hidden: the sun, the moon, the truth.", he gave the phrase, which was assigned to him nearly seven years ago.

"Please hold, you will soon be connected with a human assistant.", the voice answered, and a calming tune started playing. The music did not assuage his nerves though. The last time he used this line was when a very special someone was put away for life. Fidgeting with the brim of his hat, he startled out of his reverie by a speaker on the other end of the line.

"How may I help you Tsukauchi-san?", a raspy voice inquired.

"I need to book a visit.", he stated, nervously drumming his fingers.

"When?", the emotionless speaker asked.

"In twenty minutes?", the detective asked, swallowing thickly. Some nights he was still tormented by the sight of scorched cement, the smell of a body burned beyond recognition and the look in the eyes of the man, he helped catch.
"Fine.", the voice answered uninterested.

"I will be there.", Naomasa said disconnecting. Throwing his hat and cellphone to the passenger's seat and loosening his tie, he mentally prepared for the inevitable face off. The detective started the engine, closed his eyes and counted from ten backwards very slowly. Only then did he calm down enough to upload the preliminary report to the hero database.

The first drops of rain started hitting the windshield as the detective rode away from the crime scene.

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"Brother! I am home!", Tenya's holler came from the door.

"I am in the living room bro, come here.", Tensei yelled back not raising his eyes from the book on criminology he was reading.

"Thank you for having me.", a higher yet familiar voice added timidly and much less loudly. The hero lifted an eyebrow. It is not like his little brother to bring guests at this hour, even his best friend usually left before sun down. Curious, he peeked out of the room. Seeing a familiar green bed head peaked his interest, and scrambling to his feet he watched the two boys, one looking at his feet, scratched and shirtless, and the other looking him dead in the eye and mouthing "help?!". He sped over to them frowning in concern, not really caring that his highly unpresentable outfit consisted of a pair of shorts and an Ingenium tshirt. Tensei eyed the Izuku, who stared in complete silence at the floor as he addressed his brother.

"Tenya, would you mind bringing the patch-up kit to the living room, and two bowls of hot water and soap.", the hero instructed in a calm voice. Just then Izuku's stomach rumbled loudly, making the smaller boy blush. "And perhaps some soup from dinner.", Tensei added, the customary smug smile back in its place.

"Yes brother, right away.", Tenya said boisterously, saluting and running off upstairs.

"Make that three!", he hollered after his little brother. After all Izuku might feel better if they all ate.

"Now you little guy, come with me.", Tensei said softly placing a hand on Izuku's shoulder and guiding him gently. The corridor was laid out in beautiful hard wood, and the rooms separated by paper sliding doors. Tensei expertly navigated the halls of the enormous Iida household but for someone unaccustomed this could look like a shrine or even a palace. He kept his brother's friend close, noticing how Izuku's eyes glowed slightly as he took in the decorated walls and the surprised look at their living room. Tensei realized that the boy probably lived a humbler life, and was not accustomed to seeing so much space. He did not know that his brother's friend had a hard time understanding why would someone not have a TV in their living room. Tensei sat Izuku by the largest table in the room set in the centre. Just as Tenya staggered through the door, huffing loudly, the patch-kit, or more precisely a huge ass white case in his hands.

"Thanks bro, put it on the table here, and get busy with the soup. And don't come in until I call for you.", he said making sure they have as much privacy as Izuku needed. The boy's head was lowered again, staring intently at his hand. Tensei's eyes widened as he noticed a bloodied shirt wrapped around it.

"Izuku.", he started softly.

The boy's head jerked upward in response. There was something heartbreaking about the look he gave him. Tensei looked in the eyes of a person, who was hurt but did not want to say why.
"Izuku, may I help you?", he asked. The boy was a mess. There were scratch marks covered in congealed blood on his chest, nearly reaching his abdomen, his feet were dirty and bore scratches, left arm covered in dried blood, and the wrapped up right hand. That part worried him the most, he could suture, but if the cut was very deep he might have to call a real doctor.

The boy nodded slowly in response, relaxing ever so slightly. Tensei opened the case, he wanted to start with smaller wounds. He washed his hands and put on latex gloves. Taking one of Izuku's feet in his hands he looked it over slowly. It wasn't cut, and certainly wasn't bleeding, there were some burns and scrapes on it though. "Izuku, I have to clean this and it may sting.", he said soothingly.

"Go ahead Iida-san.", Izuku whispered. Tensei nodded averting his gaze back to the boy's foot. He placed it in the water and used soap to remove the dirt. The boy hissed and the foam made contact with his scraped skin but did not attempt to wrench free. The second foot was no worse for ware, and Tensei thanked the boy's lucky stars silently.

"So what would you like me to check first, your chest or you hand?", he asked the boy. From experience he knew, that giving people a choice always gave them some comfort.

"The hand. It is starting to sting really painfully.", the boy confessed blushing and holding out his right hand.

Tensei took it gingerly and unwrapped it slowly. The tshirt was soaked in red, and for a second there Tensei was really afraid of what he was going to see. The palm had a nasty deep cut, but the boy fingers weren't twitching uncontrollably which was a good sign. He manoeuvred the hand placing it on his knee and sitting next to Izuku. Unfortunately the sutures were going to be necessary. "Izuku I can't give you anything for the pain I am afraid.", he said. "Are you still certain you don't want to go to the hospital?", he suggested while cleaning the wound.

"Positive.", was the boy's whole reply. Tensei sighed, the boy was not opening up, was terribly tense and if this continued the hero was not going to get anything out of him.

"Tell me what happened.", he said looking at Izuku sharply and holding his hand.

"I-i-i...", the boy stammered. "I shouldn't", he finished apologetically. Tensei's eyebrows shot up, this was definitely not something he expected. Setting his jaw and faking a menacing stare, he asked again.

"Izuku, Tenya brought you over bloodied and beaten and you tell me you shouldn't? I will help you but I am not sure Tenya should hang around you if this is going to repeat itself.", he said, adding as much gravel to his voice as he could. If being the good cop was not working, he had to play the bad one.

He heard the boy suck in a breath in shock and look at him pleadingly. "If I tell you, you won't tell anybody else?", Izuku replied with a pleading expression after a while.

"If you didn't do anything wrong, no one has to know.", Tensei assured him, switching back to his friendlier expression.

The boy eyed him warily and saw he was outwitted by the adult. "I was attacked by a couple of muggers... and I defended myself.", he muttered. "And I hurt them badly.", Izuku added nearly whispering.

"How did you do that? You don't have a quirk.", Tensei asked astounded and noticed how the boy winced at his words. "I know you haven't told Tenya. I don't understand why, but I trust you have
"The old fashioned way.", he replied meekly. My was this boy cryptic at times. Tensei did not quite see what that could mean, but did not press the topic, but wanted to ask one more question.

"Do you feel bad that you hurt them?", he queried and noticed how the boy's free hand balled into a fist.

"Iida-san, would you think less of me if I said that they got what they deserved?", Izuku answered with a question locking eyes with the hero for a brief moment. For a split second Tensei had a feeling of looking staring at an endless abyss.

"Never. You did your best, you always do. And this will make you an excellent hero someday.", Tensei comforted his brother's friend. He watched the boys grow up slowly and noticed how despite Izuku's soft character, the boy never faltered when it came to this one thing, becoming a hero. "This may hurt.", he said pulling out the suturing kit. Tensei started slowly, letting the boy adjust, but to his surprise Izuku barely winced as he was gradually sealing the wound. After he was done, he wrapped the boy's hand in a bandage and proceeded to clean up the wounds on the chest. Luckily they were only minor grazes, which looked worse than they actually were. He covered them up with some gauze. The left arm after cleaning up was sporting nothing more than a giant purple bruise. Izuku's stomach rumbled loudly again, but the boy was completely unashamed about it this time.

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The soup was warm and thick and the noodles the exact degree of hardness Midoriya enjoyed. The soup was too cold and watery and the noodles largely overcooked was Tensei's opinion. The soup was done according to the recipe, hence it was done right was Tenya's opinion. For about fifteen minutes now they were sitting, slurping and munching, eating from cauldron sized bowls, which the Iida household employed to grow tall hearty boys like Tenya and Tensei. Both watched in awe as the green haired imp emptied his third and sight contently.

"So about those muggers.", Tensei started, directing his brother's thoughts and trying to get Izuku to reveal more details.

"Midoriya-kun, this was largely dangerous. Why did you not go to the hospital? And what are you doing here, you live on the other side of town?", Tenya asked waving his chopsticks lively.

"Oh, about that.", the green haired boy said scratching the back of his head and giving the Iida brothers his 5000W smile, effectively stunning the younger. "I sort of got into a fight with my teacher.", he answered scrunching his eyes shut at the unpleasant memory.

"So you were hurt before? You got attacked by your teacher?", Tensei asked incredulous, jabbing his chopsticks in Izuku's direction.

"No, Komori-san would never hurt me. I got angry with him, because he said something. See, the left arm, was me being stupid, then I forgot my shoes. Somehow I ended up here and got attacked. That's where I hurt my hand and my chest was scratched.", the boy answered hurriedly, eyeing the vase of soup in the centre of the table with a calculating expression. To somebody more observant Izuku seemed ambidextrous by the way he ate with his left hand, but Tensei didn't know Izuku was right handed and Tenya was too stunned to notice the switch with the smiles Izuku kept sending his way throughout the late dinner.

"How many muggers where there?", Tensei asked relieved, his curiosity getting the better of him.
"Oh, just two.", Izuku lied quickly and felt guilty even quicker. "But, they legged it once I started defending myself.", now he was really pitching it. Tenya had a strange feeling something was not quite fitting in, a piece was missing, but he could not tell what. Tensei looked quizzically at the boy sitting in front of him. He wondered when Izuku got so good at hiding the truth and why he did that. The clock on the wall chimed shaking him out of his thoughts.

"All right you trouble makers. Off to bed.", he shoed at the boys. Tenya complied and quickly helped Izuku to his feet leading his friend towards his room. Izuku stayed over often, but usually limited his presence to Teny's bedroom, where they studied or played games.

Tensei stretched his arms and popped his back singing under his breath. "To the windows, to the wall, to my comfy bed I crawl! Ah now sleep, sleep, sleep, sleep! Ah now sleep now!". He tried keeping his upbeat mood, but deep down he was worried about his brother's friend. Seems like there was more to him than just a bright smile, huge green eyes and a charming personality. Suddenly his phone beeped, some urgent hero business was apparently nearby. Tensei unlocked the device huffing in annoyance, but instead of a typical call for backup found a preliminary investigation report, with request for any information in identifying a victim of an attempted mugging. Curious, he clicked the report for details. Tensei quickly skimmed over the testimonies of the assailants that mentioned some green haired demon or another idiotic, drug induced vi...

'GREEN HAIRRED DEMON!', his mind roared.

Stricken with disbelief, he clicked on the video footage attached to the report. Someone short, possibly a boy was surrounded by four muggers. The first one jabbed him in the chest and the victim staggered backwards only to break the man's arm at the elbow and proceed to completely and efficiently incapacitate two other men. After that the boy took his shirt off and wrapped it around his right hand. Tensei paused the video and looked up as if seeking divine intervention. "I have come to a point in my life when I need a stronger word than fuck.", the hero muttered under his breath and wrote a message to the detective who requested information on the victim:

Tsukauchi-san, I may have a lead on who the victim is. Is he in any trouble? I can assure you that the boy is all right and in good health. Best Regards, Ingenium.

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Tenya knew he was always uptight and both his brother and his best friend loved to joke about. Tenya also knew, that at some point he is going to have to stop sleeping with Midoriya in the same bed, they are not kids any more. He tried a couple of times, laid out a futon for the boy, but always folded it back up after Midoriya gave him a heart melting smile. The truth was, he wanted to have this green haired boy in his bed, and it came to him as a revelation on one of his runs about half a year ago. He was wrestling with the notion ever since. 'Boys are supposed to like girls, that's how it works.', he told himself, gritting his teeth and burying his face in his hands after he woke up from a very vivid dream featuring Midoriya. He liked Izuku, his friend was fun to have around, admired him and always helped him no matter what. But the notion of something more, something that he believed not to be normal scared him stiff.

That night, when he saw his best friend cradling a blooded fist, scratched and desperately attempting to get some first aid, he felt a painful pang in his chest. He didn't want Midoriya hurt, he wanted him safe. In an overwhelming surge of protectiveness, he persuaded his little friend to come home with him and let Tensei patch him up. For a while now he saw that something is up, Izuku always covered up bruises and scratches. Had they spent less time together Tenya would have thought somebody was bullying him. He also noticed how muscular his friend was becoming, despite being lighter and at least a couple of inches shorter Midoriya easily wrestled with Tenya, who worked out
with his brother religiously.

Midoriya pattered softly towards the bed. After the events of the day, he had more than enough excitement. Fed and patched up he could really feel sleep setting in as he pulled the covers up to his chin, leaving Tenya to turn off the light. The taller boy complied and moments later the room was covered in complete darkness.

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5:31 AM was what the alarm clock read and Tenya felt about ready to cuss. Sometime around one in the morning Midoriya started spooning him and for about four hours now the boy's deep breaths were tickling his neck.

'So, be it.', he thought and turned onto his other side. Iida opened his tired eyes and noticed their noses were barely an inch apart. His heart skipped a beat and he felt his face heat up in embarrassment.

"I am not ready for this.", he mumbled and was about to turn back around, but his hard asleep friend entangled their legs and threw his hand over Tenya's waist fixing the larger boy in place. Huffing at his helpless situation, he dragged Midoriya closer to himself and acting on selfish impulse, hugged the boy to his wider chest. It felt nice, warm and Tenya would happily stay this way forever. Holding his friend in this position he finally felt sleep creep into his bones. The last thing he saw, was the rising sun highlighting a plain freckled face surrounded by a bush of green soft hair. "I think I like you", he said drifting off into a well deserved slumber.

Chapter End Notes

Hope you enjoyed it.

I see Iida as this go by the book guy, who cares a lot, for everyone, but has trouble expressing it.

Also more of Tensei. I just could not pass up the chance of showing these two brothers together, especially since he is an important figure for Tenya.

I bet you will have no trouble figuring out who could Tsukauchi be visiting ;)

Next time: Man up and make the first step
Naomasa has a tough time and really wishes detective work involved less sleepless nights.
The fire rekindled

Chapter Summary

The search continues,
A new hope,
An awkward morning

Chapter Notes

Hi everybody! I rewrote the chapter. Naomasa just didn't feel right and I like this version better. Next time I will postpone a chapter instead of publishing something which could even be remotely considered half finished :)

Keep calm and hero on!

See the end of the chapter for more notes

"Nao-chan!", an old lady greeted the soaked detective pulling him down by the tie and pinching his cheeks none too gently.

"It's always a pleasure Shinsou-sama.", the man yelped, wincing painfully at the woman's iron grip.

"And yet you haven't visited in what, seven years.", she grinned venomously, closing her eyes and pinching even harder. The detective squirmed while she cooed over how handsome he got and by the time she let go he was on the verge of tears.

Massaging his broken face gently, Naomasa apologized. "Oh, yes... I am sorry to have caused you such distress.", and bowed slightly.

"No worries Nao-chan.", the pale granny waved him off. Only then did he notice how much time has effected her. She no longer wore her uniform, instead she opted for a flowery dress. Her usually steel-gray hair was stricken with strands of white and her wrinkles were far more prominent. Jun Shinsou was a prison warden for the last thirty something years and Naomoasa was not quite sure how old she actually was, since he first met her when he was barely five and his father called her 'ancient' already back then. Tsukauchi stopped reminiscing over the days past and looked up, over the woman's shoulder, at an exhausted youngster. This did not slip Jun's keen eyes.

"This is my lovely grandson, Hitoshi Shinsou. Ain't he a handsome young lad.", the warden said gesturing to a young boy with bluish hair and dark bags under his eyes. Tsukauchi immediately empathized with the youngster, he too knew how bad sleepless nights could be.

"It is a pleasure having you.", Shinsou muttered lethargically extending his hand. Tsuakauchi took it quickly and was surprised by how cold it was. Letting go, he turned to the old lady who nodded in approval.
"Shinsou-sama. I came because I need some assistance from one of your prisoners...", Naomasa started talking, fidgeting with his hat nervously, but the old lady held up her hand stopping him in the middle of his explanation.

"I am well aware about your appointment. But before you go, I must warn you. Drago has been isolated from other prisoners because he is dangerous. Also, he may have grown friendlier in the past months, but don't be deceived. This man is a killer.", the ancient warden warned ushering the hero into an elevator, the boy quietly following them. When they entered, the woman pushed the button for the lowest floor and continued her explanation. "Be mindful of what you tell him and stay on your guard. From what I was told, and it was not much, he is extremely dangerous even without using his quirk. Do not touch him and under no circumstances provoke him. Hitoshi has been working very, very hard to help him and it would be a shame if you undid his labor.", she said waving her finger in the air.

Hitoshi listened to his grandma lecture the stranger standing in front of him. The quirk running in his family, even if not very heroic was unique and extremely powerful. Not everyone inherited it, but he was unlucky enough to receive a version of it. This led to him being raised by his grandma to become the next warden after she was too old and tired to keep the prisoners in check. Despite her failing health Jun Shinsou, was feared, respected and loved, by her prisoners, in that order and that order only for she could brainwash anyone who looked directly into her eyes, never treated anyone unjustly, and behaved like a mother most of them needed. At first Hitoshi felt honored to be given such an important task as he deeply admired his grandma, but as time passed and he got to know the ins and outs of the ungrateful job he grew more dissatisfied. The police dreaded the prison his family ran, and the heroes looked down on them. This bothered him greatly when he was younger and to ease his mind he started exploring the prison, learning about the inmates and honing his own quirk. Hitoshi also enjoyed reading the prisoners' files which was technically illegal, but remained a secret between his grandma and him. About a year ago, he stumbled onto a very thin folder labeled 'Drago'. To his surprise, it described a man who was a former hero and UA teacher, held at their most secure level, nearly a hundred meters below the ground. Not only that, there was a note regarding Drago's involvement with the government and an unconfirmed kill count of over one thousand people. Back then Hitoshi could feel his blood run hot with anticipation at the meeting. The next day he volunteered to do rounds on the lowest floor. Nearly a year later, he could clearly say this was the day, he made his first real friend. Hitoshi was shaken out of his reverie by the ping of the elevator stopping.

"Grandma, I think it's better if I take the lead on this one.", he said softly, hoping to catch what it was the stranger was after.

"Sure Hito-chan. Take care of our guest and get back upstairs before the cocoa gets cold.", she called pushing the detective and her grandson out of the lift and giving them a motherly smile.

"Follow me Tsukauchi-san. Make sure to stay at least a foot away from the glass.", the boy instructed in a raspy voice, leading the way. Naomasa felt his hands shake nervously. They walked through a long corridor filled with glass cells of sleeping prisoners. Some were lying peacefully, some where thrashing violently in their nightmares. The detective shuddered watching a man claw at the wall, and felt a surge of shock, when the boy completely ignored the inmate's fit. Finally they approached one of the last cells. It was dark inside, but the lights turned on when Shinsou clicked the switch.

"Rise and shine, Midoriya-san.", Shinsou called knocking softly on the reinforced glass. The man on the other side stirred. "Come on Midoriya-san, I want to go to bed too.", the boy urged impatiently.

Hisashi opened one eye and looked at the glass wall of his cell. The room was small and barely
furnished, but he liked it well enough. He spent his last seven years here and after six nearly went insane with loneliness. Every day, he asked about his family, he passed letters on to the guards but never got back a reply. A couple of times he was even willing to give up and felt ready to hang himself, had he had the means to do it. A year prior, one of his fits of rage started when he was receiving his breakfast. Now he could not recall what set him off, maybe it was the fact that it was oatmeal Tuesday and Hisashi hated oatmeal. At first the boy who brought him breakfast was terrified, after that the youngster asked him a question, to which he hollered back, and suddenly he felt as though someone seized his body and mind for their own. When he came to, he witnessed a tired looking kid with bluish hair sitting cross legged across the glass and staring at him intently. From that time on, every time he saw the future warden across the barrier separating them he remembered this day and the beautiful, radiant smile the youngster gave him, so much like his own son’s.

To his dismay he saw Hitoshi-kun stand there with some other man, he thought he recognized, but discarded this thought immediately. The former hero swung his bare feet onto the concrete floor and eyed his insomniac friend. "Hitoshi-kun, you look like death.", he joked, rising to his feet and threading his hand through his long black hair. Over the years he started skipping out on haircuts and shaving. His once neatly cut hair and a perfect beard, were long hidden by unkempt arm length bush and a scruffy hedge.

"I feel like death.", the youngster muttered under his breath, rubbing his eyes. "Midoriya-san, there is a guest to see you. He said it is very urgent, please accommodate him. If you need me, just holler, also be mindful, you are under surveillance.", the boy mumbled the customary formula wondering away.

"So, who might you be and how can I help you?", Hisashi inquired with a smirk, rubbing his eyes. He was curious as to why someone dressed like a 1930's detective was doing in this godforsaken dump, especially in the middle of the night.

"Wasn't he supposed to be unfriendly?", Naomasa's mind queried, but the detective shook the though. "I am one of the detectives who helped catch you seven years ago.", Tsukauchi stated, fidgeting with his hat, feeling the nerves creep up his spine and latch onto his throat. "Recently there has been a mugging and the victim ...", he trailed of noticing how for a split second the prisoner's eyes blazed. "The victim's style of fighting was very specific.", the detective finished and noticed how the man raised an eyebrow.

"And?", Hisashi prompted harshly, placing a hand on his hip.

"And, would you mind taking a look at this video and perhaps telling me where he could have learned it. You are an expert on hand to hand fighting after all, the best there is. Maybe you could point me to the right direction.", Naomas said hopefully, smiling timidly and rubbing the back of his head.

Midoriya eyed the man. He did not remember him, but they must have met at some point throughout the express trial and sentence he received. Still, he seemed, decent, hard-working and rather intelligent. Hisashi bit the inside of his cheek thinking about the phrasing of his answer and watched how Tsukauchi sweat nervously.

"You are in no position to offer or deny me anything. So there is no incentive, but...", he trailed off watching the detective's puzzled expression with hidden glee. "But, I respect that you want the opinion of the best, hence I will give you something if I see it.", he added with a smug smile. His gut told him it had something to do with either Komori or his son, very few other people could really pull off his fighting style.
"Thank you very much.", the detective replied cheerfully and pulled a portable computer from the pocket of his coat. He opened his last report and noticed a small notification hovering in its corner but clicked it away making a mental note to read it later. The detective scrolled to the video and turned the device towards the glass separating the men.

Hisashi stepped closer and squinted, to his surprise he saw an image of a young boy. The video was dark, but it was easy to see he was younger then the four men surrounding him. At first he noticed how the boy took a jab to the chest and frowned. Maybe his gut was wrong? The next few moments erased his doubts completely. The boy fluidly captured and broke the first assailant's elbow in a very familiar lock he taught every UA student, than proceeded to roundhouse kick another man in a daring move, few heroes would even consider and finally performed a remarkably elegant ankle lock followed by a break. Hisashi's eyes widened involuntarily at the last move. It was one of Komori's favorites and one of the few they did not teach at UA. At that moment Naomasa paused the video and pocketed the computer.

"So what is this Midoriya-san?", he asked eyeing the prisoner, his hands no longer fidgeting.

"Damn good television. In damn bad quality.", Hisashi replied with a smirk. "I'd say, the boy is well taught and I don't see a reason to pursue him, it's evident self defense.", he added and felt a small pang of pride in his heart. If this was indeed Izuku, than Komori has done a superb job. "Those moves were taught to all UA students while I worked there for three years, so anyone could have done that. Most of the heroes who graduated around that time should still be in business.", Hisashi said omitting part of the truth. "Why are you so interested in him?"

Naomasa inspected the man and remembered the strange reaction at the last part of the video.

"I just like to follow through. Besides he could be hurt or maybe he is a fugitive if he called the police, but ran away before we could get there.", the detective explained patiently observing the prisoner for any reactions.

"Maybe... Or maybe he was just scared?, Hisashi mused with a smug smile.

"Doubt that.", Naomasa parried. "Anyways I would like to ask you something else regarding the video.", he added moving closer to the glass.

"Ask away.", Hisashi replied crossing his arms in front of his chest and leaning back.

"What was so strange about the last part of the video?, the detective queried activating his quirk and clenching his fists. It allowed him to ask any question and the answer was always truthful.

Hisashi already had a prepared lie, but he noticed he could not say it, instead he uttered what he hoped to hide. "I have not taught that move in UA.". He wanted to clamp a hand over his mouth. 'An accident?', he thought, glaring at the detective.

"Who could have taught him this move?, the detective pressed looking the prisoner dead in the eye. He felt as though he was staring at a beast, which was trapped but still extremely dangerous.

Hisashi felt his gut clench as he thought about the answer, desperately searching for a sentence he could utter. "I could.", he ground out. "Hitoshi, we are done, take the detective away!", he hollered before the detective could ask another question with that hell of a quirk of his.

"Who else?, Tsukauchi barked immediately, not waiting for the tired boy to show up.

"People I worked with.", the man replied with a smirk, finding another way to cheat the detective out of the answer. Just then Naomasa felt a hand on his shoulder. It was the insomniac kid, who showed
"Tsukauchi-san. I am afraid the prisoner has stated that he will not cooperate further. I must ask you to leave.", Hitoshi said softly. "Do you need me to show you the way.", he added fixing the detective with a glare.

"No, I will walk myself out.", he said surprised and bowed to the future warden. "Thank you for your help.", he added.

The prisoner and his friend watched the man stroll to the elevator and press the button with slightly too much force, betraying his hidden anger.

"Are you all right, Midoriya-san.", Hitoshi said anxiously as he heard the man release a pained huff, looking up at his friend expectantly.

"I am.", Hisashi replied and placed his hand on the glass in a gesture they have developed over the time of their friendship.

"That's good. Did something happen?", the boy asked aligning his hand with the man, who saw him as more than just a dangerous quirk.

"Hitoshi, who would you like to be?", Hisashi asked changing the topic, and hiding his anguish. In front of him stood a boy, who felt lost in the world he was thrown into. Devoid of purpose and with a powerful weapon at his fingertips, he could quickly turn into a villain. The former hero felt, that if that happened, it would be like losing his son all over again. For months now he felt the glass cell suffocate him, as he wanted to hug Hitoshi and console him.

"I don't know Midoriya-san.", the kid replied looking down but keeping his hand on the glass. "Who can I be except for the warden?", the boy added softly, clenching his free hand into a fist.

"This may sound strange, but you can be anyone, even a cook if you so desire.", Hisashi whispered back, tears blurring his vision as he remembered the green fire that took his family when his quirk manifested and a middle aged woman with steel hair, a soft smile and a pension for giving her prisoners an extra slice of fruit with their lunch later in life. Hisashi watched a single tear slip from Hitoshi's left eye and a small smirk appear on the boy's lips.

Midoriya-san, I couldn't help but overhear that you taught in UA. Would you...", Hitoshi felt the tiny flame in his heart falter for a second just before it burst into a huge roaring blaze of passion. "WOULD YOU HELP ME BECOME A HERO?!", he hollered, stepping closer to the glass and waking a couple of prisoners up.

"With pleasure. But we will need the help of an old acquaintance of mine.", Hisashi replied after a moment of silence, rubbing his tearing up eyes, his trademark 5000W smile back on his face for the first time in seven years.
In her office Jun Shinsou chuckled watching the exchange in front of Drago's cell. For the first time ever had she seen her grandson dead set on something. The cat squirmed in her lap, demanding more petting, but she chose to put it down and meet the detective riding up in the elevator. That man deserved some tough, motherly love and she was ready to give him just that.

Naomasa huffed angrily as he drove up. He got nothing! Going over the meeting with a former UA teacher he remembered the notification he discarded and hastily reached into his pocket. His eyes widened as he read the text from the hero. He was just over on that side of town. He sighed in exasperation and relief. 'At least he is all right.', he thought.

Just then the elevator came to a stop and the doors slid open to reveal the small warden smiling demoniacally.

"Nao-chan, would you mind entertaining me with a cup of hot cocoa in the office?", the granny asked, a mischievous smile playing on her lips. "I would really like to know what it was you were doing, that you haven't dropped in on dear old me.", she hissed out, opening her eyes a fraction and gripping the detective's wrist.

Naomasa paled, he was well aware of what will follow next. Jun Hitoshi was a warden, not only in name but in nature, and in her eyes right now he was but a misbehaving child, who could have undone her precious grandson’s work. The detective swallowed thickly waiting for the berating to start. A hard yank pulled him out of the elevator and into the dimly lit entrance hall.

"You claim to have been busy. Do you know how busy I was? Do you think all those criminals are purse thieves or candy store robbers?", the ancient lady asked, dragging Naomasa along.

"No ma'am.", Tsukauchi replied hurriedly, making sure not to piss off the warden even more.

"Of course not.", the lady affirmed, gripping his wrist more tightly. She was well aware the detective was fouled pretty well and in his state of panic would do anything to assuage her. The truth was, she cared deeply, perhaps even too deeply for every lone soul she met and was well aware the detective had no one that was important to him in that way. It wasn't hard to follow his career and personal life, after all Naomasa was pretty famous in the police force for the way he meticulously conducted his investigations and followed every lead to the very end. "So, now you are going to plant that lovely, round piece of your body where the back loses its honorable name on the chair in my office, while I finish heating everything up.", she said pushing the detective into the cozy room and shutting the door.

"Yes", Naomasa chocked out, and sat down as instructed. His ears burning, at the granny’s compliment.

It was not until Shinsou-sama grilled the detective about every detail of his life that she released him from her clutches. Hitoshi came in somewhere in the middle of the cocoa filled, cavity-inducing interrogation. There was something different about the boy. Naomasa didn’t get to analyze it though because the ancient warden kept on bombarding him with every question possible about his personal life. The detective felt especially tortured when she asked if he was still single and later suggested that maybe he should get together with that Yagi guy, he mentioned so many times. Naomasa was straight as an arrow and that's what he held on to, and explained this as politely as he could to the
older woman, before bolting for the door.

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Standing in the parking lot he pulled out his phone and reread the notification. It was starting to dawn, but he did want to get this sorted out and close the case. The muggers were in the hospital, one was out and about, but they wouldn't find him anyway. But the victim... It was someone young and trained, and now he knew the boy wasn't hurt. Still it could prove a good idea to identify him. In modern days, you never knew if a kid today, was a future hero or a future villain or simply an engineer, a game developer or a doctor. He got into his car and rubbed his tired eyes. Another all-nighter this week and it was barely Thursday, he really was on a downwards slope. Sighing he decided to drive to the nearest police station to fetch himself a proper cup of black, bitter piss that the force dubbed coffee.

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Tensei opened his bleary eyes at the not so gentle ringing of his phone. The alarm clock read 6 AM. "I have had it.", he muttered picking up. He was too tired to even cuss the pest appropriately.

"Whoever you are this better be super important.", Tensei mumbled into the speaker, covering his eyes with his hand.

"This is detective Naomasa Tsukauchi. I wanted to ask about the victim of the mugging. You wrote me a note about that.", an equally tired voice replied from the other end.

"They are fine, fed, sewn up, and asleep, which I heavily suggest you do too.", Tensei huffed bitterly, shifting in his bed.

"Um, thank you for the advice. Could you give me their name though?", Naomasa asked politely. His quirk could not work across the phone, but he hoped that the hero would be helpful.

"I am not his legal guardian, so no.", Tensei yawned. "But I will tell him you called and to reach out to you if he wishes to make a statement.", he added sleepily.

"Thank you. Your help is appreciated.", Naomasa replied curtly and disconnected.

Tensei threw his phone onto the night stand and cussed as his alarm rang barely minutes later. 'Rise and shine. Another day to save the world!', All Might's voice cheered in an endless loop. Tensei sat up and stretched, his tired eyes glaring at the phone. "Yeah, fuck you too.", he muttered turning the alarm off.

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Izuku stirred, it felt warm and far too bright. Also there was someone big he was hugging and the covers smelt foreign, yet nicely familiar. Slowly he remembered the previous day starting with his fight with Komori and ending in falling asleep in Tenya's bed... The boy's eyes flew open, and he noticed a blue worn out Ingenium pajama. Looking up, he saw a peaceful, square jaw, which fell bumping him on the nose gently. Izuku's cheeks flamed. 'When? How? WHAT??!!!', his mind screeched as he slowly pieced together he was held in place by two large arms and his legs were entangled with Tenya's. The exhaust pipes were giving it a nice cool feeling, albeit not solving the situation, just making it more pleasant. In other words scrambling out of this without waking his friend... crush... was a no go. For a moment Izuku started panicking, before he remembered one of Komori's childish wisdoms. 'If you wake up in the same bed with your crush, do make the most of it. You know grope a lot.'. Izuku facepalmed mentally and quickly looked through his options and
chose to run and hopefully die somewhere in peace. Inch by inch he started wriggling out of Tenya's firm grips and was pretty sure he would make it, until his large friend stirred and undid all his efforts hugging him harder. 'I like him, but he is behaving like a giant koala.', Izuku thought and huffed. To his horror the noise made Iida stir and hum something incoherent, then blink twice. The larger boy looked at his little friend's extremely red face and shut his eyes and clenched his jaw, apparently willing for it to be just a dream. After a few moments he reopened them and their look completed a perfectly tortured expression which appeared on his face.

"I am so sorry!! This was very inappropriate of me!", Tenya hollered trying to jump back, but their once again entangled legs allowed him only to roll out of bed and fall onto the floor with a loud thump.

"No, I am!!!", Izuku yelped checking if his friend is not hurt on the floor. Tenya did not waste his time and got up and doubled over. Izuku got up and doubled over too. For a couple of minutes they just stood there apologizing chaotically to one another. Tenya was stricken with horror, that his friend might have caught a whiff of his emotions for him and be disgusted, while Izuku was silently elated his crush hugged him and comforted him so intimately when he was hurt. At the same time he was pretty certain that was absolutely all it was. Their apologetic chorus was interrupted by Tensei barging into the room with bags under his eyes and shushing them.

"Mom and dad are sleeping after their night shift, so shut your mouthes and help me make breakfast if you are up. Also, you", he said pointing at Tenya. "Get Izuku a change of clothes and be a proper host.", and you, he pointed at Izuku "Stop being so flustered. He only hugged you, it's not like you had sex.", he said and regretted it immediately. Both boys paled and then went firetruck red. Tensei stared at them, and then a flash of realization hit him. A smug smile crept onto his lips as he found a new tangent to torment his younger, stiff as a broomstick brother over. "At least you should not be doing that until you are older. But you know, I understand, it is nothing that unusual for two men to be doing that.", he started saying after closing the door gently, taking note of the mortified expression on Izuku's face and a dumbfounded one on his brother's.

"It's not?", Tenya whispered making Tensei's eyes bulge and Izuku feel a rapidly approaching heart attack.

"Sure it isn't. I mean it's not all that common either, still, maybe I should give you both the talk right now. So, before you do anything, proper preparation is...", he started in his sweetest most 'older brother voice', his gaze fleeting between the horrified boys.

"STOP!!!", Tenya and Izuku howled mortified.

"Sure.", Tensei sang devilishly happy, leaving the two boys to figure out exactly what just transpired.

For a moment the two stared each other down. In Tenya's case it was mostly glaring at blobs of color, so to fix his perception of reality, he walked over to the nightstand and shakily put on his glasses. Izuku looked about ready to have a stroke, so the larger boy tried remediying the situation as best as he could.

"I am sorry, if I disturbed you.", he started and felt his throat go dry at the lie. "I just, wanted, to show you it was going to be all right and that I am here from you.", he added raising his hands. To his dismay Izuku visibly calmed down. The smaller boy felt a cold hand grab his heart, realization that this was purely a friendly gesture.

"Thank you Iida-kun.", Izuku mumbled, giving Tenya his 5000W smile. "I was not disturbed. It was kind of nice.", he added softly with a small hope that maybe Tenya would repeat the gesture from
"Tenya. I think after yesterday's ordeal and this morning we are slightly past formalities.", the larger boy said, his wild gestures coming back as the nervousness left.

"Yeah I-Tenya. Call me Izuku then.", the green haired boy smiled again, nearly knocking his friend out. Tenya swore he could feel butterflies in his stomach as they descended the stairs heading for the kitchen and for the first time he was not worried about the little bugs at all, dead set on getting his friend to fall for him.

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Somewhere in the city a detective snored contently, resting his head on the desk littered with paperwork.

Elsewhere a boy with red spiked hair was instructing his yellow haired friend on doing a proper bench press.

In prison a warden was adding some bacon to an old friend's breakfast.

And Komori was having the laugh of his life listening in through his young apprentice's hacked phone, at how flustered and oblivious the boy could get.

A blue haired insomniac boy dialed a number given to him by his only friend.

Komori's phone rang.

"Midoriya-san said that you can help me become a hero.", an unfamiliar voice emerged from the receiver. Komori drew in a deep breath.

Chapter End Notes

Hope you liked it!

So more new characters ;) as you may have noticed family issues play a big role here. Aiko Shinsou, by day, a lovely old granny in a flowery dress, who like doting on her grandson, by day. By night a feared, respected and loved warden of Japan's most secure prison.

Also I read up a bit of manga and I simply adore Shinsou, there is this hidden passion to him and I hope to touch on that later.

If I could draw (which sadly I suck at badly), you would get this nice little art of Tenya hugging a flustered Izuku ;)

Next time: The new apprentice, a dynamic duo, a connection is found.
Care enough to act

Chapter Summary

Listening to your elders?
Overrated

Chapter Notes

Hi, I split this chapter into three smaller ones, because it turned out plain simple too long.
Hope you like it!

See the end of the chapter for more notes

Hitoshi Shinsou, a boy his apprentice's age had apparently come into contact with Hisashi. What more, his friend must have given the youngster Komori's phone number wanting to mutely ask for another favor this way. Morisuke felt anxiety boil in his stomach, it could be a trap for all they knew despite their best efforts to scout out the terrain and people involved. They didn't manage to find much, but apparently one Hitoshi Shinsou, descendant of Jun Shinsou, was already training to be a prison guard. Further more, his quirk was classified, which could mean that it was either very dangerous, highly problematic or most likely a combination of both. Outside of that, he bore no extraordinary characteristics, except for strange love for cats. Ultimately they decided that Hitoshi must have met and befriended Hisashi in prison, since Izuku knew his father was arrested and Komori had seen no escape reports filed.

After much negotiating they agreed to a meeting where both Izuku and Morisuke, would be present. The apprentice tried pressuring his master into an undercover interrogation before the meeting, but Komori remained unbent, furthermore the old hero expressly forbid it. But the green haired imp still went and snooped around anyway.

Finding Shinsou's IP address wasn't very difficult and from there Izuku traced where the boy lived. The apprentice noticed a while ago, that somehow people got so concerned with everyday threats from villains that they completely neglected threats coming from the web. Izuku dyed his hair ginger, put some powder on his face to cover his freckles, took a white cane used by the blind to move around and black shades to cover his eyes. He felt he looked like a completely different person, albeit still short and graced with a supernova-bright smile, sitting in the park waiting for his target to pass by him. Earlier that day he had planted a tracking bug in the other boy's phone and he knew for a fact that Hitoshi was approaching, the pauses between vibrations of his smart phone shortening.

Izuku spread his arms out, lazily basking in the afternoon glow. He looked around cautiously and noticed two boys training in an open air gym. One had flaming red hair, gelled up in numerous spikes. He was wearing a tight muscle shirt, and Izuku had to admit it outlined his silhouette spectacularly. The disguised youngster cursed his distracting thoughts and eyed the other trainee. He was much leaner, but was slowly building muscles and seemed to enjoy the company more than the workout by chatting up the redhead. Izuku was jostled from his thoughts as a tall, blue haired, tired
looking youngster walked in front of him, the phone in his pocket vibrating without even the shortest pause. Taking in a deep breath and deactivating the tracking program, he got up to follow, sweeping the ground in front of him with his cane just like Komori taught him to mimic a blind person.

He followed the blue mane of hair, slowly gaining on him as to not draw attention. Izuku kept his gaze somewhere in front, head fixed firmly in place. When Hitoshi was finally within his cane's reach he bumped him on the leg with one of the sweeping motions and pretended to just slightly loose balance. The blue haired boy caught him by his left arm, stabilizing him and preventing a well acted fall.

"Oh, I am so sorry.", Izuku apologized, gripping Shinsou's forearm and forcing a lost expression on his face.

"Not a problem.", the tired boy responded, letting go off the unseeing boy's arm. From behind the shades Izuku analyzed Shinsou. There were heavy, dark bags under his eyes and his hair was gelled up, giving him a couple of inches extra. He was taller than Izuku anyhow and the orange haired boy felt a prickle of envy. He noticed how Shinsou's eyes skipped to his white cane, which he gripped more tightly, slightly ashamed at the lie. "Can I help you?", Hitoshi sighed, and massaged his neck.

Izuku smiled brightly. "I think I might have gotten lost. I was to meet a friend at the park, but they didn't show up and now I have to get to the train station. I might have taken a wrong turn somewhere or maybe I misheard the navigation.", he rambled, blushing slightly at the helpless blind persona he was playing. He felt his hands sweat slightly more at the lie.

"I have some time. Can I show you to the station? My name is Hitoshi Shinsou.", the boy answered and reached for Izuku's hand, stopping inches before touching it. "I will now move your arm to grab mine.", he added, making sure not to frighten the blind boy. Izuku's eyebrows shot up, as he was stricken with Shinsou's kindness, there was something familiar and sad to it.

"If it won't be an inconvenience to you.", Izuku replied smiling and gripping Hitoshi's arm more tightly. He was surprised how thin yet pleasantly cool it was. "My name is...", he stopped suddenly, shocked he hadn't thought of such a simple thing, and coughed to cover up the mishap. "Hinata Shoyou.", he huffed out as a the name of a red haired character of an old manga he read at his master's hideout came to his mind.

"Very well, Hinata-kun. The train station isn't far.", Shinsou said, rubbing his face, and pulling Izuku along slowly.

The boys were sitting on a bench maybe a street away from the station making small talk, when he felt Hitoshi's mood shift.

"Hinata-kun, do you think someone who's quirk is not suited to heroics can still become a hero?", Shinsou queried, his face unreadable and took a swig of his canned black coffee.

"Shinsou-kun, I think anyone can be a hero.", he answered truthfully for the first time throughout their meeting.
"You do?", Shinsou asked incredulous, the can stopping halfway to his mouth, his eyes wide in surprise.

Izuku took a drink of his mango juice and answered, with a wild smile. "Sure, once people looked to heroes who didn't have powers, like the ones now do. Sometimes it is just a simple act of caring enough to act.", he answered, recalling the comics that Komori gave him as a child and his admiration for Batman, Green Arrow and Iron Man. He noticed how much like the former his life was now and smiled to himself.

Shinsou seemed to immerse himself in his thoughts, pondering what his blind companion said. The blue haired boy looked at the white cane sadly, and sighed. "What a shame you are blind.", he said softly and Izuku flinched. Shock surged through him, as he understood Shinsou didn't mind his lack of quirk.

"Why? Am I not quirkless?", Izuku whispered into the warm afternoon air, gripping the can more tightly. The weird looks most people gave him still burned into his memory.

Shinsou shrugged, but remembered quickly the boy couldn't see that. "Quirk or no, I think, more people could do with your way of thinking is all.", he answered, running his fingers through the blue mane on his head. A silence followed only broken by the noise of a stray car or a hiss of cat in an alley close by. Both boys mulled over the other's words, Izuku frowning and Hitoshi gazing at the blue sky.

"Why do you think that your quirk is not very heroic?", Izuku pried breaking the soft mood, trying to get the boy to open up, rolling the can in his hands, his cane resting between his legs.

"Can't tell. Grandma asked me not to. Simply most people run the moment they find out what it is.", the boy answered, swirling his drink.

"Well I can't run. Not without hitting a lamp post on my way.", Izuku mused and giggled, his fingers tapping an Irish rhythm on the half empty can.

They sat in silence for a moment, Hitoshi apparently determined to keep his secret and Izuku resigned to his defeat.

"You know without villains there wouldn't be heroes.", the disguised boy mused with a mocking expression. 'Without light we wouldn't know darkness.', he heard Komori's voice in his head.

Hitoshi chuckled nervously and threw his can into the trash bin. Izuku drank deeply and held out his own, asking mutely for help. The blue haired boy obliged.

They walked to the train station in silence, Izuku humming a happy melody, content that Shinsou turned out to be all right, not some psycho or a villain. At the same time he felt anticipation at the thought that Komori is going to scold and punish him over his insubordination. Wishing Shinsou good night, he felt excitement flow through his veins. If he was right, this was going to be a very interesting meeting.

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"Izuku, what lovely orange locks you have.", Komori hummed, catching the boy sprinting to the bathroom by the back of his shirt.

Izuku felt color drain from his face, at the fact that he was found out. Worse yet, he was discovered from behind, something Komori thought a novice's mistake. He tried to wrench free, but the man's iron grip held him firmly in place.
Komori spun his rascal of an apprentice around, and noticed the white cane sticking out of the cargo pants and lack of the abundant freckles. "And where oft to might have you been in this dashing outfit?", he queried, grinning wildly and picking the boy up off the ground.

"I-i was out...", Izuku stammered out, waving his arms wildly, desperately searching for any, even the most bizarre, excuse.

"My, my, so cute.", Komori drawled at his flustered apprentice. "Insubordination, not checking your six, missing a spot on the back with the paint, and finally blatant hacking of my database.", the white haired hero counted, ticking his fingers for emphasis.

"You taught me that last one.", Izuku yelped, grasping for anything to defend his honor with.

"I taught you not to leave traces.", the hero answered, his face turning into a mischievous mask. "Hack the database, properly this time. You will do the first sword kata one hundred times and then one hundred suicides.", Komori hummed, content with the severity and noticed how Izuku's features relaxed visibly.

"That's not so bad.", the boy wheezed and wiped his brow.

"You are using the weighted sword, five kilogram one.", Komori added, hoisting his apprentice over his arm and laughing maniacally, while walking towards the training room with the squirming boy.

"But we have that meeting tomorrow!", the apprentice protested, trying to break free.

"Yeah, and if you are not done by then you are not going.", the hero said putting the boy down in front of the weapons rack. "And if you did find out anything interesting, you would have told me right away, wouldn't you?", Komori asked rhetorically. "Happy training, I am going out.", he hummed, opening the cabinet holding a black armor.

Chapter End Notes

Shinsou's back, back again :) and what a lovely well behaved boy he is.

Hope you enjoyed it!
Chapter Summary

A rickety ramen place,
a badass grandma,
an unexpected letter.

Chapter Notes

Part two of this week's chapter.

Enjoy!

See the end of the chapter for more notes.

Komori and Izuku pulled up in front of the meeting spot that was set by the man and Shinsou. They were ahead of time and the hero decided to relax for a couple of minutes to some lively Irish beat, while his student finished napping contently, his punishment from last night taking its toll. Izuku was shaken awake by Komori's gloved hand gently tapping his shoulder.

They got out and inspected the meeting place, he was sure his mentor bugged thoroughly yesterday. It was a small ramen restaurant chosen by Hitoshi and his grandmother, who was to be present as his legal guardian. To their surprise her quirk was also classified and being well into her eighties, she worked diligently as a prison guard.

Komori put on one of his best suit, which was a rarity. It was burgundy with black touches and by now Izuku knew, that the better the suit, the more weaponry, gadgets and other utensils it held. Komori also took care to quickly put together a simpler version of formal ware for his student. It consisted of a vest, tie, emerald shirt and gray pants. It hid a couple of smoke and flash bombs, some thin albeit extremely durable rope, two batons, he made especially for the boy and some throwing knives. To Komori this was like going out there naked, especially since only the vest was bulletproofed, but his apprentice insisted it was more than enough. They discussed protocol and what do in case something went south, despite the hero's absolute certainty nothing is going to go wrong, but it was better to be safe than sorry.

"It looks old.", Izuku mused, his tired eyes analyzing every detail of the building. "And rickety.", he added, flexing his fingers. He didn't know why he was nervous, he just met Shinsou yesterday and the boy seemed like someone who cared enough for others to be a great hero.

"Nonsense my apprentice. It has just got character.", Komori replied waving the boy's concerns away.

"You said the same things about mummies.", Izuku huffed under his nose, rubbing his eyes, acutely aware that his teacher heard him and chose to ignore the comment.

They walked to the door slowly. The apprentice looking around, covering the terrain around them,
while the hero focused on the door ahead of him, his arms ready to draw the daggers hidden in his sleeves. Komori pushed against the door which gave way, letting the noisy atmosphere spill out onto the pavement. They moved into the busy room quickly, the boy closing the door right behind them, and standing sideways to immediately react to someone barging in.

Komori looked around. The guests were of all ways of life. There were businessman, farmers a couple of off duty policeman, he recognized from his files, drinking merrily in the corner. To his surprise he also spotted one of Japan's top food critics. For a few moments he took in the noisy, well lit room in all its aromatic, noisy appearance. He was shaken out of his thoughts when a movement in the corner of his vision forced him back to reality. A rather tall, red haired boy with a scar above his left eye was running towards them. There was cloth wrapped around his forehead and a white apron tied around his waist. The hero checked if his apprentice was keeping watch on the door and was not disappointed to find Izuku following his guidelines.

"What can I serve you today?", the teenager asked, the ends of his headband waving in the invisible wind, making Komori quirk an eyebrow at the almost cinematic effect.

"Beef udon for me, and katsudon for my little friend, here.", Komori answered, smiling tight lipped and gesturing to Izuku.

"It will be out in ten minutes. Your friends are already waiting by that table in the corner.", the young man answered invitingly, gesturing towards a table hidden from view. They followed his instruction and Komori noticed there were indeed two people sitting there. They approached cautiously, Izuku's eyes darting continuously over all points of escape just like Komori taught him. The man watching their interlocutors and other guests in front of him like a hawk, ready for any trick they might pull.

The woman was the first to notice them. She was old, even ancient, her grey hair was pinned into a neat bun, and her smile reminded Izuku of his mother. "Oh, goody, you are here.", she said getting up and nudging the boy with her in the ribs. Her companion got up, he was wearing a nice orange plaid shirt, and his hair was gelled up, the bags under his eyes seemingly more prominent than yesterday. The woman wore a blue and yellow flowery dress, which completed the nice-old-granny look perfectly.

"It is a pleasure, my name is Oikawa Tooru and this is my companion Iwaizumi Hajiime. We are honored to meet you.", Komori lied without skipping a beat and bowing deeply, leaving Izuku to watch the old lady, as the boy bowed significantly less. The apprentice nearly snorted hearing his teacher pulling the trick he used yesterday.

"Oh, the pleasure is all mine Oikawa-san and Iwaizumi-kun.", the lady replied, and bowed ever so slightly. She could tell the man in front of her was lying, lying very well, but lying none the less, she had about 80 years of practice at that, but there was something endearing about the gentlemanly introduction. Jun was also very surprised by how well dressed he was, than again there were weirder things in this world than a man properly clothed.

"May we take a seat?", Komori asked politely, gesturing to the free seats.

"Seems like he is going to do all the talking. Maybe the green haired lad is his student?" The warden wondered as her grandson simply eyed the strangers with fire in his eyes and a spark of what seemed like recognition. "Feel free to do so.", she answered stepping back and sitting down. The men scooted into the small booth, the youngsters sitting face to face and eyeing one another intently. "My name is Jun Shinsou and this handsome lad is my grandson Hitoshi.", she said gesturing over to the boy. "And I am here as his legal guardian.", the old lady said smiling apologetically. "He has something important to tell you Oikawa-san.", she added deciding to play along with the little lie. As a warden, her personal details were omitted from public records and she was simply listed as one of
the guards. Using her long list of connections she already knew that the man sitting in front of her was no other then Morisuke Komori, S-ranked, government employed hero. Shed didn't know however who the boy was.

The blue haired youngster looked troubled for a minute as though he was not prepared to speak. He rubbed his hands together nervously until he saw the boy in front of him smile brightly, giving him hidden encouragement. "In short, over the last year I befriended Hisashi Midoriya-san, and we talked a lot.", the boy paused noticing how the shorter boy in front of him eyed him disbelievingly, the radiant smile gone as quickly as it appeared.

"Go on please Shinsou-kun.", the man urged politely, before his grandma ever got a chance to.

"When I said I wanted to be hero, he gave me your number and said to remind you about experiment thirty two. That's all.", the boy finished, rubbing his palms together again. He failed to notice how the man's hands curled on the table's edges until his knuckles went white and the quizzical look thrown his way by the youngster.

"And how, are we to believe all of this. We can't talk to Midoriya-san, neither is there any other testament to his words.", Komori queried slowly, well aware that either Hisashi was already dead, or nearly dad, or actually sent that boy, which he really hoped was the case.

The ancient warden, pulled out a package of letters eying both the man and the boy on the other side of the table. The lad looked very similar to Hisashi. There was this determined look on his face, the little freckles dotting his nose and cheeks and the bushy hair. She untied the thin black string holding the letters together and took the one from the top, turning it towards the man.

"I am very sorry, for my soon to be committed transgression, Oikawa-san.", she said catching the man off guard. He locked eyes with her, his face taut with tension. The granny smiled warmly and instructed, activating her quirk. "Please tell me Mori-kun, who is your little friend sitting next to you.

Komori flinched as he felt cold claws dig into his mind. He tried fighting, as he clenched his hands on the sides of the table, his will gradually broken and sweat slowly beading on his forehead. The hero felt, Izuku's worried gaze, and noticed how the boy's hand reached slowly into the pocket of his gray pants to retrieve two darts imbued with injectors of a potent tranquilizer. The table creaked dangerously as the man struggled using his enhanced strength.

"That's... Izuku... Midoriya...", Komori grunted unable to hold back from following the command and feeling immediately relieved. Izuku pulled out two darts and raised his hand ready to protect his master and incapacitate the old lady, as bad as he felt about that, and the tired looking boy in front of him.

"Hey, Midoriya-kun, please we mean no harm.", the boy suddenly called startling Izuku and gathering his attention.

"Sure you don't.", Izuku raised his hand ready to throw the darts, but it was caught by his mentor. "Komori-san?!", the boy asked astounded as the grip tightened making him release the darts, his teacher caught nimbly and pocketed before they stuck the table.

"Izuku-kun, I think our little jig is up.", Komori said with a half-smile, looking his tense apprentice over. "Besides if they wanted us dead, then the lady, would already have us dead.", he added thoughtfully, letting him go.

Izuku massaged his wrist gently, looking at the slowly forming bruise. 'Pain is the best teacher ain't
"So, now that you have figured out we were lying perhaps we can make proper introductions.", Komori stated rising to his feet stiffly. Izuku followed, knowing full well the emphasis his mentor placed on good manners. They both bowed deeply and upon straightening the hero continued. "My name is Morisuke Komori, I am a hero S-classed, employed by the government. And this is my apprentice Izuku Midoriya. It is a pleasure to meet you.", Komori finished and they sat down, Izuku's analytical look unwavering. Hitoshi stared at them in shock, while Jun hummed content with her display of insight and the results it got her.

Just then the red headed chef silently crept up on them, four big bowls spread out on his hands. "Mobu tofu, also known as Hell's Gate for Shinsou-sama, Omu-rice Indian style for Shinsou-kun, Katsudon for Iwaizumi-kun and beef udon for Okiawa-sama. Have a good meal.", the teenager placed the bowls on the table, bowed and sped away to give his customers some privacy.

"Shall we?", Komori asked as he and Izuku sat down, bowed over the meal and started eating. The man silently and with utmost dignity, the boy with loud slurps of satisfaction. The Shinsous stared at them in disbelief for a few moments before committing to their meals. For a couple minutes there was complete silence as the flavors exploded all around them. It was true the restaurant was run down and known only to the regulars and the select few culinary critics well known in Japan, but it was the house of a secret and bewildering quirk. The red headed chef was known as Flavors Master. He was no hero, because what can you do with a quirk which enhances the flavor of any dish you make. He was a culinary genius, who at the ripe age of fourteen he took over his father's restaurant and ran it with utmost care.

"So, Shinsou-sama, I was under the impression you had something for me, before this phenomenal display of power.", Komori broke the silence, smiling and looking the warden straight in the eye to the woman's surprise. The man didn't want to show weakness, and by now was confident they weren't in any danger, despite the vibrations he felt coming from Izuku. The woman put down her chopsticks noticing how from above his bowl, Midoriya-kun was analyzing her and her grandson non to discreetly. She pulled out the letter and handed it to Komori.

The hero looked at it, shocked. The envelope was addressed in beautiful green handwriting. "To my dearest friend Morisuke.", he muttered reading, opening the envelope gingerly. Within it was a short letter. Some letters were blurred as though drops of water, tears, spilled on the ink.

Dear Friend,

I hope this letter finds you in good health. As you know I have been arrested and I am currently held in the most secure location possible. There isn't much to do here, so I started writing letters to my family, but to no avail. I am sure you will be allowed to reply, is my family all right? How is Izuku doing? I humbly ask, you provide some pictures, it would make me very happy. Is my son growing up to be a fine man? I understand that our former employer would mind you visiting me and I am not mad.

Now to get to the point. I am writing you to ask for a favor. I know I am running low on those, but don't blame me, for I am a weak man. While in isolation I nearly went insane, but luckily there was someone who pulled me back from the abyss. His name is Hitoshi Shinsou, he is a boy of Izuku's age. I gave him your number in hopes that he will not loose sight of who he wants to be and that you will be able to help him achieve his dreams. He wants to be a hero, he wants to be respected, and he wants to be loved, despite the dangerous quirk he wields. Please train him, to the best of your effort. Please help him like you are helping my son.

If you see my son or my wife, tell them I love them, with all my heart. Also tell Inko that if she
wishes to, she can remarry. She is not my slave, she is a free and gentle woman, who deserves happiness.
Sincerely,
Hisashi Midoriya

PS.: I hope you managed to at least dye your hair and put in some contacts before meeting my son.

Komori looked up and noticed three puzzled gazes resting on him as he folded the letter and placed it back in the envelope gently. There were waves of different emotions crashing within his heart, but he bottled them up and decided to remain professional.

"I will train Hitoshi, as per Midoriya-san's request.", he said slowly and articulately. The remaining people at the table stared at him in a mixture of disbelief, awe and anticipation. "But there is very little time left, so he would have to come live with me, also this may be taxing physically and psychologically.", the man warned, showing his palms in gesture of complete honesty. This would mean the last room in the living quarters was going to go, but somehow he didn't mind.

"That's all right.", Hitoshi answered, his gaze unwavering, his tone sure. "But I would still like to spend at least a couple of afternoons, at the prison. I want to pay back Midoriya-san, for his kindness and this chance.", the boy added a small smile on his lips. He failed to notice how at the mention of his father Izuku's gaze shifted to him and then to a pile of letters. The green haired boy's thoughts raced a mile a minute. Maybe now he could actually write his father? Why didn't his father write him? Happiness and anger mixed in his heart as he felt his free hand clench into a fist. He eyed the remaining letters lying on the table. All in the same gray envelopes, all addresses written with the same green ink and unreadable at this angle.

"Izuku-kun. I have something for you too.", Shinsou-sama said quietly and pushed the remaining letters towards Izuku startling the lad. The boy's heart skipped a beat as he took the paper envelopes into his hands. In beautiful, albeit faded writing, covered with a red stamp 'return to the sender', he could read 'To my dearest son'. He muttered those words, a small sob escaping his throat. His shoulders shook involuntarily, and a large hand was placed on his back rubbing it soothingly.

"My boy, we have something to finish here.", Komori whispered softly into his ear, as their guests stared at the affectionate gesture. Hitoshi in surprise and Jun with fondness. She saw how much the green haired boy missed his father, and how much like one the hero behaved. She scowled slightly, remembering how her own son abandoned Hitoshi, but waved the thoughts away, endeared by the show of genuine parental love.

Izuku rubbed his eyes with his sleeve, leaving wet marks on them and took deep breaths to calm down. A few moments later, his analytical, albeit much saddened gaze was back, the letters stuffed into the inside pocket of his vest.

Komori breathed deeply, the meal long forgotten despite it's delicacy. "Hitoshi-kun, if I may call you that. I can see you have not been training physically, so that will be a problem. What about your quirk?", the man asked straight forward.

"It's similar to my grandmother's.", Hitoshi answered enigmatically looking up at her as she nodded with approval. "If you respond to my sentence verbally, I can use my quirk to gain complete control over you.", he added and looked down in anticipation, ready for the hero to retract his offer or his strangely familiar apprentice to draw another knife.

"Have you tested its limits?", Komori inquired folding his arms and noticing Izuku's interested look.

Hitoshi let out a breath he didn't realize he was holding and looked up. "Yes, a bit, I need to activate
it within five seconds of the response, also I don't need a line of sight, just the voice of the person, but the distance must be no greater than fifty meters. The target must also be able to hear the response. So there is a number of limitations.", the boy answered looking Komori in the red pulsing eyes.

"Have you tried using it over the phone?", Izuku asked out of the blue. "And have you tried using it on multiple targets at once?", the boy continued with a thoughtful expression.

"No, and yes. Keeping control over more than three is still difficult though.", Hitoshi answered eagerly, keeping his disbelief hidden. He was pretty sure he saw the unruly mop of hair and plain face somewhere, but could not match it to anyone.

"All right. Now let's eat. Otherwise Soma-kun is going to be very sad, we might have not liked his food.", the warden cut in and started again on her tofu. The men followed, delight painted on their faces. Komori looked at his two students now, and wondered what it was Hisashi saw in the blue haired boy. At the same time he felt deep sorrow. Over the years he has taught a number of heroes, but he had only had a couple of apprentices and they all died a hero's death, out on the battlefield, saving people, making the world a safer place. And he sincerely really hoped, that this time his apprentices could live to see old age.

Jun looked at her grandson discreetly. There was something different about him, the new sense of purpose, flaming under his skin, making the ever disappointed expression once again smug and hopeful. And she was happy, her grandson finally found a path for himself, and even if it was not with her, it made her days slightly warmer and her getting a nice old gentlemanly date slightly easier. She failed to notice the interested looks the younger man across from her kept sanding her.

In his head Izuku was putting together a training regimen for his new acquaintance, desperately bottling up his emotions regarding the letters. Shinsou's quirk was not very suited for combat with anything but humans, but properly used could be very strong for negotiating and creating openings to use in a fight. Basically that left hand to hand combat out, too quick and too engaging to get a response out of professional fighters. 'But maybe a weapon which could keep a person in check and talking to avoid the strike?', Izuku thought about his escrima sticks, still too close. The boy looked up at Hitoshi who was patiently eating his omu-rice and eying Komori.

"How do you feel about archery?", Izuku asked, a smug smile on his face. Komori looked at his apprentice and chuckled fondly, he too was thinking along those lines.

"I guess I will soon feel very well about it.", Hitoshi replied with a smirk. His grandma hummed in approval.

The hero, smiled contently watching a friendship being born, as the boys smiled at one another. Shinsou felt, his hope finally turning into something tangible.

Chapter End Notes

I hope you enjoyed this!

I decided to start placing some "guest" characters from other anime/manga if no side BNHA characters are making an appearence.

Also what could go wrong if you are not respecting Jun Shinsou? ;)
Pretty soon you will understand why archery :)

Chapter Summary

Can a letter hurt?

Chapter Notes

Part three of this week's chapter.

Enjoy!

See the end of the chapter for more notes

Returning home the letters felt heavy in Izuku's pocket. Komori asked him to keep the clothes, since they may come in handy for 'special occasions', and he got a couple of spares made along with those anyway. They talked about the letters, but his mentor said it is not his place to stand between a son and a father, effectively leaving the boy with no advice for the first time in his life. For the second time in barely a week the boy felt completely lost.

"How was the meeting honey?", his mom asked coming into the hallway as he toed of his elegant shoes. "My do you look handsome so dressed up. Girls are going to kill each other over you.", she cooed combing her hands through her son's unruly hair. Izuku blushed and chuckled, flustered to the point of forgetting about his father's letters for a few moments. He did not exactly tell anyone that he had little interest in girls, he liked them as friends but there was never anything romantic involved. On the other hand boys were a whole other story, especially his broad shouldered, tall, dark haired friend.

"Well, I guess I will have someone new to train with.", Izuku answered absentmindedly. His thoughts weighed down by the papers hidden in his pocket again and the realization they never talked about the topic of his father gone. "I'll be in my room.", he added running up the stairs, disappearing from his mother's sight before she could figure out that something was off.

Izuku shut his doors and loosened his tie. He took out the letters and placed them gingerly on his bed, then started undressing. He changed into comfortable shorts and a green tshirt and set cross legged on his bed. The house was silent, but he felt like the pieces of paper hollered his name. He waited patiently for his mother to leave for the night shift before opening them.

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The boy plucked up his courage and shakily took the first one from the top and stared at it intently. "I can't do it, he mumbled.", throwing it back on the pile haphazardly and covering his face with his hands, feeling the hot tears of helplessness stream down his cheeks. He sniffled and wiped his face clean, reaching for his phone. Izuku flipped through his highly limited list of contacts. For a moment he eyed Tenya's number in hesitation. The images from a couple nights back of him covered in dried blood scrolled through his mind slowly, torturing him with the understanding that he can't depend on his friend and crush forever, as he pulled at his hair. Izuku pulled up Tenya's location on his tracking
program. His crush was at home, probably studying at the late hours. Sighing he turned his phone off and mentally slapped himself for his stalker like behavior. The boy looked back to the pile of letters and picked up the one he threw away.

His face was twitching and his palms were clammy as he held it for a couple of minutes, the green handwriting mocking him. "Arghh!", Izuku huffed, ripping the envelope open, and opening a small paper cut on his finger. The boy hissed and sucked on it to ease the pain. He stared at the folded piece of paper, which fell out, lying on the bed limply. There was a mixture of fury, fear and anticipation swirling in his head and gut. Taking a stuttering breath Izuku reached and in one swift movement, before he could change his mind, opened the letter and started reading.

My dear son. (Izuku's eyes pricked, but the boy rubbed at them with the cut hand)

Of all my letters I was promised this one would reach you no matter what. Izuku, I do not know what you look like, I do not know what your passions are and if you are still aiming to become a hero, but I want to tell you I love you so much. I love you so much, that this glass cell seems to suffocate me day by day. For all I know, I am not the best father. In my last moments of freedom, I tried to help you attain your dream and pleaded with my friend to take you under his wing. I have no knowledge as to his complacency with my request. Never the less I believe you have found a way to fulfill your dream and will become a great hero.

Izuku felt his vision blur and clutched the tshirt over his heart at the sudden stab of pain. He missed his father, he missed him so much it hurt. He treated Komori like the dad he so desperately wanted, but this was real. He wiped his eyes, forcing the tears back and letting out a dry sob read on.

As I hope you were not aware until now, I am imprisoned. I am currently serving a twenty five years sentence, with the hope of shortening it to fifteen years for good behavior. This would mean, that the first time we would see each other again you would be a grown man, and I only a small flicker in you memories. (Visible tear marks followed, blurring the next sentence.)

The letters I sent you never came back and the guards didn't tell me what happened to them. In my frustration I concluded it was a scheme amongst them to punish me. I hope I was wrong. Over the years I sent you letters of encouragement and hope to see you again. I miss you so much my boy. I know I failed as a father, to a great extent, being absent when you needed me.

I hope you managed to meet and train with Komori and that you have not given up hope. I truly believe that if anyone can be a hero, that is you.

I love you, my son.

Izuku reread the letter a couple of times until his field of vision was but a blurry blob. The boy put it down gently, and felt warm streams flow down his face. Covering his mouth the boy howled in anguish. The feeling of loss was so overwhelming Izuku felt his very soul was ripped apart that evening. He howled once again, his bawls echoing in the empty home, he grew to hate over the years, seeing only happy memories long gone. Izuku curled up on his bed crying, hearing the letter in his thoughts in what he thought was his father's voice. He fought his way, through chocking hysteria, the voices of people he loved mixing in his head into an incoherent blur. When he finally regained control over himself it was nearing midnight. He picked up the next letter off the top of the pile and took a deep breath. Somehow a huge weight has lifted from his chest, even though his head was still a mess.

This was going to be a long night.

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In classes Izuku couldn't focus. It was the last lesson of the day and in about two hours he would be meeting his mentor and Shinsou for their daily study and training sessions. His thoughts were a jumble of letters his father sent him over the years and he never received. He felt tears slowly creeping their way to his eyes, but blinked them back with as much self-control as he could muster, for probably the hundredth time this day. It got to the point, where Izuku made conscious effort to actually avoid his only friend, not wanting to burden him more than necessary.

The teacher was musing about some basic maths and everyone but him took notes. Then again, he did that rarely, due to the fact he already knew most if not all of the material thanks to Komori's tutelage. What Izuku failed to notice was his friend's worried looks.

Tenya glanced at Izuku for what seemed like a hundredth time this hour. His friend was sitting with his eyes downcast, the green mane of hair hiding his face. Izuku didn't even seem to make an effort to follow the lesson today and Iida was really worried. This has never happened before, not even on the Monday following their bloody encounter. The boy huffed under his breath, eliciting an irritated look from their blond haired, former gang member teacher.

"Is something bothering you Iida-san?", the man scoffed, giving the class representative a look fitting a delinquent more than a teacher.

"No, absolutely not Sir.", Tenya answered quickly blushing at being disciplined. The class laughed and the teacher barked at them to shut up before continuing the lecture.

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"Izuku!", Tenya yelled running after his friend. The boy turned, fixing his friend with a tired, half conscious, yet calculating gaze. As Tenya caught up they started walking slowly towards the train station. "Izuku is something bothering you?", Iida asked making a chopping motion.

The smaller boy pondered the answer for a minute. He was hesitating between four options, confirming, denying, going in for an inappropriate, probably easily rejected hug and making a silent disappearance, his latest and favorite trick. Apparently today his heart decided to take charge of his body, as he pulled Tenya into the nearest alley. "What are you?", the dark haired boy started, but was cut off as Midoriya hugged him tightly, nuzzling his face into Tenya's wide chest. "Izuku?", he asked softly.

