A greater evil.
by MadderRed

Summary

Are you a hero because of your quirk? Because of your actions? Because you just... Are?

Does that make you a hero? Who decides that? It's pretty arbitrary if you ask me, considering how easy it is to label something as not-heroic or even evil, villainous.

I wonder what you would think without quirks, or what they would think without you.

(A weird story with multiple paths and SRS themes, paths are chosen via reader polls, SYOC for chapters 22+)
Catching up

Chapter Notes

Let it be known that this is the very first ever that I actually write down into a site... Specially AO3, most of my world are private and shared with silly links to folders... So this is me going "public" so to speak.

The story takes place a while after our heroes confront the eight precepts and Expendables, unless the canon changes by the time I write a particular scene: nobody is dead, people are in or about to be in captivity or free just as in canon, and Eri is safe in a rehabilitation center.

There are no pairings as of yet, and while I have a ship or two I want to include, I am simply terrible at realizing who works with who besides "it makes sense" so, any suggestions will be welcome.

I will be writing characters who, by design or characteristics, will likely be very graphical, provocative, depressing or outright offensive, this is meant to cause anger in both our protagonists and the reader, but I do not intend to offend anyone by doing this, you have been warned.

See the end of the chapter for more notes

Green, wandering irises scanned the surface of a screen, hungrily scanning for meaningful information to absorb from the plethora of news, gossip sites, and blogs that to which Izuku Midoriya adhered.

Most headlines and articles were simply bland; minor gossip like rumours of a romance between a pro hero and a former vigilante. Others detailed new breakthroughs in research about quirk activation methods.... Which while important and interesting, seemed to be extremely inconclusive and irrelevant, with little to no useful applications to heroes or society.

As he stared at the screen, he occasionally noticed his own fingers as they shifted webpages downward a few times. They were still gruesomely scarred, belonging to an old, timeworn warrior who fought with tooth and nail for his life; the very opposite of the nubile smoothness expected of a high school student. Oddly, his left hand appeared to be in better condition than the right, this being due to his left fist being disintegrated and reformed multiple times during his encounter with Overhaul.

It had been a complicated fight; if not for Mirio and Aizawa helping, it would've been over very quickly... And yet here he was, technically benefitting from his near-death experience. The Eight Expendables and the Precepts of Death had been defeated after the brief but brutal confrontation, Eri was safe, and the perpetrators captured— much to their dismay. Most of had really wanted to die for their organization—to go out with a bang that would save their boss.

The Heroes, being heroes, ignored their sentiment, and denied them the death that they craved. A life was a life, and to them, such a life must be saved even if that means beating them it into a pulp and restraining its owner.
Izuku, on the other hand, felt strange. Eri was in recovery, and despite the many frictions with his classmates once the little undercover operation was over, he finally felt like a true hero. Before, he had been attacked, he had saved other heroes, he had fought for his survival and the survival of his fellow classmates. Now, having saved Eri, he could claim to have aided someone innocent, someone who had no way or intent to fight, someone who could end fights, undoubtedly, but she never meant to... It was all involuntarily, a reflex or instinct of her quirk.

In the end, the little girl was safe, and now the most eventful ordeals that he faced were his classes and the occasional set of nosy interviewers. Izuku felt oddly flattered; class 1-A and 1-B were now being interviewed and talked about not because All Might was their teacher, or because Yuuei was a prestigious school! Now, it was because each student who had gone out to the field now had their own little cult following: Fans!

The very idea often left him in a state of hazy disbelief. Even now, pride swelled pert within him as thoughts of saving Eri, appealing to his fans, and laughing while carrying half a dozen accident victims on his shoulders became dominant within his head.

Unbeknownst to him, his current fit of daydreaming caused his slurred chuckles and boyish blushing to catch the attention of a few of his classmates.

The deadness of the day lent much to wandering eyes; Iida and Momo insisted that they studied, Kirishima, Bakugou, Mina, Sero, Denki, and Rikidou went to the school gyms to train and play-something-in their free time, while others went out to shop or run around in town. Right now, Izuku was alone with Tsuyu, Tokoyami and Jirou, all of whom seemed to be independently distracted with their respective hobbies: books, music, and poetry.

Every now and then, Tsuyu replied to some messages from a friend outside school, before getting back to reading. It seemed she was mostly going through the pages to wait for her friend to reply, really.

Izuku kept scrolling, something caught his eye, mainly because of just how contrived and complicated the article seemed to be.

"Heroes investigate the attack and robbery of the QIRF, suspected connection to vigilante/villain fan base"

According to the article, the QIRF (Quirk information and research foundation) had been recently sent threats, and had their fancy-looking building vandalized. After an online group delivered a particularly specific threat, the foundation had been raided clean, and while no information was "exclusive" to the foundation, what was lost still contained historic and otherwise important records of quirks and the individuals who had them.

A few staff members were found incredibly wounded yet alive the article mentioned "incredibly brutal, savage fighting" somewhere in there. Many online groups had begun to take interest in villains and vigilantes—they were famous and revered in a manner similar to Heroes, albeit less often in person. Therefore, anonymous or pseudonymous sites allowed them to interact with fans, especially as of late.

Through his reasoned Izuku recognized the trend as an incredibly popular one. Perhaps a bunch of fans trying to impress a villain? Was this how vigilantes had to try to gain access to information? Where villains using threats and messages to impress and instill further fear before committing the crime?

At any rate, the event was equivalent to a library being raided, most of the information inside it
was either too old or too vague, the important quirk data was held in more secure institutions like the pro hero registry and the civilian quirk registry.

"We suspect that this group -who call themselves 'agents of the pact' online- are the same ones who protested against quirk experimentation and research in other laboratories and even medical facilities. We believe at least one of the 4 or so recognized individuals had a powerful quirk." were the closing lines one of the detectives gave to the press.

Many other websites offered places for fans, heroes and communities to flourish, for better or for worse. So far, with most of the league of villains and the Eight Expendables where in jail, or in some form of confinement! Even all for one! Truly these were the times of peace that would allow a new symbol of hope to rise... Well, he would rise to become the new symbol of hope, in theory.

The fact that a bunch of overzealous fans -he was an overzealous fan himself, in a moment of clarity- took some information from an old archive was likely not something he should concern himself with, and if it became such, Sir Nighteye, Mirio and All Mig- Toshinori would let him know.

These articles tickled many parts of his nervous, if not polarizing and brave self. No part of him could resist geeking out over hero gossip and news, and as a hero in training, any sort of criminal investigation would teach him in some way. Very rarely did something slip by his fine, analytic gaze— whenever he wasn't freaking out over something, that is.

Elsewhere, a similar, yet far less grounded individual mumbled sentences presented to him by his environment.

“Let us be what we are, to be anything else would be fatal.”

“Make our blood pact hold against the tyranny.”

“Magnificent acts of magnificence.”

And lastly... The one which upset him the most.

“We will transcend the very meaning of heroes and villains.”

Tomura mulled over the scribblings that street thugs and nobodies had been painting recently all over the street, in tiny papers, in pamphlets…Even in overly ornate graffiti. He didn't know what they meant, but they upset him; he was one of the few free villains in the street, and the fact that some dumb online meme community was having more of an impact than him as of late was just infuriating.

He swallowed dryly and traced his five fingers around a section of wall as he walked by, making the graffiti scrape and flake off like paint being eaten by solvent.
"I will find you, stupid NPC…"

Within a large room dominated by computer screens spoke a pair of individuals, their silhouettes plastered to the room’s back wall.

"So uh! What next?" a very petite, peach-skinned girl with tattoos and orange hair asked to a robed man sitting in a throne of sorts.

"We already knew where the rats where hiding, why did we have to check first?"

In response, another figure— that of a strange looking man with oversized shoulders whose skeleton, baldness, and apeish stance conflicted with one another—chided his smaller counterpart.

"Rats? Do not speak like that of our companions...." The robed man spoke.

Tired and clearly not very energetic, his clothes looked heavy, woven tightly and folded many times over, as if his figure was blanketed by heavy fabric.

"Our siblings abandoned us, we must make sure they arrive home well and healthy." he stated following heavy sigh.

The many screens in the room made it hard to see anything—to hear anything. About 20 or so individuals were present in total; all watching, typing, talking, listening. Eventually, one of them broke the cacophony in an attempt at putting some order in the chaotic reunion. She wore purple-rimmed glasses and kept her red hair in a bun; a formal look if not for the few bits that the low, changing lights allowed the eye to see.

With a gentle adjustment of her glasses and a snap of her fingers, all heads turned to her, and all sounds went away. Most of them were used to her abilities, but some still groaned from being forced to pay attention.

"While I appreciate our flexible schedule and eagerness to spread our mantra to the world, I do believe we should make a move sooner rather than later." she briefly explained and pointed her fingers to the large, robed man.

"Thank you, Servanda" he replied, placing his hands to the shoulders of the petite, orange-haired girl and to the large, bony man.

"Amensis and Felhid..." He began to explain before being interrupted by a red-hooded man, alongside a tall... Thing, which seemed to be following him closely. Its gender was difficult to discern; metal was grafted in many places and its general shape, while human, was very gruesome. Leather-like skin and profusions of bulging organs and metal inserts permeated its shape.

As if indifferent to his appearance, the white-masked male owner to which the ghastly frame belonged interjected roughly.

"If bloodbag and brittle bones are going, I want to go too! Ya know? Aren't we supposed to be a squad? The whole 'body of the pact' or somethin like that?" he grunted.
Reflexively, the tall, metal-grafted creature grunted in ascent. Bands of barbed metal plating covered its face and mouth, thus guttural sounds were its only response option.

The girl -Amensis- and the skeletal, bulky man -Felhid- stared at the two others, clearly not pleased with their intrusion but at least Amensis seemed happy that they would come along.

"Oho! More people to make a mess with! You know what I like, Mori!" She giggles and somewhat eagerly punches the red-hooded male -mori- in the arm, in a friendly fashion

"Won't this be Overkill? I accept working with my peers, but all of us? Even just Ghele could scour the area clean." Felhid mentioned, placing his somewhat oversized hand on the shoulder of the metal-grafted being.

The tired, man in the throne laughed slightly "I think you three should make a good display of our power... Be ready, study the enemy and await for our signal."

With this utterance and twirl of his fingers, his robes began to fold and twist, seemingly compressing into a single spot, and with a flash of light, his clothing became a small cube of metal which he held in his hand.

"Very well... The blood, flesh, bone and humor." he pointed to the four individuals "Will be the ones to try and intercept my brother and stop his little escapade." he announced to the whole 'court' before dismissing them, the conference room was still very much full even as they left to get ready.

"Servanda, do we have everything ready for the broadcast?" He asked her... It was easy to assume she was very much a secretary "we do, my dear brother... "

Chapter End Notes

This first episode was mostly a test of my own writing skills, so if grammar or formatting sucks, let me know! English is not my first language and even if I feel incredibly dumb at times when people correct me, I want that, I want to learn and improve! So any feedback or criticism is welcome.

Any observations that you, the reader makes, will be taken into account as this fic progresses, let me provide an example... If someone comments about how x was mentioned and found it curious, then that thing will either be also noticed or ignored by the characters.

Consider this some form of experimental writing, if you see an evil dude being evil in the background, commenting and analyzing will affect the outcome of his evil plan.

I do have a whole plot planned out, and it is very flexible and branching in terms of possibilities, hence why I wanted to explore my own array of ideas with the reader...

So if you want a ship, tell me and I'll work it in if it makes sense, if you think you figured out the villain, comment or message and I may tell you a couple secrets, the readers will even decide what happens to some characters when they are defeated, or in which order the fights take place.

So yeah, if this catches your eye, please ask, comment, speculate, guess... Anything
like that!
Bloody vandalism

Chapter Summary

Things escalated awfully fast after the first threats became a reality.

Chapter Notes

Someone noticed my ramblings, yay! I have pretty much no social life so I will likely spend a lot of time typing this story out of my head.

Fatgum had lost his appetite, and aizawa looked genuinely shocked out of his tired daze, both things happened very rarely, but the sight that greeted them deserved it.

The night-patrolling Eraserhead received the signal from one of the many hero agencies that worked nearby UA, they were tight knit, and they had worked together to bring down the eight precepts, they were fast to respond to the emergency.

But seemingly not fast enough.

They found a sole survivor of an attack, she was kneeling and crying at the end of a long, bloodied hallway, it was a 24/7 pharmacy, late night security guards and other staff members where scattered in the floor leading to her, bodies and limbs mangled up in inhumane angles, as if they had no bones or structure.

Twisted into bundles and splattered in the walls like someone threw rotten tomatoes all over the place, the flesh, despite being fresh and recently alive, was absolutely devoid of tone or features, no faces, no fingers, no people, just bodies.

Aizawa shouta approached the scene, carefully inspecting the action, this was a messy scenario, it was going to be easy to find some sort of clue, his gaze peering through the slits in his googles.

"Are you injured, miss?"

He asked while approaching the woman, she seemed absolutely untouched, as if the bloody stains and minced meat avoided her.

"We are heroes, we come to help! You will be safe now, I assure you!" Fatgum cheered from behind, advancing slower towards the survivor of this killing spree.

Aizawa got a closer look at the woman... Her body had been misshapen, her joints twisting in unnatural angles and contorted bulges ran along her legs, likely the reason she was unable to stand, on the floor next to her and on the many scattered limbs and patches of skin there was something scribbled, etched into the bodies.

"heroes are too slow, too weak"
Over and over, like a mantra, a message from the perpetrator, obviously.

Aizawa finally got close enough to the woman, unlike the other victims, she was merely disabled by the criminal... Not torn apart into lumps of meat.

"Can you stand? We have to take you somewhere safe"

The woman kept crying, her workmates and even the security members where gone so quickly... She didn't believe how impossibly fast and brutal the assault was, no quirk could allow a human to do what she had witnessed, it was simply impossible.

She looked up to aizawa "W-who rang... The alarm? Who survived?" She asked, raising her own hands to reach for aizawa's shoulders, to let herself be carried.

"This is all we found, nobody else is in the building" aizawa slowly lifted her and carried her outside, fatgum inspected the few storage rooms and shelves... All raided clean and empty.

The girl began to scream as her muscles seemed to tense up, clenching and holding onto aizawa somewhat involuntarily, as if she was being forced to.

The pro hero moved her hand from his shoulder and looked at her, was she the cause of this? No, her quirk was being disabled and pharmacies usually contracted logistic or speed related quirks.

She kept screaming, drawing the attention of fatgum, who rushed out of the storage room to help.

"Is she hurt? What happened?" Aizawa moved faster towards the exit, knowing that paramedics would show up soon... She was in great pain from the aftereffects of whatever quirk she was subjected to, the medics would know how to stop these pains.

The mature woman was convulsing and crying, begging for help, something to stop her own body from crushing itself with each pulse of joint-splitting tension.

She nearly begged to be choked with those white bandages...

There where three other similar cases in the upcoming weeks, all incidents happened with overwhelming, unexpected amounts of violence and speed, before alarms could trigger, before victims could run, before guards and heroes could fight back or even activate their quirks.

All four cases where being closely monitored by the media and pro heroes, but the news reached everyone.

These crimes where something else.

The next one happened during a police intervention in a domestic violence situation, four policemen, two adults and a child, all found dead and bled dry, no major wounds where visible on the surface, but they had been cooked and bruised from the inside out.

Written in blood, on the patrol cars and in the street, with an awfully femenine, delicate handwriting

"you are not safe, your walls and weapons cannot stop us"

The third and arguably most impactful case happened in broad light, where a group of fleeing
criminals - three of them - where impaled, the concrete split under them and a large, off-white stake of bone and sinew speared them, across the chest, across the torso, and through the skull from the chin.

Everyone saw it happen, but nobody knew who did it, the bone stakes raised and grew, becoming rather monumental, for the entire street to see.

And etched into these sharp spires, in black tendons, one could make out words.

"right or wrong, good or bad, you will only live if you deserve to"

The fourth and last incident was actually the murder of a villain, a criminal who dealt in drugs, one of the few who benefited from the eight precepts being gone.

His underground den and bar storefront had been bleached and leveled, the building was in shambles, plenty of people escaped the collapsing building, but nobody made it out of the underground lair, which was reduced to a noxious, smoking crater full of toxic fumes.

The villain himself had a pretty handy quirk, he could use his arms just like a break-action shotgun, not to mention he was fairly street-smart.

Unlike the guards and police in the other cases, the crime scene looked like he put up a fight.

The entire building and basement reeked, of a strange mixture of bitter sweat, sulphur, urine and blood, stains of yellow fluid and chemical burns where visible on the floor and walls, in the bodies of the many goons that where smashed and pulverized against concrete or wood.

The floor was littered with spent shotgun shells and brass casings, but the hazmat police and detectives who investigated the scene noticed no bullet holes or a meaningful amount of lead shot.

Whatever they shot at, they did hit, a lot.

Bloodied, stained money sprawled around the dead villain 'Mr mossberg' and his crushed phone was found lodged inside his heart, his entire body had been crushed and compacted by brute force.

"be afraid, but do not hate us, this is our nature"

kurogiri recieved this message, it was sent to all contacts that mossberg had, and those contacts spread the rumors and fear like wildfire, making its way to the few remaining members of the league of villains.

"Problematic and messy, they lack finesse and professionalism"

The warp gate - and barman - served himself a glass of something, as to how he drank it, it was hard to tell.

"But the psychological warfare seems effective"

"You see? We aim to entertain! We have many members with various methods and goals, but all in all, we are an organization with a simple objective: to make things interesting"
A man - dressed as what could be described as a jester - spoke into the camera, he wore a plain mask with three segments, divided at the mouth and down the nose, making an inverse Y shape, the smile was painted with a gentle smile.

"Now now, you must be thinking 'but won't they be angry? Won't they try to find you?' and i say: they will try"

He was in charge of this week's live stream, they had few fans, some where likely just for the morbid curiosity, some truly shared their viewpoint and some where likely trying to trace or find the source.

"But our magnificent leader is wise, and our broadcasts have been safe and constant, haven't they? I assure you, they cannot find us, they are like headless chickens trying to find a needle in a haystack"

He loved his job, not only this whole 'spooky villain' act, he loved to entertain, to see the chat and news react to their actions, to think of some morbid, depraved crowd enjoying this show, screening their recent acts and celebrating them.

"This is not senseless violence! Well, it is senseless and it is violent... But it is so much more, wouldn't you agree?" He gestured to his fellow members, many silhouettes could be seen behind the little stage he had set up, all of them remained silent but one "Be done with your foolishness" followed by the room glowing orange under the heat and radiating flames of one of the individuals in the room

"Whoops! You heard him, we must continue plotting and spreading in a more... Subtle way, see you next time! Same place! Same time!"

Izuku closed his laptop, he had found the website where this so called "pact" hosted it's show, before, the same site was full of posts and articles about topics like fan theories about heroes or villains, or nerdy analysis of recent televised fights, even some scientific research about quirks made it to the front page.

But now, it was mostly a group of individuals - judging by administrator status, 5 of them - putting together a villain organization.

They refused to be called villains, instead calling themselves "the pact" or "the oath" or even "the covenant" which made it clear that they weren't very well organized.

But the group was about 26 members strong, and it's follower count was hundreds last week, breaking a thousand today.

He found it all very worrissome, this was yet another method for villains to assemble, and since it was flourishing, police and hero organizations couldn't track them down, likely due to a jamming or encrypting quirk on their side, even their followers where protected by this.

He was deep in thought, somewhat lost in it until he heard three energetic knocks on the door

"Deku?"

"Uhm... Uraraka? Y-yeah?"
A brief giggle could be heard in the other side of the door "yaomomo and rikidou are making some snacks for us all! I-i wanted to see if you could join us!" Izuku could nearly hear her enthusiastic fist pumps.

Izuku stood up and stared at the closed laptop.

Even if it became a mayor issue, this had to be the first villain attack that was nowhere near aimed at him or Toshinori, and even if it came to him having to intervene, he had to also focus on school and his friends.

There where plenty of pro heroes, they would figure out how to stop them.

"T-thanks for letting me know! I'll be downstairs in a bit!"

Ochako wanted to go downstairs with him, but she figured he was busy, and decided not to pry, making her way to the stairs "very well! Don't take too long, you know kirishima and kaminari eat quickly!"

Deku smiled, UA and his class where the best thing to happen to him since getting one for all, and that was the best thing since meeting all might, and that was the best thing since meeting her mom He felt so happy about his life, through all hardships and challenges, he always had so much hope in his heart and friends to rely on.

All he wanted was to be strong and be able to keep things like this, this is part of the story of how he became the greatest hero, after all.
We have free time too!

Chapter Summary

Izuku -well, nobody- expected this new evil organization to handle itself so freely and carelessly.

It was as if they where not afraid of being caught or confronted.

This was scary and worrysome, but to some this was simply interesting and infuriating.

Chapter Notes

I see the counts slowly rising and they make me both proud and afraid, but both sensations make me go forth and write more.

Also! Lordy lord, did I make some mess ups when formatting/posting the second and this chapter. Still getting used to Ao3 and FF.net, great plataforms, but I'm just clumsy and keep running into stuff.

See the end of the chapter for more notes

The warm welcoming scent of baked sweets and the sounds of laughter and bickering of his classmates filled his senses as he made his way downstairs to the common room of the UA dorms, as he walked out of the stairwell, he walked into a rather... Strange scene.

Sero and Mezou where doing their best to restrain Kirishima, Kaminari and Mineta from devouring the recently laid tray of macaroons.

"Please, listen for a moment" the deep, rarely-heard voice of Shoji was easy to tell from the laughter and back-and-forth complaints of the hungry trio

"Hey! It's not my fault that Rikidou is so good at baking!"

"Hey, I did say I was gonna make plenty, so just... Be patient? Please!?"

"Well, the girls got to eat first! And so did shouto and bakugou! Why didn't we get to eat from the first batch?"

Izuku sighed and smiled as he walked closer, it felt so nice to have friends both as reckless and as responsible as his class.

"Hey, not my fault you where too busy staring at Yaoyorozu in an apron instead of eating"

"It's just not fair, Rikidou and shouto get to be in the kitchen with Yao and the other girls! Why are they special!"

Jirou smacked him with one of her earjacks, while at the same time grabbing a chip from the
nearby bowl and scrolling through her phone.

"Try having self-control and some useful skills or knowledge, that'd help you"

Rikidou was indeed good at baking and general cooking, while shouto wasn't nowhere as experienced, his abilities where useful for many methods of cooking and freezing, he was in fact, responsible for the very crisp, delicious creme brûlée they had a few days ago.

His friends eventually noticed him, and stopped fighting, for the most part, as he just leaned closer and before taking one of the sweet confections, looked for Yaoyorozu.

"C-can I? Just one?"

"By all means, we made them for the class, almost everyone has tried them already"

So he went ahead and took one, eating the sweet, nutty, cookie-like confections, it's rich flavor and texture where great, as expected of the resident group of cooks.

While most of the time they ate instant, ready-made food or at the cafeteria, every now and then someone would organize a movie or game night, which called for snacks, be it chips, sandwiches or sushi of some kind.

This was one of these nights, and nearly everyone was present or had been part of this before he arrived, considering he took a bit more than usual to showing up.

That, and some of his classmates either couldn't show up, or often decided not to.

It wasn't a matter of disliking these kinds of meetings, but some of them REALLY needed to get some studying done, either willingly or with the encouragement of the class rep and vice rep.

Now that his classmates stopped struggling and Sero and Mezou had them go, the macaroons where gone in under a minute.

He sat down, next to Iida and across uraraka, who smiled wide at him "deku! I'm so glad you could join us"

While most of them where at the table, some where also at the living room -esque part of the common room, Ojiro and Tokoyami where taking turns at a survival horror game... Passing the controllers at each death, judging by how his tail was moving, Ojiro was clearly a bit more scared, but the tail was also held still in some parts.

 Likely meaning that Hagakure was petting his tail to comfort him and sitting next to him, and next to her was Ashido, likely there just to see how they would react when a spooky monster showed up.

"What the fuck took you so long? They made some dumb, complex candy for us and people fought for it until you walk in like you own this place?!?” Bakugou was clearly misinterpreting the situation again- was he? -to get mad at Izuku, which resulted in glares from ochako and tsuyu, who where more or less doing a joint effort to 'train' bakugou to be more civil.

It wasn't unlike what they had to do in their internships or the stealth rescue mission.

bakugou was great when he was angry at villains, basically everyone in class wanted him to keep things civil in class, anger wasn't bad in itself, just... Aim it somewhere else.
"K-kacchan! I was uh... Doing some minor research, ya know... Deku stuff, hero gossip and articles"

At the mention of this, Kaminari coughed and choked on his drink, after a few moments to get back his composure, he spoke up "oh, have you heard about that one uh... Was it a clothing brand? Yeah, I think one of the new villains is actually selling stuff with their logo and quotes on it"

At the mention of this, the few at the table went somewhat silent, realizing it was a somewhat serious villain topic. Kaminari realized this and giggled nervously

"I just thought it was kinda cool, I mean... Selling clothes instead of robbing a bank is somewhat... Better, right?"

Jirou smiled "heh, I saw an article and a couple new tracks... They have one of them making music too, he isn't bad"

"So now we have villains who just make normal livelihood and hobbies without getting caught?" Kirishima made the obvious but very unusual realization "I mean... Any form of business is a better way of living than pure villainy, but how are they doing this without getting... Ya know, caught?"

Kaminari seemed to know an awful lot about this group

"Well, uh... I've heard, at least... " He was clearly nervous, he already had bad image for being stupid and having a cumbersome quirk, he did not want to come off as a villain fanboy.

"That they have some seriously strong, weird quirks along their group, like... New age kinda stuff, nobody knows why since... Well, it's a very new thing and whatnot, but they keep talking about some sort of quirk that enhances other quirks"

He laughed "but I mean, literally anyone can access their site, buy their merch and watch their shows... They are not trying to be secret, like... At all"

Izuku and Iida where both grinding gears inside their skull over this, uraraka was just surprised that he knew this much, while the rest just let him speak

"And i mean, as Jirou said" he shot a clumsy wink her way, a failed attempt at courting her.

"They clearly have free time and hobbies like other people, they make music and stuff... They act like they're not villains to begin with, heck, they might be everywhere and we might not know it"

Sero stared at him and, wrapping an arm around him in a headlock, have him a friendly nudge, ruffling his yellow hair a bit

"I'm glad we have a villain social media expert on the team then! Means we can follow them, right?"

Izuku swallowed and nervously looked at the two classmates "to be honest... I was indeed looking at them, they have a noticeable amount of people following them"

This caused Tsuyu to perk up "are you one of those followers, Kaminari? It certainly sounds like you are"

Kaminari laughed "well, the host is really charming! And there is no harm in watching it, it's like the news? I don't think it's helping or supporting them in any way, they don't accept any form of
support from their 'fans' which... I'm not really one of?"

Iida looked somewhat sternly at Kaminari "we have all seen the unpunished, unjustified actions that the group has carried out, even if it's not apparent if it supports them" he narrowed his gaze, making him look even more serious and even slightly threatening "I do not appreciate -any- of you indulging these voyeuristic villains"

Bakugou let out a dry chuckle "so what? I mean, if a thousand depraved fuckers like watching villains in some stupid show, it might as well be people who can stop them"

"He does have a good point, plus, we know that it is impossible to transmit or activate quirks through internet or most indirect mediums"

Yaoyorozu put her two cents in, they had recently studied quirk - technology relations, while some quirks can affect technology, quirks have a limited radius from the user, even a quirk that could, say, hypnotize someone through a computer, would have to be close to the target and even then it would be just one person being affected.

"Hey, it beats most online entertainment outside of porn and whatnot" Mineta commented before stuffing his face with a handful of chips

Iida sighed "very well, it isn't forbidden... But I will inform the teachers if necessary, do not hesitate to inform any of your classmates if something suspicious shows up"

The entire group nodded, the tensions had risen and fallen somewhat rapidly, but all was well now, they comunicated their concerns and knowledge openly... Considering how the hero killer and eight precepts had come to be, if class 1-A needed anything, was to communicate more.

The same shit-eating grin masked guy was broadcasting again

"Now, we have received a few personal threats and attacks after we became 'hero' like by killing a couple villains"

This time, despite wearing the same smiling mask and skin-concealing, tight suit, he wore a business attire instead of the jester one last time.

"Needless to say, these attacks where dealt with, with no losses in our side! As i say again and again.... Magnificent displays of magnificence! We did not falter against some angry subordinates"

Shiragaki felt his muscles tense around the wooden bar he was reclining against, he wanted to pulverize his masked head off and spread the remains like confetti

"Now, I know some of you in the crowd will be all like 'but those guys where weak! I'm super duper strong and smart' and to that i say... Yeah! You might be super duper strong and smart"

He pulled out a handgun from his suit, and a stack of papers from under the desk, the entire setup looked like an actual newscast, instead of the prancy theatre stage last time.

"We have sent a couple of our agents to search for a couple of special people, people that we wan-
no, that we need! It sucks saying that we need someone...

He read the front of the stack of papers "huh, kids? Are you sure we need kids?" He asked someone behind the camera, and waited for a response

"Well... Boss orders, I deliver! Some... Students from UA and a few of their relatives will be involved, mainly that uh... Crap"

He went through the papers and finally settled in one "ah yes, todoroki! That name has a lot of weight behind it ya see? It's quite the tragic story"

Many images went through the screen, showing pictures of todoroki shouto, todoroki enji and his wife.... As well as a couple newspaper articles and court orders..

"We have a lot of filth on that name, plenty of shit weighing it down, but we have shit on every human being on Earth, so who cares"

"You might be saying... How the heck did they get that info? How the heck do we know its true? Isn't this a low blow?"

The masked man simply laughed, his laugh was sharp and annoying, it sharpened any hatred that Shiragaki already had for him

"The answer is... we raided a couple more places like... 20? 20 minutes ago, official government and agency archives"

The many incriminating, exposing images went through the screen, highlighting that the relationship was incredibly unstable, abusive and simply... Unnatural from all three angles.

"Worry not, we didn't kill anyone, it was a clean in-and-out, heck! One of my favorite agents said that she wanted one of Endeavor's clothes to sniff or something, so if he finds any missing underwear, that's why"

Both kurogiri and Shiragaki where mildly disgusted by this part.

"We also have plenty of incriminating evidence of other heroes... Oh, and villains too! But we will leave that for another time"

A loud, angry growl followed by a shaky camera and crackling akin to a burning fireplace could be heard off camera.

"Seriously, boss! If he doesn't like me working my magic, why do you insist on making him watch? Like, can't he wait outside while we broadcast this shit?"

"I shall reduce you to ashes, you empty puppet"

"Puppet? I'm seriously offended!" He took the handgun and pointed it to his temple, with a fearless stare into the camera and a loud bang, he shot himself.

Much to Shiragaki's dismay, he seemed unfazed by the bullet and burning blast.

after a few seconds, he did not even go limp, instead turning his head to the side, to show the clean hole that went through

"I assure you, no editing magic required... Now, where was I? Ah yes, the todoroki kid... We where originally planning to take both Endeavor and his wife a while ago, but hey! they had a kid, so that
is waaaaay easier! Plus, we have a plan b anyways"

He still had a hole in his head, no blood was coming out and his neck was turned at an awkward angle even as he spoke, the rest of his body acting pretty much normally, as if his head still faced forwards

"Some other targets will include that one... Crap, the Ibara girl! Yeah? Bloodbag says that her hair would be nice to have around..."

He shifted through the pages

"And lastly, our most important target... Will be a trio of researchers that... Recently, recently as in like... 'will happen in a few minutes' survived one of our attacks, and will likely head to UA for refuge and solace"

He put down the papers and raised both arms with open palms facing up a 'I don't know' gesture

"That's the plan at least, and yes! I know we are giving out a lot of info for free, but it will not matter in the end, or maybe it will! Who knows! Our goal is to entertain, to liberate and to reveal..."

He laughed once more

"So that's it folks, enji is an asshole, shouto's mom got fucked and punched against her will, the kid and his school is about to get attacked, and I'm suuuure a lot of you are concerned or worried for them, or hell!" he pointed towards himself and leaned closer towards the camera, sticking the pinky finger of his other hand in the hole in his temple "you might be worried about the wellbeing of the agents of this wonderful pact"

"But as we have told this world many times, you cannot build walls or laws that will resist against our oath, I'm sure that spreading this information will only make things harder for us" he clapped, a few off-camera voices could be heard groaning, others cheering him on

"And that is exactly what we want! So please, if you want a front row seat to the show, just ask UA! Until then... See you guys next time, same place, same time! I love you guys!"

He placed both hands over his mask and blew a kiss before the camera cut off

"Don't even think about it, Shiragaki tomura"

Shiragaki turned to face kurogiri "you know they'll be distracted with heroes, backstabs deal extra damage in every game"

Kurogiri sighed, he had a good point

"If anything, we can just watch, maybe? You know it'd be kinda fun? I mean... It fucking sucks to not take part, but it's helpful" twice spoke up, it was rare for the league to be this talkative, but the show did indeed make things interesting
The news spread fast, Endeavor faced a massive public blow and backlash against his agency. 'he is no real hero!'
'the violent case of the todoroki family!'

All these headlines and protests upset him, he wasn't angry at shouto, he knew that he hated this too, he was just so absolutely furious and had no way to direct this anger at anyone but himself. Not only did he let himself make these stupid decisions, but also failed to cover these tracks and evidence.

In a moment of enlightenment and humility, he almost blamed himself, but that would have to wait until after he apologized to the public and did some damage control.

He wasn't just a hero, he was a businessman, but that would have to wait until he crushed the plans of the pathetic bunch of villains that decided to mess with todoroki enji

He was a cruel father, a cruel hero... But he was still a hero, and one that nobody should mess with, he would not forgive this kind of transgression with reasoning like many other pro heroes would.

Todoroki had come to visit his mother, to bring her some of the caramelized fruit that he helped make back at UA and to talk with her as per usual, but as he walked into the medical room and looked at the ceiling-mounted TV and recognized himself in the news, his guts twisted in disgust, shame and anger.

Most of it wasn't about him, he was a bastard and he had come to terms with it, his class and all the tribulations of making his fire his own power where something, going against his father's wishes was something else.

But her mother was crying, not only had she been condemned to suffer in this place, but now everyone knew... She clenched at her hair at the thought of how everyone would see her poor child.

He was a calm and collected person, sometimes out of obliviousness or simplicity, but right now he was having a hard time keeping himself in one piece, the articles didn't offend him, but they hurt one of the few things that fueled his journey and joy.

Izuku and Kaminari both informed the class as soon as they knew, and before the class could inform the teachers, they already knew.
Fearing the worst, izuku went through the last few moments of the last broadcast and blog posts, which detailed the specific targets of this incursion upon UA.

The list was short and sweet, but each name made his heart sink deeper, heavy with dread.

*Tomorrow! Make sure the three traitors are there too!*

**primary targets**

- *Uraraka Ochako*
- *Todoroki Shouto*
- *Kaminari Denki*

**Secondary targets/objectives**

- *Ibara shiozaki* (*bloody wants her*)

  *Incapacitate/subjugate as many teachers as possible! No killing, boss orders!*

*With love, DM~*

he showed the list to aizawa, who was on the receiving end of a long explanation/freakout hybrid from Kaminari.

"So you know their site directly? And you didn't tell us?"

"It was stupid, yes, but their site was open to everyone, I thought some pro heroes where watching them too!"

Whatever excuses they had, it didn't matter.

Todoroki had to deal with an awful lot of stares on his way back to UA, he didn't acknowledge them, it only made him angrier by proxy... This was what her mother feared, not his fear.

Everyone in school was freaking out, as much as classes continued to go as normal, eventually the school loudspeaker system blared up.

"This is principal nedzu! Talking to all classes to confirm and reassure that the school is being prepared to face any potential threat"

"I am in the process of reinforcing security by hiring extra forces from hero agencies, as well as taking extra measures to assure that nobody will be hurt"

The voice calmed most, it was part of being a student hero, to have to stand steadfast against villainy should the need arise.

But nobody expected a threat to just be thrown right into their faces.
Classes 1- A and B where gathered in the same room, a large conference room which principal nedzu had called them into, alongside with most of the relevant staff.

"As many of you may know, four of our students have been targeted specifically"

"Who, as well as most of our school staff, might be attacked at some point tomorrow"

Principal nedzu walked back and forth the front of the room, with Toshinori, Aizawa, Sekijiro and Kayama behind him

"The main concern for all of us is of course, to assure the safety of all of our students, but special attention will be paid to those who where targeted"

He used a small controller to show a capture of the website of the organization, everyone knew the first few names, who where part of class A, but with a few whispers of "Finally! They're paying attention to us, the superior class!" From Monoma, most where shocked that Ibara was targeted too, out of a whim, by the sounds of it.

"We have hired help from all the surrounding agencies... Most of which have worked with us in the past, the public is deeply concerned about the safety of our school, while the media might be throwing rocks at our prestigious school, we did not become the top hero academia for nothing! They may speak Ill of us, but public image is worthless compared to your lives"

Nedzu explained as he pressed the button again, which displayed yet another capture of the website... This time, detailing that only 4 of them would attack, and would simply walk in the main gate.

Be good little boys and girls and don't resist! We don't want collateral damage! You know how good we are at damage!

We will keep the cameras away, this'll be our secret!

Don't hide! And remember: we know where you live! You wouldn't want to endanger your family too, would you?

Think of it as a date.

With love, DM~

"While this might be trickery to get us to become distracted, we have taken that into account, most classes tomorrow will be cancelled or dismissed early, however..."

He pressed the button again, and this time it showed a snippet of a newspaper article, in which news reporters where butchered outside their homes before they could even try to approach UA to report on the situation

"Most of their statements and threats have been followed to a T, so we cannot risk classes A and B not being in the safety of UA... As much as the media would criticize it"

He made no mention of the todoroki scandal, knowing well it was not important to this security briefing, and that Endeavor would personally be here, wether he asked for help or not.

"Our main plan is to incapacitate the villains, so far they have not fought any heroes, so we expect
them to use 'hit and run' tactics, for which we have built traps and have takedown specialists with us" to which he gestured to the teachers behind him, all but Toshinori had excellent restraint quirks, and pointed to a blueprint of the UA campus and many sensors and various traps spread through it, even the robots for tests!

"Lastly, but not least... We are aware that many of you might want to engage -or avoid- personal combat with these villains... While we plan for them to never reach you, as all of you know from the experience with the league of villains..." He coughed, a bit upset at the bitter memory "that is not always possible... So as last time, fighting is permitted but only as a last resort!" He pointed his finger upwards to make emphasis

"Some third year students also offered to aid in this situation, so make sure to follow the orders of your teachers and upperclassmen should the need arise"

With a final click, he sighed, the standard classes where over, and the only students who remained where the ones who had dorms in-campus, so he took his time explaining everything

"Any questions?"

Most students where scared, a few where angry and some thought it would just be over soon... Considering that the villains would be walking directly into UA and given them time to prepare.

As he was preparing to bow, the alarm system went off, and everyone's blood ran cold.

"Please stay calm, let us handle this" aizawa quickly made his way out of the attirum and, following the directions of the alarm system, to the main yard, while nedzu used the microphone again "remain calm and head outside in a orderly manner!" Toshinori went to class A while Sekijiro made sure class B also kept calm while evacuating.

"Keep calm, young heroes! This might be just the increased security being tested!" Toshinori smiled weakly while his class followed along, all hero class students where wise enough to know that there was nothing to freak out until you saw a villain.

Kayama -midnight- followed after aizawa, to catch up to him as he oh so eagerly jumped solo into action 'this man's selflessness will be the end of him' she thought to berate him as she arrived next to him

both teachers froze up as they arrived to the center of the campus grounds, in the field laid two seemingly unconscious bodies in white lab coats, a third lab coated man stood tall over the last individual.

"Now, if I where a lesser creature, I would be saying 'you owe your life to me' but we all know that you guys don't have a life to call your own quite yet' he spoke down to the others, who listened, slowly getting up from the floor.

A very smug, grinning mask was the first thing they say, in a purple-red-white jester attire, or at least very similar.

"You know the boss knows you are doing this, and you know you will be punished"

The only standing -researcher- by the looks of it, spoke to the jester "silly Rourou, we know nobody can punish me! If anything, the boss will be proud! I'm following the pact down to the fine print"

The rest of the UA crowd arrived shortly to the open grounds, expecting villains instead of three
scientists and a goddamn clown.

However, everyone recognized said clown and his infuriating voice and smile.

"Oh sheesh, uh... What a crowd!"

Chapter End Notes

This was originally a much smaller chapter, but I got caught up in writing more and more... I blame free time and the thrill of it.

I will likely type out another chappie tonight.
Tough crowd

Chapter Summary

Oh boy oh geez oh boy I did not expect everyone to be here at once.

Chapter Notes

I did up writing two chapters, if anyone feels OOC do let me know!

And well, while my fast uploads haven't allowed it, I still want reader feedback to shape this story! Do you like him? Or her? Is this plan dumb? Are they too obvious? Is it a lie or not?

See the end of the chapter for more notes

Here where my options

I could run as fast as my shaky legs could carry me, but I know how fast they are.

I could fight as hard as my fragile frame could fight back, but I know how strong they are.

I could explain the reason for my presence, but I know how angry they are.

So instead I did what I do best, what the oath told me to do, and what I love to do.

Be a traitorous liar.

Cheat like a motherfucker.

He looked at the students and teachers, all of them heroes or with hero potential.

He sighed in defeat and raised both arms as mechanical click-clacks could be heard under his clothes, wires and strings began to tense as the stripes on his jester costume began to fold and flip into white.

His hands clasped wooden sticks that shit from under his sleeve, the sticks unrolled white fabric, tiny white flags.

"I give up! Okay? I surrender! I was merely pretending! It was just a prank!"

He stood still as a street sign.

Despite his compliance, he was bombarded by a cone of fire from above as endeavor jumped in
from his watchful position and torched him.

Figuring out that aggression was okay, shouto indulged his little vengative thoughts and joined his father, immolating the jester.

At this point 'Rourou' had covered his two weakened companions and carried them to a safe distance, the flames scorched his coat and clung to his clothes.

Not even a bit of pain or panic where displayed in his somewhat square features, he looked old and tired, but had a gentle air around him, specially as he watched the todoroki duo torch the villain.

As much as todoroki hated endeavor and endeavor found todoroki to be extremely immature, the destructive effect of their combined flames was absolute.

"Are you guys done yet?"

His voice was barely hearable among the roaring flames, but he was still standing, unfazed.

Knowing well that the flames of his son wouldn't hurt him, endeavor jumped into the flaming cone and delivered a straight punch to him, his fist covered in the hottest flame he could produce.

Under normal protocols, the UA staff would apprehend the villain, heroes where obligated by law to never use lethal force unless necessary, but endeavor seemed to be lost in anger, as was shouto.

"You will regret making her cry"

Shouto wanted to scream, but it was kept to a seething whisper, as he could no longer feel resistance against his flames and his body temperature reached it's limit, both flame-wielders figured it was enough, and stopped attacking.

As the flames died down and endeavor jumped out of them to land next to his son, -shooting a mild glare at him, as per usual- a small sound could be heard, akin to mumbling.

"-and I know you have daddy issues, but c'mon!"

Standing there, was the still intact jester, still white and still with his arms raised.