"Shhh...", the boy replied, too tired to explain himself. He was about ready to let go when a thick pair of arms wrapped themselves gently around him. Izuku felt relief wash over him, as Tenya massaged circles on his back and ruffled his hair. Tears spilled from his eyes involuntarily wetting the taller boy's uniform and making his ears burn with embarrassment. He stood there shaking in sobs, reliving last night and all the letters his father sent him as Tenya patiently waited for him to calm down.

"Izuku, can we talk?", the larger boy asked, not breaking the hug. Iida felt something hurt in his chest while watching his little friend he lo-liked so much cry. "You need to say something, or I can't help you.", he urged, not stopping any of the comforting gestures.

"I-i-i...", Izuku's voice hitched as he hugged Iida more tightly. "My father wrote me from prison.", Izuku sobbed. "He is not abroad. And I-i-i miss him so much.", Izuku choked out, his hands bunching the back of Tenya's uniform as his friend stood like pillar supporting him. The shorter boy felt his legs turn to jelly as he spilled one of his biggest secrets to his best friend, whom he was falling more in love with, who's disappearance would break him.

"It's all right.", Tenya tried calming his friend, burying his face in the shorter boy's hair. It smelled of
mint, despite the hot day. "Why didn't you tell me?", he queried lifting Izuku's face to gaze into his emerald eyes he lo-liked so much.

"I was scared, that you would leave.", he answered hiding his face again, completing his emotional harakiri and feeling like the last pathetic fool.

"You are not a quirk, I told you that already and I haven't left then. You are not your father and so I won't leave now. You are your own person Izuku. It's your actions that define you and I will happily stay by you.", Tenya said, his cheeks reddening as he nearly confessed to his little friend. The larger boy failed to notice a small smile light up his friend's face as the tears stopped flowing.

Chapter End Notes

Hope you liked it!

So more angst, uhh... I just seems to can't stop making poor little Izuku suffer. Well, I guess it's the hardships that shape a man.

Also, Iida and his heart two sizes too large.

Next time:
There is nothing better than a birthday date.

Stay tuned! Keep calm and hero on!
'This is ridiculous.', Tenya's unfocused mind buzzed as he took down some complex formula that their blond haired, ex-gang leader teacher wrote on the board. 'A whole year!', he hollered internally, pressing the pencil to the paper with too much force and grunting with irritation as the lead gave way and broke. He leaned back, closing his eyes and sighed deeply catching the teacher's attention.

"Iida-san, I also don't like it here, but I am not huffing at least.", the man scolded not bothering to turn his back.

"Apologies sensei.", Tenya mumbled and got back to his thoughts. It had been nearly a year since he stumbled onto his friend bleeding all over the floor of a local convenience store. And that faithful night something settled in his chest, a small, bright fire of affection perhaps? Then came the time of Izuku's second break down and he concluded that he is most likely infatuated with the green haired imp and ever since then he started acting more forwardly. In the beginning it were small things like walking Izuku to the train station, carrying his backpack, sharing lunch at the desk or on the roof during breaks. As time passed, and of course with the green haired mischief-maker's permission, he started hugging him occasionally and it evolved into their standard greeting pretty quickly. Unsurprisingly this sparked not just rumors, but full fledged theories about their steamy extracurricular activities. And yet Tenya, could not bring himself to give a a single flying ... concern ... about them. What bothered him mercilessly was that Izuku seemed to just not get the hint. But the absolute worst was that for about a week now, he caught himself thinking about how the little sunshine's lips would feel on his own and that literally drove him up the wall. It got to the point where he was walking around looking sick until Tensei cornered him and made the confused boy spill the beans. Tenya tried brushing his brother off at first, but when the older Iida wouldn't budge, he finally gave in and told him about Izuku and this whole inadequacy of the situation. To his dismay and agony, the whole of his brother's enlightening advice consisted of 'Just do it!', hollered with a broad gesture and a loving hug.

Tenya took of his glasses and pinched the bridge of his nose in exasperation. The broad shouldered
boy looked over his arm putting them back on, his eyes lingering on the green haired daredevil in the
last row by the window touch typing furiously and muttering quietly to himself. He turned back to
the board and eyed it for a few moments before hanging his head and letting his imagination loose.
After all, he could not focus today, even to save his life.

In that instant two little copies of himself sitting on his arms sparked to life. One was sporting giant
exhaust pipe wings and wore a nice white suit, while the other had exhaust pipe horns and flaming
red formal ware. He smirked at the vision, but let it play out none the less. For a moment the two
figments of imagination stared each other down, until suddenly their gazes snapped to the original.

"Just kiss him already.", the devil whined, flailing his arms around.

"No. Make it proper, ask him out, give him a birthday present. You know romantic like and
everything. Go sloooooow.", the angel argued making a chopping motion.

"Yeah, yeah sure, and wait an eternity until this oblivious rascal gets a clue?", the devil queried
pointing at Izuku. "Besides, you have shared lunch, walked him to the train, hell you walked him
from the train, you two go out somewhere regularly, even if rarely. You bloody hug him as a way of
saying hello!", the devil counted. "Just kiss him and make it official!", the tiny red clothed Tenya
hollered, using his hands like a megaphone.

"Make it official, but remain decent. He is an innocent boy, much like you and taking it slow will be
best.", the angel parried glaring daggers at the devil, who remained unconcerned.

"Pfff... Innocent? What about those looks Izuku gave you after showers or in the gym? And the
looks you gave him?", the devil drawled wriggling his eyebrows suggestively. Both Iida and the
angel blushed at the not so subtle suggestion. Well to his defense he is fourteen and he certainly had
some thoughts...

"He is growing up, some thoughts are natural. This does not mean he should act like a barbarian.",
the angle urged, waving his arms to get Tenya's attention and sighed happily when the boy gave a
minuscule nod.

"Suuuure.", the devil smirked venomously scratching his chin. "And all that 'research'?", the little
demon quoted with his fingers making Iida turn beet red.

"Research?", the angel queried giving Tenya a contemptuous look. The teen turned to the tiny devil
and shook his head in a panic. But the demon remained unphased and continued his explanation with
a smug grin.

"You know, like the boy with boy things.", at the words Iida nearly blew a mental gasket. He was
pretty sure, he was blushing with his whole body by now. The angel turned his head with an
anguished face and flew up to cup the boy's cheeks with his tiny hands, getting his attention.

"Just ask him out properly and retain some dignity. Ok?", he asked nodding to emphasize his point.
The boy gave a minuscule nod of agreement and both the angel and demon gave him encouraging
smiles before disappearing. He peeked over his shoulder again, Izuku was still engrossed in his little
computer world and the lesson was due to end in five minutes. He had the present he meant to give
him today after classes and knew that right now he was in a fight or flight situation, and be he
dammed if he wasn't going to fight.

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Izuku looked at the time, five minutes to the lesson's end. He closed his computer and stared out the
window ignoring whatever basic mathematics they were dealing with today. He was just happy that the day was coming to an end and excited about his first ride on the motorcycle he got from Komori that morning, much to his mother's horror. His thoughts jumped to his teammate. After all he and Hitoshi Shinsou were now a duo and the white haired hero taught them how to operate like one. He recalled Shinsou's first training and nearly snorted when he remembered how the blue haired boy nearly shot Komori with an arrow despite the fact that the hero was standing behind him. The teenager smiled at his juniors playing volleyball outside and recalled another situation, when he handed Shinsou the first letter for his dad and got back a reply the very next day. It felt like walking on clouds, as he read the curvy handwriting that overflowed with encouragement and pride.

Over the year both boys had grown considerably. Shinsou thanks to the intense workout regimen and Komori's special training on simply pissing people off. The blue haired devil, as Inko called Shinsou, could now handle himself with a bow and in tandem with his quirk was a force to be reckoned. It became the hero's and Izuku's little tradition to make special arrows for their less technically inclined friend, so Hitoshi now had a number of tricks up his sleeve for use in special occasions, not to mention that just like Izuku, he took extremely well to acrobatics. Izuku on the other hand decided to start improving his programs, slowly tracking more and more heroes, gathering and compiling more data. One night even Komori mentioned that he was impressed with what Izuku has done in such a short time and asked whether the boy had tried tracking villains the same way. And that was Izuku's latest project. The only problem, how to get a villain's cell number or get close enough to plant a bug in the other's phone.

He sighed dramatically, looking at a chocolate haired setter, who looked unbelievably handsome and cursed his thoughts. For about a month now he was having those vivid dreams, featuring no one else than his best friend and crush Iida Tenya. Izuku huffed indignantly, the memory of washing his pajama bottoms, under his mother's inquisitive stare, haunting him. It did not help how Iida was behaving lately either, he always walked him to and from the station, they texted late into the night, hell they practically went on dates, though neither labeled their outings that way. On top of that whenever either stayed over they ended up waking up hugging the other. Izuku was just happy he managed to not have a sleep over in a month, because he did not want to live through the shame of having one of his steamy dreams right there next to Tenya. For some time now, he was wondering whether his handsome friend maybe felt something more for him. His thoughts raced in circles as he massaged a scar on his right hand nervously.

The students were assembling outside, thanking one another for the game, as the bell was probably a couple of minutes away. Izuku released another indignant huff. Maybe he should just ask Iida out? By now he was sure that Tenya wouldn't abandon him just because he liked boys, but what if something in their friendship broke? What if all those little affectionate gestures would be gone? The thought of no more hugs as hellos and goodbyes was enough to scare him into inaction and send cold sweat running down his back.

Izuku was shaken from his thoughts by the bell and the noise of chairs skidding back. Packing up his things he looked up and saw Tenya, beyond blushing, but walking towards him with a face fit for Leonidas about to wage war in the name of Sparta. The green haired menace gulped loudly, and was about to duck out the window when the taller boy fixed him in place by grabbing his shoulder. Izuku looked up at his friend with wide eyes and and patted the larger hand absentmindedly with his smaller one.

"Tenya, are you all right?", he asked quietly as the boy's grip strengthened. He was really worried by now, it was a hot end of the year and maybe Tenya hadn't hydrated properly or was exhausted or maybe it was something even worse. His mind accelerated into the spinal only to be ripped out of it by Iida's question.
"Izuku would you like to go out with me?", Tenya said in a deathly serious voice, the free hand reaching for Izuku's other shoulder, as though out of fear of the little boy slipping away and out the window.

In that instant Izuku felt a wave of happiness flood his chest. It was like getting a first letter back from his dad, like a first accurately thrown tomahawk, like his first hack, like the first time Tenya hugged him when he was in a desperate need of support. It felt like his exciting, yet lonely life has somehow brightened up.

"Absolutely.", he muttered, gazing into the blue scared eyes and noticing how Tenya's whole body relaxed as he uttered the words. "I'd love to.", he added and sent a bright smile his friend's way.

A huge grin lit up Tenya's face, as he picked Izuku up into a bear hug. Izuku hugged him back, patting his back gently, the bone breaking feeling, a pleasant kind of painful.

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Izuku hummed contently buttoning up his emerald shirt and gray slacks and vest. He had some trouble with the tie, despite all the clips on youtube he watched. He was about to give up when he heard a soft knock on his door. He looked at his watch and remembering it was from his teacher quickly took it off. For once he wanted to have complete privacy. The knock repeated itself more loudly.

"Izuku, we are coming in!", a goofy voice belonging to Komori called from the door just before it swung open with enough force for the hinges to barely hold. The hero waltzed into the room, followed by his mother, who eyed her son suspiciously.

"And where oft to might you be in this dashing outfit?", Komori queried, swiping the tie from Izuku's grasp with one hand and with his free hand masterfully throwing a knife at the practice board on the wall, hitting a perfect ten.

"On a date, you show off", Izuku huffed as the man started tying the gray material around his neck in fine quick movements.

His mother cooed with happiness, while Komori whistled lowly. "Who is he?", she asked clasping her hand together excitedly, seeming to not notice her son's disbelieving expression.

"Eh...", Izuku stuttered, his jaw completely slack with surprise. Komori winked at him, and tapped him on the chin prompting the boy to close his mouth as he finished up with the tie. "How do you know?", he asked slowly his hands flying up, trying to mull over his mother's statement.

"Simply put, you do not cuddle with your best friend at the ripe age of fourteen and claim you are straight as an arrow.", Komori answered patiently, fixing his tie and winking at Inko, who winked back promptly. Izuku felt his ears burning, but tried to hold the blush back, as he rubbed at his right palm mechanically.

"Besides, we know Iida-kun, and we like him. And he is a gayer than a rainbow for you.", his mother added with a sly grin, eliciting a horrified yelp from her son to the elders' amusement.

"Ah yes, yes he is such a decent, sweet boy.", Komori added looking his student over, for any last minute mishaps. "Anyhu, where are you two wee devils going?", he asked poorly imitating an Irish accent and rubbing his chin, while spinning the boy around.

"Picnic, and I am not telling anything more, and don't follow.", Izuku answered defiantly, looking himself over in the mirror. He knew all to well his master's hobbies of tracking his students and
analyzing every aspect of their personal lives. Hitoshi once had to brainwash Komori into leaving him be. The white haired hero complained about that for nearly a week but it didn't deter him from one of his favorite activities.

"Take the watch, it matches the outfit, and it has a taser built in.", Komori suggested picking it up off the desk, while his mother quirked an eyebrow. The look of suspicion seemed to settle permanently on her face, when she interacted with the two of them at the same time.

"And it has a GPS too, how convenient.", Izuku hissed, crossing his arms in front of his chest and looking at his mentor. The man laughed boisterously at the disappointed look he was given.

"Take your phone at least. I promise I haven't hacked it.", the man added crossing his fingers behind his back, as Inko giggled amusedly at their antics.

"I will, I have firewall the to the point where you wouldn't get in anyway.", Izuku gave Komori a smug smile.

Their banter was cut short by the doorbell ringing, Iida apparently ready to go. Inko ushered her son to the door and downright pushed him out into the street as soon as he put the shoes on.

She had some tea ready for Komori, and was pretty sure that would by her son some extra time.

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Tenya was standing at the door, the basket filled with snacks promptly put together by his brother, a blanket under his arm and a small gift in his pocket. This year he was aiming to blow Izuku away, and really outdid himself with the present. It was in no way romantic, but Tenya was sure Izuku would love its practicality.

He was wearing a navy shirt and light pants and was dead set on wooing Midoriya properly. Pressing the doorbell he felt determination blaze in his chest like wildfire in the peak of Australian summer.

A few moments later the door swung open reveling his friend, who was just nearly kicked out of the house by his mother. The boy was wearing an emerald shirt, a gray vest, slacks and an astonished expression. Together with his wild curly hair and huge eyes, Tenya wasn't certain it was legal to look this good and what was the word... cute.

Izuku stepped forward and without further ado complimented his date, further disarming the boy.
"You look... great.", he said and blushed immediately looking away. The broad shouldered boy felt his ears redden and released a breath he didn't know he was holding. He was surprised by how timid his friend suddenly got. The leading troublemaker and resident daredevil blushing and looking away, what a sight.

"You too.", Tenya replied with a grin, and gestured slightly stiffly towards a nearby park. "I saw a very nice spot, when I was here a while back, maybe we could sit there?". He didn't fail to notice, how his friend's face lit up at the mention of his favorite spot.

They walked at a slow pace reveling in the afternoon sun and the comfortable warmth, the heat of midday slowly dissipating. Tenya and Izuku fell into a comfortable banter about, school, movies, their respective trainings, Izuku omitting a few details of his semi-legal activities, Tenya praising Tensei. Both failed to notice two heroes jumping around surrounding rooftops and hiding behind chimneys.

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"Oh this is so great!", Komori chuckled running next to Tensei. The younger man not using his loud quirk in favor of a traditional approach.

"I am not entirely sure we should be doing this. It's their date.", Tensei said thoughtfully, making a jump.

"Of course we should. Aren't you curious?", Komori asked, and winked. Tensei rolled his eyes and noticed that both boys settled on top of a small hill.

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They were sitting a comfortable distance apart, the dying down noise of the afternoon park enveloping them. Izuku was basking in the sun, relishing in the warmth, while Tenya stared at the smaller boy shamelessly.

"You are staring.", Izuku hummed with a smirk on his lips, making Tenya's ears redden. He wanted to keep looking at how the sun played in Izuku's dark hair and highlighted the beautiful freckles. But just maybe Izuku wasn't comfortable with it.

"I am sorry. I'll stop.", the taller boy answered curtly, turning away with a disappointed grimace. He really liked watching Izuku, especially when the boy was relaxing and for just a second his calculating and analytical nature slipped back to the playful one of his childhood.

"I never said, you should stop.", Izuku said, lying down on the blanket, his arm propping up his head. With his free hand he pointed to the basket lying idly in the corner. "What's in there?", he asked, the little mischievous glint back in his eyes. Tenya really had trouble keeping up with how quickly his friend switched from being flustered and in deep need of care to being the one who takes control. It was one of the many things he truly enjoyed about the little daredevil.

Iida flopped onto his back and weaved his fingers together on his stomach. "Oh, just some sandwiches.", he answered, staring at the sky intently. He was wondering how to go about setting the romantic mood when he felt the blanket shift next him as Izuku scrambled for the snacks. In his thoughts he thanked Tensei for his help and looked up at his date. The boy was peering into the basket, his head slightly tilted like an owls. Tenya chuckled taking in the view of his friend hanging from the earth squinting at the treats.

Izuku turned to him and beamed. "Why didn't you mention the cupcakes?", he asked excitedly reaching into the basket. Tenya quirked an eyebrow, but said nothing. 'Why hasn't Tensei mentioned the cupcakes?', a question buzzed. He looks back at the sky and sees the little devil Tenya pecking a small angel Izuku on the lips and giving him a thumbs up while doing so. Sighing with anticipation he decides to move things along and perhaps finally in the right direction.

***

Izuku was munching on a delicious chocolate chipped cupcake. In the process he has gotten chocolate all over himself. He was a messy eater, always has been, and since he usually rushed while eating the habit sort of stuck. It drove his mom and Komori nuts, but he couldn't really fix it even if he tried. He looked to his left, feeling the blanket move as Tenya sat up and faced him, a fond smile on the boy's lips. For a few seconds Izuku wondered how soft they were, but looked away as soon as he noticed he was staring and Iida's grin grew.

"My, you really can't eat cleanly, no matter what.", Tenya hummed producing a handkerchief seemingly out of thin air.
"I just always rush and can't help myself, this is delicious. Did you make it? I wonder what you used? How did you get the chocolate feel, cocoa or actual chocolate. Oh in Chile they serve chocolate spicy, I want to check it out one day.", Izuku rambled flustered beyond all recognition.

Tenya carefully wiped his friend's usually smart mouth and freckled cheeks. The larger boy was so engrossed in the activity he failed to notice the smile filled with love bloom on his own face. The little boy stopped and stared at his friend, the expression catching him off guard, his serious and sometimes even a bit up tight friend was smiling as though they had the world to themselves. He was a bit annoyed with himself, he never had problems in dealing with people. Thanks to years of mental and physical training he was self confident and perceptive, but for some reason Tenya held complete control over him.

"Cute.", Izuku hummed unconsciously, voicing his thoughts, and noticed how Tenya's movements stopped instantly. The delighted expression replaced with a flustered look. "I meant, the gesture, your smile, you...", Izuku mumbled, waving his hands in panic. "Aghh", he groaned covering his red face and hoping that Iida has not resigned this date as a failure. He held his breath as a hand was placed on his head, ruffling his messy hair fondly, and a rumbling laugh followed by a lightly said. "Cute."

Izuku felt the blush snake its way up his neck. But, he was brave, at least some people thought he was, so he took his hands away from his face and witnessed Tenya beaming at him with the force of a sun. The little boy was stunned, he had never seen him smile this brightly. For a couple of minutes he had to fight back the urge to launch himself at his tall friend and kiss him right there, as his heart made small flips. Ultimately Iida removed his hand from Izuku's hair at which the boy let out a small whine.

"So, maybe this is a funny question to ask, but how long have you known?", Tenya asked breaking the mood, but having someone who was in the same boat made his so relieved.

His little friend hummed noncommittally, scratching the back of his head and looking somewhere at the sky. "I think, I sort of started to figure it out like a year back.", Izuku answered, with a small pout, his self-confidence slowly coming back.

Tenya's eyebrows shot up. "Around the time, of that incident?", he queried putting his hand gently on Izuku's right, and rubbing the scar with his thumb.

The other boy blushed fiercely, and answered looking down. "Yeah, about then.", but made no move to take his hand away. He was used to the larger boy's affectionate gestures, but there was something intimate about that shared memory and the brush of Iida's tough skin on his. Izuku cursed internally, feeling his confidence and control fade away at an alarming rate.

Tenya smiled fondly at the happy sad memory and the first time he hugged his friend. "Me too.", he added reassuringly and giving his friend's scarred hand a little squeeze. He noticed how Izuku didn't look up but a smile appeared on his face, lighting it up.

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"Me too.", sounded from Komori's right headphone.

"Oh this is just cavity inducing.", Tensei huffed, his cheeks bright red. He came along to have some teasing material, never expecting a full on stake out the other hero was currently serving him.

"Stop it, they are so sweet together. Just look at them, pure innocence.", Morisuke smiled brightly and aimed the binoculars at the couple looking into one another's eyes and grinning at how dense they were.
"I've seen my brother's internet history and there is nothing innocent there.", Tensei snarked and pressed the binoculars closer to his eyes. He looked over Izuku, the boy looked stunning in the green and gray get up. To his dismay he noticed something silver peaking out from under the vest. "Is that a knife?", he queried more to himself, than anyone else.

"Nah, you must be seeing things. Shush! They are talking again!", Komori chided hiding the fact that it wasn't just one knife. "And get your brother to secure his phone. It was ridiculously easy to hack.", he added smugly, seeing the other hero scowl. He wasn't surprised to find that Izuku has also hacked it, but was dismayed that the little rascal hacked the camera, and must have used it to stare at his crush in spare time. He will have to work on setting a better example, as this was exactly what he had done a couple of times.

"That's definitely a knife!", Tensei yelped a moment later. "Who the fully fledged fuck brings a knife to a date?!", he whispered, ignoring Komori's intense shushing and comments about washing his mouth out with soap.

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"So we were both too scared for nearly a year to just go and ask?!", Izuku asked his eyes wide in disbelief as he eyed Tenya smiling bashfully and scratching the back of his head. It was such an honest gesture and so innocent that the smaller boy just couldn't help but be astonished.

"I guess. But I think it worked out somehow.", the larger boy answered, closing his eyes. He liked how the smaller teen's hand fit in his, it just felt so right, so perfect. Tenya felt a strong desire to kiss the troublemaker sitting in front of him, but pushed it back, noticing how Izuku's face fell just a bit. "Is something wrong?", he asked, worried maybe he said something that upset his date.

"I was sort of scared you would not like boys. You know, always with being proper and all. It's not normal to like boys.", the green haired rascal nearly whispered the last sentence, turning his hand and lacing their fingers in one fluid motion. Izuku didn't really know how to deal with all of this dating thing, worse yet, he didn't know how to handle liking boys. He read up various articles, and knew that it wasn't that common and that some people frowned upon it especially in the more traditional households and he feared that may be the case with Tenya.

"I actually don't know if I like boys, I like... you.", Iida answered honestly and saw Izuku light up like supernova. The smile was bright enough to illuminate the slowly dimming down sky and a warm feeling settled in his chest. "By the way. I've got something for you.", he added reaching into his pocket. He pulled out a pair of reinforced gloves, they were a couple of months of his pocket money and some rather generous help for Tensei. He also had to ask Izuku's teacher for advice and sizing. Komori-san was surprised at first, but quickly joined in on the effort, providing Tenya with an unreasonable discount and a contact to one of the best hero costume makers in the city, who supposedly owed him a couple of favors.

Izuku's eyes widened in surprise. "I-i-i can't accept this. It's too much Tenya!", he nearly shrieked eyeing one of the most professional and expensive models of armored tactical gloves in olive green. 'Damn are they beautiful!', his mind screeched. 'Custom enhanced with, additional reinforcement on the side of the palm for chopping attacks and additional padding on the palms against knife attacks!', he felt himself geeking out and looked up at Tenya. He knew his brother was a hero, but this was way above Ingenium's pay grade. This was at least S classed equipment, it must have cost a small fortune!

"They are a present, you can't refuse it.", Tenya said, a small smile playing on his lips as he saw his little friend completely geek out. He placed them in front of Izuku for the boy to admire. To his surprise the rascal picked them up with his left hand, right squeezing at his own happily.
"Tenya, no. Listen, these are expensive. Like really expensive and extremely beautiful. It's equipment fit for a hero, not some junior high student. How did you even come across them?", the green haired boy queried rubbing his thumb across the coarse material.

"Well, I got a good deal on them. They weren't that expensive.", Tenya smiled calmly, hiding his happiness. He felt like he wanted to protect his little friend, who seemed to come to school perpetually bruised, with scratched hands and knuckles. He knew, he wouldn't be capable of keeping the daredevil safe, not even if he did his best, but maybe this could allow him to at least escape unscathed.

"What on earth did I do to deserve you?", Izuku asked softly, a fond smile playing on his lips, his eyes locked with Tenya's.

The larger teen blushed and for a few moments he was lost for words. Until he noticed Izuku slowly leaning in, the boy's eyes closed. He felt like the whole world stood still around them, as millimeter by millimeter their lips got closer together. Tenya placed his hand on Izuku's cheek and leaned in at the last moment, placing a chaste kiss on his boyfriend's lips. It was short and innocent and he was certain he wanted a bit more. They kissed again, the larger boy taking the lead. He noticed how soft and warm Izuku's lips were, how they tasted of chocolate and happiness. A soft moan escaped the daredevil's lips but was drowned out by a loud whoop, as the boys separated.

"Happy birthday, Izuku.", Tenya said leaning in again, ignoring whoever it was that cheered somewhere in the distance. He just witnessed the most beautiful thing in his life so far, his boyfriend's loving gaze and happy flushed face.

Chapter End Notes

So I just could not help but imagine Tenya going so by the rules that he literally has an angel and a devil sitting on his arms, and the angel keeps on making sure he does not screw up his life.

Izuku, local troublemaker/daredevil, who else could he be after extensive training under such a goofy hero.

We are nearing the start of the manga in the timeline! Fun times ahead!

Next time:
The disgusting slime,
The symbol of peace,
An uncanny meeting.
"So Tenya. The study session for the exam is still on?", Izuku asked squeezing the giant hand holding his own and smiling up at his tall, dark haired boyfriend brightly. It has been nearly a year since they started dating and the end of their last year at junior high. This was tied to the fact that they had to make a decision which would impact the rest of their lives, choose their high school. Of course they both knew, who they wanted to be, and that was heroes, and that meant they both had to get into UA, the most prestigious hero course there was. Izuku never considered another walk of life for himself, wishing to honor his father, despite the less than encouraging opinions most people gave when he informed them about his ambitions. Tenya wanted to help his brother, whom he admired and idealized ever since he was a kid. They both knew it would take everything they have to give to make it into UA, but pure determination coursed through their veins, the intense trainings, long hours of studying and nearly daily sparring sessions pushing their bodies and minds to the peak.

"Of course Izuku. We have mathematics and history of heroism to review.", Tenya supplied raising a finger of his free hand. The other hand squeezing back gently, as he looked ahead with focus. Izuku noticed how much tenser Tenya kept getting the closer they were to exams. It wasn't that the shorter boy wasn't nervous, he knew that a lot depended on these tests, but somehow the psychological conditioning and stress management training kept him extremely calm and relaxed. The problem was, he wasn't exactly sure how to help his huge boyfriend. And by huge he really meant it. Tenya towered over him, his shoulders nearly twice as broad as Izuku's. The shorter boy was more than slightly envious, but kept telling himself that maybe he is simply a late bloomer. His pondering stopped when finally an idea came to his head. He reached up and grabbed Tenya by the collar and pulled him down into a chaste kiss. The larger boy blushed at the sudden display of affection, but relaxed visibly, his so far absolutely unpredictable gesturing growing more calm.

"It's going to be all right.", Izuku hummed softly and grinned. Over the year he learned how much Tenya liked his smile and used it in such situations to soothe his uptight boyfriend ever so slightly. "We are going to kick ass!", Izuku shouted and jumped surprisingly high, nearly knocking Tenya off balance. The taller boy was about to reprimand him for such language, but somehow couldn't bring himself to extinguish the little ball of sunshine he fell in love with. It was kind of an issue for him that he hadn't told Izuku that yet, but now was not a good time with the exams nearing. He wanted a
more romantic setting, especially with their first anniversary rapidly approaching.

"But we are starting with maths this time!", Tenya huffed, giving his boyfriend a knowing look. The smaller teen smiled mischievously, aware that if they didn't then he would probably spend their whole time together reading and analyzing various quirks and their wielders.

They reached the station, Izuku jumping excitedly, Tenya following in tow. It was their normal routine, it felt happy, it felt right and the taller boy would not swap it for anything in the world.

Standing on the train platform, Izuku pulled Tenya in for a quick hug followed by a slow kiss. The dark haired teen did learn over that year, that as much as he liked to see his little devil goof around and have fun, the smaller boy enjoyed physical gestures of affection, which he was more than content to provide in plentiful amounts. Tenya could happily stand on the platform for hours just hugging his boyfriend and feeling the green brush of hair tickle his square jaw, but apparently Izuku was trying to squirm his way out, and run for the train. The taller boy sighed discontent with his boyfriend's choices, but leaned down and kissed him on the forehead, eliciting a quiet squeak, before letting him go. It never failed to amuse him how the confident little imp could falter from such small things.

The green haired menace smiled blindingly at him, and left running towards the train.

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Izuku pressed into the crowd and pushed his way through slowly, making sure Iida lost sight of him, before squeezing out through an exit on the other side. He quickly ran through the passages, always checking the corners to not bump into his favorite giant accidentally. He couldn't exactly tell him he rode a motorcycle to school every day, because as much as Tenya loved him, he would go absolutely berserk and probably make him give the bike up. Izuku knew he was a bit young to ride, and he did not exactly have a license, but it was faster and more comfortable and allowed for a bit of a thrill. And as the years passed he seemed to get addicted to the adrenaline which came with long hours of tough training.

The little daredevil jogged into the underground garage by the train station. It was one of those nice private ones, where Komori obtained a place God only knows when and God only knows how. He waved at the guards as he passed, beaming them a quick smile, still slightly high on Tenya's hugs and kisses. He rushed towards the end of the garage, where his black motobike stood, well out of view of prying eyes. Izuku's heart skipped when he opened a reinforced metal locker where he stored his riding equipment, a green patterned helmet and a black kevlar reinforced jacket. After dressing and checking that the second bottom of the locker is still secure and wasn't tampered with he straddled the motorcycle.

The teen twisted the key in the ignition and felt a purr or the engine under him. Izuku was certain that if that is what Tenya felt in his calves, he would be running his whole life everywhere too. His thoughts quickly fleetted towards the object of his affections and soon after to popsicles they shared on their way to train station. Summer was nearing and the heat of the day was upon them after all.

As he sped outside his thoughts were filled with numerous plans on how they are going to spend their vacation before high school.

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He parked by the train station and decided to make the rest of the way on foot. The day was hot, and his favorite ice cream parlor was on the way. As he was making his way through a short tunnel, he wondered how would he manage to drag Tenya half way across town just to get a scoop of the
frozen delicacies. Suddenly a manhole behind him burst up and a putrid smell hit his nostrils. Instinctively the boy dived forward and rolled away, feeling something brush against his red sneakers. Turning around Izuku flung two knives at his opponent, both hitting dead in the chest, both getting sucked in by a murky liquid.

The thing in front of him looked like a monster composed of dark brown-green fluids, a sewage come-alive to be precise. It cackled madly as its torso sucked the blades in. Izuku didn't wait too long and reached behind his back for one of the miniaturized smoke grenades with one hand. The other stretched out in front of him holding a knife. The villain did not wait and lunged forward.

"Sorry kid, nothing personal, I just need a body, before All Might catches up. And you are just m-size.", the villain howled catching the boy off guard. In that moment Izuku realized two things at once, first, All Might was in this city, second, he just committed a horrible mistake of losing focus. He felt the thick liquid envelop his armed hand as the villain pulled him into a hold, ripping his backpack off in the process. Immediately his mouth and nose were covered by the disgusting greenish slime. Izuku managed to press his lips together, but the monster seemed to be pouring himself in through the nostrils, cutting off the air. It felt terrible. Izuku clawed with his free hand at the goo, but he could not find a grip, while the monster jeered. Soon he felt his life slowly slipping as memories of Komori and Tenya flooded his mind. He was wretching in spasms, fighting even harder, the villain laughing at his miserable attempts when one memory hit him like a ton of bricks. 'Remember you came into this world kicking, screaming and covered in blood, have no issue with going out the same way.', Komori once told him, during their first training with real swords, when the boy had issues with going all out against his teacher. Izuku opened his eyes, his vision slowly going dark around the edges as he fumbled for one of the grenades. He tugged at it and pressed down hard, releasing the safety and jerked around to face the monster. He was held close, as though the monster hoped to envelop him whole in an attempt to kill him. 'YOU ARE NOT ENDING ME!', his mind screeched as, he punched at the slime, pressing the explosive deep into the monster's core. He was at his edge, nearly ready to give up, when the precious seconds until the grenade finally detonated slipped past. He was already drifting away, when at first a muffled and then a roaring boom sent him flying.

***

All Might landed in front of the entrance of the tunnel just as he saw a huge cloud of smoke erupt from it. He half expected another villain, someone with an explosive quirk to turn up. To his dismay, right in front of him there was a boy desperately gasping for air and trying to reach for something in one of his pockets. The man sniffed the air and noticed the gut wrenching smell which littered the scene of what must have been an explosion. All Might looked around noticing how the walls, floor and even the ceiling were sprayed with greenish goo, much like one of the villain's he was tracking. He would have raised an eyebrow but this form wasn't all that great for facial expressions. He looked back to the boy, who was now eying him nervously, with one hand hidden behind his back, apparently holding something he wished to hide. They locked eyes for a moment until the boy released his grasp and rose to his feet. The hero noted how his whole uniform was soiled in the goo. All Might was surprised by how unphased and on guard the teen was, villain attacks were not uncommon, but to remain so calm in the face of danger was strange.

"Are you all right my boy?", he boomed, at the green haired teen who started to walk away, towards what looked like the remains of his backpack. To his dismay the boy, not only did not reply, but didn't seem to hear him altogether.

***

Izuku's ears were ringing. To be precise, they were ringing like hell and he was well aware, that it
was half his stupidity, half the paranoia of his teacher who asked him to carry all his gear on him at
all times, that kept him alive. The boy made a mental note to thank Komori, but his thoughts were
blown away by a simple fact. He just faced his father's captor. It wasn't like he had questions for the
man, since his dad answered all of them, he just felt angry and half disappointed. Had he not done
anything, he would have simply been killed, had it been someone else, they would have been dead
for sure. He walked slowly, his legs still wobbly from the shock wave, but he had to capture the
villain, if he managed to survive a blast from a grenade at point blank range, and retrieve his school
bag. Izuku reached down and rummaged through the biggest pile of goo, which could as well be a
pile of shit, judging by the smell and found his backpack, more or less in one piece. The boy huffed
and rolled his eyes, feeling as though the universe had just had to ruin his perfect day.

A heavy hand placed on his shoulder shook him out of his annoyance. Izuku huffed once again and
turned to face All Might. After all the "Golden Hero", the "Symbol of Peace", the "Family Ruiner",
was back in town, so he could at least get all of his contempt for the man out. He turned on his heel
slowly, placing the most annoyed scowl he could muster on his face. The hero stared him down, the
mask of a face not even twitching. The ringing in his ears seemed to lessen as he waited for the man
to speak.

"Are you all right?", the hero boomed again, but to Izuku it was more like a normal speaking voice.
The boy's eyebrow twitched as he tapped his pocket in a rhythmic pattern. The hero was not wearing
his normal gear, so just maybe he had his phone on him. And if he did, the green haired daredevil's
program just started taking down its firewalls. He decided to play it out.

"Mostly. Hearing is off and my ribs hurt, other than that I am good.", he answered persisting with his
scowl. A movement to his right caught his eye and his head snapped to investigate. Something slimy
was crawling its way towards the manhole. "Oh no you are not.", he mumbled fishing out his water
bottle and emptying it while going after the villain. The hero looked after him, but didn't budge from
his spot observing the strange youngster, as Izuku crammed the villain into the bottle, screwed the
cap on tightly and gave it a prolonged and ferocious shake. When he stopped the little torture, he was
sure the villain turned a more interesting shade of green and smirked. "I think you should take him
in.", Izuku said turning towards All Might and tossing the bottle at him in tandem with a demonic
glare.

"I will my boy! That's quite a splendid quirk you have!", he yelled remembering the magnificent
explosion and the billows of smoke, pumping his fist. Just then he noticed the teenagers scowl falter,
and tears seemed to prick the sides of his eyes, but quickly retreated back.

"No... that was no quirk.", the boy gritted out, balling his fists, as tears once again stung his eyes.

***

Toshinori felt his gut clench. He was running short on time, and as much as this boy was interesting,
he couldn't lose his form here, not in front of him. He turned away from the teen who looked like he
was about to burst into tears and started walking towards the end of the tunnel, while pocketing the
villain. "Thank you for your assistance my boy!", he boomed over his shoulder and noticed the boy
ran after him.

"All Might, I have a question!", the boy hollered, chasing after him, still slightly short of breath.

The hero wondered briefly what the teenager might want, but came to the conclusion in must be an
autograph when the mysterious kid produced a plain notebook and a marker. He was slightly
surprised since nowadays it was rare to see a notebook which did not come from hero merchandise,
but shook the thought. All Might took it mechanically and quickly scribbled an autograph out for his
number one fan.
"And what's your name boy?", he asked slightly more quietly.

"Oh of course.", the boy blinked in surprise, and his phone gave a soft beep. The teenagers face lit up suddenly, as he answered, "It's Izuku Midoriya, All Might!", he chirped with what must have been the most venomous and contemptuous look the hero was ever given.

***

He shot up into the sky, right after handing his former teacher's kid their notebook back. He had an uncanny feeling that this short boy was all to well aware of his role in his father's disappearance. He was about to land, when he felt his strength leaving him. He just needed a couple of more moments, but it felt like pure hellfire was burning in his bones. Toshinori landed with a heavy thud and tumbled over painfully. After a coughing fit followed by a mouthful of blood he finally got his bearing back. All Might patted his pocket, looking to check if the bottle was in place, but it was no longer there.

***

Izuku was walking down the street. He hummed happily noticing how his algorithm displayed All Might's or rather Toshinori Yagi's position. To his surprise the man wasn't far away. He browsed through the hero's gallery, looking for possible next targets to expand his hero network. He scrolled lazily, looking at the newest pictures. To his surprise they depicted mostly a blond haired skeleton of a man. He scrolled down further, there was an earnest looking man in a trench coat hugging the skeleton, both making peace signs at the camera. Then there were some fan arts, which truly astounded the nosy teen. A few pictures later he saw something he did not expect. It was an old photo, which must have been downloaded to the phone, a picture of Komori standing in the shade holding a green haired tiny boy, maybe a year old, stretching his hands excitedly, towards the pale man. His jaw went slack as he stopped abruptly. Someone bumped into him, but he failed to notice, someone hollered at him to move, but the boy was frozen stiff. "Why would he have this?, he muttered.

An explosion went off around the corner.

The boy looked around and noticed people charging in his direction. He pocketed his phone and made his way through the rushing mob, barging through with his elbows and stomping of feet. It was safe to say he was not delicate. But Izuku felt driven, second time today something happened, and yet again he was close to the action. It felt so exhilarating to finally be near the battle, he sprinted and was one of the first people standing at the barriers as the pros arrived.

***

"It's bad, terrible, wrong. No, no, no, no.", Izuku mumbled as he typed on his phone taking down notes and attaching them to heroes. He observed the scene with some distaste. Why were they stalling? Why weren't they cooperating? Wasn't strength in being a team, not a single man? These questions fleeted through his mind as he watched the villain rampage. They were standing far away and there was a lot of smoke and fire obscuring his view. He was pretty sure it was someone who could maybe create explosions like his former friend Bakugou. But it was a unique quirk, a rare one even.

It was only when the wind started to blow and the gusts of smoke stopped blocking his line of sight that his distaste turned to disgust. Most heroes where just standing by, apparently waiting for someone with a better quirk. 'What a joke, a better quirk, ridiculous.', his mind jeered. But this was not what mortified him. He was staring at green goo, the same one he saw maybe ten minutes ago and it had a hostage. The villain released a particularly large explosion in the direction of the crowd
making most people cower back in fear. But the green haired boy held his ground as his eyes locked with two burning crimson orbs with a silent plea embedded in them. Izuku felt his palms go clammy as he shook off his stinking, soiled backpack. He felt his mind slip back into practiced and analytical stance, just like he was taught. The green haired teen threw off the jacket of his uniform exposing multiple belts of darts and knives placed on his body and a thick belt with multiple pockets running around his waist. Izuku felt hot and cold at the same time, his senses were slowly going into overdrive as the world slowed down.

***

Death Goro was standing on the sidelines. His quirk apparently was not strong enough to fight the explosions spewing villain. He watched the bystanders making sure that no one got too close and accidentally got themselves killed. He was about to release and indignant huff, when the villain created a giant explosion. Apparently he was using his hostage's quirk keeping most heroes securely at bay and demolishing the street. Death Goro turned his head to look back at the onlookers and his eyes widened.

A small, green haired boy just ripped his uniform off, but that was not what worried him. The student was carrying on himself satchels and belts filled with knives, darts and had two batons tucked behind his belt. This was not a civilian get up by a long shot, but it wasn't a hero costume too. And there was this look on the boy's face, like he was just facing a giant chessboard and he had already trapped his opponent.

***

"Can't use granades, not fully legal for civilians, could hurt Bakugou", Izuku muttered as he took in the scene. His mind was working over time, as he searched for any weak points of the villain. 'If it does not have balls, go for the eyes!', he remembered one of the first lessons Komori taught him. "Eyes it is", he muttered, pulling two knives, smiling villainously, and sprinting forward. He knew this was not training, this was real, but for once he could prove, that the quirk is nothing, the will is everything.

He heard someone call after him, but paid no heed. He was sprinting, possibly the fastest he ever had, and was barely ten meters away when he released the first knife and immediately reached for the second one. Izuku observed the silver shard get knocked off course by an explosion and threw two more consecutively. The first one was easily blasted away, but the smoke hid the second knife which hit its target dead on. He had almost a decade of training behind him, he could hit a golf ball from fifteen meters if he wanted. The villain howled as his eye dissolved into white goo and started flowing downwards. The monster loosened his grasp on Bakugou slightly, releasing the boy's mouth which started spouting curses at his savior, whom he seemed to have recognized. Izuku felt like hurling at the disturbing sight, but didn't falter even for a moment. He knew, that one wrong move meant his life. He reached for another knife and jumped, seeing how Bakugou was about to yell something more at him. Izuku landed heavily, wrapping his legs around Katsuki's momentarily free head. Bending forward he stuck the other knife into the remaining eye, blinding the villain completely. The monster howled in pain, as his grip lessened further. Izuku did not wait, using his full weight he bent over backwards pulling Katsuki from the murky prison. He supported his weight on his hands as he swung with full might throwing Katsuki recklessly a couple of meters away from the villain who started swinging around blindly, chasing his chance at freedom. The green haired boy did not have to be prompted to run. He cartwheeled away just out of the villains reach and noticed how Katsuki was lying on the ground heaving and apparently to exhausted to save his own hide. Izuku grumbled under his breath as he hoisted his former friend over his shoulder, pleased that at least he didn't have to take a blast for it, and booked it as fast as he could towards the yellow tapes. Running he noticed a fiery figure that rushed past him, charging the now defenseless monster.
"What did you want to achieve? Fame? You could have gotten him killed!", Death Goro hollered at the green haired idiot. The boy took in deep breaths seeming to barely keep his calm, despite the expression of utter boredom which settled on his face shortly after the chastising started.

"Precisely, and what were those knives? You could have hit the hostage!", Kamui yelled gesturing towards Bakugou, who apparently came to himself moments ago and was now sending venomous glares at the smaller boy, who has just saved his life. The heroes would never admit that this was what happened though.

"You hurt the villain, heroes are not supposed to maim them.", the silver haired, muscled hero huffed with a scowl, earning only a disinterested look from the small boy.

"You shouldn't be even carrying this. What normal kid carries that many knives around?!", the hero in a wooden masked yelled, gesturing at the belts crisscrossing the green haired idiot's chest.

For a moment both men huffed angrily, while a lazy gazed fleeted over both of them.

"Is he even listening to us?", Kamui asked turning to the muscled hero and eliciting a soft smile from the boy sitting cross legged and supporting his head with his hand.

"Doesn't seem like it.", Death Goro answered brashly, getting even angrier.

"That's it! We are talking to you!", Kamui Woods hollered, finally getting an ounce more of the boy's attention. The teen directed a bored look at him and got to his feet. He seemed completely unphased by the fact, he got in the way and could have killed the hostage.

"Am I detained in any way or form?", he asked shortly, using the question which could piss off anyone trying to enforce the law. For a split second, he eyed both heroes with what seemed like genuine interest. But the look disappeared quickly and was replace with one of utter disgust. "Then goodbye.", he said walking towards the dispersing crowd.

Kamui felt his insides boil, he was so angry, he was sure his wood would catch fire any minute now. He stomped over to the boy strolling away and grabbed him by the shoulder. He was well aware that if the boy hadn't stepped in that the hostage would succumb, but his pride wouldn't let him voice it. He felt revolted, he a trained hero humiliated by a kid. He started extending his woody tendrils ready to detain the little shit and make up some legality, whatever it took, to just punish the meddler.

The teen turned and locked eyes with the hero and the man's heart seemed to stop. Kamui felt as though he was facing death herself. The hero felt her bony hand caressing his soul, ready to rip it out and devour it over eternity. Cold sweat coated his face, realizing the boy would have no qualm doing what he just did to the villain to a hero gone wild. He swallowed thickly and released his hold. Only when the boy looked away, did he release a breath he didn't know he was holding.

Izuku walked to the edge of the crowd. He heard Bokugou yell something after him, but payed no heed. As soon as they got out of immediate danger they were separated and for some incomprehensible reasons the blond was showered with praise. Izuku instead got treated like some sort of snotty meddling brat, despite the fact, that he saved a life. He scoffed under his nose, this was ridiculous, they were praising an ignorant bully, who's life was made exceptional by his quirk. The bitter realization made tears come to his eyes. Izuku blinked them back quickly as he approached the yellow tape.
It was only when the police took his short statement and released him that he noticed, a sickly thin blond man holding his bag and uniform and waiting for him. To his dismay he was wearing the very same clothes All Might was wearing earlier, only much baggier. Izuku recognized the man from the photos he managed to browse and suddenly it all came together. This was All Might standing right in front of him. By some chance apparently the muscled hero and the stick man were the same person. Izuku gave him a small smile, to which the man reacted with a surprised look. He came over slowly and took his things, slipping on the jacket and buttoning it up, hiding the multitude of knives from the public view. A wave disappointment washed over him, had he not just proven his point and no one had noticed?

"Thank you.", he said curtly, looking away to hide his pain and taking his jacket and backpack, both stinking to high heaven.

"No, thank you my boy.", the skeletal version of All Might replied. Izuku didn't look at the man, who grew much less boisterous in his skeletal form. "You have saved the day.", the man added much more softly, albeit with the same zeal.

"Toshionori-san, thanks for the autograph. I will be going now.", the boy whispered, not making eye contact. His fists clenched and unclenched slowly in attempts to regain control over himself. He couldn't bring himself to look at the man he hated so much and now felt sorry for. It wasn't a pleasant mix, and his disappointment with both the heroes and the world he lived in added to the gloomy mix.

"My boy.", the man started, but the boy cut him off raising his hand.

"Stay safe, Sir.", Izuku said softly, lowering his hand and choking back a sob. As he pushed past the crowd, he felt a couple of people pat him on the back, while some jeered. Izuku broke into a run, hiding his face, as bitter tears started flowing.

***

"Kamibro!", Kirishima yelled waving his hands in the air. "Have you seen this? So awesome! And what was that throw?", the red headed boy chirped happily looking with wide eyes at his oldest friend Kaminari Denki.

The blond was sitting in front of the TV still not really comprehending what has just happened. One moment the villain was using the hostage to spew fire, keeping at least five pro heroes at bay, the next someone came charging out of the crowd throwing something at the villain, and freed the victim with a wild throw using just their legs. It was something he has only seen so far in the movies and from what he could tell there was no flashy quirk involved. Kaminari felt his mouth hung open and closed it immediately.

"Did you see, he picked up a junior high uniform after that! So cooooool! I hope he goes to UA! Maybe we get to meet him after we are in!", Ejiro kept blabbering a look of pure admiration on his face, his shark teeth fitting into a huge grin.

Denki shook of the awe that had befallen him just seconds ago. As the reporter interviewed Endeavor, who apparently, nearly vaporized the villain and made the arrest after saving the two boys. He couldn't help the feeling that the plain faced, green haired one did not need one ounce of assistance, despite what the media was saying.

***

Hitoshi and Komori were watching the news on the biggest monitor placed on the wall of the hideout. Hitoshi refrained from commenting, and only when Izuku made the daring throw did he
smirk slightly and pulled out his phone. "Oh Midoriya-san is going to love this.", he muttered, pressing the button to download the last five minutes of footage to his phone. It would have been a pretty ordinary scene had Komori not been dancing around the room yelling something about breaking out his finest whiskey at the top of his lungs. Little wonder, his student had not only made a public debut, but a spectacular one, even if the media did not acknowledge him and belittled his success.

***

Shouto was watching as a green haired boy shook of his uniform and darted out towards the villain. He opened his eyes more wildly seeing that the boy was actually throwing knives, not using any apparent quirk.

"Son, look. This is stupidity, charging in without a plan, remember that.", his father said sternly, squeezing his neck none to gently. Shouto stifled a groan, and continued watching. To his dismay not only did the boy not get killed but, he managed to pull the hostage free and blind the villain. He quirked his eyebrow, but didn't comment on his father's evident error in judgment,

His father ran off to apprehend the defenseless villain and hog the glory, but Shouto was so entranced with the short teen he failed to see anything but the mop of green hair getting yelled at.

***

Tensei's eyes grew so wide he felt they would fall out of their orbits. The little green haired imp, who could eat more than the Iida brothers combined has just singlehandedly rescued a hostage taken by a villain who kept a number of pros at bay. "Fuck me sideways with a crocodile.", he muttered sending the clip over to his brother, adding a little heart emoji with it.

He didn't have wait long. "IZUKU! ARE YOU ALL RIGHT?!!!!", he heard his brother's roar which shook the very earth and most likely made his soft spoken boyfriend on the other end of the line deaf.

Chapter End Notes

Alas, our little hero, seems to have no filter and quite favor making a show. (Wonder who he got it from.)

I added some more points of view, to make things more interesting.

Next time:
Romantic summer,
Working summer,
Hellish summer,
Scary summer.

Basically a chapter with four (small hopefully parts). If I can't manage all of them expect me to split it in halves.

Keep calm and hero on!
Tenya was pissed. No, he was outraged, worried and just a tiny bit proud. Waiting for the door to swing open he dug his fingernails into his palms until he nearly drew blood. And yet his anger subsided as soon as Izuku came running in and gave him a leaping hug, nearly knocking the larger boy over. True he was worried, scared even, but this was Midoriya, his little devil, the boy wonder who just took down a villain with a couple of knives and his bare hands and came back without a scratch, though smelling like the gutter. And still he was a little uneasy, there was another piece of puzzle missing, another mystery coming to life before his eyes. If Izuku handled such a threat this easily, then why were their sparring matches ending in draws?

The taller boy wasn't exactly sure what to make of it. Once again he felt like his boyfriend was keeping secrets. For the first time Tenya felt really hurt. After all, wasn't dating someone the equivalent of trusting them? It bugged him the whole evening, until Izuku finally grew tired of his moping about and explained to him what exactly he trained in under teacher and how harsh the training is. To his surprise Izuku didn't even omit the parts about the semi legal aspects of Komori's teachings. Tenya was astounded and made the little imp promise not to keep any more secrets from him. This caused Izuku to begin his long and convoluted tale of how much weaponry he carried around every day and about what portion of it was downright illegal, terrifying Tenya. The smaller boy also let slip the fact that he wasn't exactly taking the train for quite some time now, but Iida was too exasperated to care at that point.

That next day Hitoshi came to the hideout bearing a letter for Izuku. It was from Hisashi and contained some words of encouragement, some remarks on fighting style, praise for foregoing the use of a hand grenade, but none of these things mattered to the boy. The only important phrase was at the very end. It was scribbled and slightly blurry, apparently he got his penchant for crying from his father, and it read 'I am proud of you son. You are a hero to me.'. That evening the green haired teen reread these two sentences, teary eyed and sniffling, until he fell into an uneasy sleep.
A couple of weeks had passed and Izuku noticed he had problems sleeping. Sometimes he woke up choking on his own breath, sometimes it felt like all he saw was green sludge oozing out of his mouth and nose. The boy knew he should tell his teacher, but what if the trainings stopped, what if his mom or Komori thought that being a quirkless hero might be too dangerous. One day he was shaking these thoughts off while looking at his plain freckled face and noticed something new. His eyes had dark circles, just like Shinsou's. He palmed the small bruises and thanked his lucky stars his broad shouldered boyfriend buckled down on his training and didn't invite him over for a while now.

Tenya did not fail to notice something was off. Sure, he was wearing glasses since he was five, but he wasn't blind and it wasn't like his boyfriend was exactly a pro at hiding his bottled up emotions. So mustering all his cunning Tenya took to helping Izuku choke it out, this time by finally making the boy take a long deserved break and the sea seemed like such a tempting option this time of the year.

***

The whorehouse margarita was a drink of unparalleled power known to the few friends of the Shinsou household and feared by all of them equally. The vile concoction was created by making a regular margarita and then 'diluting' it with copious amounts of pure spirit. It was largely known that no average mortal managed to finish the third glass. A less known fact was that when Jun Shinsou prepared the drink few managed to outlast the second glass. But everyone knew that despite her quite impressive age, the woman's tolerance for the overpowering beverage had no equal. It was confirmed she drank a ship of Russians under the table, when some of them were jailed for smuggling thus gaining yet another nickname, Baba Yaga.

Komori clothed from head to toe and dripping with total sun block watched absolutely horrified as the ancient lady downed her third glass in one go, sighed happily and still seemed perfectly sober. He flinched and shakily brought a glass of chilled whiskey to his lips and sipped slowly. Morisuke could smell the colorful jug of poison from a couple of meters away and it frightened him. He felt too damn old for this shit, having somehow managed to obtain an extra huge umbrella under which he was stuck for most of his time, sipping whiskey, sweating, making pleasant conversation with anyone who was resting at the moment, sweating and cursing his fate, curtly evading Jun's attempts at a drinking game, and making vampire jokes. Komori looked away and noticed Tensei's stare directed at the drink. The young man was eying the vibrant pitcher hungrily, and the older hero was certain that the younger had no idea what sort of a deadly hangover awaited those who consumed it.

By accident they locked eyes and Komori shook his head slowly, pointing toward Inko Midoriya, taking an post-intoxication nap, a half drank glass in her hand. In response the younger hero nodded once and ran off to tease Izuku and Tenya who were currently wrestling in the water and looked on the verge of making out. Komori frowned when he noticed his apprentice's movements seem a tad slow.

***

The old lady downed the colorful drink of her own making. It was rare she got a day off and getting a whole week was a bloody miracle. To top that off she hadn't been to the seaside for over two decades and warming her old bones was a divine experience. The strong drink tickled her tongue and numbed it pleasantly at the same time. Watching the voiceless exchange between the two heroes, she couldn't help but chuckle. For a moment she was tempted to pull Tensei into a small drinking game, especially since Tenya wasn't around to kill the fun. Jun felt the alcohol slowly get to her, warming up her sagging cheeks, but decided at least one more glass was in order before she would go about spreading mischief and reached into the open cooler for the colorful pitcher, which smelled more like a distillery than the fruity drink.
"Oh, those pecks.", she hummed to herself, her eyes glued to Tensei's muscled butt while her hands worked nimbly refilling the glass. As those words left her lips she heard Komori choke on his drink next to her. For a split second she wondered whether this wasn't a bit unfitting for an old, respectable prison warden, but the reactions she kept getting out of the white haired man throughout the morning were just too precious. "If only I was fifty years younger.", she added in a dreamy tone and the elegant hero spluttered, much to her amusement. She looked around to see if Hitoshi would start killing her fun and silently rejoiced when she noticed her grandson diving into the water.

She turned towards the Dracula wannabe and recalling yesterday's anecdote she remarked. "So you gave a seven years old Izuku-chan a real sword, that's not very safe."

The man repositioned the enormous umbrella and without skipping a beat answered. "True. It was a sword, and by definition they are not meant to be safe.", and took a sip of his drink.

Jun chuckled happily, my did she love Komori's word games, they were so perfect. "But he was a child!", she chastised, stirring the drink in her glass.

"It was educational.", the man supplied and toasted her silently. Each took a short swig and sighed happily as the chilled alcohol set the mood. For a moment they observed Tensei tossing frisbee back and forth with Tenya and Izuku.

Finally the gray haired lady broke the silence. "But what if he cut himself?!", she asked mockingly, faking a shocked expression.

She observed as her white haired interlocutor smiled slyly and with a smug smile shot back. "Well, that would be a very important lesson.", and sent a small wink her way.

***

Hitoshi was swimming when he was hit by a freezing current. He cussed under his breath, but kept on moving towards a tiny island not very far from the beach. Well, maybe that was an exaggeration, it was closer than one kilometer so it wasn't far for him. His mind buzzed a large warning sign of WTF as he neared the sandy beach and the water kept on getting even colder, but he pressed on hoping to feel the warm sand under his feet soon enough. Unfortunately this wasn't Shinsou's lucky day and he was affirmed about that when he noticed it wasn't the white sand he was going to step onto but fluffy fresh snow. "Better and better by the minute.", he chattered out, surprised he didn't bite his tongue off as he rubbed his arms and struggled out of the arctic water. Shinsou quickly took in his options, either get hypothermia here, bad option, in the water, terrible option or find out what is going on exactly, possibly the worst idea he could have. And by some twisted logic of choosing possibly the smallest evil he started running by the shore, trying to find whatever or probably whoever decided to make Christmas come early.

He felt the soles of his feet sting, his toes go numb and his lips were probably as blueish as his hair when he finally saw someone. The person was sitting with their knees brought to their chest and was largely covered in the fluffy white shit that lay everywhere. The cautious thing to do would be to approach slowly and preferably without startling the stranger, but Hitoshi was positive that if the heat wasn't turned up in the next five minutes his nuts would freeze and fall off. So he just ran over to the stranger and hoped that they are the one who is responsible for turning this island into the bloody Antarctica and if not that they at least had some clothes he could take.

"You!", he hollered shakily, pointing a finger at the stranger and apparently startling him. The mystery-man quickly got to his feet and started running, but to hell with them if Hitoshi Shinsou, who at the present moment would kill for a warm cup of his grandmother's cavity inducing cocoa wouldn't catch them. For a couple of minutes they chased one another. In that time the blue haired
teen noticed three things. First whoever it was, booking it across the snowy beach, they were in excellent shape. Second, they were a teen and had quite colorful hair, red and white split equally down the middle. Third, they were wearing city clothes, much too thin for building an ice castle. A minute later he was finally in grasping range and lunged after the teen grabbing him at the waist and continuing into the most ridiculous tackle possible.

For a couple of minutes they rolled in the snow, wrestling but not punching, until Hitoshi was somehow overpowered and pinned to the ground. The mysterious teen was straddling his stomach, his left hand aimed at Shinsou's face and covered in crystals of ice. Hitoshi swallowed thickly, and started wondering what to say, to get out of this mammoth sized frozen shit, he just jumped into.

His thoughts were interrupted when the stranger huffed out. "Did my father send you?"

"No, why are you asking?", Hitoshi answered without thinking, frowning, feeling as though the temperature around him dropped way below freezing together with the question. He was shivering again and really hoped that the boy could reverse the quirk. For a moment he felt as though the so far soft snow turned into sharp icy crystals digging into his skin, but it receded as soon as the teen straddling him seemed to process the answer. The stranger removed the hand obscuring Shinsou's view and the blue haired boy's eyebrows shot up. He was looking at someone his age, and possibly the most original human appearance he had seen so far. A warm hand was placed on his chest and Shinsou tensed up, expecting possibly the worst, before he noticed that he was gradually getting warmer and the snow around them started melting away. He turned his gaze back to his captor, he had ridiculous white and red hair, mismatched hazel and turquoise eyes and a huge scar over the latter one. For the first time in his life Hitoshi felt mesmerized and quite possibly a tiny bit infatuated. "Wow", he wheezed, his brain apparently still not thawed despite the fact that his body almost felt all right.

"I'm sorry if I got you hurt. I mean no harm.", the boy said mechanically, getting off of him and extending a hand to help him up.

Hitoshi blinked rapidly a couple of times, but quickly regained his self control. "Umm... Thank you for the... warmth. That's quite a quirk.", he mumbled and attempted a grin, which turned out as more of a smug smirk though, while being pulled to his feet.

"Yes, it is.", the teen in front of him answered, sorrow seeping back into his expression. Shinsou did not miss the minor change though, Komori trained him in pushing people's buttons to get them to speak, and he trained him extremely well.

"What's with the daddy issue?", he inquired in a caring tone, catching the teen's mismatched eyes. There was something hypnotizing to them he liked a lot.

"You do not know who I am?", the boy asked back in a slightly incredulous tone and gaped at his interlocutor.

"Should I?", Shinsou queried back, enjoying the verbal game of ping pong, and scratching the back of his neck. He wasn't one to follow all the hero business, that was Izuku's realm and he wouldn't be able to keep up with the boy's numerous algorithms anyway.

The colorful teen combed a hand through his hair and Shinsou held back a tiny smile realizing how nervous he must be. "Call me Shouto then.", the stranger finally said in a somewhat hushed voice.

"Then call me Hitoshi.", Shinsou answered, extended his hand and smiled. He observed Shouto taking in his look and for moment felt self conscious when his gaze rested a bit too long on the prominent dark circles under his eyes. Insomnia was a bitch, and boy was he aware of it. Finally they
shook hands in a somewhat strange agreement that is only found between people who find themselves in an awkward situation but end up enjoying each other's company anyway. It was a bit unnerving for the both of them, then again Shinsou was used to unnerving and quit his worrying barely moments later, sitting down and relaxing.

He dug his toes into the now warm sand and enjoyed the sensation of the proper temperature again, even if the proper temperature was scalding hot. Meanwhile Shouto eyed him warily, but sat down cross legged not far away, the heat seeming to have no effect on him. For a while they sat like that looking at the horizon, the island hiding them from the view of curious people on the beach. Feeling the tension of the fight leaving his body Hitoshi lay down on his side and observed Shouto who apparently lost himself in thought. He admired the thick forearms, and noticed the slight discoloration of old bruises covering the knuckles. 'Wait a minute, thick forearms!', his mind screeched. He made a mental note to talk to Midoriya-san about those things, knowing full well that his beloved grandma or Komori would turn his problem into a farce. His gaze shifted back to the discolored knuckles, and curiosity quickly got the better of him. "Interesting.", he muttered and reached out, wanting to touch the bruised hand gently. He knew that a small gesture could get even the most private person to open up, and for some stupid reason, he really wanted to touch these hands. Finally he brushed the tips of his fingers over the joints and noticed Shouto tense up immediately.

"What are you doing?", the teen asked, his gaze boring into Hitoshi's hand, which slowly moved over the knuckles.

"I am not sure. Do you want me to stop?", Shinsou asked anxiously and frowned slightly.

"No.", Shouto answered and shrugged relaxing slightly. The corners of Hitoshi's lips quirked up and he exhaled with relief.

They fell back into a strangely comfortable silence as Shinsou trailed his fingers over the bruises in the smallest gesture of comfort, they both instinctively understood.

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Izuku just threw a curved disc towards his boyfriend, however before the frisbee could reach him, it made a nasty turn and soared towards Tensei. The younger brother lunged forward and for couple of seconds the little imp was mesmerized with the tone of his fine muscles. In fact he was stupefied long enough for Tensei to throw the disc back and smack him in the shoulder none too gently. This led to both boys getting majorly flustered while Tensei howled with laughter and sang songs about a married couple while twirling his brother around. However neither Izuku nor Tenya would stand for it at least not in public. Sharing a look of agreement they already knew what to do get the turbo hero to keep his brotherly instincts under wraps.

The boys dove at Tensei. This resulted in a small play fight where sometimes they would be tripped other times thrown and probably it would have ended at that, had not Tensei crossed the thin red line. "So I take it you have told him Tenya?", the hero mused holding a thrashing Izuku by the ankle and out of his reach.

The boy who was just trying to wriggle his way out stopped squirming and his eyes sparked with interest. "Tell me... whaaaaaaa?!", his question was cut short as Tenya gripped his brother tightly around the waist, causing the hero to drop the smaller boy.

Izuku spun around in the air and landed gracefully all while listening to Tensei blurt out curses which would probably have Shinsou-sama wash his mouth out with soap, a feat he achieved on their very first day here. Tenya huffed like a steam engine and with a mighty yawp started bending back into a bridge. This caused Tensei to release something regarding Tenya's bastardly origin, his mother being
a hamster and a string of curses which could put a seasoned sailor to shame, just before he was slammed into the sand in a beautifully performed German supplex.

For a moment everything stood still. Izuku froze gaping at his huge boyfriend's unbelievable feat. Tenya was turning red, not only from blood flowing to his head. And Tensei... He was being too busy taking in the fact that he was still alive. The reel of life flashing in front of his eyes stopped when his little brother released him from his grasp and walked over to his little devil.

"Are you all right?", Tenya asked with a deadly serious expression, all while putting his giant hand on Izuku's shoulder.

The boy beamed back at him and nodded furiously, before adding. "Yeah, but you might be a brother short now."

Tenya rolled his eyes and Izuku's cheeky antics and pulled him over to where Tensei was still lying on the sand. They stood on each side staring at the expression of pure fear.

"I think you killed him.", Izuku said in a quiet voice, leaning over Tensei, who was staring wide eyed and completely terrified at the the blue sky.

"I do have to admit I was tempted.", Tenya affirmed, fixing his glasses which went askew during their little fight and leaning over his stunned brother.

"So... we dump him into the ocean now?", the green haired boy queried giving his boyfriend and impish smile.

Tensei slowly raised his hands towards the boys. He wanted to grab them by the heads and bang them together, repeatably, until nightfall, but they sneakily stayed just out of reach. So he simply flipped a bird at each earning a snicker and a disapproving look.

***

Hitoshi awoke with a start, realizing he must have fallen asleep in the sun and that most likely the next couple of days will equate crawling through hell every time he has to put something on. To his surprise however he was lying in the shadow and his hand was still resting on bruised knuckles. Did he just take a nap next to a complete stranger holding their hand? As his eyesight focused, he noticed that Shouto was sitting up and waving his hand in the air lazily, apparently drawing on a small glacier he must have made with his quirk. Hitoshi sat up and eyed the piece of art, it vaguely resembled a cat. He smiled, finding that they may have more in common then just a weird meeting. Shinsou ran through their previous conversation and remembered how the teen avoided the topic regarding his father. To his surprise a hint of worry pricked his heart and before he could think better he asked.

"Shouto-kun, I don't want to pry, but what happened with your dad?", he queried cautiously, running his thumb over the knuckles and awkwardly taking the teen's hand in his.

The boy lowered his head and gave him a tired look. He seemed at the very least reluctant to let anything out. Hitoshi was amused by how it resembled Izuku's behavior of bottling everything up until it blew up at the least convenient moment.

"You will feel better if you tell someone.", Hitoshi encouraged giving a gentle squeeze. Shouto looked away, seemingly even more determined to keep his secret.

Shinsou rolled his eyes, he was tired of beating around the bush and he too had some bottled up problems he had to pour out onto someone, who wouldn't fuss over him, or try to give him solutions,
who would just listen and understand. "My mom ditched after she learned what my quirk was, so did my dad. Had it not been for my grandma I would have been on the street and probably become a villain. And yet sometimes I can't help but miss those bastards.", Hitoshi finished and shivered as a cold draft blew from the miniature iceberg. He really hoped Shouto wouldn't try comforting him or tell him some bull about living in the past or do some other ridiculous thing proving to him yet again that rationalizing a problem was simpler than talking it out. Only when he finished his train of thought did he notice, that Shouto was squeezing his hand back, gently but firmly, making no attempt at comforting him, just letting him know that he is there and listening.

A minuscule smile crept onto Hitoshi's face as he realized that he really would want to befriend the teen with colorful hair. Shinsou squeezed back, wordlessly showing his appreciation. A few more moments of quiet passed and finally Shouto broke the silence.

"My dad... My father... that bastard...", the heterochromatic teen seethed and Hitoshi's eyes widened as he saw tears slowly leak out of the other's eyes.

For a good hour Hitoshi listened to a pained story of how Shouto was groomed into being his father's successor through ruthless training. How his parent's marriage was an arranged farce. How Shouto's whole family sucked, but the one older sister he had, and that he could not find a way out of that mess. And for the first time he found someone he could truly relate to because even though he just barely escaped thanks to Midoriya-san and his grandma, had it not been for one fateful Tuesday, he would still be stuck in the murky prison of his circumstances.

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After dealing with the aftermath of escorting a slightly dazed Tensei to where Komori sat guard Izuku got awfully hungry. Tenya was well aware his little boyfriend ate like a horse and easily devoured enough food to feed an African village for a month, so he didn't protest when he was dragged towards the colorful food stands. For some time they wandered, the green haired mischief judging in silence, hunting for the best grilled squid, a treat he gorged on during their stay. The sun was slowly loosing its heat by the time they came to a stall that Izuku finally judged worthy, God only knows based on what criteria. It was run by two teens about their own age, the ice cream machine looked like it was about to breathe its last treat and the grill about ready to fall apart. Tenya took the view in sceptically and was about to pull Izuku the other way, when the little boy tugged at him with astounding force. It never failed to surprise him how strong for his size the little devil could be. Izuku dragged Tenya all the way towards the friendly looking clerks and he was forced to submit. Only then did he notice the mouth watering smell.