Both where shocked at this, endeavor himself delivered many direct punches to him, and felt the force go through, most students had gone to secure positions by now -despite Izuku's protests- in order to let the teachers fight.

"B-but we have to get todoroki! If they want him we-" the green haired boy was speechless as he saw the smiling mask shine as if the flames didn't even graze it

"Now, I deeply apologize, I will do it on camera if you want me to"

Endeavor stomped closer and grabbed the much smaller, scrawnier man but the neck and lifted him up, sneering down at him

"Why the hell aren't you a burnt up crisp by now, you buffoon!"

Shouto wanted to ask the same.

With a sigh, the jester simply groaned and whimpered at the physical agression, and with another set of mechanical clicking, he slipped past Endeavor's grasp.
At this point, all of UA's teachers had them surrounded

"That's usually happens when you burn things with fire, yeah! Did you expect me to burn?"

Endeavor tried to grab him again, his hand went through him

"I really don't want to fight, my quirk sucks at fighting! You see..." Before he could finish his sentence, he was roughly pulled by Aizawa's bandages and restrained

"Who are you and what are you doing here? Is the attack already taking place?"

"You hero guys are reaaaaally grabby"

Nedzu rubbed his chin

"It would seem you wanted to make sure your own story was true, wasn't it? Aren't those who came with you the researchers you mentioned?"

"Finally! Someone with a sense of civility!"

"Im flattered! But I insist you still answer what we ask of you"

Inside the man, another set of wires and strings could be heard pulling on each other, and as if he wasn't there, he went through the bandages with ease, bypassing it all, leaving Aizawa with a tired sigh.

"You should consider expecting less of yourselves, heroes"

He pointed to Aizawa and Endeavor, the lower and left section of his three-part smiling mask flipped inwards - where a face should've been - and revealed another perfectly fitting section, instead of just a smile, this one had a stuck out tongue and winking eye.

With the same motion, they returned to it's gentle smile

"You are a really smart rat-thing! But of course, you must be thinking 'he already knew that!' and to that I say... Yes, I was simply following my own agenda"

"Why don't we take this conversation elsewhere?"

Izuku and his classmates where safe by the looks of it, seeing that it wasn't really an attack to begin with.

Todoroki was back at the dorms and Toshinori had made sure the trip back was safe, constantly reporting back to the security systems and the other teachers.

"Well then, you seem a bit... Distressed, my boy! What is troubling you"

Everyone seemed a bit distressed, but they knew one thing: right now wasn't the time to be distressed, that could wait until tomorrow.
And thus most of them were trying to relax, with tea, hot chocolate, food... Checking in with their relatives and friends - Uraraka in particular - to calm any insecurities they might have.

"I just did not think of the possibility of infighting inside a criminal organization, all of the villains we have fought had absolute loyalty to something... Themselves or a stronger, smarter villain... And they would follow said orders to the end! It doesn't seem very logical to spend weeks building himself as the image and symbol of the pact to just come and surrender to us"

Izuku ramblings always had a hint of brilliant thought, and it resonated with Toshinori

"You are very right, and I assure you that we expect exactly that... Villains are tricky and without morals... And we know how to handle them! It is our duty as heroes and protectors of youth!"

Even after all this time, Toshinori still had the words and voice to bring hope and peace to troubled minds, his presence helped further soothe his students.

Uraraka could be heard sobbing softly as she spoke to her parents, but her soft, round features slowly curled into a smile, as her parents reassured her.

The sight made Izuku slightly sad... She was so far away from home.

Todoroki and Kaminari where handling this completely differently.

Todoroki was confident in himself, he wasn't reckless like bakugou or hesitant like izuku, he would face whatever came to get him and succeed.

But in the back of his mind, something still bothered him... Not only did someone survive his attacks unscathed, but survived his attacks and his father's.

Not only that, but in a fit of rage, he cooperated with endeavor... If that clown had just insulted endeavor, he would've thanked him.

He was furious for different reasons yet they automatically cooperated to attack him, it was an attack that hurt their pride in very different ways yet it still lead to one thing: vengeance

He still hated endeavor, but he hated the clown even more.

It bothered him that neither his hateful attacks or his father's even scratched his smiling mask.

Kaminari was scrolling through his phone

_Now listen, if this text is ever posted, it means I was likely captured! Now I know that sounds like a fault in our plan... But worry not!_

_Someone else will keep you -our adoring fans- entertained if something ever -would- happen to me (which is impossible)_

_I could walk out of this silly prison at any time, nothing can stop me!_

_Pleaser of crowds! DM~_

Few people expected anything from Kaminari Denki, that made him sad, but that was also... Very liberating.

It meant that anything from him would be seen as an achievement.
Not that he would know all of this, yet he subconsciously enjoyed this sensation, of being able to use his abilities -or lack of- as excuses or justifications.

He was afraid of what the pact could want with him, but he was also curious.

"Are you sure you are alright?"

Kendou checked on her... She could hardly be blamed for being worried about Ibara, her usually green hair was a bit pale, not unlike a malnourished plant.

"I-i do admit I'm a bit surprised, but I believe in our teachers and their abilities, UA Is a prestigious institution after all"

Class 1- B was also at their dorms at this point, Sekijiro followed them back just like Toshinori, and not unlike 1-A they where all a bit shaky.

However -not unlike Kaminari- they knew that being rarely noticed also meant less problems.

They where a tight knit group, just as any other class in UA, not just the heroics department.

Everyone was fairly supportive of Ibara and somewhat... Happy? That they where being paid attention.

"I'm not sure why you worry so much, if we are lucky... They'll just grab those 1-A idiots and let us be!"

Kendou swore that Monoma had some sort of fixation -sexual or otherwise- with comparison, she had to stop herself from berating him, part of her knew that deep down in that mess of words, he was trying to help her relax.

He was just really bad at it.

"While I approve of rivalry among classes and classmates... They are still human, Monoma" Sekijiro spoke up and sighed "if you want to be a better hero, be better than them at protecting themselves"

Wise words, Kendou smiled at their teacher and back at Ibara

"I still do not understand what vile criminals could possibly want of a pious, devoted hero student like me"

Juzo approached and shrugged, handing Ibara a packet of sweet bread that they had in the kitchen, he knew she liked it.

"Well... I don't know, everyone In heroics has great quirks, and these uh... Pact dudes are certainly not very conventional villains"

Ibara smiled and opened up the bread and eagerly ate.

"I don't really know what to expect"
"So you purposely sabotaged the incursion of four of your own criminal companions in order to assure that three of said criminal companions would survive and escape the assault since they defected the villainous oath you made with your leader"

Nedzu sipped his tea briefly

"And delivered them to us in order to manipulate both us and your own criminal companions into fighting each other"

The masked man nodded over and over

"You are really smart, I mean... Yeah, my fault for getting caught but.. yeah!" He enthusiastically confirmed.

Aizawa, midnight and power loader where incredibly confused at why would a villain do any of this.

"I'm sure they could tell you this themselves.... But when someone betrays the oath, bad things happen!"

Two of them were bedridden and the last one was right there, silent

"Oho? Interesting, then why are you not as injured or weakened as them?"

"Isn't it obvious? C'mon, I know you can use that big brain of yours!"

"My best guess is that the conditions of this... Oath vary from person to person"

"More or less"

"If you are so confident you won't be punished, why are you still here with us?"

Aizawa was the one who butted in, tired as ever but no longer tense as if battle as needed, this... Jester was harmless, he couldn't even open the door, he acted like he was made out of paper or wood, weightless.

"Simple, I really like watching shit go down"

"That seems awfully vain of you, I could disable your quirk and put you on quirk restraining gear... Toss you in jail or hand you over to endeavor"

"That seems awfully unnecessary! And simply impossible"

The jester have a small laugh.

"I mean.... I just came here because these three really wanted to help you guys, they did a lot of stuff against the pact to get here"

This piques Nedzu's interest

"What is so special about us and the students you've targeted? Hrm? You seem to be about loyalty
A deep breath and coarse voice permeated the room, it was grave and very tired, he was a very old man after all.

"It's because we want to stop them, the pact isn't about villainy or heroism, it's about quirks and nature" his voice drew attention naturally, it carried authority, which made some them uneasy.

"Present mic... Hizashi, right?"

The blonde teacher smiled and pointed at him "you've got it right, Gramps! The one and only"

"It is very complicated, but all sound-related quirks have a common ancestor... Not unlike how all dog breeds came from ancient wolves"

The man sighed, he looked like he would die at any time, yet he was till breathing and talking with relative ease.

"According to the records and data that both official and our own sources... All life forms on Earth share a common ancestor yet... quirks where never part of it"

He looked at the jester, who simply smiled back "oh Rourou, you sound so smart!"

"Our research theorized that... Well, quirks where introduced a long, long time ago, I'm sure a lot of you have heard myths and legends of ancient civilizations... Gods and Kings with powers that even today's quirks would have trouble competing with"

The old man sighed

"The pact wants to -Say, take all sound related quirks- with a lot of killing... and using the powers of the woman I bought here today"

He raised his fist, clenching it as if compressing together a mass

"Turn it to what it used to be, before it fused to a human"

The idea was simply alien, quirks where a product of evolution, or so it was agreed upon by many sophisticated tests and research

"That sounds highly improbable, considering many quirks are deeply ingrained in the human genome!" Nedzu bought up

"And yet, animals have it... You and a couple dozen cases around the globe"

The old man sighed "I don't expect you to believe me, I agreed to this to understand the shackles that bound me to this life" he unclenched his fist and placed his hand on his neck

"It already happened... Me and this... Thing, are proof of it, As is every member of the pact"

He signaled to the jester, who laughed "thing? I have a name, you know?"

"You never tell us your real name"

"Oh right, sorry! Just stick to DM"

Nedzu sighed, taking the last sip of tea
"So they want to come and take the quirks of our students? Is that why they targeted them?"

"Kind of... But they are not really necessary according to our research" he tapped his chin, covered in a long beard that along his overgrown hair, framed his face sparcely "some of us are... In simple terms, more quirk than human..."

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**Dear brother mine.**

Don't lie to me.

Why did you leave us? Why did you leave all of us behind?

I miss you already brother, it is cold without you.

My two sisters told me that you where afraid of being with me

My two brothers said you where leaving because you didn't love me anymore

Did they lie?

Don't you understand? We where born together, all six of us.

Our mother told us to be together.

Even as her ashes and tears scattered across the world, she told us to never be afraid, that we had nothing to be afraid.

That isn't a lie, you told me so, and I trust you.

It hurts to be away from you, you told me you would never hurt me, that i was the only one you could trust in this world of uncertainty... A world full of liars.

But I cannot lie, you said you loved me because of it

Where all of those lies? Sweet lies?

You know I cannot lie, for when I lie, falsehood becomes truth.

Is that why I'm the only one you trust?

But you told me that everyone around me lies.

Who do I trust? My dear brother... My twin, I do not know who to trust.

Brother, please... You know who is a liar, I need you to tell me who to trust.

Adavina and Vertrox... Tachiell and Servanda.

They are twins too, just like us...

They told me that they have a family now, that my sisters are mothers now.
I will trust them until you tell me who is lying.

I wish you would have taken me with you... Only then would this biting cold stop gnawing at me.

Chapter End Notes

Time to get the plot juices going! I know all of the pseudo-science is probably super wrong and will continue to be wrong, but please humor the idea!
The scream

Chapter Summary

You can do anything, you could have done everything.
Yet you chose to condemn us all, for fun?

WHY DID YOU LEAVE HER

Chapter Notes

I see the kudos, they fuel my long sleepless nights of typing.

See the end of the chapter for more notes

Chiyo -recovery girl- did not believe her eyes.
And yet she had to, because all of this was very real, it had to be, she had ran test after test and everyone else saw this too.
The three researchers that somehow appeared in the middle of UA, where by all means, walking corpses.
The man was clenching his head with the only hand he had, he woke up with a loud scream and fell unconscious again, over and over again he came back to reality... He was young, light brown hair and a small patch of unkempt facial hair on his sharp jawline... Turquoise eyes stared through round glasses... loosely and very twitchy, as if the veins in his eyes tugged at them in various angles at random times.
According to her tests and observation, he was missing about 85% of his brain mass and his left arm, it looked as if holes had been punched into his brain, a storm of lead or perhaps worms eating through it all, and yet at times he was conscious enough to ask her over and over "where is my sister?"
She did not know how to answer, he was in clear pain and despair, his whole body was still functioning as if his brain wasn't Swiss cheese, occasionally having convulsions and tremors... Hallucinations perhaps, even without the wounds and lack of most of his brain, he did look very scrawny and malnourished, someone who spent more time thinking and researching than eating or working out.
The girl meanwhile, was consistently conscious and gave the old woman a constant warm smile.
"Thank you for taking care of us... I know it may not look like it, but we will be perfectly fine"
Chiyo nervously looked back, she was reading the last results of the tests.
The girl had lost portions of every internal organ, and was missing her uterus completely... Her blood pressure and contents where extremely low... These results did indeed belong to someone who was dead or about to be.

"I am only doing my job... But please, do tell... is your other friend in... Just as a bad condition as you two?"

The girl was barely 18 -perhaps less- according to her predictions, yet she looked like a criminal had haphazardly assaulted her and harvested her organs for some shady trafficking... Her left eye had a large chunk cut off, turning it into a crescent rather than the usual circle or oval... She had rosy skin and long blue hair, she was meaty and healthy... Healthier and overall sturdier than the scrawny, malnourished man.

"Oh... Rougarl must be even worse... But he is also stronger than us, he should be back to full capacity faster too!"

She spoke as if this was common occurrence.

Chiyo could see their vital signs as well as conditions slowly improving, tissue began to regrow... And collapse, trying to fill in the spaces and failing, making very slow progress, but progress nonetheless.

This had no effect on the man's severed arm however, it had healed a long time ago, leaving a short stump at his shoulder.

Not only where these two in a beyond-salvageable condition, but they where recovering naturally, without her quirk... Which she had refused to even try after seeing the tests, she couldn't bring people back to life, even if they survived the exhaustion that healing caused.

"Oh, you... Hrm, recovery girl! Yes, we are in UA, I remember now!"

The girl laughed a bit "you can use your quirk on us... We won't die, It would help a bit... To make things faster"

Recovery girl did not believe what she was seeing, yet... She frowned.

"I assume you know how wounded you are... I wouldn't risk making things worse by... Messing with whatever you tw- three are doing to recover"

The girl smiled again "very well, I won't insist" she placed her hands on her own chest and breathed in... Something that should be impossible, considering her lungs had large holes in them.

It was as if these two had something functioning in place of their organs and brain, something... Holding them together despite the damage, it did affect them, but it did not kill them.

A few hours passed... It was late now, night was creeping into the sky and relative calm had been restored.

Scattered among many rooftops and rooms in tall buildings, they observed.

From a safe distance they watched events unfold, with the help of binoculars and telescopes.
They were well prepared with the same 'jamming technology' they used before at the ready, a call away -should the need arise- they did discover that UA was heightening their defences... A perimeter increase was possible.

"So... They have someone with a warp quirk too? That is incredibly unfair! I call bullshit!" Twice tried to keep his usual enthusiasm to himself, they were trying to be sneaky after all!

"Why didn't he escape the flames then? Or escape before being noticed? Or after being noticed?"

Dabi tsked and frowned, he wasn't a huge fan of overseeing action, yet they had to.

Talking over radio and long range direct audio -sometimes video- in order to decrease the odds of all of them being noticed or caught at once.

"I'm curious... I did see the video! I want to see if the masked guy bleeds... And... and... I want to meet that girl... Bloodbag! That's what they called her, right? She must bleed very nice and be very strong to make requests like that"

Himiko was supposed to be observing too, instead she was laying on the bed behind Dabi, on a small laptop... Browsing the merch that was tagged "bloodbag" or related to said name, she found a bunch of tank tops and clothing articles, mainly scarves and skinny sports bras.

All of them had a consistent color scheme, deep, dark blue and bright red, woven together like two thick paints in an abstract art project, and a recurring symbol: chains and thorns, crossing over a clenched fist.

"I think we have someone with high bluff stats... Or maybe fire res... Hghhh..." He clawed at his neck, he had recovered or remade most of the hands he had lost or simply forgot to use.

He wanted to make him crumble, but he was quickly stopped and talked into relative calm by Kurogiri as he demanded to warp in to kill steal Endeavor.

"These are not the main carries, if anything it's just a support who dived the backline and got caught... We should've started watching tomorrow, this is a stupid waste of time"

"Shiragaki Tomura, we are here to gather information, and information is what we are getting... If anything, this means we have even more access to it if we manage to capture these weaker members of the pact"

Shiragaki grunted in response, the fancy black cloud was right... Kill the jester and get the wimpy researchers to talk.

"I am more curious now than ever! I have found a fellow... 'magician'! Think of all the tricks he must have up his sleeve"

Atsuhiro chuckled as he closed the blinds and adjusted the telescope "not to mention... You all saw how his warp quirk works, it is very unique... If my hypothesis is correct, he could even allow us to infiltrate and break out... Sensei? Should I even call him that, Shiragaki?"
Izuku could not believe his eyes, in live feed, in television... The same smug smile, the same colorful attire.

Aizawa and nedzu where still interrogating him, and they could see the television too.

Everyone could, as all televisions where forced to turn on, even if nobody was there to watch.

Was this just in UA? Was this just an effect of DM's quirk? Or was this a pre-recorded message sent from outside to all televisions through a hacked network?

"Oh hey, look! I'm there!"

"Oh hey, look! I'm on TV!"

Nedzu looked back and forth at the small television inside his office and at the man they had been interrogating.

"Oho? You have a member with a mimicry quirk? Perhaps your own quirk is about illusions?"

He calmly sipped his tea... He had gone through plenty of cups by now.

"Now, most of you know I was captured... And most of you must also be saying 'oh! There must be a member of the pact who can make clones... Or DM created some sort of illusion! He is a very smart, handsome man after all!' and to that I say... Nah, not at all, I'm still captured and being interrogated by a surprisingly smart, rat-sized bear and a bunch of tired school teachers"

"Hey, I speak the truth! My quirk has nothing to do with illusions... Otherwise I would be useful, and God forbid me being useful"

Aizawa was very sick and tired of this man, so was every present teacher even... He and nedzu had rambled at eachother for a while now, getting useful information every now and then... And the occasional explanation from 'Rourou' too.

The DM broadcasting through the TV laughed a bit "I must say, I'm very grateful to all my viewers... I wouldn't be capable of doing any of this without your support! All of you knew I was captured, thus I wasn't going to participate in this show further... That would make sense, right? One thing means another, one thing causes another"

He raised his hands and turned upwards, as if praising a higher power "behold: The magnificent truth! For that is the logic that the pact wields... To take a fact and turn it into a lie, to take a lie and turn it into fact..."

"We know that the super fancy-teachers must've stopped me! And my beloved fans knew I was captured or dead... And thus i would've been unable to broadcast... Yet here I am"

His mask creaked as they segments seemed to shake and tense, this happened to both of them, in the TV and outside.

"But now everyone expects the show to go on, so... Sadly, I must cut things short! Tomorrow I will be covering the fights at UA! and tonight, I will be making my great escape"

As the television turned to static, the entire room turned to face at the white-clad buffoon.

"He said it, not me! C'mon, you guys know I can't fight!"

Nedzu sipped his tea again.
"From what I've seen of your quirk, you could escape... We have a student with a very similar quirk, so we know how it would go"

"Quirk? You offend me"

To this, Rougarl rolled his eyes.

"We are agents of the pact, we don't have quirks... We are power incarnate, we aren't a pathetic manifestation of a single trait... We are a collection of them, or the source of them!"

"We have instincts and nature, and we follow them... They dictate how we think and what we can do, how we do it"

He stands up and gives a small bow... No, more like a reverence, a flourish of colors replaced the white in his clothing as he giggled.

Aizawa activated his quirk, his hair slowly rising as he stared at DM, Sekijiro reinforced the restraints by caging him in rings of his blood.

"Oho, quick to react! Worry not, none of this can stop me... Removing or deactivating one of the many threads that make up the network of my nature will not stop me, you'd need... Well, I'd say about 3-5 disabling quirks to render an agent powerless"

He walked forward, as if the rings of blood weren't even there, reality itself bent around him as it simply slid past him

He patted nedzu in the head, gently and playfully

"Of course, I may just be lying, bluffing... Manipulating you guys again! I'm such a tricky dude!"

His hand detached from his wrist, and floating hand came to the corner of his silhouette and as if selecting an object inside a computer program, he selected himself

"I will be taking my leave now, it was such a pleasure to meet you all! And it was even more enjoyable to betray my leader in doing so... But now, just as I left them, I must leave you too... I must go home, to my sisters and brothers, to my twin and to my children"

"Asta la vista! Goodbye!"

With a flip and a blink, he was gone.

The blood didn't go with him, and neither did nedzu, nothing went with him.

"Hrm... So, these individuals... These agents... They not only have multiple quirks, but an overarching natural 'reign' over them"

Rougarl nodded.

"We do indeed... I'll be honest, we have all sorts of nonsense terms and explanations for all the bullshit we do and did"

He stood up and yawned... He really wanted some rest, he had been awake for so long, alive for so long.

"And all of that is supported by the oath we make with one of the founders of the group... Servanda... But, uh... My companion would be better suited to explain all of this, I believe he will"
All three of the pact defectors were in the room, with nedzu and all of the UA teachers.

He was crying, kicking his legs like an angry child... Holding his head with a single hand.

She was smiling and staring, her gaze went from teacher to teacher, inspecting all of them over and over... Her eyes couldn't stay put, she didn't care if they noticed her gaze wandering around.

Rougarl simply yawned again and slapped the man in the middle.

"Scycliq, if you could use words instead of sibs and screams..."

"Cut him some slack... We where torn from the pact, he was torn from his twin"

He screamed again and again, absolute horror in his voice "MY SISTER, WHERE IS SHE!"

with yet another smack from Rougarl, he became silent.

"Scycliq... Calm down, explain... Tell them what they must know... This is an order"

"No, no no... NO! This wasn't supposed to happen, no! We where supposed to take her along..."

He was clawing at his head, nails digging into his own flesh as he tensed up and bit his tongue

"B-but we.. we can still fix this, I still see... I still see it all!"

None but him knew what he was talking about "you... You are heroes, strong heroes... I... I can't think too well, too many pieces missing, I can only see what I can think"

He let go of his own head.

"They... No, we... We agents, we are hard to kill, impossible to kill, we cannot die"

He began to calm down.

"They want us, we came here for refuge and protection... To tell you how to stop them, because we know how to stop ourselves"

He lifted up his only hand and stared at it.

"An agent of the pact... We can only be defeated by three things... And even then, most of the time... By definition, they would be impossible"

He pointed at aizawa.

"Quirks can weaken their power.... Or they can weaken their bodies, they are massive machines of power that sustains itself, weaving and unraveling.... Keeping itself afloat by a statement... And making themselves the topic of said statement"
He then pointed to Toshinori... And as he did, a gray fluid began to leak from his ears and nose.

"To defeat us, you can become better at us than ourselves.... You can make us betray our own promise.... Or you can exploit the weakness inherent in ourselves... And make our statements a lie"

Everyone in this room took him for a rambling madman.

"Even if you where at full capacity, you would be too hard to understand!" The girl stood up and did a small bow.

"My name is Akos... Allow me to exemplify with myself" she lifted her hand and in her palm, a small puddle of fluid began to pool and became a sphere of semi-transparent tissue, with blood vessels surrounding it and linking it to her palm.

"I vowed to forever be loyal to the outcasts... To the weak, to the forlorn.... To those born without a mother or who grew without one"

"As long as I do so, my own natural powers will be fed by the other members of the pact, and my own powers will feed theirs"

The liquid began to ripple and shrink.

"By making this oath, I became the mother of many, a wet nurse of many... In order to kill me, someone must usurp my position by being better than me... Become my successor if you will"

"However, they can also use the pact itself to kill or defeat me.... Make it so I am not longer loyal to those in need, or make them not need me anymore"

"You can also strain both, you can rival our own power and blur the lines of our vows to weaken us enough that we become... Human again, mortal"

Rougarl laughed and coughed.

"You are a creepy woman... But it is true, we are part of the system itself, you cannot defeat or kill a member of the pact just by punching them... Unless their vows where to be unpunchable or the best puncher"

Most of this information would be relayed to all heroes that would be part of the security group to defend them.

"Depending on what they promised and what they get in exchange, there are many ways to do this... Some of them are surprisingly complex or surprisingly simple, thankfully... Considering who will come to fight us, I believe that we will succeed... We will survive, we will live"

He spoke with more and more sorrow.

"Even if we did betray the pact, we did not break our oath, hence why we are alive"

Scycliq was biting his nails, he knew that most agents of the pact had incredibly well thought, well planned vows and got very specific things out of the oath.

Servanda and her fine print contracts, how much she hated her sister... It felt nice... He looked around himself and saw nothing, it was late and everyone was getting ready for tomorrow... He remembered to look at everything, to see beyond each nook and cranny to find every possibility and explore them.
Losing was a possibility, but he saw more victory than defeat.

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Oh siblings, let us rejoice... Let us love in the way we do best, in the way we promised to do so.

Amensis, you told us you loved pain, and cherished each bloody wound inflicted or taken more than you cherish your own life... And in doing so your blood became endless, and it could do things that blood could never do.

Felhid, you told us that despite your fragility, you would never falter against the pain, never shed a tear and never wince in pain... And in doing so, your bones would become endless and as malleable as words.

Ghele, you did not speak with words, but with hisses and grunts.... But we understood, we understood how pain itself is often the best fuel, it keeps all of us going after all! You are the smartest among us, since you taught us many kinds of pain, as many as you could... And in doing so, your own anger and rage became endless and as strong as our will to live.

And I, Morituros, told you that my wounds would give life to many things... That with pain, I could describe something and then, become it.... And in doing so, my flesh became endless and resilient, as resilient as tumors in decaying bodies.

Let us inflict pain upon eachother, and in doing so, show eachother how much we love our siblings.

Let us show this world that love and hate, that pleasure and pain... Are very much the same.

I will kill you as much as our enemies, that is true love!

We shall inflict pain upon eachother, we will practice pain as much as we once practiced love.

Eventually we will learn how to become pain.

Chapter End Notes

The thought behind most if not all of the agents of the pact is pretty much that of videogame boss: they are super strong, almost invincible... But they will have a flaw somewhere, a very important flaw.

They will be grouped together, the first group... Well, I’m sure you guys know what their thing is.

Think of them as a unit, a raid boss that must be overcome with teamwork and strategy.
Nativitate

Chapter Summary

Perhaps once they delivered and received enough death, death would become life.

Just like love and pain had become one.

Chapter Notes

I was stuck with homework and family-related issues for most of the past week and weekend, but I'm trying to get back on track!

Do let me know if there's anything I could improve or you want to see more of.

See the end of the chapter for more notes

Morituros woke up with a mouthful of coagulated blood and half of his torso missing, ripped off. His innards hanging and dripping onto the floor, he gurgled as the large clot made its way out of his mouth, he licked his lips... Her taste was oh so unique.

The room they had spent the last 24 hours or so was a disgusting mess -they had made it so- and he found it beautiful, it was a display... a monument of the love they had for each other: admiration and jealousy, devotion and spite, pleasure and pain.

It was simply magnificent.

His desynchronized, unfocused eyeballs wandered around the room, he was pinned to the wall by his hands, by a large bony spike... And his arms where bent unnaturally behind his back, disjointed and twisted.

Felhid and amarsis where sleeping together, as they usually did, with the petite girl laying over the brutish male as if he where a bed, they probably fucked or fought each other into unconsciousness, as they usually did... Those two had a particularly carnal link, something he never understood, but found interesting nonetheless.

Perhaps it was because Felhid had the easiest time making her bleed, breaking her skin... Something easily displayed by how he found them, his ribs where piercing through hers, opening up and closing around her like a maw... His posture was fairly natural however, no real damage had happened to him, even with the bent bones and scratches.

That wouldn't explain why Felhid enjoyed doing it, however... Maybe it was just doing her a favor, acts of kindness... He would have to ask, and congratulate him... Or punish him. Maybe both.

That's why they had all pinned him to the wall and tore him to pieces last night, he had shown concern and sorry for his fellow agents, he displayed a weak will and worried over their survival, it was a sign of weakness as a leader, and an insult to them all.
He often forgot how things worked, or made mistakes in purpose: all of them did, to test how others would react, to keep each other sharp, to curb and eliminate any signs of weakness amongst themselves when they had nothing else to do.

Under him, in the pool of mixed bodily fluids, laid the remains of his lower body, which had been minced by Ghele's metal fists and chemically scorched by it's volatile fluids...

And next to the fuming pile of bubbling, molten meat, was Ghele... She was so beautiful back then, but she hated her own beauty... She burnt her skin whenever it regenerated, sliced her own flesh off whenever it became too cumbersome, beauty was unfit for her nature and her quirk... It told her to discard beauty.

That was her instinct, and she followed it, she became a machine with metal pipes instead of bones, leather instead of skin and many pumps and hoses instead of veins... All of it was made with a single purpose in mind: to withstand her own powers.

Most of the pact was fairly simple... You get a stronger quirk and a stronger body, boom! That's all... But often, having a stronger body or a stronger quirk would have extreme tolls on one another... Or both.

She had sacrificed her own flesh and most of her mind when she joined the pact. Yet she enjoyed it all, she did it with pride, it became a machine of pain and fuming hatred.

He slowly but surely began to regenerate, now that he was conscious, his flesh and organs began to reconstruct... His intestines acting as tendrils to grab the remains of the bones that Ghele had broken... He pieced himself together, repaired the organs that Amensis' blood had damaged... Mainly his vocal cords.

Right as he was about to yell to wake them up, he was interrupted by a gloved arm, a finger on his lips to hush him.

"Hey now, I'll wake them up for ya! Mr. Lord McHighness sent me to check on you guys" the hand and the rest of DM's body began to... Unfold, flit and twist into place out of nothingness.

"We don't need anyone to check on us, we cannot fail"

"You are half the man I am, bud! Don't try to go against me, or official orders! I'm just making sure you guys don't spend most of the day having another blood orgy... Or whatever this was"

Morituros chuckled, with a grunt, the muscles inside his left arm began to grow, becoming engorged and swollen... Giving him enough strength to pull himself off the wall... And despite his lower half being nothing but broken bones held together by strands of weak, newly-formed muscle, he stood up

"That is... A fair concern, but I doubt Amensis would have let us miss today's orders"

He could still feel the noxious, corrosive substances that Ghele had laced it's blows with, as well as every single bruise and cut that the two lovers had inflicted upon him, it was overwhelmingly painful, shaking his way to the table where Amensis and Felhid laid, he gripped one of his ribs and tugged on it, letting it snap back like a rubber band.

It simultaneously shook both of them awake, stabbing Amensis who then proceeded to throw up a mixture of blood and drool over Felhid, the two of them still joined at the hips.

"Glrhh... Grkhh... hey! What's up, Mori? What's Dee doing here?" The impaled girl smiled at both
males, her lips oozing blood.

Felhid woke up and swiftly retracted his ribs, some of them snapped off, some went back into his body, quiet and stoic... Letting the girl flop back down on his chest.

"Just here to check on ya! You guys DID seem to be sleeping a bit too much"

Amensis slowly sat up on Felhid's chest, stretching her arms... Her breasts where small and perky, with a heart-shaped tattoo right between them, exactly where her heart was... And surrounding it, going to her arms and legs, where many filled-in tattoos that likely depicted major or important veins and arteries, curling and trailing her body and curves.

"You guys have no decency! You are literally having sex in your workplace!"

As DM complained, Ghele stood up with a mechanical, raspy wheeze... Easily toaerting over the tiny jester

"THANKS" it's voice was akin to an engine... A roaring machine... Ghele could use very few words, everything else it had to express had to be done with actions: usually involving blunt metal weapons and it's signature fuming fluids.

"You guys are fucking weird"

"Thanks!" Amensis mentioned while leaping off Felhid, standing next to Morituros and allowing Felhid to sit on the table.

"Okay, I'm just gonna stop now... Let you guys get dressed and ready for your debut!"

Felhid gripped his own head with his oversized hands and twisted his head, to make his neck pop and crack out any misplaced bones as he stretched

Morituros smiled as DM made his fancy disappearing act, bowing to his audience as always.

"Very well... I'm gonna need some new bones and a couple liters of blood..."

The morning had come, all teachers arrived or woke up earlier than usual, to make sure all the students did as well.

Food was made quickly and in the case of class B, bought ready made.

Everyone ate fast, not necessarily out of urgency or nervousness, but because very few of them bothered to speak beyond greetings and manners.

Everyone felt some form of dread... Or perhaps duty moving them forward, it was hard to get distracted with idle chatter.

Some of them, however, dealt with this fear with more chatter.

"Uraraka... Did you sleep well?"
Izuku approached Ochako, who was in a fairly distant corner of the common room, most of their classmates where in their rooms getting ready or talking to the teachers outside.

"Deku... We 'ave always been a risky bunch.. an' we have always won! Right?"

Izuku instantly noticed her accent, which usually only only occurred when she was very distracted or focused on something else... Or talking to people very close to her, like her parents, this sparked curiosity and a bit of... Embarrassment in Izuku

"Y-yeah! Uh... It's all part of being a hero... Getting into risky situations and being targeted... Is something heroes have to deal with! Just like the villain alliance and All Might... This just means we are becoming heroes very fast! O-or we are very good! Maybe!"

Uraraka smiled at him, she admired his positive reasoning and cute overthinking.

"Izuku... Am not sure how to say this... But... What would you do if they really took me?"

Izuku instantly felt a very cold sharp sensation running down his spine... Not only did Uraraka consider failure, but she also wondered what would happen.

"W-well! Don't say things like that! All the teachers and pro heroes are going to protect you guys and defeat the pact! And all of our class is going to help defend you and-" Uraraka stopped him with a padded finger over his lips.

"You're not... Answerin' my question, deku"

Uraraka looked very serious, melancholic... Izuku swallowed and breathed in deeply.

"I would rescue you, just like I did with kacchan... Just like I did with Eri, I would rescue whoever they took, as fast as I can... We are friends and classmates..." Uraraka listened closely to his words... Would her kidnapping just be... Another hero mission? No meaning behind it besides being the right thing? "...But I would miss you deeply... More than anyone else, you guys are all my classmates but you are-" yet again cut off, this time by a very clumsy hug from Uraraka.

This made izuku blush deeply, and so would have Uraraka, if she wasn't so happy... Happy that in some way, she was indeed special to Izuku.

"T-thanks, T-thats all I needed ta hear.." Izuku wasn't exactly sure what this meant... But he had eased whatever was bothering her, or so it seemed.

All students where arranged inside their respective rooms, close to the bottom floor... They recieved videos of the talk between the three defectors from the pact and the rest of the teachers... However, the video was mildly edited, to skip any alarming details regarding these... 'super' quirks and their users besides how to beat them: sheer power, exploiting weaknesses or undermining their vows.

All students seemed fairly confused and doubtful, was there really a quirk that forced users to behave a certain way? And also make them stronger? Many minor debates sparked... And aizawa
let them, figuring that whatever important questions they had, they would ask.

"I think it's just bullshit, my 'explosion to the face' is more powerful than any dumb pinky promise these nerds talk about"

Kouda was nervously nodding as katsuki talked to seemingly nobody, but seeing that he was fairly close, he thought it was only polite to talk back the best way he could: simply agree.

As the class fizzled down, all of them had come to a conclusion: these villains where a notch more resilient than normal humans, and that should be it.

Toshinori slid the door open and peeked in and asked with his usual polite tone "Aizawa, can I borrow... Todoroki, Midoriya, Kaminari and Uraraka?" The entire class turned to face him, which made the skeletonesque man clearly nervous.

Aizawa stared back at his class, which made them return to their own matters... In a couple minutes they would don their hero outfits and gear, and most of them had the brains to realize that these 3 had to receive some special treatment.

"...but why Midoriya!" Came Mineta, but he was swiftly silenced by Iida who chopped him in the forehead "do not question the orders of our school staff!"

Relieved that no extra suspicion would arise, the 4 students stood up and walked towards the exit "take your suits with you" Aizawa interrupted before they left, pressing a button to allow them to get a copy of their outfits.

"You never know if you'll be able to get back in time"

These words where wise and calm, but they certainly agitated a few students, concerned for their fellow.

Morning had come and he couldn't stop clawing at his neck, the time to strike would arrive eventually... It had to, the units where in position and a classic crossfire could make any entrenched objective easy to take, even with shaky or low hit rates.

He stared at kurogiri, who had set up a makeshift bar with a table and the hotel minibar.

If anyone in the room had sense of humor, they would've probably laughed at the scene and then promptly desintegrated by Shiragaki.

Kurogiri had bought food and drink, and distributed it all across the 4 buildings that the villain alliance was scattered across, all of them had straight access to UA even without kurogiri: rooftops, alleys and sewers that could get them closer in a hurry, and even those who where particularly slow had been placed closer strategically.

Kurogiri knew that under the immature exterior of Tomura, laid all the genius and smarts that Sensei wanted him to obtain, it was just a matter of coaxing them out of him.

And for this occasion, that nudge came in form of vengeance, not only to Izuku and Toshinori and
basically all the hero hatchlings, but also to this new party, this new guild of players that had joined their session... A guild that spoke about being above heroism and villainy.

Not to mention his own personal urge to obliterate that smug-masked man.

The same man that slowly materialized out of rippling, folding and unfolding nothingness, as if someone had opened the dev console and spawned a player model.

This happened simultaneously across all 4 buildings, he appeared fearlessly and shamelessly in front of every member of the league.

"Heeeey buddies! Watcha guys doin? Some espionage?"

Shiragaki reacted to this by attacking, as did Dabi and Himiko, all with varying force and strategy, unaware that they where dealing with the same threat that many other members where.

Just like Endeavor's flame, Dabi's smoky, dark flames did not scorch him, just like Endeavor's blows, Himiko's many blades did not graze him.

"Sheesh, no wonder you guys have no friends! I'm here to help, all of you!"

Shiragaki squeezed his hand around his skull and mask as much as he could, not only trying to use his quirk to turn it all into dust, but also to pry off the shiny mask.

"What are you doing here... Is this a trick? An illusion"

DM chuckled lightly

"Not at all! This is me in the... 'flesh' and I'm here to make a proposition"

All of his copies spoke at once, standing calm with a constant sound of tensing, buzzing strings coming from within his chest... Like a guitar being tuned, or the wires of a bridge straining at the wind.

"Awh! So you can't bleed? You're so boring! Is it because your quirk deflects stuff? Or absorbs?"

Himiko was basically climbing him, knives held by her shoes tried to dig in his torso, while her hands where trying to stab at his neck, they went in, but nothing came out.

"I'm fully aware that you're fully aware of what I'm aware of, and the answer is: yes!"

Dabi was angry, but unlike todoroki and Endeavor, he did not bother wasting more of his flames on him.

"I'm here to confirm that... Yes, I can and intend to help rescue this... Sensei of yours"

He was back to Shiragaki, who still didn't let go, clenching at his mask and trying to pry it off, but if felt as if... A magnet or perhaps very strong strings held it in place, barely budging from it's place

"You're just bluffing... Sensei finished his work, we don't... Need him"

He missed him dearly, the voice that guided him through the shadows of this world...

"I assume that you expect us to join your cult in exchange for the freedom of our former leader?"
Kurogiri was fairly confident in this, it made sense, offer them to bring All for one back, and in
turn, they would have to aid him.

"Not at all, not at all! As a matter of fact, I doubt any of you qualify for becoming a member.... We
already have a vessel for most quirks you have"

DM kept talking, shrugging off the fact that Shiragaki was trying to pull his mask off.

"I'm not well suited for combat, you see... And i really want... To tip the scales, to make sure that
we will win"

Twice made a funky pose as he pointed to DM "so you're asking us to help your agents against
UA? are you dudes that weak? So dumb! Or did UA really up their game?"

To all of this, DM laughed, his words made everyone confused, but mostly morbidly curious.

"No, not at all, I want you guys to make sure that my fellow agents fail... I will tell you all you need
to know"

Mineta, fully suited up, followed Toshinori and his classmates as best as he could, he was no
proper hero, but he was a proper perv, and that meant being able to eavesdrop and peep where he
wasn't supposed to.

Maybe he was in the wrong line of heroism, he would make a killer spy! Only if the villains he
spied where hot, though.

He had scurried past Aizawa and his classmates as everyone suited up, or maybe Aizawa did not
care enough to stop him, either way he was right outside the room that Toshinori had gone in, and
was listening closely... trying to peek through the door lock

"...green yes! Yes, you're the one with green eyes... And... And... You have the fingertips... And
and the scar! And the vines! They're real! And the hair! Yes! All of you... All of you are the proof I
need!"

Scycliq was inspecting the students very closely, even after his brain had regenerated to a 100%, he
seemed just as shaky and criptic, he hugged both of his peer researchers very tightly

"We have proof! We can do this.... But we.. we need her! We can't convince Tachy without her!"

Toshinori, Sekijiro and Ken -ementoss- where very confused at all of this, he seemed to be a
secret fan of these students, and wasn't talking very clearly.

"Toshinori, right? I mean, I know! I'm sorry for asking... Do you... Does someone... Have you seen
anyone with many hands holding them? Someone who likes to be touched but doesn't touch?"

Toshinori and most of them in the room recognized all of this.

"If he is in this version, then there's no flaw! It'll be perfect! Please tell me that they exist!"
Scycliq held Toshinori desperately by the shirt, clinging to him as if his answer held all hope.

"...yes, there is a villain who fits this description! He was defeated and has gone into secrecy"

Scycliq began to cry, to which Akos held him to her chest and began to comfort him... His tears soaking her shirt.

"I'm sorry, he just wanted to make sure our predictions where correct! Us scientists are always looking for flaws in our theories... And proof"

Mineta fixed his eyes in this woman, she was so curvy! More than anyone in his class! Shame she was such a nerd... And shame that she cared so much about the other nerd!

Akos sighed... "There where parts of our explanation that where hidden from the rest of the students in order to prevent panic and confusion, but the four of you must be aware of this..." Akos placed a hand on scycliq's head

"Cliq, Rourou and me where researching about.. some sort of genetic memory, certain quirk combinations can have... Large effects on their wielder, they can gain a mind of their own, either fusing, replacing or coexisting with the human wielder" she explained as briefly as she could, which made Izuku a bit antsy... This sounded very similar to One for all.

"These quirks are... Well, very powerful, because they are often multiple quirks inside a single vessel, and they can all be tracked back to a couple common ancestors..."

Rougarl yawned, he was falling asleep.

".... except those that you wield"

He pointed to the five students in the room.

"We are fully aware what they are and how they link to our theorized model, but they are exceptions... Things that shouldn't exist, yet they do" Rougarl concluded.

"That means that with your help, we should be able to break Noranome and the rest of our leaders out of their... Obsession"

To this, Ibara rose her hand, and asked.

"If you have betrayed them, why are they still your leaders?"

Kaminari jumped a bit at the idea of betrayal.

"Simply put, we betrayed the pact, but not our oath... We where loyal to our promise, just not who we made it to... We still care about them, and they care about us..."

Scycliq was more or less done crying.

"Someone is watching, someone is watching... And it's not Nora, someone is watching!"

He repeated over and over, Mineta knew he was fucked... Before he moved out of his frozen shock, the door opened and he was quickly picked up by Akos, who held the small boy like a newborn.

Toshinori was mildly upset at a student of his being so disobedient and honorless... "I-i can explain, I didn't mean to peek! I thought this was the Ladies' changing room!" Akos hushed him with a finger to his lips.
"Relax, we are not mad at you, are we?"

She asked everyone around her, most of them ARE mad at Mineta, but agreed nonetheless, Izuku was impressed at how confidently and naturally this woman handled mineta... With his weird looks and lecherous personality, she was letting herself be groped as she spoke.

"Is that enough? Grab all you want... You are such an energetic little boy!"

Mineta went from being caught and sent to hell to being in heaven, sadly, someone took her off Akos' embrace.

Rougarl placed him down on the floor "you mustn't speak a single word of what you heard here, and you must not intervene" he spoke threateningly, as old and worn down as he looked.

Scycliq stared at Midoriya

"Y-you guys are under attack, yes! But but... We... We have to get my sister back, the pact will crumble if we take her back!"

Ken interrupted "heroes have to prevent damage from being dealt to Innocent citizens and fellow heroes, for all we know, you and your sister are villains... We appreciate your help and cooperation in handling this situation, but until we can guarantee this is not a scheme, we cannot guarantee we can help"

Sekijiro nodded, holding his chin "this is true, protecting should be our priority, not attacking... "

Izuku felt conflicted, Scycliq was clearly desperate... Just like any victim would be, missing a family member was terrible, they HAD to help, he wanted to help... He thought that he must be feeling like he would feel if Ochako was taken... No, Izuku would feel worse, and this was all the more reason to help.

As the conversation came to an awkward, still silence, the school alarms began to blare and drown every sound.

The four agents of the pact walked through the front gate, a large hole had been drilled through it... It smoked and fumed with light yellow, dense fog, the four figures walked past it.

First came Ghele, wearing nothing but metal and its own skin, metal plates covering vital organs in the chest, as well as in joints and crotch, many bulging pipes and tubes could be seen both under and over the skin.. piping and pumping a deep yellow fluid, a large metal bar served as a gag, biting down on it with intensity, as if with lockjaw... Another metal band covered it's eyes, jagged and insecure, every single metal grafting seemed to be intended to be as insecure and painful as possible, to prevent any form of healing or recovery... It's arms where covered with metallic gauntlets, three fingers covered with studs and spikes, as well as a heavy-looking cilinder over the forearm, it looked like a meat grinder, and every single spike and stud seemed to have a small hole... A nozzle that dripped and fumed.

Next came Felhid, his skin was dark, unnaturally so, it wasnt the rich tan or deep brown that some
foreigners or beachgoers sported, it was a sickly dark, more akin to dead skin or oxidized fat under the dermis... His arms reached almost all the way down to his shins, and his ribcage seemed to be abnormally long, leaving little room for where a stomach should be, he was wearing clothing and armor made of his own bones, mostly ribs and shoulder blades... All stylized to resemble a beetle of sorts.

Walking alongside him, was Amensis... By far the most normal of them all, her skin was white, as pale as porcelain and nearly see-through... Reddish patches could be seen where the sun hit her, she wore four metallic bands, made of spiked chains, through her chest and through her waist, forming two X shapes that went from her shoulders to sides, covering her breasts, and from her hips to her knees, covering her crotch, the loose chains clanked, she wore a very thin orange fabric suit under it, it was clearly not meant to protect, and neither where the chains... Her orange hair was very bright and long, with a reddish tinge to it... Styled in two long bundles that resembled haystacks or bales, reaching all the way to the floor, the messy tips a bit matted in blood.. considering she was a fair bit shorter than most girls at UA, it was obvious it often dragged.

And lastly, Morituros made his entrance, his skin was pale as well, but not a clean type like Amensis, his skin was nearly blue.. bordering on purple, like meat left to oxidize and clot, like the saturated muscles sometimes sold to butcher shops, he was completely bald and upon closer inspection, he had many scars... Circles and dots joined together in various patterns, all across his body, segmenting his skin into stripes or curves, these scars seemed to have been carved out, seeing how clean they where compared to Ghele's.

By the time they made it to the middle of the U shaped building, all target students where securely inside a bunker of sorts made by cementoss, where they could still see but not be seen by the enemy... they they where flanked by their fellow classmates and in front of the bunker and students, they where protected by policemen wielding riot shields and all sorts of capture weapons and devices... Even further forward in their formation, there where the pro heroes and the UA staff.

Morituros inspected the situation... Some of the UA staff wasn't really built for combat, instead they where excellent at stopping it.

The pro heroes that had come to their aid, however, where much more worrisome... He recognized Kamui, mount lady and Endeavor, not to mention the policemen barricades between the heroes and the students.

As he was planning to make his first move, Amensis ran forward a few meters and spread her arms and legs.

"C'mon, shoot me! Ya bastards!"

And nobody shot her, nedzu spoke through the school loudspeakers.

"Heroes don't resort to lethal force just like that, miss! We need to take villains to justice, not kill them!"

Everyone was a bit tense, weren't they supposed to be under attack? Instead they had a tiny angry woman begging to be attacked.

"Stupid heroes and their stupid laws! C'mon! Shoot me! Look at all of this exposed flesh! Crippling me would be easy!"

She taunted, yelling as loud as her tiny lungs and high pitched voice could.
"I know you guys have guns! Snipe or or... The hardening quirks! You are fucking pussies! We are villains coming to kidnap and kill! Fucking shoot me!"

She was throwing a tantrum... Morituros sighed and lifted his hand, bringing it to his mouth, he wore a concealing cloak, ample and long, so that most of whatever happened with his body would be unseen.

"We will give you a reason to want to kill us, then"

Chapter End Notes

Two major turning points in my planned out story are about to come, and any feedback or opinions on the story are appreciated in choosing which path or what decisions the characters will make.

The most obvious one is wether to help Cliq get his sister back.

The second one is how this fight will turn out, and what will become of our sadomasochistic dorks.
Jailers

Chapter Summary

He was going to blow someone up, blast them to smithereens and then some.

As a matter of fact, he had just done just that.

And they survived, just so he could do it again.

If anything, they where great punching bags.

Chapter Notes

I feel a minor lack of motivation, but I still have this whole thing planned out and it will be done.

Plus, some people are interested in this! I think...

See the end of the chapter for more notes

"I supose we have to separate you first, from what is worth reaping and what isn't"

Felhid interrupted his leader, which warned him a stern look, with a flick of the wrist, the many plates that covered his back began to raise and separate.

His spine began to grow, extra vertebrae growing in between the spaces, his posture began to shift forwards, becoming more... Reptilian, with a loud pop his tailbone seemed to pierce the skin, giving him a long tail, completely skinless and only held up by tendons and sinew.

His forearms thickened, under the skin and light clothing he wore under the armor, as if he was making copies of the two main bones in each arm, they... Swelled, as if filling with fluid of some sort, and with a splatter of blood, they bursted from his palms and the back of his elbows.

He calmly placed his palms and the tip of his tail on the ground, Aizawa recognized this, and instantly tried to disable him, rushing forward to restrain him, alongside endeavor and Kamui woods.

While his line of sight was clear, his restraining fabric was deflected by Amensis, who displayed a surprising amount of force by basically swinging him into Endeavor's path, making them collide.

This hurt both of their pride, the little girl seemed to swing them like a weightless sack, sending both flying to the side, into a wall.

She knew that Endeavor couldn't afford to hurt Eraserhead, they where both valuable assets.

"This is what you fuckers get for not shooting me!"
Kamui got close, but the horrible sound made him freeze up, he heard the sharp screams of the two police squads that had come to help defend UA.

Blood splattered through the skies as a fine mist, all the students and teachers could see it, limp bodies and writhing limbs.

With deadly precision, in the blink of an eye, Felhid had impaled and executed every single one of them, and by the looks of it, he could've done it to whoever was too slow to react, quirk or not, innocent or not.

With a twisting, bending motion, he snapped off the remaining bone on his palms and tail.

"That makes fighting so much easier, don't you think, chief?"

"I would've preferred to do it myself, I'm running low on fuel since leaving base, ya know?"

"So that explains who turned those store thieves into... Obelisks"

Dabi and the rest of the lower ranks of the LoA where now out of their hideout, Shiragaki had ordered for the alarm systems to be disabled and for all of them to advance.

Since they where already under attack, they would not notice the systems failing to trigger.

Now observing from the rooftops of UA itself, they could all get a much better image of it all.

"So all we have to do is... Cross the wires" Shiragaki held the hands on his arms, crossing them, hunched as almost always.

Kurogiri and Shiragaki where on the other wing of the UA building, yet again... To minimize the chances of being seen and being caught, yet they always had their communication devices handy.

He wondered if the structures produced by this... Bone guy where just that, bone.

If so, they would be fragile, and he couldn't really make them that fast, could he?

At any rate, the fact that they where here meant that he had indeed accepted the terms that the stupid jester had imparted upon them, he didn't exactly want nor need Sensei out of prison, but he didn't want him to be at the disposition of the heroes either.

Plus, learning how to kill someone who was supposedly stronger than any natural quirk user would be helpful exp, like an extra boss before going into NG+

Endeavor fought alone against the spiked figure, it was just a few inches taller than him or any other hero he had seen, and while it wasn't as bulky or muscular, it was just as strong.

It's many spikes and metal plates fumed with a yellowish fluid that gave off white smoke, it reeked
of various chemicals... Which his flames ignited and charred, making the stink even worse.

It seemed to shrug off any of the burns, the same white fumes seemed to smother or lessen whatever lasting flame he could put on it.

Every time the smoke drowned his flames, he could see the fluids piping through this creature, it's skin was thin and sickly, yet his flames could simply not burn it, he even drove the plates on its chest to red hot metal, and while the flesh around it burned, the beast simply howled and shrieked in delight.

Dodging a swing of the metallic gauntlet by moving backwards, he felt a splatter of the fluid touch his suit, he instantly felt a painful sting in the small area around his arm.

"You are interesting, to say the least.... Villains come in all sorts of weird shapes... But they all burn eventually!"

He figured that whatever this disgusting liquid was, it was both an offensive and defensive mechanism, and would eventually run out: he just had to boil it all off.

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Class A and B where both scared, most of class B had decided to take the option that nedzu offered them: to hide in the gymnasium behind the central yard area.

While it wasn't very heroic, some of them simply had quirks that where useless for combat or defence, and even if they became necessary, they where not very far away.

Mineta was tempted to follow, but instead he had to stay, direct orders from All Might.

Kouda on the other end, was told that he would be safer by opting out of this, but he wanted to remain close to encourage his comrades, even if his quirk was very weakened without many animals around: limited to the few insects in the environment.

Regardless of the situation, all students where shocked by the swift execution of the police.

A rumble and slight snapping underground was the only warning they got, the spikes where at least 14 feet tall and they had grown in less than a second.

Mineta was clinging to sero, who was scared but held his composture.

"W-what? W-we need to run! They could do that without even needing to go through the teachers!"

Izuku realized something very quickly, and through his involuntary mumblings, he let the rest of his class know.

"...they seem to all be very physical in terms of quirks, and judging by how much two of them enjoyed pain, it's a possibility that they hate painless methods... So they reserved it for those who couldn't put up a proper fight..."

Izuku felt a bit weird thinking about this, very rarely did he get to analize death... And in all
fairness, every one of his classmates was just as scared... Even Iida and Shouto, who had faced the hero killer directly, where in shock, nobody had seen death happen so quickly and so carelessly.

Not even the League was so direct and proficient at killing, they did have destructive quirks... But they couldn't use them with such proficiency.

As per usual, Bakugou was not very intimidated... He dealt with hardships and negative feelings by exploding whatever caused them.

And if he was itching to jump into action, Kirishima and the usual Bakugou-squad where also eager to defend him or fight alongside him, this was a direct attack to their classmates... Yet they had to wait.

"F-fuck! Can't you make these dumb branches sharp? They barely hurt!"

Kamui was confused, he was an expert in restraining and capturing villains of basically any size and shape, but he did not expect someone to nonchalantly try to stab themselves with his cage-like branches.

"Even with your dumb stares, I can still fight back, I don't get it! Stop it! It makes me feel all clogged up!"

Amensis threw a branch to Aizawa, who alongside Kamui, had been trying to take the petite girl down, but she was too swift.

The tattoos on her skin where coiled around her limbs, and even if they where just simple tattoos, she moved as if she had hydraulic pistons springing her forwards instead of muscles.

Aizawa did notice however, while DM warned him that disabling the quirks of a member of the pact was impossible for just him, she did get much slower whenever he used his quirk on her.

He wondered if he could slow her enough for Tsuya or Iida to catch her and restrain her, but immediately realized that said plain would put his students at risk.

"You guys are very quiet... Even more boring than Ghele"

She laughed and smiled wide, tossing one of the broken branches at Aizawa, who effortlessly dodged it.

"I can't fight you guys, and you guys can't fight me... It's annoying!"

She stretched her arms and yelled "hurry up, Mori! I want to get started!"
his neck had thickened, his voice was strong and loud, almost as much as Present mic's.

"The pact despises humanity, it wants to destroy it, rip it to pieces... Heroes and villains fight wars with weapons that are not theirs"

This could be heard by everyone in the yard.

"But us... Me and my comrades have our own reasons to destroy this school, it creates a cancerous bubble of safety... It lies to these young, promising lives"

He bit his middle finger, and pulled back, his wrist began to bleed and gush, his skin coming off as if it were a glove, revealing the tangled muscle fibers underneath.

"It insulates them from the wilderness of being human, from the tooth and claw... From having to slay each other to survive"

He threw his skin away, the muscle and flesh of his hand began to grow and multiply, becoming a mess of writhing, coiling strands about the size of a car... So much biomass was hard to generate, but he could do so thanks to the pact.

"So we will teach these students a lesson of our own: that heroism nor villainy can stop or produce suffering.... That suffering is the birthright of humanity"

At this point, his hand and arm where nearly another being in itself, eyes and cartilage produced a gruesome sight, it had organs and cavities... Sensorial organs such as nostrils and even a few tongues folded between the muscles.

"Let us create a new school... Not one of safety and knowledge, not one made of glass and concrete... But built out of flesh and bone, to learn primal instincts and urges"

As he finished his sentence, he plunged his arm into the ground, his fingertips where tapered to displace the dirt easily... Morituros and Felhid cracked the ground, making it colapse.

By the time anyone could react, massive spikes of bone surrounded the students, creating a barrier that couldn't be easily broken, and shortly after, a creeping tissue began to grow over the bones, sealing them inside.

The structure kept growing, soon more layers where added, separating the heroes, teachers and students in two separate sections of it.

This was a prison, one that could bleed.

Bakugou found himself free of the churning mess of odd-smelling meat that bought him here, he tried to stop it by blasting it off his body, but it only resulted in the destroyed portions being replaced by freshly generated tissue.

He was in a room, and the first thing he saw was the freak that threatened them.

He knew that he spoke nothing but bullshit, he and his friends had experienced plenty of hardship: he even made hardships for those around him, he was the master of tooth and claw! If they where explosions, which he wielded exactly as if they where indeed, his own bites and swipes.
He dashed forward with a blast behind him and his other hand forwards, giving him a bit of a spin, he planted his palm on his cheek and detonated.

He wasn't expecting to blow right through him... The figure that had stood before him was now large chunks on the floor, one of which was staring at him

"You don't want to convince me to undo this? Very straightforward I see" the voice came from the walls themselves, but he could see the half-destroyed face on the floor speaking to him too.

He heard the walls rumbling, soon the walls spat out some faces that he was not angry to see: Ashido, Sero and Tokoyami... Although he could do without Aoyama and Iida, the last one to arrive was Kaminari, even worse.

They where all trapped in this chamber, although he knew he could blast through these walls once they where done fighting, as could Ashido melt through them.

The students eventually recovered from the fleshy trip to this chamber, all the while Bakugou tried to explode the remaining bits of Morituros splattered on the porous bone floor.

"You can't do shit if I keep blasting you into bits, fucker!"

The finely-ground flesh on the floor was still moving, however.

"Your quirk is very destructive... But you cannot kill that which was never alive"

He felt something grab at his ankle... A hand, which he immediately blasted off himself.

"Sero! Move!"

Iida pushed sero forwards, a hand carrying a small bone spike tried to stab him... Once Iida moved him far enough, Ashido blasted it with acid, melting it into a puddle... The pinkish girl squealed in fear, she rarely used her powers against people, much less... Mangled parts of people, she was choking back gags of disgust.

Kaminari and Tokoyami observed all over the room, with different conclusions of course.

There where limbs growing from the walls and floor... Limbs that seemed oddly masculine and where wearing blue uniforms with gloves...

He was using the policemen.

Aoyama felt the least glittery he ever had felt in his life, but at least he knew how to handle the urge to vomit, unlike Sero.

Tetsutetsu and Shiozaki landed together, alongside Monoma and Kendou.... At least they where together! Hooray for class B! Monoma would've celebrated thoroughly if it wasn't for the scenario they encountered upon being thrown into this chamber.

Kirishima, Izuku, Uraraka and Yaoyorozu where facing off against the tiny orange-haired girl, who seemed to be mostly messing around, pouncing onto kirishima and trying to grab his hair.
"C'mon! Fight back! Punch me!"

She was mostly harmless, which resulted in the three class A students to mostly defend themselves.

"I will fucking end all of you!" She yelled at the top of her lungs even as kirishima threw her off himself with little effort... She was very light after all.

This couldn't be more favorable for the students: it was basically a 1 vs 8 scenario!

Kendou held her hand open to help Shiozaki stand up, while Tetsutetsu shared his quirk with Monoma to defend them needed be... Shiozaki gasped at the sight of Amensis.

This drew the attention of the tiny girl.

"Oh! Y-yesss! Four pretty girls and four pretty boys... God, I'm going to have so much fun"

Tetsutetsu and Monoma awaited to intercept her, but she didn't rush towards her.

"Ya know, the pact is pretty cool... We can have literally anything... So I offer you guys a deal, I'll give you literally anything if you just give me her"

Everyone hesitated at these words, then became infuriated at the idea of betraying a friend

"I mean... I want to make her mine, I know I'm not super handsome but... Would you be my girlfriend, Ibara?"

Shiozaki trembled at these words "Don't call me by my name! You... Depraved villain!"

Kendou felt equally hurt, it was a blow to a woman's pride to be treated like an easy, sleazy property.

"Shut up! We will beat you and your weirdo friends and get out of here!" Tetsutetsu yelled while Kirishima hollered along "we will not betray a classmate! It would be very unmanly to do so!"

To all of this, Amensis yawned

"Very well, I'll just have to cripple all of you and fuck her while you bleed out"

She reached to the back of her neck and began twisting a small crank, after a couple turns, she pressed a button on her armor plate.

All the chains and wires dug into her skin, the spiked chains twisted to shred her chest and thighs... While the wires slashed through her ankles and wrists.

Blood sprayed everywhere and she let out a rather loud moan, falling to her knees.

The rather disturbing threat and the following disturbing display of self-harm where equally confusing, but Izuku quickly caught on: she had to bleed to use her quirk.

He realized as much because he saw the droplets of blood on the floor begin to float, and the streams of blood coming off her begin to form a second layer of tattoos, constrasting the blood red with the deep blue ink.

She licked her lips and slowly stood up, surrounded by large globs of blood.
With a punching motion, she sent a blindingly fast shockwave of blood through the air, which shoved Uraraka backwards, the droplets remained in the air, and with a slapping motion, the blood swung to the side, sweeping into Yaoyorozu and Izuku, which where capable of dodging it due to the second motion being much slower.

She retracted all the blood, Uraraka even felt her soaked suit being tugged by it, the blood came off it almost perfectly.

"C'mon, let's see if your fancy lessons in heroism can match with my desires"

Tetsutetsu rushed forwards and with his metallic body, delivered an upwards Hook.

A loud thud resonated through the room, as his fist was met with a scab-like layer over coagulated blood, and even further down, Amensis' skin was bruised, hardening her flesh enough to stop his fist by layering stages of coagulation around her.

"You're gonna need something less blunt to make me gush~"

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Nedzu was spat out of the large structure, his fur was a bit moist due to being handled by flesh, but it quickly dried as he inspected the situation.

The large, Bud-shaped structure seemed pretty simple from the outside, but due to how many turns he felt while being transported, it was likely more complex... It was also built by using two of their 'quirks' so at least two of them had to go down to destroy it, unless...

Mount lady delivered a punch to it, which made the whole structure jiggle and bend slightly... It wasn't completely rigid.

She winced yet punched again, this time breaking bone.

However, she was splashed with the same yellowish bile that Endeavor encountered while fighting the metal-grafted one.

She managed to reduce the damage to herself by dodging and promptly shrinking, her suit melting around her arm... Thankfully her skin did not suffer much, she landed near Nedzu

"Aha! So we cannot just bruteforce our way in or out either... Whatever that substance is, it fills the main structure..."

The small dent that she had made was healing... Very slowly.

She felt useless, and now she was being called a brute by a rat!

"H-hey, I did my best, dont call me a-" "thank you for your help, mount lady!"

At least nedzu thought it was helpful to get splashed with that weird liquid... It wasn't a conventional acid, since most heroes that work out in the field have fairly resistant suits for all-purpose encounters... Whatever it was, it was extremely reactive and agressive.
Perhaps if they coordinated with whoever was still inside, they could find a way to break open this structure without jeopardizing any more lives.

---

Felhid Worrahm

Quirk: Ossein slurry.

Felhid can manipulate his bones at will, while he can create more bone, it's strength and shape depends on how much time he has to create it, any new bone must be created inside another one, first becoming a vulnerable paste that can be shaped before hardening, bones made quickly are weak!

The bones are extremely weak to chemicals unless prepared specifically to resist them! and they are brittle when under tension, his movement is severely encumbered by his own skeletal mass.

---

Amensis eskalis

Quirk: hematomania.

Amensis can control and manipulate the movements and properties of her blood, this also means that she can sustain great amounts of damage by preventing her own blood loss! She can increase her resistance and strength by using blood as a secondary set of skin or muscles, her blood can cure itself and others of diseases if she is aware that she is sick or poisoned!

Mixing blood with others can cause allergic reactions on both herself and the target, and while she is by far the most agile and resilient, she can only do one at once! Lastly, blood is still just blood, diluting or drying it can affect her abilities.

---

Manghela Sulghera

Quirk: Spiteful vitriol

Manghela can redirect any byproducts of her bodily functions into a chemical weapon consisting of stomach acids, enzymes and other harmful substances present in the human body, the rate of production depends on her mood.

Her own bile is extremely potent, while it makes her dangerous, she can overproduce it as well! It's composition is a very complex and fragile balance of substances that are normally found in small amounts, but not on her! sharp changes in temperature and other chemicals can disrupt this balance!

---

Morituros Haushe

Quirk: Regenerator
Morituros can create, manipulate and repurpose any tissue within his own body anywhere on himself after taking damage! with the exception of bones, he posesses an extremely powerful healing quirk! If he consumes organic tissue, he can also recreate and manipulate it until it becomes denatured or rotten.

While he can create backup muscles or organs, he is very vulnerable to damage that occurs to his main body, where the original versions of everything are! Additionally, he can only copy a handful of tissue types at a time! He is also very dependant on keeping external tissues oxygenated! Otherwise he will be disconnected from them.

This is what you were when i found you.

Now show me what you can be.

Chapter End Notes

I tried to provide some insight on what they can do and what they can't! Hopefully I'll stick to my own rules ;-;

I'm totally not gonna go with the most vanilla ships possible, no sir.
Gank!

Chapter Summary

Sloshing, sniffing.
Take a step, breathe in to taste their fear.
Keep moving, hear closely for their fear.
Grunting, dripping.
Hunt them down, savor their fear.

Chapter Notes

Wooooooooo wooooooooo more comments and kudos.

I was debating how to do this whole... Event as quickly and briefly as possible without skipping over anything important, and I think I finally found a good balance.

See the end of the chapter for more notes

By now, they know they can't win, I'm sure of it.

They are talking about you, calling you an animal, a beast, a monster.

This is what you wanted, right? Does it feel good? If your heart still functioned, would it beat faster? Would you blush if you could?

They are afraid of you, they burn and cut and smash and kick and punch, but you don't stop, you never stop, and it's because of me.

Aren't you glad you where born with me?

You hated me at first, you said I made you want to vomit... That I hurt you.

But eventually you began to love me, and you learnt so many types of pain because of me, all the pain that a human could learn, more than these fools will ever learn or understand.

They gave me a voice, and I told you what to do.

Every time they hurt you, every time they stare at you... I can feel it.

Specially the mummy and the dominatrix.

It makes you weaker, but you won't stop, because of me.

I wonder if they have voices inside them too, like you do, and like your siblings do.

I would appreciate it if you talked back sometimes, but it doesn't matter, I know what you want and you know what I want.
You want to pound and rip and tear and boil and scream.

Fire wasn't really an option anymore, considering the limited space they had and the many hazards that came with fire, Shouto did his best to keep the beast frozen, but the yellowish... Acid? That kept pouring out of its skin warmed up upon being exposed to the air, melting away at it.

The air felt dry, because he had to rip so much moisture out of it, but he made sure to keep things safe for a human to still breathe.

Breathing.... It was so surreal, this trap they where in, this... Structure was breathing too.

It was keeping them alive too, seeing how thick the bone pillars and walls where... And how well-insulated the meaty tissue was, it was impossible for air to get in and out, unless they specifically designed this... Living prison to keep them alive.

That explained the relatively safe transportation and occasional hints of fresh air as well as the thick, gel-like windows in the ceiling... Covered by rib-like bones, they let just enough light in, but they where too wet, thick and rubbery to break through easily, specially when they had enemies swinging at them.

He had been stranded with most of the teachers and heroes... He did not see any of his classmates around.

He was fairly concerned for the wellbeing of them all, but he very well knew he cared for some of them over the rest.

Kamui, with the help of Power loader had pierced through the fleshy parts of the prison before the villain arrived, but the wall spat back a noxious liquid... The same liquid this beast was full of, it was like a built-in safety, if they ever truly damaged them, they would damage them back.

So far, this was less of a fight and more of a session of hide and seek, this beast was blind and dumb, all they needed to do was be silent and distract the monster with the occasional ice wall, wooden cage or trip him with Aizawa's bandages.

His father was furious, frustrated because every single hero quickly realized that using fire in an area with limited air supply was a recipe to choke to death, and ordered him to minimize his usual lion-like display of fiery streaks on his hair and suit.

It was oddly satisfying to see his old man playing hide and seek to make sure nobody got hurt, himself included.

The air oscillated between dessication and humidity as he made ice and the beast melted it, the vapors of it's vile chemical cocktail also tainted the air, but oddly enough, they didn't accumulate enough to kill them.

As if the architects of this fleshy jail made sure that they wouldn't die, or that they wouldn't die either.

He saw how the beast regenerated fairly quickly after being directly attacked by Aizawa and Ken, while they were no All might, they still hurt it plenty... But it's bones and skin just snapped back
into place before they even where done dodging it's retaliation.

Oddly enough, the creature took more damage from it's own caustic slime than from actual attacks, perhaps it wasn't insulated against it's own quirk as well as he was... Or as Ashido and Bakugou.

He wanted to put this theory to practice, but to raise his voice and share this information would be very dangerous, not to mention they didn't know what exactly made the beast produce this... Defensive mechanism, even when it was under direct attack, the rate didn't change much.

He shared glances with Aizawa and Kayama, both of which had managed to subdue the creature for a few minutes when they coordinated their quirks, Kayama couldn't give it another try since the enclosed space meant her scent-based quirk could affect their allies.

The beast stopped looking around and it let out a small laugh, slowly becoming louder and louder... It's voice was like a diesel engine, pistons and piping roaring with fumes and fuel.

"Are YOU Afraid?"

It screamed, to nobody in particular, they remained silent.

The many pipes on its body began to slosh and tense as the pressure raised within it.

"FEAR is GOOD, I like IT"

Being a hero meant being brave, and being brave meant facing fear itself... Of death, of suffering, of risks and obviously, of villains.

"I'm never AFRAID, Because I KNOW them all"

It was easy to assume nobody understood what it was talking about, but everyone disagreed with it, fear was a primal response to damage and danger, just like pain and disgust, it was a sense that life evolved to preserve itself.

The tanks over its chest and navel began to bubble and glow, the mixture was no longer stable even within itself, reacting with violent bubbling and fizzing, as if trying to destroy itself.

"I'm SO ANGRY AT YOU ALL... This is DUMB"

It was clearly frustrated after being kited around the large room.

"Fear means... YOU CAN STILL KNOW MORE"

With a gargling roar, the liquid began to foam and splatter, dripping out of its metallic spikes and plates... Dripping out of its mouth and under the metallic band covering it's face... It began to eat away at its own meat, which only increased the flow more and more.

"I WILL SHOW YOU, YOU ARE AFRAID"

Morituros could taste it under his tongue... Someone had made Ghele pretty upset.
He was currently hanging from some sort of hammock made of hands and legs holding each other, muscle fibers woven between them as he sat and looked down at the students he had been put with.

While he did indeed try to separate them according to who would have a harder time fighting back, he didn't exactly know who would end up where: the plan was simply to pitch the students against them and the pros and teachers against Ghele.

It was a drawback of moving and making tissue on the go: it was hard to sense and process all the information, he did have just one brain most of the time, making more just made him dizzy and confused.

Not to mention that it required very intense damage to his skull and brain, while Ghele was happy to provide and he was happy to receive, it was never a precise or accurate delivery, and thus... The re-creation of the tissue and structure would never be as delicate as required for the wonderful human brain.

"You guys should like... Stop fighting back for a moment and listen to what I have to say, ya know?"

The students quickly realized that brainlessly putting down the repurposed bodies was a bad idea; he would just bring them back after reabsorbing them through the walls and floor.

So the tape boy and shadowy bird restrained them in a neat pile in the corner, instead they were now fighting amalgamated remains of what he last had consumed: animals.

He wasn't exactly trying to kill them, he made the rearranged felines, canines and rodents lazily waddle towards them.

But the poor children where too horrified at the sight of the mangled, disfigured pets that they simply fought back with destructive force.

"Sheesh, you guys love violence... Maybe you aren't as uncultured as we thought"

Specially the shadowy bird and grabby explosions.

"SHUT THE FUCK UP"

"You can try and make me... Again, I'm not exactly attacking you with all I've got... I'm just trying to teach you guys a lesson"

One of the disfigured creatures growled almost in a friendly manner... As if recognizing the human silhouette from it's previous life, it was a pet after all.

"And i don't mean the cliche "lesson" that is taught with violence"

He shrugged as he was squirted with a somewhat impressive amount of acid with startling accuracy... Thankfully it merely melted his arm and shoulder, making him hiss and wince in pain... With enough practice, the pink girl could even compete with Ghele or Amensis when it came to squirting out dangerous fluids!

"Oho, you've gotten over the fear of hurting and killing with your power? Good! That's progress! Before being heroes... You are humans, and humans must never hesitate to kill and hurt"

"Humans live in society, we have laws which must be followed! These laws are built by justice and enforced by heroes and policemen!" Iida froze up mid-speech, realizing how nonchalantly these
four dispatched the police "Stopping villains from taking lives and hurting others is what we are training to do as heroes!"

Mori laughed a bit "very well... But as we have already seen: you can't exactly save everyone... Even heroes die, they couldn't save themselves from someone or something stronger than them... Whatever it is... Death is unavoidable, even for us among the pact"

"All i ask of you heroes is that you give up! Accept that you have been defeated and couldn't save them... And right now, you can't really save yourselves"

Mori sighed as Bakugou leaped upwards, propelled by his own explosive anger and the actual explosion he caused.

"Heroes still help and win, fuckface!"

He was wounded so he opted to just take the hit... It would be a chore to find all the pieces if the blast was at full force.

Yet it wasn't, bakugou just clung to him, to speak to him directly.

"I don't give a fuck about what you think or do, but we fight a lot, and I fight better than anyone, so fuck off! I'll find a way to detonate your ass into submission and capture you, asshole!"

"You are very violent... Sheesh, who hurt you?" Morituros chuckled but didn't retaliate.

"Yet you are missing my point... You try to bring us to law? Law can't hold us back! If you want us gone, you must truly kill us... And to do so, you should settle down and learn your fucking lesson"

His arm began to bubble and ripple, the acid burn marks on its surface made everything easier... He regenerated his arm, much stronger and larger, making him a bit unbalanced... His palm began to rip open as teeth began to cover the surface of each phalanx and turn it into a gritty, reinforced glove of sorts.

"Some of your friends have already learnt it: you can't solve everything, yet you try anyways... You can't save every life, yet you try anyways... You are afraid of not being strong enough, yet you fucking try anyways.... Is this what heroism is about?"

"You have to give up, surrender... Wouldn't that make everything easier and simple? Don't fight back the fear, dont try to save everyone, don't try to solve everything... Embrace defeat, embrace suffering and embrace being wrong... Embrace death"

His massive, claw-like hand smashed Bakugou downwards, he leapt after him, fist forwards... Which had grown a calloused layer between teeth and muscle which protuded from each knuckle, attempting to crash and crush him.

With a small explosion, he pushed himself and Mori's fist away, deflecting the blow a feet or so to the side while distancing himself to get back to his feet.

"Explode, melt and use whatever powers you have... You can't kill me, you can't stop me, I'm made of decay and dead things held together by the power of death"

His arm kept growing... Sprouting a layer of hair between the mangled, misaligned teeth that covered it's surface, small but numerous... Teeth and hair and skin reinforcing the muscle underneath.
"All I want for you is to realize how wrong it is to resist... The natural course of things... These laws and these schools do nothing but stop nature from taking its course! It sickens me"

With his oversized, disfigured hand open and pointing forwards, he walked forward towards them

"You heroes cling so dearly to peace and law as if they are the only thing that can be right! I know I won't convince you... But for a second, consider how sweeter everything would be..."

The many chimera-like creatures in the room began to stumble and crawl towards him, biting and clawing at him, gnawing and clutching.

"So stop acting like heroes... Show me that you're willing to die to protect these foolish ideals"

As an immediate response, the students attacked: sero began to peel off the many small creatures that he had ordered to serve as protection, alongside Tokoyami who was on the verge of losing control of Dark shadow due to the very low, dim lighting of the prison.

Mori retaliated by using his maw-like hand to repel their attempts, his gnashing teeth easily cutting through the tape and pushing back Dark shadow.

He got distracted by the well coordinated assault trying to leave him bare, Aoyama ran behind him, followed by Kaminari who seemed to be saving his quirk to protect Aoyama... Did they plan something while he was up dozing off?

His right arm, which had remained fairly human so far, turned into a more offensive morph... He crushed it with his left hand, turning it into a mangled, twisted ribbon with a loud crunch.

After taking damage, he could turn it into whatever he wanted, and so he took all the broken bones and aligned them outwards, turning it into a whip-like tendril with all the bones in a swollen bulge in the end, becoming a flail-like weapon instead of a functional arm.

He swung it towards the two blondes, but the bony pincushion was deflected by a blast from Bakugou... Even as he redirected it again towards the students, Bakugou simply kept deflecting it, even if it meant his palms got scratched a few times.

"I'm impressed! But do all of you realize that while you may survive, you cannot defe-"

Iida interrupted his gloating speech with a punch straight to his jaw... And he quickly retreated using his quirk, knowing well that staying close for long was a terrible idea.

Ashido then clasped her hands together, holding them tightly as she used the surface area of her hands and the small exit between her fingers to create a relatively potent stream of accurate, pressurized acid, which was aimed at his shoulder blades... Disarming him, quite literally.

He looked at each side and laughed... He could just make them again! The acid meant he would take just a bit longer though... As it was still eating away at him, something that still frightened Ashido.

"You really are exemplary students..."

He gulped as he fell to his knees, knowing well that while he might not exactly die... He was overwhelmed.

With a particularly glittery, flashy beam piercing through his chest, he choked on his own saliva... He was resilient, but by no means could just flesh and bone stop all of this on their own.
"F-fuck! Fine, you guys win for now!" A massive mouth opened up under him, swallowing him whole, simultaneously, the walls around them began to shrivel and give away, showing the tunnels and hallways that connected the many chambers of this fleshy jail.

Amensis spat out a tooth, her mouth and lips where bloodied and she was drooling like an idiot, her porcelain skin was matted with blood yet any bruise or wound they had inflicted only made her stronger.

"You guys are strong, some of you made my boss wuss out"

She laughed while staring at her own hands

"It's been a while since I've had this much fun! I insist... Can I have your numbers?"

The hero students ignored her, specially the girls... They where just creped out by her nonchalant, shameless flirting.

She sighed as she lifted herself with a few globs of blood, sitting down with her legs crossed, hovering neatly.

"I guess that means I have to make some time... Why don't we sit down and talk a bit?"

Kirishima still held his fighting stance "trying to make us lower our guard? That is a very cowardly move!"

Amensis laughed "c'mon! I'm not even a bad girl! Villain is a very broad term, I promise: I only want good things!"

Izuku knew that most villains where indeed usually misguided or misunderstood at the core, and eventually became evil and twisted.

The fact that she was so young could mean that she could still be saved, even if she and her peers where so.... Brutal.

Amensis simply stared at them, no attempt to attack like she had done for the last few minutes... Her bones would be dust by now if she didn't protect herself with clots and scabs every time she exchanged blows with these students.

"You know, my mother is a nurse... I was going to be a nurse too"

She talked to nobody in particular.

"She told me that my blood could save millions! That my healing quirk was invaluable..."

She kept rambling, tracing her index finger on the tattoos on her left arm.

"All I want is to make sure nobody has to suffer but me, is that too much to ask? I want to be the punching bag of this world"

"You certainly don't act like that... You attacked us so impetuously!" Tetsutetsu beat his fists together.
"There was no pain, so I had to make some... How else can I take it for others!?!"

She licked her lips and giggled, smiling at them.

"Isn't that what All might did? And what most heroes do? They are selfless, they put themselves at risk to save others...."

She wasn't smart, but she understood this much.

"I'm sure you guys have someone you idolize... Someone you look up to, or someone you look forward to! Someone you love or respect... I want to protect this, I want to sacrifice myself to make sure everyone can continue looking up... To love, to respect! Each wound signifies that... That's why I love my wounds" she rambled like a madwoman

She raised her arms and shook her head, making many sweat and blood droplets shake off.

"Mori is the crazy one, honestly... I'm just tagging along for the ride"

Was she trying to convince them? Either way, even if she wasn't truly evil, her recklessness and intervention did enable villains to carry out their plans.

"You guys must surely understand... Don't you have someone you love? Someone you cherish and respect? Someone who means the world to you? Just how far would you go to protect this?"

She put her thumbs and index fingers together, making a heart over her chest.

"Or maybe someone you find really hot... I don't know how you guys do romance and relationships"

Uraraka had curbed her own feelings due to the situation she was in, she knew that love was usually a distraction from school and from duty... And thus, it was incredibly troublesome for a hero in training!

"Or you guys could be idiots and still try to kill me.... Whatever works for me... In the end, i will enjoy myself!"

Shiozaki had been at the back and out of the fight this whole time, aware that she would likely be a target.

"You want to be a martyr so badly that you are willing to create hardships and crisis"

"How else can I guarantee that people will target me? All the bullets the policemen had... They would've been shot at someone eventually... Why not me, right here right now? Hrm? Can you truly be sure that every single student in this school will never cause harm or suffering with their quirks?"

"Humans are capable of terrible atrocities... But they also perform the most pure and honest acts anyone can receive, you cannot force these things... Just like you cannot just force love or attraction"

Amensis smiled "maybe I can be convinced... If you promise to talk to me some more..."

She was simply bad at adapting to others, right? At least they could hope to defuse this situation without further fighting.
This plan was flawless, they just had to yank out the three remaining members of the pact out of the prison and they would be forced to disassemble the structure.

While kurogiri knew it wouldn't be that simple, the plan at least involved the least contact with heroes, and thus less chances of them reacting violently, this made them optimistic.

"Maybe we can send someone to convince them? I could make a clone! Or Himiko could disguise as someone who made it out! No, that would be dumb!"

Shutting down his own idea very drastically, the socially maladaptive villains kept mulling over their options... They had to help them, but their stubborn nature and hatred of heroes made it much harder.

However, according to DM, if the pact wasn't stopped at this stage, it would quickly target them as the next step in their super secret plan.

"Maybe.... We can make a hole? A small one? Cut through the meat~ and make it spill!"

"You saw what happened to Mt lady"

"But... There must be something we can do, otherwise why would he asked us to help specifically?"

Shiragaki was sick of hearing all of this

"We are going to warp in, tell the heroes to not attack us, and they will tell us what they know"

His dry voice was low, but it made all his loyal villains listen... He had become a reliable leader ( kinda) just as Kurogiri and Sensei had wanted.

"The reason they used solid barriers was because they weren't expecting us... So we will shake up their strat"

Shiragaki scratched away at his neck... But before Kurogiri could scold him, he stopped.

He didn't want to work along heroes, but this wasn't really working alongside them, it was moreso saving themselves by making sure the heroes would deal with the brunt of the attack, all they had to do was introduce an unexpected attack, an ambush... Give the heroes an opening, quite literally.

"This is a free for all, so... Let's gank the pact"

Chapter End Notes

Morituros is basically a mix of a necromorph/the thing/the Zerg, if that makes sense?
I fully intend to make some more of the members of the pact join the heroes in some way or another, that is, if my readers like the idea and my reasoning, so please, tell me!

I feel like I put a bit too much focus on my OCs... And it also feels that that might put off some people, so I apologize, not to mention they speak too much.
Healing quirks are valuable, and despite their life-saving properties, these assholes prefer to use them to punch each other because they get off like that.

They are not smart, but they have strength to spare.

Things are gonna get a bit more violent! Despite not really being tight on time or super occupied, I certainly lack the motivation to write down all the stuff floating on my head.

Some guest reminded me that it's always worth it to do it anyways.

Updating at ass-o-clock.

Many thanks for reading! Any feedback is appreciated!

With a sickening crunch, Ghele held endeavor by his right leg, a couple inches off the floor.

Both of his arms looked raw and irritated, not to mention the limp, flaccid way they hung all the way to the floor.

Even when using his flames for short periods of time, he was unable to stop the beast with sheer heat, he and his son took turns handling the beast, but after seeing the brutal blow it delivered to Aizawa - breaking his ribs with a glancing blow - Enji opted to fight with it on his own.

Power loader and Thirteen where trying to bore a tunnel downwards, to hopefully reach concrete and thus have some way of stopping the caustic material that permeated the walls yet wasn't present in the floor.

Both todoroki heroes had fairly visible splashes of it on their costumes - and skin - the damage wasn't extreme, but it was certainly painful.

It wasn't acidic like Ashido's pale fluid, or reactive in the same way that solvents acted in rescue scenarios in chemical plants, the teachers knew this, and get it was being produced naturally by.... What was once a human.

This liquid, this... Vitriol was alive, it knew what it was on, it had a mind of its own and it knew how to do the most damage to whatever it was.

Sometimes it would burst into flames as if it where napalm or phosphorus, sometimes it would slowly eat away at it like an acid, and sometimes it would dessicate the area, ripping the moisture
out of the skin.

The patches of discolored dry skin on Kayama and Aizawa were a good indication, the substance took a few seconds to adapt to whatever it was before attacking it, so they where able to get it off themselves before the damage became truly severe.