When they approached the red headed teen manning the grill smiled invitingly at them and eyed them from head to toe. Tenya was pretty sure he was getting checked out, they were only wearing shorts after all, and it wasn't like either of them wasn't well built, even if Izuku was on the leaner side.

"So what will it be? A squid for the both of you?", the red head grinned, displaying an impressive array of shark teeth.

***

After a moment Izuku tuned out his boyfriends haggling, a habit God only knows where he picked up. Releasing his hand he walked over to the teen manning the rickety ice cream machine. It was a rather energetic, straightforward guy with blond hair and a lightning bolt dyed on the side. He met Kaminari for the first time, when he sneaked out in the evening to get a snack and they were the last shop open. Being the observant and unhealthily curious type Izuku quickly picked up on the blond's attraction towards his red headed coworker. Being the softhearted, good natured boy he was, he had
to encourage the budding romance. And that's how for the last couple of days he dropped by regularly, either buying ice cream or buying grilled squid and checking on Kaminari's so far nonexistent progress, which they discussed yesterday, much to the latter's horror.

"Kaminari-san? Have you managed to talk with Kirishima-san?", Izuku whispered catching the blond's attention.

The teen looked with shock at him. He released a pained huff and buried his rapidly reddening face in his hands.

"I take it as a no. So watch carefully because I can only show you this once.", Izuku answered with a mischievous smile and strolled away towards his boyfriend.

***

"Four for three hundred yen you crook.", Tenya nearly yelled at the red head, unable to hold back his worst habit, and mincing the air with his hands.

"Four for four hundred man. I gave you a hundred yen discount already!", the red headed clerk yelled back slamming his hands on the makeshift counter.

"Five for", Tenya started but was interrupted when a small hand gripped the back of his neck and yanked downwards. He found himself looking into his boyfriends huge green orbs with just a hint of mischief in them he so adored. He was about to ask what it was that Izuku wanted, when he was cut off yet again by a callused finger covering his lips.

"Tenya, I really like you.", the green haired imp chirped and before the larger boy could get his bearings he felt their lips connect in a slow kiss. He looked at his little boyfriend, who's eyes were closed, and wondered just what on earth was on his mind. His train of thought was effectively derailed when Izuku stood on the tips of his toes to get a better angle and deepened the kiss. It was warm, soft, slightly salty and felt one hundred percent perfect. Tenya would have lost himself into it had he not heard Jun Shinsou whistle loudly from somewhere behind Izuku's back and yell "At it boys! But get a room!". This shook him out of the pleasant feeling and he quickly backed off, making Izuku release a small whine, which ran straight through his spine. Tenya took a deep breath, attempting to rearrange his thoughts and turned towards the clerk. The red head was grinning madly and holding four squids up, the blond had ice cream pouring all over his hand and his mouth hung ajar.

"That will be three hundred yen.", the cook said, sending a knowing wink in Izuku's direction.

***

Tensei just finished the first glass of the whorehouse margarita and it wasn't half bad. The truth was Tensei was barely holding his balance, but sitting down made that task feasible, even if barely. He was pretty happy Inko had gone back to the small inn and Jun was out and about doing her usual mischief, because he was sure the old, elegant hero was the only one who wouldn't give him an earful.

"Komori-san, sundown will be in a couple of hours, how about a swim then?", he asked the adult who reminded him of an overgrown puppy more than a serious S-classed hero. Had he been more sober he would have probably asked how did he manage to obtain such a high rank but his inebriation made sure he strayed from the more serious topics.

"How about a skinny dip?", the white haired hero suggested with a smirk making the younger man
laugh. He was pretty sure at one point in their stay he heard the exact same exchange go down between Tenya and Izuku.

"I have a girlfriend you old lecher.", he retorted with an indignant huff, but failed to keep the smile of his face.

"Oh, right, right. Sure you do.", Komori said finishing his glass of whiskey with intact dignity. He observed Tensei pour himself another portion of the colorful, death-by-overdose drink and sighed unhappily. Even covered in sunblock he wouldn't risk attempting to pull the pitcher from the man's grip.

"So why aren't the boys sharing a room? I thought they would try sneaking in, or at least Izuku would.", Tensei queried, his cheeks colored pink due to alcohol more than sunburn. He failed to notice, how the other hero suddenly grew more alert.

"So he hasn't been sneaking into Tenya's room?", Komori queried, tapping his fingers on the rim of the glass and shifting anxiously.

"Nope.", Tensei answered popping the 'p' and brushing sand of off his sculpted chest.

"And Izuku hasn't snuck in?", the white haired man asked, feeling something was really off and he might have missed it.

"Nope.", the young hero replied popping the 'p' again and brushing the invisible sand of off his toned stomach.

Komori cussed inwardly and reminded himself he is already over seventy, even if he was stuck at thirty, and way too old for one night stands with people deep in denial. His slightly drunk mind slid back to the task at hand quickly though.

"Tensei, why did Tenya organize this trip?", he asked nonchalantly and made sure to keep his eyes off of the drunk man's body.

"I think, he mentioned something about Izuku getting worse or looking tired or something.", a slurred answer came back. For a moment Komori wondered what exactly that meant rubbing his chin slowly.

"Shit. Tensei I need your help.", the vampiric hero said turning his head back to the man sprawled out on the blanket, and rapidly falling asleep. Komori quirked his eyebrow and at the same moment the young hero snored softly. "God bless him or I would be nursing a moral hangover and he his broken sexuality tomorrow.", Morisuke muttered and started conceiving a small plan which should help his apprentice finally get whatever was bothering him out of his system.

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The sunset was nearing and Shinsou was pretty certain he should be getting back at this point, no matter how much he wanted to stay and hold hands with Shouto. Besides he had a couple of things to talk about with Izuku who seemed to have a good grasp on his own flexible sexuality. Hitoshi sighed tiredly when he remembered probably the whole pack would grill him about his sudden disappearance and felt a surge of guilt that Jun might be worried about him or even looking for him right now. A course thumb ran over his knuckles and pulled him out of his thoughts.

"Shouto-kun I need to be going back, my grandma is waiting.", Hitoshi said softly and noticed how for a split second the calm facade of the teen's face sagged with sadness.
After a moment the strange boy nodded in acknowledgment, but didn’t let his hand go.

Hitoshi racked his brains for a solution. He really wanted to keep in touch with Shouto and wasn’t quite certain how to go about it until the teen pulled out a phone and handed it to him. Shinsou quickly typed in his number and saved it before handing the device back. He noticed the phone’s wallpaper depicted a beautiful young woman wearing glasses, with white hair streaked red and recalled how Shouto described Fuyumi, his sister.

Shouto pulled him to his feet and they locked eyes. There was strange closeness in the look they shared, like between old friends who drifted apart but never forgot the happy times. The heterochromatic boy swallowed thickly, and squeezed Hitoshi’s hand one last time, before letting the teen go. Despite having shed so many tears today, he really felt it was the best one since his father learned about his quirk. He observed his friend jogging towards the water, wanting to take in as much of the view as he could. When the boy had finally disappeared into the sea, he flipped the phone open and typed a short message.

It's Shouto. I'll be here tomorrow too but then I must leave.

His heterochromatic eyes took in the phone number he committed to memory in case somehow his father caught up to him and took his phone away. Pocketing the device Shouto remembered he has a stormy night to prepare for.

Chapter End Notes

Hope you liked it!

Hitoshi meets someone, Shouto namely and falls way too hard way too fast.

Shouto escaped from home and is happy with anyone's company, but a certain blue haired teen seems to be his favorite.

Jun Shinsou aka 'Baba Yaga', the little old granny who drank a Russian mob under the table. By the way, 'Baba Jaga' as it is spelled in my country of origin was a witch, who had particular pension for eating children. Now you know why she has such a soft side and treats everyone like a kid. Witches were also known to be prone to mischeif while not always being harmful. (I changed the spelling to be more english-readable).

Tensei, did you just....

Beware the Bat's plan!

Sorry for making this quite lengthy, but I wanted to give more backgrounds before throwing them into the fray.

Next chapter:
The working summer!
**Working Summer**

Chapter Summary

Kaminari has a summer job with his best friend Kirishima. Chaos ensues.

Chapter Notes

See the end of the chapter for notes.

"Kamibro, would you mind giving my back a rub?", Kirishima purred from his futon a full foot away from the blond. For the past week they were living in a tiny room above the shop where they have been selling grilled squid, ice cream, mango juice and basically anything one's soul on vacation could desire.

"Get your fairy, gay ass a boyfriend.", Denki sighed not even looking up from his console. After a whole day of moving merchandise around he was to damn tired for his friend's seemingly endless antics.

"I would have, had I not been busy lifting the heaviest crates, while you flirted with the babes.", the red head complained flipping over onto his back, and sending his friend a playful look.

"They weren't the heaviest.", Kaminari gritted out mashing the buttons angrily. He couldn't really deny the flirting part. Seconds later his character went up in flames, loosing his final life. He gave Kirishima a disappointed look. The teen had been pestering him both at work and in private for the week, despite the fact that he was pretty certain Denki was on team hot babes and titties not muscled dudes and thick arms. "Happy? I lost again.", he complained hoping for a change of subject before Kiri escalated whatever this was.

"Good. Now you can give me the promised back rub.", the red head grinned displaying an array of shark teeth, and proceeded to take his shirt off.

"I never promised you that!", the blond yelled back and was about ready to throw something at his childhood friend who pouted unhappily. A fleeting thought crossed Denki's mind that his friend might in fact be sore, but the teen shook it quickly reminding himself Kiri was as much of a pervert as he was.

"Not even a short one?", the red head begged giving him a bad case of puppy eyes to match the sorry pout.

Denki sighed in exasperation and buried his head in the pillow to muffle the scream he uttered. What sort of friends give one another back rubs exactly? It had all started when Kiri came out to him when they were maybe thirteen and to his own family a whole week later. Which was quite an achievement considering how epically bad the red head was at holding anything in. It never failed to amuse the blond that having Kiri for a friend was a bit like dealing with a huge overly friendly dog which enjoyed physical contact way too much. In fact, from the moment Eijirou proclaimed himself as one hundred percent uninterested in the opposite sex was the moment he started hugging Denki every chance he got, play fighting, tickling and generally pestering him. He looked up and to his surprise the bad case of pleading red eyes worsened even further and it seemed like their sadness and
longing gripped his very soul.

"Ughh... fine, just stop with that.", Kaminari huffed waving his hand at Kirishima's face which immediately split back into a grin.

"Thanks bro!", he cheered plopping onto his stomach and settling comfortably. Denki sighed heavily again and slowly got up to walk over to where Kiri was humming happily. Why was he getting manipulated into this again? Oh right, Kirishima's huge smile and sad pout were undoubtedly to blame. Straddling his friend's lower back he started kneading the tough muscles. Had Kiri not been working out like a madman since childhood this would have been a piece of cake, but what was under his fingers reminded him more of steel ropes than living fibers.

"Are you sure you are not hardening?", Denki huffed when he encountered a particularly tight muscle around the middle of his friend's back.

"Hmmmm.... not on my back at least.", Kiri hummed teasingly. "Oh yeah, right there.", he encouraged his struggling friend zealously.

"Get your mind out of the gutter you walking rainbow.", the blond huffed, feeling as though he was trying to reshape a brick.

"I would, but you are not helping.", a content grunt escaped Eijirou's lips.

"One more word and I stop.", Denki threatened. He didn't want to have to repeat for the fifth time today that Kiri needs a boyfriend ASAP. To his dismay his friend fell silent and allowed him to slowly relax the tout muscles one by one.

About twenty minutes later he was all done, his fingers sore and red from exertion, but at least Kiri wouldn't complain and hopefully harass him any more this evening. Why did he agree to this summer job with Eijirou? Oh right, childhood friends and Kiri didn't want to get lonely.

"That hit the spot.", Kirishima laughed rolling his shoulders and flexing his muscles. Kaminari took in the view just a bit jealous, and went off to the tiny bathroom to brush his teeth.

When he came back he was greeted by the view of a makeshift king sized bed. "Lonely, yep", he muttered, looking down at a softly snoring Eijirou. He was going to have to knee him in the gut again if he gets too clingy at night, which so far happened every night.

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"It's the trade monster again!", Kirishima seethed looking at the stand neighboring their shop. It sold grilled squid at half their price, with a perfect mix of spices, manned by a short, round faced girl with a helmet of brown hair and a bubbly expression, which seemed to entice far too many customers. She was a plague, a commercial black death which was slowly running every other food stand in their vicinity out of business.

"It's time to do this the manly way!", the red head hollered pointing accusingly in the girl's direction. In return he got a warm smile reeking of villainous intent.

Kirishima pulled of his shirt displaying a prominent six pack and bulging pecs, drawing the attention of a couple of women chatting on the other side of street idly. Next he stomped over to his leaner friend and before the other could resist ripped his shirt clean off. Eijirou was determined to win this battle, even if he had to go all out and market their product with his own body! His own and Denki's, who immediately tried to cover himself up, the slight self-esteem issues resurfacing again. It took a better part of the hour to finally goad the more shameful teen into his plan, but Kiri was positive it...
would work out. After all, which woman could resist their good looks, their dashing smiles and manly characters?

It soon turned out that Kirishima wasn't far from right, as the customers started to divide themselves into two opposing camps. One seeking a bargain, the other looking for the service. The situation was in a stale mate for a couple of days and both sides glared daggers at one another, until finally the brown haired girl came over to introduce herself.

"Hi, my name is Uraraka Ochako and it was a pleasure to sell next to you.", she chirped happily at the muscled duo.

"The pleasure was all ours?", Denki answered mechanically, caught off guard by her bubbly smile. Well he did have a weakness of petite brunettes, for petite girls, for brunettes, for girls in general.

The girl chuckled happily and waved the blond off with her free hand. "I'll be going back to the city now. So please accept this gift.", she said forcing two squids into the boys' hands and grinning. Kirishima lit up immediately and chomped down on the treat, while Kaminari eyed the snack with doubt.

"It's tasty Kamibro! No poison.", Eijirou encouraged licking his fingers clean. So what else was there to do, he ate the damned thing.

***

The next few days were hell. What was in that squid Denki didn't want to even attempt at guessing, most likely just some plain old bad luck. He was too busy worshiping the gods of the seas hidden in the toilet bowl by puking his guts out to wonder about that anyhow. Denki felt feverish, and tired, and at some point he actually fell asleep leaning against the wall off the bathroom. The next morning he came to in bed, his back tightly pressed against Kiri's chest, the boy's slow breath tickling his neck gently. Unfortunately he didn't have much time to contemplate how nice it felt because another bout of nausea rushed him to the bathroom. Throughout his sickness Eijirou took care of the shop downstairs, and came back as often as he could to feed him some warm soup or herbal tea, neither did much, but the company helped a lot.

At the end of the week he finally felt well enough to get back to work. His stomach was still a bit tender and Kiri fussed over him like a mother hen, but they seemed to reach an agreement when Denki said he would only work half of the shift. This led to Eijirou grinning brightly and shoving him back onto the futon, to leave him the calm evening watch.

When he finally regained his strength fully he noticed something had changed. Except for the fact that the trade monster was gone, Kiri seemed a little gentler, a little less pestering and far more affectionate. It weren't big things, just a pat on the back here and there, and extra bite of dessert left for Kami, even though Eijirou was one with the sweet tooth, a ruffling of his blond hair, a hug held just a bit too long. And for the first time Denki wasn't bothered, he knew he wasn't into his friend, or guys at all, but it felt comforting and familiar.

Had he been more perceptive he would have also noticed the longing gazes he sometimes got from Kirishima.

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In their second week of work something even stranger happened. Kiri seemed to finally find someone other than him interesting. It occurred when an angry looking customer stomped his way into their shop late at night. Denki was busy playing his hand held console and Eijirou was manning
besides he could handle a single client, there was no need for him to get up. But lo and behold the smart mouthed teen had for the first time forgotten how to speak and that got Denki interested. Looking up he saw spiky ash blond hair, ruby eyes, and a scowl deep like the Mariana Trench. He would have chuckled had he not feared for his own safety when the teen started cussing loudly at the completely dumbstruck Kiri.

Later in the evening his friend just couldn't shut up about the handsome stranger. They haven't even been properly introduced, so because of the explosive attitude Eijirou settled for calling him Blasty. Denki hated to admit a tiny prick of jealousy bit into his heart. He spent the night wondering what that was about, and unable to get any sleep was a complete zombie the next day.

A couple of days later Kiri finally managed to get a name out of the 'cute' stranger. Kaminari still didn't know why just that adjective caused his stomach to drop. Apparently the boy was named Bakugou Katsuki, and his 'bat shit whacko of a mother' enrolled him into some 'less than a hog's piss worth of anger management class', which he 'fucking had no need of'. Denki listening to the tirade thought that this one case of eternal rage might be beyond even the most fierce and dedicated professional's abilities. This meeting resulted in another sleepless night and a morning of torment at the realization that he didn't get a hug in the evening and that Eijirou seemed way too excited about the approaching night shift.

To his dismay and relief they haven't seen any more of the blond spiky hair.

A week of sour Kiri ran by. This time it was Denki who did the little gestures, the unimportant things like charging his friend's dying phone, making his favorite for breakfast, calling him manly and of course back rubs. He was about to give up, when a short green haired boy came into their shop just before closing time. Kaminari's first thought was he had seen that guy somewhere but placing it proved somewhat of a challenge. The boy was cheerful and bubbly, even though he looked like he was about to drop with exhaustion. And then it suddenly clicked. Before he realized Denki was flooding the boy with questions about the sludge villain and the incident a few weeks back.

To his dismay though the little hero in the making didn't want to talk about that. He insisted that it was something that bothers him and steered the conversation away despite Kami's words of praise and immense respect for taking action. Instead Midoriya told him a story about a hero named Drago, whom he greatly admired, and who once wrote him that being a hero comes from within, from the heart and the mind, not from the quirk. At that Denki scratched his head, he wasn't much for philosophy and lofty quotes, but he did understand the implication, Midoriya was quirkless. Before he realized they were talking about him and his problem with Kirishima's behavior and that was when, the small hero bestowed onto him a wisdom Kaminari would hone for the rest of his life.

"Either go big or go home!", Midoriya said with a smile which rivaled a flash grenade in brightness and left grabbing an XXL sized coffee and a monster sized waffle to go.

When Kaminari came upstairs Kiri was already sleeping and their futons were separated. "Go big or go home.", Denki muttered scooting them together and slipping under Eijirou's covers, to hug his friend tightly.

The next morning Kirishima seemed to have shaken off his infatuation. Not only that, he was back to pestering Denki at full force. In fact he was so persistent and obvious about it that some of the female customers asked if they were dating and whether they could take a picture of them together. For the first time Kami was tempted to affirm both. Later in the day Midoriya dropped by for ice cream and asked about how Denki was doing. The boy's face grew slightly sour after learning that Kaminari
had trouble applying his advice during the day.

The situation repeated itself a couple of times until the green haired mischief came dragging his boyfriend along. And that was quite a boyfriend, Kirishima would have had an eyegasim had the tall stranger not started haggling about measly one hundred yen. And then Denki's heart stopped and flipped when Midoriya gave him new instructions with a demonstration. The short boy stomped over to his boyfriend and pulled him down into a long and hardly innocent kiss. Denki was sure that he was going to die of embarrassment before he can do that or possibly electrocute every one in the vicinity.

***

The next day Kami was about ready to give up on his big confession. He wouldn't, he couldn't just go up to Eijirou and make out with him! Denki spent the majority of the morning scaring off customers, while moping by the ice cream machine. Around noon he noticed a small, wrinkled lady strolling down towards their stand, and if his eyesight was correct she was swaying just a little bit. She stopped just before bumping into the ice cream machine and eyed his bare chest hungrily. Her gaze then slipped over the stand and Kiri, who was busy manning the grill and of course shirtless. An outright evil smile lit up her face, and Denki shuddered. He trembled yet again when she switched back to a 'gentle old grandma expression' in a flash.

"One large cone of vanilla ice cream please.", she ordered with alcohol drenched breath, depositing the payment on the table. Kaminari gulped and quickly started fixing the icy dessert before he was given any more vulturous stares or actually got drunk on inhaled air. He tried his best to stay calm, but cold sweat gathered on his forehead and he nearly dropped the bloody ice cream when the woman whispered.

"You hot for that cupcake?", pointing her thumb at Kirishima who was busy appeasing a boy who thought his brother's squid was larger. Denki's eyes widened in shock. How on gods' green earth did she know? "The way I see it. You better confess within five minutes of being done with that dessert or I am getting in on that action.", she warned in a somewhat caring tone and Denki's determination to get into the Guinness Book of World Records for the largest ever ice cone skyrocketed. His mind raced thinking about wording, atmosphere and so forth until a short sentence he heard not long ago came to the foreground.

"Go big or go home.", he muttered to himself, looking at Kiri over his shoulder, the shark grin directed at some customer was slowly melting his heart.

"Precisely.", the grandma said and in one swift movement fished the finished ice cone out of his hand. "Five minutes.", she warned scampering away.

"Go big, or go home. Go big or go home.", Denki repeated as he got up and spun on his heel. Kirishima was flipping the squids over, a thoughtful, small smile adorning his face as he waved the customer goodbye. Kami stomped over to his red headed friend who looked back at him with a puzzled expression.

"Eijirou!", Denki hollered, way too startled to keep his voice at acceptable volumes. Grabbing his childhood friend by the shoulders and spinning him around, he watched his eyes grow wide with surprise. "I like you. And I am gonna kiss ya'!", he yelled even louder than before gathering the attention of nearly everyone on the street. But that was the last thing on his mind as he dove in for the kiss, mashing their lips together. It felt weird, Eijirou was frozen stiff for a moment, but soon enough kissed him back, far more gently as though afraid his sharp teeth might catch on Denki's lips. He felt warm and tasted like squid and fried rice. When Kirishima splayed his calloused hands on Kaminari's chest the blond was certain he short circuited and Kiri will have to carry him back. Moments later the
red head slowly pulled back, a huge smile adorning his flushed face. Denki was sure he was beet red and possibly brain dead when his friend gave him a predatory stare.

"I guess this means I get that back rub tonight with a kiss?", Kirishima purred wrapping his arms around Kaminari's waist and holding him in place.

Kaminari mumbled something incoherently, looking down and attempting to hide his face in the crook of Kiri's neck. Eijirou laughed picking his friend off the ground and shamelessly peppering his face with kisses.

***

Attempting to fall asleep in Kirishima's arms Denki wondered what had happened throughout just a few short weeks, but decided that probing into it was not worth the effort. He had to somehow tell his parents and they might not be happy about the whole dating thing with exams fast approaching. That evening he also learned that an inexperienced and eager kisser with a set of shark teeth equated a busted lip, and that letting Kirishima give you a back rub usually resulted in bruises and a make out session. Luckily they had a week left for practice, and Denki couldn't be happier about it, even if the first aid kit would be used quite often.

***

"I am telling you boy! Izuchan was spot on, that guy went straight for the kill!", Jun raved happily in the living room toasting who knows what with a half-conscious Tensei while Komori fiddled with the lock on his apprentice's door. Both Izuku and his love interest were inside and he was very much sure he wanted them in there for a whole night or even the next eternity if that meant the little devil was going to open up about what it was that kept him out of bed and chugging coffee like Jun did vodka.

Chapter End Notes

Hope you enjoyed this!

Early chapter this time around. Maybe I can squeeze in one more this week, though I am doubtful about that.

Anyways KiriKami. I do honestly hope some of you ship it as strongly as I do. But look at the tags ^^ more awaits.

Meet Ochako. Watching the second season, I can see her gentle soul but also competitive spirit, and her motivation. "I want to make money", I just couldn't resist the tangent here :) forgive my weakness! ;)

This time no next time. Since I am still battling the summer chapters I had planned ;)
As relationships progress, trouble is bound to occur

Chapter Summary

Komori's plan works and backfires
Sexed required

Chapter Notes

See the end of the chapter for notes

Pawn to e4. It was the eighth game of the evening and so far the score held seven zero. For a hero-to-be not a very favorable result, nevertheless Tenya felt like this time he could win. His boyfriend was leisurely sipping coffee as black as a sinner's soul, sprawled behind the table and ogling his barely clothed body. Strip chess was Izuku's idea and had Tenya known the result ahead of time he wouldn't have taken the challenge. Now he was sitting in his boxers, and his glasses, and the latter were essential for any board games, while the former for holding on to his dignity, or whatever was left of it.

"I am not taking off the boxers if I lose.", Tenya huffed embarrassed and glared at his boyfriend's smirk, which he must have picked up from that Shinsou guy he was so chummy with.

"You haven't lost yet, but if you want to admit defeat...", Izuku purred way too happily for the large boy's taste and yawned into his drink.

***

The bitter coffee numbed his tongue and left him with a slight headache, but it was far better than the nightmares. Nearly every night since the fight with the sludge villain it was the same thing, darkness, reeking sludge covering his face and crawling down his throat for what seemed like eternity. And then, waking up to bedsheets soaked with sweat, gasping for air as though it was the most precious thing on the planet, and trying to will yourself back to sleep which won't come till the crack of dawn. Izuku swirled the black liquid and glanced at Tenya, who was glaring at the chessboard with absolute focus.

After much research before the camp, he came up with the solution to the nightmares. It revolved around tiring himself out into a dreamless slumber through a rigorous workout routine, but recently it was starting to take more and more out of him. Unfortunately it was all he could do this week as Komori had taken his computer and told him to rest up. As if he could! So attempting the impossible task he was, and observing the wide chest seething dangerously at him. Yes, he did suggest chess. Did he know Tenya wasn't any good at them? He absolutely did.

They were about halfway through and Izuku already knew that his boyfriend's case was doomed. The defense was full of holes and the green haired rascal was two good moves away from ripping it apart. He grinned at Tenya, trying his best not to look too smug.

"Tenya, I think you might want to start choosing between your boxers and glasses.", he mused. Damn! This did not come out like he intended. His boyfriend's eyes narrowed at him and Izuku quickly hid his face behind his over sized mug of coffee. This didn't lessen the force of the glare, but at least it hid his triumphant grin.
"I am not choosing.", Tenya snapped, trying to hide the obvious blush covering his cheeks behind his hand.

"Then I will happily accept both.", the green haired demon chirped, a glint of mischief in his eyes as he rolled the mug in his hands. This prompted more blushing from Tenya, which actually spread to his chest, making Izuku giggle.

"I want my clothes back. I am going to bed.", Tenya ordered, trying to get out of the predicament he found himself in and reached over the table.

"But I won them fair and square.", Izuku replied slyly, placing his hand on a small pile of neatly folded clothing he ripped off his boyfriend that evening. He was really looking forward to using the Ingenium T-shirt as his pajama today. After a whole day it would have Tenya's musky smell he enjoyed so much.

"Cheat!", Tenya gritted out, and stormed off to the door chased by Izuku's bubbly laughter. The green haired imp watched as Tenya twisted the knob once, twice, double checked that he actually unlocked the door and then tried to fry his tiny boyfriend with a glare. "What. did. you. do?", he asked half sternly, half tiredly, frustration visible behind his glasses. It was about midnight, so they should probably be asleep for about an hour already even if it were summer vacations. "It's not opening.", Iida explained the obvious.

Izuku got up and pattered slowly to the door. He wanted to open it but didn't quite feel like letting Tenya go just yet, so he quickly wrapped his arms around his boyfriend and nuzzled into his bare chest. He knew it would startle his large dork just a bit, but he really wanted a hug and a chess game wasn't likely to involve one. Soon enough one hand circled his back, while the other landed on his hand ruffling the green locks gently. Izuku stood still for a few minutes letting Tenya warm him slowly and only than did he wriggle his way out of the pleasant hold. He tugged at the door, twisted the knob, locked and unlocked the door...

"Fuck.", he muttered and immediately felt a heavy hand land on his shoulder.

"Language.", Tenya chided. Izuku remembered how the boy cheered when Shinsou-sama washed out Tensei's mouth with soap and gulped. He loved his boyfriend, but knew Tenya's obsession with clean language would be his death someday.

"Um... we are stuck.", Izuku smiled apologetically and noticed how his boyfriend's eye twitched. Ups... that meant trouble. However something told him that Tenya won't start breaking down the door or yelling for help out of respect for other people's sleep. A small voice in the back of his mind reminded him that his boyfriend won't be happy to learn about the dreams he has been having and cold sweat broke out on his forehead.

Tenya released an exasperated sigh. And Izuku snickered nervously, it was almost like a plot from a bad romance movie.

"You've got another futon?", the tall teen asked like the no nonsense guy he was, already scanning the room with his eyes.

***

Izuku tried to start his training regimen for the evening, but Tenya, of all people, asked him to give it a rest for the night. So there was no chance in hell to tire himself out before bed. Well there was one, but he wasn't quite ready for that yet, even if Tenya looked illegally handsome shirtless and with a suntan. Maybe he could somehow manage to simply stay awake.
To his annoyance his boyfriend refused to continue being pummeled in chess, foiling his plan of giving in and winning till the sunrise. However his worry quickly subsided when Tenya pulled a deck of cards out of his shorts. So all Izuku could do was transition from strip chess to strip poker and make himself comfortable on the futons they pushed together into a makeshift double bed.

In the first round Tenya bet his glasses and Izuku his boyfriend's shorts. He really did want to hold onto that shirt, even if it was the only thing he would get out of this game. Something told him the righteous teen can't be good at a game which required a whole ton of lying and deceit.

***

Within half an hour Tenya had Izuku wearing only undies and a prominent blush covering the boy's whole body. It was the final hand and a battle for honor for the green haired mischief who prided himself on deception and tactics, currently failing miserably at both. He looked up from his cards at Tenya who was smiling as if he was holding a royal flush which was downright impossible. Or wasn't it? If Izuku lost, he would have to give up his boxer briefs, if he won, he could get all his clothes back.

"Do it!", a tiny Komori on his right arm, clad in black cloak ordered, the red eyes hidden by the hood.

"Don't, this is not the hero way.", his master called from his left shoulder, wearing a weird sandy robe, high shoes and... a beard?!

The boy mulled his options over and his face felt impossibly hot at the thought of losing. Tenya wouldn't trick him, he was incapable of that. His boyfriend was the poster boy for obeying rules and following regulations, so any sort of foul play was out of question. Then he must be giving him a simple way out, the green haired mischief concluded with a smile.

"Check!", the green haired boy hollered triumphantly smacking his cards against the futon. Two queens and two jacks.

An evil grin spread across Tenya's lips mortifying Izuku. What had he done? Three aces followed by a pair of kings landed on the bedding and silence fell. For a moment both boys sat eying each other, a gleam of victory in the larger boy's eyes, a hint of distress in the rascal's. Bathroom was at most two meters away. If he could distract Tenya with the cards, could he manage to lunge in there and lock the doors? Perhaps. But would his boyfriend pass up the chance of giving him a lesson if he caught him? No way. Skipping out the window basically in the nude was a no go too, he wasn't some Tarzan. Fight Tenya? Fight half nude Tenya? Fight half nude Tenya who seemed determined to get his boxers? Hell no! And before he realized what was happening someone grabbed one of his legs.

"You are muttering", Tenya stated plainly and yanked, the cheshire grin giving his face a downright evil appearance.

Izuku's back landed harshly against the futon and he yelped, more in surprise than in pain. This was an underhanded tactic! Tenya waited him out! Izuku flipped onto his stomach and clawed at the covers, but his hands slipped as Tenya methodically dragged him into his lap. Within a couple of seconds he realized what his boyfriend was after, and boy was he not ready for that. Izuku thrashed and kicked, but Tenya seemed not to mind his punches, stupid bastard, a few more seconds passed and a thick arm held him in place as Tenya nuzzled into his neck, stopping the green haired boy's attempts at regaining freedom, as a rich shade of red spread all over his body.

"Hmm... Izuku... would you mind giving me my prize.", Tenya purred in his ear, and bit him on the neck lightly. Izuku was sure he was not just blushing but boiling in his own skin. Shit, he was not
prepared for this, and his boyfriend seemed all too eager. "Or do you want me to claim it for myself?", another purr reached him and a thumb hooked itself behind the waistband of his boxer briefs. Izuku's breath hitched as he elbowed Iida in the ribs none too gently. The large boy winced but didn't let him go. Instead he released the band, which snapped back into place and laughed gleefully. Izuku elbowed him again, feeling his speeding heart calm down.

In response Tenya coughed softly and kissed his boyfriend's temple apologetically. "It was just a joke.", he whispered.

Hearing this Izuku stopped squirming and punching his large boyfriend. To be honest sitting like that was quite pleasant especially after Tenya got clingy and removed his glasses to bury his face in the crook of Izuku's neck. The green haired boy ruffled the perfectly combed dark hair and hugged one of his boyfriend's thick forearms. He felt slightly lost in the softness and warmth and before he realized sleep enveloped him.

***

He was wearing his junior high uniform again. Sweat broke out all over his body, as understanding of where he is hit. Izuku instinctively reached for the familiar cold pieces of steel attached to his belt, but the knives weren't there. He knew what came next, the stench and then the feeling of being drowned. The boy shivered. He didn't want to feel it again. Izuku raised his hands ready to fight the losing battle anyway. He waited, but the villain wouldn't come. Soon his dream shifted to being cuddled by a giant marshmallow.

***

Birds were singing outside and he was lying on his stomach on something between soft and hard, which was certainly not a futon. His neck felt a bit stiff from spending all night in one position. Just what in the seven hells had he fallen asleep on? And why is it rising and falling rhythmically? Izuku wondered as he wrinkled his eyes at the sun shining through the window. The room was stuffy and whatever his bed was it smelled wonderful. A pleasant weight rested on his back and head. Had he just slept through an entire night?

'Hang on!', his mind screeched, when he recognized the faint musky fragrance, Tenya's favorite smell. Izuku's eyes shot open, and he noticed he was staring at his boyfriend's square jaw. He must have spent the better part of the night lying on his wide-chested, dark haired, too handsome for his own good, nearly naked...naked... Izuku felt his blood flow not only towards his impressively red face at the sudden realization. 'naked...', his double-crossing mind repeated. Immediately he tried willing the traitorous organ of his to calm down, but it seemed to have a mind of its own now. Suddenly the sleeping boy shifted and went into the 'koala phase'. This simply meant that as of now Izuku would not escape the hug holding him in place even if his life depended on it. Tenya wriggled around a bit and the flustered boy felt a bad case of morning wood brush against his own. 'Nope, nope, nope', sang one part of his brain. 'Oh, yessssss.', hummed another. The sleeping teen ground their hips gently and released a happy grunt, sending the smaller boy's mind spinning. Torn between wishing the earth would split and swallow him whole and the short episodes of pleasure Izuku didn't hear the lock getting tampered with. Tenya squirmed happily under him, little bits of friction slowly turning Izuku's mind to mush. The green haired boy moaned just as the door swung open.

***

"So you think he's fixed Izuku?", Tensei whispered while Komori slowly fixed the jammed lock.

"I hope so, because I am tired of all this sun and sand.", Komori muttered, popping another element back into place.
"It can't be all that bad.", another distracting whisper of the hero reached him. A joking undertone very apparent.

"No it isn't. Your drunken pick up lines are worse.", Komori hissed astonishing his interlocutor. "All done.", he added and placed the lock-pick back in his pocket.

As the older man swung the door opened a faint moan reached their ears shocking both seasoned heroes into silence. Tensei's jaw went slack seeing his brother, sluggishly sitting up, with his stunned boyfriend in his lap, whose face was a color of a ripe tomato. It was completely clear that the teenagers were up to something less than innocent just seconds ago, and Tensei was just not ready to acknowledge his brother is actually doing it. Teasing the big oath, sure, but the possibility of actual... activities...

"They start early don't they.", Komori remarked, the corner of his lip twitching upwards uncontrollably. Of all the times he had seen Izuku flustered, never had the boy reached such an impressive shade or red. The man having realized what was happening possibly seconds ago dragged the younger hero outside muttering something about sexual education under his breath, before anyone could utter a word more.

***

"Iida-san?", Komori asked the bewildered man, who had yet to regain his bearings. The white haired man sighed in exasperation. Not eight hours earlier, this handsome idiot in front of him was making less than subtle innuendos. And now? He was too shocked with the revelation, that two teens might be doing the nasty. "What did you expect, that they would be playing monopoly?", the vampire hero muttered unamused, shaking the hero lightly. "Wake up!", he bellowed and the younger man startled.

"I-i-i, my brother. Did they?...", the man stammered incoherent questions at the more seasoned hero.

"Do I look like I am their bloody futon?", Morisuke deadpanned. My when has this witty chap gone so dense? Maybe he should keep the lad from drinking any more of Jun's liver demolishing cocktails.

The hero shifted uncomfortably as though the room was too small for him and played with his fingers nervously.

Komori pinched the bridge of his nose tiredly. This was certainly not included in the job description that Hisashi threw at him. "Tensei. You have to give Tenya the sex talk, before either does something stupid.", he explained, barely keeping the maniacal smile of his face. The young man's reactions were just to precious to pass up. 'So honest, so innocent.', something dark purred in his mind.

The hero made a horrified face. It reminded him of the criminals that saw him bearing his fangs seconds before he latched onto them. Komori eyed the tempting vein on the man's neck and licked his lips. Only the hero's faint scream of panic brought him back to reality.

"I can't, I can't, I can't!", the young man repeated pulling at his dark hair, the panic evidently fully overriding his rationality.

"So uncivilized.", Komori muttered releasing the hero. He was a man on a mission again, even if this particular one was not too extravagant. He opened his phone and quickly googled a couple of phrases. It shouldn't be that difficult to pull off, after all he too had some experience regarding men.

***
Hitoshi knew how he looked in the mornings and usually it wasn't pretty. Today he had eyeliner-grade circles under his eyes and his hair was messier than usual. He also felt ready to nosedive into his bowl of rice, but a bucket of coffee straight from his wonderful grandma saved him from that embarrassment. The aged woman sat next to him sipping on green tea and nibbling on some fish. It wouldn't have been surprising had Hitoshi not been aware that his beloved granny downed enough hard russian vodka, God only knows how she got her old wrinkled hands on it, to drink Iida-san under the table. And that man was built like a bloody mountain. But that was not the worst part, her case seemed the mildest abnormality at the table. Hitoshi eyed each participant of their little trip with wonder. Midoriya-san, the sweet bubbly mother, was staring at Iida-kun like cobras do at mice. The brainwasher was pretty certain that if she could, she would turn Izuku's boyfriend into a beautiful albeit dead sculpture. In turn her son looked like a fresh tomato, the wonderfully red face contrasting with the green hair. Hitoshi knew how easy it is to fluster the little imp, but this was a whole new level and it peeked his interest. 'What could have happened last night?', he wondered. Komori-san, the ever chattering conversationalist, was silently reading something on his phone, apparently greatly engaged in it. His expressions ranged from amusement to shock and a couple of times the man blushed and put down the device quickly, only to pick it right back up and continue reading. What a shame he didn't have Izuku's tech skills, he would really like to know what was so interesting. And then there was Iida-san. The man was eating at lighting speed and seemed ready to bolt for the door, the moment he was done with the meal. Had Hitoshi not known this was a pro hero, he would have sworn the man was scared. Amongst this mess sat Iida-kun, withstanding Midoriya-san's cutting glare and eating calmly, completely oblivious as always.

Hitoshi drank another mug of his coffee. The pitch black liquid as bitter as his childhood filled his stomach. This was going to be a very interesting morning.

***

Izuku was just changing into his swimming shorts when a faint breeze told him someone just entered the room, and if anyone could do that soundlessly it was his teacher. He put on an old and frayed Kyuketsuki shirt.

The boy turned around and his eyebrows shot up when he realized his teacher was blushing just a little bit. He had never seen his teacher catch a cold, even during the ridiculous winter trainings.

"Are you all right, Komori-san?", he asked slightly worried.

The man cleared his throat and sat down on the mats covering the floor. He was about to speak but noises of breaking wood erupted from behind the wall and possibly the sound of a table being broken. The tumult slowly moved down the corridor and towards their room. Both of them looked at the door, half expecting some unknown danger to show up and boy were they wrong. The hero and his student pulled out a knife each, Komori sitting a bit sideways, ready to roll away, Izuku facing the door. Moments later it swung open revealing an unexpected sight. Izuku's eyes widened as he eyed Tensei barely holding his thrashing younger brother.

"I need you to give him the talk.", the man huffed out, struggling to keep his hold on the absurdly worked up teenager. Tenya looked like he was about ready to rip his brother into shreds. Komori gave him a deadpan look, but waved him in and Tensei threw the red faced boy into the room before slamming the door shut. Tenya looked about ready to follow, but the old hero produced another knife out of his sleeve and held it to his throat, yawning profusely. The angry teenager froze in his half crouched position and eyed Komori angrily.

"Tenya, please calm yourself.", Komori said patiently and waited until the boy's breathing evened out and he sat down next to his boyfriend, who took his place during the little scuffle. For a few
moments the old hero deliberated on how to go about the whole, most likely traumatic, speech, but ultimately he decided to just wing it.

"It's not my first rodeo. But it's certainly my first gay sex-ed talk.", Komori started and noticed how both boys blushed. Were they really this uncomfortable about this whole shindig? "Anyways no need to get worked up, we are all men, and well, sooner or later you two would have done it. So better be prepared then be sorry.", he started with a comforting tone.

***

Hitoshi sat right outside the doors to Izuku's room. From what he learned from his granny, Midoriya-san and Iida-san's babbling apparently his teacher and the turbo hero walked in on Izuku and his uptight boyfriend in the middle of some action. He just couldn't wait for the mayhem in the room to ensue as soon as the talk started.

Ten minutes later Hitoshi stopped paying attention as his phone buzzed. It was a message from Shouto, a pair of numbers, which looked like coordinates. Hitoshi quickly forgot what he was spying on, after all he was going to meet the frosty boy again!

***

"Fuck this!", Katsuki yelled as his pencil broke again. "Fuck that!", he hollered, exploding the apology letter he was writing.

"Bakugou, please.", the therapist started, raising their hands up in an nonthreatening gesture.

"FUCK YOU!", Bakugou roared and stormed out of the office. It was three bloody weeks since that bat, his mother, kicked him out to this anger management camp and he was done. He did not have anger issues! He had Deku issues! That shit head escaped to a different school instead of facing him like a wimp he was. And from that moment on he somehow always managed to give him a slip!

Katsuki kicked a trash bin over as he stormed up one of the more deserted streets of the small seaside village. A dazed cat emerged out of the toppled container hissing at him and the boy hissed back sending his trademarked death glare.

'That useless ass wipe had the brass to face him two years back and what happened?! What?! He cracked two of Katsuki's ribs! That's what happened!", small explosions erupted in his palms as the teen reminisced. He was going to kill that useless Deku when he sees him again! The angry monologue played out in his head, a little vision of blowing Deku to smithereens adding to spiral of fury.

***

Words like lubrication, fingering and prostate swirled in Izuku's brain as he ran down the street, determined to get the biggest sweetest snack this small town had to offer. He did his research and knew them and how they tied into the whole sex... thing. But hearing it from his mentor who with a calm face explained to them how to use protection, which included a demonstration on a banana, and properly preparing a partner, which luckily did not include anything but theory, was just too much. Anyhow his favorite fruit was ruined for him. He was so consumed in his own thoughts he didn't notice an ash blond with an explosive temper storming towards him.

"DEKU!", an infernal howl shook him out of his thoughts. He cursed this day mentally.
Chapter End Notes

Baku's back!
Next time final summer chapter and back to cannon!

Baku vs Izuku: round 2
Hitoshi’s pleasant time with Shouto is interrupted
"DEKU!", an infernal howl shook him out of his thoughts. The green haired boy cursed this day mentally. Hurdling towards him was a fiery torpedo of impeding bloody doom, his former childhood friend, 'Kacchan'. Izuku didn't really know what exactly that boy cooked up in this head of his this time, but it had to involve violence judging by the sparkling explosions around his hands. 'Run or fight?', Izuku wondered. 'I came, I saw, I ran to fight another day.', Komori chanted in his merriest tone in his head. So what was Izuku to do, but heed his mentor's wise words?

Explosions sounded behind him as he skidded into a small alley and soon passed his favorite grilled squid shop. Kaminari was just setting up the grills, with Kirishima draped all over his back. The green haired boy would have stopped to watch the sweet love birds, but an imminent threat of being blown to smithereens was enough to sway his judgment against that option. "YOU LITTLE FUCK! COME BACK HERE!", echoed behind him just as Izuku grabbed a broom resting against the table and quickly yanked its handle free. He readied his stance, and moment later his foe charged into view.

Izuku felt blood pound in his ears, Kaminari was yelling about something, but the rhythmic thundering drowned out his words. His world was once again slowing down, as the faint nitric smell drifted towards him, and yellow fiery flowers bloomed in his friend's palms. His muscles relaxed, just as Katsuki hunched his shoulders, the infernal scowl, giving him a downright demonic appearance. "Just don't hurt him too much.", Izuku muttered to himself, searching for the most likely angle of attack.

His analysis was interrupted as his former friend launched himself at him. Katsuki propelled himself with small explosions attaining an impressive speed, but forgetting one crucial thing, defense. Izuku lunged forward, shortening the distance and swinging the stick in a wide arc. Crack! It connected with the left arm, just below the shoulder, sending Katsuki spinning to the ground, and breaking beautifully. He hit it with a thud, at which the green haired boy would have normally winced, and tumbled away. He could already picture Komori telling him off that if that this had been a villain he should have gone for the neck or face, that quirkless meant kill or be killed. "Bakugou, don't do this. I don't want to hurt you.", Izuku pleaded with the enraged teen, who glared at him from the ground.

Katsuki coughed, and whizzed for a few moments, clutching his left, now limp hand, but quickly got to his feet. He put a guard up with just his right, angling away his left side. 'He wants you to attack.', a calm voice rang in his green haired head. Izuku waited, he had all the time in the world, and hopefully either Kirishima-san or Kaminari-san ran off to get the police. But Kacchan was smart, he would no doubt catch on to this plan, and if he attacked with all he had Izuku might not walk away from that one.

Moments later Katsuki opened his palm and smiled evilly, and Izuku's eyes widened in shock. He was going to...
The popsicle started melting and was about to trickle down his hand when it was refrozen completely. Hitoshi watched in fascination as his strange friend, Shouto, removed his finger from the stick holding the icy treat.

"Thanks", he muttered and smirked at his companion.

The teen nodded and a smile ghosted over his face.

Noon was slowly creeping onto them and Hitoshi was pretty happy he ditched eavesdropping on his training partner, Izuku's boyfriend and Komori giving them 'the talk'. He enjoyed the silence and peaceful atmosphere around Shouto.

Suddenly a series of explosions sounded off just around the corner. Shouto's eyes snapped towards that alley, while Shinsou lazily turned his head. He silently hoped that these were just fireworks, but knowing his luck this wasn't a probable scenario. Hitoshi watched as his friend got up and ate the whole treat in two bites. He almost wished Shouto wasn't this curious about everything, then again maybe it was something actually important, because his friend seemed mildly unsettled.

"Easy. Let's see what it is.", Hitoshi mumbled around his popsicle as he took one last bite. He got up slowly and they started walking towards the source of the loud bangs. Shinsou noticed how Shouto protectively flanked his left, ice gathering on the tips of his fingers and toes. Hitoshi smirked at the notion that perhaps Shouto could actually be a match for Izuku with that bizarre quirk.

He would have entertained the notion a bit longer, but the green haired imp just flew out of the alley, followed by dark gusts of foul smelling smoke. The boy hit the ground heavily, and Shinsou winced, it almost seemed like his friend was unconscious. For a moment he stood gaping at Izuku, who grunted heavily and got up onto all fours. To an untrained eye it would have been evident he was barely holding on. Another teen darted out of the alley towards his friend, who just made it back to his feet and held up a weak guard.

Shouto tapped him lightly on the shoulder. But Hitoshi shook his head, he recognized the weak defense, the Trojan Horse.

Katsuki saw red. Amongst the crimson there was one target, a mop of green hair he wanted to drench in blood and crush under his boot. That shit eating, shoe munching, worthless, quirkless DEKU! He was reaching for him with his right hand, through a weak guard, his left useless at his side, badly beaten and maybe even broken. If it was permanently damaged he is going to kill this little fuck! With murderous glee he saw the greenish mane nearly in reach, just a split second more.

BOOM! The explosion thundered and his eyes widened in joy. Maybe that'd teach the wimp a lesson.

'Where the...', his thoughts snapped to a halt as a pair of strong calves clamped around his neck. He tried detonating again, but his whole hand was locked in place.

Izuku was holding the arm straight, palm pointed away from himself as he slowly squeezed his calves together. He really didn't want to hurt Bakugou, but he was left little choice. He felt his
charred clothes clinging to the slowly forming burns and rage flared in him. Izuku arched his back, swinging their joint weight towards the ground and gritting his teeth.

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He was choking. It was like that fucking slime all over again. Only this time it was Deku! He was fucking humiliating him again! He wanted to reach with his left hand but the shitty limb wouldn't budge. What the fuck?! Air was slowly becoming a luxury, and his vision quickly started turning black around the edges. Bakugou tried shifting his head around. But before he could, a strong jerk threw him to the ground. The remainder of precious oxygen escaped his lungs in a heavy pant. That little vermin was strangling him! He tried fighting back, but felt his muscles weakening. Soon he wanted to claw at that dumb shit, but even desperation he was currently feeling couldn't overpower the weakness of his oxygen deprived muscles and Deku's hold. Slowly it went dark...

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Izuku released his hold only when he was certain his former friend was not moving, and silently prayed it wasn't a feint. Hissing at the burns, he got up and looked at his 'Kacchan'. Part of him was worried, part of him wanted to bash in the unconscious face and play it off as self-defense, and part of him simply wanted to cry. Pondering the possibilities, he plopped down on the ground and observed Katsuki's chest rising and falling. 'So this is how a true hero behaves?', a tiny voice jeered in his head. For a moment he wondered who it was really talking about. He was about to get up to get Kaminari, when he thought he saw someone with black hair out of the corner of his eye. He looked down the alley, but it was empty, save for a lonely cat liking its paw. Izuku groaned and shook his head.

***

The green hair, the inhuman dexterity and reflexes. Shouto watched awestruck the very same guy, whom he saw basically dismantle the sludge villain. But how? He questioned his fate looking over his friend's shoulder. How dubious a word, friend. Hitoshi stood in front of him, a smirk undoubtedly adorning his face, and seemed lost in his smugness. They were both watching the short wonder which just knocked down the same spiky haired guy he saved back then.

He stepped forward, but Hitoshi put his hand on his chest, and shook his head, giving him a clear sign to stop. Instead his friend approached the short fighter. They spoke for a few moments, until his friend waved him over. Without delay he jogged to them to be greeted by a slightly burned, albeit cheerful teen, maybe a bit younger than he was. The boy was wearing red trainers, cargo shorts and a largely charred Hawaiian shirt. However before he could introduce himself the spiky haired attacker stirred, apparently coming to after his forcefully induced nap. Suddenly a sharp tug on his wrists pulled him down the street, and he realized that both boys were booking it towards one of the few inns of the village.

A few minutes later they arrived at the establishment. The green haired boy darted past an elderly receptionist, a woman with a giant, fluffy beard, while Hitoshi pushed him into the depths of the hotel. Looks like a peaceful afternoon was going to turn a lot more eventful.

***

The dinner was an interesting debacle, for nearly everyone involved. It would have been a typical feast to celebrate the end of their stay here, if not for the presence of one specific guest, Todoroki Shouto. The adults eyed one another, Jun, Tensei and Komori evidently disconcerted, Inko evidently delighted. For that woman it must have been like having one more son, as though mothering for three boys just wasn't enough. The atmosphere was rather tense, and none of them ate much until the
rather annoyed Shinsou-sama uttered a loud 'Fuck it.', pulled a bottle of sake from under the table, and paired it with a devilish smirk. True, they were currently housing a boy who was supposedly training on Okinawa, but apparently wasn't, but it was a celebration, and such a tiny detail shouldn't spoil the fun. So within half an hour most of the adults got at least slightly tipsy, with the exception of Inko, the designated driver for their return. She took to cooing over how handsome Shouto was, much to the teenager's horror.

Meanwhile the four boys raced in consuming the delicacies laden on the table. The competition became particularly vicious when Hitoshi dropped out, folding his chopsticks and thanking for the meal. Izuku teased Tenya about the other's small stomach in between shoveling croquettes into his mouth, while the boy huffed indignantly over his rice bowl. It was quite an endearing sight, but Komori was more interested in Shouto, whom he was observing discretely. At first he was racing just like other boys, taking pleasure in the little challenge. But as soon as Hitoshi dropped he too slowed down, and instead listened to the blue haired boy commenting on his friends' gross behavior, sometimes offering a short reply. Komori chuckled, realizing what a nice fit the two boys were, both the silent brooding types, with a hidden flair for sarcasm if prodded enough. He would have loved to watch longer but Tensei's mildly unstable sexuality decided to make an appearance.

The large man started purring terrible pickup lines into his ear, which at first he stubbornly ignored. But soon enough the younger hero crossed the line. "Did it hurt when you fell from heaven?", he whispered, the drunken blush dusting his cheeks and pissing Komori off more than the man deemed prudent.

"No, but I scraped my knees when I crawled up from hell", he hissed back, eyes blazing, and took another shot of his whiskey. What on earth had he done to deserve this. It felt like Tensei was divine punishment, gift wrapped in a divine body. 'Too young, too innocent, too stupid... too whatever', he chanted in his mind merrily as he emptied his freshly refilled glass. Was Jun trying to get him drunk? A smirk from the older woman confirmed his suspicion.

***

It was later into the evening when Midoriya-san shooed them out onto the beach. Shouto felt a bit out of place. He enjoyed dinner and was thankful for it. After all this was his first full meal since he escaped his father's clutches. Remembering the tyrant made him feel guilty at abandoning his family, but he knew he couldn't look back now. Shouto looked around uneasily. There was Midoriya-kun with Iida-kun, horsing around in the sand. Iida-san was following Komori-san like a hound and apparently enraged the man every couple of minutes, which resulted in a brief escalation of volume from the so far cheerful and welcoming gentleman. And of course there was Shinsou-sama, setting up fireworks with Midoriya-sama, chatting away about trivial things and planning Midoriya-kun's wedding?! Shouto shook his head, to disperse a strange thought which started forming itself. He was about to look around to find Hitoshi when, a loud bang lit up the night sky in various shades of green and red. It was a little mesmerizing, and suddenly a wave of sadness washed over him. Was this how a real family looked? Was it always this happy, this light?

The questions buzzed in his mind, as he felt cool fingers entwine with his warm ones. He turned his head to see Hitoshi smiling at him timidly, and instinctively squeezed, to hold on, just like back there on their island, during the first time they met.

The warm colors lit up the night sky again in hues of crimson and white. They weren't as spectacular as father's fire or as beautiful as mother's ice, but here and now they were perfect, illuminating Hitoshi's pale face and making his eyes glow. Shouto tore his gaze away from the mesmerizing visage and looked around again, wanting to know what the others were doing. Midoriya-kun was held tightly from behind in a bear hug by his over sized boyfriend, both giggling at some small jokes
they shared. Iida-san was leaning dangerously on Komori-san, and Shouto had a funny feeling something is about to happen. He squeezed Hitoshi's hand gently and jutted his chin at the pair of men engaged in quite a lively discussion. There was a lot of yelling from the younger hero and a lot of creative name calling from the older. Suddenly Iida-san grabbed Komori-san's face and mashed their lips together. Shouto felt his brows arch involuntarily and wondered whether everyone in this family was to some degree gay, but maybe he was just imagining things. Because as the men separated seconds later, the white haired hero loudly apologized and punched the younger man in the face, knocking him on his ass. He would have happily observed further, but Hitoshi gently squeezed his hand. Shouto turned his head to look at his tired friend. He gazed deep into the blue, tired eyes, which drew closer, and closer. His heart flipped at the sudden proximity, and before he knew it Hitoshi was kissing him. It was gentle, and a little sloppy, and before he could make up his mind to kiss back Hitoshi withdrew. The trademark smirk slid back onto his face as he turned his attention back to the fireworks, leaving the stunned boy to his thoughts. Shouto's heart thundered, he squeezed his... boyfriend's?... hand, attempting to communicate he liked it, and afraid to say anything, lest his voice failed him. His ears were burning, and his quirk hummed... happily?... beneath his skin. Forcibly he shoved the realization that this is not going to last past tonight into a far corner of his mind.

***

Shouto opened his eyes and glared at the moon illuminating the quite endearing scene he wound up in. Earlier that night it was decided that Hitoshi and him, would be moved to a separate room, for "decency". The hot-and-cold teen had trouble understanding how can two boys, who just kissed be considered in any way decent, but he didn't argue. At least today he would have a roof over his head and a bed under his back. He recalled all the days of hiding on various tiny island spread along the coast. There were mornings which he spent fishing with a makeshift spear, and had enough grilled fish with berries for lunch and dinner, if he got lucky that day. There were others he spent wandering the local villages, observing happier families and wishing to be born the way his siblings were. There were some he spent huddled by a tiny fire cut off from the world by a raging storm. Sometimes he would spend days training, since it was practically all he knew or trying to make sculptures just like his mom could. Shouto never managed to do that though. Then at nights, he would gaze at the stars and wonder what his sister and brothers were doing. And that was how he passed his time until a strange blue haired boy chased him across the beach. He ran his fingers over Hitoshi's back and felt the corners of his lips quirk up. Sometime during the night the blue haired boy hugged him and quickly fell asleep. 'It feels strange to belong', he thought and looked down at the arm draped over his stomach. A pleased sigh escaped his lips, as he settled more comfortably and closed his eyes. He should leave, leave quickly... Soon Shouto slid back into a dream filled with warm kisses and silvery blue hair.

***

The night was slowly transitioning into dawn, when he awoke again. He was cuddling Hitoshi, who's long blueish hair tickled his nose. Shouto forced himself to hold a sneeze in, when the boy shifted. He remembered the knowing looks the adults gave him, and recognition shining in Midoriyakun's eyes. He was found out, but he wanted to stay. Yet if he stayed, his father would catch up to him, and his punishment would be dire. "Am I going to run my whole life?", he despaired and pulled Hitoshi closer. Shouto analyzed his options, just like he was taught to do, no matter what sort of danger he was in. He could stay, risk that they would inform Enji, and probably by the time they leave his father will come to "pick him up". Or he could keep on running. However neither option would last in the long term. Shouto buried his face in Hitoshi's long hair and inhaled the menthol smell of the boy's shampoo, committing it to memory. Mustering all his willpower he started pulling away.
"Stay", Hitoshi grunted sleepily, when he removed the arm covering the boy's torso.

Shouto froze halfway off the futon. He was gritting his teeth, attempting to hold back, whatever it was that tried making it's way back from the bottom of his soul.

"Please", another strained whisper from the blue haired boy echoed in the room, and Shouto was sure his heart just shattered.

"Water", Shouto lied through his teeth. Before he could stop himself he bent over and planted a soft goodbye kiss on Hitoshi's cheek. The boy relaxed and seemed to drift back into sleep.

The dual colored teen slipped out of the room grabbing his shoes and clothes on the way. Quietly he crept over to the kitchen, wanting to stall his departure just a bit. He dumped the once impressive training uniform on the floor and pulled a glass from one of the cabinets. Shouto gripped the tap, when a raspy voice greeted him.

"Hello there".

Instinctively the boy jumped back, ice crystallizing on the tips of his fingers, covering the glass. He peered into the darkness, at two glowing red eyes, and recalled how they gleamed during the fireworks. "Komori-san.", he whispered, placing the glass on the counter. He was ready to fight if that man wanted to take him back to his father.

The dark figure chuckled dryly and stepped a bit closer. The man was wearing a fine black shirt and a dark vest. On a different occasion Shouto would have stopped to admire the fine outfit, but now he was busy slowly inching towards the door. Komori-san stepped forward a faint smile tugging at his lips and the boy stepped back, feeling his breath quicken in anticipation. The man chuckled again and pulled another glass from the cabinet and filled it with water.

"What are you doing Shouto?", he asked curiously, and stood patiently waiting for the answer.

Shouto slowly wrestled his racing heart back to its normal rhythm and stared the adult down. The mismatched eyes locked with two glowing orbs, and Shouto very slowly started to freeze the man's shoes in place. Komori's eyes flickered to the floor and back at the boy and terrifying grin appeared on the man's face.

"I wouldn't do that.", the hero said flatly and downed his glass of water.

Shouto watched Komori's throat work through the liquid as his ice inched towards his feet. The man put the glass down and smiled brightly at him.

"Let's get a few things straight chap. You will hold your horses.", he said gesturing broadly to the floor between them, "And let me explain or I break out my own quirk and one of us will get hurt, in all likelihood you, Shouto."

The boy felt his stomach clench. He knew he couldn't cause any destruction, but dealing with a pro would undoubtedly incur some. Never the less he stopped his ice, and considered his options. He knew nothing of the hero going by the name Kyuketsuki, but if he trained Midoriya than he was facing a difficult adversary.

"Ten, nine", the hero counted lazily. And Shouto's eyes widened. Was he just given an ultimatum?

"Six, five", the man continued, and the boy nearly gaped when he realized the hero simply skipped a couple of numbers.
"Two", Komori said, with a predatory glance, and his pupils turned into vertical slits.

"Fine", Shouto hissed. The man relaxed his stance and smiled at him, displaying his overgrown fangs. "Just keep it short.", he added, mentally calculating how long it would take his father to get here, if they called last evening.

"As you please. First things first, no one alerted your father, even though we are all highly concerned.", the man said, rubbing his hands together. Shouto's eyes widened in surprise. Was he being tricked? "Did you for some reason run away?", Komori cut to the chase, and started patting his pockets. The boy inhaled sharply, was mind reading part of the man's quirk, he wondered.

Shouto glared at the old hero, who grinned at him, displaying his pair of quite impressive fangs again, and then pouting when he couldn't find whatever he was looking for.

"So as I thought. Dear young Enji-chan is not as great as everyone thought.", the hero mused, as he turned around and rummaged through the fridge. Shouto felt his jaw go slack. Never in a million years had he heard anyone speak in such terms about his stern father. "AHA!", the man cheered and pulled a small tube of sunscreen out of the fridge, which he started applying generously to his face quickly.

"I have to go.", Shouto stated dryly eying the man applying the cream and proceeded to turn around.

"No you don't.", the hero quipped freezing the boy in his tracks. Slowly Shouto turned back to look at the strange man. Once again they locked eyes, but this time the hard and relentless look was replaced by warmth and kindness and a tinge of understanding.

"What do you mean?", the boy asked carefully.

The man sighed with exasperation and rolled his eyes. "Means you can stay with us, if you wish to continue running at least... well be happy about it.", the man answered and shrugged.

"Won't you be in trouble if Endeavor will find out?", Todoroki asked before he could think any more.

"Possibly, but I enjoy a brawl, like any other gentleman. However it's up to us to make sure he doesn't.", the man smiled at him, and the first rays of sunlight shone through the window, falling far away from the hero.

For a brief moment he analyzed the man's offer. A life free of his father's burden, a life with a happy family, if he only agreed. A life where he was going to leave his family behind to suffer. This was not an even choice, and for a moment he wondered what a hero would do.

"No strings attached?", Shouto asked, his eyes narrowing. If he could hide with Komori-san's help, then there was a slim chance of seeing every one again.

The hero chuckled and applauded him slowly. "Well, there are two. One you go two UA. Two you get me a bag of ice to put on that heteroflexible idiot's face.", the white haired man chirped amusedly and held out his hand.

Shouto immersed himself in thought. Going to UA meant meeting his father again sooner or later, and that won't end well. And since there was no one to train him now, that also didn't bide well. But, he could go back to a normal life, not struggling on the fringes of civilization, even if he would have to look over his shoulder every waking minute until the day he was off age.

"Done.", he said, grasping the outstretched hand and giving it a quick shake. "How do we go about
"For starters red... no... white hair dye and blue contacts. Also you will stop using your fire quirk publicly, at least until you are off age.", the man instructed rubbing his chin thoughtfully and looking Shouto over for any other marks to hide. "And makeup for the eye.", he added making the boy cringe. "Now off to bed, make sure not to wake Hitoshi. He has trouble sleeping, something to do with insomnia and his quirk I think. And while you are at it get rid of your cell phone", the man said letting Shouto's hand go, and turning away.

Chapter End Notes

Another one joins the team!

Next time:
The exam!
A castle of ice!
An impossible shot!
The boy who knows no fear!
"What do you mean by a breakout?", Komori asked calmly, feeling his fingers dig into the armrests. He was sitting in one of the uncomfortable metal chairs in Jun's office and was certain that no amount of hot cocoa could assuage the oncoming headache. The woman sitting in front of him had a somber look on her face, and nursed a cup of warm green tea, a beverage she reserved only for the worst of the shitstorms. Morisuke sighed deeply, prison break on the day of the UA exam, something royally evil was brewing. "Ok, who, how many, and where?", he asked, the tiredness of the day seeping into his voice. And to think it started of so well.

"Nearly half of D, C and B prisoners are gone. All of grade A prisoners escaped and one grade S prisoner. Last night, teleported out of their cells. I don't know where to", the woman answered laconically. Komori eyed her resignation, which laid on the desk. It was written in beautiful cursive, a true rarity in these days, when people ramble on about productivity and efficiency. Oh how he wished not to be the one who had to do this.

"One grade S?", Komori hissed and mentally started counting back from ten. Of course that idiot couldn't sit still, most likely he went and fried as many of the escapees as he could along the way.

"Midoriya-san escaped", the woman affirmed and leaned back to peer sadly into her cup.

For a brief moment Morisuke really wished to just take that bastard up at the ministry and shove the woman's bloody resignation up the tosser's incompetent arse. He is going to have to go back, he is going to have to go the bugger back! "Bloody hell", he said, and buried his face in his hands. "At least there is cocoa to sweeten me mood", he added after a moment of silence.

***

"The written exam was surprisingly easy", Izuku hummed absentmindedly sitting in a perfect split on the ground. Shouto wanted to flinch, imagining his crotch ripping in two neat halves. Dexterity of this sort alluded his father, who emphasized raw, unbridled strength. So when Komori started him on yoga, because of course that would be oh so easy, he thought his muscles would simply rip.
"Well, not everyone can have an IQ of two hundred", Hitoshi muttered, his voice largely muffled by gray cargo pants, as his head was touching his knees. Shouto wanted to flinch again.

"His IQ is only about one hundred and forty.", he corrected absentmindedly massaging his stiff neck and eying Iida-kun stretching not far away. Seems like the love birds were making this into some sort of a competition, which he found rather amusing. Within a couple of minutes the contestants would be entering a huge abandoned city, where robots would be set on them. Each one was assigned a point value, and the objective was to rack up as many points as possible. Shouto didn't see this as much of a test with his combat oriented quirk, but for Hitoshi and Izuku this could get difficult. He listened as the green haired boy monotonously counted of his equipment. UA did a special exception for him and allowed him to carry weapons as long they were all on him from the moment of the start of the exam, that also meant the written part. So the short boy was now a walking armory, his somewhat famous belts of knives exposed and glinting in the afternoon sun. Hitoshi too petitioned, and surprisingly due to the nature of his quirk was allowed to carry weapons, a bow and his arrows. What the blue haired boy omitted was how special the projectiles he was going to use were.

"Oh shut it Elsa", Hitoshi snapped and leaned back, earning a scowl. Shouto had trouble understanding some of those references, after all some people did not get to watch all that much classic Disney! Some people were busy having to deal with an idiot dad who obsessed over All Might like a hero otaku!

Shouto turned his attention back to Midoriya. The green haired boy was elegantly transitioning from a split to a handstand, completely oblivious of the awestruck gazes of other candidates. Hitoshi muttered some joke about performing in a circus in case Midoriya-kun didn't make it today. Watching him reminded Shouto of painstaking exercises that Komori-san made him perform daily in preparation for the exam, mainly stretching. Despite that it turned out that living with the man was quite a treat, especially after Izuku set up his new phone to track any of Endeavor's activity and location, effectively giving him a perfect tool for evasion. The only downside was the new look. He self-conciously smoothed his dyed hair, the stark white so similar to his mother's and his new teacher's. After all he did enter this test as one Shouto Komori, on fudged papers, courtesy of Izuku and Komori working together with Shinsou-sama. He inhaled deeply and watched as Present Mike stepped onto a podium. Both boys stopped stretching and slowly edged towards the entrance to the district, after all in the hero world there was no such thing as a countdown. On his way Izuku tapped Iida-kun's shoulder trying to pass on the nonverbal message, but it didn't seem to catch, as the boy stared at the huge screen displaying the pro hero.

"AAAAND START!", Present Mike roared, catching nearly everyone off guard.

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The gates swung open, and they charged in. A snicker, undoubtedly from Hitoshi reached his ears, but Izuku didn't turn around. His eyes were trained on the first robot coming into sight. A two pointer, not really large, but neither small. He pulled one of his knives. Over the last half year his teacher helped him design a special composite metal, heavier, more durable and way sharper than anything currently available. He threw it, hitting the robot's large glass eye dead center. Without slowing down he unsheathed his short sword and swung from the hip, taking the robot's head clean off. Out of the corner of his eye, he saw Shouto bombard an open square up ahead with huge icy shards. Meanwhile Hitoshi shot arrow after arrow covering their flank. Izuku noticed another robot creeping up on them and pulling his knife out of the decapitated head dispatched it with ease, a one pointer.

"We split", he ordered. There was no way, he could get any points if he was with those two. Both
had a bigger reach and one had a quirk which could probably rival a small nuclear warhead.

"What about teamwork?", Shouto asked, stopping his bombardment for a few moments.