With a metallic prong digging into his ankle and the reactive fluid fizzing at his skin, Enji let out quite the grunt, doing his best to hold on.

"You ARE all so FRAIL... I BREAK TOO, but I keep going... WHY CAN'T YOU?"

The creature wasn't attempting to kill him, nor did it intend to kill Aizawa or Thirteen when it targeted them: just disable them, snap their bones with a brutal swing of its heavy, hammer-like arms and twisting their joints out of position with its metallic claws.

Or like he did to Kayama and Hizashi, use it's sharp spikes to maim and cleave at their tendons, causing quite a bit of bleeding and the inability to move, effectively crippling them.

Thankfully and ironically the same reactive fumes that came off the liquid seared and cauterized their wounds, somewhat lessening the likelihood of permanent damage.

Toshinori was outside, and Enji was somewhat glad that he couldn't see him in this mangled-up state.

On the other hand, he really wanted to spare Shoto the sight of his 'old man' being treated like a ragdoll.

He was certain he could win if they just had more space and he could use his flames at all times, or at least his pride told him so.

Maybe if he couldn't be a good father at least he could be a good example of how not to be a hero: getting both of your arms broken was a terrible start to taking down a villain.

As the flesh in the walls withered, it was obvious someone had succeeded in defeating or capturing one of the villains.

Toshinori was with some of his students, and as the once-perfect seal of skin and tendon dried up, they where able to move outside from the room where held in.

He couldn't believe that other quirks could have effects this ample: to his knowledge, One for all and All for one where unique in the sense that they where the only quirks that could augment themselves through interactions, but seemingly others could manipulate their own quirks or other's in a similar fashion.

The hallways where crudely constructed, while the skin and meat made the structure look somewhat... Polished, without the covers, the raw bone structure was visible, it looked like ribcages and bone plates akin to the skullcap, all meshed and twisted together.

Some gaps and spaces where wide enough to let in sound and light, which he and the students he was leading began to follow.
They had to fend off one of the villains while they waited... He had injured Jirou and Asui quite heavily: he was carrying Jirou while Sekijiro carried Asui.

Jirou had a large spike, about the size of a soda bottle piercing through her waist, to the left of her stomach... It wasn't bleeding, but it was obvious the damage was severe, heroes where trained with basic medical knowledge and trying to remove objects lodged in certain parts would only make things worse.

Asui had gotten hurt trying to protect him, which made his gut clench in regret, with basically all of his quirk gone, he was useless in combat... Just a liability.

"Aren't you scared? I broke plenty of bones... I thought that'd be enough to stop you all"

His voice boomed through the hollow walls and rooms, as if coming out of the skeleton structure.

"I must admit we overestimated the sheer amount of targets and their skill... Thankfully a bird with clipped wings cannot fly, and a frog with broken legs cannot leap"

Tsuyu croaked with a small squeal, he had easily slipped past the restraints made by Sekijiro and with a single touch, made the bones in her right leg crumble.

It wasn't a fracture or splinter, her bones had been reduced to dust... It was possible that if Tooru hadn't pushed him away, the damage would've been greater.

"While I cannot stop you from running away... I want to ask all of you"

The group kept moving, with a clear sense of urgency, while Mineta managed to disable him by making his bone plates stick together and thus forcing him to shed them all and retreat, he wasn't necessarily disabled.

"...why didn't you try to kill me instead? You heroes... You value non-lethal techniques way too much"

They where being led into another room, the air was warm... Perhaps one of the Todoroki or Bakugou would be ahead.

"Ever since i joined the pact, I wanted to know what it would feel like to be punched by All Might at full force... My sister wanted that too"

The walls laughed slightly, they could all feel him watching them move.

"We wondered and fantasized about it, would it be a pain so great that we wouldn't enjoy it? Would it be so intense that we would die instantly, without suffering? Would it be a pain so brutal that it would finally make me scream and make her stop moaning?"

Toshinori felt sick, disgusted by these thoughts, but regardless did his best to hide it all

"These... These villains really take things personally and... Creepily, don't they?" Hagakure spoke to nobody in particular as the group kept moving, they could hear movement up ahead, it just wasn't clear who it was.

"They do indeed! It is certainly unnerving, but heros must have nerves of steel and remain focused, never forget! Be steadfast as you have been, students!"

Toshinori cheered, trying to motivate his students.
"We will get through this, we have already gotten past one of em, and you know how strong everyone is at UA! be proud of yourselves and eachother!" Sekijiro tried to do the same, he was clearly less energetic than Toshinori, but he knew that every student of UA would appreciate the reminder: this was the best hero academia in the world, and they where part of it.

Nedzu kept rubbing his fuzzy chin(?). Between sips of tea, which he seemingly obtained from nowhere.

The total mass of the structure had shrunk; the once thick walls of flesh and bone where reduced to thin membranes holding the bones together, making the fat, bulbuous shape look a lot skinnier... Malnourished.

Snipe and Desutegoro had also been expelled a few moments after Mount lady gave up on trying to crack open the structure... Though, by his observations, this massive thing was one of the villains.

A villain who made his own body so massive that he could encapsulate all of them, therefore his own organs and other components where there, somewhere.

Perhaps Thirteen or some students with destructive quirks had been capable of destroying enough tissue to manage to weaken the body.

Either way, right now they had slightly more pressing concerns.

"So you're offering us to help, despite being incredibly infamous and wanted villains? What could possibly drive the League to help heroes?"

Shiragaki had been straight to the point 'we are here to attack, don't try to stop us' when they warped in, not to mention that the heroes where simply incapable of fighting back: there where just 4 of them outside of the weird dome.

"You heard me, it's not too complicated, we just help, we can do more than you can do"

Shiragaki shook with a bit of anger.

"Believe me, it wasn't my idea, and none of us are happy or eager to save you and your stupid hero hatchlings... Specially when they have shot and us in the past"

He still had a fairly clear scar where the bullet had stopped him, he wasn't fond of any hero to begin with.

"Yet here we are, proposing a brief collaboration to eliminate a mutual adversary, do not think of it as nothing else"

Kurogiri spoke before Shiragaki could keep going on about how much he DIDN'T want to help.

"Very well, I assume you merely wanted to inform us so we, in turn, inform our allies to not attack you?"

Kurogiri and Shiragaki both nodded.

"It was either that, or clone you by using Himiko and Twice.... But that was our plan B in case you
didn't comply"

"This is waaaay more boring tho!"

Nedzu nodded, snapping his fingers as he finished his tea "well, I'm equally glad and upset that villains are so ingenious and start off so young... Very well, I will make some announcements to our captive companions"

Despite all of this, Snipe spoke up right as Nedzu finished.

"However, you should all know that every hero and student is capable and will fight back at the slightest indication of foul play or whatever shady business you bunch might come up with..."

A fair warning, they were still villains, and even under organization and rules... They were rebellious and evil.

"If we really wanted you dead, we wouldn't be offering to help... And I don't think any of you is in position to fight back... Kurogiri saw how bad the situation is inside there... Not that we would care how many heroes end up dead"

Both groups were soon joined by the three researchers, and following them, recovery girl.

"Shit... So this is... This time they agreed? Fuck! Wait, no.... This is good right?"

Cliq clutched his head as yet another horrendous headache struck him, being gently patted on the back by Akos.

"Hey, focus... You said they would need help, right? We have to help? How do we help?"

Rougarl stepped up to the villains, he looked like a dried up mummy, not very threatening.

"I'll join you, I can hold back whatever they throw"

Shiragaki stared up and down at the old man, who was being followed by the twitchy need and the plump girl.

"this group is full, we don't carry noobs"

"I'm part of the pact, you can call me Rou"

Rougarl approached Shiragaki, which resulted in a preemptive attack from Himiko.

Out of thin air, the old man materialized a massive slab of rock, shaped roughly like a shield, it floated loosely and seemingly weightless, crumbling at the edges.

"I'm trying to make sure you don't put yourselves at risk... Since you don't want to help to begin with"

Himiko's dagger bounced off it, even as she attempted a second attack after climbing over the shield, a smaller circular plate formed from the same rocky fragments, stopping her second attack, shortly after, the shields crumbled and disappeared... Leaving no trace they were even there.

"We couldn't help them at first... We where too injured, but we can help everyone now! Please, let us! I promise we won't be a burden!"

Shiragaki stared at his fellow villains... And at Kurogiri, after exchanging a few glances, he sighed.
"Whatever... Just... Follow my calls... Or Kurogiri's..."

Akos smiled at the group of villains, Syclick however seemed still be arguing with himself.

"I'm Akos... And I really like you and your friends! I'm not sure why..."

These outcasts of society... These 'evil misfits' and villains... They where just misguided, right? She knew they just needed someone to care for them.

"Of course Izuku would forgive a fucking villain!"

Bakugou's group and Izuku's met on the many long hallways, this chamber in particular resembled a hip... Coccyx and all, they had just stopped here to catch their breath after transversing a particularly... Spiny section of the fortress, full of broken, splintered bones.

Amensis of course, ran through it with reckless joy.

"Kacchan! I told you... It's not forgiving! She just hasn't attacked us... And she won't stop following us!"

"So you're holding her hostage? Did you fucking talk her into stockh-whatever?" This time his anger was directed at Shiozaki -and by proxy- Monoma, who interrupted his classmate to defend her.

"Well, if anyone can convince a villain to surrender, it's class-B! I'm the most skilled sweet talker in UA after all!"

He recieved a small smack from Kendou, without her quirk for once..

"She didn't injure anyone severely, and she insisted she could be useful"

"You guys talk like I'm not here! I have a name too! Amensis! But you can call me Amy~"

"Shut the fuck up, you pale freak!"

Amensis laughed happily, she was having so much fun... The traps that Felhid had set up where amazing! They stung so much, and now she was dealing with an angry blonde? This was just like the pact headquarters!

"Look, if you want to be angry at anyone, be angry at me! Punch me! Explode me!"

She stood up and stretched her arms wide

"Take out all that pent-up anger~ I can take it! I promise I won't break!"

Bakugou would've loved to, but there was no real reason to waste his energy, not to mention he was fully aware his anger didn't really go away by manhandling a tiny redhead.

Not to mention Kirishima would probably hate it, saying it was something unmanly or
respectful... The thought of his only tolerable classmate disliking the action instantly stopped any thoughts of aggression.

Amensis giggled and smiled, turning around to realize so many of them had gotten hurt by the traps... Specially those with few mobility or defensive quirks.

She stared at them with envy, she wanted those wounds, she was so jealous!

She sighed "whoever needs help with those injuries.. Let me help, line up!"

The entire group heard this, most of them had been discussing their encounters and experiences against these freakish villains.

Nearly all of them had superficial or very light injuries, however it was impossible to escape some of the situations without injuries.

Kendou had to stop a large spike with her hand... Which resulted in a fairly deep gash running along her thumb and palm, all the way to her wrist, she stopped the bleeding by using her uniform sweater as a bandage.

Tetsutetsu was incredibly upset, he tried to stop it so she wouldn't get hurt... To save her from it, but he was just a split second too slow... He wanted to do it partly due to heroism, and partly to impress her and the rest of his fellow students, he felt like such a fool now.

Tokoyami had multiple superficial cuts on his right arm and leg... While not dangerous or threatening, the pain and stinging was quite bothersome... Unlike Ashido and Aoyama, who destroyed the spikes or Sero and Iida, who avoided them, he couldn't move as fast as he had to, and took a dozen sharp splinters to his side.

Shiozaki got one of her legs caught in a particularly grizzly contraption, it was set up like a jaw... With the weight of the victim causing multiple sharp ridges to spring straight up to claw at their leg, like a bear trap.

Yaoyorozu stepped up to her, she too was injured... A fairly long slash ran across her arm and back... She crafted a very rigid, multi-layered riot shield to protect herself, but her back was exposed to falling shards of heavy debris, she would've been crushed if Izuku didn't pull her out of the way.

"You... Can heal?"

"Well duh... All four of us... Uhm... We all have healing quirks, haven't you noticed?"

The comment didn't make much sense, seeing how they used their quirks to kill and fight, but the more analytic -Izuku, Momo and Iida- realized this was true... They had healing quirks, things meant to repair and protect, but they had found ways to repurpose them as offensive tools.

Perhaps it was some sort of training, or perhaps it was due to the pact giving them more powerful healing than they could possibly use in just themselves.

"Just because we are 'evil' and stuff doesn't mean we can't have good things! Here... Make me a knife"

Yaoyorozu did as told, she made a short knife, but the blade was sharp and broad... It would do.

Approaching Kendou and Ibara... she dug the blade into her own hand, drawing a large amount of
blood that formed a round red globe around her hand... This made Monoma and Tetsutetsu a bit uneasy.

"C'mon, don't be scared! Just... Uh... If it hurts, punch me, okay? Now take the bandages off..."

Tetsutetsu looked at Kendou, unsure whether to obey Amensis... But Kendou nodded in approval, slowly undoing the knots around her arm, it was all soaked in blood, clotted and clumped... As soon as the bandages were off, Amensis placed the glob of blood around Kendou's hand, encapsulating it.

It was warm and sticky... Gross, but it was strangely comforting, like a warm embrace... After a few seconds, her hand was freed, her gashing wound was closed... Not cleanly, but with a large scab holding each end together.

"I'm not as good at healing stuff as mommy Akos or Mori, but I can at least... Sterilize the area and close it up... It'll probably make me sick, but you'll be fine!"

She had made sure to absorb all the blood she could, to let as little of her blood inside the wound, just in case they had incompatible blood types.

"Now... Who else wants some bloody, scabby Band-Aids?"

"So do you have any idea why your girlfriend is helping them?"

"Nope, not at all, I think she just wants to piss us off"

Mori laughed, using both of his hands to put some freshly-made bones where they belonged: inside his torso...

"So she wants to help the heroes because she wants us to lick her ass?"

Amensis sided with whatever was going to get hurt the most... Originally, this was the pact, but as Tachiel 'awakened' the twins and recruited more members, they became less and less vulnerable.

"I think it's moreso she wants the whole pact to kick her ass"

Felhid wasn't injured, but he couldn't risk being injured, he was the one holding this whole structure up, after all... if his quirk wavered or he lost control, all the meaty tissue would collapse onto them, which wouldn't be exactly pleasant, not to mention all the vitriol he was keeping inside the bones would corrode through them without his re-building, which would be even more unpleasant, even for their standards.

"At least one of us is still winning... Fuck, are we really this bad?"

"Don't ask me, we are still doing our job... Plus, it's Ghele... Sh- it doesn't need help to begin with"

"You know she can't hear you, right? Why bother?"

"It's a matter of respect, Mori... It doesn't like being called a she"
Mori laughed again "but we want to make her angry, right? Isn't that the whole point?"

As Mori put himself back together, he could feel his strength returning... Be resilient, survive, do whatever it takes to come back, like a purulent tumor... He felt the needs of his vow being fulfilled, like a hungry, bloodsucking parasite.

A very fat parasite, and the more it grew, the stronger he would be.... This is why Amensis had chosen to side with them, to fulfill her own vows.

"Very well, but I still think it's a good habit to keep Ghele compliant with us"

Felhid remembered how painful it was when Ghele last turned on them, attacking all three of them... It hurt him so much, he felt tempted to scream and cry, but he did not.

Just the temptation was enough to make him feel half-dead, it made his bones crumble and collapse, crushed under the own weight of themselves, as much as the contract gave, it demanded, even thinking of disobeying the vows that the little voice made was enough to weaken a member of the pact.

This is their curse, and they carry it gladly, because someone had to... Because it made them feel important and strong, and just feeling important and strong is all one needs sometimes.

"So they will be defeated?"

"Yes... Dear brother"

Tachiel stood in front of a large red crystal... about the size of a small car... It was slightly shaped like an egg or a pill, round and glossy, it gave off a gentle pulsing glow.

"is that why you woke me up?"

Tachiel chuckled a bit... He was wearing his 'business' attire... It looked like an old-timey diving suit mixed with a cliche robot, full of reflective surfaces and seemingly completely sealed, heavy plates covering his frame, akin to those that explosive defusal soldiers wore, or the jackets that patients and doctors would wear when using X-rays.

"I just wanted to be sure... Anything else I should know?"

She knew the answer already, but she asked anyways.

"...Dear brother, you know I don't like talking about what I see"

He smiled under his helmet, nobody could see it, she couldn't see it, yet she knew he was smiling.

"I'm sorry, you know I do this because of our family, right?"

"Of course, dear brother... I love to be helpful, even if it feels cold sometimes... It's so cold"

Tachiel placed his hand on the surface of the crystal, caressing it's smooth surface.

"You know I'm not lying... We all care greatly for you, and I apologize again for interrupting your
"Dear brother... It's okay, I knew you would come, and I will go back to sleep without problems... I don't like being a burden"

He took a step back and headed towards the door "have a good night... And sweet dreams, dear sister, thank you for telling me"

"No need to thank me... Oh dear brother of mine..."

The door closed, and she was back to sleeping, back to dreaming.

Leaning against the wall on the hallway leading to the door, there where DM and Servanda.

"I hope you don't mind us stealing your little show tonight"

"Of course not, boss! Why would I?"

Servanda rolled her purple eyes under her glasses.

"We both know that you are lying"

"Pfft, of course I am! I love my show... But I can't do shit if you want to make some spooky announcement to the masses"

"We have plenty of time left, so why are you two so... Ready already?"

Tachiel walked past the two, which prompted them to follow.

"I like spying on people"

"I keep tabs on your every move, you have an organization to lead"

Tachiel turned around and got close to Servanda, making the uptight, formal woman shake a bit.

"And I couldn't do it without you help, dear sister"

Tachiel's mirror-like mask slowly slid up, uncovering just his mouth, to which Servanda leaned closely and gave him a brief but deep kiss, losing her seriousness and instead being a bit awkward as she did so... She just was terrible at contact and personal interactions, but she did her best anyways, he was so confident in contrast to her insecurity, slowly pulling away from the kiss.

To all of this, DM's mask flipped, the usual smiling face in his divided mask being switched out for a disgusted look "yuck! Get a roo- oh wait, you already have one! And I've seen it all"

DM quickly returned to his usual smile while Tachiel simply rolled his eyes "it would be nice if you stopped..." Servanda tried to sound threatening, but she was a bit too embarrassed to do so.

Either way, Tachiel chuckled and kept walking.

"We can discuss your perverted spying tendencies and why they shouldn't be involved in my love life some other time"

He shrugged before opening the door ahead of them, letting the other two walk in first.

"Right now.... I have a lot of deuterium, tritium and osmium to make, so... shall we?"
Oh boy, I can't wait to come up with characters and all that shit just to kill them!

Instead, I'll let you guys decide: this is how I'll be presenting the "paths" and options that will shape this story.

If any of you has any observations that don't fit within these, then speak up in comments or messages.

If not enough people vote or it ends up in a tie, I will default to the "worst possible outcome"

https://strawpoll.com/4gbprs33
Spinal splinters

Chapter Summary

There is always a point in any sort of dangerous situation where one must cut their losses and accept that it's impossible to come out of this unscathed.

Pro heroes knew this -they put their lives on the line constantly- and the students knew this too, to a degree.

But villains are used to being the underdogs, they went in knowing fully that the situation was going to be shit, to them, this was a good sign.

Chapter Notes

I feel like I should've replied to the few comments I got in a more timely manner, sadly I was a bit too nervous when I got them, and now I'm too nervous since I didn't acknowledge them until now... I realize this is not a good thing! I want to interact with my readers! I will get over my own nerves.

I shall strive to reply as soon as possible from now on ^w^;

See the end of the chapter for more notes

Principal Nedzu cleared his throat with a small rodent-esque squeak, gently grasping the microphone and briefly hesitating... The message had to be clear and to the point.

"This is principal Nedzu speaking, a... Third party has offered to help the UA staff in this dire situation, we have discussed the terms and conditions of their participation, please do remain calm"

He observed the situation through a window.

He saw Kurogiri break his human silhouette, becoming a small cloud that sucked itself in, moving to the top area of the structure... Likely to inspect from the top 'irises' that acted as windows.

"They are trying to help, if nothing else, we have guaranteed that they will create an escape route!"

The message boomed through the school grounds... And due to the hollowed-out sections in the walls and pillars of the fleshy bud, it was likely to travel inside.

Wether the heroes or villains decided to follow the announcement was a completely different matter... Even if the villains had ulterior motives to help them, they where in no position to refuse.

"According to my observations... Most of class B will be able to escape if we destroy the northwest support pillars... Mount lady should be able to hold the structure while they escape"

Kurogiri told Shiraki, who then turned to Takeyama.
"You hear that, woman? Your huge ass is going to be helpful"

"You are... Straining things already? You are such a maleducated child!"

The words bothered Shiragaki, but he was focused on showing off right now, he walked backwards, into Kurogiri, who teleported him to the outer wall they would target.

"So... All might is in there too?"

"Yes, although I would save your energy until we neutralize any major threats before attempting anything"

Exchanging hushed whispers before he stepped up to the gigantic... Body? This reminded him of those aliens in one of his favorite strategy games... So fleshy, purple and bony.

Placing his hands on the structure, he looked up to Takeyama, who barely missed stepping on him

"Be careful, we don't want it to snap, do we?"

The skin began to dry and crumble, becoming flaky instantly... He barely got the chances to use his quirk on large objects, much less large *organic* targets, the thin bones that felt hollow where safe, from what they saw, so he clutched at them, destroying even more of the wall.

He could hear voices inside, shadows and colors distorted through the pinkish membranes that held the bones tight, and they could likely hear the collapsing, crumbling tissue too.

Takeyama was mildly scared, this position was awkward... And each time that Mr handsy destroyed some of the skin and bones, she could feel the weight of it all... It was sloshy too, the larger sections where full of the noxious liquid, what if he accidentally destroyed one of those sectors? What if it all became too heavy for her? Her quirk turned her into a large bunch of muscle, curves and charisma, but this structure was a sickening, twisted amalgamation of misplaced parts.

At least she would become very popular after this! It was indeed a pretty big attack...

"I'll handle things here, Kurogiri... You can go back to delivering the others, once I'm inside... I'll hunt them down"

The black cloud nodded briefly, and did as told... the real question was what chamber to attack first... he knew the position of all 4 of the targets, but he wasn't sure if they would attack on sight, or if they would be able to evacuate everyone in time.

Kirishima grit his teeth, the walls kept repairing themselves, stopping them from making any meaningful progress.

It was like a conveyor belt of walls, really... As soon as one of them was broken or destroyed, another one simply pushed forwards and took it's place.

At least they where safe in this chamber, they just where unable to go -anywhere- else, even retracing their steps to return to the room they fought Mori in.

"If they wanted us dead, they would've cut off the oxygen to this part and let us die... Uh... I mean,
I don't want to sound grim!"

The mood was indeed grim, no matter how destructive or powerful their quirks were, this chamber was just... Very sturdy and it kept healing itself!

At least he was with his friends and classmates, if anyone could fight their way through anything, it was Bakugou.

And where Bakugou went, he would too! Red Riot and Explodokill! Or... Well, his name was still in debate right?

"Felhid is likely in autopilot right now! This means that your teachers are winning, or something"

Amensis was currently tied up, with a bucket between her crossed legs, her chin and lower lips a bit stained with blood... After healing them, she got very sick for a few moments.

And after that, she began stabbing herself in the thighs and chest, in order to prevent further discomfort from any classmates -primarily Sero, who was very queasy- they restrained her.

"I mean... The most productive thing we can do right now is sit down and talk about our feelings"

This got her a couple strange stares, mostly from Bakugou, Iida and Yaoyorozu.

"You guys are about my age, right? How is dorm life? Any of you a couple? Friends with benefits?"

"How dare you imply such-"

"We are proud students! Not-"

Iida and Ibara answered simultaneously, fueled by respect, duty and firm morals.

"Okay, okay! Sorry!"

They bombarded her with ramblings about being 'proper students' and 'avoiding immoral behavior' for a while.

"Why do you care so much, even? You seem very fixated with romantic relationships"

Izuku asked her, a few moments after everything calmed back down.

"Ah... Im just curious! I mean... It probably means nothing from a villain who threatened to rape... But you all are very handsome, attractive and strong! Romance in schools is just unavoidable~ adoration and admiration~"

She looked around her, to see if she had gotten any response, besides Aoyama and Ochako, everyone seemed fairly uninterested.

"Fiine.... I recover my strength a lot faster if I hear or visualize about romance and attraction... I love my wounds, but that appreciation is barely enough"

She stuck her tongue out

"No need to answer, but I'm sure the lot of you have all sorts of crushes... Or perhaps you are in denial?"
She sighed "ah well, no need... Plus, help is already coming anyways..."

"Speaking of that, I wonder who they are sending..."

Yaoyorozu was a bit eager to change the topic, she was fully conscious of her attraction towards a certain classmate.

"Well... Maybe they got more heroes from the top list? They surely must've heard by now of the attack, but why would they need to warn us? Perhaps a more destructive quirk... Someone in the building demolition business? It would-"

Izuku kept mumbling. Uraraka was sitting close to him, they sat in a circle, looking inwards with Amensis in the center, they would be able to see 360 degrees as well as keeping her in the picture at the same time.

"Am... Deku, I don't think it's that important, we jus' have to be ready to move, right?"

Iida nodded, energetically gesturing towards the wall that was the thinnest... They could hear the message the clearest through there.

"It makes the most sense... Just be ready to react as soon as rescue arrives!"

During all of this, Kirishima and Bakugou kept hammering away at the same wall, trying to break through, the blasts and crushing punches left quite the dent, but it was quickly repaired... They would've tried a different wall, but Kirishima got mildly burned by the yellow gunk that spluttered out.

"Y-you guys are right, we kinda have to accept that we are the victims right now"

"Pfft... Standard 1-A mentality! We aren't captives or victims... We are... Ehm... Waiting behind enemy lines!"

Kendou would've chopped him, but he was to her right... The same side that her hand was still a bit sore.

"Fuck off, we are not captured! We are heroes! We can't just fucking sit around!"

Mina, Tokoyami, Sero and Aoyama agreed, but they had spent their fair share of time trying to break out, and where trying to get their energy back.

Mina was mostly a bit scared, she saw how intensely the substance ate away at Kirishima's clothing and skin, it wouldn't wash away very easily... And it hurt despite his hardened skin, eventually after many attempts, she used a very mild acid to try and wash it.

Surprisingly, the yellow fluid in the walls acted as both an acid and a base, she knew very much about both, even with her terrible studies and her easily distracted demeanor, she knew how each type of substance reacted when exposed to her own acid mixtures, even if she never knew the true chemistry behind the bubbling, foaming and solid precipitation.

Eventually, after just over a minute of panic, to truly wash it off, she had to use a fairly strong acid to neutralize it, and then a weak one to wash the remains.

Kirishima still had a visible burn on his left bicep and chest... a sight that bothered her, and despite the expectations, Bakugou felt bad too, he did cause the crack that exposed him, after all.
At least she knew how to counteract it! But it was obvious she would have nowhere near enough time to react if it happened to anyone else, and the results would be way more damaging.

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Dabi, Twice and Himiko warped into the top chamber, the "heart" of the situation.

Alongside them, there was the chubby girl and the oldest man ever.

As soon as the flesh and bone of the pact noticed the chamber was no longer secure, things where set in motion, with a lumbering stomp, Felhid made large bone pillars sproud from the ground, creating a temporary barrier between them.

"The fuck? The school doesn't have any warp quirks! Is this DM fucking with us?"

The dark-skinned man yelled at Mori, who simply laughed and dragged himself closer to the wall, which slowly opened up and began to swallow him, assimilating him.

"I doubt it, but whatever... I'll go make sure Ghele kills everyone, you can handle them, right?"

The wall bubbled and gurgled as he disappeared into it, leaving behind a purple patch in the tensed skin.

Shortly after Mori was gone, the bones where broken through with a rather 'flashy' kick by Twice... They where hollow and fairly brittle, nothing that required any strength-enhancing quirk.

Felhid sighed, realizing that he had been easily abandoned, he wasn't used to being a decoy, that usually was Amensis' role.

"So who the fuck are you.... You don't look like students at all"

He peered through the narrow slits in his helmet, 6 of them, more or less matching the radial arrangement of many arthropods.

"Oho... And you have the traitors with you? This makes things much more interesting"

Dabi aimed a fistful of fire at him, lobbing a dense blast with a punch, he didn't have to explain himself at all.

Felhid clumsily raised his arm to put some distance between the attack and his body, he wasn't fast enough to deflect it, so he just took it.

"You're gonna need a lot more than just fire to defeat me"

"Tch! You look like a pile of badly-arranged anatomy skeletons... Although the visuals are pretty intimidating!"

Twice rushed forward with Himiko, who more or less was able to basically climb ontop of Felhid, he was clumsy and large.. about the size of a bear or tiger, his movements where stiff, Twice easily jabbed and punched at what seemed to be weak spots in his armor... The sides and underarms where always weak, they cracked, but there was a second, thicker layer underneath.

"You are a turtle... I can't cut you if you stay inside! The faster we kill you, the faster I can get to
the fun!" She began to whittle and stab at the joints in his neck and back... He really was a bulky humpbacked turtle.

However, as the cracks and cuts in the bone where made, a white paste quickly oozed out, repairing them, not to mention it leapt at Himiko... Who easily dodged it, he simply shrugged off Twice's attacks, his quirk would repair it all.

"Tch, are we gonna have to open you up like a clam? Or maybe Dabi will just cook you inside the shell?"

Dabi smiled, that was indeed a good plan.. or just surround him with fire, choke him out.

Twisting his neck a sharp 180 degrees, to stare at Himiko, his arms broke through parts of the armor to twist and disjoint.. allowing him to at least try and get her off him.

Himiko and Twice backed off slightly, realizing he had much more mobility after shedding the outer layer of his armor... The under layer looked moist and porous, a reddish-brown tinge to the largest plates.

He clenched his fist until it cracked, his mangled hand becoming a sharp stake.

"Even if you take me down... The jail is already built, if it collapses now, it'll only make things worse for everyone"

"We are here to kill you 'pact', we really don't care if those students make it out"

Dabi smiled as he fired a constant flame at him, making his two allies back off further... He could hear the porous material crack just like charcoal, he briefly stopped to dodge to the side, Felhid attacked with an overhead stab, as if trying to nail him to the floor, the same impalement technique that disabled and wounded Jiro.

"Pfft... Killing us? Haven't you done your research? The pact never truly dies"

Through the flames, Rougarl charged forwards, the fire did not have much effect on him, his hands and forearms where coated in a statue-like stone coating, cracked and worn-out, but stone nonetheless.

He gripped him by the shoulder and dug his other hand into the collar of his chestplate, with a sickening crunch and gush, Rougarl tore it off... Revealing the raw, skinless flesh underneath, writhing and tensing, but not bleeding.

"The pact is resilient and powerful, but we must remain humble..." He hissed at Felhid, who remained stoic thorough the action.

With a kick, Felhid shoved him off.

"Tch, so what? Burn and stab and break all you want... Pain fuels the body of the pact"

Midway through his sentence, Himiko was already doing exactly that, jumping over him and delivering a heel kick right to his ribcage, while at the same time, Twice clumsily dropkicked him from behind, the combined force made a rather satisfying, deep boom as his torso was compressed and tensioned, each rib barely holding the impact.

Despite the cruel and damaging attack, he remained expressionless "you don't hesitate nearly as much as the heroes... You are villains, right?"
He grit his teeth as he let out a brief laugh before the armor on his shoulders fell off, copies of his dorsal spine began to form at his shoulders, held together by exposed tendon, he attempted to stab at Himiko, but the movement was stopped as Dabi quickly incinerated the relatively fresh bone, destroying the tendons and ligaments that made it move.

"I'm so mad! I thought it was gonna be a quick kill... I might miss Midoriya if we don't hurry up! This ugly turtle doesn't even bleed!" Himiko licked at her sleeves, which became stained after she pushed herself off Felhid's chest, it tasted dry and plain... Like chalk.

He did indeed not, an oily mixture of fine powder akin to cement or plaster was what flowed through his veins, quickly drying into dust once exposed to the air.

"I'll take that as a yes... Although the plan was to target villains after we dispatched some heroes"

The skin and tendons on his chest and external spines began to regenerate, it took just a bit longer than usual due to the burns...

"Let me tell you a secret: I'm not the one you should be worried about, in all honesty, I'm just trying to make it to the end... " A loud, roaring scream and furious yelling could be heard under them, likely in another chamber, the entire building shook.

"You were sent to kill us, we were sent to refine ourselves... And no matter who lives or who dies, we will succeed"

Akos gasped in shock, she was currently supporting Rougarl, he was strong but for very short spurts...

"W-what? Did Tachiel find someone else?"

"Of course not... But there are more than one ways to distill and purify traits, and while i would love to survive the procedure... I think I'll be happier to skip all the hassle"

He extended his arms and yawned

"Now, I'm sure you idiots can kill me before Ghele eats us all... So hurry up!"

He recieved a sharp stab to the chest, right to the sternum, the knife was left lodged in his chest.

Himiko leapt backwards after leaving one of her many knives stuck in his chest, and while she expected to be attacked, she did not expect his arm to extend at the same time he swung.

His sharp, splintered stake slashed at her stomach, while not going straight through her, it easily went a few inches deep, cutting through her lovely sweater and skin alike.

She screamed in pain briefly, but quickly settled down, adrenaline working it's magic, she could feel something... Leaking, wether it was blood or guts, she didn't know quite yet.

Twice then delivered a particularly angry kick to the back of his skull, and getting clipped in the arm, slashing a sizeable portion of his tricep, hanging just by a few bits of muscle and skin... They opted to not use clones right away, since it was a focused target and no infiltration or multitasking was needed, and it obviously backfired.

Dabi waited until Twice was out of range before he unleashed flames onto him, making sure to keep them short but at a decent pressure, walking forwards slowly, the heat wasn't meant to hurt him.
After a few seconds of direct fire, again through the fire, Rougarl charged in, delivering a straight punch to the heated knife blade in his sternum, the heated bones and seared flesh posed little resistance to the knife.

At roughly the same time, Twice gathered his remaining strength... Partly fueled by rage, since this bastard had hurt himiko! She was like a little sister or something!

He swiftly placed a roundhouse kick to the back of his neck, the combined opposing forces resulted in a very... Crunchy snap.

Felhid let out a gasp of pain as his spine was broken in half, his chest collapsed and the insides of his thorax where burnt... This wasn't the most damage he had received, but the combination of acceleration, force, heat and pressure inside his chest was too much to bear.

Even if he didn't exactly scream in pain, the impact made the air in his chest force a wheeze out of him.

And that was enough for his vows to be broken, he felt his own death gnawing at him, all the discarded bone plates began to crumble and dissolve, his own bones did.

The entire body jail began to shake and quiver as the bones became less solid, slowly they would all crumble.

His face sunk into his own skull, or what remained of it, a boneless slop, slowly oozing into a pile, he was dead, but his quirk wasn't quite dead yet.

As the fight finished, Akos quickly rushed to Himiko, who was barely standing.

"You old fart! You where supposed to protect us!" Twice gripped Rou by the neck, he looked back at him and nodded "I indeed failed my duty... But this does not mean that your companion isn't safe"

"Please! Stop being so dramatic, I can heal you two! Just... We need to get out of here"

Himiko was toying with her own blood, it wasn't as fun as other's, but what else could she do?

"You two are so dead once Shiragaki finds out! He is gonna make you all dead"

"You... You can kill us if you want"

Akos gathered an opaque, runny substance that came out of her skin, it was very light and warm, she placed her hand near Himiko's navel, the milky fluid began to creep into her.

As a reaction from this, Himiko stabbed her on the shoulder, to which she winced and cried... But kept healing her.

Akos visenna

Quirk: "royal jelly"

Akos can produce a highly-nutritious medium that contains cells capable of replacing and repairing most damaged tissue, she can also take and transplant tissue in a similar way! However, depending on many factors such as time and available materials, the tissue can be rejected or will stop functioning after some time, the quality and potency of her healing varies on emotional and bodily changes.
"We need to hurry and get you two out of combat..." Still tearing at he corners "I'll be able to heal you truly once we are out.. this is temporary... And you're still missing blood..."

Himiko peeled her blood-drenched sweated up, revealing her pale stomach... She was indeed healed, but the small slice of stomach that was repaired looked... Off, its skin tone was more like Akos' than her own.

"We can't just leave, we have orders and our comrades are still inside, we will keep fighting"

Dabi explained, Himiko was poking at her own stomach, she couldn't feel anything in the part that Akos made.

"W-well, we won't stop you! We cannot force you to stop fighting for your... Fellow villains, but do allow us to continue aiding you"

"I faltered in my duty, but I will not fail again"

Dabi sighed, he used a small device to signal Kurogiri that they where done.

"Fine, patch him up and let's get going"

Akos smiled warmly... She felt so happy to be helpful to these brave, misguided souls... Not unlike what she used to do with the members of the pact.

---

When help came, he wasn't expecting a villain, much less the orphaned son of his mentor turned villain.

As the students where carried out to safety, Toshinori stared firmly at Shiragaki, and while the hand made it hard to tell, he was also likely staring back.

The tensions where high, and there was no question that the same man-child that attempted to kill him at the USJ was now making a hole for him and his students to escape.

While all of class B had now evacuated, he and his students remained inside, Shiragaki was in the way

"C'mon, hurry it up, hero-hatchlings... I didn't make this crumbly, crunchy exit for you to stay inside"

He smiled, he knew they recognized him, people feared him often, but right now, there was no real reason other than their own illogical fear.

"We can cut eachother's throats some other day, right now I'm trying to kill some fanatic members of some clan... So could you please hurry and get out?"

"Helping us is merely a side-effect of your own violent motives, then?" Toshinori asked as he slowly walked forwards, Tsuyu and Mineta had experienced Shiragaki's fearsome speed, quirk and personality firsthand, he wanted to inspire at least enough safety to motivate everyone to get past him.

"Exactly, I'm still a villain... And I still hate every single one of you, but if I wait on killing you all,
And so, with some nervous stares, Toshinori and the students with him were carried to safety. Tsuyu and Jiro needed medical attention... And the fact that Shiragaki helped them was likely a key factor in their recovery.

"Very well... Despite your motives, I am inclined to thank you"

"You are welcome... Just make sure nobody dies... I want the league to have a better KDA than the pact"

He didn't exactly know what KDA meant, he would have to ask Kaminari or Sero... Those two played plenty of games, he was quickly reminded: most of the class was still inside.

As everyone evacuated the structure, a loud booming crack and crunch began to rumble through the structure, the bone pillars became frayed and wobbly.

It was very likely it would collapse eventually, since it was mostly now held up by its own balanced shards and debris on top of itself.

Toshinori gently placed Jiro down, and Kouda supported her, Sekijiro did something similar, handing Tsuyu to Satou, both men handling her very carefully, she winced and croaked in pain very often... The fracture was very thorough.

Principal Nedzu and recovery girl approached the students, slowly treating them in appropriate order.

"So parts of both classes are still inside? As well as most of the teachers and pro heroes..."

Nedzu was informed of the situation, and he explained the villain intervention as best as he could, even if he hadn't, by the time anyone realized, Shiragaki was already gone, likely moved by Kurogiri.

"The villains proposed to dismantle the structure by... Disposing of the members of the pact, however, it seems that it only made it worse for those still inside"

The structure trembled as if to prove his point.

"With the structure compromised.... It's likely that they will be able to escape without having to fight, considering how lethal the countermeasures they used are..."

Nedzu kept thinking

"It's likely that the League plans to kill the remaining members of the pact by collapsing the structure on them! Use all the mass and corrosive substance against them"

Toshinori patted his fist on his palm

"But what assured us that they won't try to make the structure collapse before extracting the remaining students?"

Silence permeated through the three teachers

"...well, it's probable that they considered this beforehand, and I did too, so... With them, there are two of the defectors, according to them, they can assure the safety of most if not all of the students should the villains neglect to do so"
Nedzu nervously adjusted his tie, he had considered and theorized many scenarios that the villains could use to backstab them, and this was one of the worst.

"So you DO have a crush on someone in your class? Ohoho!"

Uraraka was blushing, she had done nothing but nod yes and no while Amensis more or less interrogated her

"See? It's fun, like... We should've just played truth or dare this whole time, you fuckin losers! Thinking this is a time to be serious"

"Not all of us are capable of stopping hemorrhage at will"

Yaoyorozu explained while rolling her eyes.

"So it's understandable that nearly all of us are concerned for our survival and wellbeing of our classmates"

Amensis laughed, leaning on Kirishima, despite being tied up, she was flexible and managed to wiggle and squirm around the circle.

"Well, when you put it that way... I guess! Still, what about you, hunk? Are you taken? I did notice... What was it? Bromance?"

Bakugou eventually grew tired and his palms became sore, so he stopped... And once he did, Kirishima did too, they joined the circle between Sero and Tokoyami.

"Well! I just admire my classmates... Every one of them, really! They are so manly and determined! Not just the guys and whatnot"

He tried to explain

"Manly huh? So you do swing that way!"

Kirishima wasn't sure how to answer or feel about that statement, but he simply nodded

"Yes! Everyone is so determined and strong! It's inspiring!"

"Stop playing into her tricks, hair-for-brains! She's just trying to embarrass your stupid ass!"

Ashido laughed "I don't see what's wrong, I mean, you always said all that stuff about me and about Bakugou too!"

Kirishima blushed slightly, it was true that he DID particularly look up to Mina and Bakugou.

Their little conversation was cut short by Kurogiri, who had been more or less spying on them for a while now.

"You can continue this... Young romance discussion somewhere else, hatchlings"

His voice boomed through the chamber, while everyone in class 1-A was familiar with the voice
and what it's owner was, it still took them by surprise, before anyone could truly react, he cleared his throat, or it sounded like it.

"I've come to offer you a way out of this, after talking with your lovely rat-principal"

Kurogiri was a villain, but he was also an educated, behaving adult, his villainous activities didn't really affect his persona, much like how Endeavor was a hero, but a terrible person.

The gate began to form, wide and tall, for all of them to walk in at once if they wanted.

"If I was lying, and wanted to take you by force... I could've already done so, have you forgotten my display at the USJ?"

Everything DID line up, nedzu warned them.... And Kurogiri was helping them.

"However, while it wasn't part of the deal with principal Nedzu... I also offer you the option to help your teachers and the pro heroes before returning to the outside, as they are still engaging the pact"

Everyone by now was standing up, with Tetsutetsu taking Amensis off Kirishima and carrying her over his shoulder.

"Tch, so you guys ARE gonna take me? Yeah!"

Izuku and Bakugou exchanged a few glances, and then Iida chimed in "to help our fellow heroes would be ideal... Everyone agrees, correct?"

Indeed, the two usual leaders, alongside Kendou, turned to Kurogiri.

"Please, take us to them, we will defeat the villain so we can all escape safely"

Izuku spoke up for all of them (except Monoma, who thought that only class B should help)

Kurogiri chuckled

"Heroism is always so amusing... Very well, I will warp you to them, however... My fellow villains plan to destroy this structure entirely, we cannot guarantee your escape unless you make it safe for the League to intervene"

"Speak clearer, stupid cloud" Bakugou knew that Sero and Kaminari had a bit of trouble with the implications of this all.

"If you cannot defeat the villain, we won't be able to get everyone out"

Wether this was a threat or simply a the limitations of his quirk, it didn't matter, they had to help.

Chapter End Notes

The next chapter will be the "finale" of this encounter, so to speak... I've been stalling/threading water because I've felt unsure of how to handle a couple things, but seeing I'll be doing it on my own anyways, I'll have to take the plunge and see how it goes.

The poll results are still meaningful though! The poll will remain open and relevant
for a while.

https://strawpoll.com/4gbprs33
Pyrophoric Chrysalis

Chapter Summary

Cut it off, I don't need it.

Amputate it all, I don't need these hands, these eyes, all of these useless things.

All I need is my anger and the tiny voice inside my head.

Chapter Notes

Oh shit, someone did vote, whoever it was... Thanks! Sadly that also means the finale will be mildly delayed by 1 chapter... Still, thanks!

This is like the 6th time I've edited this chapter's notes... But hey, I broke 400 hits! Yay? Yay! Thanks for reading my incoherent ramblings!

See the end of the chapter for more notes

Kirishima and Tetsutetsu would go in first, to make sure they had enough room to warp safely into the chamber.

Right after them, Kaminari, Iida, Bakugou and Izuku would rush in, ideally to push back the villain should they encounter it right away.

Amensis was being carried by Ashido and Uraraka followed by Tokoyami and Yaoyorozu, in order to set her loose should the need arise.

Lastly Ibara, Kendou, Sero, Aoyama and Monoma, who required a bit more time or distance to use their abilities, or where still too injured to fight upfront.

That was the plan, at least.

As the group entered, the sound of constant dripping and sizzling was fairly evident, as well as the stench of sulphur and what could be described as... Well, it smelled like a particularly nasty bar bathroom, alcohol, urine and vomit... All mixed in quite intimately.

The room had a large bunker in the far corner, a hole had been broken through the floor and the teachers had built a structure to secure themselves in, or so it looked like.

On the outside, there was only the bulky, twisted figure of Ghele, who was currently standing over a disembodied, mangled up limb.

Upon further inspection, it was someone's leg, and judging by the size and clothes on it, it was Endeavor's.

The teachers actually managed to bring Ghele down a couple more times, snapping it's neck,
breaking bones and weakening it's quirk enough for actual damage to be done, however the beast simply kept healing and fighting back, even with broken bones and snapped tendons, it swung at them and used any savage methods of fighting.

That much was evident, Shoto had quite a large bite mark on his stomach, Ghele didn't bite down hard on him, but it's saliva was corrosive enough to burn through the outer layer of skin.

The beast roared, pounding it's mace-like fists on its chest, the spikes and studs on its body meant that it damaged itself each time.

"WEAK! SO WEAK!"

gritting it's teeth, minor signs of damage and wear could be seen: the constant temperature changes had caused all the metal to rust, and the little skin and muscle that clung to it had basically rotten and burnt, oxidized and drying due to its own quirk.

"I have to be stronger... I have to be strong enough to kill you all!"

It's voice was much, much more human now that it was tired, it sounded fairly... Femenine, mature and somewhat demanding, like a very strict mother or perhaps an office worker.

"Mori! Stop fucking around! I don't need all of this!"

The beast was clawing at its own flesh, trying to get rid of it as if it was some cumbersome outfit or heavy, warm clothing.

However, the room around them kept making it all grow back, creeping up its metallic boots and feeding more tissue into it.

It howled and gurgled, steam and squirts of vitriol escaping through every hole and orifice, bubbling out its mouth.

"Oh uh, what's got you so mad, Ghele?"

"Amensis? Is that you?"

"Yeah! We are trying to get out, some.. uh... Change of plans, you see, Felhid bit the dust.."

"And it wasn't me? Fucking weak! I was going to be the one to show him the bliss of true death!"

And with that, the beast punched itself across the chin and neck, causing a rather sickening snap as it's jaw broke and was crushed.

Yaoyorozu was holding Amensis' mouth closed, so she wouldn't reply again.

Howling in pain as it's jaw was repaired, it screamed yet again

"Mori! Felhid is DEAD and YOU ARE NEXT stop hiding you fucking coward!"

The left wall itself twisted and contorted, a large eye began to gather from the skin, it was about the size of a small car, and under it, a small mouth formed.

"Aha? So you don't care about the targets anymore?" The eye looked around.

"You just want all of this to end... so we can go back to hearing the dulcet tones of our own organs squealing into the air?"
The concrete structure had small brackets, and the teachers where still trying to tunnel further down and out, realizing that not every structural pillar had the vitriol inside it, of course whoever wasn't capable of helping with the excavation, was observing the situation outside, Shouto, Aizawa and Kayama peeked outside the bunker, Aizawa instantly noticing his own goddamn students putting themselves in danger.

However, none of them expected them to have one of the villains captured.

"Amensis betrayed us, Ghele, she doesn't want us to become one with death"

The mouth on the wall of flesh curled into a smile.

"Felhid already did his part... I will do mine"

The entire fleshy bulb began to shrink, condensing the large containment structure into a much smaller, thick-walled chamber,-shedding the empty or damaged rooms.

For the first time in a long time, inside and outside where slowly becoming one, however, the innermost chamber was still completely separated

As the meaty, gushing monument of meat began to tense and clench, Mori entered the room... Unlike last time, the scars that scored and sectioned his body now went across him completely, he looked like a cross-section of human anatomy held together by thin strings.

"Now, we just wanted to get everyone angry enough to kill us... That was the goal, target the troubled child, the stupid one and the pretty girl... But it seems heroes are too weak to really put a dent on us"

Bakugou grinned as he took a step forward and pointed his grenade arm at him.

"We took you down once, we can keep doing it all day, fucko"

Mori smiled at him, the opening in his smile wide all the way to his forehead, his chin and lips splitting up all the way to his ribcage.

"Regenerating damage makes me stronger, I wanted you to win, so I could obtain more fuel for my vows"

As he spoke, his entire structure seemed to rearrange itself, his torso began to lengthen, becoming thin at the stomach, his legs began to split like frayed fabric, and the entirety of his ribcage became a secondary lower jaw of sorts, his arms meanwhile, became large pincers with his arm bones serving as claws.

"I am Morituros Haushe, and I am death incarnate, for I become more alive each time death grazes me"

After he finished his transformation, with about 8 elongated legs and a rather alien midsection full of sharpened teeth protuding from each vertebra, Ghele just laughed.

"You still have to learn so much... My three pupils are so stupid, even after all of this!"

Ghele screamed as it lunged forwards, Kirishima and Tetsutetsu both charged, effectively dodging a frontal swing as they joined forces to flip the massive villain and redirecting it's forward charge to the side.
Morituros meanwhile was being assaulted by acid and laser light, his thin, snake-like body dodged most of it very easily.

"Keep wounding me, I will just grow everything back!"

He taunted with laughter that came from multiple sets of vocal cords... Indeed, each burn and injury was quickly woven by muscle and skin, patched up and becoming even thicker and rugged.

Mori's gloating was cut short as his midsection was blasted apart by Bakugou, while he expected to fall shortly after, he was kept afloat by Uraraka, who pushed him from behind, sending him spinning forward, quite disoriented.

"Do you idiots realize what I am? I cannot die, I am perpetual, a being who is incapable of dying, unlike a human... I do not age, my wounds leave no scars-"

Izuku leaped upwards and kicked him across the face, his weighted kicks shut him up quite easily.

"We don't intend to kill you... But you must be stopped!"

Amensis laughed on the floor, squirming like a worm, slowly moving forwards to get a good look at the action.

Ghele screamed again, it's voice becoming mechanical yet again.

"I HAVE SHOWN THEM PAIN, I TORE THEM TO PIECES"

The beast was likely referring to the teachers, who had been severely injured, Aizawa had a broken ankle and ribs... Kayama was missing quite a bit of skin and muscle on her left arm, and quite deplorably, hizashi had his back broken, he was conscious... And could move, but everything was quite painful at the moment.

"You hate your father, do you not?"

Ghele asked at todoroki, despite not knowing where he was.

"Why did you stop me? I could've turned him into a limbless slab of meat..."

The confirmation that the disembodied leg was indeed endeavor's was not very comforting to nobody.

"Heroes help those in need... We strive to avoid the suffering of everyone we can save"

Ghele screamed again, this time it was a mixture of an angry snarl and laughter.

"You stupid heroes are really... Ticking me off, I can actually think... I'm absolutely furious"

Todoroki looked around the room, his classmates had repelled the freaky meat dude and Ghele wasn't attacking them at the moment.

"Yaoyorozu! Do you think you can make... Something out of Teflon? Anti-stick stuff? It's... Carbon tetrafluoride, right?"

He leapt down from the structure, the bite and scratches on his body where quite indicative of just how long they where caged with Ghele, his clothes where discolored, and parts of his skin where too... The cuts where deep and thick, but had cauterized as the vitriol quite literally cooked his wounds briefly after they where made, however... The most grizzly part of this all, was that his left
hand was missing completely, only bone and scorched flesh was left behind.

Momo choked back tears as she nodded, it hurt her deeply to see him in such a state... Would he even be able to recover?

Speaking in hushed tones as he sprinted towards his classmates, glad that they had fared better than him for the most part.

"Battle wears... Battle wears it down a lot, if we can make it use it's quirk, and survive... we can use it against it... But it's nearly impossible to survive a large amount."

Ghele was still clawing at its own flesh, trying to get rid of it.

"Fire and cold... Thermal shock is very effective... Hence why it did this" he briefly looked over to his arm, ending in a stump.

"Mori! Hurry up and kill them... We are running out of time!"

The walls where slowly caving in, due to the lack of support, becoming full of yellowish blisters and sores, unlike the usual smooth, pale blue skin that Morituros sported.

Out of the ceiling, a large purple portal opened up, dropping in Dabi and Shiragaki, who both landed somewhat gracefully between the two pact members and the strategizing students.

"The real carry is here"

Shiragaki looked around, seeing shreds of meat, by the looks of it all from the same creature.

"S-so it wasn't just Kurogiri helping? The entire League of villains is here?"

Sero asked nervously, Kaminari hiding behind him somewhat, clearly a bit... Scared.

"We just had to check... That nobody had gotten too hurt before we came back in, Nedzu admitted that heroes couldn't handle it alone"

With his characteristic, dried-up lips curling into a smile, he laughed a bit

"We villains are better at rescuing some losers than you, hero hatchlings... So just deal with it"

Dabi rolled his eyes, Shiragaki was really enjoying rubbing it in, not that he wasn't going to someday, he was just saving the celebrations after they had won.

If it wasn't because Kirishina and Iida held him back, Bakugou would've already tried to attack the duo of villains.

"According to Kurogiri... All we need to do is disable the yellow-gutted bitch and THEN the purple meat man... Then this thing should collapse"

Sharing their plan with the heroes would mean that they knew what to do, very likely.. or at least target prioritization.

Kurogiri would evacuate the teachers inside the bunker once the agents of the pact were distracted, and so they would just have to worry about getting out themselves.

Yaoyorozu was making plastic raincoats and umbrella-like shields... Not exactly made of carbon tetrafluoride, but coated by a very similar substance that should be capable of preventing the fluid
from sticking too long in one spot.

Tokoyami, Sero, Kaminari and Aoyama would team up to fend off Morituros, seeing they had to delay the situation without allowing him to intervene or protect Ghele.

Meanwhile... Basically everyone else would have to try and take it down.

That was the plan, at least!

Ghele screamed again, simply swinging it's arms around wildly and smacking the floor, walls and itself over and over.

Seeing a clear lack of awareness, Shiragaki simply attacked, his swift movements left no time for Ghele to dodge them, however... As the skin and metal began to crumble, small drops of the yellow vitriol began to attack him.

His quirk destroyed a big chunk of Ghele's neck and chest, but he eventually had to pull back... His dry and rugged skin resisted plenty and while the damage was minimal, he was not used to something destroying him at the same time he destroyed it.

Now missing half its chest, Ghele laughed.

"That is a pain that I'm very familiar with... I thought I was the only one capable OF THIS PAIN!"

swinging at Shiragaki rather wildly, he easily dodged it all.

"The pain of being DISSOLVED, CONSUMED"

Stomping forward slowly, it's movements where a bit predictable, but dangerous nonetheless.

"You guys should totally like... Untie me, and shit..."

Uraraka and Ibara where the one on Amensis duty this time, more or less by consensus of Kendou and Iida, who still didn't fully find her trustworthy, specially now that she was back with her fellow villains.

"We mustn't allow a villain such freedom... As much as I know you yearn to battle, your loyalty is still questionable"

Ibara scolded Amensis, who simply stuck her tongue out.

"I'm trying to save them from losing a couple limbs, is that not a good reason?"

"Jus'... Relax for now, uhm... Think of ya like our secret weapon!"

While Uraraka was nervous at the prospect of her classmates fighting with these two, now that the merciless villains where helping them... This would go way better! Right?

The three girls where distracted by Ghele screaming loudly, Bakugou and Shiragaki where attacking in tandem now, more or less juggling it's attention as they used explosions and astringent deconstruction to pelt and pick away at it.

It was getting angrier, that much was clear, the fluid began to pipe and pump faster through its body, bubbling and sloshing with each movement, fizzing and foaming at the many pores and spikes on its skin.
"You are SO SCARED! CAN'T FIGHT ME TRULY"

Bakugou answered with a blast-enhanced backhand to a section of its back that was free of acidic fumes.

"Shut up, you fucking fart-face!"

Morituros laughed at the scene, Ghele was just as resilient and resistant as he was, but she was just... Terrible at fighting back when her enemies where nimble and coordinated, the only reason that she was able to win against the teachers was quite simple.

He had allowed her.

Sadly, his current body was just too unfit for combat... Mori prefered to intimidate and overwhelm, but they where already captured and they seemed quite fearless.

The blonde boy's electricity made his muscle tissue useless very reliably, while the tape and shadowy claws kept him away and constantly deflected his attacks by making sure he was restrained.

Even when he tried sneaking a small limb to stab them, it was quickly dispatched by the laser boy.

He knew they would lose, they wouldn't die, but they would never be able to complete the transfusión at this rate.

With a booming voice that came from the walls, Morituros was swallowed by the floor yet again.

"Ghele... My dear sister, I am so sorry... But we cannot risk this anymore, the pact must be fulfilled!"

And so, Ghele was now alone in the room with all these hero students and two violent villains.

"Tch... MORI! I WILL END YOU!"

and so, the true plan was set in motion.

Ghele began to produce as much vitriol as she could, disregarding her own safety, the metal and skin simply... Melted away, revealing a set of organs and tubes held together by jagged veins and node-filled structures seemingly made of pure vitriol, it wasn't human, that much was clear... It was just a walking, talking pile of the reactive vitriol.

As it walked and swung it's arms, it was clear that the heroes and villains where no longer their target, it kept attacking the floor and walls, and they attacked back.

"You always said that Sulghera died... And that the vitriol took over, but you are just a stupid woman pretending to be something else!"

The walls spoke, and the beast growled back.

"SHE COULDN'T RESIST IT, I KILLED HER, I LIVE INSIDE HER"

By now, Kurogiri had already started evacuating students, since the teachers had finally escaped... He wasn't used to having to wait for two fully disabled adults to be transported through him

Now, only Amensis, Izuku, Todoroki and the two villains remained inside.
Amensis was no longer tied up, and despite her two companions now trying to kill each other, she was just enjoying the view.

"They're fighting over who is going to take control... I would win, if I wanted to, to be honest..."

Whatever the two pact members were doing, it was not a good idea to stick around, and so, everyone quickly evacuated... However, before they did, Amensis laughed and yelled at the top of her lungs

"Show us all what true torment is!"

All the students and teachers had made it outside, everyone was accounted for.

Recovery girl and Akos had been treating the students, Akos could lessen the stamina drain that the healing process usually had, and for the more... Severe cases, such as the two Todoroki cases, she could eventually repair that too, eventually.

Maybe, her quirk wasn't perfect by any means... God knows how many times she had to remake organs and limbs for transplants... The side-effects and downsides of her quirk where terrible when she didn't have plenty of time to perform any of her operations.

But for now, simply providing enough of her milky, sugary sweat-like royal jelly was enough to help the students recover.

After Kurogiri delivered everyone outside, the cocoon kept shrinking, constant yells and angry growls coming off it.

Himiko yoga and Twice happily received Dabi and Shiragaki once they came back, displaying a rather not-English side of the League... They cared about each other more than any hero could expect.

Toshinori was glad to see all his students relatively safe and well, Uraraka was being tended by Izuku and Iida, Kaminari, Sero and Ashido were talking with Jiro, who had recently woken up from her grave injury.

Kirishima and Bakugou seemed to be fighting over some minor detail, likely whether they should've stayed back to fight or not.

Tokoyami, Mezou and Ojiro had gathered around Tsuyu in a similar manner, to make sure she was okay... Her wounds where grave, but most importantly, somewhat demoralizing.

Toshinori noticed that Uraraka had a blood-red haired girl following him, the same redhead that wanted to be shot by the police.

However, as everyone was taken to recover and heal further, Scycliq let out a sharp, very weak scream... Full of nerves and anxiety.

"No, no... Why her! Why her! She wasn't supposed to be here! Why!!! This is not how we win!"
Clawing at his hair, actually managing to pull some off.

Nedzu and Kurogiri however, had not forgotten that the threat was still active.

The large bulb structure in the center of the schoolyard had shrunk to about the size of a car.. it was pulsating, cracking as a crusty layer formed over it.

Gushing vitriol, it began to burn.

Bright white flames danced around it, twisting and coiling around each petal of the fleshy structure, as the meat kept shrinking and shriveling, it burned, the stench of chlorine and sulphur smoke permeated the area.

Everyone was taken to safety, and Amensis leapt forward, raising her hand and unleashing a huge splatter of blood that spewed forth from her veins, raining down on the entire room and on everyone present.

Himiko enjoyed it the most, however everyone else reacted with a fair amount of shock and disgust.

Despite the disgust, nobody seemed to mind the few blood droplets that rained on them, specially when they seemingly provided a small pleasant sensation, of energy coursing through them.

"I wonder who won... I hope it wasn't Mori..."

The bulb began to throb, bulge, change shape and quiver as whatever was inside, began to shift and rearrange.

Izuku and Toshinori both stared at the burnt-up capsule, still active, there was a villain inside.

And while most of them could still fight, nobody could predict what was inside.

"You are a weak, pathetic, spoiled child! You think you can just win because you are you?"

"I don't think I'll win, I think I will succeed"

"Succeed? You say you never die... But I've snuffed your warmth and salted your blood"

"Even if I die, even if you defeat me, I will live on... I will continue to be the cancerous doubt inside everyone, inside you, inside them"

"I eat you alive, my fury will devour your stupid little thoughts"

"And in doing so, I will succeed... My flesh will become yours, we will become death... Together"

"You are delusional! You will die, you will be gone! My anger will be the only thing left!"

"It will be my anger too, dear sister"

"I'm not your sister, I'm the blood curling rage of every living being"
“And I'm the stubborn resilience and tenacity of every living being”

“We are torment, fury and anger”

Chapter End Notes

And so, the stage is set for the final confrontation!
Originally, would Amensis not join them... Mina, Dabi and Shoto disrupting Ghele while Izuku and Shiragaki kept Mori constantly wounded, she would have won.

Oops, maybe I shouldn't have said that much? Whatever, who even reads this lel, you? What a nerd.

For clarification, pyrophoric substances are compounds that are held together by force, and their bonds are so weak that the substance burns at room temperature.

Basically, two or more substances that want to be separated so badly, that they burn even when fire would be impossible or illogical.
I'm the full Metamorphosis

Chapter Summary

Their plan was flawless, perfect... Magnificent.

To distill and purify what was rightfully theirs, from the muddy, disgusting depths of the human being.

And now that Sulghera would soon be reborn, this was a good time to show the world what was hiding deep within their bodies, written deep inside each cell.

Tachiel didn't like how hard he wanted to laugh.

Chapter Notes

Over 450 hits and 10 kudos :o

Pretty happy with the attention I'm getting, not that I shouldn't strive for more! I hit a small standstill due to a bit of... Indecisiveness on just how far should I take the violence towards our beloved protagonists, both hero and villain.

I was quickly reminded by myself that the only way to check if people like it or not, is for me to do it and THEN see what happens.

See the end of the chapter for more notes

Oh, look at you... Sweet child, what happened to you? You are so wounded, so battered, so bruised... Who did this to you?

Was it yourself? Was it your siblings? Was it the outsiders?

I know you always hated yourself, I never understood it... You are so pretty and charming.

You always told me that you hated being looked up to, that you disliked their stares.

And so you became a beast, you told Mori and Felhid to leave you unrecognizable.

And because they loved you so much, they did as you asked, no enemy or ally would ever think of you as something fragile or weak, they would be afraid of you, of the beast within your bosom.

But now, you are dead, you and your siblings are dead! What a tragic story... I would hate for me and my siblings to die, specially my dear twin.

You will have a second chance, Mori and Felhid wanted you to show the world what you can do, one last time.

And this time, you can be and do as you wish within your own flesh and bone, they would've
wanted it such.

Therion? Onyx? Therionyx? I recall those names... From the museum! Is the little voice inside your head calling you that now? I'm so proud of you.

Or is that what you call the voice now? It does not matter... All that matters is that you show them to be afraid of a woman with nothing to lose... Quite literally! Nothing but rage left... But please, calm down, unclench your fists... Don't grit your teeth, stop screaming.

Everything will be alright now, I will make it so.

It was surprising to see televisions and radios being hijacked across the entire nation, not to mention the massive synchronized panels in commercial buildings also acting as TV's as their usual advertisements where overriden

"...And so, today's episode is very special! You see... We have... Hacke-" DM was interrupted by a flurry of words from behind the camera, fast and shakily explaining how they didn't really 'hack' into anything.

"Well, we have 'infiltrated and repurposed' many television and radio broadcast channels for this special occasion! Some of you may be familiar with us, but... Well, basically, we are the best villains in this worthless speck of dirt and brine"

"And today, big boss wanted to make a personal announcement to the whole world! And by whole world we mean.... All of humanity, we even scattered drones and devices across the globe in prisons and rural areas!"

DM was dressed with a fairly formal office suit, his usual flashy jester hat was replaced by a slicked-back hair of red and purple stripes.

"So without further ado... 

And into the scene, came Tachiel and Servanda, both of them wearing similar business suits, Tachiel in particular seemed to still be wearing his extremely blocky, plated suit under it, and his business suit seemed to be woven out of metal as well, Servanda had a special set of opaque glasses as opposed to her clear ones.

"Thank you for the introduction"

The mirror-like reflection on his cylindrical helmet made it confusing how his voice was so clear, his helm and exposed bits of armor had a deep blue, almost purplish tinge in the metal, as opposed to the more common array of gray, brown and yellow metals.

"We took the liberty to inform as many civilians, heroes and villains as possible with this maneuver... 

Tachiel lifted a metal briefcase onto the table while Servanda deployed sheets of metal and glass to create a barrier between Tachiel and herself.
"I have to make a terrible announcement to all of humankind... You do not own your own selves" he opened up the briefcase, which carried many vials and ampoules of seemingly clear gas as well as a few metallic cylinders covered in transparent plastic "the quirks that civilians live with, that heroes and villains brandish oh-so-bravely in combat... Do not belong to humankind, they are a gift from a very ancient, benevolent force"

He reached in and slowly pulled out all the flasks and cylinders until the briefcase was empty, and moved it under the table.

"And... As a direct descendant of said source... I want it back, all of it... I do not care who you are or what you do"

"me and my siblings have found a way to coalesce and extract the very essence of these powers... Quirks, as you so lovingly call them"

"Wether we take them with your permission or not... Wether you survive or not... It matters little, we are of a higher species, a pure manifestation of power and will unbound by feeble, fragile humanity"

He nodded briefly.

"And while I know there might be a few skeptics out there... Let me show you"

In the corner of the broadcast, the scene taking place in UA was shown, the smoking, fuming egg about to hatch, as well as snippets of the fights between the members of the pact and the heroes.

"These agents carried genes that where extremely compatible and so... Complimentary to eachother, that they had their own... Will, so to speak, a quirk so developed and complex that it could influence or even take over their human vessel.... And they will soon coalesce into a single entity, no longer a human with a quirk... But a quirk with a host"

The inhuman feats of the 4 masochists were shown.

"And while the lead researchers of this operation... Scycliq, Akos and Rougarl changed their minds, I will continue to carry on the final, absolute goal... Of retaking what is truly ours"

He tilted his head slightly

"And wether you believe in my mad science or not, well... At least I can make you afraid for your safety... I possess quite a passive quirk, but it is very peculiar"

He extended his arms slightly, his palms turning upwards.

"It has had many names across the ages... Athomos, the Four Kings... Midas touch.... My more charismatic companions insist that I call it... Mind over matter or something along those lines"

He grabbed one of the glass ampoules and snapped it, releasing a slightly blurry blob of transparent gas that clung to his fingers.

"But I prefer to call it what it is: atomic manipulation... It allows me to control pure elements and to manipulate the electromagnetic, gravitational, strong and weak forces... To provoke atomic fusion and fission at will, creating or transforming atoms of any element from what is basically... Thin air"

The gas in his hands indeed began to fairly dance and glow, to which Servanda and DM reacted
"I can produce gold, carbon, platinum... Any element, given enough time and raw matter... Of course, it takes me ages, considering I do it in a per-atom basis, otherwise my own body would be in risk... But as many of you may know, it doesn't take much of certain elements to create a weapon of mass destruction...."

"As a matter of fact, these vials and samples are plutonium and tritium, and while they may not look like much, it's more than enough to create a very, very powerful hydrogen bomb... Enough to wipe entire cities or even countries..."

The gas began to glow even further as he compressed and contained the heat and radiation with his metal-clad hands, his suit ensured he wouldn't be hurt, but he still had to protect servanda and the agents of the pact in the room

"...however, that is not my goal, not at all... After all, I wish what lies inside you, fleshy little pieces of DNA... And a bomb would just destroy it all.... So instead, I have sent and will continue sending agents to recover the three defectors... As well as allow my agents to do as they please with this world"

He compressed the small cloud of tritium into a solid block of metal... Soft, likely an alkaline metal, with extreme amounts of radiation and brightness preceeding the moment he closed his fist.

"After all, we are gods walking amongst ants... While many of you may disagree... If are not ants, feel free to try to stop us... This is an open declaration of war against humanity"

And with that, the broadcast was over.

His cell felt incredibly silent for the following moments, the drone disabled the cameras and showed him this video... And promptly left.

Perhaps sensei still had something to teach to the new generation of villains.

The large egg was still fuming, it stopped shrinking, and began growing... Very few heroes remained combat-capable, but Akos, Amensis and Recovery girl had plenty of time to treat the wounds and ailments of the students and teachers.

Even then, it was a pretty bad decision to keep fighting, considering the current line up of combat-ready heroes was mostly students and the league of villains.

As much as their deal only got as far as "extracting the students", they seemed to stick around so far, perhaps drawn to the free medical care from Akos and Amensis, or perhaps morbidly awaiting to see the events unfold.

The "cocoon" had grown, it was about the size of a large car... An SUV even, it was full of smoking fumeroles that kept spewing that... Disturbing smell, now more than ever, as the stink of the noxious vitriol was now being mixed with rotten meat as a result of the combat between the two agents of the pact.

Despite it all, Rougarl and cementoss had worked together to form a containment structure not unlike what they had done so far.
Rourou was using the full extent of his quirk, which resulted in a full platoon of statue soldiers forming a circular bastion around the cocoon, with stone shields and spears at the ready.

**Rougarl Belenike**

**Quirk: Living Monument.**

*Rourou can summon stone structures using his own body as a "gate" to manifest them, able to create 'golems' and 'automatons' as well as wield the stone himself by creating extensions or avatars of himself at a larger scale! Basically granting him the ability to become a stone giant!*

*However, his abilities and his age are deeply tied together: the duration and endurance of his manifested statues depends on his focus and stamina, not to mention that stone is still stone: it is brittle and crumbly, specially when it's as old as he is! Or is he as old as his statues?*

Ken made cement barricades and trenches, knowing the overwhelming force of the pact agents, this time he made the support and reinforcements run much deeper and larger, to really root them firmly.

Rougarl seemed to be wearing armor made out of stone dust floating loosely around him, and alongside him, stood Amensis.

"B-but if thorny head and handy face are here... We... We can win! I think... Wasn't this the time... fuck"

Scycliq cursed under his breath as he stood back with the recovering students and teachers, far from the front line.

"Whatever happens: don't be scared of getting hurt, embrace the pain!"

Amensis yelled out loud, for all of them to hear.

Truth be told, Izuku and... Well, basically all students in UA had gotten a fair share of action, they had to deal with broken bones and rough cuts, they had been tempered to stay calm in the face of danger and stand tall like a hero should.

Shiragaki laughed under his breath, not sure wether they would actually fight or not, but it was at the very least... Amusing to see heroes work against something that wasn't them, it let him analyze and observe with a different perspective.

"That is very easy for you to say... I think you keep forgetting our quirks aren't the same!" Ashido complained mildly at Amensis, still fairly confident in herself and her classmates, Kirishima, Tokoyami, Bakugou, , Todoroki and Izuku were super strong! Not to mention that she, Uraraka, Yaoyorozu and Aoyama could help too! And they had some class B students around too... They just had to put together what they knew and plan around it.

They all where wearing and/or wielding the coats and cloaks that Yaoyorozu made against the reactive fluid, as well as umbrellas and shields... All coated to deflect the nasty chemical.

The cocoon trembled, and it slowly expanded... And retracted, beating like a heart... No, more like a lung

the holes where the dripping fluid and yellowish smoke were leaking began to stop, seemingly becoming clogged with a yellowish-green crust... Which began to build up and apparently, crystalize.
With a sharp and aggressive roar that had deep inside it, a feminine voice... A lunge made the cocoon crack and crunch, whatever was inside was slowly making its way outside.

After a few more shaky moments and a bestiality howl, the creature 'hatched' the crystalized flesh peeling and crumbling away like a flower bud.

Inside it, stood a very tall woman, with large arms and semi-translucent skin, a sight that was quickly overridden as a thick crust of blackened bone and teeth began to grow over her skin and muscle, forming armor plates akin to a pangolin.

Black teeth, molars and incisors, forming rows of jointed plates, while the remainder was filled with pure white hair, devoid of pigment or impurities, the feminine shape quickly grew an outer layer akin to a rhinoceros or gorilla... Except it's outside resembled a teratoma.

The creature originally had human features, but after the outer shell grew, it looked more like a crocodile or marten, with a pointed snout and flat jaws that went all the way to it's shoulders... Leaning forward on all four limbs, it looked around and inspected it's surroundings.

Her voice was calm and relaxed, on the surface at least "you... You all look a lot weaker than I remember..."

She looked at her own hands, and back at her own body, completely foreign to herself... Still giving off a yellowish fog out of the slits between the rows of teeth and the rows of hairs.

"I have no reason... But you all look so... So happy, I'm jealous of you all"

The smoke began to spurt out much faster, as if under pressure, and much like before... It soon formed crystals, this time... The sharp crystals made the burly beast look like a porcupine! Extremely sharp and long, made of a solid version of the same vitriol, by the looks of it.. it was fizzing and bubbling on contact with the air.

"I-i hate you all. But I want to.. I want to hate you all!"

Slamming her fists down on the floor as large, scythe-like claws grew out of her stumpy arms, fingerless hands becoming a shredding, twisting mess of claws.

Full of claws and sharp quills, her sheer size made her threatening, easily dwarfing any other hero without a growth or size quirk!

Muscles rippled under the chainmail of teeth and hairs, tensing as adrenaline and rage flushed her systems.

"I will fucking kill you all!"

With that roar, the many spikes on its back kept fuming, and while she hadn't moved or attacked much at all, something clearly happened.

As the atmosphere and air became saturated with the reactive, aggressive chemical, crystals began to form on the air above all of UA, like a toxic cloud looming over the whole area.

Instead of a gray cloud with water droplets, it was a yellow storm full of needle-like crystals of corrosive vitriol.

She had created a small raincloud, blocking out the sunlight with grayish-yellow hues, she raised her hand and stood upright, flicking her knife-like finger down at them.
And so, the rain-like crystals plummeted down from the clouds, a hailstorm of acidic flakes.

Rougarl lifted his arm up, looking as if he was carrying a massive slab of stone upon his back, and from his back, a large stone arm began to assemble, creating a large umbrella that stopped most of the sharp, acidic snow.

While all the students were noticeably nervous and scared of the precipitation, Rougarl seemed to stop nearly all of it effortlessly, however this also meant that they where incapable of leaving the shade that his quirk provided.

With a loud howl and a swing of her arm, Sulghera slashed across her front, and from her hands, the claws shot out, spinning blades of fuming, crystalline hate.

The attack was clearly aimed at Yaoyorozu, who leapt aside- just slow enough to still be in danger, however she quickly felt the bloodstains on her clothes tug her out of the way with surprising force.

Amensis had moved her to safety, or so it looked and felt like.

"You are all idiots, trying to become heroes... This world is a cancerous, festering wound! Can you not feel all the pain?"

With a roar, Sulghera sprouted a second set of claws, and began slashing over and over towards them, however, she was aiming for Yaoyorozu mainly.

Noticing this, Todoroki used his ice to partially deflect the curved, flat blades... He couldn't stop them, they would catch fire and melt his ice on contact with it, but the force of the ice was enough to move it aside.

"Don't you miss your arm, momma's boy? What about your father? Will you thank me if he dies!??"

She laughed, howling in pain as more of the crystal claws burst out of her hands.

"You are all so young... And so... Delicate, I hate it!"

She smashed her fists on the ground, creating huge spikes of vitriol around her, she noticed Tokoyami and Iida sneaking in her despite most of her attention being on pressuring Yaoyorozu

Her massive maw gritted together as she began stomping her way to the class vice rep, oddly fixated on hurting her.

Izuku however, realized this and swiftly dashed forwards, his full cowl style allowing him to outmaneuver the bulky beast and deliver a strong kick to her knee, her lower body still fairly thin and weak in comparison to her huge arms and torso.

With a loud smash, both her bones and Izuku's took plenty of damage, before he could react however, a cloud of yellow dust coated his leg, he could feel bits of it burning and etching into his skin, thankfully the suits Yaomomo made stopped most of it.

With a growl, Sulghera swung at him, but he dodged -somewhat clumsily- aside and away, Uraraka and Iida dashing to him to help him to his feet.

"Midoriya! Are you alright?"

"Yeah just... Minor scratches"

It stung a lot, but it didn't do any real damage.
"You have... Friends and relationships, but no pain! No death, it sickens me... Why couldn't I!"

With another scream and howl, the storm of acid outside intensified, the crystals dug into stone and dirt, fizzed and evaporated and reformed as the vapors arrived at the cloud, it was a cycle of noxious rain, the only way to stop it would be to kill Sulghera.

Rougarl seemed just a bit exhausted, he did not expect this much destruction upon his quirk, much less it being so volatile and constant.

Todoroki bit his lip and looked down at Yaoyorozu, then at the villains who had joined the fray: Shiragaki and Dabi.

"You can... Use fire, right? We need to coordinate"

Bakugou and Izuku began trading blows with Sulghera, Uraraka, Iida and Sero working together to put them in and out of the effective range of the retaliation of the beast, who even wielded broken spikes of vitriolic crystal as some sort of spear, it ignited and fizzed violently when swung or grazing the dirt.

Dabi looked over at Todoroki with a lazy smile "well yes... Can't do it on your own I see"

Todoroki was indeed still missing his arm, as much as Akos and Amensis tried, they couldn't "wire" things properly even after making him a temporary arm, the nature of his quirk resulted in the replacement getting burnt... Which was painful... Akos insisted they could perfect it, but it would take more time than what they had at hand.

He frowned and shook his head as he noticed mild joke his mind played on him.

"Yes... We have to heat and cool parts of it... Temperature shock... It worked previously... Gotta try again"

Dabi shrugged as he took a combat stance and looked at Izuku and Bakugou easily damaging Sulghera... But they couldn't keep at it for too long, the dust and shards of crystal as well as the teeth and flesh began to create a cloudy cloak of sorts, which made it too risky to get close, something Bakugou experienced firsthand as they talked.

Sulghera managed to sprout a small blade of vitriol in the same area that Bakugou detonated, cleanly slicing half of his palm off... Leaving him with only his middle, thumb and index finger, he scowled and yelled at the pain, mostly because the wound kept growing, the remains of the blade still eating at his flesh and bone.

He had to retreat, Amensis and Ashido trying to stop the vitriol, meaning Izuku had Sulghera's full attention.

"Yes, the thermal shock... And I can get close to kill it, unless you want to keep throwing bodies at it"

Shiragaki nodded at Dabi, who smiled at him and then at Todoroki

"Very well, lead the way"

Was she dead? Was this the "life flashes before your eyes" thing? She remembered using her quirk to help Iida and Deku jump out of the way if no other option was available.
She didn't even see it coming, did she? All she saw was a flash of yellow, then orange, red and green...

And now, nothing, she felt weightless and breathless, just like when she used her quirk on herself, but no nausea.

No, this was something else...

Did deku save her? Did she save him? They where both heroes, and she did love him... But they had so much to do! Romance would just get in the way.

And now, it felt like that silly crush on him was the only thing holding her down, keeping her alive.

"Oh... Poor soul, are you lost, child? What happened to you?"

Uraraka couldn't respond, she didn't know who or what was talking to her, but amongst the voice, she could hear other voices.

She could hear Deku and Iida... Even Bakugou! But most importantly, she still heard the fight.

"I killed her, HATE ME!"

Amensis had quite a large hole on her lower chest... about the size of a manhole cover, completely going through her side, ribs blasted and shoved aside, she was curling and rolling in a nearly orgasmic bliss in a muddy puddle of blood.

She had thrown herself in front of the spear that Sulghera threw at Uraraka, and while her tiny body wasn't able to fully stop it, she still slowed it down by a lot, enough to make only the point get to Uraraka.

Her torso was obviously half-gone... Her heart visible and pounding, while her cardiovascular system endured the attack, everything else was foaming and charred due to the reactive spear, the palms of her hands raw and somewhat molten... But she saved her! Right?

At least they were treating her wounds right now... While stitchy flames and icy\not so hot anymore dealt with Sulghera.

She could wait until they finished making sure that miss country cutie was okay before they made sure SHE was okay, she liked it like this, being a punching bag was her deal after all.

Not to mention the only reason she was able to get in the way was none other but the attraction those two have for eachother, it got her blood flowing, and made her fast enough.

"Stop, you pathetic children!"

With a shattering smash, Sulghera broke through the ice forming on her right leg and lower torso, while she wasn't hurt, Todoroki's strategy did work: the crystals were liquid again, and destroying her scaley hide of teeth and keratin.
"Do you not realize? The very fact that I'm alive... That I exist, it means that all of you will die, no matter what!"

She howled again, thickening and splintering the prisms on her back and arms, causing them to shoot outwards and upwards, at the same time, the rain got heavier as more of the substance vaporized into the ambience and reached the clouds.

Sulghera the hateful

"Quirk": halogen reactivity

_Sulghera contains the "parent quirks" of the individuals sacrificed during her 'rebirth' and thus, they combined and mixed to produce an organism that uses a different array of biological and chemical processes than the average human! Her volatile substances cause all sorts of toxic, acidic, alkaline or explosive reactions! all extremely harmful to carbon-based lifeforms and most materials, bar Noble gases and some metallic alloys.

_She posseses the instant regeneration reflexes and manipulative structure of Morituros and Felhid, now that she can truly shape herself at will, she hates her own body and self much less than before! Self-esteem hooray!

"Yet I could taste it, I tasted her hope, her absolute adoration and stupid expectations..."

Sulghera kept swinging and avoiding the flames from Dabi, who was enjoying the ability to let loose on something that burned slower and brighter than human flesh.

She wasn't a skilled fighter, she was threatening because her presence caused those fumes and crystals to destroy the surroundings.

"I can't believe... You all think you have such a chance, such a future!" Gritting teeth and chipping blades as kirishima took a straight hit, pushing him backwards quite a bit... Thankfully no dust nor fog stuck to his hardened skin.

"Why? It's so fucking unfair!"

Katsuki answered as he was held back, he wanted to get back in the fight: he didn't need his pinky finger to keep fighting and exploding her face off.

"Shut up! I'm the best, and I'm a hero! villains like you are nothing but a crash course on how to have a terrible life, you don't like being a loser? Fuck off!"

Sulghera howled again, everyone could see and hear the rain getting heavier, faster.

"You are all delusional, crazy, delirious... Poisoned minds! By honor, hope and heroism... " She turned her attention to Uraraka, who was being tended by Ashido still.

"And love... Oh what a poor, foolish girl..."

Sulghera gripped the lower jaw of her 'exoskeleton' and out of her mouth, a thick, heavy fog began to spill forth, by now, her entire exterior had been cracked and scarred by the constant assault of fire and ice, but her interior... Could still produce more.

However, as she was readying to breathe the acidic fumes towards the two girls, Ashido held her hands together and shot a thick, nearly tar-thick gunk into her maw, causing loud fizzing and white flames to spew forth as the two substances reacted.
Choking on both the heavy fog and the gunk, Sulghera arched back, kicking and flailing furiously but mindlessly, everyone easily steered clear of these swings.

With a few nods and yelling, Izuku and Shiragaki leapt over her.

Izuku was upset, of course he was... She had hurt so many of her classmates and teachers! Not to mention that she directly and heavily wounded Kacchan and Uraraka!

Shiragaki was mostly curious, moved by the morbid curiosity and his usual disdain for those who oppose him, would his hand disintegrate first? Or would her skin?

From afar, Himiko seemed to be enjoying the bloodshed, but she was concerned..

Firstly, that Deku hadn't gotten too hurt and secondly, that Tomura could get too hurt.

Izuku used as much strength as he could channel... A good amount, about a 15% of One for all, the sheer impact and shock traveled through the scaled armor, rippling and tearing the surface.. creating a good, peeled-back hole to expose the woman behind the beast, who stared back at him with bright yellow irises and a very angry frown.

Shiragaki used this opportunity to the fullest, using both of his hands, one to caress the neck of the slimy but large woman and the second to grab on her skull.

Izuku was briefly tempted to see the ensuing display of gore, but looked away.

Shiragaki held on and stood on Sulghera as she wailed and struggled like a headless chicken, a desperate but lively display of dust and smoke began to permeate the struggling.

He could feel flesh and bone drying and fraying, crumbling under his touch.. and while he could feel biting stabs and burns from the quirk of this girl, he endured them, the thrill of destruction numbing the pain.

Soon, the massive beast began to colapse, falling to her knees and back, her arms still large and bulky enough to keep her upright, despite her head and chest being completely missing, a somewhat mushy crater of dried dust and exposed meat... Tubes and veins could be seen twitching still.

At this point, Shiragaki had little else to grab that was 'safe' so he let go, and enjoyed his handiwork "Pfft, yet again... They talk big game but can't really handle a real viain"

Hero students and teachers watched from a relative distance... The threat had been neutralized indeed.

Amensis laughed out loud, her sharp voice drawing a bit of attention, but she was mostly still rolling in the bloody mud puddle she had been, slowly standing up and biting down on her lip.

She braced herself as she raised her hand to pull everyone, using the blood on their clothes and skin to create a link of sorts to move everyone out of the way.