"We will cover more ground. If something goes wrong use the smoke grenades", Izuku answered and after brief consideration tossing each of his companions a small pellet. Before they could get any more excuses in he darted off, down one of the dingier alleys. He would have to make sure to find more secluded spots and work in them. He ran past another alleyway, and took another onepointer out with a wide slash. There was a pleasant feeling making its way up his spine, the thrill of the hunt or something like it. It was so similar to the time, he took out that sludge villain. Soon enough he lost himself in the maze of the alleyways, taking his exam one enemy at a time.

Another robot rolled out, and Izuku swung from the side only to meet the robots blow. Using the transferred momentum he rebounded from the strike, and spinning around took off its arm. The machine's broken actuators hissed spouting dark liquid everywhere, making the ground more slippery. The boy charged and sliding forward ran the robot through. The machine powered down and fell taking his sword with it. After wrenching it free Izuku inspected it and kept on running. Out of the corner of his eye he saw a blond head of spiky hair amid explosions and quickly changed his course.

***

Hitoshi was sprinting across the rooftops observing the streets below. So far he was doing quite well, taking down robots fairly quickly and without using up much of his arrows or giving away his position. Another machine came into view and he quickly put an arrow through it's glass sensor, turning it into a hunk of metal. It felt good to be in control for once.

Not slowing down he threw the bow over his arm and jumped towards a fire exit. Komori told them to stick together and he certainly had to have a reason for that. After all this man never did anything without a valid cause. As he climbed he felt sweat drip down his face and his clothes sticking to him disgustingly. When this is all done, he is going to drag this red...white haired idiot to the baths. He smiled at the thought and moments later stepped onto the roof. Ahead of him lay a giant intersection occupied by students pressed tightly, back to back by a swarm of robots. It looked like his lucky day.

"Explosive", he muttered into the microphone, as his quiver popped the appropriate arrow into his hand. He aimed somewhere behind the group and fired. The projectile reached it's target, as Hitoshi was aiming the next one, to the left where the robots started moving. These gadgets were just making it too easy. He was drawing the next arrow, to finish off the mayhem below, when something hit him hard from the side sending him flying towards the corner of the roof.

Hitoshi tumbled gracelessly, banging his head against the concrete. He was certain he was mostly all right until a trickle of red covered his right eye. Luckily he managed to hold on to his bow, his one and only weapon in this semiautomated hell. He looked up from the rough floor at the three pointer staring at him with its ruby eye, hissing angrily and clanking together what looked like pincers.

"Shit.", he coughed, and the robot charged.

Hitoshi got to his feet and jumped back just moments before the robot would have trampled over him. He soared through the air and landed at the very edge of the roof. A couple of centimeters more and he would have been screwed. But screwed he was and royally at that as the machine charged again, hell bent on ridding the world of one sarcastic, underslept teenager.

"Foam!", he yelled, feeling the thin ledge shake and throw him off balance. Tipping over the edge he managed to knock and draw, and take in enough air to release a downright girlish shriek on his way
A huge, bluish, foamy cushion inflamed itself startling the brown haired girl. Ochako turned around pressing her fingertips together and releasing a couple of robots she was levitating. But before she could figure out what it was, a blue haired boy screaming like a nun at a brothel, fell onto it, splattering the foam all over the place. Ochako's eye twitched, her nice sweats covered was covered in the blue goo. Oh she is going to make him pay for them if this won't wash out. Irate she eyed the guy sprawled flat on the street and a tiny flame of light danced around in her soul, when she noticed he wasn't getting up. Ochako's big brown eyes widened and immediately she darted towards the poor boy. He could be hurt, worse yet dead. Halfway there she realized she actually wanted him hurt, but just enough to withdraw from the exam.

She stopped short of stepping on him. He was tall, completely shell shocked and bleeding form his forehead, the crimson streak died his hair a funny purplish hue. Actually it looked surprisingly good on him. Quickly she glanced at the building, at least twelve floors, he was lucky to be alive. Before she could stop herself she whistled softly startling the boy and making him sit up.

"Easy, easy.", Ochako said, touching the guy's shoulder. She was rather certain that at some point she had seen him somewhere. After all it is quite difficult to forget eye bags of this magnitude.

Suddenly a robot rounded the corner, a three pointer, already damaged by someone, but apparently not finished off. She readied herself to charge the machine, but before she could even make a step, the blue haired mystery picked up his bow, knocked, drew and fired. The arrow zipped right past her hand and tore into the robot's innards just to detonate in a ball of fire.

"It was mine!", she yelled at him. Who the heck was this guy to drop out of the sky, look all dashing and stuff and then steal her points?!

"And here I thought I was saving your life", the boy smirked, and got up to sprint away.

"There are three robots chasing me.", Izuku muttered turning around and throwing a smoke grenade under his feet. It was a smaller variation, designed to engulf an area in dark black mist. The machines skidded to a halt, and the boy waited. "Visual sensors only?", he muttered and moved to the nearest one. He lifted his sword and cut it clean in half. A smirk stretched his lips as he took to dismantling the other adversaries. He got the weak spot, now it was a matter of quantity.

"Need help?", Shouto asked, looking Midoriya-kun over. The boy looked tired, knives, sword, and grenades must have weighed a ton, and there were surprisingly few missing.

"Nope, got it covered.", the boy whizzed out. There was something weird about his eyes, something Shouto saw rarely, there was... panic.

Shouto was about to retort when the ground shook violently, and a loud noise cut their conversation down.
short. A gargantuan metal robot just emerged near them, wrecking havoc upon everything and everyone. However the noise of its loud actuators was soon drowned out by an earsplitting scream.

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"ShiiiiTT!!!!!!!!!", Hitoshi shrieked swinging on a rope out of the way of a giant robotic hand trying to squash him like a fly. It was the fourth or fifth attempt on his life and he was certain the exam was rigged. Either that or the machines actually found him attractive. "Aaaaaaa-AaAaAaaahaaa-AaAaAaaaa", he yawped releasing the line and shooting another roped arrow at the nearest building. The cord burned his gloves, but Hitoshi held on hollering like maniac, and feeling his hair turn gray, as he narrowly avoided some maniac blasting past him.

***

"I do believe this is Hitoshi. But if not, it could be Tarzan, the mighty king of gorillas.", Shouto said thoughtfully, pointing at the screeching figure, as the robot slowly rolled towards them. "So how do we go about dealing with this?", he asked turning towards Izuku but the boy was no longer there. Shouto looked around and saw the green head sprinting straight towards the mayhem incurred by the machine, towards someone with a trapped leg.

He groaned inwardly. This was not part of the test! Miodriya-kun was probably supposed to run like all the other students! How ever he thought down the urge to leave the irrational boy and rushed after his friend. Soon enough he caught up to Izuku, as the boy was wrestling a huge boulder of off some girl's leg. She screeched on and on about the oncoming robot and urged them to run, but the boy remained undeterred. Shouto was about to reach down and help Izuku when he felt something akin to a wave of rage permeate the air around him. His gut clenched when he looked at his friend's face, twisted in anger, desperation and absolute purpose, and quickly he withdrew his hands.

"Shut up!", Izuku barked at her and somehow hauled the rubble away. The girl stared up at him in awe, but the boy already turned to face the giant machine. "Run!", he threw over his shoulder.

She made an attempt to get up, but slipped and fell. "I can't.", the girl yelped, clutching at her leg. Shouto leaned down and helped her stand, supporting her weight. The machine was drawing dangerously close, and if they didn't start running soon the clean up would be scraping their dead bodies of the concrete.

Izuku groaned loudly and pulled at his hair while looking around. Shouto wondered, was this the first time that there was actually no plan?

"Shouto! Can you freeze it?", the green haired boy asked, gesturing at the robotic rapidly approaching death, desperation lighting his eyes.

Shouto gritted his teeth, there was no way in hell he could do something this big when he felt this cold. "No", he answered quickly and hoisted the girl over his shoulder, ready to make an express getaway. He was reaching for Midoriya-kun, to drag him out of here forcefully when a loud announcement cut through the air.

"Oneeeee Minuteeeeee!", Present Mic's voice bellowed from every speaker.

"Screw this!", Izuku hollered. Shouto saw the boy's eyes flare up, as he turned to him. "Throw me!", the boy ordered pointing at the robot's head, completely ignoring the hand reaching for him.

Shouto blinked a couple of times. Throw him? What in all hells does that even mean? He looked between Izuku and the head a number of times before it finally clicked.
"Throw. me. you. tit!", Izuku yelled at him, snapping Shouto back to reality. The boy nodded and swallowed thickly, this was pure insanity. The machine was rolling their way, slowly but surely pulverizing anything in its wake. He felt his quirk hum tiredly under his cold, ice covered skin and activated its second part. Steam slowly rose from his body and the girl squirmed uncomfortably.

"On one.", he replied, gathering all the juice he had left into this one crazy stunt. He watched Izuku's tense posture, the bared, gritted teeth and demonic scowl, twisting the jolly face beyond recognition, and then he was ready. "One!", he yelled stomping his foot on the ground, releasing a powerful block of ice, rapidly accelerating it upwards.

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Izuku felt his knees buck under his sudden new weight and his eyes water at the rush of air around him. That very instant he regretted the idiotic stunt, but now he could not take it back, he had to follow through. He steeled his mind and gripped his sword, the sweat and machine oil making it slippery and difficult to hold. And suddenly there was nothing. Just the weightlessness of flight, the deafening noise of the robot's actuators, the dry disgusting taste of disappointment in his mouth. For all facts and purposes, he was now certain, that a measly fifteen points was nowhere near enough. Gritting his teeth he readied his sword and released a blood freezing scream. Even if he was going to fail everyone, at least he will finally show that quirkless people are not powerless.

***

"Nedzu Sensei, this is madness!", Toshinori Yagi yelled at his former headmaster and now employer. All the eyes in the room were glued to the short green haired boy flying through the air. Seconds later, he was skidding across the face of the giant robot, anchoring himself in place, about fifteen floors above the ground, with what looked like a sword.

"Madness?", a heroine drawled from the back row, waving her whip lazily, her blue eyes fixed on the boy now back flipping onto his blade's handle and barely holding his balance.

Yagi gritted his teeth. He was well aware who the green haired, grenade toting, knife throwing teen was, and he shouldn't even be here in the first place. The boy was now running across the robot's head, looking for any openings he could find to destroy the gargantuan machine.

The room held it's breath as Present Mic announced the thirty second countdown and the boy blew open one of the maintenance hatches.

"No All Might. This is a hero.", the woman continued in a honey dripping tone, as the quirkless kid chucked a whole belt of god only knows what into the dark depths and took off running. Toshinori noticed that even the normally bored Aizawa was leaning forward, examining every move of the boy wonder. And then in an instant the robot's head turned into a ball of flame, launching the tiny daredevil into the air.

***

His legs and lungs burned and his sweaty hair fell into his eyes, not to mention the cut that opened up again and turned half of the world red. Hitoshi was running for his life trying to outrun a collapsing heap of metal from the moment he saw a ball of flame engulf it. He was lucky, being just out of range, but he had to make sure Shouto and Izuku made it out. He looked down to the street and his eyes widened. Despite shaking like leaf and releasing ungodly amounts of steam Shouto was putting up possibly the biggest ice construction they had seen yet. A terrifyingly complex array of pillars, supports and arches was spreading towards the collapsing giant, and over other students cowering behind him in fear.
"Elsa's got himself an ice castle now", Hitoshi snickered. He would have stayed to admire the show longer, but he had Izuku to find, and knowing his luck... A faint cry up in the air affirmed his chain of thought. Quickly he looked up, to witness a green mop of hair, wearing a largely charred get up soaring through the air and yelling at the top of his lungs.

"Foam, foam, foam!", Hitoshi muttered through gritted teeth, as he drew his arrows, and shot hitting the calf, arm, and just above the hip. The foam was quickly expanding covering the boy and muffling his screaming. Damn this stupid idiot!

"Foam dammit", he muttered shooting his next arrow at the ground where Izuku was going to hit. With a wet splat the green haired menace landed on the enormous multicolored cushion splashing it all around the street, giving the mayhem a colorful touch. Hitoshi slid down to the street and ran over. Digging through the foam, he really prayed not to find a bloodied and dead corpse. Moments later he was uncovering a spluttering and somewhat damaged Izuku. The boy's arm hung limply and his eyebrows were heavily singed making his large eyes even bigger, but he was all right.

"You are an idiot.", he hissed at the boy, feeling his eyes prick.

"I know.", Izuku sniffled and hugged him with one arm.

A few more muffled words reached Hitoshi, amongst them an apology, but the boy didn't make much of it. Where the hell is that four eyed ass, when you need him?

Chapter End Notes

I solemnly swear I am up to no good with Hisashi out of prison and roaming about!

Next time:
The orange juice
The japanese slipper
The letter from UA
Dark night, cold night

Chapter Notes

Sorry for the irregular updates. I am doing the best I can, but work has been pretty hectic lately. Hope you all forgive me :)

As usual, if you like it leave your love. If you see room for improvement don't hesitate to comment.

I might start fixing the first chapters when my schedule relaxes a bit. I have reread them and can acknowledge them as far from satisfactory.

The doors screeched setting the boy's nerves on edge. He was not ready to face his mother with his tear stained cheeks and puffy, red eyes. If not for the vanishing trick, he wouldn't have been able to get away from his friends after that horrendous failure of an exam. In the fall he broke his arm and a leg, and Hitoshi had to literally carry him. Now he is going to gloat about it for the next decade. Luckily no casts were necessary as UA had Recovery Girl on staff, the once famous, currently retired, heroine who with a touch of her wrinkled lips could mend any bone, and seal any cut, at the cost of leaving you feeling like a fish out of water. So with his hand fixed, sword, knives and the weight of people's disappointment bearing down on him the green haired failure made his way into the quiet suburban home.

Izuku toed off his shoes and said a silent prayer to whichever entity was watching his sorry ass. He reasoned that as things were divine intervention or perhaps divine smiting was his best bet. The lights were on, but the house was silent. Apparently his mom left for work before he got back. With a heavy heart he dropped the bag in the corridor. After today's performance he wouldn't need it anymore anyway. The metal clanked together sadly as though to confirm his suspicion. Even if he aced the written test fifteen points on the practical part wouldn't be enough. He heard the scores, they averaged in the thirties, and there were students like Kacchan or Shouto to beat. Izuku shucked of his jacket and threw it on the floor, where it was soon joined by his colorful cap and bright red gloves.

One of the small pictures on the wall caught his eye, an old family photo. Before he could stop himself Izuku pulled it off the wall. It was a typical family portrait with his dad hugging his mom, while she held a baby in her arms, him.

Ah, right, his dad did all he could and he still managed to fuck it up. Izuku felt a lump grow in his throat, but swallowed it down at the last moment. He didn't need to cry again. After all it's not going to fix what he messed up. His eyes fleet over the man's bushy black hair and beaming smile. Apparently that's where he got his own, oh and the freckles of course. But that didn't matter. His father was a hero, even if only to him, he was someone Izuku could never be.

"Sorry dad.," he muttered and put it back. Izuku's stomach rumbled loudly, reminding him of the quirk's consequences. He was down but that didn't mean he couldn't or more precisely didn't need to eat.

A deep sigh escaped his lips as he made his way to the kitchen. How was he going to look all these people in the eye? As if just waiting for that thought, his phone started vibrating.

Tenya <3, the caller ID read.
Oh, right, cause he can tell his boyfriend that he is not joining him in UA. Izuku heaved miserably holding back another sob as his chest grew unbearably tight, and shoved the device back into his pocket. Soon enough the call will go to voice mail, joining a long line of texts from Hitoshi, Shouto, his mom and not a single one from his teacher. 'Where was that tap dancing cousin of Dracula anyway? He promised to meet them right after the exam, but never showed.', he wondered as he reached into the fridge. Apparently his mom left him Katsudon, and that just caused more tears to sprout from his eyes. He felt unworthy but threw the bowl into the microwave anyway, while rubbing his eyes furiously. Feeling done with that day Izuku sat down and marinated in self pity as the dish slowly spun around. He leaned back and smacked his head a couple of times against the wall. Maybe all of this, this whole hero, crime fighting, life saving mystification, was just a big joke. Maybe without a quirk this was not doable. Maybe, just maybe this was not meant to be... After all there never was a hero without a quirk. Sure there were some people with weak quirks, but that was way back in the first generation. Now with All Might, Endeavor, Kamui Woods and so forth no man could make it on pure strength alone.

'Be cunning, be daring...', Komori's deep voice sounded in his head, but before it could finish the saying it was cut off by the beep of a microwave. The light went off and the kitchen was once again silent. Izuku thought he heard crickets, but after a while shook the thought when his stomach reminded him of his need. He got to his feet and mechanically fished the food out of the microwave, it smelled divine and yet somehow he stopped being hungry. Perhaps in another life he would have been an engineer or maybe an actor or even a baker?

Wondering about his alternate careers he carried his food to the table only to stare at it again. This time apathy was replaced by nausea. Well, he had to eat, eat anything really. And so he did, in silence, gobbling the treat down like a starved man, pushing down all the maddening thoughts and for once not even glancing at his phone or the TV to track the newest hero moves or work on his strategies. His will had crumbled away just like the giant robot after stuffing its head with grenades. Come to think of it, if he had not gone and helped that girl, he could have earned more points. If he had asked for Shouto's help he could have earned more points. If he wasn't bent on following the plan of finding and exploiting weaknesses and instead simply attacked, he would have scored more points. He hadn't even saved her! Shouto did, with that beautiful quirk of his, all Izuku did was make a stunt! He felt his jaw clench and hit the table, anger and helplessness giving the food a bitter aftertaste.

It quited down his thoughts for a minute giving way to the eerie silence of the house, as though it too was mourning his failure or maybe mocking him for it. But soon enough the quiet gave way and his dark imagination descended upon him. The vivid pictures of his mother's tears, his father's sorrowful letter and Komori's disbelief were not what he wished to see. Not now and not ever if he could help it. So he did what he had always done so far when troubled, he ran.

This time though, he was going to be cunning. So he left a note, saying he will be back soon, saying he is staying over at Komori's, giving a lie convincing enough to buy at least a head start. He put on the vest and emerald shirt and checked his knives. 'Never leave a house unarmed', 'Don't get caught', 'Don't let them know who you are', the hard rules he will soon no longer be following stung his heart, each one a tiny pinprick of pain. So maybe at least he would get this one last night, maybe he had some time left before his dream went to shit.

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The night was cold, and as far as he could tell this was the most rundown part of town he had ever wondered into. Streaked with crumbling, battered apartment buildings and laced with cracked and torn roads it reminded him of a post-apocalyptic movie more than a real district. Izuku wondered how anyone could live here and why would they. And soon enough his question was answered as
time and again, he stumbled into mutated people, their quirks disfiguring them to the point of looking barely human. Other times he passed marauders, robbers, even widely recognized villains. He felt his phone tug in his pocket like a butterfly caught in a child's hands. And then he realized that he was walking through the cities underbelly, the place where criminals ruled the night and no hero dared venture into their domain.

Either that or it simply didn't pay enough. Long ago Komori told him that this whole hero thing for the most part was nothing but business, the life cycle of capitalism propelling itself forward in an ever spinning circle of supply and demand. And heroes? Well they had their mugs, tshirts, pencils, backpacks and all the other useless poor quality crap. What happened to the ones that didn't? After a while, when they couldn't get press coverage and consequently couldn't get paid enough, they hung up the suit and went on to other careers.

And so here he was, standing in the lion's den, achieving enlightenment one ugly truth at a time. And with each discovered secret he felt less like doling out justice. Weren't they people like him, with their own concerns and decisions to make? Zzz...zzz... his phone buzzed, as an elegant woman with blue hair passed him. Mechanically he reached for his device:

Kioyka Keiko, The lancet, villain B classed, on probation. Notable points: mother's leukemia, brother escaped from prison, enjoys knitting.

Izuku took a deep breath. He lost count of the number of times he checked his phone and time and again every villain he had seen... they were all in some ways as much a victim as people they took hostage, abducted or robbed.

Izuku kept on walking and scrolling through the list of villains he found out tonight. He thought about his father, a jailed hero, how a world this gray could be treated this black and white by the so called heroes?

Someone bumped into him, a dangerous looking guy with ashen hair and crazy bloodshot eyes. Izuku apologized and stepped away, tucking his phone into the pocket of his jacket, but the man kept on staring. His gaze seemed to pierce the boy, as though the stranger skewed his soul and was now inspecting it in the dim light of street lamps. Izuku shuddered and before anything happened made his escape down another street. This place was really beyond creepy. His cold hands clammed up, and slowly he started looking for any place he might find refuge in from the cold. His gaze wondered over the numerous doors when he saw a man, a villain, Red Scorpio, get a kiss from a woman and hug a child before he left, and then give some money to a tramp sitting on the curb. The man wandered down the street and Izuku wanted to follow, but something held him in place. His little world was slowly turning on its head as his teeth's chattering grew in volume and intensity. His world was breaking, to be fair it was already broken, but that did not mean he could freeze here on this fine evening in this dingy alley. So he looked around and soon enough found a place which hopefully wasn't a strip club or a brothel. An old sign hung over the door, barely visible in the flickering lights.

"Black Mist", the boy whispered. This sounded awfully like a strip club, and he was pretty sure that Tenya would have his head if... Oh, right Tenya. He absenty kicked at the pavement, remembering all the excitement and competitive spirit they shared in the last three years. And now it all went straight to the gutter. Well, if he was going to wallow in this, maybe he should do it in a warmer place at least. He thought, reaching for the door.

His hand wrapped around the cold metal when a loud shriek pierced the night. A cry for help, a calling, a tiny beacon of light for his dying idealism. His mind froze, but his body moved as he sprinted around the corner. Before he knew what had happened, he was there, beating a thug to a
pulp, turning his knuckles into a bloody mess and caving his face in. He heard the crunch of a broken bone, unsure if it was his or not and the howls of pain as time and again he punched. After a while the man stopped resisting. He lifted his hand once again, ready to deliver the final blow. But before he could something within snapped, the little balance of good and evil spun out of control. This was solving nothing, he was still not going to go anywhere, he was still fucked.

"Screw this", he huffed and released the man, who fell limply onto the floor. Was this what a hero's work was like? His frustration leaked out in a river of tears as the green haired menace stormed back towards the street.

After taking a few minutes to calm himself, Izuku looked his bloodied knuckles over. They were bruised and there were a couple of cuts, suffice to say they didn't look very representative. He stuffed his hand into his jacket's pocket and the back alley memory into the back of his mind, before he pushed the door open. He half expected to be blinded, deafened or get kicked out right away. But instead he found himself in a cozy, well kept pub. The multiple wooden tables were spread out across the tiled floor, and a man stood behind a beautiful wooden counter. There was soft music playing in the background and the air smelled of expensive tobacco, not a dime a dozen cigarettes. The dim lighting gave the bar a homely feel and Izuku was sure that if he ever had a bar, he would want it to look like that. The only thing that was missing were the customers. The bar was empty, save for a thin, tall bartender who's face and hands were shrouded in thick black fog. He peered at the boy with two glowing gold eyes, cutting through the dark veil like two lighthouses. The man was polishing a perfectly clear glass, and waiting for his customer to take their place.

"How may I be of service?", he asked in a deep polite baritone, encouraging the boy who remained rooted by the door. Izuku noted it felt nice to listen to, just like the voice of someone you wish to confide in.

He flushed slightly, though it was unnoticeable as the cold made his cheeks already bright red. He forgot his manners again. "Hello Sir.", he said, trotting over to the bar. He slipped onto the stool closest to the bartender, who put the glass down and now gave him his undivided attention. He was wearing a beautiful black vest and white shirt. Something about the clothes reminded him of Komori's bulletproof suits and his first formal meeting with Hitoshi.

"Tea please", Izuku said as articulately as he could while pulling off his jacket and cap. He was making sure to keep his wounded hand well hidden from view. Perhaps such a nice place did not wish for meddlers or... vigilantes. Wasn't he that right now?

The man nodded and set the kettle. "Any particular flavor? We have green, earl grey, english breakfast, rooibos.", he counted off looking at something hidden from the boy's view.

"Green would be perfect.", he answered, tapping his hand nervously on the counter. Perhaps the guy he saved had gone to the police after all to report the mugging? What if they were looking for a boy with a colorful cap and green jacket. Quickly he moved the jacket to the other stool, further away from the entrance and obscured from sight.

They sat in silence. The barman wiping another perfectly clean glass and Izuku immersing himself in analyzing the exam and all the shots he could take, but didn't. Warmth was seeping into his skin and bones, but somehow omitting his core. He ignored the strange feeling in favor of berating himself for what he came to see as failures.

He was about halfway through with a tally of twenty two points when a gust of cold wind blew from the door. Izuku shivered, and looked over his shoulder at whomever dared to disturb the nice toasty atmosphere in the bar, hoping it wasn't the police. It turned out to be a rather tall man wearing a dark green coat. When he took off his hat Izuku noticed long black hair streaked gray in multiple places,
and a scruffy, untamed beard. The man sent the barman a blinding smile, and Izuku couldn't help but let the corners of his lips quirk up, he had a feeling he had seen this smile somewhere already. The man strode over confidently and sat himself on his right, gracing Izuku with a good evening before ordering a gin and tonic.

There was something that scratched his mind about the guy, like a sense of deja vu. It prodded and poked until the man addressed no one in particular out loud.

"So what are we doing here in those late evening hours?", he asked and looked expectantly at Izuku and then the bartender.

The dark mist seemed to roll its eyes, if that can be said about two slits of light, and after a brief pause answered. "Well, as you can see, old friend, I am serving this young customer".

"Ha! Good one Kurogiri! I thought no minors were allowed!", the man laughed, and took a swig from the drink he was just handed. Kurogiri quickly deposited the tea he discreetly brewed in front of Izuku. "And what about you son?", he asked and Izuku flinched at the word. Only his mom called him son and Komori once did, but then quickly apologized for it.

"I came here just to get warmed up.", Izuku replied in a placating manner and turned to the other guest. The man hummed and looked him up and down, making the boy feel self-conscious. He had deep emerald eyes, but they weren't filled with light and happiness, despite the man's broad smile. There was something alarming in his presence, which set Izuku on edge and his right hand was instinctively reaching for a knife he carried everywhere. The man's gaze fleeted to the motion and then back to the boy's face. They locked eyes and the man slowly shook his head before speaking again.

"Aren't you about fourteen son?", he asked and Izuku felt his eye twitch, but withdrew his hand, this time placing it on the counter. Maybe the battered knuckles would send the message. If he was going to pick a fight, he will get a fight.

"I am, Sir. And I would much enjoy you not calling me son.", he answered and took a sip of his tea. He felt it burn his tongue and hissed, ruining his self confident answer.

A nervous silence fell over the empty bar. Izuku looked up at the bartender, who stopped wiping glasses and stared at his two customers with eyes full of mirth. What exactly was he so happy about?

"Well, what would you like me to call you then?", the man asked, his tone suddenly much more polite and formal. Izuku turned to the man, he had a sullen expression on his face, as though such rejection was not something he dealt with often. It was weird, but he sort of felt sorry for him, maybe the guy was just lonely. Ugh... what sort of a hero would look down on someone like this? What sort of a hero would beat a man unconscious and leave him lying in the street? The tea suddenly got a coppery tang and Izuku noticed he was biting his bottom lip.

"Umm... sorry, Sir. You can call me whatever you like. Son will be fine too.", he said softly, observing how the man's face slowly lit up. It was truly marvelous how easy the other customer was to read.

"I am Koutarou Bokuto. It's a pleasure to meet you son.", he said extending his hand and grinning. Izuku held back a snicker, they must have at some point in their lives read the same manga. Well, two can play at this game, he thought, as they shook hands. He was surprised how rough the other's palm was, maybe the man worked physically.

"I am Shouyu Hinata, Sir.", he beamed back. A shame he didn't think to dye his hair before he left.
Hiding your identity was the 101 of hero business, though some chose to omit that part in favor of more media attention.

"What a well adjusted lad you are. So you are going to high school now aren't ya?", the man asked, his emerald eyes piercing the boy. Izuku gave him a shit eating grin and wrapped his hands tightly around the mug, letting it's warmth spread into them.

"I am. I considered UA, but after today, I won't make the cut.", Izuku said honestly and felt a tiny bit of weight disappear from his shoulders. Maybe telling somebody about what happened would help?

"Hmm... Could you elaborate on that son? You know I am not exactly a mind reader and it might do old Kurogiri good to practice his barside manner", the man mocked at his friend. Who huffed indignantly. Apparently the bartender was used to high praise and wasn't much for teasing.

Izuku took in a deep breath, already ordering the story he was going to tell. But when he opened his mouth, as usual it turned into a mess. "Well, there was this practical exam. And on the exam we were to destroy robots, to get points. And I managed to get only fifteen and my friend all managed to get so many more and now I am worried, because this like a very bad score and I want to get in, and I trained so hard and... and... and...", Izuku's breath hitched as all his worries poured out in one long ramble, and tears pricked at his eyes again. He rubbed at them angrily, and a faint laugh reached his ears. He scowled at Bokuto-san, who started laughing in earnest at that.

"So you want to be a hero kid?", the man asked after he calmed down. Izuku felt his stomach drop, he wanted, but he couldn't and that was the whole problem. And the more he thought about it the more unrealistic it seemed.

"I wanted, but without going to UA, I can't become a hero. Who would want a quirkless cast off from the finest school in the country. I'd be the laughing stock of the community.", he added gripping the mug more tightly. His knuckles radiated a dull pain, reminding him of the mugger and his crushed nose.

"So the problem is you being quirkless?", the man asked with an incredulous look. What was he not paying for the last...well, forever?!

"No!", Izuku whined annoyed. The problem isn't that. It had never been that! He could deal with Katsuki Bakugou, boy wonder, genius hailed by the media. He could take down Shouto Todoroki, the guy who spent at least as much time in training and had a miracle quirk to boot. Quirkless wasn't a problem it was a blessing in disguise. Izuku turned to his companion and decided to finally ask a question of his own, "Do you think quirkless means powerless?"

"No!", the man bellowed over his drink. "Of course not! You just beat to a pulp the goon in the back alley. You fucking saved me kid! Besides, who the hell breaks in a man's face and then goes and gets a cup of tea?!", the man hollered, shocking the teen. He never really thought of it that way. Izuku flexed his fingers, the skin stretching uncomfortably over his knuckles and the freshly formed scabs breaking. There were hundreds of reasons this man could have turned to crime for, but if he wasn't stopped then and there...

He took a couple deep breaths to steady himself, and chase away the horrid vision of Bokuto-san's cold body lying behind the dumpster. Izuku shook his head and turned his thoughts back to the topic of their conversation. "The problem is that UA is the best school and all my friends will be there. It feels like not going there sets me back to square one.", he confided and man nodded sagely, his dark beard shaking like a live being.

"You know. I think I have a solution for you.", the man said and Izuku's eyes shot up at him. "If you
don't make it, if they don't want a great kid like you... Fuck them.", the man finished and raised his glass, fixing the confused boy with a stare.

Izuku mechanically copied the motion with his cup. "What?", he croaked out.

"Fuck them.", the man repeated his sagely advice. "Fuckitty fuck fuck fuck fuckin' fuck them.", he added in a sing song voice and earned a disapproving scowl from the bartender.

"But", Izuku wanted to argue. He couldn't just fuck the biggest school there was. His parents wouldn't stand for it! Komori wouldn't stand for it!

"No buts!", the man cut him off and gestured wildly. "Screw them up and down. You don't need a school to be a hero. You don't need papers, idiotic regulation, half-assed media and mushbrained rule lovers to tell you that you can be a hero. There is only one thing that makes a hero. And that is that the fucker does not stand by when someone is getting hurt, that's it.", the man added imitating a fine American cowboy accent. Izuku giggled and soon enough burst out laughing. He knew he couldn't really ignore the rules, even if something deep down affirmed the man's words. But, hell if not UA, there are other schools and other places.

Izuku wiped his eyes and beamed at the man stroking his shaggy beard into some semblance of order. "Sir?", he asked.

"Yes son?", the man answered, a devious smirk hiding beneath the thick facial hair.

"So you believe anyone can be a hero?", he asked, wanting to hear what he so deeply wanted to believe from someone else.

"Anyone can be a hero. Sometimes it is as simple as putting a coat around a boy's arms, who's family just burned to death to assure him that the world hasn't ended. It's not about their quirk, their school, background or some such bloodied nonsense you will hear son. It's about you and those bruised knuckles you were hiding, which might have saved my life this dark night.", the man said and his eyes glossed over with tears. Izuku was sure both of them were about cry.

"Thank you.", he said, putting his money on the bar and rushing out the door.

The cold air hit his face and he was pretty sure that no matter what is going to happen he is going to be a hero. No! He is going to be more than that! Izuku broke into a run, he had to get home and make a few phone calls on the way and he had two prototypes to test!

Chapter End Notes

Hope you liked it!

I am pretty certain all of you did figure out who the scruffy looking fellow was ;)

Also, for some reason I really like Kurogiri. He has this stoic, patient vibe to him that is scary and enticing at the same time.

Next time:
UA Day 1! Tired Sensei and quirk evaluation
I may end up splitting this into more than one chapter though.
Stay tuned!
The light and the dark

Chapter Notes

Sorry for the long wait. Been on vacation, up in the mountains with bad internet, rainy weather and delicious pizza.

Ready to see how Izuku's first day pans out?

See the end of the chapter for more notes

He could have sworn he saw a cat in the tree. A furry, orange thing lounging casually on a branch in the early morning sun. And immediately he wanted to trade places. Sure, he was going to the best hero school in the whole country, but this morning was a major inconvenience. He had to get up early after barely having slept. His stomach hurt from all the nerves and his boyfriend literally freezing his hand was no improvement as far as mornings go. So for Hitoshi Shinsou becoming a cat and sleeping the night off was a major priority at the moment, or from a more realistic perspective at least taking the cat with him was. He sighed deeply and turned his tired eyes to Shouto, who was silently stewing in the consequences of his promise to Komori-san. Hitoshi noticed Shouto's red roots were slowly showing, apparently it was the time for the regular dye job. In front of him stood Izuku, the small boy rooted to the spot and stuttering out something about his dad. Yeah, his dad, the guy who somehow slipped out of their highest security ward effectively getting his grandma fired.

Hitoshi kissed his teeth impatiently, why couldn't these two have it more together. He gave Izuku's back a strong pat, pushing the boy onward, and tugged Shouto along, apparently this is going to be a long day, so best be on with it.

***

The tall glass building loomed ahead, a promise of greatness, freedom and proving his father that he could become a hero without him. Had he not met Komori-san, where would he have been now? Would he still be on the run or in his father's clutches? Shouto's mind wandered as he admired the huge letters of the school emblem and tuned in to Midoriya's rambling. The boy was so on edge he seemed to have completely lost his marbles. He was aware of Izuku's situation. His father had escaped prison and now seemed to be giving the city's heroes a run for their money. Judging by the number of victims of the local burn wards a very, very good run. The identity of the former hero turned villain was somehow kept out of the media and the man's background check turned a complete blank, but Komori-san told them "all they needed to know". Hitoshi apparently knew more, but didn't want to share, and that annoyed Shouto infinitely. Since when had this exhausted boyfriend of his grown so secretive?

He took a deep breath and held it, counting down from ten. Badum...badum...badum...Why was his heart rushing? This was just another small step for him after all. And yet... there was a feeling of dread creeping up his spine, as though they just were entering a whole different world. A world where Komori-san's games and riddles held sway, where his father's flame or All Might's strength were indisputable rule. And with that thought, he felt a tug pull him along and saw their laced fingers in front of him. Hitoshi was dragging him off to class, well he would have let that boy drag him even to hell.

***
Dad was here, standing in this very spot... There was something unbelievable to it, especially after seeing all those fights on the news. His dad, Hisashi, was putting tens of heroes of all caliber in the hospital with seemingly random, high publicity and low criticality attacks. In other words he was making a show of villainy for no reason. So there had to be something more to it, otherwise Komori wouldn't have told them to stay away. Also Hisashi never showed his face and the media have not yet caught up to who the hot new villain was. Izuku knew it was only a matter of time, the realization always sent him rubbing his scarred palm uncontrollably.

Izuku pushed those troubling thoughts to the back of his head and chastised himself mentally for mumbling them. Even if no one heard, he didn't exactly want to have a reputation of 'the villain kid'. The word villain alone was enough to make him shudder. And yet after a couple of visits to the poor district and a couple more teas drank at various other places there his view of the world started turning more gray. They were troubled people, people in need who got denied a good life because of things they couldn't change.

But he was going off on a tangent again. He felt a strong shove, and soon enough Hitoshi, Shouto and him were heading to search for class 1-A. Undoubtedly Tenya had already got there.

***

He gulped down the air as though he was drowning. Static was buzzing over his skin and ears as he swallowed hard. The monstrous building was looming in front of him and there was a firm albeit pleasant pressure of Kiri's hands kneading his shoulders back into relaxation. The red head was certainly repeating a comforting mantra to keep his boyfriend from turning tail or at least from unleashing a deadly surge of electricity on everyone gathered by the entrance. They had taken their earliest train with Denki comfortably sleeping on Ejirou's shoulder and probably drooling on it profusely. But that hadn't helped soothe the boy's nerves into place one bit. The pressure on his back increased and finally Kiri's words broke through the noise littering his head "Kami it's going to be all right. I am with you.". He nodded slowly, trying to reassure himself form than his boyfriend. After all the manly Kirishima Ejirou did not need reassuring, he just faced life head on, and like a real manly man he was rode on its waves like a champ. So now they had done it, two nitwits, yes he was well aware of his lacks in that department, and one coward were entering the most prestigious hero course in the country. On second thought now he understood why his parents called it a miracle.

***

Damn were those muscles tough, but damn were they manly! So nice, so strong, yet pliant, a real shame he had Kami there in the uniform. After all the blond would have enjoyed this much more without the jacket and shirt on. He chuckled to himself and dug his thumbs in a bit more, hoping that his not so confident boyfriend would finally relax and be back to his cheerful persona. But apparently Denki wouldn't have that, instead electricity started prickling his fingers and the boy got more and more wound up.

"Denki... Denki...", he whispered trying to get the boy's attention quite fruitlessly. He chuckled again, seems like the overuse of his quirk was not the only thing that made the blond go dumb. "Denki, you know I like you.", a thunderous realization crossed his mind. He had something important to say, and a man ought to speak his mind, cause it's the manly thing to do! "Denki I love you...", he hummed, and felt like it was the only thing he wouldn't take back no matter what. There was a moment of silence, where he kept on rubbing and the static slowly decreased. He leaned in, well aware he wasn't heard. "Kami it's going to be all right. I am with you.", he whispered again, this time a little louder, eliciting a nod from the teen in front of him. Kirishima felt a grin spread over his face, they were now ready to face the challenges awaiting them like real men!
By now Ochako was certain she had a problem. Well, problems to be precise, since they seemed to keep multiplying.

Problem number one. She wasn't from a rich family. Right... she was actually from a poor family. That thing she managed to turn into an advantage by turning literally anything she touched into quite profitable business. So she had that going for her, which was nice.

Problem number two. She fell for boys, and she fell hard. She had about thirty boyfriends in junior high. She even managed to crush on three guys during the UA entrance exam. Not just one, that her dignity could survive, but three! There was the the blue haired, tired looking guy who fell out of the sky into a pile of goo, she called him Mr. Tired. Then there was this sort of plain looking, freckled, intense guy with a mop of green hair, beautiful, deep emerald eyes and a sword. A sword he used to tackle a fifteen story tall monster! That was Mr. Green. Not ten minutes later, she was carried away in the arms of a white haired blue eyed prince charming with a perpetually blank expression. And he had this completely dreamy quirk! She called him Mr. Charming. Ochako sighed deeply and stared up at the giant glass building. Her new school, her way to provide for her family as a hero.

Just then a short black haired girl passed her. And with a rush of blood to her head she realized she may have a third problem, one she couldn't name that sent her heart doing flips.

"Bakugou Katsuki! You will take your feet off of the desks that belonged to our esteemed predecessors!", Tenya hollered at the delinquent, who was leaning back in his chair. He had heard a lot about the boy from his tiny boyfriend, but it seemed that Bakugou was even more infuriating and disrespectful in real life.

"I ain't gonna take my feet off of this crap!", the blond hollered back, nearly equating Iida in volume. But before he could reply the delinquent got to his feet and started shouting again, "YOU SHITSTAIN!", and pointed accusingly somewhere behind Tenya. He was about to scold the blond when a small hand grabbed his own a pulled it down, and away from his choppy gesticulation.

"Sorry Kacchan, couldn't help it", Izuku said with his most insincere smile, earning a snort from Hitoshi. Tenya squeezed the smaller hand gently trying to goad his unruly boyfriend into behaving. Just then the door swung open and a blond haired boy with wide golden eyes and a thunderbolt dyed on the side of his hair was pushed in by a bulky red head. "Kaminari-kun! Kirishima-kun!", Izuku yelled happily and pulled Tenya away to meet their other classmates. This caused another screaming bout from the boy with major flaws in temper management.

Unfortunately the introductions were cut short by the appearance of a man who looked even more exhausted than Shinsou. He gathered the sight of screeching Bakugou, two, scratch that three, declared couples of boys and a head over heels infatuated tiny brunette. Teaching was not a profession he considered when he became a hero, but somehow it turned out to be the best thing that happened to him so far. Which still made it quite a bother. He had twenty students to evaluate and he was sure it was going to be bad, no an understatement. It was going to be treacherous.

"Get to your places", Aizawa ordered tiredly. It took the students a full two minutes to comply. Two minutes of his life gone.

"Stand. Bow. Sit.", he ordered quickly and the students complied without further ado. His gaze shifted over his class. Apparently this year the quirk apprehension was going to get interesting. The
white haired guy could prove exceptional, a small reverse Endeavor. Aizawa felt the corners of his lips quirk up and pushed them back into place immediately. Then there was the boy with the explosive quirk and temper to match. One who didn't use his quirk during the exam, and another with no quirk. Midoriya, right that was the name, son of a former teacher, a silver shield, and currently a villain to boot, according to his file an avid tea drinker and part time computer security expert. He was going to have to send him to Nedzu later.

"Instead of orientation we are going to do some exercises, so go and change", he announced with a minute smirk. Let the games begin.

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Aizawa stated the terms and conditions barely keeping calm. The students looked horrified, most of all Shinsou and Midoriya, which was surprising knowing they performed admirably on the entrance exam. The former quickly figured out that Aizawa had no issue with him using students to perform his tasks and that they were counted as his points. After all he did use his quirk, even if he antagonized the class. On the other hand Midoriya was struggling, even pushing his limits he was barely keeping above the last place most of the time. He barely made the throw, grip and running tests. It was starting to look hopeless by the time flexibility rolled around.

"Okay students will now preform a sideways split.", Aizawa ordered in a dead tired voice. His keen eyes were fleeting from student to student. Girls were more flexible than the boys. His gaze rested on Izuku Midoriya, who was standing there grinning like a maniac. Irritation was pricking his skin and he was about to scorn the boy, when the green headed wonder stepped forward and slid fluently into a perfect split. A couple of students winced and some even shuddered when the boy laid flat on his stomach, legs spread into a perfect one eighty. So acrobatics, flexibility, weapons and martial arts proficiency, a training fit for even the most accomplished assassins. Midoriya was proving to be more and more a whole than a sum of parts or even a single part like most heroes nowadays.

"AAaah", Aizawa sighed exasperated. The first student ready to defy the laws of heroism came admirably prepared.

"Next up we will have something new", he said vaguely leading them over to a small obstacle course. With a swipe of his thumb he set it to motion. The weights swung back and forth, giant pendulums ready to knock the student of the thin ledges, bars and hoops started disappearing and appearing seemingly at random, and giant wooden pillars changed height. It was short, and yet surprisingly treacherous.

***

With the tests done even before he gave the scores it was apparent Midoriya Izuku was dead last. Aizawa made sure he would be, after all the tests were targeted to make use of quirks in all shapes and sizes. So now he was faced with an interesting choice, whether to keep the boy or to kick him out on the spot. The boy was a hard worker, apparently preparing for UA ever since he was little, well littler. He was already skilled and trained, and he probably had no need of UA to be fully honest. But he was quirkless, and quirkless people faced with a villain died. So the only logical solution was to check how he would fair against a real opponent.

"Right students, so rankings as above, Midoriya pack up.", Aizawa said in a dead voice. He saw the words strike a chord, and this time didn't stop himself from smirking.

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The words stung. No, they burned. It was like the thugs in the street when he ran away, like all those
years of people smirking whenever they had heard that he wanted to be hero. A lone tear escaped his eye as his hand gripped the staff. He was not going to let this jerk break his dreams just because a hero is supposed to throw a ball. He could take anyone in this class! And he was the one getting kicked out?!

"No", he gritted out in a voice he barely recognized. It was raspy and dry and sounded like nails scraped across a chalkboard. Hitoshi stood by his side dumbstruck, as Aizawa's bored expression turned into a scowl.

"Out", he said calmly, his fingers tugging at the messy scarf around his neck.

"Make me!", Izuku yelled, his face twisting into a hellish mask, making the students step back. Even Hitoshi backed off, shaken by the boy's emanating waves of fury. The student and the teacher glared at one another. One without a quirk, the other with a useless one, an uneven match the former had no way of winning. A slow gust of wind sent some dust scurrying about, as both checked their footing and readied their weapons. And just as the dust settled in dead silence they launched at one another.

Izuku swung his staff aiming at the head of the teacher. He wanted to bash that skull in, he had come this far, this fucking far only to be told he won't make it?! It was caught and Aizawa pulled unsheathing the boy's sword. It gave an angry hiss, as Izuku drew a circle over his head batting away the snake like coils of Aizawa's weapon. He transitioned to a thrust, but the man side stepped his attack and made an attempt to grab his wrist, but the boy cartwheeled away. He was holding his sword up in a defensive position slowly undoing his uniform. Izuku was well aware no one paid attention in the locker room. Every one too busy with what was about to happen, to busy to spot him adding some weaponry to the customary student training uniform. He shook the shirt off revealing two black belts outfitted with knives over a white tshirt. He had enough of the fake condescending smiles and mockery!

"Someone stop him!", he heard Tenya's voice over his shoulder and a bitter taste appeared in his mouth.

"Don't interfere!", Aizawa called before anyone could attack his opponent and launched another attack. Three stripes sped his way at an inhuman speed. With a swish of his sword he managed to defend against two, but the third wrapped his forearm snuggly. Without waiting he threw his blade straight at Aizawa, who abandoned the potential winning grab, for defense, weaving a tight shield of iron bandages. Izuku had nothing but knives and the man had something to defend from every angle, so even casting blades all over the place would give him no advantage. A single stripe of silver caught his eye, as a thin bandage was creeping towards him in a wide arc from the left. So a trap. There must be another from the right. He reasoned, seeing as the teacher waited. His knives didn't puncture the shield so he could stop them. His best bet was a close quarter fight. Izuku eyed his sword lying by Aizawa's feet, rage was slowly seeping away, giving way to reason, but it was too late to undo his mistakes. In a fluid motion he pulled eight knives from their holsters, he was not going to be stepped on anymore.

***

He was watching the fight from the window. It was a lot like the sludge villain, the boy stood, only this time quietly, without mumbling, and then ripped into a ferocious dive. The silver was glinting in the late morning sun as knives were sent flying and dust rose from the boy's feet in a beastly charge. Aizawa held his own deflecting the blades, but it was visible the line of contact was slowly progressing towards him, as the boy danced around him. Toshinori counted thirty knives by the time the green haired menace was in reach of his teacher, or maybe former teacher. They were now close enough to trade punches. Aizawa swung aiming for stomach but Midoriya dived out of the way to
grab the discarded blade. Aizawa cast his bandages and the boy thrust, both stopping merely millimeters before making contact.

***

What was that? Aizawa kept asking as they were frozen in a staring contest, he had no hope of winning thanks to a bad case of dry eye. They were locked in a draw, he could pierce the boy's head with his scarf, but the blade was nearly resting on his stomach. He won, but just barely.

A loud clang pulled his eyes towards the ground where the boy's sword now lay. Midoriya's expression softened, the demonic mask now giving way to the short, slightly cheeky, albeit ashamed boy.

"I lost", Midoriya admitted softly. He was certain that the other students didn't hear it still rooted in their places from where they watched the exchange. "A head is worth more than the gut", the boy added giving him an apologetic smile. Tears where already gathering in his eyes, as he seemed to resign himself to his fate. "I am sorry. I'll go pack up.", he mumbled lowering his eyes. Only then did Aizawa realize his famed bindings were still in place waiting to strike the boy. He lowered them immediately, cursing how he was caught off guard.

"Midoriya, you will stay at UA. Collect your knives. No one is going to get kicked out. Today.", Aizawa announced pulling his stripes back and into a comfortable nest around his neck. He turned around and marching off towards the school dropped a lazy "Class dismissed". He had a nap to take and a chat with Nedzu scheduled later today, a chat he knew would be quite long. He tested the boy, and he passed with flying colors, but there was something else there, something much darker.

***

"Hello Aizawa-sensei!", a loud voice boomed as Toshinori Yagi stormed into his office and quickly deflated into this skeletal form covering the room in fog. Aizawa grunted sleepily from his couch and turned over to look at the famed hero.

"What do you want?", he barked, opening one eye.

"I wanted to congratulate you! You haven't kicked out any students even though you tried to!", Toshinori answered cheerfully, making Aizawa close his one open eye.

"I didn't want to, I should have. If that's all get out", he quipped and turned back towards a dark corner of his temporary bed.

"Oh not all. What do you make of Midoriya?", he questioned impatient to see what the seasoned hero was thinking about the strange duel, which was on everyone's tongues.

"If he is going to be anything like his father, we may have more trouble on our hands than we wanted. He will be unruly, disobedient, tricky and yet he will always attain his goals. Do not make him your successor. You can't handle him.", Aizawa warned. He only gave the other teacher a bird's eye view, but he had seen the deep rage and the bubbling hatred in the moment the first blow fell. And he knew that even with all his heroic dreams this was someone who could turn towards the dark as easily as stay in the light.

Chapter End Notes
How did you like it? Leave your comments :)

I figured Aizawa is likely to push people's buttons to see how good they are. So naturally he pushes Izuku.

Also I had fun with the KiriKami this time around.

I am going sailing next week so next update will be after two weeks at the soonest.

Next time:
The first heroics class
Beware the Green Demon
Knowledge is Power

Chapter Summary

The first heroics class is upon them!
Who will the boys handle themselves?

Chapter Notes

First of all I am very sorry for the wait.
A major shout out to dunkelmandarine, for keeping me motivated to finish the chapter.
It turned out way longer than I expected.

Have fun reading. Keep in mind that this is going slightly non cannon in terms of violence. Speaking of, beware violence ahead.

See the end of the chapter for more notes

It was a while since he had Katsudon, and even a longer while since it was served to him by Soma. The meal was just as he remembered it, exquisite. Of course that wouldn't have been possible without Soma's father and the cooperation of both the villains and the heroes, who have turned the restaurant into a safe heaven. And so Hisashi knew that as long as he stayed here he was safe from any form of attack.

He inhaled the rich aroma rising from his bowl and felt him mouth salivate. It has been too long since he had a meal he fully enjoyed. Though he was certain he would be even happier if he could share it with Izuku or Hitoshi. A deep sigh escaped his lips as he reminisced over the boys. Thinking about them he dug into the savory meal, it was excellent. Kurogiri was nowhere near this good. Speaking of Kurogiri, the man must have figured out who little Shoyou Hinata was and that was bound to complicate things. His alliance with the league was unstable at best, and them knowing his son was in UA... Hisashi thoughts turned to the boy again. He had grown a lot, and yet he was still quite short. He had his freckles and his eyes. It was like a miniature copy of him, he concluded and let pride flood his chest. Hisashi had seen the photos, but they were nowhere near as good as seeing and talking to the original. Such a smart kid.

The booth behind him creaked quietly. Ah, Komori must have already arrived, he thought running his fingers through the goatee on his face. It was more gray than black, and so was his now shortly cut hair. He really did look like the aged up character of Bokuto Koutaro, which made him smile every time he looked in the mirror. Only the eyes didn't match, his were big and emerald, while the boy's in the manga were golden. Well, maybe he could sport contacts, he can't allow anybody to recognize him at USJ in case his mask was torn off.

"Midoriya-san", a deep voice spoke flatly. Irritation and confusion were apparent in the man's tone.

"Hello to you too my favorite blood sucker", he answered amicably blowing on his rice. Hisashi looked in the mirror hanging on the wall and admired Komori's reflection. The slicked back white
hair and flaming eyes hadn't changed one bit.

Soma appeared seemingly out of thin air and took Komori's order interrupting their conversation. "This is not the place for jokes", the man quipped irritably, after the red haired boy departed for the kitchen.

"This is the only place for jokes my friend", Hisashi laughed and put his chopsticks down. He watched a deep frown form on Komori's face and wondered how the man who was normally so easy going could turn sour so quickly.

"Fine you old bastard", Komori replied and sighed exasperatedly, "Why did you reach out? Aren't you having plenty of fun? I heard you had a run in with Endeavor and nearly put the man in the hospital"

"It was just a minor disagreement over some triviality", the gray haired man answered lightly, "And not the hospital, that bastard I want pushing daisies up", he added much more sternly. "But I am going off on a tangent again", Hisashi said waving his hand lightly.

"Must be a family thing then", Komori answered with a light chuckle. He seemed to finally accept that Hisashi is not going to be goaded into feeling like his position is less than optimal.

"Probably. Anyway in two days time there is going to be an attack on All Might", he said leaning over to grab the soy sauce.

***

Izuku and Hitoshi were already used to the early hours of the morning, standing alert and analyzing their environment as their mentor was busying himself putting the finishing touches on their costumes. They weren't easy to come by and he did have to call in a few favors, but he got all three ready and up to their designs with a little bit of a dramatic flair thrown in. Next to them half leaning on Hitoshi, half sleeping was Shouto. Since the day he left his father he apparently had forgotten the concept of what a morning was. Lucky him that his boyfriend made sure the make up covering his eye was in place and the roots weren't showing, otherwise the little mascaraed would have been blown on the second day of school.

"All right prince charming give your sleeping beauty a kiss and let's get on with it!", Komori chirped happily balancing three metal cases in his arms. Each one had a symbol etched into it, so that they don't get it mixed up even in a hurry. Hitoshi half shrugged and planted a soft kiss on Shouto's lips startling the boy. Izuku was rocking on the balls of his feet nearly vibrating with excitement. "I called in a few favors to make these. But they are much better than standard issue gear", he said while setting the cases down. Immediately the boys were on them. "I have made them so that they best match your style of combat", he explained as the boys handed each other their due. Izuku's case had a demon etched on it, Hitoshi's an arrow and Shouto's a flame. "They are biometricaly id'd so all you have to do is place one of your fingers on the sensor over by the handle", he instructed and the boys popped open the cases. He watched all three freeze in awe and rummage through the various objects they were given moments later.

"Komori-san, why a demon?", Izuku asked pulling out a red mask with horns and bared teeth.

"Well, you are our little troublemaker, our little imp, so...", he chuckled, recalling the testimonials of three muggers raving on about a green haired demon.

"Please tell me you are joking", Shouto cut in pulling out a white suit, "How am I to fight in that?", he asked disgruntled.
"Oooh! These are great!", Izuku chirped happily before Komori could reply, "They have all these gadgets hidden away inside, and they are nice and warm in winter and cool in the summer", he went on gesticulating wildly and soon enough got into an argument with the white haired boy.

The man turned his gaze to Hitoshi, who was smiling weakly at the case. Komori had seen it before, many times, a smile of a person who changed their fate. Discretely he pulled out his phone and took a picture, Hisashi will greatly enjoy seeing the effects of their work next time they meet. Maybe he will even be able to take the boys along. A tiny smile crept onto his face, he really would like that.

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The hero class was about to start and he was literally feeling excitement crawl up his spine. His first hero class in UA! What is it going to be like? Are they going to learn to work in teams, fight villains, strategize their combat style?! The first strands of All Might's gravity defying hair peeked through the doors and the boy felt his stomach clench in anticipation. Split second later the man was bursting into class, the trademark "I am here!" calling everyone's attention.

The class burst into whispers as All Might introduced himself and promptly pulled a card with "Battle" inscribed on it. "But one of the parts of being a hero is looking good!", he boomed and pointed at the lockers on the wall of the class. Izuku tuned out just then, his hand dropping to the metal case he had with him that day. He heard Hitoshi snicker behind him, and recalled Shouto will be wearing a dashing suit today. As soon as all might left a pandemonium of grabbing, shoving and rushing towards the changing rooms erupted.

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They changed in a hurry. Izuku was pulling on his gloves, the final piece completing the black armor so similar to his teacher's when Shouto stepped out from around the corner.

"How do I look?", he asked, his nose scrunched up and his mouth twisted into a thin line. Izuku turned and felt his mouth go suddenly dry. He tried to choke out an answer, but Hitoshi beat him to it.

"Like my prince charming", the blue haired boy said, swatting away Shouto's hands and fixing the tie into place.

With an annoyed huff Izuku turned back to his locker. What was that about? He had to focus. A mental tally of all his equipment helped him steady, though lord knows what would be useful here. There was no data on the mission, and no data on opponents, that's not how heroes functioned, at least that's not how two heroes he knew did. A quick tap around his satchels and belts told him everything was in place. Already rushing out he grabbed his demonic mask and slammed the case shut. He was actually the first student ready, so he had a minute or two to kill.

He gazed at the enraged visage of a red onii. His eyes slipped over the sharp, angled features so different from his own plain ones. Cautiously he peered into the pure black abyss of the eyes. "Look into the abyss long enough and you might find something looking back", Komori's deep voice resounded in his imagination, sending a soft shudder through him. Images of his bloodied knuckles and broken bones flashed through his mind and the scar on his hand gave the faintest of burns. All grim reminders that a hero's work is not always what they show on TV.

Soon enough the remainder of students joined him. They were wearing various outfits, some downright ridiculous, others quite acceptable. Shouto stuck out like a sore thumb in that perfect snow white suit and a flaming red tie. Blasted Komori, he always had to leave a hint, didn't he. Shinou's outfit was similar to Izuku's but instead of being pitch black it was blue-gray just like the boy's hair.
There was also his family's crest on his chest. Izuku frowned, shouldn't he also have something showing his origin? He quickly looked over his attire, but couldn't find anything which would tie him to either his dad or his teacher. He wanted to search further but was quickly shoved in the direction of the opening where All Might was already waiting.

***

All Might was once again looming over them. It was his fabled, or rather non-skeletal, form. Izuku shifted his weight from foot to foot as the man explained their objectives. Two man teams, two per exercise. One defends the nuke, the other tries to secure it. Out of the corner of his eye a tuft of blond spiky hair caught his attention. He really hoped not to come across Bakugou, he really did. All Might finished up his explanations, by giving them a prep time limit and the time limit for the whole exercise. So the defenders just had to stall and the offense had to be quick. sounds simple enough. The gargantuan man reached into a box filled with slips of paper and pulled two out.

"Kirishima and Ojirou as villains", he announced and reached for two more, "Kaminari and Hagakure as heroes!", he boomed. Izuku started rocking on the balls of his feet, his anticipation was growing in strength by the second. His hand unconsciously slid over the back of his belt, playing with an array of knives and grenades sitting there.

***

Kaminari was not feeling ready to fight Kiri. As he walked up the stairs towards the large room where the mock bomb stood his stomach churned and tied itself in knots. Of all people he really didn't want to fight someone who meant so much to him. He was about to freak, when Ojiro gently patted him on the back and gave him a knowing smile. Unfortunately despite the boy's best efforts he felt current run up and down his spine and limbs in narrow streams. This was not going to end well.

Minutes later Kami knew how right he was. Kirishima and Hagakure had just burst into the room locking them into combat. Ojiro somehow finding and batting Hagakure away from the bomb while Kirishima tired pushing past Denki. The blond did his best not to hurt his boyfriend, he really did, but then Kirishima said something unthinkable.

"Kami I really love you, but don't pull punches man!", the red head laughed and stepped away planting his hardened hands on his hips.

Denki felt blood drain from his face and his throat go dry. Did he just... He couldn't have meant it...
"D-d-did you just?", he choked out in barely a whisper, while his hair stood up from the static in the air. The commotion to his left died down as Ojiro and Hagakure chose to observe the unfolding scene instead of warring over the bomb.

"Yes I did stupid! I love you--", Kirishima started but a surge of electrical current quickly took him off the field. For the matter of fact it took everyone of the playing field. A flash and an indiscriminate shock later Hagakure, Kirishima and Ojirou were all lying on the ground knocked out, while Kaminari was busy holding two thumbs up.

***

Izuku heard Hitoshi whistle softly right next to him. "A love confession with a bang", he muttered under his breath, making Izuku snicker. For a first match this was quite... unconventional. He knew Kaminari was one to overreact but this was a new caliber of overreaction.

"That concludes the first match!", Toshinori boomed, his hand already in the box. Soon he pulled out another two pieces of paper. "Shinsou and Iida as villains, please prepare!" He reached into the box
once again, this time taking a while longer than before. "Uraraka and Asui as heroes!"

Izuku pulled his gloves off tucking them behind the belt. He had mock battles with Komori plenty of times so why was he nervous. He looked around taking in and recalling the quirks of the students who were left. And then he noticed Bakugou was scowling at him.

***

"Muahahahahah!", Iida gave an evil cackle somewhere within the room as he was removing anything Ms. Roundface could get her antigravitational hands on. Hitoshi thought this was getting into character a bit too much. After all they weren't actual villains, but if they were he would be sure to take some tips from Midoriya's boyfriend. Hitoshi smirked slowly going down the stairs. There was a good chance that The girls would attempt to scale the building, but who does that when one of the villains comes out with his hands raised above his head? He felt the smirk on his face grow wider. He will have to smooth it out soon if he wants this to work.

The match started when he was just about to reach the ground floor and a set of wildly swung doors nearly knocked him down.

"Wow! Wow! Easy, easy", he yelped, trying to get the girls attention and bite back a smile.

"Sorry Shinsou-kun!", Roundface barked an apology and already dived for him. This was not the plan.

"Sorry Hito-kun", The Frog parroted and shot her tongue out.

"Hold hands and stay outside the building until the test is over", he ordered nearly biting off his tongue. This was a close call, way too close. "Also I am very sorry about this", he added trying his best at a non-smug tone. Unfortunately salty as the Dead Sea was his default setting.

***

Izuku stared awe struck at what had just happened. Apparently Hitoshi had been practicing if he could easily control two people. That was interesting, he will have to write it down later. The class stood gaping at the monitors in various degrees of shock and horror, while Hitoshi waved gleefully at monitor. Undoubtedly he derived great pleasure from watching Uraraka turn a deep shade of red.

All Might cleared his throat. Oh right the time limit. Izuku briefly wondered how many minutes Yagi had on him, before he had to deflate. "Tokoyami and Midoriya as villains!", darn it he wanted to be a hero. A tiny pout appeared on his face but turned into downright horror when Toshinori read the opposing team. "Komori and Bakugou as heroes". He was against two students who scored the most points and had the most destructive quirks in terms of raw power. Marching out into the building he tried to recreate the state of overdrive he entered when in danger, but his brain stubbornly refused it.

"Tokoyami tell me everything about your quirk please", he said, his brow scrunched up. He had to have a plan, even if this was short notice.

"I am a host for a powerful spirit. The darker it is the more powerful the spirit.", the bird headed youngster explained shortly. A dark spirit, so they had range. But they didn't need range in closed quarters. Izuku's eyes widened as an idea appeared in his head. Light.

"Tokoyami I need you to move the bomb into a room with no windows and then break the lights, all of them", Izuku explained his heart thrashing in his chest. They could win this even if it seemed hopeless. "I will also need your capturing slip", he added and slipped on the mask of a red demon. Darkness was his friend, darkness was his ally. As soon as they entered the building. They split up.
Izuku breaking the lights everywhere he could, while Tokoyami secured the bomb. By the time the prep was over the corridors and stairwells drowned in darkness.

***

His arms throbbed with exertion. It had been maybe a couple of minutes of remaining completely still and barely breathing as he hung on to the pipe, but they felt like a bloody eternity. He focused on the silence filling the building and his ears picked up soft steps crunching on the ice. So they were finally coming up the stairs, my did Shouto take his time with this. Izuku slowed his breath, nearly holding it, as the steps neared his hiding spot. He couldn’t give anything away, no matter how tiring hanging on like this was. He closed his eyes for a moment running through one of Komori's mantras. "When you are the darkness, when you are invisible, when you are nothing and no one you are truly hidden", the comforting low voice sounded in his head. Slowly he opened his eyes and turned his head to look below.

A floor covered in a glacier, a head of snowy hair and a perfect white suit. There was something enticing to the view, as Shouto slowly passed underneath him. What a pity he didn't freeze the ceilings, it would have been far more interesting then, but...

Izuku released the pipe now holding on only by his thighs. There was immense pressure on his stomach as he slowly unfurled the white ribbon, his best bet at taking out Todoroki. The boy froze in place peering into the pitch black ahead. Just two more corridors and he would encounter the nightmare of Tokoyami Fumikage in his element. But he wouldn't get there, Izuku thought as he released his hold on the pipe and in one fluent motion wrapped the ribbon around Shouto's neck. The material stiffened and with a soft click clasped itself shut around Shouto's throat, making a boy utter a surprised gasp.

"Komori has been captured!", a loud voice boomed from the speakers spread around the building. And just as he appeared he melted back into the shadows, leaving Shouto confused on the brink of light and dark.

***

Izuku should have known it wouldn't be this easy with Katsuki. Hell, it couldn't be easy, he always had to make things darn difficult. As soon as he captured Shouto a series of explosions started shaking the building. Bakugou was trying to make his own route to the bomb. He was nearly there when Izuku caught up and distracted him enough to enraged the blond into chasing him. Well, he might have overdone it slightly...

He was running along one of the better lit corridors. There were explosions in his wake and nowhere to hide, and this was going to be bad. Bakugou wasn't holding back and judging by the tremors running through the concrete structure and downright devilish screeches biting at his heels. This would mean a fight, and the last thing Izuku wanted to do was use his knives on the boy. Taking a sharp turn and dodging out of the way of another ball of fire he remembered their previous 'meetings' and how they ended.

He rounded another corner and sped into a well lit room, he was as far as he could get from Tokoyami, now he just needed to keep Bakugou here.

"Midoriya-kun, is my assistance required?", Tokoyami's deep voice reached him through the earphone. He turned it back on soon after capturing his thermodynamically inclined friend.

"No I can handle this. Stay there just in case", he ordered, already working on Bakugou's weakness. If only he had a stabilizing agent for nitric compounds he could try to actually disable Katsuki's
explosions. This room was big enough to take away some of Bakugou's advantage, but it left him exposed. "Smoke. No. Shrapnel. Hell No. Batons... Not yet...", he mumbled, and just at that moment a seething, thirsty for revenge Bakugou rounded the corner. His crimson eyes shone with hatred and anger igniting the same feelings in Izuku. For a briefest moment Izuku wondered if maybe in his previous life he was a villain.

"Shitstain! I don't know how you got the cold bastard but it's time you go where quirkless losers go!", Bakugou yelled, his palms already smoking.

He had to keep him here just a couple of minutes at most. "Bite me!", he snapped back at the blond. Really? Bite me? What are you ten? Bakugou's palms started crackling. Now he was really pissed. Izuku swallowed, his fingers twitched to reach for his knives, to have something other than just bare hands, but what if he actually hurt Bakugou? The blond was misguided but not evil?

"Suit yourself", Bakugou barked and sprinted at him, the characteristic right hook already raised. Fluently Izuku stepped into the movement grabbing the hand and positioning his hips. He needed just a slight pull to flip Bakugou, who hit the ground with a loud thud and rolled away.

"Bakugou, I don't want to hurt you", he said, trying to soothe the boy's insatiable rage.

"You're dead!", Bakugou roared as he got up. Moments later they were fighting, Izuku skillfully evading Bakugou's punches. Leading him on a goose chase and wasting precious seconds left till the end. He managed to flip Bakugou over again, and lost focus for just a second too long.

"I'll kill you!", Bakugou wailed as he launched off the ground catching him around the waist and toppling him. Izuku rose his hands up to try and block the impeding flurry of blows, but little good it did him. Katsuki swatted them away and started pummeling him. Blow after blow landed on his face and chest. Izuku felt his head spin, and soon enough felt blood in his mouth. Then Bakugou literally ripped his mask off and detonated an explosion in his face. The cannonade of punches intertwined with well aimed detonations continued, with Izuku cowering behind whatever weak defense he could muster, while Katsuki relished in his victory. Izuku heard a loud crack and hoped it was Katsuki's hand breaking, but moments later his mouth and throat were flooded with blood.

There was a loud voice on the speakers but Izuku couldn't make out anything but All Might's urgent tone. Bakugou stopped beating him for just a moment there was silence.

"You see... you fucking fag", Izuku heard from somewhere above, "You are no fucking hero without a quirk", Bakugou hissed as Izuku's eyesight slowly realigned. He barely saw anything out of his left eye, but the visage of a satisfied Bakugou straddling his stomach and leaning in to deliver his verbal torture was sharp enough to burn into his memory.

'Not all men are created equal', he thought, but the poetic quote wouldn't slide through his bruised lips.

"Ain't gonna say anything you little shit?", Katsuki queried, raising his fist.

He wouldn't... he wouldn't... The mantra ran through his head when the blow fell jerking his head roughly to the side and making him splutter blood. His mind started spinning and he was certain one tooth had come loose, the world was once again turning into a blur. A sharp pain erupted in his scalp where Bakugou grabbed him by the hair to turn his head, preparing to strike the final blow. The hand fell, aiming for his jaw, but Izuku wasn't waiting for that.

***
The moment Bakugou started pummeling Midoriya the class broke out into absolute chaos. Bakugou was precisely and methodically tearing down each and every defense Midoriya could set up and dealing out incredibly inhumane punishment to the smaller boy. And he did all that over a couple of words. Anger boiled in All Might as he grabbed the microphone, these were not a hero's actions. Yet his warning remained unheeded. Swiftly his feet carried him out the command center and into the building, he had to help Midoriya. He had to get there before something irreversible happened.