The rain did not stop, and Amensis noticed how much it intensified after Shiragaki attacked, she swiftly pulled everyone clear off the carcass out of reflex as Rourou's defence finally faltered.

The rain had finally made a hole through the slab of stone, small enough for most of the droplets to only reach the body.
"You fight with passion... And I adore that, but she wasn't dead!" Amensis smiled at Izuku and Shiragaki.

The body began to twitch and clench, tensing and seizing over and over, convulsing and screaming with half-collapsed lungs.

"I hate you all so goddamn much"

Socketless eyes and a malformed skull began to assemble out of the dust and crystals that rained down on her

"I want to kill you all.. but I'm too weak, even after all of this... Even after Mori and Felhid are within me, I'm still a failure!"

Ashido hosed her and the area being affected by the rain with her strongest acid, slowing down the process.

"So... I will just have to kill you all later..

Her entire body began to vaporized due to the caustic effects of the rain, effectively destroying and melting every trace of her body.

Was that ever her body?

The cloud was gone, Thirteen, Cementoss and Rougarl all tried to catch or stop it, while Ashido thought she could neutralize it with her own acid, but it was just too slippery and hard to contain... Just like pure chlorine or fluorine, it overwhelmed and destroyed most containers and materials.

And so, she was gone.

The villains waited long enough for their wounds to be healed up, and Amensis stuck with them, Kurogiri taking them out of UA as soon as possible.

However, before she left, using one of Himiko's knives, Amensis left a fairly... Large message for them on the wall.

"I'll be back! I like you guys more!"

Using her blood, of course! The definition on the letters was surprising.

Of course, not everyone was up and running that fast, even with another healing quirk available, it would take a long time for everyone to recover... If they did, at all.

News of the most recent broadcast from the pact soon reached everyone, and while the media tried to report on it and on the UA incident, communications were severely encumbered and even... Blocked completely.

Some channels still had a badly drawn cartoon of DM holding a wrench and trying to fix a TV with the text 'technical issues!' on it.
They had time to recover, only the pact knew when and how they would attack.

Chapter End Notes

Any tips or criticism when it comes to characters and writing is appreciated and encouraged, please let me know if you like/dislike how I write them, I would hate for them to feel too OOC or something...

I have been debating what relationships and ships/romantic details to add... I want to keep things diverse and spicy for obvious reasons, so again... Feedback and requests appreciated... My current and original plans are the fairly vanilla/obvious ships of Mina/Kirishima, Deku/Uraraka, Kaminari/Jirou, Todoroki/Yaoyorozu and Ojiro/Tooru, was also thinking bout poly/open relationships... Not sure! These next few chaps will be relaxation and some RnR for everyone.

Lastly... How was the combat? I didn't want to make anyone feel or look too strong or too weak, but I feel like I can/should always do a bit more...
Hospitals are great for romance

Chapter Summary

Because near-death experiences are the best way to get your hormones going and synapses firing.

Or at least that would be their excuse, right? Did they even need an excuse?

At any rate, hospitals have a great atmosphere for this, I promise it has nothing to do with the looming threat of death or desperation.

Chapter Notes

I feel like my writing is not juicy enough for this site, may just be me being harsh on myself tho, maybe I'm garbage, who knows.

I feel like that would be my quirk.

Jokes aside, have my attempt at relaxing, comforting reunions.

See the end of the chapter for more notes

I'm leaking, it's warm, it's everywhere.

I can't move my hands, I can't stop it, it keeps dripping down.

Head hurts, stomach burns and skin is slick.

Sweat or blood, it's everywhere.

Please, I don't want to die yet, someone stop it... I have so much to do, I need to become a hero, I need to talk to my parents, I need to beat Bakugou, I need to tell Deku...

All the students with serious injuries were eventually taken to the hospital, once the threat was gone, the ambulances and heroes all made sure everyone got proper attention: mostly due to the severity of the injuries being too vast for just recovery girl, even with Akos helping... She was used to working on one or two patients at once, max!

A couple days had passed now, basically an entire wing of the hospital was taken up exclusively by UA students and staff.
Needless to say, the remainder of them were urging to find out the state of their fellow heroes... If they could see them, visit them, talk to them.

Mashirao bit his lower lip as he looked at his phone screen, he had planned to meet up with a couple classmates; the hospital visit times would open up soon, and it was ideal to be organized when visiting those inside.

While he was expecting everyone to show up at some point, for one reason or another, he didn't expect principal Nedzu and Toshinori to show up together, much less with the three pact defectors following them.

It was fairly obvious they carried an air of importance and seriousness, he didn't exactly... Freak out, but his tail did squeeze on him somewhat involuntarily, he wasn't sure of the details or extent of damage, but it had to be serious.

What he did (not) see coming, as much as he expected it, was Hagakure to sneak up on him, clinging to him from behind.

"Guess who?"

Judging by the fact he could feel hands covering his eyes, but could see through them, it was fairly obvious.

"Hrm... Mineta?"

"...that is so rude!"

"I'm sorry, Hagakure! I just thoug-"

He felt a small squeeze on his cheeks, likely a playful way of stopping his explanation, the teachers where in the front desk, a few steps ahead of them, he wasn't sure if they should go in as the same group or just... Not get in the way of them doing the responsible adult thing, whatever it was.

"So, anyone else show up yet? Yaoyorozu told me she was worried sick... Tokoyami and Kirishima told me they would arrive a bit late, but... I thought everyone else would show up in time!"

Mashirao scratched the back of his head "well... I'm not gonna specify, but tons of people had trouble sleeping... Not to mention the streets are a bit crazy for those who live a bit further away... Panic and stuff..."

"True! Oh well... I supose we can just wait for them a bit... And message em, or something"

Tooru tugged at him by the collar, she was wearing a skirt slightly longer than the school standard, but without the thigh-high socks, and a tank top... The lack of sleeves and gloves made it really hard to notice where her hands where, only having a bracelet on her left hand as a hint.

"So uh... What about you? Any trouble sleeping? Didn't you get hurt much?"

In all honesty, he DID get pretty stressed, mostly because Hagakure put herself in danger multiple times, but he was agile enough to avoid injury... Even if he wasn't exactly a force to be reckoned with in the scales that the pact dealt in.

"Hah, uhm... Honestly, it's mostly being scared for my friends! Other than that... I think we both got unscathed for the most part"
He sat down on a nearby bench, figuring that if they had to wait, they might as well do so comfortably.

Hagakure sat down next to him, very closely, he could see her bracelet pumping up and down with her characteristic enthusiasm

"But we did manage to beat em! Even when they were so spooky and tried to act tough... We should be happy we got through!"

Mashirao nodded a few times, it can always be worse when it comes to villains.

"Kaminari was seriously upset... Like, he called me and he... Well, he sounded a bit uh... Stuffy? Like... He was crying out of anger"

Tooru leaned closer, at this point he could basically feel her breath on his neck and cheek... Gossip was a thing that was just irresistible go her.

"Oh? Was it... Because of Jirou?"

"Yep... Sounded like it, he was really expecting nobody but the 'targets' to get hurt, I guess... But there was nothing that neither of them could've done! They where completely separated..."

"Hrm; guilty... Or could be that he worries about her in a special way? What do you think?"

They were both interrupted by a fairly loud cough, as if to emphasize on the topic at hand.

"What the hell, dude? I know she is your chick and all, but if I call you it's because I wanted someone I could trust!"

Kaminari, alongside Sero and Mineta had arrived from around the corner, meaning they likely heard the last bits of their conversation.

"W-what? Well, look... I didn't tell her any specifics, I swear! You just... Sounded like you needed more help than I could provide! Girls are... Better with emotional stuff"

That was his excuse, and he was sticking to it.

"Wait, so that means you called Mashirao to vent but not me? C'mon dude... That is a bit insulting"

Sero gave Kaminari a nudge on the shoulder, clearly playing around, but still meaning it all.

"Look... If I tell you, then you'll tell mina... Then Aoyama and Kirishima will know, and at that point, it's no longer a secret"

He knew very well how much some of his friends loved to gosip, and what kind of topics they loved to divulge, and after the last 'jeweled clamp' incident, Kaminari knew better than to just tell Sero right away.

Mineta was simply munching on a cheap-looking sandwich of sorts, looking fairly uninterested since he missed most of the conversation on their way there, paying more attention to his phone than the whole Jirou gossip.

"Well... If you ask me, it's absolutely adorable that you worry about Kyouka so much! I mean... She doesn't like to admit it and all but... Err... What I'm saying is that it's cute and good!"

The implications went over Kaminari's head, but Sero, Mashirao and Mineta had a faint idea of
what Tooru hinted at.

"C'mon, you can't expect just guys to be attracted to girls, right? They mature faster and act different about it... But they have feelings too! ...right? Or are girls just never ever interested in us" Sero asked to nobody in particular, considering that he and Mashirao could be considered extremely plain and lame, and that Kaminari and Mineta were infamously perverted and dumb... It was a honest question.

"I... I would hope so, I think girls are just more... Spiritual about it... " Ojiro coughed while pointing at Mineta "...and they think we are all about the physical stuff"

Hagakure laughed and ruffled Mashirao's hair a bit.

"Well, I said it again and I'll say it again... It's a good thing! Don't be ashamed of your feelings! I guarantee... If they are honest and pure, they will be reciprocated! Just look at how most romance novels go... "

Her words applied to many cases, even if she didn't exactly intend them to, schools full of teens, heroes or not, usually developed like this... Romance and sprinkles of sensual stuff every now and then.

"Pfft, whatever... Jirou really hates my guts... I'm basically her clown!"

"Maybe that's how she tries to keep you around?"

Kaminari grasped his chin, thinking as hard as he could about it.

"Hrm... That's not very nice... Even worse! I'll have to be more serious with her!"

Sero facepalmed and laughed, walking ahead and past his four classmates.

"Whatever, you do you... For now, I think we should check on the visit schedules.. they should've opened a few minutes ago"

"Yeah! We are here to check on our buddies, not expose my heart and soul!"

Kaminari followed shortly, as did Mineta, leaving Ojiro and Tooru together on their own for a brief moment.

"Mhm... Relationships are complicated, and they can wait.... Right, Tooru?"

He gently squeezed on her wrist as he slowly stood up, offering her a hand so they could catch up with the others.

"Exactly! But it's... It's always nice to know someone cares for you... Even in these situations"

She ran her hands along her body, caressing and prodding at every curve and fold and tender spot. Tachiel insisted she took a shower before going to the common rooms, to ensure her body was
stable and her mind relaxed.

Looking at her hands and body, she could feel her flesh and bones acting on their own, squeezing and tensing like a cramp, acting on their own to caress her bosom and womanhood.

She bit her lip, even if she had come out on top, Mori refused to let go of the 'legacy' that was her flesh, it was technically his too, after all.

She hated it above everything else she loved to hate, he refused to surrender and give in, even after being gone, he was just as cancerous and resilient as only he could be.

Purple and red tinted fumes came off her body as the 'shower' of concentrated chemicals washed over her, had she bathed with normal water, the results would've been quite... Violent if not outright catastrophic for the headquarters of the pact.

She stepped out and looked at herself in the mirror, her skin was an alien yellowish-green, with her eyes being a deep red, bordering on brown with bright yellow schlera, her fingernails and teeth were deep purple, bordering on black.

Her hair was long and golden, somewhat... Heavy, due to how densely packed it was.

She felt pretty again, but this time she wasn't weak because of it, reaching to touch the mirror with her fingertips, the surface of the glass was stained with a layer of brown film as her skin reacted with the imperfections in the glass.

Sighing as she feels her own hands trying and urging to grope herself, she slowly walks towards the common room, still fuming and... diffusing into the air, but holding herself together in a confined, calm aura, both figuratively and literally.

She entered the meeting room, where all members of the pact usually gathered, despite her bare skin, she was not ashamed nor displeased with the many stares she got.

"Feeling better? I mustn't pry much, but I find myself deeply concerned over a fellow lady..."

The question came from a woman in a black and blue dress with many regal, metallic ornaments, mostly rings and ribbons of silver alongside a porcelain mask, leaving only her neck and wrists exposed from the frilly attire

"I'm alright, I can't... I can't really keep things in one piece... It keeps falling appart"

As if to mock her, she felt the muscles in her arm bundle and bulge, forming a visible and gruesome twist on her elbow, forcing it to bend backwards.

Despite the wet crunch, she barely flinched, simply sighing and sitting on the couch opposite to the porcelain-masked woman.

"Tch, foolish child... Having trouble taming your own self? Absolutely pathetic, if you truly deserved this, you wouldn't struggle with it"

"Oh, hush... You cried and screamed much more than any of us, you acted like a nursing baby ripped from his mother's bosom!"

"What I did or didn't do has little impact on my words, we are godly beings, we surpass and overcome no matter what"
The second voice belonged to what seemed to be... Well, a statue would be an apt description, seeing it had no recognizable skin or eyes, it was like a hollow set of armor with plenty of overlapping layers of metal, with windows and slits to peer inside, nothing but a faint glow could be seen inside the eyes and vents of the bulky metal structure, which seemed to be tapping it's finger on the table.

"You shouldn't take what Sorvune says too seriously... He is attempting to encourage you, in his own way, I promise"

The porcelain lady reassured Sulghera, who gave a faint smile and a mild snarl at the two of them.

"I don't need pity, I need more strength... More fuel"

The entire room was built out of the same material, a deep gray metal with a strange crystalline coating, which judging by the crystalized moisture and smoldering embers from Sorvune and the masked woman, was very resistant.

"Pfft, I think Mori would've been a more fitting vessel... Stop sugarcoatin' things, Kyan"

The third member of the pact currently present, was a young man with a few scars, arguably the most "normal" individual in the room, with peachy skin and silver hair, his fingers were oddly long and his nails sparkled with a metallic sheen, as did his teeth.

He had a mess of floating springs, levers and tubes around him, moving around as he assembled and disassembled his weapons of choice, multiple rifles and handguns for maintenance and cleaning.

"Shut the fuck up, Wyveel"

Sulghera pointed at him, her fingernail slowly lengthening into a spike which was coated in a purple Haze, fizzing into the air.

"Oho, what's wrong? Can't keep two men in check without help from Eskalis? Even a slovenly bitch like you should at least be capable of that~"

He pointed both of his hands like guns at her, to which Sulghera kicked the chair between them out of the way and gripped him by the shirt, he wore a fairly standard and even cliche outfit: similar to a cowboy, but with many, many more straps and holsters, as well as a white-and-gold scheme to it, as opposed to the usual browns, blues and reds of old Western gunmen.

"Awh, babe, you know I love you! I'm just tryna get you riled up! It's good, for both of us~"

Sulghera sneered at him and let go, however as she did so, she grabbed a large metallic block and a barrel with one hand each, the metal pieces began to rust and creak, a bubbly foam coming off her hands and the metal, corroding the pieces.

"Awh, c'mon babe! That reciever... Fuck you!"

"Mori let me win, he wanted me to win... It was the only way to do things without Amensis... So keep your trap shut, you braindead gun-nut"

Wyveel looked at the remains of the reciever and magazine tube, sighing as he licked his lips

"We both know I can't, babe~ your hate is just too delicious for me to stop! Sadly now I have more work to do..."
Sulghera sighed and sat down, next to Wyveel and opposite to Kyan and Sorvune.

"We all had to go through what you're going, dear... Coalescence is a complicated process... Everyone handled it differently"

Sulghera laughed to herself, at least the anger that Wyveel fed her kept her satiated for a little longer.

Even then, she could still feel and see her body wanting to do something else, to be someone else, to stop being how she wanted to be, to become what she used to be, the thing she hated oh so much.

She could hear the tiny voices calling her different names, names she didn't want to be called, not anymore, it made her head throb and her blood boil, tearing and ripping away at her heartstrings

"We are not who we were, we are who we are, take pride in what you are and what you've done, not what you were and what you could've done"

Servanda made her way into the room, her hair unusually messy, she had clearly been listening to Sulghera mumble and grumble.

"Tachiel is busy, but he wanted to congratulate you... No one in the pact managed to be combat-capable after coalescing... I'm personally impressed too, but I expected you to impress, you are incredibly powerful and so were your predecessors"

She fixed her hair back into her formal style, pining it into a bun on the back of her head.

"So at least take pride in that even if you feel unworthy of praise, you certainly have proven yourself in the eyes of your peers, hopefully the rest of this transition goes by quickly: we have a schedule to keep with"

He was a failure, he let her get hurt.

The constant beeping of the machines in the room was quite infuriating, yet reassuring.

It's expected for heroes to get hurt while working, its simply one of the hazards of their profession.

He knew this, she knew this, he had gotten hurt and she had spent time helping him recover and feel better.

Why was this so crushingly heavy on his heart then?

Was it his fault? Maybe the blood villainess? Neither of them saved her completely, but here he was, standing in the same room as she was, she couldn't hear him or see him, and that was oddly comforting.

Mainly because he didn't want Uraraka to see him cry like this, as if he wasn't a big emotional dork already... As accepting and forgiving as she was, he didn't want her to have to reassure him that things would be okay.

The spear did plenty of damage to her ribs, but the real reason she was unconscious was due to the large dose of salts that the wound became ridden with after the attack, basically poisoning her, the wound wasn't the problem, it was what caused the wound.
He wiped his tears, smearing them over his freckled cheeks, the only reason he was able to get in before the usual visit hours was that Uraraka had left his name as her "boyfriend" in her half conscious daze of sedatives and anesthesia.

Once he heard that, he wasn't sure how to interpret it all, but it made his saliva taste bitter and the air reek of guilt.

The good thing was that he would have a good joke or two once she woke up, or maybe he should avoid the topic... Did she mean anything by it? Or did she just do it so one of her friends could visit her? Did she consider him something like that? Her boyfriend? Perhaps the best action would be to just explain to her and let her explain herself.

Either way, it added even more ingredients to the mess of emotions that be felt, bittersweet sorrow and anxious anticipation towards her beloved friend, who gave his name a different meaning, from an insult to praise... He didn't want her to be so hurt, he was the one who was supposed to be there, with broken bones from using One for All...

He gulped down some more, it still tasted so bitter, but hopefully he would be done crying once she woke up, so he could recieve her with a smile.

Chapter End Notes

Slightly shorter chapter because I wanted to post it quicker and I suuuuuuck at romancey stuff but I want to do it more.

Please, let me know what you think or want, I don't know how to put this but interaction with my readers is very important! what is an entertainer without an audience?

So please, any comments, feedback or notes are appreciated and encouraged! I'll try to continue as soon as possible.
Organ banks

Chapter Summary

There was a little bit of everyone in her, or was there a little bit of her in everyone?

It all came from within her warm, ample innards, they where her precious little children, her adorable babies, all hers.

Cliq and Rou told her to be less creepy, but they are just jealous that she is giving more attention to her new children!

Chapter Notes

I think I worry too much wether my work is good or not that I end up not writing it to begin with, send help.

Not sure what else to say, really, I appreciate that one person who left kudos tho! Yes, you!

This AU is based on the whole traitor Kaminari theory, for now at least? I have no idea what I'll do if it happens to be wrong.

See the end of the chapter for more notes

Izuku heard the door open beside him, he was in a half-asleep haze, too tired and drowning in sorrow to react right away, he kept his head buried in his arms, tears flowing down his face to the pristine hospital floor.

He felt a large hand rest on his shoulder and gave him a gentle, firm grip.

"Midoriya, my boy... I am at a loss for words... I wish you hadn't to face this ugly part of hero duty so early in your life..."

Toshinori looked over to Uraraka, the wound was still quite... Noticeable, but she had survived and gotten proper attention, it still pained him to see a young lass in this state.

All might would never have let this happen, the hero clearly suffered, but sadly Toshinori could do nothing to stop this, the teacher felt even worse that it was one of his students, and as the mentor of Izuku, it had to be the worst case scenario and also be one of his close friends.

"All might... Did... How many times does it take for it to s-stop hurting? To see a fellow hero get hurt this bad? You m-must know..."

Izuku slowly lifted his head, looking at Uraraka then towards Toshinori.

"It never does, young man... It never does, it always hurts the same, one just becomes stronger, bigger and better than the pain in our hearts"
Izuku mulled over the words of his teacher and mentor.

"If anything, you and your classmates have experienced and overcome many... Accidents and hardships that I couldn't at your age! She must be happy to have a friend that cares so much for her wellbeing!"

Izuku have Toshinori a faint smile and turned to face Uraraka "the doctors told me that she will likely need weeks or even months to recover... Her blood, liver and kidneys are full of heavy salts... She couldn't survive without all the... Machinery"

Uraraka was indeed hooked up to plenty of devices, most notably a IV dialysis machine and two blood bags.

"The villain... Wanted to hurt her s-specifically, and i think it was my fault"

Toshinori bought his hand to his chin.

"Well, it is easy to feel guilty bu-" "it kept roaring stuff about how jealous it felt"

It was very rare when Izuku interrupted others, his muttering usually kept to himself.

"It targeted Momo too, someone who is held in high re-regards from most of our classmates too... I think it wanted to hurt those who were very appreciated or wanted in some way"

"Aha, but then how did it get such information? And why would such a beast go for those specific targets?"

"Well, it kept saying how our m-moods tasted, so perhaps it could tell the way we felt, and since the pact is so... Well, they have strong quirks, I t-think it could even go as far as sense emotions"

"And why is it your fault then?"

Izuku sighed and blushed, flustered as he found a knot in his throat, his sudden change in tone(in multiple ways) was very obvious.

At the embarrassment of his disciple, he gave a small chuckle "ah... I see, young man! Well... I can't say I haven't found myself in a similar position..."

Izuku instantly felt his embarrassment and nervousness be replaced by interest, did All might have a girlfriend at some point? A secret wife?

"Sadly, she was a greater hero than me, and I was a foolish boy! It wasn't meant to be... But it is thanks to her sacrifice that I stand here today" in honesty, his situation was more of admiration than love, but it was nonetheless deeper than just companionship.

"My affection was never expressed, nor reciprocated, for countless reasons... But you... You are young, so do not fear any of them!"

Izuku had never imagined to have a relationship pep talk from All might, not even in his wildest dreams, but since Uraraka was the girl of his dreams, it kind of made sense.

"This reminds me... I am here!" He smiled with just a hint of a bloody cough "...because nedzu and the scientists wanted to check on the wounded students and teachers... Since they are experienced in dealing with wounds from those who attacked us, they insisted they should help!"

"I thought you would never mention it!" The door opened and Akos nearly barged in, but was held
"She insisted on listening, we honestly do not mind nor care"

The old man prefaced their introduction with a minor disclaimer for the actions of her companion.

"You see... Uh... My role within the pact was very simple, to provide... Replacement parts, spares and repairs! Like Mori and the others... Uh... It's a bit embarassing"

Akos giggled a bit, she blushed a bit "but I'm offering to take care of the critically wounded hero hatchlings in the same way I did back in the pact! Uh..."

Toshinori kept staring at her, and so did Izuku, as if hoping she had some sort of miracle cure or solution to all of this.

"My quirk can be used in many ways but... In short, uh... I can..."

Rougarl sighed and bought his hand to his face, palm covering his eyes and then pinching to rub the bridge of his nose.

"She can provide replacement organs, and her breast milk has amazing healing properties, even stronger than the juice she makes from her skin"

Akos blushed and gave Rougarl a few angry smacks, clearly very flustered and embarrassed.

"She can make organs for this girl, and with enough milk, replacing or reattaching limbs is possible too... Just slow and cumbersome"

Needless to say, the two males were equally shocked and surprised, and on Izuku's case, embarrassed too.

"We already talked to the head doctors, they will run tests... They didn't believe such a quirk could exist, since it would leave the donor for dead"

"It is indeed hard to believe... Since organ and tissue transplants are so delicate" Toshinori bought up with a closer inspection to Akos.

"Well... It's uh, true! I just need to eat lots of food and have some time to uh... Plan and visualize what I need to make... However, the success rate of internal organs does depend on a few other factors... But it should all be doable since I'll be around for a while with you hero guys!"

Toshinori and Nedzu along with some authorities did discuss the details of the three pact defectors and their permanence with the UA staff, since they fit into multiple categories from a law perspective, were they victims of villains? Colleagues? Did they turn themselves in? Were they just looking for protection? Or were they still villains?

Whatever their reason was, only scycliq spoke up, insisting they needed to help him save his sister.

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Dark, moist hallways and heavy airlocks, transparent plastic and glass terrariums, dozens of flasks and ampoules held in rigs and stands.
This was his lovely domain, where he worked along his two assistants, it was so much harder to work without them.

His physique could be described as nonexistent, as his figure resembled a humpbacked turtle or snail, his entire body and form covered in thick plastic and metal straps, despite his odd shape, it was easy to tell it was some form of hazardous materials suit, and on top of that, he wore a lab coat.

Whether he had legs or not was unclear, as from his belt hung dozens of metal tubes and cylinders tied with ropes and chains, hooked up to the large main tank he carried on his back.

All in all, to compare him to a snail wouldn't be too far off from reality.

He had been working on the usual synthesis he performed for the members of the pact, his own research, and lastly, something to appease the unbearable spills, whines and screams from Sulghera.

As a scientist, he knew that both her combat prowess and potential as a tool for the cause was important, but he really didn't want to have to clean up a bromine spill or have to deal with a fluorine fire next time she tore her own skin off.

The pact constantly stole from pharmacies and laboratories to procure him the raw materials and reagents for his work, and thankfully he had enough sedatives to cook something for Sulghera.

He slowly made his way out of his lab, after following the proper safety protocols and decontamination showers of course!

Entering the main room, he noticed Sulghera was currently laying across the table, slumped and lazing like a sack of potatoes, considering she was easily the second or third largest member of the pact, her presence was fairly hard to ignore.

Past her, he could see the floating gun barrels and components being cleaned, Wyveel.

"It took me a while... And it's not as good without the stuff that comes out of Akos's tits, but this should help with your convulsions and hallucinations"

His voice was fairly squeaky and mechanical, likely due to the filters on his hazmat suit and his small stature.

"Eh? So she gets drugs to help? That's cheatin'!"

"Shut up, Wyveel"

He extended an arm and offered Sulghera a small metal cylinder with a plastic cap, which the large woman took slowly and shakily.

" Sadly, without miss Eskalis, you will continue to have stamina problems... Although nothing that a good diet and plenty of rest won't solve, you seem to enjoy it anyways!"

Sulghera yawned as she put the plastic portion of the cylinder in her mouth, biting into it, the hissing sound of compressed gas came from within her maw, she inhaled the gas in a huge gulp.

"Once again, I would've been able to provide a better treatment in solid or liquid form... But I was limited to my own quirk when making it"

Sulghera giggled slightly as she pushed the rest of the cylinder into her mouth, the aluminum being
slowly melted by her saliva and teeth, pretty much chewing it like bubblegum

"It's fine, I feel way better already... Thank you, Phr-Phrau-"

"Phraulus"

"Yeah, that. Thank you"

She slowly stretched as she lifted herself off the table, a brown, burnt outline of her body remained on the metal surface of the table, however.

"It's what I do... You should consider getting clothes, though... Mori could create a thick, leathery hide, and in theory, you should too..."

Sulghera narrowed her eyes at Phraulus, seemingly upset at the mention of Mori.

"It isn't uncommon for the vessel of a coalescence event to inherit the exact abilities within the resulting derivative quirk"

"I know, I just don't have practice... I'm supposed to learn fast, I'll have to produce lots of stuff and meat for Tachy soon..."

"Well, babe! Stop lazing around and practice, boss needs a new set of organs in case he gets a tumor in one of em!"

Wyveel spun on his chair, slowly coming to a stop as he stared at Sulghera's breasts very blatantly.

"You can obviously make yourself a hot bod, now all you need to do is do it without it explodin or burnin everything it touches, righto?"

Sulghera sighed and looked at her own hands, the whispers and tremors had gone away, for how long? she did not know.

Despite the obviously inflammatory comment from Wyveel, he was more or less right, all she had to do was control her emotions and manipulate the output of her own body to produce tissues that a human could use.

If Akos and Amensis didn't abandon the pact, this would be no issue at all, but that would also mean she wouldn't have to exist in the first place, for Tachiel would have no need for anyone else but himself and his siblings to carry out their plan.

So by leaving them, they gave everyone else a chance to live, to be useful and have a purpose, or something along those lines.

"Eh, I'll figure it out soon, at least I didn't make a hole in the table... Or burn your face off, I'm getting better at this, asshole"

At this, Wyveel shrugged and made his way up and out of his chair, heading towards an exit, towards the studio, really.

"Well, me and DM will be waiting for ya, babe, feel free to join us when you are ready"

Despite the fact that her skin and membranes did indeed constantly diffuse acidic vapours and created layers of metallic salts, she had managed to keep both of those at the level that standard human anatomy handled moisture and dead skin.
"As a professional and veteran member, believe me when I say this... You have made and will make amazing progress, you are already a noteworthy specimen as is! And never forget, regardless of our intentions and attitudes, the pact has your back, fear not to rely on us"

With a small nod, she smiled at Phaulus, with her dark purple teeth and strange features nearly glowing with gratitude.

Her quirk was innately violent, her mere existence ripped molecules apart and reduced matter to mush and salted ashes.

But violence can be measured, calculated and contained, it can be precise, aimed and subtle.

And the violence of her existence was something she was intimately familiar with.

The bar was an absolute mess, their clothes were an absolute mess.

She was burnt, missing huge chunks of flesh, her bones were charred, her jaw hung to her skull by a few strings of meat and skin.

And yet Amensis still stared and smiled (or tried to) at all of them, inspecting them and getting way too close for comfort, and considering this was the league of villains, these comfort zones were very specific and enforced very violently.

The worst part of it happened when she tried to kiss Shiragaki, to which both Himiko and himself responded with plenty of violence, which only made her more interested in both of them.

Her left eye had a large knife stuck in it's Iris, flooding the white of her eye with blood, and causing the handle to jiggle wherever she tried to look towards.

To say that Amensis and Himiko got into a hair-pulling, stabby catfight was pretty accurate, it could've also been described as a mud pit fight except it was blood mud.

Regardless of their previous violent lashings, she refused to learn that it was a bad idea to upset them, sadly whenever Shiragaki tried to truly end her by withering her skull or heart till it crumbled to dust, a nearly endless flow of blood pushed his grip away, it was like trying to grasp a waterfall.

"I-i swear, this is how I make friends... Even the pact was nicer when trying to stop me! I just.. I just want to get a bit intimate with you all! Is that that bad?"

She laughed and pointed at Shiragaki, with a gentle smile and a hand on her hips.

"I know your name, Shiragaki, right? And uh... Himiko, everyone else uses pseudonyms... I should get a cool pseudonym too, wanna help me? A villain to villain thing?"

Himiko held disdain towards her still, even after the fight was broken up, this girl didn't scream or yell, she didn't suffer from pain, she enjoyed it! It sucked the fun out of it all.

But most importantly, her blood tasted and smelled awful, it made her quirk act strange, it made her feel sick to her stomach.

And she tried to touch Shiragaki! How dare she?
"You two are amazing... You've given me such great wounds... You two, together! You've given me these amazing wounds... Please, let us all enjoy them"

She coughed, her lungs had collapsed not too long ago, she managed to clean most of the mucus and gunk that the lining membranes caused, but blood wasn't exactly meant or capable of doing such, just by nature, she didn't have much practice using her blood to mix and control other fluids, even if it was doable.

"I-i just... Ah, I can't get enough, please, there must be something I can do, to thank you for this gift..."

"Shiragaki, I don't like her, her blood is all weird... It tastes gross... And smells worse!"

To everyone else in the room, her blood smelled and tasted just like any other blood, mind you, they were not as experienced with the crimson fluid as Himiko.

"Whatever you have planned in terms of cooperation or alliances can wait until we clean this... Mess" Kurogiri spoke up, to which Amensis responded byshruggingandbreathingin, slowly pulling in each droplet and puddle of blood towards her, even those who were inside their clothes, which felt extremely weird and sticky.

Specially for Himiko, whose sweater was pretty much absolutely soaked, it made the blood all around her cling to her skin, to be touched by such strange blood... It just made her uneasy, specially because she couldn't solve it by stabbing her even more.

"I insist.. I'm just... Trying to meet everyone, the pact didn't let me have much of a social or personal life... Ya know? I just find you two very attractive... These wounds are the best"

She began to caress the large knife gashes across her breast and neck, as well as the large sores and exposed bone on her arms.

"The pact dictates that we obey our instinct... The little voice inside our heads... If we want something, we do it, we take it, we make it ours... If I'm negotiating, it's because I want to, not because I must"

The last clots and curdles of blood finally were absorbed by the many cuts and open veins in her flesh, she was still in a terrible state, her arms were basically completely gone, nothing but charred bone and flesh that only moved when she used her quirk to puppet her limbs.

"So keep in mind that I could've easily won any of these fights if I wasn't so enamoured with your skill at injuring flesh, I can easily drown us all in blood, or poison you from within"

This obviously upset Shiragaki, who had tried to kill her directly multiple times, it just didn't work, unlike Himiko, who played with her prey, he did not fire warning shots.

"As if your pathetic body could do any more, you are clearly bluffing, stupid sack of skin..."

Amensis giggled

"Maybe, maybe not... It's better if neither of us have to find out, cutie~"

The phone rang, which broke the awkward silence that followed Amensis’ last sentence, Kurogiri was fast to pick up the phone, and after a few hums of understanding, he hung up and turned to face Shiragaki and Amensis.
"It's our infiltrate, he insists that miss..." He turned to signal to Amensis "Amensis Eskalis, or Amy... Bloodbag" she smiled as wide as her broken jaw allowed her, not flinching at whatever pain she was in.

"He insists that Miss's Eskalis' presence is of utmost importance to maintain a strong root and cover in the hero school, and that I should deliver her to the hospital where they are recovering"

Shiragaki sighed and rubbed the sides of his neck, tempted to scratch at them, but managing to keep control.

"What mess did he get himself into? Why now of all times?! Whatever, just dump her on the hospital, kill two birds with one stone"

Amensis laughed a bit as her body slumped, clearly having to focus less on fighting and more into surviving, hopefully they would have some spicy drama or some celebrity gossip magazines at the hospital.

As the purple haze began to engulf her, she merely waved at every member of the pact with her shriveled, limp hand, only capable of movement as the veins inside the leathery skin forced it.

"I-ill stick around, you guys are cool, these wounds feel amazing!"

As she vanished within Kurogiri, Shiragaki turned to face Himiko, who was still nibbling on her lips, drawing blood with her sharp teeth... Licking up her own blood desperately, to wash off the awful taste off her tongue.

"She isn't part of our league, you don't have to get mad over it... Don't scar and gash your face, it's not worth it"

Himiko slowly turned to smile at Shiragaki.

"Specially not when you can get other things that taste better... So don't get riled up, okay? For the league"

Himiko was a bit confused, but felt happy... No, glad, almost proud about her confusion, whatever weird leader thing he was doing, it was working.

Jirou Kyouka woke up as she heard some familiar voices in the distance, through the empty hallways of the hospital and it's silent atmosphere.

She had been fine, or at least she felt fine, much better than everyone else in the hospital at least.

She sighed as she turned to see that her parents had bought to her room her school notes and a few of her belongings: her headphones and her laptop, which she was glad to have, music was just something she was used to having whenever she was alone or resting.

She reached for her phone, while she didn't feel sore or tired from her wound, it was still... There, she could feel things out of place and swollen, it just didn't hurt.

Flicking a finger through her phone to see it was still fairly early and that she had a few messages, from Tooru and Mina mostly... And one from Kaminari too.
After reading and replying, she turned her attentions to the "news" in her phone, a lot of relatives and acquaintances asking how she was doing, again... She was fine, she was mostly worried about Uraraka and tsuyu than herself.

She nearly cried when the doctors answered her question about Uraraka's state, and she was there when Tsuyu was unfairly disabled by the villain, who knew very well what part to target after observing her quirk.

She had been mulling over it quite a lot, both of them would have a very, very hard time recovering when compared to her, while it was a large wound, it was clean and smooth, thankfully.

Chuckling to herself as she realized she was being thankful for a "good injury".

It's gotta be a sign of her progress as a hero, right? Or is it bad? At ant rate, she kept scrolling through the news, seeing how most of the populace was still mad at UA not unlike the previous times.

It was understandable, but they still treated it like the entire attack was orchestrated and UA's fault, that part made her angry, how could people be so dumb? Did they not realize that this was all out of their control?

After a few moments, she saw another notification, this time she blinked a few times, not believing her eyes.

"New release from Echolysis: UA attack EP"

The pact had released music shortly after the attack, likely in honor of their attack, considering the name of the release.

Part of her was curious to hear it, whoever it was, it was good music, if maybe a bit too upbeat for her taste and expectations coming from a villain, then again, she had never heard music from a villain artist.

A few knocks on her door bought her attention, to which she breathed deeply and answered "come on in"

A nurse peeked in, opening the door slightly, not letting her see much "you have visitors!"

The door swung open a bit roughly as Kaminari, Sero and Mineta all burst in after the nurse moved aside, the three males fumbling to regain composure, judging by how they moved, it was clear they were all a bit grim, this was a hospital visit after all.

"H-hey, Jirou! Uh... We wanted to check on you! How's it going?"

Sero spoke up first, mostly because Mineta and Kaminari still didn't know exactly how to act like decent human beings.

"It's a bit weird, but I feel a lot better than you'd think... I'm doing great!"

She was expecting her female friends to visit first, but this was by no means unwelcome.

"That's great! Mashirao and Hagakure are outside, they didn't want to clutter the room... But Mashirao insists that he hopes you get well too, Hagakure said she had a surprise or something..."

Sero scratched the back of his head, Jirou had a half-smile, clearly happy but... Bothered.
"Well... Uh, it's good to see you in one piece, I was getting worried!" Kaminari finally spoke up.

"Hah, I'd think you would be happy I got hurt"

"Eh? Why would I? You're a cool classmate!"

"Pfft, nevermind..."

Jirou turned to see Mineta, who was simply looking at all the weird machines and switches on the bed.

"So you guys made Mineta come instead of Mashirao? Really?" She cracked a joke, to which Mineta indignantly huffed.

"Hmph, my female classmates are of the utmost importance and priority! How dare you doubt my love for the female gender! What would I do if one of the sexy women in my class got hurt! It'd be unbearable! Less breas-" Kaminari shut him up with a small zap on the cheek, which made Jirou laugh a bit, a moment that quickly turned sour as Jirou's eyes began to redden and her laugh choked back sniffles.

"I don't think Uraraka is gonna be alright, the doctors say she's gonna need a transplant... And a lot of stuff, even with healing quirks... She is just really hurt, in a really bad way... She needs blood transfusions, a lot of them"

To this, Mineta began to cry as well, likely mourning over the idea of having one less hot classmate, Sero looked pretty upset too.

"But you will get to hear all that from the doctors if you want to... Honestly... I really don't know why they wanted to hurt us so much... we are just kids, students!"

Kyouka was furious and sad, she wasn't a very emotional person, at least towards the tender side of the spectrum, but the fact that her innocent, bubbly friend had gotten the worst of them all was just... Unfair.

"The doctors will find a solution! There's a lot of stuff that can be done... Just... Uhm... All we can do is be there for her, support her and whatnot..." Sero was at a loss for words, attempting to smile through it all.

"It's what friends do! And well... Uhm, we are gonna check on Bakugou soon, still happy to see you are fine and all!"

Kaminari shrugged as his friends got ready to leave.

"You guys go ahead, uh... Okay?" Placing a hand on Sero's shoulder as he left.

"Gonna talk personal stuff, huh?"

"Something like that, kinda? Yeah? Just... Go ahead"

Sero shrugged as he and Mineta left "whatever, don't get too touchy, dude!"

Kaminari tsk'ed at the teasing remark as he and Jirou were left alone, he nervously scratched his arm and got a bit closer.

"I really don't know why you thought i would be happy with you in a hospital"
"I just thought you hated me, you and Mineta always get slapped around by me and a few others"

"Well yeah, but that's nothing! I mean.. I know I'm not very clever!"

"It's still not nice of me to be rude to you"

"Like... It's fine, dude! Uh... Dudette?"

"Dude is fine, don't worry about it, dork"

Kaminari laughed a bit, biting his lip as he bought out his phone.

"You are very worried about Uraraka... It's kinda cute, in a weird way"

"I'm not cute when I'm worried, I get all pissy"

"Would you be happier if we made sure Uraraka was safe?"

"Of course I would be... But it's not gonna happen, the doctors tried a lot of treatments"

"Yeah, but would it make you happy?"

"...why are you still asking? Don't tell me you plan to give her blood and stuff! You probably aren't compatible, idiot!"

"No no... I just... I wanted to make you feel better, hah.. uh... Sorry for asking stupid questions, I'm sorry"

"Whatever... Yes, it would make me happy, but we have no way of doing much, unless we happen to be compatible... And even then..."

Kaminari shrugged, smiling clumsily at Jirou "don't worry about it, trust me... Uhm... I just wanted to know what would help, even if it can't be done"

Jirou bit her lip, still having a hard time accepting the whole situation.

"Plus, who knows, we might find someone with a great healing quirk or somethin like that! Or the doctors may do something they overlooked... Like, I'm not smart enough to give you a good answer but... Optimism and luck got me this far... So they work for something, right?"

His stupid smile was contagious enough, she simply laughed and waved him off.

"Whatever... I guess I'll try to stay optimistic, now.. go catch up with your friends, dork"

"Is that my pet name? I'm your dork?"

He laughed as he left, still somewhat clumsy with his flirting attempts... Closing the door and dialing up a very specific number as he made his way to the other wing of the hospital, waiting until she was clear of earshot from both Jirou's room and Bakugou's

"...Violet cloud? Yeah, it's uh.. zappy here, the red dress went with you guys... Right? Ah.. oh okay, yeah... I'm kinda in a tough spot, could you cook it for me? It's for... Sheep! Yeah, sheep!"

Kaminari hung up, speaking in the clumsy codenames and covering up words, but it was all for a good reason, he had to keep his connection to the League absolutely secret, of course.
But every now and then, it was a good thing to have access to a warp quirk user, and whatever other violent, evil resources the League had.

Maybe Jirou would be smart enough to see that the blood girl would help, and dumb enough to not connect the dots, he was doing this for the sake of Uraraka and thus, to make Jirou happy.

Maybe she would like him more with this? Whatever, his dumb crush on her was just cumbersome, yet he couldn't shake it off.

And that was exactly why he wanted to see what would happen if he advanced, no matter what direction this took.

Chapter End Notes

Destiny 2 is stealing my time, pls.

Hopefully you guys like this chapter! A minor pause of hospital drama and hints at romance before some more plot development.

I tend to skip over minor details that I consider 'constant' or 'static' enough to not be mentioned, like clothing or hairstyles when it comes to canon characters, you guys probably imagine them better than what I could describe them.

Next chapter will include a... Nasty bunch of stuff from Wyveel, not for the faint of heart.

Feedback is loved and appreciated, any thoughts on the story and characterization specially.
Chapter Summary

Time heals all wounds.

But time can also injure poor lost children, who do not know what the future holds.

Sometimes the only certainty is that you will always be uncertain, and that it will make you extremely uncomfortable.

Chapter Notes

Fair warning, some discriminatory/offensive stuff is said by the villains in this chapter.

I have considered tagging more emotional/psychological aspects of what I'm trying to do here, but I'm never certain of what the readers expect if I where to tag "panic attacks" and if my portrayal would even require such a tag.

Sorry for the slow updates, i should probably focus more on this! Many thanks for those who still stick around and/or give my story a chance.

See the end of the chapter for more notes

Endeavor's pride was torn to shreds, and so was his body, but his pride hurt much more.

He was missing a leg, probably marking the end of his short-lived streak as number one hero, and maybe even his entire hero career.

Both Todoroki were in the same room, considering they had to share some machinery and the same doctors attended them with some sort of family-reliant healing quirk ontop of everything else that came with the treatment.

Silent was heavy in the air, they couldn't see eachother but they both knew the other was there.

Enji was fairly used to being in hospital wards, and Todoroki probably hadn't been in this severe of an accident since his mother burned him.

Did she really hate him that much? Even under the unethical and barbaric treatment that Enji always had towards the white-haired woman, he always had good interests in mind.

She just had to play along with his plan, he would make sure she lived nicely, and so would whatever came from their relationship.

What was wrong with that? That's usually how most marriages go... Internally, at least, maybe he was a cynical asshole, but he never truly intended to harm anyone explicitly, they were just too weak to endure it all.
It made him wonder how things would've been if he had been even worse as a husband and parent, or if he had been nicer.

Shouto meanwhile, was fairly certain that losing his hand was a good thing, it gave him a good reason to use his fire powers only when absolutely necessary, considering he could still use most of it, just not precisely.

At the same time, the sensation of a missing limb was digging deep into him, he felt a burning sensation that simply drove him crazy.

It started shortly after the fight had ended, after the adrenaline and whatever other sensations drowned it out, once it was the only thing he could feel, it was simply deafening.

It scared him at first, but eventually he realized that a missing limb cannot be hurt any further, he can't burn his hand if it's not there, as much as it hurts, it's not there, as much as he can feel every surface being licked by the coiling flames, it wasn't there anymore.

It still bothered him, but his mind and body got used to it, perhaps even understood it.

Enji was pretty much tied up in braces and bandages, he had broken at least one bone in each limb, and torn every single main muscle in at least one section.

The doctors described it as "very precise but very grizzly" incapacitation, meaning that the brute villain had intended to systematically disable him with a plan in mind, knowing how the last week or so had gone, it was probably to further humiliate him.

"I know you still hate my guts, boy"

"Yes, and?"

"I thought you would at least appreciate my efforts at saving you and your friends"

"You didn't do much, old man"

Enji gave a small tsk as he tried to breathe deeply, the bandages and his sore ribs meant he had to be gentle.

"You will never forgive me, because you are stubborn as me, and I will never want to be forgiven, because I did what I had to do"

To this, Shouto simply listened, internally agreeing to most of this.

"And I consider -this- a huge dishonor to the todoroki line, and most importantly... I'm sorry you have to face this aspect of heroism right now"

The words "I'm sorry" were uncommon from the older Todoroki, and so was the idea of him caring for the integrity of another hero.

"I honestly expected you to freeze a finger off in combat when refusing to use fire... Guess you couldn't just make me feel like I was right for once in your goddamn life"

Shouto let out a small smirk.

"What's got you so... Reasonable?"

"I blame the anesthesia and the combat exhaustion"
"Because only like that you'll act like a decent human, huh?"

"As if you aren't being less of a stoic splinter of ingratitude towards me because of it all"

"Right, now I remember why we don't talk about this"

"You could've just let the beast rip my head off, right?"

"It would've made me a terrible hero, and i will be number one, Endeavor"

Enji laughed briefly.

"Damn it! I hate it when you are like me!"

Both Todoroki had a small letter sent a couple hours ago by Shouto's sister, as well as a couple customary "get well soon!" Stickers onto them, neither of them had any visits just yet.

"Everyone hated and will hate me for it... But I will never feel like it was wrong... Quirk marriages may be illegal and 'wrong'... But the results are there, it's how natural selection already does things! I just took matters into my own hands, like a man should"

"I'm not proud of it, and I'm sure you aren't proud of it... But I'm perfectly willing to be hated by the entire world and my own family if it means you being as near-perfect as you are"

______________________________________________________________

Amanitin, Amanotoxin...

Phraulus stares over the subjects, a rabbit and a handful of mice, his darkly tinted glass visor reflecting back almost all light, making it impossible to see him, most of the time.

But under the purple-tinted lights (red worked too) in his lab, his features where more visible, or rather, feature.

A single, massive eye, shaped somewhat cylindrical and horizontally through his skull, with multiple rings and stripes of various colors, the pupil seemingly contracting outwards and inwards as it focused, not unlike how mollusks retract and unfold sensory organs.

The worst part of it all was that the massive eye stood over the remains of a once-human face and skull, with a small residual eyesocket to the lower right of the main eye, as well as a shrunken, sunken nose.

"Test subjects M1 through 10 died within 2 days of administration, cause of death: catastrophic failure of every organ, minus the liver, test subjects M11 through 20 died within 1 day of administration... Cause of death: catastrophic failure of every organ minus kidneys... Tests with human subjects will take place soon, until then, my attempts at obtaining functional organs without surgical intervention remain in development..."

The small, hunchbacked man kept rambling, his short arms holding a small voice recorder.

From the other side of the glass, a few dozen eyes saw him ramble and inspect the results of his
work.

"...Yesterday, a wide array of male and female subjects where delivered, ages range mostly from 25-35... likely captured by Kyanne or Vindsor and... A few toddlers and a newborn, likely captured by Eiryx"

One of said test subjects was laying across a medical bed, gagged up and, obviously restrained, but even through he was resisting as much as he could...

His body wouldn't move a single inch, he could feel and smell and see and hear, but every time he tried to move, he felt his own muscles tensing and... Moving, yet they didn't, as if what his mind felt and perceived was completely cut off from his own body.

"Standard procedure for organ harvesting... using excess amounts of neurotoxins and sedatives to keep all specimens docile... The remaining non-vital tissue will be rendered and cultured for further tests, the central nervous system will be preserved and contained for a future convergence or coalescence event..."

His grubby, gloved hands reached for a scalpel as he slowly began to press down into the stomach of the adult male, who had been naked in the tank with the other subjects for the last few hours.

Phraulus looked at him with his obscenely large eyeball, and shut off the recording device.

"You won't die, I'm just gonna take all of these... Organs, you won't be needing them anymore, here at the pact... We will keep you safe and alive, don't worry... I will make you whole, one of us"

He couldn't scream, he couldn't kick and punch and resist, but he could feel the fine blade cutting into his gut.

His mouth refused to scream, his face refused to twist in pain, and his body refused to stay with him.

---

"So uh... Yeah, about that... Uh... I'm here to help, I swear"

Showing up looking like a naked corpse was the best she could do, right after a small chat with her new best friends, Amensis was dropped right on the roof of the hospital, alarms went off and the league vanished.

She was quickly surrounded by medical staff and guards, who were equally worried about her looks and her method of entry.

By all means, she was just a glob of blood piloting a really, really torn up body, with arms consisting of nothing but burnt bone and scraps of withered flesh, her chest cut open with skin hanging loosely.

"I mean... It's a hospital, yes? Shouldn't I be getting offered some uh... Help or some-" her jaw seemingly got stuck before she sharply jerked her neck to the side, fixing it "-thing like that..."

The guards had formed some sort of perimeter around her, to which she slowly walked towards them.
"S-stop! We will shoot! Who are you and what are your intentions!"

"I-im uh... I'm supposed to be a villain... I turned myself in... I'm pretty hurt! Can't you tell? I want to meet up with my friends...is that too much to ask?"

Despite her gruesome appearance, it was also clear that she had no real problem staying conscious and upright, even then, it was silly to be afraid and cautious of someone in such a state.

"V-very well, let's get you somewhere better... I think some heroes will recognize you"

She was slowly approached by a male nurse holding a gown, she smiled as warmly as her pale, anemic features could "thank you... Now, I'm sure I'll... Just uh.. take me to the... The kids..."

Before she could finish, she collapsed in the arms of the nurse, dripping and leaking blood from every wound.

Bakugou was out of his room, refusing to remain bedridden, not only because it was unnecessary but because he was disgusted by the notion of being unable to act.

And despite the best efforts of the doctors and medical staff, it was true: he really didn't need to stay down and calm, he could carry his own bandages and despite the soreness in his arm, he could still roam the halls.

Hair-for-brains joined him a few moments ago, alongside Pinky... She insisted she wanted to check on her girl friends, but they stopped by Bakugou first.

"So uh... What did the doctors say?"

"My arm is all fucked up, if you want details, go ask them, idiot"

"Well, sorry dude, I thought you'd have some badass recovery story!"

"Pfft, it's Bakugou... He probably blasted his wound closed somehow before the doctors could help"

Bakugou sneered and glared at Mina briefly before turning to read a diagram of the hospital.

"Do you know where everyone else is?"

"Bro, I told you... we just got here"

"I'm pretty sure Kaminari stopped by Jirou first... uhm... I think Yaomomo might know where Todoroki is?"

"Right... Idiot got his arm ripped off"

"I'm pretty worried about him, honestly... We aren't the closest of friends but... Damn dude, that's bad"
Bakugou noticed a small group approach them, mainly Kaminari, since Mineta was covered up almost entirely as he walked behind Sero and Kaminari, and well... Sero looked pretty average even in his street clothes.

"Dude! What are you doing out of your room? Did the doctors say you could?"

Sero rushed as they got closer, to look at Bakugou's bandaged, cast arm.

"Nah, but I don't need it"

"Always trying to show off, huh?" Shooting a glare to Kaminari- "Trying to impress girls, I approve" -And another at Mineta...

"Shut your mouth-holes, I can still explode your asses off!"

All three men laughed, with Kirishima chuckling more moderately.

"Yo, Kaminari! You went to see Jirou, right? How is she doing?"

"Surprisingly well! I mean... Uh... I asked the nurses and they told me that it missed all of her bits or something? Just pushed them aside?"

Mineta shuddered, and so did Ashido.

"That's... Pretty gross... But I'm glad?" everyone listened carefully, and Mineta just gagged a few times.

"Whatever, I'm gonna go the other wing... Turns out everyone but me was in intensive care... Go fucking figure"

The alarms went off a few moments after, it wasn't deafening or truly panicking like the ones in UA or even malls, it was a more rhythmic sound that probably alerted the medical staff of specific emergencies.

"Hopefully that's... Not one of our friends... Hospitals are so grim! It's hard to remain positive..."

Ashido clung somewhat to Kirishima and Sero, while Kirishima didn't mind, Sero laughed and pulled back slowly.

"Nah, Im pretty sure if the whole hospital gets alerted it's... Probably Endeavor setting fire to something"

"Pffft, I can imagine him waking up and think he's still fighting... I hear some heroes do that, like a lot"

"Trauma huh? It makes sense... It's just scary"

The group kept bickering as they made their way to the opposite wing (un)surprisingly Mineta knew a lot about nurses and minor procedures as well as protocols

As they arrived to the main hub of the hospital, the group noticed a large amount of nurses carrying boxes all over, all plastic and nearly concealing the contents.

Almost out of nowhere, the group saw a large, scrawny hand waving at them... Beckoning them closer, Nedzu and Toshinori were sitting in a small lounge, away from the action, but they had... Plenty of paperwork in front of them, most of which was being handled by nedzu at amazing
"My young students! Over here!"

The group got closer, to which Toshinori signaled the couches around then so they could take a seat, and so they did, with Mineta sitting on one of the couch arms.

"I admit, I mustn't call you my students, we are out of school right now, after all! How are you all doing!"

Everyone but Katsuki replied positively, the blond boy chuckled a bit.

"Better than the others, but I'm missing two fucking fingers"

Toshinori gulped, putting down his piece of paperwork.

"Ah yes... I'm afraid we cannot do much for you and Todoroki... Both of them, but actually... Ehem"

Toshinori handed the papers to nedzu instead "we where getting done with that, actually... We already talked to most authorities and some of your parents... The cost is being covered completely by UA, not to mention that some of your fathers and mothers were really, really worried... I believe miss Shiozaki, Asui and uh... Miss bakugou, mostly"

At the mention of his mother, Katsuki flinched mildly, everyone noticed this, which made the explosive boy blush mildly

Toshinori cleared his throat to draw attention back from the embarrassed Katsuki.

"We are actually recieving help from miss Akos to provide... Transplants for Ochako and Todoroki... And I was about to offer a similar treatment to you, Bakugou!"

"Eh? I'm perfectly functional without help from villains, two fingers ain't shit"

"Dude, it obviously bothered you earlier"

"Shut up, hair brain"

Nedzu laughed, eyes and hands still working hard at the paperwork, obviously paying attention to fine print by the looks of it.

"Her ability is uncanny! She really can provide a near-endless medium for cell growth and regeneration... Even if her requests and requirements are a bit unorthodox, I'm glad she offered"

The medical staff was already running tests on Akos, to make sure the transplants and tissue cultivation could go smoothly, however she insisted 'she knew better!' when it came to the after steps of the procedure, with Scycliq and Rougarl being surprisingly adept at understanding and explaining how her ability worked to the doctors.

"I think I'll hold off on whatever weird shit she is offering" by the tone of his voice, he seemed pretty sure about his decision.

"Very well... The hospital staff insists we will be able to continue our visits at a slightly later time... Since they are obviously swamped, they will keep us updated on everyone's situation, so I recommend that we all stay here, if possible, you should contact whoever else you can and tell them to rally here"
"I think I can call Yaomomo, Aoyama and Iida..." Mina held out her fingers to count, but was interrupted by Sero.

"And I'll get Fumikage, Rikidou, Midoriya... Mezou and Koji... Mashirao probably still has Tooru with him..." Sero chuckled to himself.

Sero shrugged and pulled his phone out, as did Ashido... Together, they could probably get a hold and report from everyone.

Mineta shrugged as he pretty much used the armrest as a small bed, his limbs limply hanging off, staring into the TV, many of which were scattered around the waiting room a and lounges.

"Hrm... There is however one problem... Without... Even if it's new, I'll just be ruined... Hrm"

Nedzu mumbled to himself briefly, but chuckled and kept working, looking mildly perturbed, worried, but nonetheless kept working.

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"Welcome again to yet another riveting chapter of 'what the hell is going on!' and today, I have two very special guests!"

DM was in his desk, wearing a formal suit yet still wearing his jester cap, to the side of his desk, there were two couches, for one person and four.

Taking the single seat, Wyveel was now wearing a military green formal suit, as if to fit the 'serious news program's vibe that DM had forged, his belt had the initials 'WYVLTN' in a large, bold buckle, as well as a pin in his suit with the same initials and a large triangular symbol.

Sprawling across the family couch, was Sulghera... Wearing what could only be described as pajamas, or at least it looked like, the couch itself was also made of coarse-looking fabric.

Despite wearing loose, comfy clothes, her sheer size and odd coloration was pretty noticeable, as were her curves under the clothes, around her neck and wrists, she wore metallic rings that had tubes connecting to her back and chest.

"To my left, you may notice them... The grandiose gal of gargantuan magnitude! Sulghera Therionyx!"

Sulghera was hugging one of the pillows, resting her head loosely on another... They where body pillows, she waved at the camera while bringing a handful of what seemed to be... Bark and wood to her mouth, crunching it down easily.

"And the aliteration-addicted asshole who adamantly insisted I introduce him to the show with this garbage.... Wyveel Tronos"

Wyveel smiled and winked at the screen, clearly more energetic than the woman next to him.

"And why do I have them here, you may ask? Well, the answer is simple: because I want to rub some salt in the wound"
Sulghera laughed briefly.

"These two are basically married, except not, one just loves to be angry and the other likes to make people angry"

Wyveel poked Sulghera on the head with a small stick he had a bin full off, after a few moments of contact, the stick began to burn.

"Not to mention, this is a very special episode for dear Sulghera! Not only is it her debut on camera... But it's also been three days since she was born, and three days since her first act of villainy!"

"Being born was my act of villainy, that's the joke"

"C'mon babe, I'm just trying to help em understand!"

DM chuckled as he grabbed a small stack of papers and browsed them.

"Some of you may recognize her, and by some of you: I mean the victims of the UA attack! Indeed, she was the one responsible for most if not all of it... So yeah, she is here, say hello"

She simply stared at the screen and kept eating handfuls of wood bark.

"About 100 dead cops and a few dozens of injured students and teachers... Pretty good huh? Not to mention she did all that while fucking"

Wyveel added in, smiling at Sulghera.

"Did you kill those degenerate mutants? Oh, what about the tranny?"

Sulghera laughed a bit.

"I did break the legs of a weird frog girl... And stab two of them, but I couldn't get to the others you wanted... Not before I had to hatch"

Wyveel kicked back and laughed

"As expected of a brainless sack of tits and ass.. can't even kill people right!"

In response, Sulghera stretched her arm outwards, her hand contorting and collapsing into a mess of purple flesh and yellowish bones, exponentially growing into a massive, muscular set of three claws, which she pointed at Wyveel.

"Pfft, I'm just trying to cull the herd... Weirdos and freaks piss me off, can you blame me? It was better when I only had to kill those with more melanin than me... But now there's frog girls and all sorts of freaks..."

DM laughed as he pulled attention back to himself.

"You may recognize Wyveel's voice from one of the tracks released by one of our members, it's called 'eat, fuck, kill, repeat' and it's... Pretty self explanatory"

"I'm tired of this shit, everyone is scared of some pathetic kid with some form of autism or retardation and the most malformed old fart ever... These fuckers forget what war and hate feels like"
The screen flashed with brief glimpses of the league of villains and All for one.

"But I'll give the Yakuza boy one thing: he killed off one of those disgusting... Things, and I'm not talking about freak quirks, I'm talking about some degenerate transgender villain... I'm sure nobody knew him, and few will miss him, so why do I bother to bring him up?"

Sulghera laughed "to make them feel worse? You're an asshole" she began to trace circles on the floor with her claw.

"Indeed, my salty, salacious succubi... What the fuck are they gonna do about it? Cry? Get mad? Call me evil? I'm already a fucking villain!"

"We have multiple agencies from all over the world hunting us as of right now, by the way" DM added in, symbols of government and private agencies of heroes and military showed up on screen.

"So what if they get mad? Sue me! Come fucking fight me! I'll be glad to shoot you and your grandma in the face"

Sulghera yawned as DM shuffled through his papers "I forget to mention... Those who were exposed to Sulghera should proooobably see a doctor, even if you think you shouldn't... She is literally made of heavy metal salts, uh... It's not good for you"

"But yeah... Whatever, so what did you do, suggy?"

"Don't fucking call me suggy"

Almost as if he didn't hear, Wyveel simply kept going "did you break her legs and see her cry? I assume human-sized frog legs must be tasty..."

"Sadly... It was before it hatched, so the damage was minimal... But she was really scared... I also really wanted to kill the other girl... The one with the big boobs, I was really jealous of how much she... Reeked of joy and expectation, but instead I could only stab one of the two..."

Wyveel whipped out another metallic stick from the bin, and poked Sulghera, this time the fire was much brighter, purple even.

"I would really appreciate it if you didn't contaminate my set"

"Fuck off, dolly"

Sulghera turned to face the stick, and let it be pushed into her mouth, and so Wyveel began to feed her the metal and wood sticks instead, helping her snack.

"So yeah, I really wanted you to kill the gay one, the ugly one... Oh, bird one, and the trans one... Fuck, they really do have a lot of juicy bullseye targets at UA, i should go shooting sometime"

"Trans one? I didn't see any"

"He is really subtle about it, or she, whatever the fuck it doesn't want to be called... Uh, it's likely that Mori saw him..."

Sulghera closed her eyes as she kept chewing and licking the food in her mouth, her purple saliva and foggy, yellowish breath melted and ignited all matter as she ate it.

"Oh, the blonde one with a weird stomach? I thought he just looked like a pansy, I guess he was pretty girly... "
"Whatever, you failed to kill them, or even injure! I'm pretty bummed..." Wyveel smiled at the camera.

"Aoyama yuuga... Huh? Well, yeah, she was born a girl and wants to be a boy, big deal! I'm still not sure why you hate that so much, Wyveel..."

Wyveel stood up from his seat and pulled out a single bullet and pointed it's back side to the camera, it was emblazoned with his initials and symbol, a triangle with skull-like features within it.

"I want to shatter the notion that we give any short of shit about all of you, out there... My boss and this asshole..." He pointed to DM "want everyone to be calm and 'support' us or some shit, but God fucking damnit, no! This is war, this is hate! These are the atrocities that spawned tyrants and dictators! You think your society and your walls and your heroes will keep you safe? No! I am Wyveel Tronos, and just like Tachy declared war on humanity on behalf of the pact, I stand here on my own, fuck the pact! Fuck everyone in it!"

Wyveel put the bullet in a magazine, and threw the magazine off camera.

"This is me, and only me... And I'm declaring war on peace, a war that won't be over until every single one of you realizes how wrong it is to be modest, subtle and kind! Until you realize that hate fuels revolution and change! That genocide is the only way to truly get rid of those you disagree with... That violence and war is written in our goddamn nature, and just like nature... I will not stop until everyone realizes you cannot defy it!... It's in our genes, as humans and whatever else we are, and don't you dare disagree! War is in our blood, and I am the living proof, everyone in the pact is the living proof: war is in our DNA"

DM looked over at Sulghera, who seemed to be mildly upset at Wyveel ranting, DM interrupted Wyveel to add in his fanatical chant:

"We are perfect by definition, and our definition is simple: perfection... That is the pact"

Wyveel laughed, and Sulghera yawned, slowly standing up to grab Wyveel and sit him back down, yet he kept rambling.

"I want criminals in the street, raping and killing... I want you to buy a plane ticket out of the country, I want women snapping the necks of their children, because being killed by your mother is better than living in this goddamn horror!"

DM smiled at Wyveel as he sat back down.

"And we will do all of that, but later though! We have time to kill and plans to execute... So don't be alarmed... Yet! We love our supporters, even if he doesn't"

Sulghera smiled and leaned closer to kiss Wyveel in the cheek to calm him down, which a dark purple stain on his cheek

"I really want you guys to realize how deep this shit is... Terrorism? War? Have you guys forgotten those words? Let me fuel the flame a bit more..."

Some pictures showed up on screen, of dead bodies, by the looks of it.. all impaled, all police

"We killed nearly a hundred men, in seconds, and while we technically lost in our incursion, the losses for society where massive... And Sulghera lived"

Wyveel seemed quite riled up, eager to continue, but instead of his rant, he simply breathed in and
"Imagine what we will do if we succeed"

Chapter End Notes

I want everyone in the pact to be hateable, in a bad way, and sometimes in a good way.

I don't think I thank my readers enough, and if you don't hate me or my story: I love you, and I hope you enjoy my work.

Any comments and feedback is appreciated.

I'm considering a rename and tag update/rewark...
Awkward conversations are my drug

Chapter Summary

To give life one must first be ready to nurture it, to protect it, to guide it.

And she loved doing it, most people did, mothers and fathers, tutors and mentors.

Sadly, not all life is meant to be, no matter how much you desire it.

Chapter Notes

Ayyyy story is goin, it’s goin I swear.

Any comments and feedback are greatly appreciated.

I always wanted to add some sort of trans characters but didn't find a proper timing to bring it up... Eh, using DM's show as a crutch will be somewhat common, sadly.

With the current manga arc kinda closing up, I'll be able to mention/bring up more characters and situations soon, hopefully, and no, I'm not changing the very start because I'm lazy.

Will try to keep stuff spoiler free manga-wise

See the end of the chapter for more notes

And so, all the remaining members of 1-A slowly began to rally at the waiting room in the main hub, idly chatting and talking in low-down voice... Some of their parents calling and messaging them to check on their children.

They had all seen the broadcast from The pact, while most of them dismissed it as inflammatory, provocative flaunting and thus ignored it, it was clear that the ranting and chatter had an effect on everyone, particularly Mina, Sero and Aoyama, who all seemed disturbed and bothered by this Wyveel person.

It wasn't as if Aoyama was extremely strict or secretive about his situation, and the few people who knew, were not bothered by it at all, 1-A and UA as a whole were very accepting and supportive.

"The fuck? Like i care"

Bakugou seemed shocked by the revelation, but only briefly, as he and anyone else knew that it changed very, very little, a hero was a hero, a student was a student, a friend was a friend.

What really perturbed and upset them, was how hateful and disrespectful Wyveel was, not only violating his privacy, but also unwillingly spreading information about Aoyama, the act was more impactful than the resulting information.
Aoyama did not add or mention anything in particular, he was clearly nervous, but seeing that nobody in the class disliked or reacted negatively to the reveal really made him feel more at ease.

Mineta just stared at Aoyama for a few seconds and shrugged "eh... He hid it well, with sparkles, eh! Eh?!" As if making some light-hearted joke, even his perverted side struggled to treat him as a her.

Even then, everyone who had just found out didn't really know how to react, do you just... Ask about it? Act like nothing happened? Confront? Avoid? Ignore? It's not like this had a negative impact, but the protocol and procedure was always awkward.

The silence was broken when arguably the 'manliest' hero made a move.

Kirishima chuckled a bit and stood up, nervously offering a small hug, the redhead expected him to be clearly more shaken than he really was.

"You alright, dude? You know we don't judge here"

"Messieur Kirishima, I'm tres bien! No need to bother your fine self with my glamorous emotions! They will continue sparkling despite the nosy villains!"

The air was tense, but Kirishima insisted and simply hugged his classmate, a warm, tight hug, even if comfort wasn't needed, it should always be there.

Jirou Kyouka arrived half an hour later being pushed in a wheelchair by Yaoyorozu, who was being followed by Tooru and Ojiro, she seemed fairly alright, but was still clearly burdened by the medications and taxing recovery processes that came with healing, she was put between a pair of couches, where she joined in the chitchat with her friends, she was fine, she was safe, she was with her friends.

Both Todoroki men were then transferred to the nearby rooms, piles of bandages and bedsheets stopped any inquisitive stares, thankfully the news reporters and other paparazzi were not allowed inside, and endeavor's PR team was keeping both sides informed and appeased.

"Any idea where Fumikage and Midoriya are at?"

Jirou asked to nobody in particular, after inspecting her group of friends, curiously, Kaminari seemed particularly absent-minded, avoiding eye contact with everyone involved.

Tooru's glove perked up, by the looks of it, she was sitting right next to Ojiro, but unknown to most, she was actually sitting with her legs on his lap, mostly due to the lack of space in the couch, and the two wanting to stay close by.

"No idea! Rikidou went to get snacks... And well, kouda is in the gift shop, with Iida and Mina"

"Uh... Fumikage told me that only he could go with Tsuyu to the X-ray lab place, as for Midoriya.. uh, sensei told us he was with Uraraka"

The response came from Sero, who checked on his phone to see if they had updated their message
Fumikage showed up a couple minutes later with Tsuyu in a wheelchair, not unlike Midoriya, he got access to Tsuyu's room at earlier and later than most visits, but couldn't coordinate with the rest of his classmates for today.

While the two had been dating by a week or two by now, nobody knew, mainly due to nobody asking and the two of them just being... Mildly stiff about expressing their emotions.

Tsuyu simply told Fumikage that he was attractive to which he simply responded with 'i am undeserving of such praise' and 'the real beauty lies inside, and you are very beautiful in every way' and the two decided to give it a shot, they weren't sure what it was exactly, love? Admiration? Infatuation?

Tsuyu had both of her legs in casts, which were soon signed by all of her friends in every possible spot with markers made by Yaomomo, the frog girl was glad at this display, but the pain and exhaustion made it difficult for her to explain her gratitude, thankfully Tokoyami did it for her.

Next up was Uraraka, who despite being externally less wounded than any of them, had the most... Machines hooked up to her, her usually joyous smile covered by tape and plastic tubing, the sight put a great weight on the heart of everyone who saw her, even strangers could tell that it was a young, merry girl in a terrible state.

Shortly after, Midoriya showed up, with an air of sorrow clinging to him, just a tiny glimmer of hope dancing in the back of his mind... But it was enough to hide the rest of his anger and sadness.

Even through he was still deeply concerned about Uraraka, his attention briefly shifted towards Bakugou.

"Kacchan, i-is your hand fine? Can you still... Use your quirk?"

To this, Bakugou laughed and pointed to his bandaged palm, it slowly became soaked and the sourish sweet scent of nitroglycerin permeated the area.

"Of course I'm fine, don't worry about me, silly deku... Even frogface has it worse, for fucks sake, get your priorities straight!"

It was kinda true, even Kendou and Shiozaki had more severe wounds, and those two recieved treatment from Amensis to temporarily stop the wounds from getting worse.

"The doctors say I'm okay, I really don't believe them because of how bad it feels, but I really wouldn't know"

Tsuyu bought up, even in this situation, she simply spoke as she thought.

"Asui, you must put more faith into the men and women who live to maintain others, they have the best interests for all of us... They do this for a reason"

Fumikage tried to ease her concerns.

"Being skilled and knowledgeable in medicine and anatomy doesn't mean they are certain, maybe they don't have the heart to tell me I won't be able to walk, or worse"

The idea made everyone wince and a few clearly took it badly.
"I'm just mad at how petty the villains are, I apologize"

The large-eyed girl frowned and then stared at Tokoyami with a nervous smile, she wasn't taking out her frustration on who deserved it, and her friends clearly didn't deserve it.

The fact that every single of the villains involved in the attack had targeted and injured females predominantly was a factor that both nedzu and Toshinori noticed, while they acted individually, they did plan and react as a cohesive unit, aware of eachother and despite disagreements, with one universal goal.

Plus, they did quite literally fuse and combine into a single individual as the fight came to an end, the details and peculiarities of the process where unknown, but nedzu had plenty of time to think about it, so he would eventually figure it out.

With the Todoroki and Uraraka inside the deep, operating areas of the hospital, this was all of them, kinda.

Even through they had accounted for everyone, another wheelchair was pushed in, by a particularly scared guard.

"T-this... This person insisted that she wanted to be bought here"

The guard promptly left, leaving Amensis in the chair, in the middle of all of them, the girl was wearing 'proper' clothes now, and over that all, she wore a restraining jacket.

Notably, blood and ashes could be seen staining said jacket, not to mention the sleeves seemed... Empty, due to the lack of flesh in her arms, which limply filled the sleeves.

"B-been a while huh? I had my fun, so I'm back and stuff"

Her jaw was supported by a chin strap and mask... It only made her look even more like a deranged maniac, like a cannibal or psychopath.

"I'm here to help and stuff, kinda... I need help from you guys first"

Her presence wasn't unwelcome, but it certainly was a surprise, most of the hero students who interacted with her figured she would stick to stalking Ibara or even go back to the pact, and those who didn't know her just thought she would stay with the league and be a pain in their ribs.

She was in no position to ask for help, though, considering how volatile and fickle she was in the eyes of everyone, trust just wasn't there.

"Last time you made us play some sleepover games for chicks"

"Yeah, and it was totally fun!"

Amensis laughed and coughed, her skin was... Well, so pale and drained that it bordered on translucent.

"I'm willing to do anything in exchange, you guys know how good I am at... Stuff, and when I say anything, I mean anything!"

She worded that in what was supposed to be a sultry, seductive tone, but due to her misplaced jaw, simply came as a dumb-sounding slur.

"Whatever, I'm here now and Akos will patch me up if you guys don't, so.... Ehhh....I just thought"
I'd be more appreciated! I am super important and stuff"

Bakugou laughed at her expression, something about her wording just made it somewhat ridiculous.

"Important? What can you do exactly, piece of garbage? You are still a villain, since you went with handy and friends"

"I don't know, care to find out? The league of villains tried it already, cutie"

Amensis giggled slightly, blood oozing out of her mouthpiece, but it was quickly slurped back in as if it were spaghetti or saliva.

"Okay, okay, I'm sorry, I just couldn't resist fighting with them... That's all, that's why I followed them"

What could be perceived as a smile crept up on Amensis, who proceeded to just... Stare at everyone, particularly those who she didn't get too much time to examine in their first encounter.

Small blood strings began to coil around the wheels in her chair, slowly and sloppily strolling her to a position to the side, less in the way of the door, and closer to Mineta, a corner that basically everyone else avoided, minus Kaminari who occupied the other side of the small pervert.

"So this is your class? Group? It's pretty neat"

Everyone was chatting with eachother, or checking up on the news and any messages in their phones, only Toshinori bothered to answer her.

"Indeed! This is class 1-A of UA, I'm intrigued as to why you would not only betray your fellow villains, but also help us, if what my students told me, your name is... Amensis, correct?"

Amensis nodded a bit, he looked sickly and scrawny, but he still carried authority in his voice and eyes.

"Yep... And well, I just really like to fight... And fighting the pact is probably the best fight I'll ever get"

"I see... While your motivations are not Noble nor strictly heroic, you certainly did help... May I ask what you meant when you mentioned needing our help?"

"My quirk makes me very resilient and resistant to damage and well... dying, but I can't recover without something to get my blood pumping.... Well, anything that would have that effect is helpful"

Amensis licked her lips and clicked her tongue.

"Back at the pact I used to spy on Servanda and Tachiel... Browse porn, watch scary movies, tell Phraulus to drug me to increase my heart rate... With varying degrees of effectiveness, but by far the thing that works best is just... Honestly, talking about romance, gossip... Secrets, stories..."

By now it was becoming evident to Toshinori that the petite girl was very wounded, considering she didn't get healed after attempting to save Uraraka, and that she willingly provoked the league of villains.

"She's a... a perv really... We talked a bunch, but I don't think she realizes what privacy is!"
Kirishima mentioned after he noticed and listened to what his teacher and the girl were talking about.

"It's not just about sex and urges! It's about devotion and passion! About... Admiration"

Toshinori chuckled a bit.

"I see... Well, I don't know much about the private life of my students, so I'm afraid I can't do much... It's up to them"

While her methods were unorthodox, he figured the special conditions probably had to do with how the conditions of the pact worked and interacted with her quirk.

"Hrm, well... At least now I'm with like... More people? They fight good, but the villains were so gloomy... And silent, even when I climbed ontop of the gray dude, he barely reacted! I rode him for almost a full minute"

Her mention of 'climbing and riding' Shiragaki caught the attention of some ears, some out of curiosity, some out of shock, others just found the notion very... Unlikely.

"Bullshit, as if any of his asshole minions would let you get that close to begin with"

Bakugou asked first, while Sero and Kaminari argued wether a villain riding you was a good or bad idea, or riding a villain for that matter.

"I've got the hand marks on my thighs to prove it"

Bakugou clearly did not want to see such a private spot, specially not to see such a grisly wound.

"But after that the bitty girl got really mad, she really likes to stab at the ribs... And she pulled my hair a lot... I should've torn her shirt off..."

At this point, most of the more 'innocent' and prudent students in the room had gotten a bit tense, she spoke of violence and indecency with such freedom, there was no filter in her brain.

"You were right! No privacy, a perv... Like, you realize there's no need to be so... Explicit, yes?"

Ashido nudged Kirishima as she tried to make Amensis stop being so... Uncouth.

"Why would I? There is no real need to be subtle either, pinky"

Ashido did not really take the nickname as an insult, considering she already expected to be called exactly that, and she liked it, thus it just flew over her head.

"I... I guess you're right, it's just weird when we know who you're talking about, like... It'd be like narrating a hentai magazine but with pro heroes or classmates instead"

Said notion bought laughter from nearly everyone, mainly the Bakugou squad and Mina herself. Even Jirou and Tsuyu giggled moderately.

" Eh, i dunno... I guess the members of the pact were way more open about sex stuff... Those who can have sex at least, didn't bother hiding anything, not just sex either, we fought and killed and ate whatever we wanted... Inside and outside the base"

The memories bought back some energy to the redhead, as evidenced by the red stains in her
straightjacket beginning to moisten and grow.

"A wonderful existence... Able to do, take and make whatever you want out of yourself and everything and everyone around you, that's how the pact lives... They don't care about those they consider lesser"

This bought Izuku's attention, most of his classmates were still making jokes about weird movie or magazine replacements with pro heroes or villains, both old and current.

"But you co-considered helping us, y-you helped us, a-are we not lesser?"

Amensis laughed quite loudly.

"Some of you are, some of you aren't... Well, at least to me! Even within the pact, the degrees of greatness and whatnot... It varies a lot"

Amensis kept getting better, the jokes in the background made her mind run crazy with strange fantasies and 'what if's' of all kinds.

"All in all, I just... Chose to, I wanted to see what you would do, if you would be as merciful or merciless as I expected... If there was anything worth saving"

Izuku brought his hand to his chin, musing what would've happened had they treated her differently.

"I-if that's the case... Was there anything w-worth saving?"

"Plenty, I did my best... But sadly it wasn't nearly enough to stop the thing that hatched out of the cocoon, but it doesn't mean I've given up on helping, or stopped caring about you... Students? Heroes?"

"Heroes in training... Or well, y-you could call us whatever"

"Okay! But yeah... I still want to help, as long as I get hurt and get my blood flowing... I'll do anything within my power to help... As long as you are still worthy"

These last few words reassured Izuku that this was indeed still a fanatical member of the pact, and they could only guess what motivated them and what they were capable of.

"Okay... I suppose we will be working alongside for a while... While not official, it was mostly under UA supervision that you chose to defect the pact, not unlike the other three, thus... You will be under our care"

Toshinori spoke up, he had been listening to Izuku and Amensis all along, it was rare that a villain was so willing to divulge information about themselves and others.

"My students specified you liked gossip and 'sleepover games' so... Why don't we introduce you to class 1-A and they can introduce themselves to you, would that be acceptable?"

Amensis giggled, somewhat giddy with some sort of excitement.

"I've forgotten what it's like to be a teenager.. a normal one at least, so yes... Even if it's not real, I'd like to play pretend that I'm part of this class"

She was awfully aware of what Toshinori attempted to coax her into, but that didn't mean she opposed the idea, the real question was whether his class would be okay with her, even without villains they had shaky chemistry sometimes.
"Wait, if you two are dating... Then, how do you kiss? Like... She has the whole big frog mouth thing and you have a beak!"

"I'd rather not divulge such information, it is very personal"

"I agree... The intricacies of our intimate acts do not belong in this conversation"

"Okay, okay! Let me guess: it involves a lot of tongue?"

Tokoyami and Tsuyu had plenty of regrets at this point, the rest of the class was having a fun time though, and judging by the fact that Amensis was able to rip her straightjacket with a full set of repaired limbs, she too was having a fun time.

The process was fast and simple, and plenty of policemen and doctors made sure the 'villain' wouldn't do anything questionable.

Recovery girl herself inspected the procedure, in order to better understand how it worked, even though Akos and Rougarl both did their best to explain it beforehand.

She drank a vial or two of Uraraka's blood, while it was quite... Unhealthy, considering how intoxicated the girl was, but she still needed a sample of her tissues, blood included.

A few drops of her spinal fluid and bone marrow had to be extracted, it was risky due to her condition, but she only needed a couple stops.

Next up, she ate a small section of her skin, taken from the remains of her wound once it was closed by the doctors, and that was all she needed.

Within minutes, she looked quite... Pregnant, at least 5 months. in the meantime, she discussed with the doctors exactly what they needed replacements for.

Kidneys, liver and plenty of minor glands tied to the suprarenal system, spleen and a large section of connective tissue.

She insisted that she could and should be conscious during the operation, considering her quirk would stop working if she was sedated, and thus the organs would degrade.

And so, they opened her up, it wasn't unlike performing a C-section, but... As they opened her uterus, instead of a baby and placenta, they found sets of organs and veins, all connected in redundant, unnecessary ways, to ensure they could be harvested easily.

It was, unsurprisingly, a first for everyone involved, the surgery was incredibly simple, and the whole process just... Worked, as if her insides cooperated at every cut and operation, she was used to this.
And so, the transplant took place, they didn't need to take half her liver, because she made an extra one for them to take, same with everything else... Her insides copied themselves and replicated a redundant, unobtrusive duplicate that didn't even bleed when extracted.

It wouldn't be too far off to call her and her insides a weird, fleshy 3D printer.

And during all of this, the woman simply covered her face in some illogical form of shame, muttering 'they can see it all' in embarrassment 'don't look, it's all gross' over and over.

Needless to say, she couldn't look at any of the doctors in the eye, who, in her mind, saw her as some sort of freak alien or laboratory mistake.

Quite the opposite, they all realized how important her quirk was, and after a few words back and forth... She simply denied any further requests for now, saying that she couldn't just hand out love like that, that being a mom was complicated and difficult.

And it was true, at least in her mind.

Rougarl was used to working with her, and helped her after the surgery, all they had to do now was get some milk.

"So I'm not allowed to fuck OR torture them before you cut them open? Really? I thought we were friends, aren't we supposed to be something like the four horsemen of apocalypse or something? Tachy even made us a squad and everything"

Wyveel was laying across the operating table, reading a small notebook and writing stuff down.

Phraulus meanwhile was struggling with a skinny, nearly naked female who was riding on his back tank.

"No! You would contaminate the tissues! And for the last time, get off of me you petulant child!"

"But your shell is so comfy! Can't I just ride you all day? I barely weigh anything! I promise to be quiet"

"It's not a shell, it's expensive equipment! And you throw me off balance!"

The woman smiled, sitting cross legged with... four legs, on top of his tank, holding onto the tube connecting his suit as if it was reins.

"Wyveel! Pau is not letting me ride him"

"And? I'm not your fucking dad, and I'm definitively not his"

Phraulus kept trying to grab her legs or anything to yank her off, sadly, his arms were too slow and way too short to reach all the way up.

"Please, I have work to do! Tachiel needs new organs soon!"

He tried to shake her off again, to which she simply giggled and cheered as if it was an actual amusement ride.
"Plus Sulghera is coming for her checkup soon... I really don't want you to disturb her!"

Phraulus sighed deeply and slumped his shoulders.

"Okay... Jahanim, how about this: I'll let you ride me once i finish what Tachiel wants and I get back to my personal research"

To this, the woman mused with a loud hum, and lowered her legs, stepping off.

"Fine fine, but that's a promise, okay? I just like to watch you work... "

Jahanim was... Eerie, skeletal wouldn't begin to describe her, her hands and fingers where basically spindles and needles, woven together like wires inside an engine, her face too, was full of sharp angles and thin needles that eventually resembled a face when put together, she had no eyes, no skin, no nothing, she was just a walking pile of thin, metallic splinters, perhaps the only thing that made her appear human was the different coloration of the cristaline spindles near where her mouth and other sensory organs should be, a pair of 'horns' or antenna too, did have this purplish tint instead of pure metal.

Her lower half resembled that of a scorpion, or perhaps a lobster... An extremely skeletonized, wizened arthropod, with a grand total of 12 limbs, most of which where legs located to the sides of her lower half, but some simply folded over and under, since she didn't need them at all times, they neatly curled into her tail, which in turn folded against her back.

However, she did wear plates and 'clothes' that hooked onto her ghastly frame and made her look far, far less... Inhumane, kind of like a very bare-bones robotic frame.

"I know you do, and you are helpful sometimes... Just, please, my focus and thought process mustn't be disturbed sometimes, okay?"

"Fine, I'll go play with Thallos, okay? Don't you dare start without me!"

And so she made her way out of the lab, she strode not unlike a spindly harvestman, with extra needles sliding from the sides of her feet to provide a larger surface for her to move, not unlike a bed of nails or the hooks in the legs of land insects.