He took the stairwell in a leaps and not a minute had passed by the time he burst into the well light room, where Bakugou Katsuki had just been tormenting Midoriya Izuku. Yet he was met with a sight unlike anything he expected.

He witnessed Midoriya sitting on the small of Bakugou's back and pulling his head and torso off the ground by the boy's hair. The green haired teen was facing the door. His face was bruised and started swelling yet it remained blank, like threatening a classmate's life was nothing out of the ordinary. Only then did he see that Bakugou was not supporting his weight and tears were streaming down his face. The boy's right hand was pierced by a knife and laid uselessly on the ground stretched out in front of him as Midoriya whispered something into Bakugou's ear eliciting a sob. Slowly Midoriya looked up, and tugged a bit stronger on the blond's hair to force Bakugou to acknowledge All Might's presence. The man watched Midoriya's hand as it slowly moved the knife away from the former tormentor's throat, leaving just a tiny nick behind.

"Don't pull the knife out or he will bleed even more", he heard the hollow voice of the battered teen, as Midoriya looked around for his mask. Ultimately he found it, most of it. The boy threw the ruined disguise away and quickly strode past All Might.

"Midoriya please go to the nurse and then straight home. We will deal with this tomorrow", he ordered as softly as he could and stepped over to inspect Bakougo's wounds. Before he even managed to get a good look the green haired boy was gone. This was going to turn out really ugly.

***

Currently he had once desire to be gone from the nurse's office before All Might arrived. He was sprinting as fast as his tired legs could carry him down the corridors towards Recovery Girl's room. He threw open the room to reveal the old wrinkled lady sitting comfortably reading some book, she dumped suspiciously quickly into the topmost drawer.

Interesting...

"I need help!", he yelled from the door, sounding just a tad over dramatic. To be fair avoiding Bakugou and All Might were possibly his topmost priorities right now.

"I can see that. Take a seat", the nurse quipped back, right half his face was probably blue.

***

Aizawa was leaning on the window sill observing the boy disappearing around the corner. The deflated version of All Might and Nedzu Sensei were in the same room, but the two men chose the sofa as more civilized place to hold a conversation. They had just watched the footage from Bakugou's and Midoriya's fight or rather a pummeling which turned into a plea for mercy.

"Bakugou is lucky to be alive if he pushed Midoriya that far", Aizawa stated bluntly, earning a nod from Nedzu and a horrified gasp which turned into a bloody cough from Toshinori.
"That's true. Toshinori-san have you notified the boys' parents?", Nedzu asked calmly, his little paws grasping a mug of green tea. He seemed completely unphased by the situation save for just a tiniest frown.

"He can't stay here if he is going to pull such shit. Neither can Bakugou", Aizawa cut in, "even if both are gifted", he added rubbing his blood shot eyes.

The silence rang in the room as the other teachers considered all the options. "Perhaps we could separate them into different classes?", Toshinori suggested. Aizawa had to hold in a groan, the man's thick head never ceased to astound.

"I could stand here all evening listing why that wouldn't work and I wouldn't be done", he muttered tiredly, making the number one hero deflate even further, "Besides you have Togata to worry about, don't you?", the tired hero queried.

"That I do, but they are also my students", Toshinori argued eliciting a discontent grunt from the other hero.

"What if we called in an old member of the staff?", the principal mused, a sly smile forming on his furry features.

"You are not planning on hiring that maniac are you?", Aizawa asked, the remainder of color seeping out of him.

"Just part time, to help with hero classes when students get too carried away", Nedzu assured with a genuine smile.

"It would hardly be fair towards Bakugou", Toshinori argued. Unfair... interesting, so Midoriya and that mad man were connected. Aizawa felt his eyebrows furrow together.

"You are just saying that because you are afraid to deal with some tough life Toshinori", Aizawa snapped. To be fair he was right.

"Good then, I will give him a call and make him an offer he can't refuse", Nedzu smiled into his tea and waved the heroes away.

Chapter End Notes

Hope you liked it! Leave your love and feedback.
heroes and Heroes

Chapter Summary

The aftermath of a certain incident at school

Chapter Notes

Thanks for all the love!
Since I have more free time this weekend you are getting an early update!

Enjoy!

The good news were he managed to calm Tenya enough for his boyfriend to let go of the fact that someone nearly beat the living shit out of him. The bad news were that when, not if, when his mother gets the wind of how he hurt Bakugou he is not going to hear the end of it. At least that's what he figured by the ominous silence of his phone. Even Komori hadn't called so he was either still figuring out what a 'responsible' parent ought to do or was tracking his location and already on his way to deliver the scalding scolding personally. For all odds and ends this went far better than a cataclysmic sized shit-storm he had expected. Which could escalate to being kicked out of UA. Oh, of course, he will have to deal with All Might's mighty sense of justice. Certainly it is OK to beat someone half way into oblivion, but it's not OK for that someone to go and retaliate.

Izuku was stewing away in his frustration, slowly shuffling along a tattered street towards the district's hidden gem, the 'Black Mist'. There he hoped to meet again his dad and possibly Kurogiri. There was something about the latter that put him at ease, as for the former he really needed advice. On the way he kept reminding himself that he was in the right, he was beaten so badly that no sane person wouldn't have fought back. But wasn't drawing blood too much? Also all those things he managed to whisper into the frightened blond's ear. He shuddered at the thought, why did he do that? He didn't have to...

He came to a stop and looked up at the battered sign over the door. All right, hopefully it will be empty again today. Yet all of Izuku's hopes vanished as he pushed the door open. The bar was crowded, and his phone tugged in his pocket like a caged bird being so close to all those villains. Slowly he scanned the bar for a familiar mop of gray hair, but Bokuto-san or rather Midoriya-chichi was nowhere to be seen. He was about to turn around and leave when his eyes connected with Kurogiri's golden slits. The man waved him in and pointed to a stool right in front of him. It's impolite to turn down an offer, maybe he could learn where his dad is from the polite barkeep.

A couple of minutes later he was sitting comfortably, with his briefcase resting on his knees. Kurogiri said he could place it behind the counter for safe keeping, but Komori told them never to leave it with anyone. So Izuku kept it where he could see it. He inspected Kurogiri closely, there was something different about the bartender's attire. His eyes wandered over the expanse of the ash gray vest until they finally fell on a turquoise pocket square. Izuku squinted and noticed a pattern of small
silver shields, which looked all to familiar.

"Kurogiri-san, where is Bokuto-san? I really hoped to meet his today", Izuku asked hoping he was not being too obvious. He nearly forgot about this tiny thing still resting in his desk drawer.

The bartender stopped wiping the glass he was polishing and spared an interested look, "He will be by in an hour or two at the most", he answered and returned to his duties.

Izuku sipped somberly at his tea, he wasn't certain he actually had an hour to spare.

"But if something is bothering you, I would be more than happy to lend you my ear. It is after all part of the job description", Kurogiri's black mist shifted around into what Izuku assumed was a smile.

For a few moments he calculated whether he should tell the man anything. He barely knew him, save for their last encounter. But, he needed advice and the more people could give it the better. "You see, we had this exercise. And we had to fight our classmates", he begun his tale and Kurogiri nodded attentively. Within a few minutes he recounted his 'genius' plan to use the dark to their advantage and how he managed to catch his friend off guards. And that's when he arrived to the difficult part. He described how Bakugou beat him and how before he could stop himself he ran the boy's hand through and threatened his life. Finishing his tale Izuku sighed miserably and rested his forehead on the bar, it felt nice and cool and eased the headache that was starting to creep up his spine.

"So you are telling me this kid beat you senseless and kept on throwing punches even when you were barely resisting?", Kurogiri asked from somewhere above, just a hint of disbelief in his voice.

"Yes, I believe that's what happened", Izuku groaned into the wood and turned his head to the side to watch a multitude of lesser villains drink beer and recount their various adventures.

"And to remedy the situation you put a blade through his hand and let me quote 'told him to piss off or the next one goes through his neck'", the voice from above chuckled finishing the sentence. Izuku felt annoyed, he did the wrong thing didn't he?

"Yes, yes I did", he huffed out and closed his hands into fists.

"Then by all means you are a hero still. Any villain would have simply put that knife in the boy's stomach", Kurogiri reasoned and Izuku sat up abruptly to stare at the expressionless face. There was something unnerving and yet very rational about that statement. He did the minimal amount of damage, didn't he? He felt the corners of his mouth quirk up, he wasn't the bad guy. He had never even thought about this whole ordeal from that angle. His happiness only escalated when he heard a familiar voice.

"Kurogiri, the usual" Bokuto-san said. He was sitting on the stool on Izuku's left, apparently engrossed in his tiny black book. Izuku swerved his head to take in his dad's look once again. Though instead of seeing a hobo like near-stranger he watched a gallant gentleman with trimmed hair and a goatee read. Father was wearing a dark green suit, which reminded him strongly of Kurogiri's burgundy one. But the most surprising aspect were the reading glasses on his nose. It changed his look so much that Izuku couldn't help but chuckle. Hisashi chose that precise moment to turn to him. Only then did he notice the gray tie with a tiny gold shield shaped pin. He would have pursued this further but Bokuto-san spoke up.

"Hello little Shouyo. How are you doing son?", he asked with a blinding smile. Izuku felt a sudden urge to leap into his father's arms and cry but somehow battled it into submission.

"Hello Bokuto-san. I hoped to run into you", he said and felt tears of joy well up in his eyes.
The man in front of him frowned. "Are you all right son?", he asked, his hands already reaching for Izuku.

"Yeah, yeah", he said before the man could make contact and rubbed his eyes furiously, "Just really happy to see you", he explained himself hoping to ease his dad's worry. "I was wondering, maybe we could talk outside?", he asked hopefully.

The man in front of him sent a soft smile his way and turned to the bartender. "Kurogiri hold on that drink. I will be back later".

"Are you sure?", the barman asked his eyes narrowed in suspicion.

"Absolutely. Though thank you for worrying"

Soon they found themselves wandering the ruined streets, Dad sticking out of the crowd in his fancy suit and Izuku strangely silent. His thoughts were racing, there was so much he wanted to ask. His dad was leading the way, slowly winding through the damp, dirty alleys until they found themselves somewhere completely deserted.

"Son", he began, tears already streaming down his face, as he opened his arms.

"Dad", Izuku whispered and flung himself at his father dropping the metal briefcase in the process. He wrapped his arms around him tightly as though it was a dream. His fingers bunched up the fabric of the suit and his tears stained it but neither cared. For a moment they cried silently, until Hisashi finally pulled away. Izuku stared deep into emerald green eyes, identical to his own. His mind kept whispering that these were the eyes of a villain and a murderer, yet he couldn't bring himself to care, it was his father. "I am so happy to see you", he hiccuped out, the waterworks turning back to full force.

"As am I son", Hisashi answered with the most overjoyed smile Izuku had ever seen. They stood there taking the view of one another in, until Izuku remembered what it was he came for. He wiped away his tears and did his best to get his face in order even if his tear ducts had another opinion on the matter.

"Dad, I did something bad", he begun his account of the day's events intertwined with an occasional hug and a soft sob. By the time he finished he was looking up into his father's soft understanding eyes. What shocked him slightly is, he didn't even see a shade of anger, disgust or any of the things he felt for his actions up until his visit to the bar.

"Izuku, there is something you must understand. There are heroes and Heroes, capital H. The boy you faced, your childhood friend, no matter what he claims about gunning to become the top hero...", Hisashi seemed lost for words as he swung his hand through the air, "Oh screw the euphemisms, he is a thug at best a full blown villain at worst. You had admirable self control even if you threatened his life at the very end. You defeated two top scorers in your class, through strategy, wit, and skill. I would never be mad at you and if I know Komori, he will want to celebrate not bust your balls about it", the man chuckled and ruffled his son's hair, "You protected your life from someone who seems to have no code of honor. I couldn't have asked for a better son", he heard from above as his face was once again pressed against the soft fabric of the suit, "Also get Recovery Girl a box of chocolates. I have a feeling you are going to frequent her place of work more often", the man chuckled and once again pulled away.

"Then dad I have one more question", he mumbled out, the other thing really bothering him and lowered his eyes.
"The villainy issue?", Hisashi asked back, just to receive a frantic nod. Izuku couldn't bring himself to look up until a soft hand grasped his chin. He was met with his father's soft eyes and slightly more angled features than his own.

"They saved me from that prison, helped me and even gave me something to look forward to. Besides thanks to them I can still see you from time to time, and I think that's the main reason I stick around. Also some of the heroes I dealt with... well lowercase h material, especially that fire beard fuck", Hisashi muttered the last part earning a small punch from his son, "Speaking of heroes and villains. Do you still have that silver shield I gave you?", he asked out of the blue.

"Yes dad. But I don't really understand what it does", he answered puzzled. By now he knew that Komori, Kurogiri, his dad and even All Might were somehow involved and it possibly had to do with a government licensed organization taking down foreign threats. But that was too little to understand what the trinket had to do with anything.

"I'll tell you when you are ready", his father reassured

"When will I be?", Izuku asked feeling excitement surge through him. The mystery was exciting even if it could take him to dangerous places.

"I will find out soon enough", Hisashi answered a somewhat pained look crossing his eyes.

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By the time they returned to the bar the party was in full swing. Sounds of lively Irish music mixed in with ruckus and the cheers of numerous toasts.

Izuku stopped short of the door to get one last hug. That was precisely when a deep and familiar, even if slightly muffled voice reached his ears. "Here is to cheating, stealing, fighting and drinking! If you cheat may you cheat death! If you steal may you steal a woman's hear! Or in your case Yuri a man's! If you fight may you fight for a brother! Or a sister! And if you drink may you drink with me!", the man roared inside. Now Izuku was certain this could be no one else but Komori.

A deafening tumult of agreement erupted within the bar. Izuku looked up at Hisashi who gave him an encouraging smile and pushed the door open.

The view was even more stunning or maybe a better word would be disturbing than Izuku expected. Standing on the table naked from the belt up was Komori with a huge mug of beer in hand. He was downing the last of his contents of the pitcher sized vessel as the villains around started cheering for a repeat of whatever he did while they were gone.

The man raised his hands theatrically, his eyes falling on the father and son couple which just entered and brightening visibly. "All right everyone! One last show!", he bellowed and the bar erupted into cheers once again. Izuku heard a soft chuckle next to him and turned to see his father mildly amused by his friend's antics.

"He always had a way with people", he explained softly. Izuku couldn't say he was surprised.

The Dracula wannabe cleared his throat to draw the attention of the people at the bar once again. He was standing on the floor now, with a lot of space around him. "This tap I dedicate to my dearest friend and his brave son!", he hollered gesturing towards them. The music erupted from the speakers, a fine and quick tune of flutes and whistles and Komori's feet flew into the air tapping out complicated rhythms and syncing with the music. Every patron fell silent admiring the show, reveling in the experience of a masterful performance. And then after what seemed like a brief
eternity the music stopped and the audience gasped. Izuku released a deep breath, he didn’t know his teacher could do... that! He was still shaking off the shock when Kurogiri appeared right next to them.

"Midoriy-san, Midoriya-kun, may we step outside for a briefest of moments?", he queried. Izuku saw his father’s face harden for just a moment.

"Yes Kurogiri, lead the way", he said gesturing towards the door. The man led them just around the corner and Izuku frantically rubbed the tiny indentations left on his knuckles, his nerves kicking in.

"Midoriya-san was Midoriya-kun made aware of the rule?", Kurogiri asked cryptically. Izuku felt his brows furrow and peered into the golden slits. As though on cue Kurogiri supplied, "Seems like he hasn't. Well there are places like this one where heroes and villains can coexist peacefully. The rule is you can’t attack anyone here, it’s a sanctuary and as soon as you step foot outside you are back to being the enemy of a person you could have just drunk with", Izuku nodded. It seemed strange that he never heard of sanctuaries. But then again, he never heard of many things until recently, so he just nodded again to reassure the man. At that Kurogiri went back to tend the bar, leaving Izuku and Hisashi alone in the alley.

They hugged until Komori strolled out humming the catchy tune he danced to to himself.

"Hey Midoriya-kun, hey Midoriya-kun!", he chirped happily and joined wrapping the son and the father in his bone crushing hug.

"Komori you bastard, you'll break my ribs", Hisashi huffed as Komori squeezed the remnants of oxygen out of his lungs.

"Komori-san please", Izuku gagged trying desperately to catch any air at all.

Finally the white haired man released them. He was wearing a navy suit and a knowing smirk. "I am going to have to take this little brat Hisashi, is that all right with you?", he asked pulling Izuku towards himself.

"Absolutely. He told me he had some trouble at school", Hisashi supplied with a smirk. Izuku had trouble comprehending how his own father could throw him under the bus like that.

"Oh I did hear that. They are accepting mentally unstable kids now apparently", the vampire giggled.

"Oh is that so? Well than good thing you put him in his place", Hisashi smirked down at Izuku, "I will see you later", he added giving him a final hug.

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They were driving back with another catchy tune being tapped out on the steering wheel by Komori. Despite having drunk a pitcher of beer the vampire was completely sober, which was mildly scary.

"So am I in trouble?", he asked turning to the white haired driver. Only than did he notice a glint of a shield shaped cuff links.

"Yes", the man replied shortly, tearing Izuku's mind away from the big mystery.

"I did it in self-defense", he started arguing his case, before Komori dropped his nice facade and unleashed his demonic presence.

"I know. And instead of calling me to celebrate you beating Shouto and Bakugou you go off
wandering onto another guilt trip. How many more Izuku?! You are making me age!”, the hero chastised. Only then did it hit Izuku that Komori wasn't angry.

"You are not angry?", Izuku asked dumbfounded, feeling his hands sweating. The man could still answer he is furious, it wouldn't be that uncommon with Komori to play such word games.

"I am because I bought celebratory wine, but your mother and Jun had to work. So we are stuck with Tensei and when he gets drunk he gets handsy", the hero explained giving him a faintly amused look. Izuku felt his spirits rise immediately. So he wasn't in trouble! But what did Komori-san mean by handsy?

"Hansdy?", Izuku asked. Well there was this one time Iida-san kissed Komori-san, but that didn't end too well, so what exactly had his mentor in mind?

"Oh don't you play innocent, I know what you did last summer", Komori bit back and Izuku turned red, remembering a certain accident.

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Hitoshi was observing one at tipsy or even slightly drunk Iida brother and one mildly infuriated Iida brother. Suffice to say he enjoyed the view very much especially while resting his chin on a sulking Shouto's head. The brother's were bickering, well one was between one another, but that didn't change his mood. He nuzzled his nose gently into those white locks, he really missed the red half. It brought out Shouto's dual nature. Softly spoken and well behaved yet unyielding, that was possibly how he would describe his boyfriend.

"He has such white hair and soft skin", Tensei mused somewhere in the vicinity. Oh Komori is going to have fun tonight. He hugged Shouto closer to his chest and now rested his chin on the boy's shoulder. Shouto rarely liked public displays of affection, but for some reason it seemed he need them today.

"What's wrong babe?", Hitoshi whispered softly, and tickled Shouto. He felt the boy tense up in his arms, so something really was wrong, "You can tell me, you know", he coaxed gently. Over the course of their relationship, he grew used to how both of them bottled up their emotions. But he also learned to recognize when Shouto needed to talk his out.

"I lost", he heard a single sentence gritted out and Shouto tensed up even more. He moved his hands up and gently kneaded the boy's shoulder. Neither of them was much for words. Unspoken language, tiny gestures of affection were a whole different matter.

"Don't worry. You were up against a monster and you had an idiot as a partner. You did all you could. Besides USJ is coming up, you can beat him then", Hitoshi muttered working the muscles into softness. It was strange not being his sarcastic witty self just around Shouto. But the brooding white haired fugitive always brought out the best in him. The boy in front of him sighed deeply and relaxed into the touch. Just then the door swung open and the tension was back. What a pity, he was starting to have fun.

"We are back!", Komori howled from the entrance, spirits high as ever. Hitoshi peeked out from around Shouto's arms to see him swinging a bottle of whiskey in one hand and a half stunned Izuku in the other. Well that is going to make the evening more interesting, "And I brought to you, the one and only stabby stabby boy wonder!", he hollered even louder, throwing Izuku in Tenya's arms.

A while later they were all seated around the table Izuku in Tenya's lap and Shouto on Hitoshi's left, allowing for a pleasurable cool feeling. Surprisingly Komori was making no attempts at keeping the
older brother away tonight, who turned out quite clingy. Izuku was giving the run down of the fight and Hitoshi was sure that Shouto's grip on his fingers tightened miniscule when the green haired boy explained his strategy. It was actually pretty interesting. Then Izuku tuned down, when he started talking about how Bakugou got him and nearly skipped over the most interesting part. The sudden shift in power. Hitoshi remembered it vividly, the lightning fast movement of plucking the knife from the belt and piercing the oncoming fist. Then there was a punch to the throat, and without even a struggle Izuku was the one on top undoubtedly whispering something very interesting to his former tormentor.

"What did you say to him?", Hitoshi asked before he could stop himself, earning a bewildered look from Iida-kun.

"Oh, nothing I just scared him a bit", Izuku answered blushing slightly.

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It was late, very late. Hitoshi was certain of that. Why was he? Well for starters everyone around the table was either gone or passed out. About an hour ago after Tenya noticed that Izuku fell asleep he picked the boy up and carried him off to bed. A while later Shouto dozed off, but he didn't want to wake him, so Hitoshi gently laid him down on the softened floor. Sleep wouldn't come, no matter what he did. Meditation, counting sheep, nada, he just couldn't feel it. At least the view was interesting. Tensei was snoring softly with his face pressed into the crook of Komori's neck. Hitoshi smirked to himself, he had photos of that. What bothered him though is that there was nothing to do. He dragged his eyes over the jagged edges of the walls and columns, over the wooden table, over the not yet empty bottle.

Now that could be fun. He leaned over the table and picked up the bottle. There was maybe a gulp of the golden liquid on the bottom. Perhaps it would at least help him sleep. He remembered reading somewhere that a small dose of alcohol helps with that.

He brought the bottle to his lips and sniffed the strong woody aroma. Interesting... Oh, why not. In one movement he tipped the bottle downing its contents. The taste was strong, slightly bitter but gave a pleasant burn in his chest. Well now the party was officially over, he could go to bed. Gently he picked Shouto up. He moved through the familiar halls into the boy's room. As he walked Shouto stirred but remained asleep. There was an adorable pout on his lips Hitoshi was tempted to kiss. Carefully he placed Shouto on the bed and ran his fingers though the paper white hair. He really liked the dual colored version better. He undressed, and once only in his boxers slid under the covers and pulled Shouto under with him. It was always a little fun to sleep with Shouto, since his body literally had two different temperatures. Hitoshi closed his eyes and cleared his mind and started slowly drifting away, finally.

The last thing he remembered was the scent of a lemon body wash. And a strong pair of arms wrapping themselves around him to press him closer.

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It was probably before the crack of dawn when he woke up. But Hitoshi knew from experience that once awake going back to sleep is beyond hope. Silently he slipped out of the covers and pulled on his pants and shirt. He could sleep half naked with his boyfriend, but the Iida brothers might be a bit more stiff regarding dress code in the common area.

He pattered to the kitchen hoping to find the one and only god blessed drink that has risen humanity out of the gutter of evolution, coffee. Surprisingly the heavenly aroma was already wafting from the kitchen and led him in a trance down the hall. He sniffed the delicious air with his eyes half closed as
he finally arrived.

Standing by the stove tinkering with a small coffee pot was the older of the Iida brother's wearing just a pair of pajama pants. Hitoshi felt reality coming into focus as the man by stove stared at him with horror blooming in his blue eyes. The boy scrutinized him in return and noticed what he thought he will see, but hoped not to find, a series of bite marks and hickeys littering the man's collarbones and chest.

"Shinsou-kun this is not what it looks like. I was battling a villain-", the older brother started explaining stumbling over his words.

"In bed", Hitoshi deadpanned from the doorway.

"Yes. NO!", Iida nearly bellowed but brought the volume of his voice down in the last moment.

"Of course you were", Hitoshi cut him off with a smirk. "The terms of me keeping quiet we will discuss... later", he added feeling downright devilish as the man squirmed under his gaze. Oh he is going to enjoy this tremendously.

"This was an accident!", Tensei pleaded with him. Hitoshi was tempted to laugh.

"Of course it was. I never dared insinuate it wasn't", he remarked absently as he stepped over to the cupboard to retrieve his cup.

"You are a monster!", Tensei growled, when Hitoshi placed the mug on the counter and gave it a pointed look. The hero huffed but obliged in pouring him the divine drink.

"I try my best", Hitoshi said from above his cup, and sipped the coffee gingerly. It was actually far better than anything Komori made, "This is very good. Did your girlfriend teach you how to do that?", he asked not even attempting to mask the smug smile. Iida turned a deep shade of red. Perhaps he could understand why Komori-san finally fell for him.

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The breakfast was an interesting matter. Hitoshi couldn't help keeping a sly grin off his face as he observed Komori-san's high spirits and Tensei's sudden bashfulness. The duo was sitting much closer than usual, with Komori actually feeding the younger man. Oh my how adorable. It must have been quite a night. To think it took the young man just under two years to woo the vampire. Just then it struck him. If Komori was around as long as he claimed, he must be more than an expert in certain areas of life or bed. A muffled chuckle escaped him, which caused Tensei to redden further and send him a pained glare.

"Shinsou-kun, are you all right?", Tenya asked from across the table, still slightly asleep and leaning or rather half crushing his tiny boyfriend, who was buried in thought.

"Peachy, though I am a bit worried for Iida-san. He seems slightly sick", he said. After all they hadn't yet negotiated his price. Tensei answered with a pleading look. Sure, he could plead, that didn't mean that he will be given mercy.

"Brother you seem flushed. Do you have a fever?", Tenya asked suddenly fully awake and rather worried.

"No, no, I am perfectly... all fine", the senior nearly stuttered out the words, "Shouldn't you be getting to school?!", he huffed out.
"So that you could have some alone practice time with Komori-san?", Hitoshi asked smugly. A tiny smile danced on Komori's lips, while Iida gave him a look that spelled 'I will kill you, drink your blood and make a cup out of your skull if you don't shut up'. Oh he was too cute for his own good.

Chapter End Notes

So... I do honestly think they make a nice couple, even if the age difference is quite major.

Next time:
Prepare for trouble and make it triple as the events of USJ are coming!

Sorry for taking so long to get there. Well, I am not really sorry ;)
Green Flame and Black Mist

Chapter Summary

A kiss,
A cup of tea,
Betrayal and fire

Chapter Notes

Hi everyone!

Sorry for the long wait, but I kept rewriting and rewriting until this chapter felt right.
Hope you enjoy it! Leave your love and comments.
I am very happy you enjoy reading this as much as I enjoy writing it!

Thinking about it the famous hero Ingenium got off the hook easy, a promised lesson in coffee making, what a low price. Hitoshi felt... disturbed, he swore to himself he would be able to squeeze the most out of this opportunity, and yet he almost let it go for free. Well he still had the photos of Komori and Iida-san cuddling, which were blackmail material a plenty.

Thinking about it, of all people Iida-san with his caring personality and older brother vibe seemed like a perfect fit for vamps. They were both heroes, enjoyed a good drink and liked goofing about, and judging by the profuse bruising had good fun on a certain playing ground. Match made in heaven, he concluded with a satisfied smirk. There was one more selfish reason why Hitoshi thought Iida Tensei was a good pick. The coffee, he still remembered the rich aroma, silky texture and strong taste. It was black and strong as a sinner's soul, the way he loved it. He snickered remembering how he bullied the man into making him a thermos of it for school. After all, something had to power Hitoshi through the day.

Speaking of school they were nearly at UA but with the company of their uncanny mentor, Komori. What was the man doing here anyways? They were too old to be walked to school and it didn't seem like he was friends with anyone in particular that taught there. Hitoshi’s wondering stopped when they rounded the corner to witness a throng of reporters swarming about the school gates, the animalistic instinct driving them to snatch the hottest gossip in town. And that headline, of course, was why All Might decided to become a teacher at the famed UA. But reporters and news in general meant one other problem. Not for him tough, for Shouto. He glanced to the side at his boyfriend, who was seemingly calmly analyzing the situation in front of them. There was no way to make it past this herd of gossip mongers without someone spotting him and possibly recognizing Endeavor's lost son. Even with his disguise in place it wasn't like he was a new man and both of them knew that.

They huddled around to come up with a plan. Hopefully the little brat had something up his sleeve which wasn't a knife.

"So I distract them, while you slip past?", Hitoshi asked.
"Or we just throw in a smoke grenade and dash?", Izuku queried earning a stern gaze from his boyfriend. Hitoshi was waiting for the day when the little imp would pull a tank out of his sleeve.

"Maybe we have Komori pull one of his acts?", Shouto threw an idea.

There were all valid conceptions save for one thing, the vampire was nowhere to be seen. Hitoshi did a double take only to notice that the imp was gone too. That scoundrel left his boyfriend and them behind to fend for themselves!

"So what do we do?", Tenya asked leaning in as though it was some sort of a secret meeting.

Good question. "Maybe we could simply skip?", Hitoshi suggested innocently. As much as he liked UA, he didn't feel at the top of his game today. Two warning glares answered his question and they were once again back to square one.

"How about we make a dash for it? And they don't manage to ask questions?", Shouto suggested possibly the most simple and the most brilliant solution. Moments later they were running headfirst with Iida spearheading the charge into a throng of ravenous reporters. For certain reasons a minor trampling near school grounds didn't make any headlines.

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Heaving from the sprint through the gates they nearly tumbled into the class. Sure as hell he had to enter when the little devil and Blasty McSplode had their staring contest with Mr.Hardlove handling the buffer zone between them. Of course the two girls that ran into him yesterday were there two. One peering at him with those huge frog like eyes, and the other blushing furiously as though he was All Might himself. This day was going to suck, and not in the pleasant way, unless he does something about it.

"Stabby ass wipe", he heard Bakugou grit out. Hitoshi rolled his eyes, knowing full well that either Iida is going to intervene or Bakugou is going to be pulling another knife out of himself if he does something stupid.

"Villanous twat", Izuku spat back, with enough venom to put a rattle snake to shame. Hitoshi felt his eyebrows shoot up, that cuss sounded remarkably like what Komori would have said. The two were now nearly butting heads with angry scowls twisting both of their faces. The red head was barely managing to keep them separated. Well it was time to make some good in the world before Iida stopped them.

"Oi shorty, blasty", Hitoshi called in a friendly tone from the side readying to fire of his quirk as soon-

"Don't butt in!", both of them yelled only to look horror struck a split second later. 'Well boohoo, too late', he thought with a villainous grin.

"Give each other an apologetic kiss and take your seats", Hitoshi ordered to the sounds of protests, and surprisingly, two cheers from all around him. On second though maybe he could have a better idea.

"The matchmaker", he heard the faintest whisper come from Gravity Girl. He turned to look at her but she clamped a hand over her mouth and turned an even deeper shade of red. Oh well. He looked back at Izuku and Blasty, they were trying their best to resist the quirk, but he knew not one person who ever managed. Slowly Bakugou's hand rested on Midoriya's cheek while Izuku's on the Bakugou's waist. Hitoshi noticed that shark teeth was already the color of his hair. Quite impressive
what a little kiss could do to the class. And then he felt a hot breath down his neck and a large hand rest on his shoulder.

"Stop it", Iida seethed straight into his ear making his already gravity defying hair stand straight up.

"I c-c-can't", Hitoshi stuttered out a lie. Sure he could but where would the fun in that be. Iida's grip tightened on his shoulder to the extent of being painful, but hell you have to commit to do some good.

Millimeter by millimeter the boys' lips came together in a kiss. Hitoshi couldn't help but burst chuckle lowly noticing how Izuku turned paper white while Blasty looked ready to nuke the whole city. Just then he subtly released them from his control. He had to make sure neither of them knew when he actually did or there would be hell to pay. Izuku literally jumped back hiding behind his broad shouldered boyfriend as though he was an impenetrable wall, while Bakugou stood there, his eyelid twitching, with Kirishima holding him by the shoulders in case he did decide to blow off Hitoshi's head.

"Hitoshi, most irresponsible", Shouto murmured from the side nudging him gently in the ribs. Bakugou was starting to thrash in Kirishima's arms who was desperate to laugh the whole matter off. At the same time Iida turned to calm down Izuku who was blubbering something about being a bad boyfriend. Hitoshi felt Shouto pull him to his seat making sure that he would not stir up any more trouble by keeping his trap shut. Well that's what you get for teaching a man how to push people's buttons and expecting him to fix the world.

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Of course All Might had to pull him out of class. To add to the pot of bitterness, he left Bakugou alone. Maybe he is going to chat up later, but something made Izuku more than doubtful about that possibility. The hero waved Izuku into a small room and as soon as the door clicked shut deflated in billowing fog. As much as Izuku wanted to rub the lie in, he didn't want All Might's secret out. He turned the lock with a soft scrape and looked around. There was a brown leather sofa, a couple of chairs and... one white haired, red eyed, overdressed vampire.

Izuku sucked his teeth. That was unexpected.

"Midoriya m'boy why don't you take a seat, have some tea", the blond haired man encouraged, gesturing to one of the empty chairs. Izuku looked at the hero. There was the same unwavering determination in his eyes, but the gaunt features and nearly skeletal hands were more fit for someone on their deathbed. There was just a smidgen of blood staining the corner of his mouth and something told Izuku this was not out of the ordinary. He turned to look at Komori-san. The man was disturbingly happy, it was as though he was greatly enjoying seeing how from regret to straight up defiance his student went in just one night.

Sitting down Izuku's eyes locked in a staring contest the number one hero. Even if he couldn't look at his teacher he was sure Komori was toying with his mug. After a minute of deathly silence interrupted only by a fly buzzing All Might spoke up.

"Do you know why you are here?", he asked in that raspy, hollow voice Izuku learned to associate with his weakened form. He blinked a couple of times looking at the hero's unreadable expression. Why exactly was he treated like the villain here?

"Oh, I am pretty certain it had to do something with a recent stabbing", he mused, lacing his fingers together. His eyes narrowed, and he felt a frown tug at his eyebrows. First rule of interrogation is throw your interrogator off balance.
"That is correct Midoriya. You stabbed Bakugou", the hero affirmed seemingly unphased by the cheap shot. Komori perked up with interest but didn't make any attempts to speak. Apparently he left this fight to him, perhaps he was even treating this as some sort of a test.

"It was self defense", he reasoned. Feeling the phantom pain in his nose. He could have slammed Bakugou's face into the concrete to make it even, but that would be unnecessary. Second rule of interrogations, remain calm.

"You could have asked to stop the exercise", All Might argued. Oh how unaware of real life the man was. Apparently overwhelming power was enough to crush reason. Izuku's blood surged, had that been a normal battle, there was no tapping out, there would however be a body in a body bag or even two bodies. He sighed exasperatedly. How was he to get through that idiotic skull. Izuku closed his eyes and sucked in a deep breath, counting to five. He needed to stay calm.

"So Mr Hero number one. I understand you can always tap out when things get difficult. Like with Toxic Chainsaw?", Izuku jabbed and sent a pointed look to All Might's mangled side. The hero's expression darkened for a moment and Izuku was certain he struck a nerve.

"You could have called Tokoyami Fumikage to help you", the hero argued. Izuku thought about it, it was quite a good point but mute at this moment, with the exercise over and two parties already nursed back to health.

"Well, I didn't. His task was to guard the bomb", he deflected, finding the argument at the last moment. The annoyed look on All Might's face increased giving Izuku's words a sweet aftertaste. There was something he enjoyed about proving the man wrong, even if he was past being bitter about his father's arrest.

"I am saying to withhold whatever murderous instinct your teacher instilled in you", the hero gritted out. Izuku pushed down the urge to flinch at the words. All of Komori's teachings revolved around the value of life and not casting it away carelessly, both your own and your opponents.

"I doubt you have any idea what my master instilled in me", Izuku answered bitterly and stood up. He was done with this, there was no getting through here if neither party was willing to abandon their ideals.

"Sit down, we are not done yet", the hero said coldly. Izuku fought back the urge to turn and walk out. If All Might wanted to vent some more, better let him. It's not like this is not going to repeat itself, "I am well aware of what Komori-san is capable of", he added in a warning tone. A low chuckle reached their ears, but both ignored it.

Izuku felt his irritation spike. He was sitting in front of a man who knew less than nothing about him and yet deemed it perfectly fine to insult him, his teacher and all the years of hard work he put in to get where he was. "Bakugou got what was coming to him", Izuku heard himself drawl, "He flaunted his quirk and made me believe I was worth less than shit as a kid", he continued, rage bubbling in his chest. His hands were shaking, and his pulse was quickening, at the memories of what Katsuki became after his quirk manifested and it turned out he would never have one, "I returned to him just a fraction of what he did to me", Izuku said clenching his fists, just to steady his hands. As always, a hero was butting in without a shade of knowledge or understanding. Tears started gathering in his eyes, as he stood up. "I am dismayed you became a symbol of peace, knowing nothing and yet sticking your nose into other's people's business just because your total power gives you the comfort of seeing the world as black and white!", Izuku yelled. He no longer wanted to hold back on the hero. This was ridiculous, the man sitting on the other side of the table in an over sized suit was ridiculous. "I only protected my life!", he spat and stomped out of the room, shutting the door with a bang.
The door slammed shut with enough force to almost knock it off its hinges. What a rueful exchange. To be fair both parties were right about him. 'Note to self more meditation for Izuku', Komori concluded.

"He is not wrong you know", he muttered swinging his leg leisurely. Morisuke took a sip of the delicious tea. All Might may have been a great wielder of One for All, but not really the most flexible person.

"He shouldn't have stabbed that kid", All Might grunted leaning forward and staring at his tea, as though he could see the mysteries of the universe in it or at least the secrets to raising heroes. Komori lived long enough to know these were only held by colorful drinks with a little umbrella drunk at the crack of dawn in a local club, usually while accompanied by a host. But he was digressing.

"Aaah, look, he got scared, wouldn't you if you were in his shoes and left without any defense?", Komori asked. For a teenager Izuku did remarkably. He lashed out, but he was the victim, and yet for some reason the teacher saw him as the villain. Well, calling Katsuki an explosive villain bitch was not even that far overboard as far as provocation went. Hitoshi would have probably pissed the guy off enough to get himself blown to shreds, "Besides notice, he didn't even attempt to fight Shouto. He went straight for a capture, like a true hero would", Komori patiently explained. He wondered why the lesson on using proper means for the opponent always failed to sink in. Nearly every hero he ever met thought that capturing the villain is the most preferred outcome. No wonder the cemeteries were full.

"Maybe you are right. Still he could have done something", Toshinori argued grasping at straws.

"Like what? Rolled a natural twenty on a diplomacy check?", Komori mocked, but the puzzled look on Toshinori's face told him he completely missed the point, "But that aside I have a question to ask you"

The hero looked him in the eye, the shade of a smile tugging at his thin lips. He was probably expecting another joke, but this was one of the few things he would take seriously, "What are you going to do when Drago finally decides that he wants a chat?"

The hero paled visibly, and coughed some blood before answering, "I don't know", he whispered, "But he had to be put away, he broke the law, he killed someone", the man said hitting the table with his fist.

Komori chuckled. Toshinori hadn't changed one bit, "You see, you are too weak to fight him. You put yourself in this mess. Hell, you started all of this", Komori said making a small circle with the mug. It wasn't entirely true, but without All Might none of this would be possible, "And now he is coming, the Dragon of Japan", he mocked his student, who hid his face in his palms, "Good luck", he concluded leaving an empty mug on the table to step out. He had some time to kill and Toshinori would probably go heroing against better judgment just to blow off some steam.

Deep down Hitoshi felt a special bond with Aizawa. It was not because of their hairstyles, but rather a permanent tiredness already ingrained in their bones. Today apparently they would be choosing their class representatives. Oh what a bother, he spun the pen in his fingers trying to figure out another method, the three hundred fifty third way to fall asleep faster and wake up later. Well one worked and was sitting behind him, but he couldn't sleep with Shouto every day. As it was his beloved grandma was highly enjoying thoroughly grilling him about... sex. Hell, they haven't done
much towards that.

His wandering mind was snapped back to reality as the zoo of his classmates threw themselves into voting for a class representative. So far everyone voted on themselves. Shouto tapped his back gently, a prompt to lean back and listen to whatever he had to say.

"Would you like my vote?", he whispered and Hitoshi smiled. He was probably the last person wanted on a post revolving around talking to people after yesterday's and to today's show. He shook his head in a silent answer and kept on spinning his pen. It was sort of sweet he asked though. Soon enough it would be his turn. It would certainly be entertaining to have Blasty as a class rep. He can't vote for Shouto, the fewer people notice him the better. The imp could be fun, he always got flustered when put in the spotlight suddenly.

"Hitoshi Shinsou, your vote?", Iida snapped from under the board. Of course he was the one keeping order. Ah well, he might as well continue doing that.

"I nominate Iida", he drawled and felt the burning gaze of half the classroom on him and two thankful ones. That's right Hitoshi Shinsou is not all that evil.

The rest of the election went without a hitch after Shouto's and Izuku's votes were added to the poll. Tenya had a stable advantage of two voices. The female class representative turned out to be a girl named Yayorouzo Momo, a tall, perhaps even beautiful lass, with an intricate hairdo.

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The remainder of the morning was uneventful. Apart from Blasty avoiding him like a plague and shark face coming over to persuade him into giving an apology. Somehow he ran out of apologies to give just this morning. He managed to enjoy a cup of coffee with Shouto, the latter reheating it to nearly perfect temperature. He could almost say it was peaceful and he was looking forward to the hero class, whatever it was going to be today. A couple of times he though he saw Komori's perfectly combed head somewhere in the corridors, but that'd be absurd. The man had no access to the grounds. Also there was the case of the wee devil being pulled from class by All Might himself, and later refusing to say a word about it. But for his own sake Hitoshi solemnly ignored the issue.

However his peace was broken during lunch. He was enjoying a splendid bowl of noodles when a siren raged just above him.

"All students are asked to evacuate in an orderly fashion. This is a level three alert, the grounds have been breached!", the electronic screeched letting loose an evacuation pandemonium

"Note to self. Don't sit under the speaker", Hitoshi mumbled around a mouthful of noodles. He looked around, the students were trampling one another trying to force their way towards the exit. Lazily he sipped on his canned coffee as one of the students skidded across a nearby table. Ugh. This canned swill was nowhere near as good as what Tensei made. Just then he noticed Shouto's puzzled gaze and the index finger pointing towards the exit. Right-o evacuation.

Hitoshi shrugged in response, "I don't like crowds, we can go once it clears a bit", he said observing a student smeared in noodles try to elbow his way through to the door.

"What about the breach?", Shouto asked, a hint of readiness rising about him. Or perhaps it was just the chill that was emanating from his right side.

"Nothing. They are stuck, so breach or no breach we can't move now!", he yelled as the siren began its mantra again.
Shouto rolled his eyes tiredly at Hitoshi's lack of care, but made no move. Apparently lunch is going to continue until the squabble by the door settles a bit.

"Look", Shouto said after a few moments pointing somewhere behind him. Hitoshi turned to see Iida organizing the students and clearing up the mess before it managed to escalate and get someone hurt. Apparently it was no mistake that for every rogue there is also a dashing crusader, quite literally dashing, as soon enough Iida was looking for Izuku who chose the chaos as a perfect cover to disappear.

"Told you he was a good choice", Hitoshi smirked getting up and filing into the now efficiently moving queue. He knew Shouto was right behind him. He knew Shouto would be there to watch his back.

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As always they were gathered in the class waiting for their dead tired homeroom teacher to slip out from his coma behind the desk. Only today they had an unexpected guest. Sitting in a set of black kevlar armor covering him from toe to neck and a load of sunscreen covering him from the neck up was none other than Komori-san. From the moment he entered the classroom after lunch Hitoshi hadn't yet managed to shake the surreality of the whole situation. How in seven hells had that white haired blood sucker sneaked into the school and what was he doing there was beyond him. And he wasn't the only one, Shouto and Iida sat in various degrees of elation and fright. Meanwhile that royal ass was sitting on the desk with one leg on the other swinging his foot and humming an Irish tune. To which Kirishima seemed more than content to hum along. 'Is the red head a giant puppy?', Shinsou wondered imagining the shark like grin permanently plastered to the boy's face.

Perhaps this was some divine punishment for extorting Tensei so mercilessly. No, it had to be that, he hadn't exactly done anything all that bad except for that. Except being a brat of course. But that was a regular deal and should not fall into the realms of karmic justice.

A heavy grunt from the front of the classroom informed them that finally Aizawa decided to claw his way back to lucidity. He slid out from behind the desk with the yellow sleeping bag still hanging off of his arm as he rubbed tiredly at his eyes. Hitoshi really felt a deep bond with the man there. The hero stretched and scanned his class for any missing students determined to not repeat himself.

"Good morning class. This is the new assistant teacher Morisuke Komori. He is here to keep you in line, lest you decide to resort to extreme violence during exercises or solving your many issues", he said sending meaningful glares at Bakugou and Izuku. Hitoshi was tempted to snort. Bakugou got off easy. Had he pushed Izuku a bit further who knows what could happen. "However he will not be assisting with today's exercise", Aizawa continued in his monotone voice, cutting Komori off before he could even greet the class properly.

He went on to tell them what will be happening in today's heroics class. But Hitoshi was too distracted to process whatever it was he was going on about. Out of all people how had Komori landed this gig? He knew the man was a level S hero, and quite a skilled teacher, but he never even told them about it.

***

"So Aizawa-kun, what would you like me to do in the mean time?", Komori mused as Aizawa closed the class room door. He had known the man quite a while now. It was actually quite a nice change of pace to be working together again.

"Drink a glass of blood or whatever you do in the afternoons", Aizawa sniped back. Komori was
tempted to giggle, his former student wasn't pulling punches.

"Oh well. I think I will have a glass of red with Nedzu-sensei", Komori said into thin air, "See you later Aizawa-kun. Don't get anyone killed", he chirped waving after the hero. Speaking of Nedzu, he had a bone or even a whole skeleton to pick with the man.

***

They were filing into the bus when Izuku half dragged him aside. In never ceased to amaze Hitoshi how strong the imp was despite being nearly a head shorter.

"Save me a spot next to you. We need to talk", he whispered and joined Tenya to help count the students. Briefly Hitoshi went through all his memories, Izuku had yet to say that they need to talk without a reason. That meant either a scolding or something was really off.

Minutes later, they were sitting side by side, leaving their disgruntled boyfriends in a seat behind them. Tenya seemed particularly unhappy about such development, but Hitoshi could not bring himself to care.

"Remember the evacuation during lunch?", Izuku began, excitement and worry mixing in his voice. He was leaning in close nearly whispering like it was some sort of a secret. Hitoshi could faintly smell the interrupted lunch on his breath.

"Yeah", he grunted back and tried getting just a bit of personal space back.

"The gate was disintegrated. Turned to ash and we have no data on such a quirk. There is no hero or villain with such abilities", Izuku summerized edging closer. Apparently the concept of proper conversational distance was not brought up when raising little heroes.

"We? And you know that because?", Hitoshi couldn't believe his ears and really hoped that the answer wasn't-

"I sneaked out to investigate and hacked Komori-san's computer", Izuku chirped with terrible pride.

Screw it, "Midoriya how many times do I have to tell you. Don't hack that man's computer. You might not like what you find", he hissed and an image of a particularly flustered young hero appeared before his eyes. He shook his head in a weak attempt at dislodging it.

"I know, you did, you did. Still there is someone we don't know who is making a move", Izuku was whispering frantically, as though hinting at something, at a strategy. Hitoshi mulled it over. The chance of anyone attacking UA directly were infinitesimal. Yet just a couple of hours ago someone did. Again if someone was attacking they had to be after something, but what? Maybe it would be safer to have a backup plan 'in those perilous times', as the bloodsucker would put it.

"You are thinking the smoke and mirrors?", he asked slowly, remembering a smoke grenade and flash arrow combination they practiced until they could barely move on more than a couple occasions.

"No. I don't know. Stay close to Shouto and make sure to cover me. That's all I mean", Izuku answered scratching at his chin and backing out to his seat.

"Why stay by Shouto? He can handle himself", Hitoshi attempted at humor. Though he could see it was a mute effort by the imp's focused face.
"Yeah, but neither of us would want something to happen to you", Izuku gave him a heartwarming smile. Ahhh... he cared, "And take this. Just in case", the green haired boy mumbled pressing a tiny earphone into his hand.

***

Hitoshi stood gaping at the titanic construction. It was one of the rare moments he was absolutely speechless and even a soft elbow to the ribs from his smartly dressed boyfriend couldn't get him started. There were five or four huge domes housing the grounds where in a few moments they will be training. The whole complex was situated below ground level, with a long walkway and stairs leading down to actual grounds. No wonder this was the best school in the whole of Japan.

Thirteen was explaining how a hero's quirk can serve both for fighting and rescuing and that a hero is only limited by their creativity. An interesting concept, especially that they had a first ever quirkless student in the hero course, which the man largely omitted. He glanced at the little devil, who was inching his way towards the front. He seemed to completely ignore Thirteen's speech focused on some nonexistent danger. They were standing atop a long staircase ready to make their descent into the training zone when everything went sideways.

Hitoshi was focused on Thirteen when the tiny earphone crackled, "Heads up, eleven one". Hitoshi's head snapped a bit to the left. 'No, that made no sense', he thought blinking as though it would disperse the multitude of pitch black holes, from which the intruders were pouring out. Worse yet, he recognized a many of them. After all, they were former prisoners. The missing pieces suddenly fell into place, when the fog which spouted the portals took on a human shape. Hitoshi felt his blood boil. These were the people responsible for his grandmother's resignation. Without a second thought he pulled an arrow from his quiver, knocked and drew.

"Don't move and stay together!", Aizawa yelled startling everyone, "This is real these are villains!", the man added tugging at the bandages wrapped around his neck which flared to life like giant silvery serpents. "And you", he said turning his red eyes on Hitoshi, "don't dare let loose that arrow", he added and leaped down the staircase at breakneck speed.

Hitoshi pulled the arrow from his bow. Purple stripes, smoke. The arrow was still in his hand when Shouto pulled him along to follow the escaping students. He felt unfamiliar heat within the arrow as they matched pace, and hoped that Shouto would keep his head on his shoulder's and not fire off that other half of his quirk even if things got a bit hairy.

They were nearly at the door when a wall of ebony smoke erupted in front of them.

***

All routes of escape where cut off. The black mist, ever so familiar, was blocking the exit and Izuku had just a faintest glimmer of hope that it wasn't who he thought it was. Yet, even that tiny ember was snuffed out when a pleasant even if more gravely than he had remembered voice addressed them.

"Welcome Students of UA. We are the league of villains. I see the one we seek is not with you here today. Yet it hardly matters. I still have a role to play", Izuku could see the shivers running through some of his classmates bodies, and he could see the now cold gold slivers of burning eyes. He also noticed Bakugou's and Kirishima's tense postures, ready to pounce on the villain and tackle the threat. His head spun through all the facts he could gather about the man. Kurogiri got the villains here, most likely from a secure location judging by the number of the attackers, most likely from multiple locations. That meant... teleportation... he could teleport people by passing through the black
mist. But he couldn't be ethereal, he had to have a physical part. Izuku's eyes focused on the hardened brace around Kurogiri's neck, well it made sense. Before he could move to test his theory he heard Kirishima and Bakugou bellow out some phrase which could come out straight from a manga and attack Kurogiri.

"Idiots", he huffed watching the explosion sear the ground and cover the world in front of them in smoke. It wouldn't be as simple, it never was.

Kirishima made a snide remark, but Izuku knew what they will see when the smoke settles.

Standing in front of them was Kurogiri untouched, but the coldness in his eyes grew. "You live up to your reputation", he praised, "But beware someone might get hurt", he said and engulfed them all in black smoke. Izuku someone grab him around his midriff and tug his straight out of the abyss. He coughed when thick arms squeezed him more tightly and when he opened his eyes there was a piercing blue gaze staring straight at him. Something in his chest clenched when he realized Tenya was nowhere near him when Kurogiri started his attack. He gave Tenya a short nod and was immediately pulled to his feet. Izuku knew immediately that the situation was far worse than anybody realized.

There was but a handful of students left. Thirteen somehow managed to stay out of the portal. But even with a dangerous quirk he was battling a teleporter, someone who could potentially turn your attack on itself. Izuku gulped, there were no shadows to slip into in the well lit entree. There was also no alarms, and the scenario of a silent alarm was unlikely. That left only one option to get help.

"Tenya, listen, we will buy time. You have to get help", Izuku whispered frantically, observing Tenya looking for a vector of attack. He shook him by the arm to get his boyfriend's attention, and possibly the only person capable of making it to UA and back in time.

"But the alarms-", Tenya started arguing.

"The alarms are dead. We need you!", Izuku whispered, gripping Tenya's face firmly in his gloved hands and turning it away form the the villain.

"But-", the dark haired boy started stammering out.

"Just fucking do it!", Izuku nearly yelled. He didn't know if he wanted to kiss or slap that dense oath in front of him, but he knew he wanted him safe. A movement in the corner of his eye caught his attention. It Thirteen slowly making his way from behind the more haughty students. He was saying something about attack and defense, clothing simple principles in complicated words. A click and a hiss reached Izuku's ears as Thirteen opened his glove revealing his destructive quirk. Within seconds he was sucking Kurogiri into the black hole, but before he could, the villain opened the portal behind him, tearing away at the man. The sound of the ripped fiber was sickening and Izuku has a feeling that Thirteen might not pull through. Their situation had just turned from terrible to catastrophic, with the only pro hero protecting them out of commission, just because the man failed to understand basic principles of a fight. Slowly he released Tenya's face and started back on his analysis.

Any thrown weapons could be redirected, only a direct attack had a chance and only if it remained unseen. For a brief moment Izuku thought this was the worst option that could occur and what he would give to have Hitoshi hear. Pulling out his batons he wondered if he will come out of this alive. And then he charged together with the rest of the students. The scuffle was chaotic and involved more dodging and giving way to less agile classmates than he would like. Kurogiri was handling it well, but they didn't need much, they just needed Tenya to slip past in the man's blind spot. Izuku swung, his weapon colliding with the metal of the armor, as Kurogiri flung him back. Tumbling he
heard the doors swing open and a ray of sunshine blinded him for just a moment. Izuku smirked with relief and satisfaction, Tenya got out. Now he could get down to business. His remaining classmates were making clumsy attempts at attacking as he dusted of his costume. He observed Satou take a particularly nasty blow as he assembled his sword.

"Difficult opponents require adequate methods", he muttered swinging the blade experimentally. He could see some of the students backing off to catch their breath. "Everyone run! I will deal with him!", Izuku yelled over the sound of the scuffle sliding the into the holster on his back.

"But we can't leave you!", Uraraka piped up.

"Yeah we are stronger together!", Ashido added. It was a beautiful thing to believe they could help and also an utter lie.

"You are getting in my way", he said slowly articulating every word sharply and doing his best to get some space in. He saw the scared looks as his face turned cold. Slowly they backed away from the villain, luckily unhurt. Izuku barely managed to suppress a relieved sigh. His eyes fell on Kurogiri, the man stood there eying him warily. He rolled his arms leaned forward and charged. Immediately the black mist pounced to meet him, it's black tendrils sweeping high and low. He lunged forward, feeling the shimmering darkness ruffle his messy hair. A silver spike left his hands and then another as he rolled forward. He was now barely meters away from Kurogiri's burning eyes which he could feel on him, when two faint sounds of metal on metal drew his attention. He missed?!

Drawing his sword with a hiss he looked up to see a green draconian mask. Izuku felt a soft poke to his chest and realized that a sword hidden in a scabbard was resting just over his heart. With a yelp he staggered back, losing his balance and then squirming back away from the two villains. His world froze up despite Uraraka's reassuring touch. There was no way-

The dark mist broke out in mocking laughter and Izuku scrambled to his feet, brushing Uraraka's hand off. "You see dear Izuku Midoriya. Your father has come to meet you", the gravelly voice spoke from the darkness and Izuku felt his heart stop. The masked man who just stopped him drew his sword and inspected it in the artificial light, completely unperturbed by the growls of teenagers readying to fight. It was the man on everyone's tongues. He who managed to slip away from Endeavour and put countless heroes in the hospitals. The man who spat green flame. Izuku's insides went cold, this was not possible, "You see Midoriya-kun. He has a few things to discuss with All Might", the voice drawled and Izuku's fingers went lax, nearly letting the blade fall to the ground. His legs felt like jelly, as his mind tried denying the situation for at least a moment.

"Kurogiri, this was not part of the deal", the soft voice emanated from behind the mask and tears started flowing into Izuku's eyes. He couldn't take this anymore! The man sighed deeply and pulled the mask off tossing it to Izuku. It hit him on the chest and fell to the ground with a hollow thud, "I am very sorry son, you can't leave. But nothing will happen to you if you just don't fight". The voice was warm and soft, just like he remembered it at the bar or in his hazy memories of childhood. But it was the thing that drew him back to reality.

His classmates pushed past him, shoving him back and launching at the new villain, at his own father. "Don't you dare burn them", he whispered and clenched his hand around the round handle, as he stared at the ground. He looked up, when the dull crack of Sato's broken bones resounded in the stadium. Kurogiri was standing back, his eyes emotionless and cold. And his father was dealing with the students, or rather what was left of their fighting spirit. He could see him pulling punches, and yet breaking one of his classmates at a time. Izuku watched the spectacle as unfolding in front of him. For an inexperienced viewer it would have been a melee, however to him it was an operation, with
his father being the lead surgeon. It was frightening and mesmerizing and left him feeling guilty at his impassiveness. Slowly he raised his sword to eye level. The flat blade was glinting as ominously as his eyes when he addressed the part time bartender.

"Kurogiri! Stand back, I want a fair fight with my father!", he hollered just as Hisashi, threw Uraraka's limp body aside. The man stepped over the bodies and closed the distance until they were chest to chest. A pair of cold green eyes stared into his own, yet Izuku wouldn't give way. A hero wouldn't.

"If you do this, I won't be able to protect you", Hisashi spoke softly, and his gaze warmed for just a split second. Izuku was having none of it.

"Prepare yourself father", he gritted out and stepped away, to make room for the fight. He thought he caught Shoji's horrified gaze, but chose to ignore it.

"Kurogiri. My boy wants a duel. Do not interfere. No one interferes until one party is dead or unable to continue fighting", the voice was cold, chilling to the bone, so unlike anything he heard so far. Izuku raised his sword, the tip making tiny eights at the level of his eyes. His father raised his high above his head, "Begin!", he yelled, and Izuku rushed forward. The trick to swords was timing and that usually a single blow ended the fight.

Hisashi cut vertically forcing Izuku to side step only to be met with an edge of the knife he barely blocked, leaving his side wide open. For a moment they locked in a contest of strength, while Hisashi cut form the hip up. With a spin and a counter Izuku pulled away, as swords scraped against one another. A disappointed glare looked him up and down. With a flick of his arms he slid two knives into his palm and charged again. The first was launched at the thigh, while the other at the head. Kevlar didn't stop arrows and knives, that much was certain. Hisashi spun around deflecting the dagger aimed for his leg, but Izuku was already ready to jab. The blow met a parry as strong as a wall and soon enough Hisashi was pushing back. He was launching blow after blow, while Izuku spun and dodged, parried and attempted to retaliate. But the man in front of him was able to go toe to toe with the best and he had not yet even used his quirk.

Desperation was beginning to tug at his brain when once again his father started pressing him into the ground, chuckling lowly. Izuku redirected the blow and swung his elbow. But instead of meeting the hard surface of the jaw it rested against his father's palm. His stomach dropped and without thinking he flipped back launching a barrage of knives. He watched his father deflect one after another, with a smug smile. This was pointless! Within a few moments his satchels starting growing light. Using the grenades was out of the question with his classmates so close. Izuku pulled his last three knives and chucked them simultaneously. At least one had to hit, he thought, seeing his father put up a huge blinding wall of flame. He gripped his sword more tightly and readied himself for the face off. Firebreath, he reminded himself, meaning that it would have a limit to how long the flame could be held. His palms sweat in his gloves and his breath escaped in great heaves, but he remained patient keeping his eyes around the flame and making sure he wasn't blindsided. Yet before the green blaze could die down, he heard a faint sound of clapping, slow and steady, like the one you give an artist who's performance was thoroughly disappointing.

"Bravo. Though you must understand, son, that this will not get you anywhere. You are just too weak", Hisashi mocked, his eyes now growing cruel, "But still you deserve some respect. Give up and I won't have to hurt you. Last chance!", his father demanded pulling the blade out from the concrete. He briefly looked it over, as though he waited for Izuku's reply. Izuku's gaze flickered between his father's broad, open, taunting stance and his beaten classmates. Something warm was growing in his chest as he gripped the sword in one hand readying his stance and leaving it just a bit open. Their emerald eyes locked in a short contest.
"Come you villain!", he hollered, feeling his knuckles undoubtedly turn white. There was no way he could win, but he could buy time, enough to make sure the students weren't hurt any more.

Hisashi looked him and down with contempt and without a word rushed in. Yet before they met, he spat a small ball of fire forcing Izuku to dodge and shaving the precious moments off of his time to react.

Their swords met releasing angry sparks. Hisashi attacked with a broad cut, which skimmed Izuku's hair when he performed a split. He was in a position to skewer the man, but his hand froze up. He couldn't -. And then a crushing blow to the head sent him spinning. He tumbled across the ground and there was metallic taste in his mouth, certainly blood, and a ringing in his head.

"Fight to win you ungrateful child!", his father spat, slowly drawing closer.

Izuku groaned lifting himself to his feet, and part of his world turned red. Through the courtain of blood he could see his father's smirk, so unlike any other smile he had ever given him, a terrifying, all knowing twist of lips spelling out his defeat and weakness for all to see. He stood his ground waiting for another exchange. Jab, parry, jab. Another opportunity presented itself to him only to freeze up again. Hisashi didn't wait to dole out punishment. He punched in the stomach, sending the contents of Izuku's lunch spilling to the ground as for a moment he went half limp, hanging on the powerful hook. His grip laxed and he could feel the sword slip out of his fingers as he gasped for breath, trying to force his diaphragm into a working. Suddenly the support was gone and he fell to the ground, groaning and clutching at his midsection. 'It could have been a knife', a rampant thought ran through his mind and disappeared when his hearing seemed to recover.

"Are you done?", the question could be heard from above, as tears of frustration dropped from his eyes. Someone, no his father, gripped his hair tightly and tugged him up to his knees. "You must think you are buying time", the man scoffed at him, "but I don't care about that", the man continued gripping his hair painfully. His hand brushed against something. Izuku tried his best to tune out the villain in front of him, but the man shook him to draw his attention again. "I am talking to you son. This is the world of villains and heroes!", the man yelled. Izuku brushed his fingers along a familiar round grip. Not thinking any more he caught it and swung wildly. If this was what was needed to save other he would - ! The thought was cut in half as a powerful kick sent him tumbling towards the edge of the stairs. As fast as he could he got up. The villain had a cut on his arm, leaving a trail of blood down his arm, hardly anything serious.

"Theatricality and deceit", he groaned, pulling a handful of smoke bombs from his pouch. His head was swimming, but he had to buy as much time as he could.

"Are powerful agents in the hands of the uninitiated!", the villain finished with an evil laugh and smoke engulfed them both.

Fighting by hearing only was always about patience and waiting the other party out. Sooner or later someone always slipped up. Izuku closed his eyes and tried to steady his breathing. But despite his best efforts he couldn't focus with his head swimming, his ears ringing and practically every bone in his body hurting one way or another. It was especially unnerving that he couldn't hear anything, as though the man he was battling dissolved into his surrounding.

"But Izuku I am not uninitiated. I was fighting from the shadows before you were even born.", a whispered came from behind him. Izuku started and swung his sword hoping to hit. But he cut through air with enough force to lose balance.

A few beats of silent passed and a wave of fire hit. He thought he managed to dodge, until he felt heat leak his skin. He turned his eyes to the sleeve of his right arm which was burning up in bright
green flame. Immediately he tried putting it out only for his glove to catch fire soon after. The fire seemed to eat away at his suit and soon the heat became unbearable.

"No, not possible", he huffed as the first flames licked his skin, and howled in pain a moment later, as they took to his skin.

"Oh, very possible son", a voice drawled behind him. Izuku swung blindly, but his arm was caught and twisted behind his back, the fire now tearing at his flesh, "You see son, my quirk allows me to burn anything I desire. And you are just not strong enough to stop me. You have room to grow, a lot of room my little disappointment", the man whispered the words etching themselves into Izuku’s memory together with searing pain in his arm. "You wouldn't even beat Stain, let alone Kurogiri or me", the hiss was barely audiable but Izuku focused all of his memory on the name, Stain. The pain grew beyond anything he had ever experienced and stopped only when the world turned pitch black.
The War Begins

Chapter Notes

See the end of the chapter for notes

The sensation of falling could be called pleasant. The sensation of hitting the water less so. And the moment Hitoshi saw a set of giant jaws charge, or whatever the respective verb underwater is, was possibly the absolute downfall of his day. The spiky teeth drew ever closer as he groped around for his knife. A quirk which requires the use of one's fabulous silky voice, not that he had any, plenty bloody useful under water. A series of increasingly impressive swears passed through his head, when he was pretty sure he could see the white of the shark-man's eyes. The jaws snapped open even wider and then Hitoshi saw a blur pounce on the beast and promptly wrap its tongue around his middle. With a powerful jerk the world came into focus and the delicious smell of air invaded his nostrils. He gasped for breath, as the soft thud of land reverberated through his body. Someone next to him was coughing violently as a pair of nearly black huge eyes stare at him from above.

"Ribbit", what was possibly an angel croaked above him? Ribbit... an angel... What the absolute freaking fuck?! Hitoshi's mind snapped back to attention and he sat up so quickly he missed head-buttting the wonderful girl by less than an inch. At least right now Tsuyu was every bit a wonderful creature he never thought she would be.

"You all right?", he heard a question rasped out from his right. A quick turn of the head revealed his boyfriend laying on what he assumed now was a boat's deck and still coughing softly. In his panic it took Shinsou a moment to realize that Shouto was perfectly fine, and be able to coherently answer the question. It took him just a second longer to remember that they are in a giant body of water with a walking freezer between the three of them.

"Never better", he replied with a smile and aura so dark that a bystander could take him for a mastermind villain. Shouto flinched back seeing his boyfriend's eyes shine brightly with evil. "How do you feel about ice cubes?", Hitoshi asked, barely holding down a maniacal laughter.

Shortly Shouto matched him with an equally villainous grin. A puzzled croak escaped Tsuyu's throat as she watched two demonic auras escalate as the villains started yelling taunts from the water below. Hitoshi couldn't help but laugh seeing Shouto make his way to the barrier with a steady swirl of snowflakes dancing about his feet.

"Let it rip Elsa", he muttered with a satisfied smirk, as Shouto lifted his right foot.

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Aizawa was just finishing up a group of villains by bashing their heads together when what could only be described as a giant, albeit poorly constructed ice fortress erupted from one of the nearby training rings. His jaw went slack, and he was fairly certain at least a couple villains went running for the hills.

"Whoever this kid is, he ain't Komori's", he muttered punching out somebody's teeth, and turning back to the task at hand.

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"Ahahahahahaha!", Bakugou laughed at the top of his lungs throwing the villain back in great billows of nitric smoke, as Kirishima punched the lights out of another. So far they were holding
their own, though to face this many foes this early... Kirishima was unsettled, and he was pretty sure Bakugou was unhinged is his cute explosive style. Either way being on his good side gave him a sense of safety and purpose.

"Cover by back shitty hair!", Bakugou stormed throwing a villain coated in some disgusting slime Kirishima's way. He dug his heel into the ground and hardening his fist punched as hard as he could. Truth be told it was a marvel how Bakugou was managing a battle this fast paced. He watched, half mesmerized, half annoyed by the villains' interruptions as the blond quite literally blew away five enemies in an instant.

"Focus shitty hair!", Bakugou yells at his, turning those crimson eyes, and making Kirishima's mouth go suddenly dry. He would have thought this was semi romantic if not for the bird Baku is flipping him, and the infernal scowl.

"Yep, yep", he grins and runs along to cut the legs out from one of the villains about to blindside Bakugou. The man falls with a woman-like yelp and Bakugou blasts him down the street.

"Acceptable", Bakugou grunts and Kirishima can't help feeling a little giddy at the compliment from the explosive teen.

"Thanks Blasty!", he beams, remembering the funny nickname that Midoriya gave Bakugou.

The boy turns to him, to scowl on his face deepening beyond even comic book possibilities. "Call me that one more time!", he seethes.

Oh come on, he can't be that angry about it! Kirishima reasons, "Don't worry Blasty I-", he pipes up, but is suddenly cut off by a blast to the face, just strong enough to probably hurt someone, who didn't harden their skin just in time, ",I got your back!", he adds, as cheerfully as before.

"Fine! Just don't fuck up!", Bakugou grumbles and stomps down the street, apparently in search of more opponents to unload his anger on. Kirishima is about to run after him, when Bakugou looks over his arm, "Hurry the fuck up!", he yells and keeps on going. Kirishima's brow quirks up, did Bakugou just slow down?

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"Well, that was unfortunate", Kurogiri watches the man's cold eyes as he inclines his head in a cat like fashion. He can see the green eyes skim over the burned suit and the nose scrunched up from the smell of burnt flesh. His own hands are folded behind his back, he is ready to carry out the master's bidding. The freckled man is watching his son, as the cold green flames go out one by one. Kurogiri is a villain, but not even in his wildest dreams would he have done such a thing to his own flesh and blood. Hisashi Midoriya sighs deeply, and strolls over to his mask, Kurogiri thinks he is going to take it with him, but instead he kicks it over to lie by the kid's head. The boy is stirring and it's not hard to see him teetering on the brink of painful consciousness.

"You are a monster Midoriya", he remarks flatly, still unmoving as the man vexes him with an emotionless glare.

"You said something?", the question is heavy with irritation unfitting the calm and calculated stare.

"Merely stated an observation", Kurogiri placated and hoped that the first seat was not beyond forgiveness. Long years of servitude to weaker man, must have taken a toll on his good sense.

"Come with, we must prepare for our guest of honor", the Dragon said with mild excitement. Kurogiri would have swallowed if his immaterial form allowed it. There was something cold in the
air and it isn't the draft from the huge iceberg which suddenly erupted, "By the way. We will redefine that deal we had. You have grown weak from being a glorified babysitter, and I have no use for the weak", the man adds in a chilling voice, as he pulls a utility belt from his son."Oh and please send that useless runt you called young master away and this mutilated weapon of yours", Midoriya says with a leisurely tone, his eyes dissecting the various utilities hanging from the belt.

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He was holding it together, he had it under control, he had, but not fully. Not from the moment when he saw the same green eyes, that years ago pierced his soul again and again instilling the knowledge necessary to fight, and live to fight again. The same ones who explained to him the concept of balance and the necessity for the light and the dark. He was given a choice those many years back.

"Aizawa-kun", the man drawled slicking back his graying hair. Aizawa saw how much nearly a decade in prison can do and shuddered. Some came out of it broken, others... Midoriya-sensei wasn't in a hurry, walking with the air of someone who has all the time in the world at their disposal. The minor villains parted like the sea before Moses, and Aizawa steeled himself for whatever painful lesson was about to come to him. "I had expected nothing less of you, my apprentice", the man said with a bright smile, which ended just before reaching his eyes, "This was indeed a worthy display", the villain added clapping slowly and looking around admiring the strewn bodies of knocked out villains. "But let me ask you, nicely, to put down your weapon", the added, his voice soft and friendly to the point of being familiar.

"I will not surrender to the likes of you!", Aizawa bit back holding more tightly onto his bandages. He was ready to fight even if in this case he had no chance to win. He could see all the villains around him slowly backing off, as though they waited for the deadly quirk to be unleashed.

The mastermind sighed and shook his head, "Aizawa-kun. You don't seem to grasp the situation you are in. Up there Kurogiri is holding the remnants of your students hostage. To be frank probably most of your class is dead. Unless you lay down your weapon you will be joining them", the former hero explained in a patronizing tone. Aizawa gritted his teeth, the villain in front of him was provoking him. He knew full well that he wouldn't kill any of the students, let alone his own son. Aizawa fixed his gaze on the man and activated his quirk, a single speck of flame catching his suit could mean death, if that tickled his former teacher's fancy.

"A hero does not give up!", he hollered, and charged the man. Aizawa could already feel his eyes dry up. They were about to trade blows when the door of the complex flew off its hinges and toppled deep into the stadium. Yet that didn't stop the two forces ready to clash.

The Dragon attacked from below, a knife slashing at him abdomen, which Aizawa managed to catch with his scarf. He had a couple more seconds before the man would have access to his fire, he needed to finish it by then. Aizawa kicked with his knee, aiming for the villains stomach. But a calculated step forward threw him off balance. It was just as he remembered, with Midoriya Hisashi you were at your greatest peril when you were winning. Aizawa blinked and this time the man charged at him. He manged to dodge a straight punch to his face and soften the low kick. He even managed to block a devious knife thrown at nearly point blank range, but he didn't anticipate the hand he thought he already caught and restrained. Pain flared up in his side, so sharp his vision went dark for a second.

"Aizawa-kun. I am very sorry", someone, no not someone, Midoriya-san whispered into his pounding ears. There was a coppery tang in his mouth. He looked down to see a knife protruding from his side and reached down for it with his shaking hands. A pair of strong rough hands caught his own, one was mildly burned, "This is a professional courtesy. If you pull that knife out you will die, but don't move and you will live and see me again", the villain instructed in that same fatherly
Aizawa heard when he was sixteen, on his very first day at UA, "You have a choice"

His legs gave out and he thought he would topple over, but his former teacher laid him down gently.

"Leave him be", he heard the command thrown over the man's arm and tugged lightly at his scarf to examine it.

"In a blink of an eye", he whispered, laying his head back, and holding back a bitter chuckle, as a burned coil slipped between his fingers.

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The sight of students laying strewn around the ground sent a flood of guilt through Toshinori's system. If only he hadn't been doing hero work after his talk with Midoriya! He could have been here to protect them from the villains. He takes in the view of Uraraka's cracked armor, Satou's broken arm, gingerly cradled to his chest, Shouji's awkwardly bent leg. His eyes trail up, towards the stairs, where a single student clad in black lays. His eyes scan over the dreadfully still body, and he can feel the cold fingers of fear slipping over the back of his neck. No this can't be! In a single jump he is standing over the boy, his throat dry, as he kneels and turns Midoriya over. His fingers cringe back as he eyes the angry black and red burns running from the tips of the boy's fingers all the way up to his shoulder. Midoriya's chest was barely rising, breath shallow and stuttered, the boy needed immediate attention.

"Hello there third seat. I see you met my son already!", someone calls. All Might's eyes shot up to see a man in a tattered green armor, with gray hair slicked back and possibly a goatee. He couldn't see his eyes, but he knew the easiness with which the man spun, the cat like movements, the flash of a twirled sword, as it cut through air.

He could feel his breath catch in his throat, with every swish of the blade. His hands left the small body and curled into fists, nails cutting red crescents even in the hardened flesh. There was tingling underneath his skin, tiny lightning bolts of power flashing. Even in his weakened state he was a power to be reckoned with, the wielder of One for All, and he has learned much, much more from the time he was labeled inferior to Midoriya Hisashi.

"What do you want?!", he boomed walking down the stairs. He needs to conserve his strength, he needs to put it all in one strike. He can feel the iron taste in his mouth, as his shoes grind on the cement steps.

"That's obvious!", the man laughed spreading his arms and slowly walking back. It was undoubtedly a trap. Unfortunately there was no other way to chase away the villains but to fall for it. All Might activated his quirk and a buzz of energy answered his call. In one leap descended the stairs. Yet as soon as his foot landed on the ground a huge explosion sent him flying to the side. His body hit the wall of one of the stadium, cracking it and pain shot through his side. For a brief moment Toshinori closed his eyes and tried to maintain the quirk's presence. He made to get up, but a jutted pressure to his neck stopped him short. His eyes flickered open to reveal his former teacher's sword pressed neatly at a point just beside his artery. Yagi felt his jaw clench, watching the emerald eyes asses him. They were cold, and seemed nearly uninterested as though a number one hero was no more than a bug.

"You are not invulnerable All Might, I told you that time and again", the villain spat, his eyes narrowing, readying himself to put the just the smallest amount of pressure on the sword. Toshinori felt his heart quicken, he can't go out like that.

"You shouldn't do this", the hero gritted, he shuddered seeing the same darkness he had seen in
Izuku's eyes earlier today.

The man's brow shot up. "You are actually right. You know?", he said with a soft chuckle, "Kurogiri. As I said earlier we have matters of great importance to discuss. And we shall do so soon", he added glancing at his watch, "He is late", All Might heard the man mumble and look up.

The villain sheathed his sword, before continuing the monologue he started earlier, "You took nearly a decade of my life. I was sorry for the death I caused. I am not sorry for what I am about to do though", the man paused to look up again.

Just then the the sound of glass breaking high above them reached their ears, "For all of you deserve it", he finished and stepped back.

A shadow black as night fell through the roof, a man clad in armor with a rapier by his side.

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There was a rush of air in his ears and the stinging of sunlight licking at the uncovered half of his face. Below him he could see his old friend monologuing over the symbol of peace, evidently relishing in his victory. There was no time to waste, only he could try and take Hisashi on.

With a twist he unsheathed his rapier and threw the smoke bomb. He took the blade from his car the moment he learned the villains attacked. This is no street brawl, these people mean real harm, and he had to bring just as much to the table to make them back off. The ground was drawing nearer and now he could see the attentive stare from Izuku's father. With a heavy thud his feet touched down and he lunged slightly left, where Hisashi was most likely standing. A grit of iron against iron shot his hopes down.

"These landings will get your knees ruined old friend", the villain joked, as he held his sword in a broad block across his right side.

"I hope they ruin your day", Komori spat back, shifted and spun around in a wide parade.

"They certainly contribute", the villain said, but didn't throw another blow. Instead Hisashi raised his finger, prompting him to wait, "But before you have a go Kyuketsuki, I'd like to state a deal", the man spoke softly observing his surroundings intently, as though he could see everything despite the thick cover of smoke. Before speaking the villain in front of him rested the flat of the blade on his shoulder.

"I come here with the offer of balance. The return to the state previous, the good, the evil, and the gray", the man announced. Silence rang in their own little world of purple-black smoke. Of all things the man had ever come up with... Morisuke felt his heart drop. This has ended, they have stopped this when all of the shields left, it was a crazy dream that they foolishly conceived together.

"This is madness!", he boomed, the grip on his rapier strengthening. They shouldn't engage another generation in this feud, it was their mistake.

"This is reality. Either accept it or perish", the villain hissed, "Kurogiri we are departing, our business here is done. We have preparations to perform, people to recruit and a student to choose", Dragon said with an ugly gleam in his eye. Morisuke saw the green eyes vanish in black smoke.

"Fuckin' cunt!", the hero yelled not holding back, as the black mist dispersed.

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"Good day Dragon", the voice behind the desk was strained and grating. There were no eyes looking, for they were burned out by the green fire long ago.

"Good day Sensei", the villain said, with the faintest hint of sadness. The sword weighed him down more than ever before.

"So it has come to that?", the man in a suit, with pipes protruding from his body inquired, trying to relax back into the comfort of his chair. Relishing in the soft leather sliding against his fingers.

"Unfortunately", came a soft answer.

A curt nod was all that was needed amongst men like them. They have started upon this journey many years ago. All For One, had seen the aged man standing in front of him grow up, fall in love, have a son. It was only fair that a villain be killed by the man he once taught. It was only...

The grit of steel and and a soft hiss were the only things heard that evening, as a new man rose to power amongst the villains of Japan. The moment Tomura saw his master's blood coat the floor he started running, no doubt the Dragon would come for him sooner or later, but maybe he could make him regret it.

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They were sitting in Nedzu's office, the students tended to by a group of doctors under the ruthless command of Recovery Girl. Aizawa watched the stress cumulate in the air, ready to burst like bubble of soap. His own side was healed with Recovery Girl's single kiss. She told him, that if the blade was stuck two centimeters in any direction he would have bled out nearly instantly. It was unnerving how formidable an opponent they were facing.

"So, I'd like to hear your reports now", Nedzu said, his paws stuck together, a symbol of greatest distress. Where were they to begin? That one of the most low profile and dangerous heroes, former UA teacher turned villain toyed with the students before pulverizing some of Japan's finest in one on one fights, a man over a decade older than they are? Aizawa sighed heavily, his side still felt a little off. And right now they were heading straight for the worst possible scenario. Midoriya Hisashi declared war.

Chapter End Notes

I hope you enjoyed it. Leave a comment or a kudos!
A deal with the devil

Chapter Notes

That had a long break. In all honesty I found so many plot holes and errors, not to mention the horrifying spelling mistakes, that I abandoned the work. Perhaps unsurprisingly some of the comments made me reconsider, reminding me about chapters which I had forgotten about. I've reread the whole fic up to this point and will do my best to amend all the mistakes I have made. Whomever is still reading I hope you will enjoy the chapter as this work takes a turn for the darker.

See the end of the chapter for more notes

"I will have myself a little game with you my son", the villain smiles up at the full moon high up in the sky, casting it's lonely light down at the deserted streets. It's the third day he is stuck up here, he wouldn't give this job to anyone else, not even Kurogiri. This is much too important for anyone to meddle in. Hisashi can't help but bite on his bottom lip, as he turns his eyes to the window, faintly illuminated by the moon. Three days, and he hasn't woken up yet. They had him in a pharmacological coma for the pain, and Recovery Girl used her quirk twice. Just this evening they took him off the medication, so he should wake up before dawn, at least that's what the nurse he bribed said. Eleven days left, it's high time for their little game to begin.

Looking back on it now, he was stupid to have left Izuku in Komori's care. The man had grown soft and senile with his age. He diluted his son's training with bull shit stories of heroics, painting the world black and white, the same way that wretched scum, All Might, sees it. But now that he is here he can reeducate the little boy. Because the world is not just two colors with a fine sharp line between them. It's everything but that.

With a deep sigh Hisashi Midoriya turns his head to look into the window.

His eyes wander over the messy green hair, the half open mouth, small perky nose. What a shame Izuku isn't awake. In a single visitor's chair sleeps Iida's younger brother and Izuku's boyfriend. Hisashi Midoriya is many things, but not inattentive, from what few letters they managed to pass through Hitoshi he learned more than enough. A sudden gust of wind causes his tattered armor to billow in the air, his messy hair to fall into his eyes. A chill runs through him despite the warmth of the evening. The villain curses inwardly reaching into his pocket, to retrieve a small bottle of pills. He pops one into his mouth, crushing it with his teeth before swallowing, and wincing at the bitter taste. His eyes fall on intertwined fingers, leaving him to wonder, will his son's relationship survive this? Probably not, but did his?

Things turned out largely different from what he anticipated. The League under Sensei's leadership grew soft, what was he even thinking with using Tomura? The heroes too, a bunch of dimwitted attention whores, a but of sell outs. But now stirring a few floors below is someone who will help him change this world. He will prepare Izuku to live in the real world and survive.

"I am truly a despicable father", he whispers, picking up his sword, and getting to his feet. A few minutes later he steps through a black portal and into a softly lit bar filled with smell of expensive tobacco.

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The boy's dream is violent and terrifying, filled with green flame and helplessness. There is a menacing face, once kind, smiling, hopeful, now staring him down from over the rugged boot planted on his cheek. Pain, excruciating pain is eating away at him, as the man laughs gleefully, his eyes full of madness. Pungent, thick smell clogs his throat and nose, as he claws impotently at the ground. The laugh is all-encompassing, devouring his consciousness. Air is a luxury, movement is a luxury, he is trapped in the burning prison of his mind.

A faint blip frays the strands of the dream. Deep in the hell of his nightmare it's a single ray of light cutting through flame. Another one follows, this time louder. And then another one. His father flips him over, and their eyes lock, his full of fear and confusion, the man's brimming with hate. He sees the green ball of flame deep in his father's throat before a terrified shriek rips from his throat, cutting through the night.

Izuku Midoriya's eyes fly open as he sits up. His skin is covered in a layer of cold sweat, mouth dry and throat raw from screaming. Someone is pressing on his shoulders. Despite heaving he can't take a breath, the stench of his own burning flesh mixing with the septic smell of the room into a nauseating concoction.

"It's all right! It's all right!", Tenya's voice rips through his jumbled thoughts. Thick arms wrap around him, as his fingers clutch at a cotton shirt. "It's all right", Tenya says much more softly, while Izuku tries getting his hammering heart under control. It was a dream, just a dream. No, no, it wasn't, he pushes Tenya away delicately, taking a look at his bandaged arm.

"Relax, you are in a hospital. They brought you here as fast as they could", Tenya explains seeing the confusion etched deep into Izuku's features. He feels tired, exhausted even, despite just waking up.

"Are you all right?", Izuku asks, feeling Tenya rub his shoulder gently. The larger boy nods assuaging his fears. USJ... Slowly memories start filtering in, the spacious training area, Thirteen. And then, the black holes, the villains, his father. Bile rises in his throat, as the dry crack of bone, and screams of pain echo in his ears. His breath starts growing labored again, as he remember the gleam of knives, the smell of smoke from grenades, the cold, evil laughter.

'My little disappointment', the voice sends a shudder through his body. "Why?", he chokes out, his hands balling up the bed covers, as questions mixed with pain crowd his mind. Tenya is saying something, but the voice isn't reaching him as he fixates on a single thing. His father, a man who carried him in his arms, who wrote him letters of pride and encouragement. He fucking burned him, he tortured him, humiliated him. Izuku clenches his teeth so hard it hurts, hands almost ripping the linen, as the memory sinks into his blood. He can feel his hand, he can move his fingers, but he can't shake the smell, the horrifying choking stench as you burn. The world is shaking, and he realizes that it must be Tenya's doing, his boyfriend trying to snap him out of the stupor. But something has changed, a part of his world has just fallen away, it's beautiful facade giving way to rot.

"Izuku, what is the matter are you all right?", blue eyes fill his field of vision. Tenya was always so easy to read, apart for the short episode when they pined for one another. But now he feels like he knows the gentle giant inside out. A soft smile somehow finds it way onto his face, as he covers the large hand with his own.

"No, I am not, but I will get better", he promises, squeezing Tenya's hand gently. For a moment Tenya looks frightened, come to think of it, he always bottled everything up, well now he is just blatantly lying. Maybe it showed, for now Izuku is too tired to care, choosing to collapse back into bed and letting Morpheus seize him.

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When he wakes up again, the dressings are gone. The room is empty, good Tenya deserved some rest, knowing him, he probably stood guard by the bed the whole time Izuku was out. Speaking of, how long was he out? His mind is working a little bit more clearly, now with rich sunlight streaming in through the window, bathing the room in its golden glow. Without the EKG to keep him a noisy company Izuku feels restless. His eyes trail over angry red and black scars decorating his arm, and side, from the neck all the way to his wrist. They remind him of long tendrils, but first and foremost of his father. Left alone in the room, he takes the chart.

"Five days?", he asks no one in particular. He didn't really pick up much of first aid from Komori-san, only the bare necessities and of course how to stop bleeding, fix gunshot wounds and so forth. All that a hero might need. But the now reading over the chart he can't quite figure out what was given to him. Morphine, well that's easy to pick out, he must have really bin in a lot of pain. The skin of the arm feels stiff, but there is no pain, just a shadow, like a long forgotten fairy tail wanting to wake up and sink its claws into his brain. As he clamors out of bed he feels a little stiff. Five days in bed would do that to about anybody. He relieves himself, recalling the fight. Izuku tries his best to pry away his emotions from it, to just pay attention to the bare movements, to tactics and strategy. He had two openings, which he didn't take. If this was anybody else would he hesitate? Certainly, a hero wouldn't kill in cold blood, then again, if he was the only one capable of matching his father at any degree he should have used any method at his disposal to win. That's what Komori-san would do. He sighs miserably. If his father is as dangerous as his teacher claims than they are in for one hell of a ride.

A few hours later Hitoshi and Shouto drop in, brining him up to speed on what happened. Upon learning that his father took on All Might and Komori a moment later, and still came out on top his blood freezes. Is it at all possible to stop the man? Nevertheless he smiles and thanks his friends, hiding his fears. Unfortunately that's not the worst of it. Apparently while Izuku was out his father was busy, heroes were dropping left and right. School was running rampant with rumors about Izuku and how he is related to the now famous villain. It's hard to believe how one's peaceful life can turn around in a blink of an eye. The leave just after lunch, letting him spend some time with Tenya, who vanishes soon after to prepare a pack of notes for him. His mother was evacuated by Komori-san to a secure location, and he can't help but feel a little upset that the hero hasn't shown up yet.

He is about to check out, when a doctor with silver hair and a beauty mark under his left eye informs him that he wants to keep him one more night for observation. For once he feels too tired to argue, instead he just crawls back into bed. Somehow he can live with that. Luckily the doctor leaves him alone, letting him stew in his speculations. Why did his father attack? What is he after? If he took control of the League of Villains why are they attacking other heroes? He is spinning in circles, unable to fall asleep with the sheer volume of variables which are still left to find answers for, when he hears the window creek open.

He frowns lightly, but keeps his breath even, trying to hear the intruder. Is this one of his father's villains? Would Komori-san come like this? Both are entirely likely. He keeps his eyes closed, as he feels the mattress dip. For once he feels too tired to argue, instead he just sits up throwing his arm out in a straight punch. Out of the corner of his eyes he can see graying shaggy hair, a goatee, and a cruel smile.

"Shit", he grits out, struggling against the hold.

"I'd advise against screaming, Son", the villain hisses into his ear, freezing Izuku in place, as just the faintest wisp of heat licks against his face. Cold anger simmers inside him, as he relaxes into the hold,
no way he could fight him like that, unarmed, still recovering. Perhaps he could try choking the bastard with the plastic tubing, if he had the element of surprise which was taken away from him.

"Come to finish the job, did you dad?", Izuku hisses, angling his head to get a glimpse of graying hair, and cold green eyes. His father looks exactly the same way, as he remembers from USJ. The man smiles down at him, before releasing the hold, letting Izuku scamper to the other edge of the bed. Sitting like that in the early hours of the morning he gets a full view of the tattered green armor, the same one he wore at USJ. The broad sword he used is peeking out from over his shoulder, ready to draw blood. For a moment he really believes what he suggested.

"Not really. I came to teach you a lesson", he smiles heinously, it sends a chill through Izuku's body which has nothing to do with the draft coming from the window.

"I want nothing from you", Izuku spits, narrowing his eyes at the man he used to call father. At the same time he can't stop himself for looking for a sign, for some little clue that perhaps his father is coerced into everything, blackmailed, brainwashed, anything. Because it's impossible to reconcile the letters full of love with the scars engraved into his arm.

"Oh I am afraid you do. Like you want your precious boyfriend to stay alive", the voice is cold as ice, sending the room into utter silence, as Izuku's heart hammers in his chest, disbelief flooding every cell in his body, "Tall, blue eyes, uptight, heart of gold. Did I get that right?", Hisashi continues, quoting straight from one of their exchanged letters and fixing his son with a passionless stare. Is this some game to him? Entertainment? Izuku swallows thickly, feeling sweat coat his palms. This is not good. He must tell Komori-san. Something about his expression must have given Izuku away, because a cruel smile sneaks its way onto the man's face. "But you see, if you tell anyone about our little deal, I will make sure you end up watching him take his last breath", Midoriya Hisashi says wistfully, "Because it seems that my friend filled your head with worthless dreams, made you forget what reality is. So I am going to remind you, bit by bit", Hisashi says patronizingly, as though he was explaining something painfully obvious to a child.

"So you want to coerce me into cooperating with you?", Izuku grinds out, feeling his insides turn, nausea rising in his throat. Was his father always this treacherous, hiding everything behind a smile, killing people for money and then coming home to play with him?

"Yes. But have you got a choice really?", Hisashi asks waving his hand in the air, as though he was chasing away an annoying fly. Izuku takes a deep breath. If he accepts he will undoubtedly sooner or later be manipulated, and turned into a villain, a twisted version of his father's tool. He is pretty certain at this point that the man who orchestrated the grand escape from prison is standing right in front of him. If he declines he has no doubt that his father will hold up his end of the bargain, and paint the streets red with Tenya's blood. He balls his hands into fists, feeling nails dig into his palms. His father chuckles from where he is standing, a cold, almost metallic sound which has nothing in common with laughter. "Remember if you tell anyone I will not go back on my word and kill him", his father drawls, a final nail to the coffin.

"What do you need me to do?", he asks through clenched teeth, feeling sick with himself. Everything he has worked for, everything his father started has been obliterated in just a few days. He won't be able to even look his classmates in the eye now. Bitter taste spreads through his mouth, as he glares at his father, his hands gripping the bedding so hard that it's on the verge of being ripped.

"Good answer", the man replies sweetly, his voice dripping with venom. Up till now he thought that he saw hate only in Katsuki's eyes. Boy was he wrong. What happened?, his mind keeps on asking, but no rationale could answer this, "I want you to kill Stain"

Hollow silence falls in the room, the words hitting him like a train, sending his mind spinning. He
can't kill anyone. He doesn't want to be someone like Kyuketsuki, or the man in front of him, both killers in the name of some vague higher order.

"I... I...", he chokes out, staring at the villain with eyes blown wide. This can't be happening, "I can't kill him", he manages to piece together a sentence through the static filling his ears, he feels sick.

"Disappointing", the man says dispassionately, inspecting the frame of the bed, and brushing his fingers over it, as though he was looking for dust. He rubs them together, dislodging imaginary dirt, before looking back at his son again, "I will not repeat myself again. Next time you disobey I will simply send you a dead body, or maybe I won't letting you delude yourself into believing he is alive? You will kill Stain. You will do it during Ingenium's special operation, which will take place in Hous on the day of the sports festival", the voice is hard and unforgiving, piercing Izuku's heart like a sword.

'Focus, focus. Don't get intimidated', he tells himself, and looks back into the cold green eyes, at the storm raging behind them. He can smell burnt meat again, and shudders.

"Treat this as a lesson in life", Hisashi drawls, leaning on the bed. Suddenly all these villains he was prepared to fight seem like child's play. The man standing in front of him is a beast of different breed, a monster of his own magnitude. He doesn't want to sow dissent or gain money or fame. That he does for fun. No, he wants to make a statement, and he has the means to that end. Izuku can almost see the thin wires attached to his father's fingers, the world dancing to the tune he fancies, "but I am not a bad teacher. I got you a present son", he hisses, reaching into his coat. Izuku's body tenses as he expects another dose of pain next. The man stops mid movement, alerted by the hunched shoulders and raised fists, and releases another cold chuckle.

"How delicious", he whispers, before pulling out a mask. In the moonlight it reflects the light, a pale visage of a demon with two short black horns. He sets it down at the foot of the bed, and waits. Of course, now that he has shoved the decision down his throat, Hisashi is going to play with him. Just like always, gentle persuasion, and then a game. Slowly Izuku crawls forward. He sits down right in front of his father, eyes hard, and equally filled with disdain, before taking the mask in his hand. It's smooth, but surprisingly sturdy, with many straps to fix it securely in place. The demon's expression is full of rage, brows twisted into a ferocious scowl, mouth open showing rows of sharp fangs. Is this what he is going to become? Is this what his father wants from him? Questions pile up. He brushes his thumb over the smooth surface, and wonder if he can even take a life? He is well aware of Stain, the Hero Killer, a villain if there ever was one, a man who has never left a hero alive.

"Good", Hisashi smiles down at him, reaching out for his head. Izuku freezes up, making the villain laugh again, before retracting his hand, "Now, here. Another little gift", he says, chucking a smartphone onto the mattress. "It only answers to your fingerprints, and has my number. However don't abuse my patience, or I might punish you", the man adds, and reaches for him again, this time not stopping until cold fingers brush against Izuku's scarred arm. A shudder of fear runs through him again.

The man turns away and heads for the open window, taking a moment to stare out at the city lit by neons and street signs. For a split second something about his face changes, if only Izuku could figure out what it is. But as soon as it's there it's gone, his profile once again a violence hardened mask. Only the eyes are different, cold but with a sort of longing which shreds a man's soul.

"Don't die", he says, before climbing onto the windowsill.

"Wait!", Izuku calls, stopping the man from jumping. If he is to be manipulated he can at least try and use this to his advantage too. "Stop the attacks on the heroes. I will do anything you want, but
end the fighting", Izuku demands, feeling his heart hammer.

The man tilts his head like a cat, his eyes narrow slightly, appraising the youngster, "No", he answers, before jumping out the window.

Izuku is left alone in the room. The slowly graying sky and petrifying fear his only company. The place where his father touched feels like its on fire, despite the rest of his body feeling cold as ice. The phone lying on the bed buzzes, startling him and making him drop the demonic mask. Cautiously he reaches for it, he presses his finger to the sensor and the device comes to life. His hand hovers awkwardly over the notification which covers just a fraction of a photo. There is dark haired man with a myriad of freckles, holding a small kid, holding him. Both of them are making peace signs at the camera. Izuku's eye twitches, but somehow he can't find it in himself to cry what they have become.

Chapter End Notes

I hope you liked it.

Next time: When on a trip to hell prepare for fire
Having made a deal with the devil himself Izuku is forced to acknowledge what it means to be a hero, and make necessary changes and prepare for fighting Stain. Will he attempt to warn Tenya? Or will he plunge into the darkness just as his father desires? What is Komori doing in the aftermath of the USJ incident?
The thing that never changes

Chapter Summary

Komori has to deal with the USJ fall out

Chapter Notes

I am not even sure when I wrote this, but one of my friends enjoys the character immensely so I decided to shed some light on how the others are doing while Izuku was recuperating.

See the end of the chapter for more notes

War, war never changes. It's the very constant of humanity, and the essence of modern world, an art form elevated to a religion by Midoriya Hisashi. Nothing foretold the change of dynamic which fell on the underground like a dark shadow of looming doom. The graveyard shift was manned by few people, only those truly daring to brave the uneven playing ground would engage. The villains used the night to their advantage, up until now.

Everything changed in a single night, two days after USJ. Up till then he spent his nights watching his apprentice, deep dread that Drago hasn't yet shown his cards settling deep in his gut as he paced the room. Could it be that this man was playing the long game all along? Could it be that he planned fifteen years ahead for this very attack? It seemed unlikely, no impossible even. With over a hundred years of experience in the field the white haired hero had never met a man this cunning. Not even Sensei was capable of such treachery.

Sitting in front of the multiple screens watching blips of blue and red on the monitor, while Izuku slept soundly at the hospital he wondered what the man was up to. Was he serving Sensei? No, the word on the street was that he took over the organization. More like he took it back. Hisashi Midoriya once already led the League of Villains, it was a long time ago, shortly after he left UA and was recruited by the government. His rise to power, as he consolidated or eradicated his 'competition' left Tokyo, Kioto and other cities of Japan bathed in blood. But it gave the heroes a breather they needed. However his current tactics were nothing like it. In fact, the villains seemed as chaotic and disorganized as before.

Komori's hand tightened around a glass of whisky as he observed the dots dance around, flicker in and out of existence as the villains and heroes stared and ended their 'shifts'. He sighed, too tired to care about the ordeal, despite the gravity of the situation. Last time this happened Midoriya Hisashi was on their side. Now he was led to question his once friend's sanity.

"Bollocks", the hero muttered, tipping the glass and letting the golden liquid warm him up. He might as well get back to bed, Tensei is probably sound asleep already. A glance at the time told him that Tensei is probably already getting up for work. It was the end of the graveyard shift, the sun would be rising in an hour or so. He might as well take a nap, before he drops by at Inko’s to drive her to a secure location. The man tilted his head back, rubbing his eyes, when the computer started beeping.
Alarmed the man looked back at the monitors. Red was blooming across the screen, the villains.

"Holy shit", he gasped, his fingers flying towards the keyboard. He managed to send a single message to anyone in the field, before getting up and sending his chair clattering to the floor. He sprinted off towards the ancient, elaborately decorated cabinet. He needs to help.

***

A thousand phones received a single message all across Japan. The underground heroes of the night shift read a single word before hell broke loose in the early hours of the night.

RUN

***

The moment the sun broke the horizon the villains retreated, all in perfect sync. Scampering away down dingy alleys, the ones already in cuffs laughing maniacally. Komori wiped his batons on the sleeves, feeling the heat of the day begin seeping through his armor. Why were they retreating? He panted heavily, back flat against Eraserhead’s, the hero closest to his hideout the moment the onslaught started. He could feel Aizawa's shoulders rising, the wound from just two days ago probably still taking its toll, despite Recovery Girl's assurances.

"What was that?", the white haired hero asked, his eyes trailing after the last of the villains escaping the small square which just seconds ago was a battle ground. About twenty men and women lay strewn around them, tied up, knocked out, or whimpering from broken bones.

"An organized attack", Aizawa breathed, before sitting down on the ground heavily. The exhaustion was evident in his voice, even without looking at the man. The first rays of sunlight filtered into the square, spreading the golden color across the pavement.

A faint Irish jingle came from Komori's pocket, a tune he reserved for only one man, his government liaison, Fourth Kind.

***

Morisuke Komori read Dante Alighieri's Divine Comedy. In fact dealing with bureaucracy and bureaucrats who seemed to worship the law was a process very similar to limbo, which sucked his time up like Jun Shinsou did hard liquor. The problem was, that while he was dealing with the third administrative worker in that many hours, trying to set up the paperwork for a joint task force Fourth Kind requested the dusk was coming. And with it he was fairly certain that another attack. When he finally managed to complete the paperwork and hand it in the night was already starting. With anticipation, barely standing on his legs from exhaustion he was expecting a full scale assault once again. He sat in his car, ready to chase down and help the closest hero, some gall called Nightmistress, but there was nothing. He didn't sleep a whole night and still nothing happened.

It was only when the first rays of sunlight broke the horizon that it dawned on him, he played them. Frustrated and angry the ancient hero punched the steering wheel, which creaked ominously.

Angry, he pulled out his cell, and scrolled down to a contact labeled 'S', before pressing call.

"The number you are trying to reach is no longer in service", a polite woman's voice rang in the speaker. Komori's eye twitched, as he stuffed the key into the ignition, turned, and drove off towards the hospital. He will start with meeting Tensei. The hero wanted to grab some coffee before work, and besides they are dating, well sort of, Tensei isn't exactly out yet, but they are.
"I swear on the holy cross, if I get my hands on that bastard...", he trailed off listening to the tires screech as the car jettisoned down the street.

***

"Hey!", Tensei called from the cafe, two paper cups of coffee already in hand. He was dressed in a white and blue checkered shirt, with its sleeves rolled up, exposing the engine exhausts, and a pair of blue jeans. There was a bright smile on his face, as though he was completely oblivious to what was going on. The day shift was so damn lucky, but then again he knew what he was embarking on.

"Hey", he smiles at the younger man, taking the cup with pure black coffee from his boyfriend's hand, before planting a small kiss on the taller man's cheek. Tensei blushes at the public display of affection looking around whether someone spotted it, "Relax it's not the middle ages they don't burn you at a stake for liking dudes", Komori laughs, before taking a sip. After three days regular coffee tastes more like water than anything else. He should have asked Tensei to make it a red eye. He is kind of lucky the hero agreed to keep tabs on his boys in his absence.

"Shouto and Hitoshi will be dropping by at the hospital this evening. Izuku is stable already, and he will be alright. They plan to wake him up this evening", Tensei reports, my isn't he adorable with this big brother vibe and all. Komori gives him a small smile.

"Thanks. Don't know what I would do without the help", he says lightly, making the taller man blush and scratch at the back of his head awkwardly.

"You'd manage. You are...", Tensei waves his hand in the air, "you", he finishes, apparently unable to find the right word. Was that supposed to be a compliment. Nevertheless Morisuke can feel his smile widen.

"You really are the best", he says cheerfully, reaching out and grabbing the younger hero by his large hand. He runs a circle with his thumb over the knuckles. Maybe it's stupid, but even with the war looming just above them, Hisashi pulling the strings, and Izuku in the hospital he feels light on his feet. There is a spring in his step, and the dark world seems just a touch brighter.

Tensei releases an incoherent grumble, his face as red as a strawberry, before shaking his head, and changing topics, "By the way, mom and dad want to have a family dinner with you and Izuku after the sports festival, so take the night off", he says once again back to his confident persona.

A night off that sounds lovely, if only dozens of heroes weren't laying in hospitals with broken bones, some permanently out of business, others due for months of convalescence. The younger man must see his hesitation, because he continues, "Look it's really important, and you can't save the whole world by yourself", he pleads, gripping his hand tightly. He does have a point, because as much as Komori would like, so far all of them are in the dark, the day shift already stretched thin thanks to Hisashi's taunts. There is no way a single hero could change an outcome of that battle is there?

"Fine, but you do the talking. And if the boys end up getting hurt during the sports festival then we may have to cancel", he says seriously, watching Tensei nod in agreement. Seems like it's time to meet the parents...

***

"Izuku, how are you feeling?", Morisuke asks as soon as he slips into the hospital room just a few minutes after nine. Once again he is dripping with total sun block, and cursing his quirk. Sunlight, I am telling you, so much fun.
"Could be better", the green headed menace answers him, buttoning up his shirt. There is something stiff about the set of his shoulders but maybe that's from staying in bed too long. There is a small suitcase laying on the bed, already packed, the boy must be eager to leave.

"You want to talk about it?", he asks, leaving the teenager space, and notices the shoulders slump a little. Huh, he hit the nail on the head. However the boy stays, quiet, as he checks around the room, for anything he might have left behind, "Is it about Hisashi?", he asks softly, and sees Izuku flinch. The boy turns to him slowly, staring him down for a few moments before wordlessly coming back to the task at hand.

"If it will be of any consolation to you, I have no idea why he did that. He seemed so happy to see you again back at the bar. He must have been brainwashed, or something else must have happened. He would never hurt you-", Komori starts rambling, feeling all his inner doubts pour out.

"Shut up!", Izuku hollers, cutting him off mid sentence. The boy's face is twisted by a snarl, features contorted into a mask of rage, "Shut up about him", he says much more softly, and his voice wavers at the end. The hero can feel his body tense, as the boy stomps over to the bed, and picks up the suitcase. "I don't want to see him ever again", Izuku says with finality, his hands shaking, before they leave the room.

The drive back is filled with tense silence, Izuku is trailing his fingers up and down the scars, horrifying trenches of red and black dug into his skin. It dawns on Komori that perhaps this whole shit that is currently splattering around them is his fault. Maybe he didn't see it coming? Was he too happy, to optimistic at seeing Hisashi out of prison and Izuku rejoicing and cherishing his father once again?

"I am not taking part in the festival", Izuku states, and Komori's head snaps to look at the young boy in full. There is a hardness to his expression, a telling sign that he is letting on far less than is really happening. Has something happened at the hospital? A honk behind them forces the hero's attention back onto the road.

"Why?", he queries, turning onto the highway leading to the docks, "Don't you want to be a hero? The sports festival allows you to be scouted by hero agencies, and get a decent internship. Without a quirk it will be hard enough as it is to find a decent one, but without participating in the festival it will be nigh impossible", Morisuke explains. At the same time he can't help but worry, where is this coming from? It's like he just met a whole different Izuku, one who is not interested in the nonsensical. But then what is he interested in?

The atmosphere in the car is so thick that it can be sliced with a knife, as they speed home.

"I couldn't hurt him. He was beating my classmates half to death and I couldn't get him. I don't deserve to participate", Izuku answers darkly, his brows twitching on the verge of frown.

The vampire sighs, so this is what it's about. There is no denying that Drago wiped the floor with the students, even if Izuku alone was strong enough to force him into using that malevolent quirk. The thing is the boy might not realize it, but he performed above and beyond any expectations. At the same time watching and rewatching the tapes Komori couldn't shake a feeling that Drago wasn't fighting at his full potential. Perhaps he was holding back? But then why ambush both of them, he was strong enough to fight at least Komori directly without relying on tricks.

"Do you honestly believe that you wouldn't deserve to show your skill?", he asks, taking another left, and stopping in front of the underground garage.

"No Komori-san", the boy says, turning to look him straight in the eye, "But to them I am nothing
more than a villain's kid right now no matter what I would do"

He isn't wrong. The hero looks the boy over again, he has really matured in a blink of an eye. The hero huffs, before reaching out to ruffle the untamable hair. Izuku flinches, huh. "You have given it some thought, haven't you?", he queries pulling his hand back.

"As a hero I strongly advise that you take part anyway. As your teacher I advise that you take part. As someone who lived in this world over one hundred years I can tell you that kicking the asses of all these nay sayers and doubters will give you a better high than cocaine", he advises, turning back to the steering while and igniting the engine. He can feel the blistering, disbelieving stare of the boy on him. Well, he told him the truth didn't he? As for the high, after some time you grow bored with everything, and you sort of... experiment. Still maybe some fifty years back he did go a little overboard.

***

He finds Izuku in the workshop late that night. He would think that the boy ought to be asleep at this hour of the night. Lord knows both Shouto and Hitoshi are out, the latter drooling over the former, and sleeping like a log. Aizawa has really given both of them a run for his money today. However in the middle of the night Izuku is working on something. He sticks to the shadows, glass of whiskey in hand as the boy solders a small circuit together. Thinking about it now, after the last highly traumatic experience Izuku had trouble sleeping too.

"It's a grapple", Izuku says, as though he had a third eye on the back of his head, "Thirty meters reach, titanium fiber, reverse gaussian electrical engine. Should allow me to scale a building in seconds", Izuku continues the explanation. But this is not what's really interesting the hero. Something is off about the kid, he just can't put his finger on it, not yet at least.

"Can't sleep?", he queries, stepping into the light. He sits on the edge of the desk, looking down at the intricate design.

"No", Izuku answers honestly, before setting the half finished gadget down.

"Have you thought about the festival?", he asks, eying the boy’s face for a reaction, but it remains completely impassive, as though his student's thoughts were elsewhere.

"Yes and I won't participate. There are better things to do", he answers, lowering the circuit into the frame, and plugging in the engine which comes to life with a soft whir.

"Like what?", the hero asks, his finger playing with the edge of the glass. Izuku sets the screwdriver down with a clang.

"Komori-san do you take me for an idiot?", he asks harshly, his eyes cold as ice, "I know my father is up to something. It's better that I help look into what that is than run around and make a full of myself on national TV", he adds, there is a bite to his tone, and something else, much more subtle. There it is again, the minuscule change caused by the fight with Drago. It's just a question of what direction it will pull the boy towards.

The hero sighs and takes a sip from the glass, "These are adult affairs. You are not ready to help yet. Study, get the training UA offers, take part in the festival. Stop thinking about the whole world, because a single hero can't save everyone and catch all the villains", Komori says, putting his hand on the boy's arm. To his dismay Izuku shrugs it off, before getting to his feet.

"I already got mixed up in this Komori-san. And there is no more time to get prepared!", the boy
hollers in his face.

"I wish I could let you help, but you are too young and too inexperienced still", Komori answers calmly, setting his hand down on Izuku's shoulder once again. The boy brushes it off, sending him a glare before stomping off into the darkness, leaving an astonished hero behind.

***

Brushing his teeth his other phone blips. Still furious with his teacher Izuku swipes it open, to find a text with a single message on it containing a single number.

'9'

He curses under his breath, hand squeezing the device so hard that for a moment he is afraid he will break it, before typing back a reply.

'I know.'

To his surprise an answer comes almost instantaneously.

'Good. I hope you make it.'

The boy pockets the phone angrily. He doesn't need hope, he needs a plan. A plan on how to capture Stain and yet make Drago believe that the other villain is dead. How to push Tenya away, so that he is no longer threatened, and how to insulate himself from anyone his father could use. Only then can he try to get help, once everyone is safe and out of harm's way. He looks at himself in the bathroom mirror, and for a moment he wonders if he will come out of this alive, because his heart is already breaking over what he is going to have to do.

Chapter End Notes

I hope you enjoyed it!
Chapter Summary

A short interrupt before Sports Festival!

The silence amongst the students crowded just a floor below a certain green haired boy is palpable. Nursing broken arms, legs and cracked ribs, some of the students look like all their will has been sapped from them. Others, who were lucky enough not to face the man, are in a far better state, sitting by the bedsides or standing, since there aren't enough chairs. Nevertheless all eyes are pointed at three boys, one with snow white hair, blue eyes and a scar covering almost a quarter of his face, his mouth set in a tight, neutral line. The other is the sporting purple spikes, scratching the back of his head, and trying his best not to make eye contact, while edging his way to the former. Finally there is the class representative, with rigid shoulders and eyes prowling over the class.

He can read their questions, and their anger at being kept in the dark about certain aspects. Then again Izuku should be the one to decide who he gives out information to about his father. He fixes his glasses, pushing them up the bridge of his nose, before clearing his throat.

"Today we have been attacked", he addresses the group, "Some of us have been beaten. But we must not lose heart -"

"Bullshit!", Bakugou hollers, and Tenya can feel his brows twitch, "You fuckers were beaten! If the weak can't fend for themselves that their fucking problem. Like that useless Deku", Bakugou hollers, cutting him off. Pointed glares lock in on the blond, leaving a terse silence as soon as he stops his screaming.

Tenya is about to speak again, when he is yet again cut off.

"So you think you'd do so well against Midoriya-san?", Hitoshi asks calmly. Tenya glances over his shoulder, despite the relaxed tone the boy's fists are balled up. Whispers break out, noticing how Shinsou seems quite familiar with the villain.

"Of course I would! He is just an old fart! And then he up and left like he ought to from the fucking start", Bakugou spits, and Tenya cringes remembering how Izuku once mentioned that he thought of Kacchan as a friend. Hitoshi steps forward, passing Tenya, and taking the center stage, his face hard.

"I hope you get a chance to face him", he answers, a dark undertone easy to hear, "Midoriya should be the one to tell you everything about his father, all I am going to say for now is you are all lucky to come out alive", Hitoshi says his eyes roaming the suddenly silent class.

"Sure, fine, but doesn't that make Midoriya, you know like a villain too?", Kaminari asks awkwardly. Tenya can already feel heat creeping up his neck, as some of the heads start nodding.

"And I am the great grandson of Picasso, does that make me a painter, Pikachu?", Shinsou snaps at the blond, shutting him up instantly. "Jeez, what is it with you people? A brainwasher is a villain, a son of a villain is a villain? What's next?", he questions glaring at the gathering.

"For now lets just keep this quiet. It's best if no rumors start circling UA", Tenya says, calling for
reason. Something tells him it isn't going to work.

***

"Hey look who it is, the villain class!", a blond with steel gray eyes hoots, as they make it down the corridors, the next day.

It doesn't take long from then on for the rumors to completely slip out of control. Two days later Midoriya Izuku is a convicted villain who was added to class 1-A as an experimental villain reform program, and no matter how much interference Tenya and Hitoshi are running nothing changes. To top things off Hisashi Midoriya, currently a notorious villain is doing his best to keep the media unaware of the situation. There is a war on the streets, a war led at night, which few are aware off, even amongst the heroes.

School in turn is slowly coming back to normalcy, except for the cauldron of rumors which Monoma is stirring like stupid ass blond witch, but it seems not much can be done about that.

***

Midoriya Izuku is sitting in the teacher's lounge when Aizawa walks in at the crack of dawn. He is wearing the school uniform, fresh and crisp, but his gaze is directed towards the windows at the sky painted red. The hero looks the boy over, he doesn't seem hurt, and he releases a breath, realizing that in some way he was worried, when he heard what the first seat had done to his own son. Slowly he makes his way towards the coffee machine, setting it to brew the disgusting swill teachers chose to call coffee. It takes a few minutes for the dark liquid to trickle into the obscenely green mug, Aizawa's personal favorite.

Tonight has been one hell of a ride, Drago having adapted his tactics to try and clean up the remnants of the heroes out on the streets at night, while luring the media towards failed attacks in richer districts. Taking the cup in his hand, he strolls over to the sofa, sitting down on the other side of the table, and capturing the boy's attention.

"What is it?", he half barks, feeling the exhaustion of fighting in his bones.

"I am not taking part in the sports festival", the boy states sliding a piece of paper towards the hero. Aizawa picks it up, reading over the form, a standard letter of absence for more formal events. Huh, he is serious about it?

"I'd advise against it. Even in the light of current events", he says from behind the paper, lowering it just enough to see a nod. The boy's hands are relaxed, though drumming slightly against his knees, there is a resigned slump to his shoulders, but overall it's not right. It's... acted. Aizawa's eyes narrow at the teen. What is he hiding?

"I am certain it's for the best", Izuku answers, a faint smile on his lips. What is he up to? Aizawa makes a mental note to contact a certain detective, someone more suited for such affairs.

"You are aware, that if someone for one of the other courses performs well in the festival you might lose your spot to them and that this decision will greatly hurt your chances of finding an internship, taking into account your lack of quirk probably no one will hire you?", the teacher asks. The boy doesn't even flinch. Either he doesn't care, or... the reason is more important than his potential future.

"Yes, sir", Izuku nods, but this time his hands bunch up the material of the pants. So he cares... Aizawa gives the boy another look over, he can see the tips of the scars peeking out from over the collar and from under the cuff. The first promising quirkless student, broken by his own father. Then
again, it's hard to be called broken. Despite the alarms going out the cameras were online.

He watched the fight, he watched it fifteen times, before he could believe the amount of raw beastly viciousness that sprouted in that clash of swords. "You are making a mistake", the words fall before he is aware of them. The boy flashes him one of these trademark 10000W smile.

"The biggest one ever", he replies, before getting up and stepping out the door.

***

Word is quick to make it around school that the villain kid isn't going to participate. As always it is an unfortunate accident that a student from GenEd overhears a certain tired looking class advisor and his teaching assistant discuss the matter.

Surprisingly perhaps Midoriya is forthcoming about his father. However when talking to him about it, more out of sheer curiosity than anything else Shouto can see the grind of steel deep in the emerald, once soft, eyes. Kirishima can only see an impenetrable wall, some decision the small boy had made, which he won't step away from even if his life is threatened. And he can't help but worry a bit. It's as though these burns peeking out from under the collar of the school shirt have taken root in the very soul of the 1-A daredevil.

"My father is a villain, he killed people, he spent ten years in prison. He can breathe fire, and the fire can only be put out by him", Izuku explains shortly, but there is not even a hint of interest in his eyes, the way he talks about other's quirks. Instead a razor sharp look is pointed at Kirishima who almost hardens on instinct.

"Hey villain kid!", he hears someone call the next day. Kirishima pays it no mind, talking to Kami for a moment more, before he nearly jumps when the dots connect and pulls his boyfriend around the corner, where a fight is certainly going on. The moment they step around it, they see Midoriya, his thighs wrapped around a larger boy's neck, before he tumbles onto the ground pulling the bully with him.

"Have I not warned you?", he breathes a moment before the bully passes out.

Somehow the incident passes without an echo, even if now the new Irish teaching aid is almost always on Izuku's heels.

***

For a week nobody knows where Midoriya disappears to during the training periods allocated for the purpose of the sports festival. It keeps nipping at Tenya's mind, that Izuku is no longer hanging out with any of them. Instead he just jabs him lightly, forgoing the usual hug, and throws a quick 'later', over his shoulder before rushing off. He is certain of one thing, well two to be truthful, this behavior is strange for the little boy, even if he was hurt, and second he is starting to fear that they may be drifting apart.

Of course Izuku agrees to the family dinner, saying he'd be very much pleased to hang out with his parents and Tensei, but there is a strange light to the emerald eye whenever the impeding festivities are mentioned. They have discussed Izuku's participation, and despite reasonable arguments Izuku remained unbent about forgoing the contest. Doubts were starting to gnaw at the tall boy's mind. What if Izuku loses his spot? He thought that maybe Izuku is hurt, but supposedly he is sleeping like a log, at least that is what Komori-san claims, and Shinsou-kun confirms.

And yet, Tenya can see the growing dark circles, the withdrawal from the class. He is being kept at
arm's length and it's not sitting well with him. And that's how the evening before the sports festival finds them.

***

Tomorrow :)

The message brings bile up the boy's throat. A hero doesn't kill, a hero doesn't steal, a hero doesn't do a lot of things that he has done or is about to do. At least that's the boys conclusion when he pops a sleeping pill into his mouth and washes it down with a glass of tap water. He forged a prescription for them two days ago, after he almost passed out in the street from exhaustion.

Another message sounds from the treacherous device chaining him to his father.

Keep location services on. Take the phone with you.

With shaking hands, the boy clicks the GPS on. So now he is going to have proof too. What a shit bag. A dry chuckle escapes Izuku as he trudge back to bed. A small backpack sits packed under it. He can't take his suit, that could be connected too easily. So he settles on a gray camo jacket and matching pants, black boots to match. He managed to hastily reinforce the key points, and prepare what little equipment he could.

Pulling the covers over himself, already feeling drowsy, he feels only disgust for himself. He couldn't outwit that damned scumbag. And he tried so hard. He left a message on their internal server, and found it erased with a warning, which scared him into complete inaction. Maybe he ought to just disappear, that would have been so much easier. His arm throbs slightly, as he shifts, feeling his eyes close, sleep almost upon him.

Tomorrow... tomorrow he changes his fate...
A Blood Stained Day

When his eyes open the next morning he isn't frightened, nor is he sad. It's quite fitting to be truthful, since he is about to become a villain or have someone killed. The choice is impossible, because in reality either is a life lost. The thoughts hang heavy on his mind as he quietly enters the bathroom, opening the small cabinet behind the mirror and pulling out hair dye in spray. This time he went for black, a color which is still by far the most common amongst the people of Japan. It takes him five minutes to apply, wash and dry his hair, making sure there are no spots of green left. There are so many variables that can go wrong leading to him getting caught. Too many for his liking. Izuku stretches his arms above his head, warms up gently, before pulling on a simple cotton shirt and a pair of reinforced motorcycling pants. From the wardrobe he grabs his helmet, and from under the bed he collects the backpack. He slips through the kitchen grabbing the packed breakfast he made for himself. He will eat it once he is about halfway to Hosu, probably in the parking lot of some gas station.

As he leaves the bunker the chill of the morning soaks into him, numbing the skin, but not doing anything to appease his mind. His father has betrayed him on all accounts. Over the last couple of days he felt disgust, sorrow, confusion. And suddenly all of these are wiped clean, replaced with ice cold fury, a rolling calm anger, which sweeps away everything in its path like a blizzard rolling over the Siberian plain.

He exhales, before putting the helmet on, and looks up at the sky, at the first rays of sunlight ripping through the weakening darkness of the night. If he is to start killing than he will make sure that every body is a stepping stone to his father's death, and he won't stop at anything until that happens. With that in mind he straddles the motorbike and kicks it into gear. Time to go and return with his shield or on it.

Before long he is speeding down the highway, the engine purring between his legs with an unspoken promise. He zips between the cars and about half an hour later through congested traffic of the city. It's strange to be calm at a moment like this, because it gives him clarity. Right now he is standing with one leg in each world, and there will come a time when it will be an either-or decision. But now is not the time to contemplate, he worked his ass off dodging his teacher, boyfriend and anyone else who could find out, and if not for the sports festival and the secret war out on the streets someone would catch up sooner or later. Huh, his father probably planned for it, a sick way of giving him a handicap.

A few minutes later he turns into one of the smaller alleys. He looks around making sure that there are no cameras, before locking down the bike. A few days ago, when no one was looking he planted a bug in Tensei's phone, a bug which now let him listen in and track the man and consequently the whole agency scheduled to find and bring down Stain today. Slipping on a bray camouflage jacket and pants behind he dumpster Izuku listens to the hero's deep friendly voice, to words of encouragement, and remembers Stain's specialty - killing.

He shudders at the thought. Whatever is going to happen he must get to the villain first. He still doesn't have a plan on how to take him out without killing him though, if that is at all possible that is. The information he managed to gather was inconclusive and sparse. The phone he has is bugged, he is certain of that, listening in on every word he says, watching his every step. If it wasn't Drago wouldn't have insisted that he take it with him. If he fails Tenya will be killed, that much is a given. How can he be so confident in a villain's promise? His father never broke his. His phone vibrating in his pocket startles him out of the strategizing.
"Tenya?", he frowns looking down at the caller id, before disconnecting the call, and then blocking any incoming messages or calls. He doesn't need distractions now. He runs through his equipment again, trying to soothe his nerves. He could only take so much without Komori noticing, a few knives, a couple of grenades, a simple first aid kit, his sword. That's basically how much he wears when in his uniform. But is that going to be enough to battle the villain. Izuku pulls out a roll of boxing tape from his pocket, wrapping his hands carefully, while mumbling through his teeth.

"If I track the heroes and they are attacked I ought to be able to make it to them. They are speed based, so either I take rooftops to shorten the distances or take the bike". A bike is recognizable, a single man is much tougher to find. A minute later he is all set. His other phone vibrates. Quickly he unlocks it to come face to face with a picture of Tenya rubbing his eyes and looking down at his cell phone. The picture is taken from above, and the boy is already on school grounds. Meaning that whomever his father has on the job can get inside UA without triggering the alarms. Either that or, they were always at UA. But that's a thing to consider later.

"Bastard", Izuku grinds out, before stuffing the device into his pocket and running down the alleyway, pulling the mask over his face. It feels stuffy, and heavy, like he is slipping into somebody else's skin, but has he got a choice?

"LET'S GO", Tensei booms in his ear, with the cheer of heroes, as he starts climbing one of the fire escapes.

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He can't help his heart thundering in his chest, as he runs and tumbles over the air vents and roof top escapes, as he skids around corners, and crouches with his back to the wall, checking the locations, and trying his best to triangulate the villain. There is only one thought on his mind, he has to get to Stain before anyone else, because if he is to do the unthinkable today he doesn't want anyone else getting hurt. It's one thing to be dragged into this war, it's another to let it claim casualties if you can do anything to prevent that.

He glances at the time. Almost an hour has passed, meaning that the students should be well into the festival. Distracted by the thought he lets his mind wonder. How is Tenya doing? Hopefully Hitoshi manages to pass even with his non combat quirk, he ought to, Izuku had helped him fill out the form for bow and arrows. With some luck Shouto won't slip up, and his real origin will remain a secret.

The boy grits his teeth, he should be there, helping his friends, doing his damn best to show the world that a hero is someone who can do good from the bottom of their heart, not readying himself to commit murderer.

"Damn you", he grinds out, before he hears the crackle of comms clicking to life in his ear. Somebody found something.

"I see something. In pursuit", Tensei's voice echoes in the receiver, and suddenly his throat feels dry.

No... no, NO, NO! Not Tensei!

His hands shake as he fumbles for the phone, pulling up the hero's location. Two alleys over. He doesn't wait, his legs ripping forward at a breakneck speed, pushing him past smelly dumpsters out into the light of day. He charges through the morning pedestrians, pushing them aside, as he can already see the mouth of the alley he is running for. Out of the corner of his eye he thinks he can see a huge explosion clashing against a wall of ice on a public television.

'Come on, come on', he pleads in his head, pushing forward. A screech of tires has him jumping on instinct, vaulting over the hood of the car, as his eyes meet a sparkle of red, deep in the darkness, and
a smile which can only mean death. He sprints faster, as fast as his quirkless body can carry him, diving into the shadow of the alleyway, with a single purpose on his mind. The villain is leaning over Tensei, the man laying motionlessly on the ground, a small pool of blood already gathering next to him. Izuku doesn't wait, he doesn't think, strategy, tactics, it all goes out the window, as he throws three knives at the villain. But the man is nimble, far more agile than Izuku had expected he deflects one, and dodges the other two, backing off just enough for Izuku step between him and his prey.

His lungs are burning, it's like he has swallowed a rod of hot iron, and no matter how much he tries steadying his breath he can't. Perhaps it's fear, fear, because staring back at him from between tattered bandages and rags swept up by the breeze is a pair of ruthless red eyes.

"Who are you?", the villain asks calmly, as Izuku's hand grips the handle of his sword. His heart is beating so fast it threatens to break free from his chest. He can feel his palms sweating under the gloves, his knees shaking. It hits him, that this is what a true hero faces, day after day, that USJ, Kurogiri, and his father who wasn't even half serious were child's play. That back then there were training wheels on, and now came the first real test.

"Do not touch this man", he rasps, doing his best to hide his voice. He shouldn't speak at all, but if he can't lure Stain away, and fails, than neither of the will come back.

"And why should I listen to you?", the villain drawls, his mouth twisting into a snarl. Something ugly flashes in these merciless eyes, as Stain puts his foot forward, a warning perhaps, but they are far past that. Izuku unsheaths his sword, letting the straight blade draw a circle in the air. He knows he can't scare Stain, but he can play for time. Whatever little that may be. "Don't interfere", Stain's eyes narrow, for a split second they trail low, marking the first strike. They launch at one another at the same time.

Izuku blocks high, the serrated sword falling on his block like the blade of a guillotine making his knees buckle under the villain's sheer strength. Instead of pushing he steps to the side, kicking, and catching the hand which was coming from the side, knocking the knife out of it. They jump back, eying one another as the cars honk and drive past the secluded kingdom of shadows housing their little battle.

"Who are you?", the villain asks again, his eyes narrowed, fixated on his own emerald ones.

"No one", Izuku rasps, before deflecting a knife. He doesn't waste time throwing one back, if he didn't lose count he should have one more. Stain cuts diagonally, Izuku barely spinning out of the cuts way, while aiming for the leg. But his sword catches on another knife. They lock into a contest of strength he has no hope of winning, Stain pushing his back at an excruciating pace.

"Are you willing to die for him?!", the man bellows the jagged katan swinging like an ax. Izuku dives under the cut, narrowly missing a simultaneous slice from the knife. Is he willing to die to protect Tensei?, "Or are you another wannabe?!", the villain howls, blade coming down so fast Izuku barely has the time to keep up. He tumbles away gracelessly, barely managing to dodge a kick from spiked boots.

Is he willing to die? Or is he willing to kill? Is that what his father wanted his to see?

The questions are cut short as Stain launches another exchange, forcing the boy on the defensive towards the piss stained wall.

'A single strike decides the battle', Komori's voice echoes in his head, as he vaults off the dumpster and spins into a kick. He hits Stain dead on the side of the head, forcing the villain back. Stain shakes his head, and rubs his jaw, before a vicious snarl forms on his face. But that's room enough to catch a
"Don't fight him! Run! If he gets your blood you are done for!", Tensei's voice cuts through the stare down. Blood, the serrated knives, jagged katana, spikes on boots, he is after blood. Izuku almost panics realizing that this fight isn't down to a strike, it's down to a single drop of blood. The villain smirks, spreading his malicious presence through the alley like a disease.

'The strike that kills', Komori's voice continues, rooting him back in reality. The interior of his mask feels stuffy, as he realizes what needs to be done. He can see the tip of sword trembling, his whole body shaking with exhaustion and fear. His heart is beating in his throat, and his mouth is dry as sand. He just needs a single strike.

"Last chance, child", Stain offers mercifully. Izuku shakes his head, raising his sword on stiff arms. There is a quote which comes to mind, 'Abandon all hope ye who enter here'. His heart beats so fast it feels like it stopped, his sweat almost soaks through the gloves, as every fiber of his being screams to run. But he won't, not here, not now, ten years, ten years to conquer fear, to have the tools to stop anyone in his path.

The villain charges, moving through the air as though it was honey, sword raised to cleave the boy in half mercilessly. Tensei is screaming something in the background as Izuku moves. Blades his through the air, leaving crescents of light behind them. Seeing Stain this close is petrifying, it curdles your blood, and stops your heart, but the boy is committed, putting everything he has into an instantaneous strike. The sound of air hissing under steel reaches his ears, before they are locked in silence.

This close he can see Stain's eyes. To his surprise they are not red like he thought, they are chestnut. He can feel something hot and sticky soak through his gloves, a flash of light reflects from the steel, sunk and inch deep into the villains neck. A burning sensation tugs at his shoulder and back, as warmth spills over his chest, creeping its way down the boy's torso. So sometimes it is a single strike.

"Impossible...", the villain gasps, before Izuku wrenches the sword out of his neck and finishing the cut. A mist of blood spurts from the villain's neck, as he falls to his knees, his blade falling to the ground with a hollow clatter. The man's eyes are blown wide, as he topplles lifeless to the ground, crimson creeping towards the boy's boots in spurts. Only now does it hit him, he killed someone, he killed Stain. A tear slips from Izuku's eye, as he turns to look at Tensei, the man trying his best to clamor to his feet, even if his legs still refuse to cooperate. The boy feels sick with himself.

Something hot starts trickling down his left arm, and he turns his head, wincing, as he sees the gray jacket slowly soaking up blood. Shit.

"Don't move!", Tensei roars, and lunges, but his legs give out at the last moment. Izuku doesn't wait, he runs. He sprints out of the alley as fast as he can, knocking someone over on his way. He doesn't wait to be caught, he can't get caught. A part of him wants to turn himself in, to make this right, to follow the rules, but it is quickly trumped by reality that now he is a villain. He is the one prowling the shadows. With a single thought in mind he runs, seeing people part as they see a masked, bloodied man sprint.

"Repeat. An unknown man has just killed Stain. Black hair. Five and a half feet tall. Dressed in gray camo, wearing a white demon mask", he can hear Ingenium's voice in his ear, "He is bleeding, armed and dangerous, approach with caution", the hero reports. Izuku wants to tear the earpiece out, but if he did that he would be running blind. Voices of affirmation answer as he skids to a stop behind a dumpster, and sheathes the sword. He isn't going to hurt heroes. Not ever.

The phone in his pocket vibrates with a message, but he doesn't bother checking it. This can wait. Instead he reaches into one of his satchels and retrieve a small packet of coagulant. He unzips the
jacket, while tearing the medicine open with his teeth. Pulling back the shirt reveals the extent of the damage, a deep cut, which is bleeding profusely.

"Fuck this is bad", he whizzes, before dumping the binding agent onto the wound and looking away from the horrid sight. It burns as though he was just branded with a red hot iron rod. Izuku barely manages not to scream, as the protein binds the blood into a clot sizzling as it does so. His other hand hits the wall, trying to focus his attention elsewhere and stay quiet at the same time.

Slipping off the jacket he feels the clot open up again, and curses, as more blood comes pouring out. The black shirt he had under is soaked in front and back. With a shaking hand he applies another packet, his heels kicking against the concrete as he waits for the binding agent to act. The sidekicks report every now and again, checking every nook and cranny, as though he dissolved into thin air. His head feels light, and the world is slowly swimming, the sounds growing more slurred by the minute. Classical signs of blood loss, he concludes. The bastard had to have a serrated blade. His breath is labored and shallow, as he pulls out his smart phone and types in the security code. He has to wipe a bloody smudge of the screen before he can open the tracking up.

A map of Hosu pops up, displaying a number of avatars he set for the heroes, buzzing around like angry bees. His eyes skim the group. Speedy, Zip and Runner are moving away from his position, forming something resembling a tight parameter. Huh, they must have decided to wait him out a smart move judging by the fact that he is wounded.

'Don't get caught', Komori's words ring in his ears, like a mantra. A simple sentence which forces him to his feet, and lets him stagger to a fire escape, using the sheathed sword like a walking stick. The jacket is left behind, discarded, even if he wanted to take it, he barely has the strength to keep moving forward, every once of equipment feeling like a ton of lead.

"Don't get caught", Izuku breathes. Some part of his is crying over what he just did. He killed a human, he killed Stain. But he protected Ingenium's life. He trips over his own feet and hisses, as the wound is jostled again. "Don't get caught", he repeats to the world swimming before his eyes. Using his good shoulder he pushes the fire escape door open, and slips inside, resting his back against the cool metal as long as he dares, while looking around. He finds himself in a narrow stairwell, meaning his only way is up. Somewhere there must a door to the roof, which he could use to escape. At an excruciating pace, he crawls up the stairs, strained muscles protesting, as the world shifts in and out of focus. In truth he is surprised he can still think with relative clarity. He checks on his phone, making sure the heroes are all on ground level, before pushing forward. Up another flight of stairs. Looking left hurts, meaning that he must have cut into the trapezius, and the pectorial is damaged too from when he slid down to the ground, dragging the cut out. It's impressive how Stained tried to kill him even in his dying breath.

"Don't get caught", he mumbles passing the third floor. A door opens, and Izuku hastens his pace, despite the protest of his muscles. "Come on", he grunts, pulling himself further away from whomever entered the corridor. For a moment he wonders how his friends are doing. Will Todoroki manage to keep his identity a secret? Will Bakugou win? The mask is suffocating, but he doesn't dare pull it off, the sword feels like it's made of lead.

Finally he gets to the rooftop exit. A single door separating him from his chance of escape. His brain feels fuzzy, and every cell in his body begs for sleep, as his bloodied palm twists the handle. It doesn't turn. No, it... it has to turn! He fights down a wave of panic, before trying again, feeling his hand slip on the chrome surface.

A bitter laugh escapes Izuku, as he pushes at the rooftop door again. Slowly the laugh turns hysteric, as it gets to him that its locked. Tears of frustration push their way into his eyes, as he pulls the phone
out again. He has to wipe the screen with the leg of his pants, because he can't see anything on the 
smudged screen. Dread slips into his heart as he realizes the parameter is tightening like a noose 
around his neck, now limited only to a block, with him in dead center, and Ingenium just a building 
away.

"Found his jacket. He isn't far. Hold parameter", Tensei's commanding voice booms in his ear. A 
panicked whimper escapes the boy's throat, as panic rises up in his chest again. The world is 
swimming almost uncontrollably, gray blending into the corners of his vision.

"Damn it", he cusses, a tear sliding down his cheeks as he clutches his phone tighter. "Think, think, 
think", he urges himself looking around. His hands are shaking, as he pulls up a list of occupants 
from the local administration office. Every apartment but one located two floors down is taken. His 
legs move, before he can register it, driven by years of training. He nearly tumbles down the stairs, 
but manages to find apartment 3-A none the less, the only one labeled as not rented. The doors of the 
fire escape burst open, as he pulls a knife and presses it into the narrow space between the rickety 
doors and the door frame. He can already hear metal boots on the stairs when the door finally gives 
way, and he stumbles inside, closing it behind him.

"Come out, I know you are in here!", he hero calls from the stairwell, "We won't hurt you! You will 
be given a fair trial!", he adds. Like hell they won't. If Tensei figures out he is in here he is done for. 
Granted the hero can't check which apartments are occupied, nor without good reason knock down a 
door. But if he gets his villain, almost anything will be overlooked and forgiven. And right now 
Izuku is pretty sure he is the villain. He manages a hasty look around the apartment, it doesn't look 
unlived in. In fact there is a futon, and a punching bag in the corner, even a poster of some hero. He 
staggers into the bathroom, biting down a grunt as he sits down heavily, his back resting against the 
bathtub. He manages to slide the doors shut and holds his breath, listening with every fiber of hie 
being, to the sounds of metal boots outside. His heart is hammering wildly, almost beating out of his 
chest, but he barely dares to breathe, lest he be heard.

The click of boots stops suddenly, and Izuku clamps a hand over his mouth, not daring to utter the 
faintest of sounds. The screen of his phone illuminates the darkness, showing Tensei's icon just on 
top of his own, the other heroes and side kicks circling the building like vultures. A tear slips out of 
Izuku's eye. The world is swimming, dissolving into shapes and colors, as his body starts giving out 
from exhaustion. There is only so far you can push yourself when you are wounded.

"Woah, you are Igenium!", an excited voice says from beyond the door. It sounds familiar, muffled 
though, he can almost put a name to it.

"You live here, Kirishima-kun?", the hero queries, and Izuku's stomach sinks. The sounds come 
delayed, bloated, as though his head was underwater, sinking lower, and lower. With a heavy hand 
he slips the mask off, it's suffocating him. If he is to be found he may as well save them the trouble. 
A sense of resignation, acceptance settles over him, as finally his body relaxes. He is done for.

"Sure do, just came back from the festival. Your brother took third place", the redhead chatters, 
Izuku can almost picture Tenya's bright smile as he stands on the podium. He feels tired, so damn 
tired... Slowly he lays down on his good side, letting his head rest on the cool tiles. The chill feels 
nice against his cheek. He wants to close his eyes so badly, to just fall asleep, but if he does that... Ah 
who cares...

"Good to hear! Hey, be careful around here, and if you see someone suspicious give me a call", 
Tensei answers, and moment later the sound of heavy boots echoes through the walls. Through the 
bathroom doors Izuku can vaguely register the sound the front door opening, as he lets his eyes fall 
shut. Kirishima must have not noticed that he practically knocked out the lock. The redhead hums an
Irish tune, which seems stuck after his first meeting with Komori. Ah, fuck, what a disgrace... But he feels too tired, to feel ashamed or in any way guilty. In fact Izuku is too tired to feel anything. Warmth, sticky warmth slowly starts leaking from the wound again, creeping up his neck, down his back and collarbones, but he is too exhausted to do anything about it. Muffled sounds of his classmate busying himself around the kitchen reach him.

"Help", he croaks, his mouth feels like he was fed gravel, "Help", he repeats weakly, his arms feel too heavy to move, but the next second the light turns on, and the door slides open, revealing his classmate standing in just his shorts with a kitchen knife in hand. He must looks surprised, Izuku notes, than again you don't get to find your classmate half dead on the floor of your bathroom everyday. He would be surprised himself... His eyes drift shut again, and he tries swallowing the dryness in his mouth.

"Holy shit... Midoriya?!", the boy squawks, eyes trailing over the blood stain on the wall of the bathtub "I gotta get you to the hospital!", Kirishima bolts out of the bathroom returning a moment later with his cell in his hand.

"No hospital. Can't", Izuku grunts, and opens his eyes, to find the red heads leaning over him. Why is he seeing two Kirishimas? Isn't one enough? Maybe they multiply? It would be nice, two Kirishimas are always better than one Kirishima. And having two Kirishimas and not having two Kirishimas is already four Kirishimas. His line of reasoning jumbles into an impressionistic mess, spreading a dopey smile on his face, as Kirishima gently shifts him into a sitting position.

The redhead grabs the bottom of the soggy shirt and almost screams when his hands come off red. He tugs at the shirt again, only for Izuku to grab him weakly by the wrist. "Cut the shirt", he grits out, cold sweat covering his face. He must seal the wound before he bleeds out. "Cut. the. shirt", he repeats more firmly, and watches Kirishima skit away, as his hand falls back to the cool tiled floor. A moment later the red head is back with a pair of scissors, beautiful pink, child safe scissors. Izuku is tempted to make a face, but his body fails him. Instead he pushes his last razor sharp knife into his classmate's hands. With shaky hands Kirishima starts slicing through the shirt. It hits Izuku that he could have simply hardened himself to do that. But what the heck, he must be deep in shock. Understandable. Totally. Right now he can relate. He doesn't even wince when Kirishima nicks him accidentally and starts apologizing profusely.

The shirt comes off easily, but as soon as Kirishima sees the wound, already covered in congealed, spilled blood, he turns to the toilet, throwing the seat up and retches loudly. They are half way there. Izuku reaches into the first aid kit, procuring the last binding packet, and dumps it onto the wound, snarling like a rabid dog. Kirishima pukes, seeing the protein bubble and sizzle as it clots. Who knew he had such a weak stomach. Izuku chances a look down, half of his torso is covered in dried or drying blood. Huh, it actually looks as bad as it is.

"Sorry, sorry", Kirishima, breathes, wiping his mouth. He needs to seal this fast, who knows how far along he is now.

"Do you have an iron?", Izuku chokes out. And watches Kirishima nod through half closed eyes, "Plug it in. Bring it. If I pass out. Hold me down, press it to the wound, cauterize it", he instructs, before his eyes roll back, and finally darkness claims him.

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"Holy shit, holy shit, holy shit", Kirishima repeats a sacred mantra of everyone who fucked up ever. He isn't really sure why and how he ended up straddling one of his classmates and smelling grilled human meat. He almost drops the iron, when it sizzles on contact with flesh, and Midoriya's body jerks violently under him, muscles going taut on pure reflex. A million thoughts run through his
head. Finally the sizzling stops, and he moves to another part of the cut, leaving behind charred
together, but not bleeding, flesh. Whatever Midoriya has done, he isn't sure he wants to know. But
why in seven hells is he a part of it?!

When he is finally done he lays out his old futon and moves Izuku to it gently. All right, now he can
panic. Why is Midoriya's hair black? What the fuck is up with the mask? What the fuck is up with
the sword? Why is he finding a classmate half dead on the floor of his bathroom? Why on God's
green Earth is Midoriya here? And is anyone after him? Questions tumble through his mind like an
avalanche as he storms through the apartment raking his brain and tugging at his hair. He just wanted
to have some left over takeout and sleep today, how has this happened?!

Maybe he should call someone. Kirishima turns on the TV, just for some background noise when he
sees it.

"Breaking News: Stain reported dead! Villain Killer on the run!", he hears, and his head whips
around so fast it threatens to break away. "The Hero Killer Stain has been reported dead by the
Iidaten Hero Agency. Turbo Hero Ingenium urges members of the public living in Hosu to pass
along any information that might be helpful in identifying the suspect. According to the hero, the
man in question, Villain Killer, was wearing gray camouflage jacket and pants, is short, with black
hair. He is also wearing an ooni mask, isn't that creative. He is armed and highly dangerous. Now
Satoshi isn't that some news-", Kirishima tunes the reporter out, his eyes falling on Izuku's jet black
hair. Dazed he walks over to the bathroom, to see a white, bloodied demon's mask lying on the floor.

"Fuck", he says eloquently.

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"Perfect", Hisashi grins at the monitor, before coughing into this fist, "Damn it, forgot the stupid pills
again", he grunts, fishing the blister out of his pocket and swallowing the medicine. Everything is
going according to plan.
The Many Secrets of Morisuke Komori

Chapter Summary

A little bit of background on your favorite vampire.

Chapter Notes

A friend of mine requested that I give a little background on their favorite blood sucker.
As promised I deliver.

Some say that it has been ages since the last real war, but gazing at the few, yellowed pages from an old document Komori would have disagreed. He stood, enthralled by the aged report of one Herr Obersturbenfuhrer Graubler, his eyes skimming the letters, as seemingly ancient memories flooded his mind. It was long ago, almost seventy years, a stretch of time few even remembered, let alone survived. It was before the quirks, but when humans were just as vicious and violent as today. A sigh escaped the aged hero, as he picked up the noise of a pair of feet creeping through the bunker. It was almost morning.

His eyes fell shut, as an era almost forgotten bloomed in front of him.

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It was long ago. Much longer than he thought possible. He was playing in one of the towers, hiding from his brothers in one of the many towers. Soft rays of sunshine fell through the windows. He was four maybe five, when he first felt it. At first it was but a prickle, a gentle burn, which then had him screaming in agony.

He remembered his father searching for doctors, then witches, then whomever could free him from the affliction. He remembered the terror in his mother's eyes, the mute question of what she gave birth to, that can't walk the light of day. The days turned into evenings, and the evenings into nights, as more and more of his family pulled away, leaving their youngest alone in quiet hopes that he perish in the night. But there was one man, who despite everything stood firm, his father, the count.

He was perhaps thirteen when another incident occurred. A priest strayed too far, his words accused the young man of being a demon. By then he knew more, he hid more. He never told anyone, but first the rats and then the dogs in castle vanished, found drained of blood somewhere in the compost. At least that gave him temporary reprieve. He knew what he was, a cursed beast, the wampyr, the one who didn't die. His skin was white as snow, and eyes shined with light even in the darkest of knights. He didn't sleep or eat any more and just the idea sometimes nauseated him. There were days he thought about taking his life, because who could love a monster like him. And yet every time his father came in the evening, fatigued and worried, slowly aging, to bid him good day, speak with him, teach him, before he went to rest.

At the age of fifteen he left. He could no longer be the reason his family suffered. In efforts to silence
the peasants row upon rows of impaled bodies littered their country, all for his sake. An ever present thirst resided in the back of his throat. Later he heard it broke his father's heart. A few years after that his home was wiped from the maps of the world, as the Turks flooded his country, extinguishing the line of Dracula.

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Through the years he traveled the world. He saw men with skin brown, and tasted a delicacy known as chocolate. He made remarkable friends, and watched them all die. It wasn't long after he left that he found himself in Italy. A country of the sun, wine and fine food. All three of which he deeply detested. Having run out of what little money he owned he chose employment in the basement of a man named Verrochio in Florence. He would do menial tasks, mix paints, prepare canvases, balance the books. A fine education afforded him the ability to live by night and him master's love for wine afforded him the ability to remain out of the lime light. It was there that he met a young man, Leonardo. He was a wimpy kid, permanently gritting his teeth, but just as odd as Izuku. A dreamed, and a doer trapped in a human body, with a wit sharp as a knife. Often times Komori would find him still sitting over the canvas in the bleak morning hours, when he would be going to rest. It was on one such occasion that young Leonardo shared with him a cup of wine. Though not a few years later the boy departed, after he had become a man.

They stayed in contact, enjoying the riddles of human body and mind, Leonardo's quirky machinery, even the flying contraption which lead to the man breaking a bone or five. Supposedly it was his tight lipped smile that inspired a painting of a certain duchess, one which went down in history, as the most beautiful piece of them all. But time passed, and soon Leonardo became older, and older, until finally he cried over his friend's grave, the most noble of man who have ever lived.

Years have passed, and he found himself wandering the earth again. He saw the man with skin red, and feathers weaved into their hair. They called him The One Who Walks With The Moon. He watched the rise and fall of the British Empire, and drank tea with two of its queens. On one occasion he even served in her majesty's service, under a code name 007. In his time he worked with the best, a detective who was terrible with violin, and actors who would go down in history as idols, but also with many more who were forgotten, their lives swallowed by pages of history.

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And yet none of these came close to a certain incident which took place in the years 1920-21. In his long years he mastered many languages, but finally he met someone. A maiden, of soft skin, and round cheeks, with pearly laughter, hair the color of ebony, and eyes like sapphires. They met when he was at a restaurant, late into the night, sipping on water, when she tripped and practically fell in his lap. It was in a beautiful city of Warsaw, in a small but valiant country of Poland in the Eastern Europe.

As luck would have it, they fell in love, married. It was the only time he had a son, a young man, who by the time war came enlisted. He never came back. And soon the demons of battle clad in gray came to their little town, pillaging, raping. They took his wife, they burned his home, they nearly took his life. He shudders at the memory, as ten guns sang, spluttering bullets, ripping him to shreds. He can still feel the taste of mud and grass as he dug a shallow grave up, and slipped into the coffin, holding it shut, lest the sun leave him burned. And he still remembers the rage.

A month later the Nazis started talking about a demon in the woods, a cursed being. He lurked, and preyed on them, on the ones that strayed too far outside of villages, or searched for the poor men and women who escaped their clutches. Once a whole brigade went missing, their bodies never found. He became a terror of the night, something that petrified soldiers beyond understanding, an
inescapable predator. He became death. The war raged, burning the land, drying the rivers and poisoning the air. But he persevered, and he would until everyone paid for what he lost, until he saw Berlin razed to the ground by his very hands. He would only be sated when thick streams of blood would cover the land.

But the Nazi didn't stand idly by and let themselves be slaughtered like cattle. A trap was formed, a strategy so shrewed, that even hundreds of years of witnessing history didn't prepare him for it. And he was caught. They locked him up in a lab, pricked him with needles, took his blood, and hair. It was called experiment thirty one. The war raged outside for two years. Until finally an opportunity came. The lab hidden deep under Warsaw had to withdraw as an uprising started, led by forces outnumbered and outmatched, but not alone. Because on that faithful hour when a single city became an absolute war zone, his chains finally broke. A single man survived to file a report. It described a demon, so terrifying that no man could possibly imagine it. It described Tadeusz Dawnik, a man who used to be known as Adrain Dracula, and who later became Morisuke Komori. He extinguished the project, he razed the labs, and for many days that followed he was the one thing which kept the remaining Nazi soldiers from crossing the river. He was the blood shadow of Warsaw, which even the young soldier's of the uprising whispered about. These days he forgot mercy.

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All that was left of these days, of his friend now, were a few scattered antiques, paintings, documents, a couple of photos, or diaries he kept, because no one else would, and his memories. The thin paper of the report wrinkled under his hand, as he reread the report time and time again. Nobody knew this, but it was his most prized possession. Certainly some knew about the experiment, like Hisashi Midoriya. But he knew it were just bits and pieces of information. The whole extent of his life. That he hid from everyone. Was that what Hisashi was after, did he want another man without mercy walking the streets? But would he manipulate the boy to that end?

He thought about it watching the events of the festival, the rise of walls of ice, and the magnificent explosions of Bakugou's hands. However his attention was drawn to something different, to the fact that from every map, every program he had the trace of Midoriya Izuku vanished.

It was hours later, when he was already returning home with an exhausted Shouto 'Komori' that a sense of foreboding hit him. He turned on the radio hoping for a distraction, his fingers drumming on the steering wheel.

"The Villain Killer --" These three words, had him stopping the car around faster than anyone could have expected.
On the run

Chapter Summary

There is a time to fight
And there is a time to run
Izuku is forced into the latter

Once upon a time a boy believed that you can be a hero with a smile on your face. Now, with the disillusionment of pain sliding him into wakefulness that same boy was verifying the idea. He lay still, not daring utter a sound, as memories slowly seeped back. They smelled of blood and tasted of steel almost like dogs of war chewing at his mind. The phantom of the jagged blade ripping skin and muscle almost had him whimper on the lumpy cot. His skin felt cold, even though there was a blanket thrown over him, but he wasn't cuffed, which was a nice surprise. Slowly he opened his eyes, to see a white ceiling, with the light shut off. The room was dark, and someone was snoring softly not far away. Izuku turned his head, his eyes were quickly adjusting to the dim light of the city seeping in through the blinds. Kirishima, of course. The memory of blood, child proof scissors and an iron flashed through his mind.

Oh... Right...Fuck... Now that's going to be a pickle. His horribly inarticulate brain slowly clawed its way back into some semblance of rational thought. There was only one thing to do at the moment: run. With that in mind he sat up, and glanced at Kirishima once again, luckily the redhead was deep in slumber. He didn't really want to get into a fight or a discussion with someone who in his current state could easily overpower him. As for current situation he felt terribly sore, and dull pain radiated through his shoulder and chest.

He ran a hand over them. It seemed that Kirishima washed off the blood, which was very lovely of him, a most gracious gesture as Komori-san would have put it. The boxers felt different... Izuku cringed internally, and decided to not dwell on the fact that apparently Red Riot had seen him in all of his spectacular glory. He would have blushed if not for that profuse blood loss earlier. He sneaked around to the dresser and pulled out a shirt, a little too broad, and a pair of cargo pants which were too long. The other problem was the fact that apart from the single pair of sneakers, single pair of gym shoes, and one pair of boots Kirishima had about a dozen pair of crocks and flip flops. With a barely audiable huff he settled on fire red pair of crocks. Luckily Kirshima didn't do much to hide the sword, and his phones, probably he didn't know what to do with them anyhow. In fact they were just where he found the shirt. He sheathed the blade, and quickly disassembled the sword into separate batons, before slipping them into his pocket.

Standing, ready to depart, he couldn't help but give Kirishima one last apology filled look. Without further ado he crept out the busted door.

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A few hours earlier one heavily sunscreened hero and Ingenium were walking down the alley, where the police set up a crime scene.

"So they fought here. The shorty was really fast. I think his quirk might have something to do with agility or speed" Tensei explained, as Komori's eyes traced the dump and the alley. It was narrow, too narrow perhaps for a comfortable sword fight. Meaning that whoever fought Stain, and he had
his suspicions who that was, was very well trained. In fact the use of environment elements, and
masking their voice in front of Tensei spoke volumes as to who was most likely behind the demon's
mask. "He jumped off of the dumpster. It was really quick, they hardly exchanged a couple of blows
before it was over" the hero concluded, before pulling him along by the sleeve of his jacket. There
was a trail of blood leading down the alley and out towards the street. There the trail disappeared, but
the smell of it was apparent, peppered the air with iron. Komori took a long drag of air. Definitely
blood.

They walked a couple of alleys down, before they found a bloody hand print on the wall, small for a
man, a smear of blood, and then a larger splatter on the back of one of the dumpsters. It didn't look
pretty, too much blood lost for the perp to get far away at this point.

"I think he stopped here, but I don't know why. He was seriously hurt. We found a jacket with the
sleeve practically soaked in blood" Tensei surmised pointing out the smears of brown on the back of
the dumpster. But that wasn't what got Komori's attention. Instead he looked at the ground, the dust
bore drag marks, as though someone was kicking their legs. Like they were in a lot of pain. But
judging by the cut it wouldn't bring on this much of it. That would have to mean he attempted to treat
the wound here. If this was Izuku he must have have used a coagulant of some sort, probably like the
ones they have in the first aid kit. He would have to check the medical supplies. Hell he will have to
check all of the supplies. As Tensei once again tried describing what he saw Komori speed dialed his
apprentice. The phone vibrated lazily, and with each vibration his heart grew heavier.

"And we lost him somewhere in this block. He has most likely slipped out already" Tensei finishes,
before strolling out of the alley and leaving the older hero behind. The phone is silent, Izuku didn't
pick up. The older man can feel panic rising in his chest, as his eyes trace the drops disappearing into
on of the buildings. Komori is tempted to chase the thick blood trail which calls to him, lures him like
a delicacy. It's a familiar smell, much stronger here where the blood has pooled. He know it, after all
he had drunk young Izuku's blood a couple of times in the past. And the boy's smell is all over the
place. But if he did that Tensei would without a doubt follow and he was certainty the youngster
wouldn't forgive Izuku killing someone even if said someone was quite clearly going to off Tensei.
His eyes skimmed over the many windows of the building where his apprentice most likely hid right
now. Was this Hisashi's plan all along? He wanted an apprentice, and somehow he managed to steal
Izuku away, even under his watchful eye. If so then what was the leverage that forced Izuku to act?
One more look over his arm told him that Tensei was still busy with the policeman securing the
second scene.

Hurriedly he typed out a single message, 'Please, report' There was a ball in his throat. Another
student he had failed. The eyes of his soul could already see the small tombstone with a name etched
into it.

"What have I done?" the pale hero muttered, grinding his teeth. His hands shook, and if he hadn't
balled them into fists so tight he could feel the nails cut skin he would have exploded in that alley.

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The drive home was filled with tense silence. Komori's mind was everywhere as slowly the pieces of
Izuku's erratic behavior fell into place. He needed the evening, and most likely the night, so he
dropped Shouto off at Hitoshi's. Perhaps Jun would be able to keep both youngsters at home.

The moment he got home he rushed over to the armory. In frantic silence he pried off the lids of
crates and threw open cases which contained suits and weapons. And a moment later he saw it, how
carefully everything was done. The batons, a single kit of first aid, a couple of knives, things Izuku
would have worn on an ordinary day. As he stood amongst the chaos of equipment, he couldn't stop
the cry of anguish which rose from his throat. He yelled and pulled at his hair, screaming murder, and throwing everything he could get his hands on. How?! Why?! He kept asking, as he sent another crate flying. Where had he made a mistake? Finally he sat down on the cold tile, overcome with sorrow, holding a red mask of a demon in one of his hands.

"Computer. Find Izuku Midoriya" he sniffled, and wiped his nose on the back of his arm. He was to be a father to this kid, and he failed so miserably!

"No records found" A reply came a moment later. What? No, that's not possible, not in his system. He pushed off the wall, and sprinted to the console. With a few commands the multitude of screens came to life, as processes triggered.

"Triangulate last position for this phone" he muttered, inputting Izuku's number, and then pulling up the IMEI number. If he didn't ditch the cellphone he would find it. He cursed his tantrum under his breath. He should have kept his cool. Right now there is no one more suited to get the boy out of this pickle. He threw out any doubts that it wasn't Izuku who sunk his blade into Stain the moment he saw the missing equipment.

'No positions found' the program printed.

"Fine, fine. GPS" he mumbled, typing in another number. A few minutes later he came up empty. He gulped, what else could he do? GPS trace from here almost sixteen hours ago was almost impossible, though currently he would even try the impossible. That would take a couple of hours too. He fired the process anyway, because even if there was the slimmest chance that he could pry Izuku out of his father's hands he would.

"Fuck it" he added, starting facial recognition on every available network, and any CCTV which wasn't secure enough to really be closed. He searched the medical databases in Hosu, then the veterinary cameras, he even checked hotels.

An hour later he finally set his hands down. Nothing. Izuku had vanished off the face of the earth, and his motorbike with him. For the first time in a long while Komori broke down crying.

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Descending the stairs was a feat, getting to his motorbike felt like a marathon with a weighted backpack. Every few steps he had to stop to catch his breath and stop the world from spinning too quickly. On top of that at some point his shoulder once again started hurting. His head felt light, and foggy, and the thirst was killing him. But now, resting against his bike, and trying not to puke with exertion he finally had a moment to let all that has happened get to him. Up till now he felt numb, maybe because his sense of imminent danger overwhelmed everything else. Slowly the pieces fit together into a single horrifying picture. He was done for.

At first a smile crept onto his lips, not the cheerful one, rather a maniacal quirk of lips which one would see in people who have forsaken themselves. The weight of the world settled on his shoulders, biting down on them like Stain's sword. Carefully he leaned forward, placing his head on the steer before finally he let the first tears slip. He cried, but this time he didn't feel elated, happy, thankful, not even sad or angry. It was almost mechanical, and so the tears stopped as quickly as they came. Death, he killed someone, he killed a man. It was the horrid realization which washed over him, sending him off of the bike, and hurling at the pavement with bile which rose from his stomach. Pain shot up through his shoulder, as he curled in on himself, touching his forehead to the dingy wall of the side alley. His nails scraped against the plaster, as words tried climbing out of his throat. Mute, pointless apologies, angry promises of revenge on his father, regrets that he has just destroyed everything he worked for so hard, because in the end someone found out. He clenched his fingers,
and pounded at the wall, biting down on everything he wanted to say.

He couldn't go back to UA, neither to Komori-san, nor home. He couldn't go anywhere, all he could do was vanish. Perhaps it would have been better if he had bled out in that alley. If Ingenium had found him, and dragged him off to the police. Izuku ground his teeth, as he reached into his pocket. The phones, the only thing that someone could find him with easily. He had to get rid of those, he had to get rid of everything that made him Izuku Midoriya. He had to disappear without a trace, like a fish in the water.

"Keep your head" he breathed, and exhaled slowly. He had to get a grip. He left plenty of blood on the scene, meaning that sooner or later someone would find him. All the places he could go to protect himself were limited. Supposedly he could try to go to The Black Mist, only it was way too far in his current state. If he tried driving he would most likely crash or cause an accident. He had enough money with him for a cubicle hotel, and hair dye.

"I'll have to make do" Izuku muttered, rising from his knees. There was a fire burning in his chest once again. He would do everything, everything to find his father and bury him. Along the way he would do anything to cross that bastard. He would become Hosu's unseen hero, the one which would clean the streets, even if it had to be done with blood. But first things first. Looking back on it Izuku thought of this as the clear cut moment when he grew up, when he stopped doubting, and acted, behaved the way he was taught. With that in mind he exited the alley.

First he would have to ditch the phone, and he had an idea of how to do that. It took a little bit of poking around but ultimately he found a sleeping man in the park not far away. He reeked of booze, but that's for the better. Izuku turned on the phone, and slipped it into the man's front pocket, before walking away as fast as he could. He could hear the vibrations in the pocket of the man's jacket, but if he turned back he was afraid he would never be able to continue down his current path.

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"Love at first sight" Izuku muttered about half an hour later. He was looking at the only partly functioning neon sign of the most run down hotel he could find. A cubicle would be more than enough, at least to stay the day, and sleep off the night. He managed to buy a bottle of water and some noodles at a local conbini, where the man behind the counter looked about ready to fall aslled. Tomorrow he would do have to do something about the money, because he needed to rest. Maybe he could pick a couple of pockets. That would afford him most likely a couple of days and meals if he was lucky. He would need both to replenish his strength. His shoulder still hurt, and most likely it would put him out of commission for quite some time. None of it felt right, absolutely none, but it was either that or getting caught. And one thing he knew he couldn't do was get caught right now.

He checked in without difficulty, even if the fact the news were still playing, still hot on Stain's death. You know what they say, if it bleeds it leads. The man behind the counter didn't seem to care for the fact practically a kid was going to rent one of the boxes for the night. Most likely the place swarmed with junkies and functioned as a makeshift brothel and part time crack den. Not that he minded as long as the cubicles were quiet. In other words this was a perfect place to hide. Tomorrow he would have to begin his work, and there was a lot of it ahead of him. Thoughts and plans rushed through his head, as he laid down, putting the backpack in the locker at the foot of the bed. He would need a suit, something black, and a computer, a way to stay ahead of everyone else, because in the end that was his quirk. He would need weapons, different ones. Slowly he drifted off to sleep, pushing away the thoughts about everyone who might be worrying about him, and trying to forget the frantic buzz of the phone he left behind.

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"Run the blood for quirk markers" Naomasa said, after putting down the statement Tensei Iida left. It was a homicide case, a very weird one, but a homicide none the less, and taking into account how notorious the victim was the chief chose their most tenacious detective. Iida noticed that the guy didn't have an externally visible quirk. That peeked Naomasa's curiosity, and besides what if the impossible really proved possible. What if the mysterious fighter was in fact quirkless. It was improbable, but the if... it stuck in Naomasa's head as he watched a glimpse of the footage of the guy pushing through the crowd on the street and disappearing into another alley. He used a sword, but not a katana, it had a straight edge. He was trained. That left the question of who trained him, where and if this was a vigilante, and who made the sword.

The detective sighed, as he looked at the black and white shot, and then at the portrait of the masked kid. He seemed familiar.

The next day the DNA came back and Naomasa's eyes bulged as he read the report.

Quirk markers: Absent
A message from hell

Chapter Summary

Izuku vanishes, and the class is thrown into disarray. They come up with their own ways of getting him back, only Izuku has other plans, and so does Hisashi.

Chapter Notes

It took a long while, mostly because I had the ending of the story planned, and didn't really know how to get there. Now I know :)
End is finally in sight :D

"A macchaito for lovely lady Uravity" the blond waiter sang with a blinding smile. He had a melodic voice, soft blue eyes, blond hair, and wired spectacles. A pair of white, sharp fangs stuck out, prodding his lips giving him a sort of harmless vampire look. He gave a little spin, as he jumped around the table collecting orders from Tenya, Froppy, and Tailman. They sat in a small garden attached to a cafe which they found on the first day of the internships which started two weeks ago, coincidentally just a week after Izuku Midoriya vanished without a trace. Uravity sat deep in thought, remembering how weirdly the class behaved as they talked about the mysterious Demon who, no one had any doubts about that, was their missing classmate. However what she remembered best was how stiff, and distant Iida had grown. It was like a new man had taken home in the class president's body. The disputes were supposedly cut short by Aizawa-sensei and Komori-sensei, only the teachers' interventions never really stopped anyone from talking. In the end the class divided itself. In the meantime it was quiet, surprisingly so, until bodies started dropping. Ochako and Iida decided to intern in Hosu in the Iidaten agency hoping to run into the mysterious deathdealing vigilante to justice. The Baku-squad ended up hoping for a more combative outcome, they wanted to measure their strengths against Midoriya. Finally Komoki-kun, the hot, white haired and very gay son of their teacher, and his coffee snorting boyfriend chose to intern with the vampire himself, only they never told anyone what would happen if they were to run into Izuku themselves.

"Delicious coffee for the lovely lady!" Ryuuji chirped, setting a tall mug in front of her. His energetic voice brought her back from wondering. She looked up at the boy who gave her a playful wink, before waltzing over to Iida. The class president's face was unreadable, even as the waiter flirted with him. He really must be making a killing on the tips with moves that made even Ojiro blush. "Just buzz if you need me, and I'll be right over" Ryuuji grinned, and puffed out his chest. He tucked the tray under his arm before fixing the bow tie, and winking again. Ochako sighed exasperatedly, noting her terrible taste in men and women alike. To be frank the coffee here was average at best, but she certainly did not complain about the flirty service.

"So we still got squat" Ojiro summarized, tapping his fingers against the table gently. He sat with his chin propped up on the back of a chair he turned around to have room for his tail.

Iida sighed tiredly, before slipping off his glasses, and massaging his eyes. He looked terrible, and every patrol with him was nerve wrecking, it was actually a wonder how the tailed boy remained
sane. Ochako herself ran for the hills after just one. Iida would rush off at the faintest sign of trouble, he would charge head first into the fray without any care for his own safety, and every time a body was found in the morning he would get this cold look, like ice had crept into his heart and frozen it still.

"I just hope he is all right. Ribbit" Froppy added, stirring her juice with a rainbow colored straw. They all did, only this hope left them feeling like traitors, because Izuku had done the unthinkable, and killed. They understood he killed evil people, drug traffickers, yakuza, murderers, only it didn't matter, because heroes aren't supposed to kill. Ochako discussed this once with Komori-sensei, when the man was walking down the corridor. He gave her a sad tight-lipped smile, and said he is doing his best to find the boy. When she asked if Izuku is the Villain Killer he didn't answer, he just shrugged.

"He will get caught eventually" Iida supplied, staring up at the sky, and watching the few clouds slip by. He had an impassive look on his face, and the afternoon sun illuminated his sharp features with something akin to classical beauty, if one was into squares that is. His arms were folded across his chest like he didn't care, but the cold glare in his eyes spoke different. Honestly, if Midoriya didn't get caught up till now, and the police had nothing to share that meant that they were grasping at straws.

In the end they started discussing all the facts they knew about The Demon, and tried coming up with ways to lure Midoriya out, and hopefully at least pass information to him, that he can go back, because the police knows nothing, and he isn't really even a suspect. Only would they be able to sit in a class with a cold-blooded murderer? As much as they wanted their friend back, they didn't have doubts that there was only one place Midoriya could go, jail.

"Anything else my fair lady?" Ryuuji grinned, before adjusting his glasses slightly.

"No, no, just the bill" Uravity replied without paying much attention. The waiter returned a moment later and they all paid their dues.

"Should I make sure your table will be available tomorrow at the same time?" the boy grinned. Uraraka couldn't help smiling at his thoughtfulness.

"Umm... I'm sorry but today was the last day of our internships and we won't be coming by for some time" she replied, and watched the guy's shoulders slump with dejection. For someone so cheerful Ryuuji-kun certainly had his little moods.

"Well, then I supposed it won't hurt" the guy breathed, and steeled himself visibly. "Tenya-san can I have your number?!" he half yelled, as his cheeks took on a red shade. The four students fell silent, surprised by the sudden turn of events. Iida was the first to snap out of it, and give Ryuuji a gentle rejection. The boy looked bummed out, however in the end he got the number covertly. Uraraka scribbled it on the back of the receipt she returned to the boy. Surely Ryuuji was not Midoriya, but he seemed nice, and Ingenium was a hero based in Hosu so Iida would be coming back here, and perhaps one day he would understand that he has to let the green haired rascal go.

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They were almost on the train back when a huge explosion erupted out of one of the back alleys. Somebody rolled out in a cloud of dust and smoke, before booking it right across the street, and vaulting over the car. A familiar head of pale blond hair flashed. Bakugou was chasing someone, someone incredibly fast. The villain, spun mid flip, and a silvery shard left his hand, whizzing through the air with a sharp sound. It caught Bakugou unaware piercing his thigh, and sending him to the ground.
"Impossible" Iida breathed, and the next instant he was running, smoke bursting from the pipes on his calves. The rest followed, Froppy and Tailman climbing up the nearest building, to get the bird eye's view, as Uravity followed. From the other end of the street she could see a familiar head of paper white hair, with the perpetually exhausted archer somewhere on the high ground. The Baku squad poured out of the alley, Kaminari and Mina pulling the enraged blond to his feet, as Kirishima shielded them. All the while the villain was escaping. Uravity followed as fast as she could. She just managed to get a glimpse of a black boot disappearing into the city's capillary like a virus hiding in a circulatory system of a healthy body. She could sense Komori's burning gaze on her back, as the boy ran right behind her.

"TAKE LEFT!" Shinsou's bass sounded from above, before he knocked and released the arrow. It hit the brick wall, missing the villain widely, but forcing him to make another turn. Another one followed, this time with a rope attached, letting the insomniac archer descend to the ground and hit it running just as Iida disappeared out of sight. Ochako's legs burned as she followed, but something about the chase was not right, it didn't fit the vicious way of fighting she saw at USJ, the acrobatics that bordered on inhuman.

"RIGHT!" Iida's bellow sounded ahead of them. Ochako managed to round the corner just in time to find Iida and Shinsou heaving with exertion and the demon standing in the end of the alley. The archer had a weird arrow knocked, one without a head, instead it had a yellow cylinder with three green stripes. However it was the look on Iida's face which almost had her scared. The navy eyes looked like a frozen ocean, sharp and unforgiving. A moment later the few classmates piled in. Out of the corner of her eye, she could see Tailman and Froppy on top of the building. Cellophane and Pinky stood behind her. They must have left Bakugou with Kirishima and Kaminari behind, opting to catch the villain killer. It was only then that she took the time to study the surrounded villain. He was wearing a bone white mask, with two black horns. The mask's mouth and brows were twisted into an angry frown. However that wasn't what hit her. The villain's hair didn't match. It wasn't black, like Tensei's report stated. Instead it was the color of wheat. Other than that he was wearing a heavy suit of armor, which was worn down, and torn in a couple of places.

The villain made to reach for a handle sticking out above his head, "DON'T MOVE!" Shinsou barked, only the villain didn't stop. Most would. The sword hissed, and the bowstring sang, sending the arrow flying. The villain twisted, and the arrow, already emitting some sort of gas, skidded against his chest. Tailman jumped down from the building, ready to attack from up high, as Tenya rushed forward at full speed. Shinsou moved to the side, and knelt, already knocking another arrow, to fire when an opening presented itself. Shouto pushed past her, and so did Pinky. Cellophane shot a long string of tape at the villain. And Uravity? She stood there, incapable of believing that what started as an effort to get their friend back turned into an all out fight. The villain flipped, back, just out of range of the tape which caught Tailman, thwarting his attack. Tenya kicked, but he missed, and the villain attacked his supporting leg, sending him to the ground. In the narrow opening Shinsou sent another arrow which met a knife halfway between the target and the archer. The villain looked around quickly, before running towards the dumpster. Froppy shot out her tongue, but missed, and the villain yanked her roughly off of the wall, before slamming the heavy, metal lid closed. Shouto sprang into action, quickly covering the ground in ice, and reducing the filed of battle by half. Cellophane's tape caught on the ice, once again missing its mark. Jumping and spinning, the villain planted his feet firmly on Tailman's chest sending the bulky hero flying. Ojiro hit the wall, with a heavy umpf and slid to the ground unconscious. Blood flowed from a small cut on his forehead. Perhaps it was this that sent Uraraka into action.

"WHAT THE HELL ARE YOU DOING?" she screeched, as she touched some spare trash and chunks of crushed ice laying about. Midoriya spared her a split second, just long enough for her to manage to throw herself to the ground, before a flying blade caught her.
Pinky attacked quickly, from behind, she threw thick sludge at the villain's feet, while trying to get in close enough to apply her acid. Only the villain would have none of it. He quickly unclipped something from his belt, a small white container, before dousing the acid hurling hero in its contents, a bluish powder. Ashido tried throwing her acid again, only to notice she wasn't producing it. The moment of surprise was all it took for the villain to kick her in the side of the head sending her to the ground. It was just in time for Iida to mount a desperate come back. He kicked widely, hoping to hit the villain in the ribs, but instead, a strong punch found the leg before he could put the full brunt of his weight into the attack, and force it back to the ground, before the short sword dug into flesh leaving a long cut starting at the knee and ending almost at the shoulder. Tenya screamed, before he was kicked in the gut, and rolled towards the wall.

In the confusion the villain dropped something, and in a few second the alleyway was filled with thick milky smoke. A grate and shuffle of shoes reached Uraraka's ears, and then a yelp and a loud thud. There was a sound of cracking ice, and then someone hit her on the back of the head, hard, and everything faded into black.

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"HE FUCKING WHAT?!" a familiar voice yelled, as Iida came to. His head hurt, and the skin on his thigh, and torso felt numb, and pulled in that weird way his forehead did when he almost cracked his head open when he was seven.

"Quiet Bakugou! Iida and Ojiro are still asleep" another familiar voice chided, and Iida released a groan. Slowly the fight was coming back to him, he remembered that they chased The Villain Killer, or rather Midoriya into a dead end. And then they tried taking him down. Habitually the class president palmed for the night stand, until his fingers met the sleek surfaces of his glasses.

"He fucking what?" Bakugou whisper yelled, as Iida stuffed the glasses onto his nose.

"I told you already man. He took down like half of our class, alone, and then escaped. Ojiro and Iida got pretty banged up" Kirishima explained. Iida turned his head to see the red head standing at the head of another hospital bed. Nurses were rushing about carting patients in and out.

"Don't sit up" Tensei muttered from the foot of his bed. He was leaning on the bed, frowning slightly as he looked off to the side. Tenya followed his gaze, to see his classmates in various states of hurt. At precisely that moment Bakugou chose to yell, and Kirishima took a pillow and smothered him with it, while waving at the nurse with an apologetic smile. "It's gonna leave a scar" his brother sighed. A cold sort of frustration wormed its way through Tenya's chest. He wanted to scream, he wanted to hit something, anything. It persisted, even as Tensei helped him change back into his clothes. Apparently the cut the villain left on him was only skin deep, he must have panicked, when the blade cut his abdomen, and forgotten he had a chestplate on. However even that was done expertly, it was completely not life threatening. Tensei didn't say a word as they worked through signing him out, and he didn't let him speak to his classmates for once. He looked tense, and worried, but most of all angry. Tenya was sure he was going to get an earful when they got home, he deserved it.

The ride back was quiet. Tensei sat staring out the window. Suddenly Tenya's phone beeped. He huffed, and pulled it out of his pocket, before opening the messaging app.

To his surprise it wasn't any of his contacts. He blinked, confused by the blue eyed, blond photo of a boy holding up a peace sign, and sticking out his tongue while winking, before it hit him who had just texted him. He had half a mind to put the phone down, but in the end curiosity won him over. He reached into his pocket, but his instead of finding his phone his fingers brushed against a piece of paper, which was odd because he never kept papers or garbage in his pockets, it wasn't the proper
thing to do. For a moment he sat motionless, fingers dancing across the creases of the tiny note. He frowned, before pulling it out. It looked like something one of the misbehaving students would slip between one another during classes, folded neatly into a tiny square no wider than two fingers. He unfolded it without a second thought, and froze up the moment he started reading.

Sorry for today. I am watched. Don't follow. Your life is in danger, leverage against me. Mole in UA. Get out of the city please. -I

He blinked, at the note, baffled, as the stitches on his thigh pulled at his skin. A weak noise must have escaped his throat because Tensei asked him something. He didn't quite hear what though. All his attention was focused on the note, as he read it time and again.

Tensei plucked it from his fingers nimbly, and read it just as quickly.

"Ahhh, shieeeet" the older man drawled, largely inappropriately, and Tenya would have intervened if he had not been still dumbstruck.

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"I want the boy back" Komori snarled, as soon as he sat down on the bench in the park. It stood right by the playground where Musatafu's youth frolicked in the setting sun.

"No" the man who tormented the city for the last couple of weeks replied hoarsely. Komori gritted his teeth, as the setting sun, irritated his skin despite the thick layer of sunscreen. The last couple of weeks Izuku had him running in circles, chasing dead end after dead end. Every lead was cold by the time he could find it, even if he found fingerprints and DNA they didn't amount to any useful picture, scattered haphazardly in no discernible pattern other than that there was always a dead body nearby. He hacked the police database too, and learned that Naomasa was on the case which was worrying all in of itself. The villain cleared his throat, before turning to his 'friend'. "I am not yet done with him" he explained patiently, and rested his head on his fist. His hair was tied back in a neat bun, the silver goatee lent his round features a bit of sharpness. Kyuketsuki scowled at him. How could the man treat his own son like a pawn. The child was gifted, extremely so, and had the will to push himself to attain the impossible.

"Do you not see what you are doing to him?" he hissed in frustration. He wanted to attack, to grab Midoriya by the throat, and dig his fangs into it, suck the life out of him until all that would be left was a shriveled up corpse. Only he knew he couldn't. Midoriya Hisashi never came unprepared, so there had to be a contingency now too.

"It's necessary" the villain cut short. Komori groaned in frustration, and then scowled at his finely polished shoes.

"For what?" he asked after a stretch of silence, "What is something worse than his own father turning him into a killer coming? Are we facing another crazy homicidal maniac who can turn a city into a nuclear ground zero?" he asked irritated, he clenched his fists so hard the nails dug crescents into his palms.

"For being a hero" Midoriya replied calmly, like it was the most certain thing in the world.

Komori stood up abruptly and faced his former student, "A HERO? ARE YOU COMPLETELY INSANE?" he roared, incapable of holding his anger in any longer. What the blood nun's tits? Did this man go completely bonkers? His chest heaved, with barely held back fury. "YOU MADE HIM INTO A MURDERER!" he bellowed. He didn't care if he drew the passersby attention. What the
flecked fuck kind of reasoning was that? A hero after what happened with Stain and almost a dozen other villains?! After how just today he put a number of his former classmates in hospital beds?!

Midoriya gave him a gentle smile, like he was going to explain addition to a four year old.

"Listen here ye fuckin' wanker!" he yelled, grabbing the front of his former friend's dark suit, and yanking him to his feet. "I am goin' to rip your feckin' throat out" he breathed, and locked eyes with the man. All warmth vanished from the emerald orbs, which once again reminded him of their darkest days as government agents.

"If you do that. He will forever remain a villain" Midoriya replied quickly and drew in a breath. Komori could see the green glare in the back of his throat. He dropped the man back onto the bench with a snarl.

"So tell me why you stupid fuck?" Komori asked, still standing. He glared, at the man, and watched him straighten his jacket, before leaning back once again.

"Because there is no more time left" Midoriya replied, and for just a second his expression flickered into something sad.

The hero was about to reply to that, because what sort of a cryptic nonsense was that, when Midoriya's watch beeped. A black portal ripped reality in half, and a moment later his friend vanished, leaving him staring at the empty bench, and a neat white paper taped onto it, which read: Freshly Painted.

***

Scalding water poured over his skin, as he washed the dye out. He had to be thorough about it, the wax which held his unruly hair in place was no piece of cake either. Putting on somebody else's skin was at first hard, but it became second nature fairly quickly. You had to not only look different, but behave differently, walk, gesture, play the whole life out in your head, and adapt, and by the time you were done there was no longer a you. There was just the other human. Perhaps that's why Izuku loved the times when he could be himself, freckled, with messy green hair and emerald eyes, jumpy and joyful, even if lately he didn't have reasons to be happy. But today was different, it went just as he planned it.

First he interrupted the bank heist, and managed to snatch the explosives, hiding them in the sewers, before the heroes arrived. And just as he predicted Bakugou and Kirishima showed up with their mentors, ready to stop the villains. While the masters were engaged in combat with the robbers, he managed to catch Bakugou's attention and lead the two off on a wild chase which took a few winding turns until they finally arrived at the train station, where Iida and his little merry band were waiting for the train. Good thing Tenya is a creature of habit, otherwise this whole convoluted trick might not have worked. Of course he could have escaped at almost every other turn. Bakugou did an admirable job at keeping up, but he made a fatal error on the last crossing.

And then the fight. He did his best to make sure not too many got hurt, but it didn't go exactly as planned. Todoroki and Iida forced his hand, and he had to resort to the gas grenade. But it gave him the perfect opportunity to slip in his message, even with his father's spies watching his every move.

He grinned to himself, scrubbing the last of the dye out. After the final rinse he stepped out of the shower. "I hope you like the view" he muttered to himself, as he wrapped a towel around himself. He wiped the mirror hanging on the wall with his scarred hand, and let himself stare for a moment. The plethora of scars littering his body had grown throughout the last couple of weeks. Absentmindedly, he rubbed his left thumb against his right palm, over the oldest reminder he had of
what it is like to fight for your life. His eyes trailed over the long, angry red and black trails on his arm, and then jumped to the long scar reaching his pectoral, Stain's gift. On his abdomen was the newest addition, which was given to him by Moonfish, a Stain wannabe. The guy escaped prison, but being the overindulgent type, dropped by one of the better known underground companionship bars, where for an appropriate sum you could get more than just nice conversation and overpriced drinks. He bought a night with a dark haired, rose cheeked cupid who stabbed him three times, the moment he had a chance. Turns out that even with a raptured aorta that bastard could put a hole in him.

Nevertheless he smiled, and left the tiny bathroom. He came across the apartment the same night he killed Stain. He still didn't quite get it, but he knew his father was behind it. How else do you explain wound miraculously healing overnight, and a key appearing in your pocket with a small label containing an address. Izuku stepped out of the bathroom and hissed as the cool air made contact with his skin. It felt good being Izuku again, not Ryuji Owata, even if Ryuji got to see his friends. This whole escapade to try and bring him back could only lend them in more trouble. Worse yet, if that bastard, his father, noticed how much they cared for him he might just use them as additional leverage, and hopefully after today his one good chess piece would be gone.

Izuku turned the corner and walked into the walkin closet. He clicked the light, and dressed quickly. He had another villain lined up already, and this time it wouldn't even be a difficult kill. All he had to do was slip a little bit of poison into the man's drink. But that could wait for tomorrow, today he deserved a day of rest. He glanced at the reinforced suit, melted in one place from acid, and missing a right arm, as though his father wanted him to remember the flame eating into his arm. He shuddered at the memory. The other wall of the closet was lined with swords, knives and guns. His father deemed his lack of training with firearms as an idiotic oversight. Komori himself never mentioned them, calling them weapons of cowards. But now, after just two weeks Izuku was kind of thankful, because they made his work hell of a lot more efficient, even if they were heavy, and his teacher was bitch from hell, and apparently Recovery Girl's secret love child or something. She went by The Beast, and Kurogiri and his father called her as such. After just one training Izuku agreed it was a very fitting name.

Having put on his pajamas, he walked to the kitchen and set the kettle. He craved tea, and sleep after today's excitement. As the water boiled he tried, once again, to figure out his father's motivation. Why was he training him to be an assassin. It made no sense. Especially because he knew Izuku was out to kill him, and he would happily climb a mountain of bodies to do so. The idealistic kid died long ago, and now he was a realist, and he knew that in order to actually implicate change he had to get his hands dirty. The other thing was that he had him killing villains, undoubtedly his rivals, but why kill them, when he could strong arm them into compliance. Izuku sighed with frustration. His thoughts spun around in circles. There was one thing he was sure of though. He couldn't go back. As things were, he never could, because he was now a villain, but he was also more than that. He smirked as the kettle whistled. He was the blackest shadow of the night, more terrifying to the villains of Hosu than even the famed Kyuketsuki. He was the white devil dancing on their graves, he was the knife in the darkness who was out there hunting them down one by one. He has heard them whisper, read their hastily written texts. He was always watching, like a perverted, murderous version of Santa. He didn't touch the ones who ended up villains through necessity though. He understood the system, because he faced it, he was part of it. The game was rigged. But every so often there was a rabid animal, who was too far gone and had to be put down, and in these cases he was the necessary evil. One which enjoyed green tea, cupcakes and an occasional, well deserved homicide.
A stifling silence fell over Hosu in the days that came. The body count rose above anything the detective originally assigned the case believed possible. To the daywalkers, passersby who brought Hosu to life with their work, and play during the day nothing changed. However the nights... they became a domain so frighteningly cold that even the bravest criminals hesitated to venture out and bet on their luck. Two weeks after he took the reports from class 1-A his desk was swamped with papers. Poisonings, a knifing by a drunk, five counts of hanging, disembowelment, decapitation. Whenever he closed his eyes it was like he was looking into that abyss filled with corpses, and something was staring back with ugly green eyes. He knew what this was, a war, only of a different breed, darker one. Where heroes caught the villains, and then they were tried and sentenced, the demon had no qualms about dealing out the ultimate justice. At the same time the attacks on heroes patrolling during the nights decreased dramatically, almost like an order was given to step back and regroup. That alone left a sinking feeling in his gut.

Immersed in rereading the testimonies and coroner reports, looking through photos of blood spatters, and multiple results of DNA tests all over the city he had a palpable feeling this was familiar saturated the smoke filled air of his small office. Today it was decided that conventional methods weren't getting them anywhere, and more drastic measures would be taken. Preparations for a sting were taking place two floors under him. Colorful heroes were ditching their costumes in favor of a more rugged, ill bearing gear. At the same time it seemed the city held its breath, waiting in anticipation, because today there would be a show like few others. With a sigh he leaned back in his chair, and closed his eyes.

"Don't move. Be quiet" a voice spoke, as something hard touched the back of his head. Naomasa's breath hitched with surprise. Whoever that was, how had they gotten in here? Out of the corner of his eye he could see the soft evening breeze gently caress the half open blinders. "Are you detective Naomasa Tsukauchi? Nod or shake your head, don't talk" the voice rasped. It was slightly higher than a man's ought to be, youthful, even if its owner tried their best to conceal their age. It crossed his mind that he might be dealing with the Demon in person. Did he come here to -

He winced as the metal pressed harder into the back of his head and nodded quickly, hoping this isn't going to be the last thing he does. Currently he was regretting the unholy amount of coffee he drunk earlier, because getting killed in a police precinct is one thing, but pissing yourself while at it is quite another. A paper slid onto his desk.

"This is some useful intel on Drago I managed to gather. Don't trust anyone else with this. He is screwing around with the Yakuza, and if he gains their trust no one will be able to stop him" the voice said with hardly hidden worry. Silence fell as Tsukauchi glanced at the envelope. It was neatly tied with a string, and an emblem seemed printed onto the paper. Very slowly he reached for it, aware of the barrel still nuzzling his short hair gently. His fingers suddenly felt very stiff, and before he could use his better judgment he asked, "Why?"

"Because I can't do this alone detective" the assailant replied, and heavy silence fell. Suddenly the
pressure on the back of his head disappeared. Naomasa didn't dare move a muscle. Of all the people he knew better than to try and play a hero. The Demon had no conscience, according to one of his consuls whoever was behind the killings was a complete psychopath. So there was no doubt the gun would be fired, and he would be on its receiving end if he tried to fight. He drew in a breath, realizing he stopped breathing a while ago, and reached for the envelope. Is this some kind of a ploy? Or did the Demon come here because of something else? Questions were rushing through his head like crazy, as he unwrapped the black string. Below the move out order was issued.

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Iida sat at his grandfather's staring out across the field. Warm, salty breeze blew, dragging with it the smell of the sea. He looked out across the water at the few village lights, trying to, despite all possibility, see what is going on far away, wherever Izuku is. The scar on his thigh pulled angrily. After that battle in the alley he had no doubts about who hid behind the demon mask.

"Sitting out here again, eh?" a creaking voice belonging to his grandfather reached his ears. The old man didn't sleep well, and could Tenya really blame him. Tengai Iida, was a man who was once known as the hero Godspeed, but that was a long, long time ago, and nowadays few even remembered him. Izuku certainly did, but he was obsessed. Tenya huffed under his breath, realizing his thoughts strayed towards the boy he loves, and who betrayed him like that.

"Yes, grandpa" Tenya replied looking over his shoulder. The muscular man was wearing a navy Ingenium bathrobe, and matching slippers. His hair had turned a thunder blue color with age, and he sported two large sideburns, which gave him a look more fitting for a previous epoch. "Must be things of the heart" the man hummed sagely, before trotting over to his grandson. Tenya didn't reply instead he stared over the calm waters. His fingers trailed over the white gauze, like he could trace the stitches through it. They were due to come off soon. Still he couldn't get the message out of his head and the consequences it brought.

"Grandpa, what would you do..." he trailed off trying to find the words. For once he didn't chop the air, it seemed mute, because what was he to highlight? His own inability to handle his relationship? Izuku's unwillingness to trust despite all he had done to prove himself trustworthy? He wanted to be angry, and yet he couldn't find the rage he knew should be boiling underneath. It just felt like these couple of years were all for nothing, all that trust he thought they had, and it hurt like a son of a bitch! His shoulders slumped, and he drew in a breath, trying to recenter himself. "What would you do if someone you loved didn't trust you?" Tenya asked, and sniffled. He bit his bottom lip, hearing how watery his voice sounded. A thick arm, pulled him close, just like he remembered his grandfather doing when he was upset in his younger years. Before he realized it he was crying, whizzing out the story of how Izuku vanished without so much as a word, and next thing he knows the person he loved is out there on the streets killing just like his father, doing the exact thing they feared.

"You mean little Izuku?" his grandfather sighed, and Tenya nodded frantically.

"He thinks my life is in some sort of dan-

His words were cut of by the world tumbling madly around them. Fire burst through the doors, huge and unforgiving, as the thunder of explosion reached their ears. The last thing Tenya felt, was a heavy weight pinning him to the ground.
The silencer spat a couple of times, illuminating the night like a falling star, "Target retrieved. Extraction required" someone spoke into the intercom. The world was swimming, blurring in and out of focus. A massive headache was gathering behind Tenya's eyes, as he coughed loudly. He could feel sharp edges digging into his arms, and back, and in a valiant effort he flipped over. He struggled onto all fours, frantically looking around in the darkness. He had to find grandpa, they had to get out of here. How were they found? With great effort he managed to stand, but didn't even manage a step before sharp pain shot through his leg. A hoarse cry ripped from his throat, as he fell to the ground, hitting it clumsily, only to come eye to eye with the charred remains of the man two generations ago was said to be invincible.

And all he could do, was scream, as the man came closer, and the moon illuminated his short blond hair.

***

Three things can't stay long hidden: the sun, the moon, the truth. The Demon repeated the mantra in his mind, as he sat motionless, eyes peering over the edge of the roof, as the truck dropped off a bunch of goons three storeys below. Something about them didn't sit right. There was no word on the street about someone jumping Old Man Yamazaki. In fact it was one of the most upstanding, law abiding citizens in this part of town. The problem was that the men had their faces covered by plastic masks, leaving little to figure out who they were. They were lurking by the entrance to an alley, a dead end, watching the shop like they were scoping it out. Why weren't they moving to make the jump? The Demon breathed, before crawling back. He pulled out a rather battered laptop, and it clicked to life, displaying a green prompt. In a flash he accessed the backdoor he installed on the detective's computer while they had their 'chat'. He browsed quickly, not opening any windows lest the man notices the machine acting up, and figures out someone managed to slip into the police system.

"This doesn't fit" he muttered, listing the orders issued by the higher ups. Something wasn't adding up. The number of patrols in 'his part of town' was doubled, and yet no policeman was in sight. "So a trap" he mumbled, rubbing his chin. This wasn't very surprising to be honest, sooner or later they would come after him. That's why he came over today, he needed an ally on the inside, and it was just his luck to pick the man who was tasked with bringing him in. The Demon closed the computer, and stuffed it back into the black backpack. Like a shadow he dropped back to the street level, sneaking around the masked policemen to his bike. Once there he pulled off the mask, and hid it in his pack. He threw a tarp over the black beast of a machine, and covered his face and hair in soot, before pulling a blanket out from one of the dumpsters. It stunk to high heavens, but no one would take him for a vigilante wrapped up like that. He threw it over himself, hugging it to his chest, and swaying a little as though alcohol was running rampant in his blood.

"Merry o'ho Cindy, Cindy! Home Sweet Cindy!" he bellowed at the top of his voice, as he trudged down the alley away from the police. Looks like any villains who are 'working' tonight will have to deal with the police instead. "Get along home! Sweeeeet Ciiiiindy!" he crowed, and hiccuped loudly. He was overselling it by a long shot, but who knew who was watching. All in all he was lucky that he waited instead of attacking straight ahead. Who knew what sort of backup the policemen below had. Who knew if they were policemen in the first place.

He swayed around the corner, with a small spin, and a faux trip, before bumping into someone a little taller than himself.

"Oho! Sorry mister!" he crowed boisterously with a mad grin, but no answer came. He opened his eyes, and his firm grip on the rotting blanket slacked. The dirty material fell to the ground pulling at his feet, as he held his breath, staring into a pair of confused ice blue eyes sitting just under a paper
white fringe. Shouto was wearing his white suit, which now bore a few smudges from where Yamaguchi bumped into him. Yamaguchi gulped, as Shouto blinked down at him. Izuku grew aware of the fact that this time his disguise was much too thin. Just some hair paint, and a fake scar on his cheek, way too little. He quickly bent down to reach for the blanket. Hopefully it wasn't too late to play this off.

"You are awfully young to be drinking" Shouto's calm voice froze him mid movement. His heart thundered in his ears as he side eyed the taller teenager. I am Yamaguchi Shishi, orphan and runaway, who sleeps in the dumpsters, hears nothing, knows nothing, spends his days begging and nights drinking himself to sleep. The background story he told himself today evening ran through his mind only the spool didn't want to rewind and give him a hint about anything else, and questioning blue eyes bored into him with intensity of lasers.

His feet left the ground the same instant it was frozen. Mid cartwheel, he grabbed the ragged blanket and threw it at Shouto. He landed, and wobbled, on the icy sidewalk, but held his balance, as a knife slipped into his hand. Shouto was already on him, throwing a straight with his left, as the the right nimbly slipped between his legs. Izuku dived under the punch, and pushed his weight against Shouto's middle, he slid his shoulder between the other boy's legs, before heaving with a loud cry. Startled, Shouto didn't mount much of a defense, as Izuku in one move flipped him over and onto the concrete. He didn't wait for Shouto to get his bearings back. That, honestly, was the last fucking thing he needed right now. Who knows how many cops are prowling about, he needs a freaking Todoroki/Komori trained, quirk engineered, pure bred motherfuckery to be on his tail. Needles to say, he bolted straight towards the wall, jumped up, rebounded, caught a pipe, flipped over, and climbed the fire escape, as Shouto shook the stars out of his eyes below.

"It's him!" somebody's distant cry reached his ears from the left.

"Crap" Izuku breathed, pulling the demon mask out of his pocket and slipping it back on his face, before dashing off. He ran as fast as he could, hearing the clamor of his perusers boots. At some point he threw his backpack off and down into the streets. In a tide of luck, a huge branch missed him by a hair, and forced him into actually diving off the edge. Air rushed past him, as he fell throwing a thin wire, and swinging on it, as the pipe it caught on creaked with exertion. Wood. Kamui Wood, most likely. That's not good, that's very, very bad. Worse yet if they have tracking heroes. He landed heavily, taking the full brunt of his weight in a roll, and transitioning to a sprint. However before he could escape the only way out of the alley was cut of by the wood manipulating hero, now unmasked. His thoughts scrambled, as he blindly threw the smoke grenade, and looked around. Someone landed heavily behind him, and he jumped aside, just in time to dodge a whip hitting the ground.

"Midnight" he ground out. Two against one. Kamui and Midnight. Mid and long distance hero, focused around utilizing wood, which had to be in direct skin contact with him. Heroine, close range, but capable at fighting mid range battles. One whiff of her sleeping gas and he is out. The Demon, all ranges fighter, currently equipped for close and mid range fight. The gun weighed heavy on his hip, reminding him or an ultimate weapon he could use in case he risked breaking the first rule of Komori's and Drago's code: don't get caught.

"You are surrounded! Give up!" Midnight demanded, cracking her whip. The smoke behind him would soon diffuse, forcing him into an uneven fight. Sitting still an average human can hold their breath for up to two minutes. But during rigorous exercise, sometimes half a minute is already more than enough to black out. Izuku felt, cold sweat crawl down the back of his neck. Something told him, that no amount of faking, or playing would get him an opening. The heroes came here to catch him, and they wouldn't let their guard down, no matter what. The steel of the sword grated on the
sheath, as he pulled the weapon out, and gave it a slow twirl. He took a couple of deep breaths, trying to steady his hammering heart, as he glanced over his shoulder. Kamui's thick branches spread out, ready to trap him in a web, and hold him down until the 18+ heroine would do her deed.

"Kid don't make this difficult" Kamui, called behind him. Izuku lowered his sword, and adjusted his stance, one foot out, the other pointed towards Midnight. Kamui always needed some time to mount his attack, and in the enclosed space taking out Midnight was priority. It were times like these that he regretted not having outfitted the mask with some sort of breathing apparatus, he could really use it now. Leather gloves creaked on the swords hilt.

"Don't" Midnight warned harshly, just before Izuku closed his eyes, and let every thought in his head fall silent.

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Shouto had never seen something like this. That much was certain. He ran after the heroes, as soon as he managed to get his bearings. His back hurt, and there was bound to be bruising. He didn't expect an attack that reckless from Izuku, correction, he should have expected something this crazy or perhaps even more insane. His chest ached where the smaller boy had put the whole of his weight into the lift. Now, he was standing above the alley, not knowing if he should join in or stand and not get in the way. Midnight and Kamui Woods were shifting by millimeters, as the Demon, or rather Izuku Midoriya stood in a stance much like some of the ancient samurai drawings Komori-san had laying around, and his father hanging on walls. And then the fight happened. Shouto couldn't really say that it started, or ended, because the two were so close together. Midnight tore her costume. A small pellet fell from Izuku's hand, and the moment it hit the ground thick white fog burst colliding with the pink one he saw during the Sports Festival. Midoriya charged towards Kamui Woods, jumping on the thick wooden tentacles, until he flipped over the hero, and slashed widely, cleaving his back open. Kamui Woods screamed, and the Demon vanished into the shadows. Shouto tried looking where Midoriya might have escaped, tracing the outlines of the buildings to see if anyone was moving, but the night seemed to embrace the strange being that his friend had become.

Shouto frowned looking down at the dispersing clouds of smoke.

***

"They almost got him" Kurogiri remarked lazily, swiping through the footage. He set down the tablet a moment later, and busied himself around the iv. One by one he hung up the bags, as Midoriya replayed the footage over, and over, noting down even the most minute details. Truth be told, Izuku should have just shot the heroes, but they both knew he wouldn't do that no matter how many assassinations the boy was sent to perform he wouldn't murder heroes in cold blood. "It's interesting how he is working against you" the bartender remarked offhandedly, as he plucked the cup of pills from the tray, together with a tall glass of water.

"Yes, he is very creative" Drago replied, rubbing his chin, and sending the footage off. Another image took the screen. A boy with dark hair dressed in ripped and burned pajamas. A thick cast covered his knee, even if most likely he will never run again. A shame really, he had potential. The villain exhaled in relief as the drip started floating through the tube, filtering into his sunken veins. "But he should have kept young Iida in place, and instead I captured his retreating knight" Hisashi wheezed. His eyes drifted to the cup filled with a collage of pills. There wasn't much time left. He sighed, exhausted. "It's a shame everything turned out like this" he muttered, and Kurogiri pretended not to hear. He didn't want to intrude on the master's thoughts, even if the Midoriyas had the terrible habit of voicing most of them.

"Do not move the Yakuza operation, we need to force them to consolidate the research" Hisashi
ordered, straining against the medications. With a trembling hand he picked up the cup and downed it in one go. The villain's eyes were glassy, and his speech slurred as he gave orders, and Kurogiri could not stop admiring the man who was willing to give his life towards an end. "Kurogiri, I need you to send Komori and Todoroki after my son. Let's see if he is ready" Midoriya breathed with a frown. Next he leaned back and released an anguished sigh before passing out. Kurogiri knew the schedule was rushed, he feared that such a bold move might end in disaster, and yet he obeyed.
The thing that woke him was a sudden pressure on his knee, at least that's where he would have put it, somewhere below the kneecap, like the growth pains he had when he was a kid only a million times worse. Iida scrunched up his brows, and groaned, unfamiliar hardness surrounded his wrists, and a chill crawled over his skin. He opened his eyes and blinked, trying to figure out why the world wasn't coming into focus. Oh right, no glasses. And the bed was hard, why? Tenya frowned, inhaling sharply, his head swam. In a moment he felt nauseas now, and dirty, like he hadn't showered in a month, and he knew for a fact that's impossible, because he always showered in the mornings and evenings. A green flame flashed behind his eyes, and suddenly it was like his head was slammed underwater. Memories snagged onto his senses, prying into them like nails. The sudden blow of explosion, the bright green flame turning night into day. And then he saw his grandfather's eyes, and the lifeless void left in them. A choked scream escaped him, before bile finally rushed up his throat. He bent over the bed, and heaved, before throwing up all over the floor. His arms strained against restraints, as he hung on them limply. The stench of burning meat was lodged in his nose, as he tried catching his breath.

"Hey, hey, easy, easy" someone pushed him back. His hair flopped in his eyes, before a blond blur came closer. He had to squint hard to make out whoever it was. "Don't move" the man, he thought it was one, said gently, before pushing a pair of glasses onto his nose. They weren't exactly right, and his vision was still slightly blurry, "I'm sorry Iida if they aren't perfect, I didn't know your exact prescription" the blond in front of him said, scratching his cheek bashfully. Iida blinked, starstruck. Kneeling in front of him, with an apologetic grimace on his lips, he looked evidently distressed and Iida's first instinct ought to have been to comfort his classmate, because that's what heroes do isn't it? They comfort the people in trouble. Only...

"What the fucking hell?" Iida breathed lowering himself down, and back onto the bed. He needed to process this, really chew through it. On his way down he saw the thick bars on the doors. He blinked, unhurriedly, staring at the ceiling, as slowly, to the soft chatter of Ojiro's rather pleasant voice. It was a very nice voice, even if usually quiet, polite and reserved. And then the realization hit him like a truck. His leg was busted, he and Ojiro were locked up together, and the last thing he remembered was being nearly blown to smithereens. It took him a moment to swallow the dryness in his mouth, and force his mildly complacent brain into turning his head to once again look at the blond furred monkey-boy and 1-A's little sunshine number 2. Currently number 1.

"Ojiro?" he queried slowly. He wasn't sure what's going to come next, but relief washed over him, the moment his classmate fell silent. He looked at the boy carefully. His tail was wrapped around the ankle, his goto nervous gesture, and his eyes were looking everywhere but at Iida. He was close, so close that if Iida wasn't restrained he could probably grab on to the black shirt the blond was wearing. It matched well the cargo pants and military boots. It hit Iida that this wasn't exactly a school uniform. "What happened?" he asked as calmly as he could, and hissed the moment he tried to move his leg. He glanced down at it and froze. How hadn't he noticed it earlier. A cage of metal surrounded the knee. It started mid thigh, and ended at his calf. Long bolts extended, into his leg. He
gasped, how had he not felt it? He wanted to reach for it, but once again the restraints made it impossible.

"Ojiro?" he growled, turning to the blond once again. He was going to throttle the small boy, hero or not, if he doesn't get an explanation, right fucking NOW!

"Look. Calm down" Ojiro answered hurried, waving his hands in an unthreatening gesture, "I had no more choice in being here than you. I am really sorry about what happened. They have my little brother, I had no choice!" Mashirao almost yelled that last part. Only now Iida was pissed off.

"What do you mean you had no choice?! You shot me you bastard!" he bellowed at the other boy, who got to his feet and leaned forward, taking advantage of his height.

"He said he will kill my brother if I don't obey! Do you think I wanted to?!!" Mashirao shouted. His voice cracked mid sentence. Angry tears gathered in the corners of his eyes, his face was red, and fists clenched at his sides, like he was ready to physically lash out.

"Yeah! I think you did!" Iida roared back, straining against the cuffs.

"Well then go fuck yourself Iida! I hope you never walk again!" Ojiro screamed, tears finally breaking over. It might have been the fact that he had never seen Ojiro cry, tremble so violently like he is about to jump on top of him and punch him unconscious. Ojiro let's go of a strangled cry, before pacing a circle around the little cell. When he finally stops he looks a little calmer, he seems about to say something, but instead just leaves.

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"Where is it?" Kyuketsuki breathes into the man's ear. "Where is the lab?" he specifies, pressing the villain's face into the concrete harder. He might be a tad more violent than usual, but he is desperate now. Hisashi is up to something, something really bad judging by the weird ill smell he emitted when they met. There are some perks to being a literal bloodsucker. A couple of days ago, after he cooled down, and stopped hammering an antique suit of plate armor with an equally old mace he realized a couple of things. First of all Drago was ill, how did he know? Well, first of all, he is the mystical, mysterious and phenomenal Dracula! And with that ancient quirk comes a lot of perks. He is capable of smelling blood, his most convenient way of trucking villains, and Hisashi's breath stank of it, almost like it bubbled up in the back of his throat. Not to mention it smelled wrong, foul, rotten. Hisashi was dying, that's what he meant by running out of time. And naturally, like every human, he was scared. Komori grinned, showcasing his razor sharp fangs, and the man under him writhed.

"I will rip out your throat with my teeth. And just if you are wondering I have a license for it" he hummed, nonchalantly, letting a little bit of saliva dribble onto the man's exposed neck. The villain stilled immediately.

Now there was a good reason why he went after that low life in particular. Zaichi Momoshi is a particular breed of scumbag dealing with buying and selling regulated substances, possibly the biggest vendor in the city. Normally he would ignore him, letting lower level heroes deal with him, only somehow that slippery eel always managed to slither away to safety. Morisuke lived a very long time, and he was very aware of the power of medicine developed experimentally under the pressure of time when no one tallied the costs, and only the results mattered. He had seen World War II after all, and was part of the very process. His red eyes glowed dangerously at just the memory. Most likely Hisashi was attempting to create some sort of miracle drug as he was having this 'conversation'. That was the only logical conclusion seeing as almost all the more notable black market doctors and blacklisted researchers have suddenly vanished from the face of the earth, and large amounts of expensive chemicals were disappearing left and right. It was a brilliant cover,
forcing an organized offensive during the night, as small teams robbed the hospitals in the dead of the
night. And of course with the inflow of wounded heroes no one paid attention if they were a couple
oxygen bottles short, and certainly no one looked closely enough to see that the prices of all the
opiates, anesthetics and any sort of biochemical agents on the black market hit the all time high. It
took Komori a while, but of course Hisashi's pride got the better of him, and he had to boast. That
didn't make the idiotic plan for his son any easier to understand. He forced Izuku into becoming a
murderer. Worse yet the kid was, to put it bluntly, extremely talented in that field. But that was in no
dirty way heroic!

"Now, tell me where is the lab you dropped off the morphine shipment" Komori growled, digging
his fingers into the man's scalp. He was a villain, and the vampire has had a terrible day.

California girls
We're unforgettable
Daisy dukes
Bikinis on top
Sun-kissed skin
So hot

Komori's phone howled, and his eyelid twitched. He could have sworn he muted it. "Any minute
now, chap" he said, and reached for his knife. If he had to he would rough that bastard up a little
before tying him up like smoked ham and leaving for the police to transport to prisons. Meanwhile
Katy cried about sun kissed skin, whipped cream, what not, which really didn't do him any favors
regarding the 'fear factor', he worked so hard to instill in villains.

"Now!" he yelled, in his deepest voice, forcing out a rushed confession. A moment later he slammed
the poor bastards head against the pavement, and listened to the deliciously wet crack his nose gave
upon kissing the concrete.

"Hero Kyuketsuki speaking" he chirped into the phone, as soon as he saw it's Tensei calling.

"Tenya is missing. I think he was kidnapped" were the first words he heard, and he had to admit he
didn't expect that, "I am just at grandpa's house and it's burned to the ground! Oh... no..." Tensei cut
off, evidently startled.

"Tensei, where are you?" Komori asked, already getting off of the villain. The house was burned,
that was enough to send him running, and not wait for his boyfriend to give him an answer. Instead
he activated the tracing program. He scaled one of the walls, and got to the rooftop in possibly his
best time ever. Burned. The word echoed in his ears, as the black motorcycle steered around the
corner, and came to a halt. Komori sped up and jumped down, landing on the moving machine
below with a heavy thud. The next instant he twisted the throttle back and sped out onto the
highway.

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"You will arrive at your destination in two hundred meters" the computer echoed in a disembodied
voice in his helmet. The rocky road made it hard to use the bike efficiently, but Tensei hadn't replied
since he started moving, and that was almost half an hour ago at almost top speed of a Suzuki
Hayabusa, he was certain he broke more than a fair share of rules, and at one point there might have
been a police patrol on his tail. He rounded the corner with some difficulty, and stopped the bike
when he saw what once must have been a magnificent home, and was currently no more than
foundations and a pile of charred wood.

"Motherfucker" he breathed, before pulling off his helmet, and circling the structure on foot. He
found Tensei a little behind the back of the house, kneeling over a body.

"Tensei! Tensei!" he hollered, barreling towards the tall man, until he was standing right behind him. He was answered by a tear stained face. Komori couldn't stop himself from releasing a relieved exhale. Tensei was all right, thank god. But they his eyes trailed over the body, and his heart stuttered. Laying in Tensei's arms was an aged hero he used to be well acquainted with, Godspeed, one of the fastest heroes to have ever lived. Something in his chest heaved, shrunk in and then exploded like a miniature sun. His fingers twitched, as he took in the mangled skin, the almost black yet greenish burns. His eyes blazed with infernal fire.

"I am going to kill him" Morisuke breathed, before directing his gaze at Tensei. He had to get the man out of here, he was in shock, and staying here would do him no good.

"Tenya was with him" Tensei hiccuped, and Komori's heart stilled. He had to get a grip, he had to stay rational. If he let Hisashi manipulate him into mind games he would make a mistake. He took a couple of breaths, trying to wrestle his jumping heart back into the sinus rhythm. "Izuku slipped Tenya a message" Tensei said in a hollow voice, it almost seemed like his soul left, his eyes were hollow, devoid of any emotion. "He said that Tenya was in danger and should get out of town. That UA is not safe" the words sounded mechanical, almost practiced, like he said them over and over for the last eternity. Tensei's voice was flat, but the implication was there. This happened because of Izuku. Morisuke didn't know what to say to that. Did Izuku work with Hisashi now? Did he embrace the dark side, and become a tool in his father's hands? Or was he an unwilling accomplice, forced to do the villain's bidding through some sort of twisted leverage.

"We will get him back" Komori said after a beat of silence. He wasn't sure how, but he knew that he is bringing Izuku back home, and that he will find Tenya, and finally at the end of it all he will put Hisashi Midoriya in the dirt, damned be the consequences.

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"Anything else I can get you?" the blue skinned, white haired bartender asked. There were just the slightest scales visible on his cheeks, and his razor sharp teeth made him resemble a sort of shark or perhaps a fish. Only the sleeked back white hair didn't match. Kirishima wasn't much for gay bars, and he wasn't much for rule breaking, but even if he was fifteen, he did look kind of mature for his age, and the fact that he owned a fake id, curtesy of his older sister sometimes worked wonders. Truth be told he wanted to get out of his little apartment. Ever since the night when he found Midoriya on his floor, which was red by the way, he kept on having this vivid dream. He would stand over his friend, only this time he wasn't capable of stemming the bleeding and the small boy died on his hands, leaving him crying, and begging. So he did his best not to sleep too much, or if he did to stay in a dreamless limbo, which left him exhausted in the end. And at this point he didn't really know what to do. He feared confiding in Kami, and Baku wouldn't really get it either. And supposedly bartenders were good listeners. The club in itself was quite cool. Lots of dudes were shirtless, living in the moment and without regrets, in fact he traded in his very own shirt for a beer at the counter. The same beer he was nursing for the last half an hour, to the lazy drone of the dying down music. He came in here late, or maybe early, he kind of lost track of time wondering about the city.

"Nah, I'm good man" he grinned at the bartender. The man gave him a doubtful look. He had vivid blue eyes, so light they looked almost like thunder, with a vertical pupil, which was currently blown wide due to the darkness.

"You sure, you know there isn't a lot to do, we can just talk, if you need to" the man offered. He was wearing a white shirt, which a few hours ago might have been freshly pressed. The top two buttons were undone revealing a muscled chest in the same color as his face. Truth be told most of the
patrons were leaving. The other bartender was clearing the other side of the bar. The man in front of him mixed a pair of quick drinks with whiskey or something golden colored. A pair of cherries was dropped on top of crushed ice, and the golden concoction added, before the glass was placed right by his beer, with an I-know-you-are-underage wink.

"Thanks man" Kirishima mumbled. Was the guy coming onto him?

"Not a problem. My name is Tetsu Oniizuka" the man said earnestly, before taking a sip from his own glass, "And you?" he queried, leaning on the bar, and pointing a finger at Kirishima.

"Eijiro Kirishima, and maybe I could actually do with some talking" he sighed, and his shoulders slumped. What the hell? Maybe it would help? He was always told talking about his worries would ease them. "I can't sleep" he finally said, after a beat of silence.

The bartender whistled lowly, "Insomnia or nightmare?" he queried tilting his head a little. It looked like it's not the first time he had a client like that. Well, bartenders are after all the psychotherapists of the masses.

"Nightmares" Kirishima answered quickly, he grimaced a little, trying to collect his thoughts before he started up again. He told the man about how he had this vivid dream of his friend dying in his arms, all because he saw them get seriously hurt on time. And then how they lost contact and next thing he knows is that friend became a villain. He didn't even notice when he told him, about UA, and how his class had gone up against the villain. He almost yelled when he described the thrilling chase which ended with Bakugou taking a knife in the leg. The bartender in turn nodded, and gasped in all the appropriate moments, like he was listening to a riveting story, not a tale told by a highschool boy who might be already getting a little drunk on that weird golden drink. "I don't get it! He is quirkless, and yet he lived such a manly life before he became a villain!" Kirishima's voice boomed in the empty club. It was now just the two of them, and he was certain he was drunk, but it was so nice to finally talk it out.

"Manly?" the bartender queried, before taking a long gulp of his drink.

"You know! Without regrets!" Kirishima hooted. He noticed the bartender giving him a sad smile, it was there for just a moment, almost like he imagined it, because the next moment it was replaced by a radiant grin, and a throat laugh.

"Oh, kid, you are great" Onizuka-san gasped, before taking off his apron, "Now come one. We gotta go, it's almost five o'clock"

The statement almost made Kiri catapult himself out of the comfy bar stool, only it seemed two or three drinks had really gone to his head, as he tripped and sprawled out on the floor. He let loose a pitiful groan, before the bartender circled the bar and picked him up with relative ease. Kirishima noticed he was rather short, but plenty strong, such a manly guy. As Onizuka-san locked up he kept Kiri loosely draped over himself, as though afraid the already half asleep teen would just fall to the floor and decide that it's a perfectly sound bed.

Kirishima woke up in his bed, or at least he thought he did. Onizuka-san must have carried him back home somehow.

"Sorry for getting you drunk man" a familiar voice said softly. It must have been a dream, because he recognized it.

"Midoriya?" he queried weakly, opening his eyes. Early morning light was falling in through the window, coloring the small room in golds and reds. Sitting under the wall was the bartender from last
night. Only his voice was different, and his hair seemed to slip out from the strong control of some hair product back into the unruly locks which Midoriya usually sported. The blue on his face was rubbed off in a couple of places showing pale skin. There was a pounding in Eijiro's skull like a tiny green goblin was given a sledgehammer and too much caffeine. His limbs felt heavy and stiff, with sleep.

"I just wanted to say thank you. For saving my life" Izuku said, and got up. Once again Kirishima didn't make the effort to reach out and stop him.

A moment later sleep overtook him again. Some ten hours later Kirishima awoke to find a huge bruise on his forearm. He didn't make much of it, and truth be told he didn't really remember what happened between Oniizuka-san getting him home, and him waking up well into the afternoon with a massive headache.

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"Do you need me to squat and cough?" Izuku drawled, as Kurogiri's sharp eyes took a look at him. He was already buck ass naked, where was he to hide weapons?

"No. Put these clothes on, and follow me" his father's caretaker instructed. Izuku complied, slipping on a clean white shirt, and a pair of black slacks. He was left barefoot, but he didn't particularly care about that, living with Komori-san taught him that a warm floor is a luxury. But that didn't matter. He was about to see his father, the man who turned him into a killer, one he swore to kill. His heart was hammering madly, as he worked the buttons, unsure of what awaited. Another fight? A tearful apology? It seemed like there were two Hisashi Midoriyas, a dutiful father, and the villain Drago. Which one would it be this time?

Kurogiri led him down a long, poorly lit corridor, before ushering him through the door into a spacious and modern office. One of the walls was a row of floor to ceiling windows, showing off a breathtaking view of Tokyo. Izuku made sure to memorize where the key landmarks stood, so that when the time is right he could bring the fight to his father, and end him once and for all. Behind a large mahogany desk sat Hisashi. His hair looked thinner than Izuku remembered, and his cheekbones stuck out more, almost like he lost weight. Apparently running a criminal enterprise took its toll on him, Izuku concluded. His father was wearing a gray shirt, two buttons open, and matching navy slacks with black loafers.

"Sit, please" Hisashi said, gesturing lazily to the single chair sitting before the desk.

"I'd rather stand" Izuku replied defiantly, walking closer, and folding his hands behind his back. For a moment they stared into one another's eyes, like two predators waging silent wars. Finally Hisashi looked away, and sighed tiredly. He didn't say a word, instead he clicked a button on the keyboard laying before him, and a TV mounted on the wall came to life. A grainy picture of a well built boy, with a leg surrounded by a metal brace appeared, and Izuku gasped. A million thoughts rushed through his head. What was Tenya doing there?! HOW?! His mind roared under the wave of disbelief. This wasn't possible, not in the slightest. He was so careful, so methodical, he made sure that every single one of his father's henchmen hadn't noticed anything.

"It was a valiant effort, and I command you on it" his father said flatly, but Izuku couldn't look away from the screen, from Tenya shoveling down food from a metal tray, one hand cuffed to the railing of the primitive bed. "I am saying this because you almost succeeded, you almost managed to get rid of my leverage" his father hummed. The words barely reached Izuku though, as a pound of lead seemed to settle in his gut. He wanted to run to the TV, hammer at it, even if Tenya wouldn't hear him. He wanted to jump at his father, and tear his throat out, even if he would be burned to ash in the process.
"You remember our little deal? You do as you are told and he lives, and the way I see it you broke the deal" his father drawled. Izuku's heart stopped. No, no, no.

No.

He turned his head to face at his father, at the dispassionate almost bored look on his face.

"Please" Izuku whispered. He could feel tears gathering in his eyes. Fear clutched his heart in an icy grip. His father looked up, a hint of amusement dancing in his eyes, as he tilted his head, "Please" Izuku breathed, feeling his whole body shake. His breathe was lodged in his throat, his hands shaking. "Please don't" he whispered, trembling like a leaf. His mind blanked, and he could feel the heat of the first tear slipping from his eye, and running down his cheek. Any hatred in his heart was extinguished by fear.

"And why wouldn't I?" his father asked, leaning back in the soft leather office chair. He folded his hands into a small triangle, like he was bargaining for a bag of oranges, not discussing cold blooded murderer.

Izuku's thoughts rushed, but no answer seemed satisfactory. His head seemed to overflow and be completely empty. And when he saw his father reaching for the keyboard, in an act of pure desperation he uttered the words which sealed his fate, "I'll do anything, just don't hurt him"

The venomous smile his father gave him foretold the horror which was about to start, now that he had Tenya in his clutches, and there was nothing Izuku could do about it.

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His father's request was something which made Izuku want to throw up. It wasn't however because of its depravity of vile. He wasn't going to murder someone, innocent or not. All his father asked of him was to bring him someone, a student from UA, and to do that tomorrow. Hisashi Midoriya made him a deal. Tomorrow he would have to return to UA, find Monoma Neito, and bring him back to his father alive. That evening Izuku spent attempting to penetrate UA's security system. Only, there were no open ports, no external devices, honeypots on honeypots. Every time he thought he had found something it turned out to be a dead end. It was almost like someone had been expecting UA to be attacked from the web.

He looked with distaste at the contents of the envelope his father gave him. There was a piece of paper with objectives he must accomplish tomorrow by midnight, or Tenya dies, and a single student id made out to one Izuku Midoriya.

Late at night, after running into the fiftieth or so dead end, a bitter laugh escaped Izuku. This didn't make any sense. The tasks his father gave him were always difficult, but possible to accomplish. This was suicide. There was no scenario in which he came back from this with or without Monoma. Worse yet, there was probably no chance of coming back alive. He would be recognized, captured, and sentenced to death or Tartarus. And if he wouldn't let himself be captured then certainly there were people happy to put him out of his misery.

Around three he finally broke down. He cried like a child, covering his face with his scarred hands. He fell asleep by the table, his body shaken by weak sobs, as he tried to make peace with the impossible choice.

***

At eight forty five the following day a boy with forest green hair stood just outside the school gates,
his name was Izuku Midoriya, and he was ready to do whatever it would take to accomplish the impossible goal set before him.

"Here goes nothing" he muttered, before walking through the gate.
UA, a school for young heroes, the safest place on earth. That was the advertisement slogan everyone in Japan came to believe. It was a place of blinding light, and glory, and many put everything on the line to get into it. From personal experience Izuku knew it had one of the best security systems on the face of the earth, cameras with facial and gait recognition, biometrically coded IDs. He looked around wearily, and watched the students talking to one another, all of them streaming around him like a river around a stubborn rock. He sighed, and took a step forward. For the first time in his life there was no plan, no clear route to victory, which he could execute.

This morning, after a nearly sleepless night he crammed everything he could into his backpack, before putting on his armor, and then the school uniform over it. There was a heavy feeling in his gut, and he could tell he was being watched just now, only not by whom. His foot crossed the line of the school gate. He half expected alarms to go blaring, and then teachers to pour out into the courtyard to apprehend him. For a moment he stood, frozen, awaiting the final blow, only nothing happened. Confused, he blinked. Someone bumped into him, and threw a hurried apology over their shoulder before rushing off.

"What the?" he gasped, and shook his head right after. Birds chirped to the clamor of hundreds of pairs of feet. He shook his head again, and moved. He had to stop doubting everything. "I have to adapt" he breathed, slaloming through the students, and keeping careful watch for familiar faces. The bell would ring in five minutes, he needed to find Monoma by then. But there was an issue, class 1-A and 1-B were right next to each other, so his windows of opportunity would be very narrow. What about detection? Well, he was prepared to go down fighting, his backpack and pockets were crammed with grenades, explosives, ammo, and even a folded automatic rifle. He only took rubber bullets, apart from one clip, but still he didn't want to shoot anyone, especially not people who were just bystanders in this game his father forced on him. "Stupid chess" he gritted out, taking a left, and walking into the boy's bathroom. He nearly backed out seeing a familiar head of white hair at the urinal. "Fuck" he hissed, immediately ducking into one of the stalls. Really? Fucking really? He tried getting his speeding heart under control, as he clutched his backpack, with his back resting against the door. It took him a moment to steel himself. He had to get a grip, Tenya's life hung in the balance. Izuku gulped, and set the backpack down on the closed toilet. He took off his jacket and hung it on the hook on the doors.

"Here we go" he breathed, pulling out a belt with multiple satchels and strapping it around his waist. The gun holster went under his arm, with a loaded and silenced glock, round chambered. In practiced moves he retied and knotted his shoes, a pair of gray sneakers. His mouth felt dry, and his hands clammy. The folded up rifle he strapped to his back. It was one of the most modern designs his father's men stole from an Israeli company. "Now for Monoma" he whispered, as he got up on the toilet bowl. He stood on the tips of his toes and lifted the suspended ceiling. Izuku stuffed the nearly empty backpack in there. If worst came to worst he had an exit strategy in there, one he really hoped he wouldn't have to use.

He popped on the slightly too large jacket, and with that exited the bathrooms. A plan was forming
in his head, as he speed walked down the corridor, backpedaling every now and again when a familiar head of hair would become visible in the crowd of students rushing to class. There were three minutes left till the bell, and he knew that was all the time he had in terms of remaining possibly undetected.

***

"I wonder what Izuku's up to" Hitoshi hummed, as Shouto sat down behind him. Lately his white haired boyfriend had been suspiciously quiet. It wasn't hard to figure out why really, he was worried. And who wouldn't be? Izuku gave them a spectacular beat down in that alley, hell he dodged a freaking arrow from maybe ten meters, who had these sorts of reflexes? Hitoshi turned around in his seat, and rested his head on Shouto's desk, and as expected his favorite man in the whole wide world to pet him a little. Not a moment later Shouto's hands found their way into his spikes, gently carding through them.

"He is probably trying to kill someone" Shouto deadpanned. Hitoshi quirked an eyebrow, and gave his man a lazy smirk. As much as he didn't want to admit it, he knew what prison could do with people, and he had fought a hard battle to bring back Hisashi Midoriya from that dark abyss he ventured into. Only he wasn't sure it worked. Suddenly his phone rang. He frowned lightly before straightening and reaching into his pocket. The bell would ring any second now, who could it be? Grandma knew not to call, besides, despite the less than honorable discharge she enjoyed her retirement immensely. She especially liked the cute baristas at the cafe on the corner. Only he didn't know the number that was calling.

"Who is it?" Shouto asked quietly.

For a moment Hitoshi was torn between answering and ditching the call. If Aizawa-sensei would catch him on the phone his life would be forfeit. Only something told him this is someone special calling. "Dunno" he replied, bringing the phone up to his ear.

"This is Hitoshi Shinsou" he answered cordially.

"Hello Shinsou. How is your training coming?"

Hitoshi's fingers went suddenly numb, as his breath caught on an invisible barrier in his throat. He knew the voice on the line, he knew it all too well. A memory of a hand pressed against bulletproof glass flashed before his eyes.

"You don't have to answer. I've been keeping an eye on you" At that Hitoshi looked around frantically, turning in his seat, but there was no one save for his classmates around. "You have made great progress, but you are still not there yet" the voice was warm, and gentle. Caring, and soothing in the way which Hitoshi remembered. He started trembling. He wasn't sure if it was fear, anticipation or what else exactly. Just that he started shaking like a leaf. "I need you to leave school right now, it's not safe today" Hisashi Midoriya said softly. The air felt like lead, unbreathable. Black was eating into the corners of his vision, as the line went dead. Shouto was yelling something, shaking him as his hand fell, and the device clattered to the floor. The world was swimming, even with sky blue eyes staring into his own, with ferocity which almost made them burn.

"He called" Hitoshi muttered, and drew in a shaky breath.

"Move aside" Aizawa-sensei's stern voice reached him from very far away. The teacher crouched down before him, pushing Shouto aside. "Breathe" he instructed. The words forced a quivering exhale from Hitoshi as he blindly followed the teacher's gestures. Slowly the world was coming back to speed. The classroom was eerily quiet, all his classmates peering over at him from behind the
teacher's back. But he didn't pay them any attention. Instead he looked out the window. The person far away gave him a wave, before a black hole swallowed them up.

"Oh, god" Hitoshi breathed, turning to face Aizawa-sensei. The man must have noticed how shook up he was, because the bored expression he usually wore was replaced by an attentive one. "I need to speak to you in private, Sir" Hitoshi barked, before pushing up, and nearly falling over.

***

Izuku disconnected the call as he rewired one of the cameras in the corridor leading to one of the many training fields. It was way out in the back, where it was rather dark, and he was sure no students would be around. The wires sparked, as he taped them together, and short circuited the board, which would reset and load a short procedure. The code would be sent to the mainframe where it would execute, and hopefully give him control of at least the camera system. The call in itself had a different purpose. He needed the teachers to be busy with something, precisely to be looking for a different threat, because humans are easy to blind with fear. He felt sorry he had to use a speech synthesizing program. It took him a while to code it when he was younger, but with enough recorded speech from news, video threats and calls with his father he managed to piece together a passable message.

Sparks flew, and hissed against his fingers, as the camera rebooted, and the red light came back on. Izuku counted down from ten, the procedure usually needed just a moment, but redirecting of IP addresses and resetting of routing tables usually took a few seconds. The palmtop cast a greenish glow, as he swiped through the rapidly appearing feeds. "Why do you need Monoma?" Izuku queried no one in particular. It didn't make sense really. Monoma could copy quirks, but despite a nasty personality he wasn't a villain. From the recap of the Sports Festival Izuku learned that Monoma was smart, but what good would it do him. He should have looked into that earlier. He shouldn't have panicked. That way he could have gotten to the guy more efficiently and at lower risk. "Blast it" Izuku cursed under his breath.

Suddenly the doors leading to one of the changing rooms opened. Izuku clicked off the palmtop and slunk into the shadows, watching a muscled blond step out. Right next to him stood the emaciated teacher Toshinori Yagi. They started talking about something, only they were too far away for Izuku to appropriately hear them. Luckily he could read lips, and even if it was only Yagi he saw he could probably figure out the rest.

"A villain... planning... attack... school" Izuku muttered what he could make out, and smirked. He wasn't far away from them, but Yagi spoke quickly, and every now and again he would reach for a cloth tissue and wipe his mouth with it, making certain words hard to discern.

"No stay. strong enough" the boy narrowed his eyes, seeing the man shake his head. Why was Toshinori Yagi, or rather All Might protecting this guy? "He too strong and you master one all"

"Hmm" Izuku hummed to himself, he mentally took down the image of the muscled boy who waved his arms but didn't raise his voice much. His palmtop vibrated, signaling the program had completed. "I'll look into you later" he whispered slinking away. He turned the corner, and pressed himself into a nook, and out of sight. He climbed a little and locked his legs on both sides of the narrow pass. Safely above the ground and out of sight, he clicked the screen back to life. Finding Monoma on one of the feeds took him a while though. 1-B was inside their class, the students sitting but the teacher nowhere in sight. Seems like his plan worked. He smirked, before opening up the console. Using his thumbs he typed a few commands exploring the systems. Apparently the camera panel was not connected to the central security hub, a good practice for an external system. However it was connected to a student registry.
He rubbed his chin scanning over the attendance lists. They were taken automatically, so why did Aizawa-sensei always check the attendance? Nevermind. The thing that bothered him was that his presence at school was marked today. So he had to assume that the teachers might be aware he was here. "Shit" he muttered. He could hide, but if they wanted to they would lock down the school, and then the chances of escape were slim. Luckily the camera system contained also the blueprints showing where they were. He hoped that would contain some hint of an escape route which was not the main gate. Then again maybe the main gate was not a bad idea.

***

"Get back to school, Drago is going to do something today" Eraserhead said through the speaker in the car.

"I can't right now" Kyuketsuki replied shortly, resting his hand on the propeller. He was sitting in what was once a prototype known as 'warhog'. It started out as an armored infantry vehicle for rapid attack, and retreat, specialized towards hit and run tactics. The Americans developed it, but when the cost of production turned out to be higher than infantryman's life they ditched the effort. Komori bought the prototypes back, and he had some time on his hands, so he painted them black.

"Did I not make myself clear. He called Shinsou, and told the boy to get out of school" the teacher specified. The hand gripping the propeller loosened up. Something about that sentence didn't sound right. Hisashi called Shinsou, that could happen, but warning him of an attack. No. That wouldn't, not unless he wanted the attack anticipated. And he could want that to lure Komori away from the lab, he was about to wreck. Either that or he was diverting their attention from something else, which most likely required the school to be locked down. If UA was locked down the only possible attack would occur by air. Or... Sudden heat rose up Kyuketsuki's neck. Was it possible that Hisashi wanted the school locked down because he planned to burn it to the ground with everyone inside. It sounded insane, but it was a vague possibility. But how would that further his cause, it would draw attention from his other operations.

"Hold down the fort. I found something which can't wait" he replied, disconnecting the call, and igniting the engine. It revved like a hungry beast, before he pushed the propeller to full speed. The sheer force of acceleration pressed him into his seat, as the beast of a machine rushed forward, straight at a concrete wall.

"Engage battering ram" he muttered, pressing a couple of buttons on the steering wheel. A thick metal guard formed before the vehicle moments before he rammed into the building, reducing the wall to rubble. He jerked the steering wheel, and turned the vehicle, skidding to a halt in an empty production hall. For a moment he sat there, looking through the narrow windows, before hitting the steering wheel.

"Pieprzony kutas złamany, cabron, puta madre! Lollygagged twat! Kurwozjad!" he raged. He was over five centuries old, how the freaking fuck did this man manage to stay ahead of him like this?

***

"Looks like we are on our own. We have to make a decision. Evacuate the school, lock down or proceed as though this was an empty threat" Nezu-sensei stated, from his desk, his eyes were shining playfully, but anyone who knew him better could tell he was running millions of simulations in his mind, "But there is a forth possibility. This could a diversion" the headmaster said, holding up four fingers.

"Diversion from what?" Cementoss asked skeptically, gesturing with his hand.
"That's a good question" Nedzu nodded, "In this room there are three people who have known Hisashi Midoriya well, and from what I can tell we are all equally clueless as to the reason of the call. In the past the man had never attacked children just for the sake of attacking, even at USJ he did it only to prevent their escape, and fought his son per the boy's request" Nezu stated his thoughts out loud. Something about the call didn't add up. Shinsou evidently recognized the voice and he wouldn't lie about it, unless he was the mole who gave the villains information regarding the USJ attack. However that was not possible, mainly because of his background and the fact that it had veritable negative consequences for him while nothing could be gained. That made the attack less likely. On top, this was UA, and they had some heavy duty security systems, including gattling guns if need be, after Kyuketsuki left Nezu even bought an old AA gun from one of his chess buddies, a general in the JDF.

"This is a diversion, most likely" Nezu judged.

Meanwhile just outside Shouto held Hitoshi, the other boy still shivering like a leaf. He looked up, and through the glass on the door leading to the waiting room he saw a mop of moss green hair, and a single emerald eye disappearing.

***

"I have to go to the bathroom" Shouto lied hurriedly, moving Hitoshi gently to the chair, before rushing out the door. It wasn't possible, the thing he saw. There was no way Midoriya had come back to school and no one noticed. A gray sneaker vanished behind the corner, and Shouto bolted right after it. From what he remembered Izuku preferred red, but he was good at hiding, better than good. It was like he was really some sort of a demon, evil hidden in plain sight. He panted rounding the corner, only to see the back of a green head turn onto the stairs. For a few minutes he chased Midoriya through the school, every time he thought he would see the boy Izuku vanished like smoke in thin air. It was unnerving and frustrating, but he also knew he had to be careful, and if this really was Izuku this was the only chance to get him. He could have called someone in their class, but what good would it do? He was by far the most trained future hero, with Endeavor's hell behind him, and Komori's yoga, he was like an unholy union of Black Widow and Captain Rogers. He heaved with exertion, as he rounded the final corner, and noticed that they were standing just a little ways off from the 1-A classroom.

Shouto looked around frantically. If Izuku really was here then there was nowhere to hide really. Only the corridor was empty. He walked forward slowly, listening intently for any signs of trouble. There was some noise coming from their classroom, but nothing out of the ordinary. He was about to turn around when he felt a strong pinch in his neck, and then uncomfortable pressure. It happened so quickly that by the time he slapped his hand over the place that stung there was nothing there. Shouto spun around, and stopped short seeing Izuku stand there, with a syringe raised, and apologetic smile. Suddenly a headache rippled behind his eyes, noise exploded in his ears, forcing him onto all fours.

"What did you give me?" he gasped, feeling his left go hot, burning even. Before he knew what was happening fire burst from his skin in a huge explosion. It scorched the wall, but Midoriya didn't even flinch. At the same time his left felt like he was dipped in liquid nitrogen, leaving him shaking with chills and sweating from the heat at the same time. A strangled groan escaped him.

"It's a quirk booster. It will wear off in fifteen minutes, just enough for a distraction" Izuku yelled over the roar of the flame, before running past him.

Shouto's body wasn't listening to him, he collapsed on the floor, as ice exploded around him and cracked from the heat into a cacophony of raining crystal. It was chaos and madness, he could vaguely hear the fire alarm go off and the hydrants start. Water coated his shivering being, but in no
way did it stop the blaze which raged. He twisted and turned, trying to put it out. In a moment of clarity he saw 1-A and 1-B stream out of the class, and stand at a safe distance. A boy with emerald eyes crept through the crowd like a tiger through a bamboo forest, a needle flashed. Shouto screamed, the pain raging in his head becoming unbearable, it was crawling through his veins like a roil of insects.

"Get Aizawa-sensei!" someone hollered, before the freezing white of extinguisher was sprayed over him.

***

"I have Monoma. I need an extraction" Izuku spoke hurriedly into the phone. Monoma was unconscious, propped up against one of the stall dividers. The door to the bathroom was locked. He got lucky. Too lucky. If one thing had gone wrong it would have ended in an all out brawl with Todoroki, and that would have drawn a lot of attention. He brought up the cameras, and watched Uraraka put out the screaming son of Endeavor.

"Where are you?" Kurogiri replied on the speaker.

"Second floor of the school, boy's bathroom at the end of the hall, right by 1-A classroom" he replied. Izuku swiped through the cameras to his current location. He expected the portal to open right away.

"Hold the line for a minute. We need an accurate lock of your position" Kurogiri spoke patiently, calmly. Well Izuku wasn't fucking calm, and very not ok with this answer. He was anything but! Especially when his palmtop revealed that the teachers charged into the corridor. Aizawa deactivated Shouto's quirk, while the rest dispersed. A second later someone hammered at the door. A single glance at the palmtop told him it's Ken Ishiyama, known as Cementoss, a famous and fabulous hero with a rock hard body, and a quirk which turned tides of many battles. Without thinking Izuku pulled Monoma by the collar, until the boy was laying behind him.

"Fuck, fuck, fuck, fuck" Izuku breathed. Of all people. He looked around frantically. Rifle, pistols, knives, grenades, backpack, Monoma, cement. His mind worked a mile a second. It was either a fight against one of the most difficult teachers of UA, who's power was to manipulate concrete materials, and they were in a fucking building, or something so reckless he wasn't sure even he wanted to try.

Stuffing his phone and palmtop into his pockets, he steeled himself, and then reached into his pocket. "I am not done yet" he breathed, and pulled the pistol from under his armpit. He ejected the rubber bullets clip, and stuffed the copper ones in, before reloading and firing at the hinges of one of the stalls. The doors came off easily, and without further ado, he dragged Monoma onto them. He pulled the detonator and pressed the button just as the doors were kicked in.

***

Cementoss always saw UA as a stable job with an added kicker of teaching. He liked being a hero, he was good at it and at teaching, even if sometimes people said his way of doing it was sluggish. He didn't mind that though. However lately things were spiraling out of control. He didn't know who Hisashi Midoriya was, not in person at least. He heard about him and the hero Kyuketsuki, ones of the most skilled fighters in the ranks of 'the light side', as the white skinned, white haired man would refer to it. Only ever since Drago escaped, and then USJ happened something was wrong. That something was the fact that the son of said villain vanished into thin air. The boy was a promising student. He had vivid opinions on Shakespeare, and existentialists. All the more he couldn't comprehend what had happened.
He rushed inside, through the kicked down door, despite the building shaking, and the floor cracking, he could mend it, couldn't he? Only he hesitated for just a moment. Because standing in the epicenter of the miniature earthquake was one of his favorite students, armed to the teeth. Without waiting he pressed his hands to the floor, trying to seal it, as he stared at the boy. Izuku Midoriya's face was twisted into a vile snarl, one hand clasped the collar of a student's jacket and shirt. The other held a silenced gun, which spat fire. A loud crack echoed and suddenly the floor gave way, sending them down in a cloud of smoke and rubble. Ishiyama lost his footing, as he tumbled down a collapsed floor. The dust blinded him and bit into his throat. He was used to fighting in rubble, and took to liquidizing the floor, trying to trap the boy, even though he had no idea what happened. Something bounced against him, and a moment later a blinding flash of light hit his irises, and a concussive bang punched through his ears. A flash bang? His head spun, as he tried getting his bearings, leaving the floor unattended.

***

Izuku ran, as fast as he could with Monoma on his back. He was lucky the boy wasn't heavy. His face and hair were covered in dust, and out of one of his eyes he could see the world in a shade of red. Blood trickled down his face. His lungs burned from the dust, and every bone in his body ached from the fall. Monoma stirred on his shoulder, but Izuku didn't pay him much mind. He was discovered, and that meant his elaborate plan was currently spiraling down the drain and straight into the shitter.

"Get me the hell out of here!" he yelled into his phone, and prayed to all the deities watching over his sorry ass, that the cracked blue and red screen was not a sign that the call ended and it broke down completely.

"Twenty seconds!" the bartender barked back through static, as Izuku fixed Monoma's position on his shoulders.

"What's... happening?" the boy asked groggily. Suddenly the world became horizontal, as a nasty pain flashed through his ankle. He fell on his side, Monoma slipping from his grip like a rag doll. The pistol skidded across the floor somewhere. Izuku glanced at his ankle and immediately recognized the red whip holding onto it, his eyes followed it to Midnight. The heroine, tugged strongly, pulling him along the floor. "Go to hell" Izuku hissed, groping for the rifle. He jerked it out of the holster, and the parts clicked into place. Midnight was about to rip her costume when he clicked off the safety and let loose a volley. A loud repetitive boom filled the corridor, forcing the heroine to take cover. Locking the gun against his shoulder Izuku sat up and pulled a knife from his ankle, slicing the whip. Seconds ticked past as he retreated, attempting to cover the stairs and both ends of the corridor. If Kurogiri doesn't come through he is fucked.

Fifteen.

Seconds ticked by as pink smoke boomed from behind the corner where he had Midnight pinned. Izuku swallowed his breath as it invaded the corridor. He fired rapidly in series of three, and on his third volley he heard the high pitched scream. Got her. He smirked to himself, feeling his lungs burn. Without looking over his back he rushed forward. Wherever Kurogiri would open that stupid portal it would be somewhere here. Thick boots clamored against the stairs, and he fired blindly, managing to snag someone. With his other hand he grabbed onto the now once again knocked out Monoma.

Silver cloth jetted out through the slowly diffusing smoke, Aizawa-sensei's. He pressed the trigger, but the gun only clicked.

Five
The cloth wrapped around the weapon, and Izuku released it, before throwing some more flash grenades in the general direction. His lungs felt like someone stuck a piece of iron in them. The rapidly thinning smoke revealed parts of the corridor, but he didn't dare breathe.

Two

A shadow fell on him. Izuku's head snapped to the side, and his eyes grew comically large seeing his most peaceful, beloved, calm teacher, ride a wave of concrete with a scowl which promised suffering. Seems like the saying about not enraging calm people held a grain of truth. In the center of this total mayhem a black portal opened, a void of the night, and a single hand reached out. Izuku didn't have time to waste. He knew he wouldn't make it. If it was him of Tenya, he knew who's life was worth more. With loud yawp he grabbed Monoma by the collar and belt and tossed him into the black. The portal slammed shut, and a moment later silver tape wrapped around him. The world turned upside down, and his head hit something hard, his back strained against the impact. He gasped loudly, inhaling the watered down sleeping toxin, only for him to be slammed into floor. He heard his nose, and possibly zygomatic crack loudly, as pain erupted in his face like a fire.

Stay awake, stay awake. He repeated in his head before his legs were bound by more tape. The world was going dark, even as he struggled to keep one eye open, and not inhale any more. Blood filled his mouth, and trickled down his face. The largely diffused smoke left over by Midnight made him fuzzy, but at least the pain wasn't as bad as he expected. His head lolled, as his eyes followed the silver tape, all the way to where it bent around the corner of the staircase. There was a growing pressure on his cheek, swelling.

"Get it together" he exhaled, trying to keep his head upright. Blood trickled from his busted lip, staining the pristine white shirt. He would probably have broken a rip or three if he wasn't wearing body armor. A part of his vision was slowly disappearing, probably the eye in the cracked socket was swelling shut. A weak grin stretched his lips, as he inhaled despite better judgment. Blood was staining his teeth red, as he looked up at Aizawa. The man was walking towards him cautiously. Izuku didn't make it, but he held up his end of the deal. He got Drago Monoma, he made a sickening exchange, which will haunt him until his dying day, Tenya will turn his back to him, if he hadn't already. The world will destroy him. But he is a villain so he deserves all of this. All of this...

Aizawa stopped in front of him, a few moments later Cementoss quietly joined his side.

"I said I am all right god damn it! It's only rubber!" an unholy harpy screech sounded, making Izuku flinch weakly. Midnight pushed past Cementoss, and nearly tossed Eraserhead aside. She reached out for Izuku, who made no attempt to crawl away, what good would it do anyway? But a sturdy hand of their English Teacher who had just arrived stopped her. He could feel the anger radiating from the heroes. It was laced with confusion and bafflement. Perhaps it's not everyday someone infiltrates UA like that. His eyes trailed past them, to the staircase, where students stood huddled with one another. Bakugou and Kirishima were at the forefront, disbelief painted on their faces.

"What do we do with him?" Present Mic asked surprisingly uncertainly.

"The usual thing we do with underage villains" Aizawa replied with a hint of bitterness in his voice.
The crying demon

Chapter Summary

A piece of a soul died.

"Your kidneys are completely shot despite the daily dialysis" the pen clicked against a clipboard to the woman's concerned voice. "Lung, liver, and pancreatic functions are declining rapidly" the villain could hear the empathetic note hidden in the young woman's soft trill, no matter how professionally she sounded she couldn't hide it, not from him. They have been in on this little secret too long. He could taste the blood in his mouth, a persistent coppery tang which was present for the last month, or maybe more. He wasn't even sure at this point. The Beast's soft voice droned on an on, enzymes of the chart, neurons degenerating, bones necrosis. He understood every word she said, however the longer he let her go on, the less real it all seemed.

"Beast, just. How long do I have?" he asked waving her off. He couldn't look her in the eye, choosing to stare at the same report displayed on the screen of his computer. He knew he was dying, he had been for a long, long time. It started in prison, a mysterious infection, the doctors said with thinly veiled satisfaction. To them he was only a villain, one less in the world is a good thing.

The Beast fell silent, she twirled a lock of her golden hair around her finger, her customary nervous gesture.

"Much less than I thought. The disease progressed faster than anything I have seen. Currently you might have a month of life, a couple of weeks in your current condition maybe" she speculated fanning the air with her pen-holding hand.

Two weeks. It will require a change of plans. He coughed, and didn't even really notice the red on his hand anymore. "With the elixir?" he asked softly, wondering if his son will succeed in today's mission. The lessons ought to be about to start.

"I can't tell. You know no one has ever tried this before" she replied tensely. Hisashi sighed, yes, no one did. Only the Nazis ran such experiments, and at the time their results didn't look promising. But that didn't matter. Without Neito's DNA it would be impossible to create the serum anyway. It was the missing key, the tiny link holding up the discovery of the millennium.

"Have all the compounds been prepared?" he asked, turning his blazing, green eyes on her. The Beast was a woman of soft, friendly features, who wore most of her hair in a bun, apart from two golden bangs that framed her delicate face. Her soft eyes, and medical degree contrasted with the stripper outfit she liked to wear under the medical coat.

"They have, but once we acquire Monoma Neito, we will require at least twelve hours to assemble, test and assert the dosage. But I must say that this is basically injecting yourself with an unknown substance and praying it will work, this hardly is science any more" she quipped.

"Make it work" he ordered, waving her away.

The Beast clicked her teeth, checked his IV and left. He wanted to hit something, destroy the office, reduce the world that cheated him to ash. And yet he sat, calmly, his hand gripping the armrest so
tightly the wood creaked in his grasp. There wasn't a plan he could prepare for this, no strategy could save him this time. The surge of anger in his chest slowly subsided making breathing a manageable task once again. He had to prepare, he had to make arrangements, ones he postponed since the day he got out. With a trembling hand he reached for his laptop, and opened the video recording application.

"My son..." he rasped, sitting back and looking at his emaciated, weak frame filmed by the camera lens.

***

"I want my phone call" Izuku repeated stubbornly, even though he was hardly keeping himself upright. His feet dragged, scraping the polished of the school corridor. The world around him was swimming, and bound by Aizawa-sensei's silver bandages he could do little to keep his balance. One of his eyes had finally swollen shut, and the pain that used to be a dull throbbing turned into a full sharp stabbing sensation just below his eye. Trudging down the corridor he could feel the teacher's eyes on his back, weary, cautious, calculating, like they expected this to be some kind of a ruse. Truth be told Izuku was out of tricks this time. His one chance of escape he sacrificed, because in the end he was a feeble coward, who would sacrifice others and murderer just for the sake of attaining a goal. It felt like he had gone full circle, hero, angel of the masses, to a hell spawned black nightmare, to something he wasn't sure what it was exactly. He tried to ignore the sickening feeling his stomach made when he thought about Monoma's fate. There was no telling what sort of evil his father had planned for that pour soul.

He groaned, and closed his good eye for a moment. The pain was really becoming pretty bad. After the last month he was used to pain, he welcomed it, because it was a reminder he was human, that there was blood not acid in his veins.

"We are here" Aizawa-sensei's voice reached him from far away. Out of the corner of his eye he could see the familiar red cross stuck to the doors of the nurse's office.

"I decline medical attention. I want my phone call" Izuku said, as chills ran through his body. His knees shook, and if not for Aizawa-sensei making an effort to hold him upright he would have collapsed. He knew what he was saying was horseshit. He couldn't decline medical help as a minor, but he had to make that phone call, he had to be sure, that he traded in his soul and Monoma for Tenya's freedom, then he would be able to take any consequences. He just needed to know Tenya is safe.

The doors slid open, revealing a blurry image of Recovery Girl. "I want my phone call" Izuku mumbled, as his head lolled up and down. His face, half of it, was slowly turning numb, like he had stuck it in ice. Recovery Girl said something, he didn't quite catch it, but Aizawa-sensei's bandages disappeared.

"Help him out of these clothes" the heroine ordered somewhere in his blind spot. An exhausted, highly annoyed face invaded his field of vision, or what was left of it. It came in and out of focus a little. Looks like that little slam against the ceiling and the floor did more damage than he expected. Right, clothes, he had to help. For a moment he contemplated fighting, but in that state the best he could probably do is try to throw himself out the window, and that wasn't much of a plan. With numb fingers he pressed the buckle of the belt, which clattered to the floor with a thud. A knife slipped out of it, and skidded across the room, disappearing under one of the cabinets.

"Crap" Izuku mumbled, sniffling. His nose felt funny, oh, right it was broken.

Next he reached for the long velcro line under his left. Rough hands, batted his away, seeing as in his
current state it might take a while. The vest was was opened, and Aizawa-sensei slid it over his head. What surprised Izuku was the fact that the man actually paid attention to not letting it catch on his nose. Despite what he had done, the man before him remained compassionate, in a way. A heavy hand pushed him to sit down on the bed, and undid his shoes, as Izuku stared down vacantly. The world was growing sluggish, maybe something important got damaged. Either that the concussion was really bad.

"Lay down. Don't fall asleep" the teacher said, pushing down on his shoulder gently.

"Teach. I need a phone" Izuku breathed in reply, grasping the man's wrist weakly. He might be falling apart, but he was confident in one thing. He had to force his father to hold up the end of the deal, and he knew his father didn't break deals, not with him. "I must make sure Tenya is safe. He has him. I need to make sure" he babbled, fighting to stay awake. Recovery Girl pushed his teacher away, before kissing him on the forehead. The nose and eye socket clicked painfully, as the bruise on the left side of his face vanished, one of the ribs cracked loudly settling itself, and forcing an uncomfortable groan out of him. At the same time it felt like the weight of the world was put on him, draped like a blanket, sapping his strength.

Recovery Girl flashed a light into his eyes, before pressing gently on his nose, and cheek. "There seems to be no brain damage. Notify the mother and that stupid vampire, and for now he should sleep" Recovery Girl's voice faded in and out of bliss and fluffy, warm cuddles of sleep.

"Please... Father..." Izuku croaked, before sleep finally claimed him.

***

"We have Monoma" Kurogiri reported. Hisashi shifted in his seat. Twelve hours, so little, and yet so much.

"Prepare the diversions. Make sure the wiping squads know what to go after" he ordered from his 'throne'.

"The boy was captured"

Midoriya closed his eyes, and clenched his teeth. Of course he was, he wasn't ready for a mission of this caliber. "Our agent might still be able to get to him if we act quickly, but Mashirao Ojiro would be burned by that" Kurogiri analyses patiently. Captured or no it doesn't matter really.

"Have the police chief give this low priority. Make sure Izuku doesn't leave the school. Get Ojiro to assess his condition and report. Proceed with the plans using the variant with drawing out the teachers" the villain supplied running through the simulations in his head. If he planned this right, a narrow window will appear, one in which he can give Izuku one final lesson. He huffed softly, manipulating so many people was complicated. "Have the Iida boy and Ojiro's brother dropped off at the sanctuary furthest from here" he sighed, and tapped his fingers on the desk in a typing motion. Everything was going almost exactly as he planned.

"Are Kyuketsuki and my wife moving towards the school?" he asked. He was sure they would be, but better safe than sorry. All this time he hadn't looked back up at the man made of black smoke. There were tears in his eyes, and he didn't want them seen, not when there was so little left to do.

"Of course, Sire" Kurogiri sassed a little making him chuckle. Well, he was a veritable king for the last couple of months wasn't he. A shame his reign was that short.

"Breve regnum" he smiled at the man, before getting up. "You have a copy of my will in your inbox,
as does my lawyer, another one will be sent to Inko, and Izuku. Make sure it's followed" he said, walking over to an antique wardrobe. He opened the doors to reveal a small armor stand holding the beat up green vest, barbed forearm guards, and shin guards. As he unbuttoned the shirt he was wearing a feeling of finality settled over him. It warred with anxiety, fear, anger, and suddenly, as the cotton button up fell to the floor, he felt peace. A soft smile crept onto his lips, as he thought about what he had done. From a silent, watchful hero, to one of the most feared villains who had ever threatened Japan. And why? Because he was afraid, so very much afraid. A shaky breath escaped him, as he undid his belt, and pulled a pair of black cargo pants from the cupboard. It's finally done, he thought, and wanted to cry with relief.

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Aizawa knew that thanking every deity in his immediate and less immediate vicinity that Izuku Midoriya didn't decide to go after one of his classmates. He knew this isn't exactly how a hero ought to behave, but he really didn't envy Vlad's situation. The man was swamped with phones, from parents, administration, police, and now that the press got wind of the fact also by these venomous leeches. He had another problem on his own hands, Shouto Todoroki's cover was finally blown. He wasn't stupid, and it wasn't hard to connect the dots that Shouto Komori had an ice quirk, while Endeavor's missing son, who by coincidence had half of a head of white hair had a fire and ice quirk. Needless to say he was calling that stupid, cretin, who, by some incomprehensible twist of fate his former educator.

"Speak!" the vampire wannabe yelled over the roar of the engine of whatever the hell he was driving these days.

"We captured Izuku Midoriya. I think he faked the call from Drago, but he kidnapped a student, Monoma Neito" Aizawa summarized, the events of the last two hours.

"You got Izuku Midoriya? In custody?" disbelief was evident in the man's voice, as though capturing the little brat was impossible. Truth be told if Izuku hadn't come himself Aizawa severely doubted that anyone would be able to capture him, mainly because first they would have to find him, and the boy had an uncanny talent to melt into his surroundings.

"Yes" Aizawa drawled, tapping his fingers on the desk.

"Well, what are you going to do with him?" Komori asked, as though it wasn't the most evident thing on earth. They were going to heal him, cuff him, and ship him off to Tartarus after a speedy trial hold him there until he turns gray. It might end with a rapid decrease of the prison's population, but somehow Aizawa didn't really mind that all too much.

"Jail" he quipped, and a whistle answered him. "Bring his mother over, she will be needed" Aizawa supplied, making a mental tally of the paperwork which will come flooding his way once the trial goes public.

"Aizawa. I will, but bear in mind that when baby dragon gets captured the big lizard usually makes a ruckus" he warned. The product of caffeine's and eyedrops' true love clicked his teeth before disconnecting. It was entirely possible, that Drago would come for his son, and then the whole deal could turn bloody. So it was paramount the boy stay in UA, where he could be defended with the best possible security systems. The only problem was that IT was still assessing the extent of the damage Izuku had done. They knew for certain that he took control of the cameras and backdoored the system, now however they had to find that damn vulnerability and patch it. Not that it really mattered, if Drago came for the boy he would bring fiery hell, and doom onto whomever dared oppose him, and in his current state, with most of the quirk dissipated Yagi wasn't going to defend them. Maybe the number two hero could do it, but he wasn't a shield, as ruthless and unforgiving as
Endeavor was he didn't have the insane training or the intel Drago possessed, and if the flame hero and the dragon were to face off Aizawa had little doubt who would win. The only way would be for them to team up. Aizawa would disable the overpowered quirk, while Endeavor would incapacitate the villain. He nodded to himself, before picking up the phone. After a few rings the hero replied.

"What?" the living flame grumbled.

"I found your son. He is at UA" he replied and disconnected, now all they could do was wait, and hope for the best.

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Precisely at noon every TV, radio, and computer simultaneously came alive all across Japan. The telebeams of Shinjuku shone brightly displaying the visage of a graying man, with pale skin, and a small goatee. He was clad in battle armor with half of a cape covering his left arm.

"Japan! It is time you enter a new era!" he proclaimed, as thousands of technicians across the country scrambled to find how their systems were hacked. "A time where every human shall be equal before the law and god!" the man bellowed zealously, before holding up a vial filled with green liquid, "This shall be the great equalizer! The anti quirk serum!" he boomed, "Soon the world shall be back to it's natural state!" he raged, brandishing it. His eyes were glassy, filled with pride. Meanwhile silence fell across the nation, a petrified sort of quiet that precedes a hurricane of unforetold magnitude. "I shall deliver freedom to you! And if you wish to keep your filthy quirks, leave now. You have till midnight" he hissed, before the screens went dark.

For a moment nothing happened. Winds danced between terrified people, as they stared at the spot which just a moment ago displayed lovely, colorful commercials. The whole transmission took less than twenty seconds, but carried a promise which thrust the nation into chaos. Thousands of bureaucrats, analysts, heroes and soldiers were called in within seconds. Airport systems failed, as people overloaded the servers attempting to buy even the most overpriced tickets to escape. Others chose to ignore the warnings, after all it wasn't the first time an attention hungry villain chose to hog some attention. But the few who recognized the man on the screens though changed by years were stunned into silence.

Inko Midoriya heard the message broadcast through Morisuke Komori's radio, as he sped down the motorway to the city. The second it ended the hero told her to buckle up, and sheer force of acceleration pressed her into the seat. Her heart hammered in fear of her only child, a boy caught with blood on his hands. Her heart wept for her husband, the gentle man who became something dark and twisted. "Hurry up you bloodsucker" she chided, as the black...well, tank howled.

An hour later the frequency was finally traced, and heroes were dispatched, but it was much, much too late for them to find anything other than a congratulatory note.

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Hisashi basked in the last rays of the setting sun. For the first time in months he was pain free, thanks to the cocktail of opiates and pain relief medication coursing through his veins. It would only last for a couple of hours, designed specifically to allow him to remain alert. His shadow stretched across the rooftop, as the wind tugged at his messy hair and tattered cape. In just a few minutes he would bring hell down on Japan, a great sea of violence would change the country forever, and all this for one boy. He threw a glance at the black, armored car belonging to his long time friend and mentor. In part Komori was the man who made this possible, without his training he wouldn't be the man he is now. He gave his sword a tug, and checked the chambered rounds in the pistol resting on his hip, and made sure the syringe in in place, his final gift.
"The stage is set, the actors are in place" he muttered, tapping out a message, "The lights shine brightly" he whispered, "Action!" he breathed excitedly before pressing send.

And then the city went dark.

All across Japan groups of villains rushed into police stations and server rooms with clearly cut directives. Banks were disconnected from the network, backups burned, and balances adjusted by teams working fervently, debts erased. It took a while for Hisashi to see it, but heroes, villains, shields, sanctuaries, it was all just temporary bullshit, a byproduct of a system rigged against certain people. The truth was that there was no quirk erasing serum, but he needed chaos. He needed the diversion, and so the other half of his empire raged, poured out into the streets spreading mayhem all around. They had tools necessary not to get caught, to vanish into the young night. The system needed a reset, and if that role fell to him, he would do it happily. He coughed and spat blood out by his side, watching the heroes stream out of the school. The lessons were long over, and Izuku, what a brilliant child, provided him with just the right tools to know who was where.

Endeavor and Eraserhead waiting in the courtyard. Kyuketsuki and Recovery Girl in the small infirmary. None of them stayed long. Half an hour later, as chaos escalated, cars burned, and buildings crumbled they were called in, and that was all he needed. He sniffled, and wiped his nose, the forearm protector was smudged with red.

"Time to move" he muttered to himself, and sent another message.

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"Excuse me" a timid looking boy with a big, muscled tail slipped into the infirmary almost noiselessly. He was wearing a dark shirt, and matching pants, and looked like he was embarrassed to speak. In his hand he clutched a heavy looking sports bag. Inko watched him, as the boy fiddled with the hem of his shirt, and the tail wrapped itself against his ankle. It took him a moment but he gathered up his courage, "Umm... I am going to have to wake him up" the light haired boy pointed at her son, still sleeping soundly on the bed.

"Why?" Inko asked, staring the boy in his dark eyes. The lights had gone out, but she wouldn't leave her son, not when he was finally returned to her.

"I am afraid, I was ordered to" the boy kicked his shoe, before walking closer. "And I really don't want to fight you ma'am" he added sheepishly.

Inko didn't protest, "Are you with the police?" she asked softly instead, looking at her lap, and gripping her son's scarred hand tighter.

"No ma'am. Your husband sent me. He said he wants to see his son one last time, and in return he will free my brother" the boy replied quietly. He pulled a key from his pocket, and the cuffs clicked open.

"Midoriya-kun" he said, shaking her son. Inko didn't know what to do. She couldn't believe what was happening. First her husband, and now her son, both would be taken away from her by this unfair life.

"What?... Ojirō?" her son sounded surprised, but she couldn't bare to look, "Mom?" Izuku asked alarmed.

She steeled herself, "Go, go with the boy Izuku. Your father wants to meet you" she said, hiding the tears falling from her eyes as she clutched her skirt. She didn't speak more, instead listened to a quiet
conversation, and the click of straps and locks as Ojiro helped her son into what must have been armor. Weapons clicked, and steel hissed, as it was secured into holsters.

"Mom. I am going to be all right, I promise" she broke down at that. How could the boy have this much confidence in this situation, and then the door closed, and she cried like only once before.

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They walked in silence, their shoes making barely the faintest sounds against the tiles of the empty corridors. "Ojiro, please stop worrying" Izuku said to his classmate. So the soft spoken, well behaved boy who worked his ass off every step of the way was the mole, go figure. He ought to have seen that one coming, his father always had a fondness for underdogs. "I will not sell you out" he said, and listened to the boy gasp in surprise. He was going to kill or be killed, there was no doubt about it. It was once again like the dark alleyway where the final stretch of his path begun. The other boy looked at him, he could sense it, a mute apology he had said, and begged for on his knees already. "I want you to make me a promise though" Izuku said airily, as they neared the exit into the courtyard.

"Anything" Ojiro replied quickly.

"A few actually" Izuku hummed, pushing the doors open. "Protect my mom, take care of Tenya and live your life to the fullest" Izuku counted of as his eyes, traveled up the stretch of concrete until he saw a dark figure standing just inside the school grounds.

"I promise" the tailed boy barked.

"Get my mom and get her out of here. He will burn down the school, you will see" Izuku instructed resting his hand on Ojiro's forearm.

As the door clicked shut he suddenly grew hyperaware of how quiet everything was. It was like the soul of the city was sucked out of it together with light. His foe stood tall and proud, like he did back at USJ, and all the times he had watched him being trained to the bone by The Beast. The stars twinkled above, the only witnesses to the gruesome battle which would play out tonight. He walked down the stairs, slowly, weighing his every step. His father stood motionless like a statue, tall and unforgiving, majestic like wild beast. His tattered cape flapped in the wind. They stared one another, calmly, there was no need to hurry now, time had stopped around them, secluding them from reality.

Izuku gave it a few minutes, so that Ojiro can lead his mother to safety.

"DRAGO!" he yelled, starting forward.

"SON!" the man bellowed back, letting their voices clash in the dead of the night. The two of them stopped and glared at one another. The air would stink of death by the end of tonight, each knew that one of them would perish. "Do you want to kill me?" his foe asked.

In an instant Izuku reached for the gun on his hip and shot blindly, charging forward. His enemy dived low, and spun to the side, narrowly missing the spray of bullets. He grabbed the boy's wrist, readied to twist the gun out of his hand, when Izuku kicked his exposed knee, forcing them both half to the ground none to gently. His wrist was released in the process, but the man reached for his own weapon, forcing Izuku to intervene. His enemy's pistol spat fire just after he managed to push it away from his side. He didn't waste a split second, and rotated his wrist, firing rapidly. The bullets zipped right past his foe's ear, as the guns clanged together. That bastard was using his like a sword! Izuku dived low, and pointed the gun up, hoping to hit the man in his half hunched position, but Drago nimbly caught wrist. He saw the villain open his mouth and draw in a breath, but he didn't hesitate. He shot. The bullet grazed his enemy's face, forcing him to lunge to the side, and fire blindly. Izuku rolled the other way, sending a barrage of his own.
They stood up together, guns pointed at one another.

"You have learned well" Drago complimented, wiping the side of his face with his gloved hand.

"I had to" Izuku hissed, and pulled the trigger. The gun clicked, but the man remained standing.

Shit. Shit. Shit! the boy's mind screeched. Drago didn't give him time to make a move as he pulled his own trigger, but the gun didn't fire. Izuku's heart thundered trying to beat right out of his chest.

"I am out it seems" the villain declared with mild surprise. He chucked the gun to the side like a toy, and drew out his sword, the same broad, long edge Izuku remembered from USJ, the same one that hung above this man's desk.

"As am I" he answered cordially, and tossing the gun away and reaching for his sword.

The villain didn't give him time to draw. Instead he charged right in, forcing Izuku into an uncomfortable back flip and a roll, as he swung the blade in wide arcs. He had the advantage of range, but he wasn't as agile as the demon he created. Izuku threw a knife, halting the assault, and the silver shard caught on the wide blade. The man drew in a breath again, but Izuku didn't let him spit his flame, throwing knives one after the other and forcing the villain on the defensive. But Drago wasn't thwarted for long. He spun to the side, and unleashed a huge arc of flame. Izuku fell flat on the ground immediately, praying the attack was waist level. The moment it passed over him, he exhaled and attacked again. The night suddenly got brighter, as he closed in, and let his sword be caught in a low block. The villain’s throat shone with green, but Izuku didn't stop the attack. He shook his hand, sliding a knife into his open palm, and stabbing at the man's throat. Drago lost his balance for just a moment, and the knife caught the side of his neck, narrowly missing an artery. The boy feinted to the left, and attacked right. He was about to plunge the knife in Drago's side when the man caught it with his bare hand.

"Not yet!" he breathed, as flame poured through his teeth onto his lips. His eyes were frenzied, reflecting a soulless monster that lurked in the depths of this husk.

Izuku didn't waste time. He dived, and cut across in a wide arc, his sword caught on the flat of his enemy's as green flames burst to life above his head, roaring in a blaze. For a split second he thought he was done with, but the villain did not direct his fury at him, instead a gargantuan cone of fire crashed into the school behind his back. Glass cracked, sending a glittering shower, as the green flame spread like hellfire across the many floors of UA, consuming everything that stood in its path. Something warm fell on Izuku's cheek pulling him out of his momentary reverie. He threw himself to the side just in time because the blaze followed him as he sprinted madly around his foe. Soon a green inferno surrounded them on all sides.

Izuku yelled, at the top of his lungs as he dashed in, determined to stop the man. Swords clanked and sent sparks. A knife found its way into the villain's thigh, and then another into his arm, when Izuku's attack was just a split second faster than Drago's defense. And then he saw it, an opening. This time he didn't hesitate, he didn't think or wonder. He pressed the attack, one hand gripping the handle as the other drove the strike. He heard a wet squelch, and then his shoulder crashed against the man's chest. His teeth were clenched so hard it hurt, and oxygen felt like coal being dropped into his lungs. Izuku released a ragged breath as he looked up, into a pair of familiar, startled eyes.

His foe gasped, and exhaled, a bead of blood escaped his lips, and slid down his jaw, and then his eyes softened. Like they weren't fighting to the death, like Izuku was once again four and he had to be told that his papa must go away for a while.

"You have grown so much" Hisashi Midoriya whispered. The broad sword clanged as it hit the
pavement, and a moment later a shaking hand cupped Izuku's cheek.

The reality of what he had done hit Izuku like a train. He wanted to cry in joy and weep. Something cracked in him, and the first tear slipped out.

"I wish I had more time with you" his father breathed, and his knees balked. Izuku held the sword in a vice grip, incapable of letting go, trapped in the emerald eyes which he prayed to see again for nights on end.

However he let his guard down. The man's quick movement caught him unaware. A needle was plunged into his neck, just above the armor's collar, then there was a sudden pressure, and then soft lips planted against his forehead. "I love you" his father whispered and tipped over onto his side, eyes glassy. For a moment Izuku sat on his heels, shaking as silent tears flowed down his face. No. No. No. He didn't want this. Not like this. No! NONONONONONONO! He crawled over to the motionless body, and grabbed the man by the front, trying to right him.

"No. Dad. Please. No. No. Dad" he cried frantically between sobs. The flames around them were slowly dying down, as he begged, and sobbed. What had he done? Why did he believe his father? Why had he done it? They could have spent so much more time together. The cinders of UA fell around them as the boy released a monstrous, pain fueled howl.
Epilogue

Chapter Summary

The journey ended

Chapter Notes

See the end of the chapter for notes

Monoma Neito, Tenya Iida, and Shisui Ojiro were found in a small bar on the outskirts of Musatafu. In the end Tenya's knee never regained full mobility and he was forced to give up the career as a hero. He had to go through a lengthy physiotherapy to regain his mobility, during which Mashirao Ojiro helped him day in and day out. After half a year both transferred out to the general department, where Iida became a class president, once again, and Ojiro his vice president. In the beginning their relationship was filled with bitterness, it took a while for Iida to forgive Mashirao, whom he blamed on losing his chance to become a hero. But after almost two years side by side, he started noticing how devoted the tailed man was to him, and how calming his presence was. Gradually his love for the boy with green locks, and burning eyes melted away. Today is the first anniversary of Ojiro's proposal. A running joke is that he had to bend the knee because Iida couldn't.

Shinsou and Todoroki split up. Hitoshi decided that pursuing a career in the prison industry is his calling. He wants to make sure no prisoner ever suffers like Midoriya-san. The prisoners regard him as just, scary, and exhausted, in that order and that order only. Last year he became the youngest warden in the history of Tartarus, and decided to reform the prison. Hitoshi spends most of his free time with his aging grandmother, former warden, Jun Shinsou, drinking strong alcohol and hitting on hot guys. Jun claims that she will have her grand, grandchildren, even if she has to find a surrogate for that stupid boy herself. Hitoshi has been seen numerous times leaving flowers on a nameless grave outside of Musatafu.

Torodorki returned to his family, but refused the brutal training. He decided not to follow the path of hate that Izuku did. In the end he acknowledged his father, and his own power, following his friend's example of doing the best with what he has got. He reconciled with his mother, and she taught him how to sculpt in ice. About two years back, when returning from a raid on a villain hideout he met young man. He had blond hair, and bright blue eyes, and the most radiant smile he had ever seen, at least that's what he tells everyone. Would anyone believe him that he accidentally bumped into Izuku Midoriya in the middle of a mumblefest, and scared the guy half to death. How exactly a chance encounter became regular coffee dates, and then plain old dates, apartment and a rowdy cat he still isn't sure. It might have to do with something in Midoriya's eyes, a softness and quiet strength hiding a deep valley of suffering Shouto had narrowly missed.

Inko Midoriya mourned her son, and after a year adopted Mashirao Ojiro and his brother, but let him keep his name per his request. She treats them like her own two treasures. She visits a small unnamed grave every Sunday, and finds a bouquet of roses on her doorstep every year on mother's day.

Morisuke Komori received Hisashi Midoriya's will the day after what he claims to be the most epic battle he has ever had the pleasure of participating in. To his surprise the dragon had named him his lawyer, and did so legally due to a degree in law he received from the university of Bolonia in sixteenth century. Izuku Midoriya's and Hisashi Midoriya's suits have been placed next to his
previous apprentices. He decided to give up heroics for a while, and spend Jun’s last years entertaining the old lady. Retained his teaching position in UA much to a certain other teacher’s exasperation. When not drilling morals into the heads of Japanese youth can be found by an unnamed grave having shots of whiskey. When once asked about it replied that it’s important to keep good company, and Hisashi was his best friend since Leonardo Da Vinci. Last year on his trip to Rome a well grown, green haired man with burning, emerald eyes silently toasted him with a cup of espresso. They didn’t share a word, and he never mentioned it to anyone.

Kaminari and Kirishima eventually brought Bakugou into the fold. They have to get their apartment repaired regularly because of that choice.

A year after the Night of Erasure, the world changed dramatically, as a small biotechnology company, Dragon Genetics, headed by a rowdy blond known in some circles as The Beast patented the first serum to successfully copy quirks between humans. The quirkless officially disappeared, and many people started receiving quirks which were best for them. Not everyone took it in stride, but many villains rejected their quirks in favor of ones that could help them land lucrative jobs. With that and their records erased the Night of Erasure was deemed the biggest societal rehabilitation movement in the history of mankind, having reformed hundreds of thousands of villains in a matter of years. The main shareholder of Dragon Genetics became one of the richest people in Japan, but choses to remain anonymous deeming The Beast more than capable of handling the business matters.

Last week Uraraka finally grew a pair of balls and confessed to Tsuyu, after almost a decade of their friendship. The other party wasn't surprised, but the roses, candles and luxurious dinner were certainly impressive.

Midoriya Izuku vanished after the Night of Erasure. Officially no such human ever existed. The Demon was never again sighted in Hosu. However every now and again a mysterious man can be seen crying over an unnamed grave in Musatafu. People claim to have seen him living far away in the north, others say that they had seen him fishing by Okinawa. The truth was that at dawn he was found by Kurogiri. The man took him away, and passed his father's will to the boy. Though skeptical, he followed Drago's last plan, and helped create a legal company, and a serum from his genome. A few months after that the Yakuza attempted assassinating the president of Dragon Genetics. Their bodies were found charred.

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Izuku sat, tears streaming down his face, as he watched his father's last words to him. It happened so long ago, and yet every time his memory came back to that night it felt like he was the one who was stabbed.

My son... I know you will never forgive me, I do not deserve it. But I beg you to listen to this. Fear got the better of me. I have been ill ever since I escaped the prison, and at the moment I am making this my clock has nearly ran out.

Sigh.

I was afraid that you wouldn't be ready, I was scared I am leaving you defenseless in this harsh world. So I came up with a plan. As we fought hundreds of my agents attacked government building, banks and police stations. Your slate is clean. I can't say how sorry I am for what I put you through to prepare you.
Shuddered breath.

I wish we had more time, and I want you to know that I love you. I love you more than life itself.

Please forgive me.

Emerald eyes stared into his own, filled with passion and sorrow at the same time.

Often times he wished he had more time with his father, but the training he was given saved his life countless times since that night.

"Hey, you are watching it again?" Shouto asked, softly, his bare feet pattering on the wooden floor of their tiny, yet cozy apartment. A heavy weight settled against his shoulders, before a warm face nuzzled into his neck. "I'm sleepy, come to bed, it's cold" the hero grumbled, wrapping his arms around Izuku. The man smiled to himself, petting Shouto's soft hair. It took them a while to get there, and it took him a while to collect himself after the hell his father put him through, but finally after all these years he finally stopped being that little boy who watched his father being taken away to prison.

Chapter End Notes

So I guess that's it. The ride was rowdy, and filled with some of my craziest plot twists. If you managed to stick it out I applaud you. If you aren't horrendously disappointed with my work, check out other stories on Ao3. Share a comment, leave a kudo. And, enjoy the time you get with your parents, we have so little of it.

End Notes

How did you like it? All critique is appreciated (as is all praise).

Please drop by the archive and comment to let the author know if you enjoyed their work!