"Eh, I'll go make sure Thallos doesn't dismember her, plus I have a couple prototypes to test... and I really don't want to be here when Servanda gets all worried over your questionable medical ethics"

Wyveel too sat up on the surgery bed and made his way out of the lab, leaving the hunched man with his own thoughts for a moment.

"Out of every single possible configuration, I had to get the most annoying squadmates..."

A couple minutes later, Sulghera's arrival was signaled by her hand pushing past the airlock doors of his lab, melting the glass as if it were plastic.

The much, much larger woman did not apologize, and simply sat down on the table, whose metallic surface began to oxidize around her.

"Couldn't press the buttons, I tried another configuration, it's not going well"

Phraulus sighed again, at least her companions went through coalescence much less... Perilously.

"Very well... Again, worry not about the damage and time, but about finding what is comfortable
and functional..."

Akos was as energetic as ever, she always felt hungry, always sleepy... Always upset over those two things, she had been working on her technique and finding out what food provided the most energy without melting or exploding before reaching her gut.

She was intrinsically lazy, angry and simply... Savage, but the fact that after coalescence, she was treated as an equal, fueled her progress.

"I did manage to make a stable organ, though... I just... It's kinda stuck somewhere"

He ran the tests, unlike Akos, who was capable of generating organs and tissue within her womb, and unlike Mori, who regenerated and created tissue on the damaged spot, when Sulghera DID manage to make stable structures capable of not... Desintegrating or igniting when inspected and handled, they grew in (so far) random and intrusive parts, like tumors or cysts.

He had done plenty of work with her, she finally had found a somewhat reliable system: burn and scorch and destroy as much tissue as she had to, once everything had reacted completely and thoroughly, it was possible to use said compound as a lining to protect the remaining tissue.

You can't burn something that has been burnt totally and completely, or react something that is absolutely stable after being attacked by her fluorine and chlorine fumes.

It wasn't exactly a very efficient method, but it worked, and it allowed to use all of her abilities, members of the pact rarely have just one quirk, and if they do, it's usually very complex.

The problem with Sulghera was that her three quirks, while compatible and belonging to the same 'genus', contradicted each other very much: capable of creating flesh and bone, but creating extremely toxic, destructive substances at the same time.

Normal human biology does this too, the amount of toxic byproducts and breakdown reagents are usually way too small to have an impact, and thus are easily discarded through breath, feces and urine.

It was just a question of balancing how much tissue to regenerate without creating so much waste, but it was fine.

They had time, they had space, they had everything anyone could want.

Uraraka was awake, and everything hurt.

Not only did she feel... Bloated, swollen, encumbered and stuffed.

But she could feel her veins burning, she screamed and winced for nearly a full minute after waking up from the anesthesia, while her body was capable of consciousness, it didn't mean it was pleasant.

The medical staff administered a good dose of painkillers and other drugs in advance, but their effect took a few minutes to set in... It made the pain bearable, but it was still there.
It just didn't drive her to screams now.

She looked at herself and all the machines she was hooked onto, she recalled being stabbed, well... She remembered the spike moving towards her, but not much else.

The doctors were formal and straightforward: she would be bedridden for a long time, and her recovery might not be full.

She was used to hearing bad news for someone else and then crying at their beside, not the other way around!

Her mind instantly had the worst outcome into focus: how her parents would react, how much her life would change, if she could still be a hero... How many school days she would miss and how much she would miss her classmates.

It was just too much, now she went back to screaming and crying, this time because of a burning sensation in her heart, was her life ruined?

But then, she remembered why she got attacked in the first place: to help Deku.

Where was he? Did he come to visit her? Was he around? What would he say after finding out what would happen?

Her mind danced and flirted with possibilities and outcomes, both good and bad in many levels, she did register him as her boyfriend in a drunken haze induced by drugs and pain, that bit she did remember, she also remembered mistaking one of the doctors for his father and crying like a child scared of the monster under the bed.

As time went by, she slowly got used to the pain, it's hard to comprehend what it's like to feel blood being pumped in and out by a machine, much less how... Detailed her sensation of it was.

It would make her recovery that much better, ideally.

Her thoughts and soft tears were interrupted by a couple knocks on the door, followed by it opening, she remembered two of them right away, Amensis and Deku... Followed by a chubby brunette and Toshinori and Nedzu! Recovery girl too...

The teachers sat down on a table to the side, while Deku began to tear up, sniffling and holding back his emotions for a bit as he got closer and kneeled next to her bed.

The other two girls went to the other side, and with the help of a nurse began to do... Stuff.

"I-im... I'm s-so glad you are a-Alright! I-i think I know what everyone s-says when they see me get hurt..."

Uraraka was clearly still sickly, but she did manage to speak and smile at Izuku.

"I-im fine, for now... I-im very happy to see you here, all of you!"

She clumsily smiled to her teachers and then to the two women at her side.

"The rest of the class is waiting in the lobby of this wing, they plan to visit you soon, we just needed to... Explain what happened so that your treatment can continue"

Toshinori bought up as both Izuku and Uraraka paid attention, the scrawny blonde man then signaled to Nedzu and recovery girl.
Recovery girl coughed and fixed her coat.

"Firstly... While she insists it was nothing of note, you wouldn't have survived if it wasn't for the intervention of miss Amensis, who took the majority of the impact for you, secondly... Miss Akos used her quirk to create new organs for you... Since the object you were wounded with was extremely toxic, your body became quickly damaged... And while it can repair itself, some were a lost cause"

Akos giggled nervously, looking at the two students and waving "I uh... Drank some of your blood and uh... Yep! Stuff happened..." She was in a plain set of clothes, and after gently moving her shirt up, she pointed to the stitches and scar from the transplant.

"You have a bit of me inside you... Take good care of it"

Her blood red irises and ample smile was a bit... Creepy, which was having an impact on both Izuku and Uraraka.

"While I had a good amount of time and material to prep everything... Even with perfect conditions, the transplant will only work if we remain compatible... Which means I'll have to stay close to you and you'll have to drink this on a somewhat regular basis for a few weeks, if not months" she procured a small bottle full of... Milk, from her lab coat.

"But im glad to help! I too will be... Helping out the two-colored boy and his father with a similar method.."

She went on a somewhat shy tangent, explaining the intricacies of internal and external tissue transfer.

Izuku simply gulped and looked back at Uraraka, then back at Akos.

"Tha-thank you so much, miss Akos..."

Uraraka nodded nervously and with a beaming smile, she too thanked the woman.

"Thank you! So much! I-i suppose I will have plenty of time to pay back the favor!"

Akos giggled, giddy and... Pleased at how the two reacted "i-i couldn't stand seeing you in such a state... And your friends were so devastated! Children and young lives must be spared of suffering as much as possible! I just felt it was the right thing to do..."

Akos then gulped and switched to a much more serious tone.

"However... As I'm sure the doctors told you, you must stay within this hospital for a while... While the new organs are functional, your blood would damage them just as badly as before if you are not under the help of these machines..."

She pointed towards the hemodialysis equipment.

"And well... You will be much, much more fragile even after recovery... The aftermath of the attack was just too severe... And I cannot do much else... Maybe I could produce a large amount of organs..."

She obviously felt bad, guilty, that much was visible to everyone in the room, Izuku specially took the information a bit badly, while the logical side of his brain knew that this was necessary and important, he knew that Uraraka didn't belong in a hospital bed, she needed to be free, to laugh to
run and to smile under the sunlight.

She didn't deserve this, and the pact knew that, and that's why they did it.

"I-i will gladly keep you company d-during the recovery, and I'm sure everyone will too! E-even Bakugou might come to visit!"

He tried to remain positive to support his friend, but it was very hard.

"Thankfully, we have a solution to this too!" Nedzu laughed as he sprang from his seat, approaching the bed.

"While your condition is strange and unique, we have equally unique methods to resolve it! This is where miss Amensis comes in"

Making use of her flexibility, Amensis was picking her nose with her toes, as both her arms where strapped to the table, once attention was bought to her, she simply stared to Nedzu "what?"

"She should, in theory, be able to filter and purify your blood, while producing more to flush out your system! However, because of how her quirk functions and her current state of exhaustion, she proposed a somewhat... Unorthodox procedure, which she shall present to you two...."

With surprising speed, recovery girl and Toshinori had left the room, with Akos following them, the nurse too left the room, leaving only nedzu and the three teenagers in the room.

Nedzu then left the room as well, his head peeking into the room for a few seconds before closing the door.

"...In private"

Chapter End Notes

... At night.

*Dies of bad joke/meme allergy*

I really, really want to know what my readers think of this so far, i know I ask for feedback/comments every chapter.. b-but it's true! As much as I suck when expressing my gratitude, I really do welcome and appreciate any feedback or criticism.

I feel like I'm a bit flat when it comes to comedy and romance, so this chapter and the next focus on it, a little bit at least.

I probably put way too much thought and time in the nomenclature for the members of the pact, hopefully someone will appreciate/discover/theorize about it, at least I intended it to be an option.
I like you.

Chapter Summary

To be as awkward and socially inept as Izuku Midoriya, is to have all the right answers in front of you and still hesitate to put them together.

It is to know the truth but still doubt it, even when it smiles back at you with vibrant joy.

One could almost say he couldn't embrace it to save his life, or hers!

Chapter Notes

Nearing 1k hits, the fabled mark in which I have potentially entertained, amused or disappointed people in a thousand occasions

I wonder how much my tags/summary actually affect if people try reading this, or if it'll just be a positive feedback between hits/comments that makes people read/comment more.

I apologize for cheesy jokes and mild/intense ooc moments, i am bad at this.

"This method is probably the most invasive, forced, awkward way we could've handled things"

As the teachers and Akos exited the room, they were greeted by Rougarl, who looked down at Akos with a somewhat disappointed look.

"It's... Not like she was great at keeping it a secret, plus, it's not us who are gonna be pushy about it"

It wasn't very... Morally correct to push or force a relationship to come to fruition, specially under duress, something that gnawed at recovery girl's mind, but there were convenient excuses such as doing it for the greater good or them not being guilty of it.

Worst case scenario, it'd just be awkward for a while, and nobody really got hurt, both of them were really good friends anyways, understanding and kind.

Toshinori seemed pretty nervous about it, but was fully conscious of the implications that Amensis made when offering to help 'filter' to accelerate Uraraka's recovery, not to mention that, as shady as she was, she was in no condition to really force them to do anything.

Nedzu on the other hand, seemed more concerned with exactly how it would work out, would Amensis just become sickly instead of Uraraka? Sponge up the toxins? The only reason her methods would be more effective than standard hemodialysis was her precise control over blood, even when it was technically inside someone else, something she didn't really like doing,
supposedly.

Blood and other fluid-based quirks were strange, some limited to creation or control, but rarely both, such was the case with young Ashido, since she could only create and alter acid, but not necessarily control it, Sekijiro on the other hand, only used the blood at hand (pun intended) and didn't really create more or alter it's properties.

Technically speaking, Bakugou too entered this category, since he created nitroglycerin and promptly detonated, but considering how volatile and sensitive nitrated compounds are, it was likely he didn't exactly 'control' the explosion as much as just aim it and let it happen.

"Now that I dealt with the bad case... I'm happy to see what I can do to help the rest of the heroes..."

And so, they entered the room opposite to Uraraka's, were Endeavor and Shoto were held.

The two men stared in silence, one in bleak, uninterested boredom and the other in disbelief, distaste and disgust.

As they all took a seat, Chiyo took each of the clipboards to read on their situations.

"I wasn't aware that your quirk worked quite like... That! I must say I'm very curious as to what you can do for everyone else"

Nedzu liked to understand, but most importantly, he liked to confirm his assumptions, he wasn't dumb, learning happened, but most of the time he knew how something could work, all he needed was an exact confirmation of it all.

"I too was shocked! It seems like such... A potent, valuable quirk, however, it is a bit... Personal perhaps? You mentioned that emotional attachment was a part of it... Considering it is similar to pregnancy... Do your hormones change too?"

Toshinori was honestly curious, but noticed that Akos grew a bit nervous and agitated as he spoke

"I apologize! I wasn't aware it was a touchy topic... Either way, thank you for your help, you've already done plenty without my nosy inquiries"

"Uhm.... It's fine! It's not too different to what I used to do at the pact... I just have to do it for the good guys this time...."

Akos started with glee, happy to be of use again, but it became evident that this bought back bad memories.

"...that is, if you want, I understand that even with good intentions in mind, it is hard to believe and much less trust a villain with these tasks"

Rougarl bought up, perhaps to make Akos feel better.

All in all, both Todoroki men had no idea what they were talking about, Shoto didn't want to know, and Enji wouldn't swallow his pride to ask.

Toshinori was getting plenty of messages from his students, he and Aizawa kept track of them through messages and calls, but only emergencies like this bought up this much activity.

"We don't know your motives, but so far all of you have done all you could to help, perhaps further
negotiation is in order to truly identify were we stand!"

Nedzu was fully aware that this was a special case, while villains sometimes gave anonymous leads and info to policemen and heroes, they rarely just turned themselves in just like that, and considering only Rougarl had displayed any sort of combat-capable quirk, this looked less like villains betraying each other and more like test subjects or prisoners escaping villains.

"Very true... Can't say I'm too scary or threatening like some of the people in the upper echelons..."

Rougarl gave a hearty chuckle, by far the most emotion from the old man so far, as he found her expression extremely funny.

"Right... Like the 'upper echelons'... Ha!"

Toshinori laughed too, but for a different reason altogether, he indeed had a hard time imagining the chubby woman as a villain, but the mention of higher categories interested him.

"Hrm, so the pact has... Tiers? Levels?"

"Kinda... We will happily explain everything! Or... What we last knew, nobody knows what has changed since we left"

This was indeed true, Scycliq made lots of predictions as to what would happen once they left, but none of them involved Amensis also jumping along, or whatever she was planning to do.

"Miss Uraraka didn't get a choice, however everyone else will, as much as I appreciate your willingness to help and recognize the usefulness of your quirk, I don't think everyone will be okay with an ex-pact helping them... Considering how bizarre and unorthodox the extent of your quirks are"

The tests said otherwise, but since they had clear evidence that every single member of the pact simply... Broke basic laws of biology and logic when it came to quirks, to suspect of side effects wasn't out of the question.

"Erm... It's true, I mean, hah... Phraulus always said 'the important part of a petri dish is the culture, not the agar!'..." She joked in a somewhat upbeat tone, expecting everyone to get the joke, only nedzu and Chiyo did, and even then they didn't really find it funny.

"If she could really sabotage or control the organs once they left her body, she would've done so to the members of the pact as we left"

Rou tried to clarify and reassure without delving into details, it did make sense, didn't it? If they used her for that exact reason, and she ran away for that same reason... It was indeed reassuring.

"Hrm, true... But even then, it's still very bold of us to ask for your wonderful abilities if they are not strictly needed! I'm sure there are other healing quirks that are more than enough to handle"

Shoto looked at his arm, it was indeed still missing... Not just a bad dream, his blood was poisoned too, but to a much, much lesser degree, since the compounds in Ghele's fluids were exponentially less concentrated and bio-soluble than Sulghera's crystalline spears, even with his long term exposure, he was doing better than even Bakugou, and he only got a few inches of exposure.

This made him realize just how bad Uraraka had gotten, but considering they were now at the hospital, he was certain things would improve from here.
He still felt the warmth, he didn't feel pain or touch, for he was obviously missing his hand, but he still felt the strange heat around the area, he swore he could move the fire between his fingers and make it dance, it was still there, everything else just wasn't.

It must be impossible to just cut a quirk away like this, even without a hand he could touch his flame.

"I-its not a big deal, honestly... I wouldn't offer if I wasn't willing to put in effort and energy to help... I'm not being forced... I'm not..."

Akos shook her head a few times, a bit... Uncomfortable as she made her way to the hospital beds.

"I-i won't even need... To do THAT much in this case too! Uhm... Again, I'm more concerned about how stupid my limitations are, rather than the repercussions of my quirk on myself... I mean... Nobody likes drinking my milk and it's awkward... So... That's usually the problem!"

The mention of breastmilk was deeply confusing to Enji and Shoto, but Akos shook her head again.

"Whatever, w-what I'm here to say i that, I could potentially help recover your missing limbs! I-if you're okay with a spooookooky villain helping, that is!"

She was joking, of course, but there was something else there, between words and tones.

"If not, there are cutting-edge prosthetics, both cosmetic and functional... With help from the support department, they should be able to function just as the real thing!"

Chiyo bought up, medicine and technology may have not advanced an absurd amount with the introduction of quirks, but what truly happened was ease of access: expensive treatments became more accessible and low-success operations became more reliable, so technology that was in development not only came fast, but also came for everyone everywhere that needed it.

Nedzu knew this too, for many heroes used internal and external aides to complement their bodies, it wasn't too far off from the basis behind hero costumes, and considering endeavor was the current top hero, tons of laboratories and companies would offer to supply him and his son with appropriate prosthetics and the like.

That is, if they didn't mind the bad rep that endeavor deservedly got.

"T-that is very true, I suppose machinery is more sturdy and reliable than just giving you and your father a new arm and leg... I was just eager to be of use, to help... Both of you"

Akos smiled warmly to the todoroki men, she was creepily endearing, but mostly just... Strange, seemingly eager to contribute an actual pound of flesh to them.

"But the decision is yours, and ultimately, our only motive in assuring your combat capabilities and wellbeing is because Cliq requires and hopes for your assistance"

"It may seem... Stupid or risky, but with my quirk, I can nearly guarantee that everyone will be up and running in less than a week! How do you think the pact managed to consistently overcome eachother? I mean... Me and the knights did most of the job..."

Her voice trailed off, gradually becoming a whisper as she realized everyone else in the room probably didn't know what she was talking about.

"We don't doubt your capabilities, I'll take the opportunity myself, Shoto can decide on his own"
Endeavor finally spoke up, even if it was indeed risky, it wasn't like he had too much of a choice, worst case scenario, he would just cut and burn it off and get some of those fancy bionic limbs.

It sounded good in his head, as much as he would rather avoid relatively experimental treatment from a relatively experimental being who also happened to have been a villain at some point.

Everyone in the room had different reasons to question or agree with his decision, but it was better to decide than to not to when one's physical condition was pretty much all that mattered, once he could walk he would just apologize and continue doing his work, the numbers would speak first, regardless of how many people hated him or not.

"You know, if you always worry so much about the surgery, I could always just... Teach you how to do it, would that make it feel safer?"

"I'm not worried about the procedure, and you know this"

"You are a terrible liar, I'm fully aware"

With a loud crunch from the table a few feet from Tachiel, Sulghera began to chew on a small metal canister

"Morbid curiosity? You get to see him naked anyways, maybe bare skin isn't enough?"

Servanda rolled her eyes, Phraulus was just closing up Tachiel with thick, shiny metal staples.

"You're just causing yourself needless stress, it does terrible things to the mind"

"For once, I have more pressing concerns than just watching my beloved by cut open by a humpback"

Phraulus laughed as he twisted a valve on his suit, plastic tubes connected him to the main machine between Tachiel and Sulghera, the 'antidote' to the thing keeping him unconscious.

Slowly, tachiel woke up, to the slight whir and blinding light of the lamps in the theater, he was still wearing the first layer of his suit, covering his face and upper body.

Unlike normal anesthesia, whatever Phraulus used this time, made him feel particularly like shit, he was conscious, he was awake, he could experience reality with every sense and to the full extent of his brainpower.

And that was a problem, because all the lights hurt, all the sound drilled at his brain, and he could taste and smell the disgusting mixture of chemicals and stale bodily fluids.

He sat up on the table, the motion put some strain on the flesh and skin being held by metal, it hurt for sure, and it would probably result in his guts spilling out if he made any effort, but he knew very well it wouldn't happen

Just a few minutes ago, he was cut open and tinkered with, and boy could he feel it, all the extra bits and inorganic matter, foreign yet also a part of him, it just made his overall sensation worse.
Even then, nobody could argue with the results, even with little to no recovery time, he was conscious.

He looked to each side of him, Servanda smiling warmly to him, carrying a small clipboard and sporting her usual glasses, Phraulus seemed to be reading the levels and gauges on his suit and the machine that he was hooked up to.

He saw the gargantuan Sulghera, who was... Eating things, and was still cut open fully, reddish brown fumes of bromine flew from her open thoracic cavity, enshrouding her organs that were simply unrecognizable from standard human anatomy, with minuscule yet multiple lungs, and many extra organs leading to her stomach.

"Please, tell me you didn't-"

"Of course not, but I must say... Miss Sulghera has made amazing leaps in development, the organs she makes can survive for weeks on their own, I'm sure she will be able to fully replace Morituros soon"

Sulghera sneered as she kept eating, this time what seemed to be... Dead lab animals, plopping small mice into her mouth like grapes.

"Plus she can eat basically anything now, unlike her previous diet... She really is the epitome of the adaptability of knights"

While Tachiel was happy and proud of the progress of a fellow agent, his musings and Phraulus' ramblings were interrupted by Servanda, who cleared her throat and began to read from her clipboard.

"You already know that Phraulus and Sulghera are here and ready... So..."

"Sorvune and Kyanne are both in position and ready, Ileana and Balkrupt are also in position and awaiting orders... Jahanim finished the tasks given by Wyveel, Thallos is nearly finished, so they too will be available and ready"

She started with the good boys, those who obeyed and played by the rules, she then flipped the page over the clipboard.

"DM as... always, hasn't reported back nor kept me updated of his whereabouts, other than his show... Eiryx is hasn't precisely reported back either, likely still recovering from her last outing... Vindser is still at base, but he insists he can get in position quickly and undetected... Which Is likely true."

Troublemakers, those who technically didn't break ant rules, and thus still benefited from the pact's vow.

"Raz'har is still maintaining our weapons, navigation and life support systems at full capacity, and GwLYDos has sabotaged most attempts at locating us, but we've had to stay moving to avoid detection... we still have potential for about 3 more jumps without another resupply"

Then, the two in charge of making sure the international armies and other government agencies didn't nuke or drone-strike their faces off.

She skipped over a lot of details, exact times, locations and measurements, she worried about those things, but Tachiel absolutely despised the fine bits and pieces of information, so she did him the favor to make the report as brief as possible, to inform him but still get to the information he really
wanted to hear as fast as possible.

"Adavina and Vertiox should be ready and awake in approximately 7 months, but if our current operations succeed, we will gather enough mass, logic and energy to reduce the period to a couple weeks."

Servanda gulped and cleared her throat again, she hated to disappoint Tachiel, not because her brother and partner was a violent man, but because she despised the look of pain and sorrow he would give.

"As for Noranome, we are still uncertain..."

And sadly, she instantly heard and felt the gut-wrenching wince and tension coming from her beloved.

"But I've gathered information that might help with her recovery, namely... Three or four subjects... The current wielders of the Q4F 'one for all' and K4F 'all for one' lineages... as well as the anomaly GwLYDos detected, which we suspect is related to Q3T 'D' and K3T 'Killing time'... One or more powerful spacetime-event quirks"

Servanda coughed again, sweat forming on her brow and temples, Tachiel seemingly less heartbroken thanks to the new information.

"Is the source of this information... DM by any chance?"

She nodded, clearly a bit... Tense, still afraid to sink his mood any deeper "He even provided physical and mental details for said subjects... Whether we prioritize their capture and assimilation over recapture of Akos and Rougarl, is still... Unclear, not to mention we still need to eliminate the... Evidence"

"If Scycliq was the traitor... And DM isn't working with him, I suppose his claims are to be believed after being verified by you and GwLYDos"

Phraulus chimed in, noticing how indecisive Tachiel seemed to be, he wasn't the Mastermind he wished to be, he was just passionate and clever, but not exactly... Skilled with decision-making, his older and younger brothers always offered council.

One of them dead, and the other against him, he could use all the encouragement and guidance.

"If that anomaly was caused by a quirk, we then have three or four more potential subjects to exploit, at least one of which is already directly connected to Adavina and Vertiox... And two other whose names, quirks and locations we are fully informed on"

Servanda re-read a few lines on her clipboard, spacetime-event quirks were extremely rare, and they had been forever rare, even before Vertiox and Adavina consumed and devoured any they could find.

She didn't exactly know how these things worked, she kept tabs on people and managed the flow of resources and people, but the intricacies and science behind it all, was better left for Tachiel, Phraulus -and before they defected- Scycliq and Akos.

"So there's two intact primordial lineages running around... And we found a bloodline that is related to our dear Adavina and valiant Vertiox? So much to do... So much fuel to consume and so many courses to plot"
Tachiel ran a gloved hand over his still fresh, somewhat... Leaky wound, then over his mask, inadvertently leaving blood on his metal helm, dragging the stain with his gloved fingertips.

"Even with his best efforts to sabotage and undermine us, my little brother barely put a dent... We are so close to perfection... Even with this unexpected hitch, the truth remains true: our prophecy will be fulfilled, with or without the prophet"

Servanda gulped, as did Phraulus, however the scene seemed quite funny to Sulghera, who sat up on the bed and held her insides in with both arms, her skin stitching and weaving itself over the exposed organs as she kept them inside, laughing softly.

"I'm going to go outside, practice a bit... still can... Improve... Any orders?"

While the 'conception' of 'sulghera' was a mistake caused by a misunderstood order in a misguided mission, he could always appreciate obedience.

"I'll tell GwLYDtos to spread the word soon, but we will be leaving these dark depths soon... After Sorvune, Kyanne and Vindsor bring Fundament to the skies, we shall hunt them down"

Tachiel looked over to the pictures, a boy with a bright smile and freckles, with a picture of a scrawny blonde behind him, and a bunch of pictures of what appeared to be the same man across many ages and situations, pinned under two folders.

Sulghera left with his guts still hanging out for the most part, not that it was a problem, but she recognized them, as she left, Tachiel stood up and stretched.

"I would advise against strain... Infections and granulomas are a real risk..."

"I can only get sick when you want me to"

"All the more reason to listen to his advice, Tachy"

Phraulus huffed as he made his way back to the lab area of his room, while Tachiel was embraced by Servanda, a tight hug.. despite the foreign objects in his stomach and the stench of chemicals on him, she still clung to him dearly.

"Let's make things right... Once more, it's what mother would've wanted"

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After the door closed, silence fell like a thick, dense cloud around them, tense and simply awkward, it remained this way for a while, Izuku kept nervously shifting his gaze from Uraraka to his hands, to the machine, to Amensis and back to his classmate.

"S-so... What did nedzu mean?"

He finally mustered the courage to ask.

"I uh... I was hoping you two would just keep going without noticing me, but uh... That's hard, right?"
It was a honest question, she didn't know if it would work and they didn't know what was supposed to be working or not.

"You see, I can... Well, I'm already doing so... I can use density differentials to filter through cutieface's blood through osmosis... Drag the contaminants out... And into me... If that makes sense?"

Amensis giggled a bit as Uraraka stared at her in disbelief, with a mild hint of confusion, Izuku did understand what she meant, but the details and intricacies escaped him.

"Would'n't that just poison you instead?"

"Maybe, but uh... Isn't she way more important to you?"

Amensis' comment got the expected and desired response from Izuku, warmth creeping into his cheeks, blushing.

"But I'm pretty slow, considering I wasted tons of energy keeping myself alive... So if you two want to make it go faster, uh..."

Amensis tried to shrug, only to be reminded that her arms were tied down, tethered to the machines and then to Uraraka.

"You're gonna have to provide some... Inspiration! Yeah, that makes sense, that's the right word, yeah?"

Uraraka wasn't sure what and how a lot of the recent events had happened, but considering what she saw and heard, her situation was just as bad as it felt and then some, to think one could simply pass it to someone else was... Impressive? Awe-inspiring? Scary? It was something she didn't wish upon anyone, but yet she really wanted to be rid of this awful sensation, of chains and barbed wire flowing through her veins, shackling her to this bed... It was the heaviest her body had ever felt in her whole life.

"Uhm... Urakara? Right? Japanese names... Confuse me, but uh... I saved you for a good reason, mostly because I could"

She smiled at her.

"I wanted to get stabbed, and I assumed you didn't... But i also felt you regretted something, your blood ran cold, there was something you wanted to say, to do..."

"It's.... Uraraka, and I'm... Not sure I follow!"

Her voice was a bit raspy, Izuku felt a knot in his gut as she spoke, again... She didn't deserve this, she was meant to float and smile and be free, not bedridden thanks to some spiteful, personal grudge held by a villain.

"Okay, well... Uraraka, the original plan was to have Izuku cut, stab and punch me around until my heart rate and motivation got to good levels... But considering how I'm mostly scabs right now, that wouldn't work"

She looked at Izuku, and giggled a bit, to thick the green haired boy simply gulped, would he be able to hurt someone if it meant injury and suffering would improve Uraraka's condition? To cure her by hurting someone else?
"And the other option was me to watch some of your classmates make out, but birdboy and froppy said their kissing technique was private and... The rest didn't feel intimate enough, a shame really"

To that, both Uraraka and Izuku blushed, still and shocked like a deer caught in headlights.

"I mean... I know kisses and other things are less restricted when you are part of a cult of excess and pleasure, but I'd think heroes around my age would be just as hormonal. I mean have you seen how ripped some guys are? Or the curves on the girls? I don't get it, you guys even have dorms! What is wrong with today's youth!"

She was perverted, like Mineta, but she held some form of... Respect to the act itself, unlike Mineta.

"I suppose there's no reason to indulge when you have other things to do... But my point is, uh... You two are a couple, yeah? The medical papers said that, I think that's what it meant..."

Uraraka felt a storm of embarrassment swell within her, she did write him down as her boyfriend/significant other while she was registered into the hospital, but she didn't expect anyone but Izuku to find out, honestly it was all a daze and she hoped it was just a weird, somewhat bad dream.

"I-Izuku, uhm... I just thought that it'd be good for you to have more access through the hospital, it doesn't mean anything else, really..."

Izuku simply blushed and looked down at Uraraka's hand, which he was loosely holding, words came up to his throat but refused to be spoken, clearly debating whether they were worth speaking, considering the situation he could potentially make things worse, while Uraraka was indeed one of if not the his best friend and one of the classmates he respected the most, he saw and recognized and theorized all the potential she had as a hero, woman and student... Her noble if simple motivation to support her parents, her constant positivity that simply brightened and motivated those around her, her characteristic hair, which framed her face and eyes wonderfully, her figure and performance as a hero... Her occasionally energetic encouragement of competition for the sake of improvement, she was an engine that drove others forward, particularly him in the times he needed it the most... To jeopardize the feelings of someone he held at this stance and distance, what if she didn't feel something for him? Or if those feelings where exclusively platonic, exclusively physical or exclusively driven by hormones and pressure from the environment? It wasn't that he didn't want or like her, it was whether it was the right type of like, and the type that Uraraka wanted and deserved...

Those words came out on their own, as per the Izuku standard, when words have more weight, influence and meaning than the ones he gave them, they would just leak out. He didn't exactly realize it however, and with nothing to break his trance, he kept going with the processing power only Izuku had.

Uraraka simply... Watched in awe, those words felt warm, and they rung true in her ears, mumbling Izuku didn't lie, or care about the consequences, even if they were the topic at hand.

She simply put one hand up to her mouth to hold in a gasp of endearment and let him keep going.

This was unexpectedly effective, was this what love was supposed to be like? Or was it still some form of admiration? Adoration? Worship? Respect? Amensis knew not what it was like to love, for she wasn't capable of feeling the lack of it, how could someone made out of unrequited lovers and heartbroken romantics be capable of love?
She hated to break the silence, so she didn't, simply taking in the scene as best as she could... Her heart raced, loud and strong, even if all she could do was to experience it through others, she craved it all.

And so, her heart, which was, by the sound of it, larger than expected for her size, began to pump and process, focusing on the task at hand.

Uraraka heard this, and she too could feel it, the blood in her veins moved... Differently, not faster or slower, but at a rhythm that felt more... Adequate, the stinging barbs inside her arteries began to dull.

But most of her focus was still on Izuku, who for once began to run out of things to talk about, how would he affect her desire to monetarily aid her parents? Would he ever meet them? That would be a logical step only if both of them liked each other and established a mid-long term relationship...

"I-i would like ya to meet my parents even... Even if we don't date for that long... Or even if we don't date, my dad saw you in TV too..."

Izuku facepalmed and curled into himself slightly, withdrawing his hand from Uraraka's, this was possibly the most embarrassed a human being could be, unless they had some sort of embarrassment quirk, or so he thought.

Was this really how he would confess to the first girl that he had a crush on? Who also maybe returned the sentiment? Was this some sort of curse? Maybe he did have a quirk after all.

"S-so uh... I guess it's my turn now?"

Uraraka rose her hand and brought it to Izuku's wrists, gently trying to pry his hands off his face.

"Izukkun... I-i think, well, I've thought for a while that I like ya... Uhm... Like a lot, I'm not exactly sure why... but it feels nice, a-and I want to know, I just... I didn't think it would be good for you to have to deal with... Well, me!"

Slowly, she did manage to pry his hands off of his face, holding both of them between hers.

"Y-your hands are so rugged, so.. firm and strong, compared to mine... Well, mine are a bit... Dainty, aren't they?"

Izuku nodded slightly

"I-i want you to not be the only one who has to fight this hard, and i want you to be able to relax and enjoy things as much as I do..."

She ran one of her soft fingertips along one of the calloused, scarred lines in the back of his hand.

"I-i know I'll probably never stop you from trying to save others... And that you have so much inside your head and whatnot... But that's why I want to be with you so I can help and understand... Uhm... I know I'm a bit too pushy sometimes! B-but it's just how I am!..."

This was like some sort of modern age fairy tale, just like the ones Eiryx and Adavina used to tell to the younglings in the pact.

A humble but hardworking peasant girl with the beauty of a princess... And a knight who speaks in acts of Justice and battered armor.
Well, it probably wasn't like that, but Amensis liked thinking about it like that, rabidly running
ideas, scenarios and situations through her mind... She didn't know these two enough, but they
clearly knew eachother, and they liked what they saw

The atmosphere was utterly ruined as loud gagging and coughing sounds came from Amensis, who
recoiled and choked pretty violently, specks of blackened blood splashing down her robe, looking
like ground coffee.

With one last scream and retch, she coughed up a sizeable chunk of bloodied... Rock? A solid,
heavy piece of sharp crystals, easily the size of a tennis ball, which explained the violent coughing
when going through her tiny neck, kind of like a cat and a really big hairball.

Amensis looked at the two lovers and cleared her throat.

"S-sorry about that, uh... I couldn't hold it in, but please go on, you two are doing great"

The bloodied piece of yellowish halide was over half of what she had 'extracted' from Uraraka, and
she could taste the anger in it, the intention to poison and kill, to infiltrate and consume the life of a
young heroine... A very special, trademark kind of hate that Ghele held towards 'weak' women, but
there were also te taste of disdain and sadism from Felhid and Mori... A taste she knew too well.

Just what did she miss by staying back? Ah it did not matter, what mattered was that the mildly
spooked lovebirds kept nervously talking.

"S-so... Uh... Izuku... If you promise to not let it affect your studies... Or mine, and you promise to
not... Uhm... Feel too bad about my..."

Uraraka probably meant her economic situation, or was it perhaps her occasionally competitive
demeanor? Her tendency to fight? Maybe she just felt... Some kind of inadequacy.

"Uraraka, I don't think there's anything you could say that would make me change my mind: I like
you"

He didn't usually show it, but when his mind was set, Izuku Midoriya had enough determination
and passion to., well, change the future, the sudden change of tone took her off guard, making her
heart skip a beat...

The worst part is that this Izuku was incredibly attractive too.

Uraraka shook her head and began to shed tears of joy.

"I-i can't believe this is happening... I-it just feels so.. perfect, Izuku..."

"Uraraka, w-want to go out with me? A couple? Is that what we would be?"

Uraraka nodded some more, she was about to ask the same, figuring she would have to take the
initiative.

"W-who cares! I-i just want you... So much"
"W-well I worried about the terminology in case I ever wanted to talk to you in any particular way... Or with others...-" Izuku choked back a gasp "s-should we tell the others? Or uh.. keep it secret?"

"Again.. who cares! Whatever they say and think... I'm sure we can handle it"

The two came close into a tight hug, without really noticing it, Uraraka felt lighter, livelier, as if Izuku had carried and lifted her above the clouds.

"Cuties, is what you two are"

Amensis spat out another stone, much smaller "I think that's all... I don't feel anything else out of the norm..." Besides a surge in oxytocin, types of estrogen and dopamine, but she was certain that Akos was to blame for most of that.

Izuku had something else to fight for, someone else to help forge a better world, someone to enjoy said world along him.

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**Oh dear brother, it is so terribly cold.**

_This cold doesn't go away, no matter how much I sleep, no matter how much I eat, no matter how much I reach out to the lights in my dream, the cold is always with me, this cold that clings to me like I once clung to you._

_Everyone says you ran away scared of me, of what I could become for you, for us... For what I would have done, all of those things I can no longer do, ever, because you are gone._

_Was this your plan? Your idea? To just... Leave me behind? With this cold instead of warmth? Who did you leave me for, dear brother? I cannot see, I cannot hear, I cannot... Feel._

_Did you always plan to do this? From the day we were born? Did you always plan to abandon me with the cold?_  

_Tachiel tells me of the outside world, he uses so many words, some are pretty and some are ugly, but when I dream them, they are all the same: perfect, and then my perfection takes shape._

_Everyone was always jealous of me, or so you told me... Dear brother, did you lie to me? They seem grateful of my gifts, not jealous..._  

_You told me the world outside wasn't like this, not like Tachiel describes it._

_Was that a lie too? Dear brother... I trust you with all my heart, but I cannot tell who is telling the truth._

_If only I could focus and think... But this cold Is incessantly gnawing at me..._

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**Chapter End Notes**

This chapter was meant to include a bit or two with the league of villains, but I kinda...
Wanted to let the situation stew and simmer in its own juices for a while longer.

Notably, two other major plot points are coming up, whether Shouto chooses to have a synthetic replacement or one made by Akos, same for helping the teachers recover, do they accept the offer?

The second one is far more important/impactful: do the heroes (and villains!) do the thing that Cliq and Co. Say they should, or do they deal with the pact as they know how to?

Whatever combination of choices has the most votes will obviously be used, but it's worth while mentioning that I already have planned things that will happen if any combination happens, so uh... Yeah.
I dislike you.

Chapter Summary

All might as a hero, as an icon and as a symbol, was more than just the sum of those roles, he was a threat, a warning, a big 'stop' sign with an incredibly powerful fist holding it up.

Inevitably, that inspired people to be a similar motivator and deterrent, just not towards villains.

Some asshole, however, thought that being the exact opposite would be a good idea.

Chapter Notes

Deeply unsure wether I'll be able to ever have a constant schedule since I just write whenever I manage to actually make sense of the ideas that come to mind when it comes to piecing my plot together.

Basically, I have a really big frame with plenty of detail but no real meat in it.

I really need to get better at writing positive emotions, I really don't get enough first-hand experience, enough about me though, let's talk about you.

Wether you've commented or not, wether you follow this or not, I appreciate you, because I type a lot of words and the fact that you took the time to read and potentially enjoy them, is not only flattering, but encouraging.

"you know, Kyakya and Vinvin are gonna get us out of here soon"

Jahanim sat on what appeared to be the edge of a plataform over a deep, dark pit, judging by the metallic interiors of the room she was in, it was likely a bay of sorts, many barrels and boxes stowed away. There was little light in the room, most things kept lit up by the reflected light from the hallway leading to it.

The thin, spindly strands that composed her body had compacted and solidified, each fragment taking their place, making her look far, far more normal and with less fraying in her self, not unlike when glass breaks and some shards fall out.

"Good, I miss stretching my wings...."

A deep, booming voice came back from the depths of the pit, she sat on the edge of it, occasionally kicking her legs about.

"Veevee wants you to carry all of this stuff when we get to the surface though... I guess Vindsor can't carry it all at once"
The voice didn't reply, grunts and shifting could be heard as the walls of the pit began to crawl and... Move, seemingly coated by a slimy green goop, which had a texture resembling moss.

In all honesty, Thallos was jealous, Vindsor could reach the heavens and each location so much faster, he would get to stretch his wings first, but all in all, it didn't matter much.

In the strict sense of things, he would achieve a similar if not superior amount of wing stretching in the same time due to the immense advantage he had in surface area.

"You know, if you didn't try to hurt yourself so often, they wouldn't chain you up so much"

It was true, he couldn't move beyond breathing and speaking, he couldn't even starve himself to death, moisture was plentiful and Servanda often ordered someone to force-feed him.

"It's not me, it's just trying... To break loose of this skin... It's weighing me down..."

Jahanim laughed, which made her... Lips fray and crack, splitting into shards which expanded outwards as she did, returning to 'normal' afterwards.

"Lucky you, having skin!"

She picked and scraped away at the metal floor, the sheets growing... Rusty as she did so, around the area of contact.

"Anyways... Besides Wyveel's delivery... We don't really have much else to do... I should get Sulghera to come visit you, you haven't seen her, right?"

He had heard plenty of the 'new' member, but hadn't gotten to see her firsthand.

"She's pretty big, and hairy, and she reeks weird, not as big and ugly as you tho"

The deep pit kept... Shifting, the moss along the walls kept growing, reaching a certain mass and then falling down onto the pit.

"She really likes to eat things, I think you two would get along just great!"

As the constant flow of moss and gunk reached a certain height, it began to seemingly coordinate and direct towards jahanim, forming a small circle of slimy... Algae around her, which began to glow gently.

She placed her hand on the thick bit of vegetation, stroking it somewhat.

"I miss you too, silly..."

Before the incident with the traitors, she probably would've taken her chances and try to free him, but Servanda had little patience left for insubordination as it stood.

"DM and his uh... Cast are heading out soon right?"

She spoke while turning to her side, her head turning with less restrictions than expected.

"Yeah, we meeting with the uh... Idiots I talked about last show"

Wyveel mentioned absentmindedly while polishing a long metal piece clamped to a workbench.

"Good.... Luck?" Jahanim mentioned while standing up and making her way to the workbench,
inspecting whatever Wyveel was working on, to which the blonde man reacted very adversely, swatting her away like a fly.

"Luck ain't helping me, sadly, can't say I don't appreciate the intent though, sticks"

Jahanim chuckled bitterly at her usual nickname.

"Being scary and ugly doesn't come natural to all of us, so I have to compensate"

Yet again, another comment laced with the intent to offend, this time to both jahanim and Thallos.

"C'mon ya freaks, stop getting your panties in a bunch, fucking own it"

Jahanim chuckled nervously as she turned her index finger into a rather sharp, long needle and stabbed Wyveel in the shoulder, quickly punching through his skin and retracting the elongated nail, this 'playful poke' made him recoil visibly.

"What the fuck! You asshole!"

"Oops! Sorry boss~"

A mild grunt of approval came from the deep pit that by now was overflowing with algae along the rim and walls.

"Whatever, I'll get patched out before leaving... Don't you fucking dare touch my shit!"

The shit in question were firearms, about 6 bolt-action rifles stripped down to components and fairly skeletonized furniture, making them look... Unusable, considering they didn't even have handles, stocks or triggers, much less sights.

"And you better write a nice apology letter or I shoot your face off until you stop growing another one"

Jahanim knew his threats were mostly empty: he would have to use non-metallic projectiles to harm her, something his pride would not allow.

"Anyways... I'm sure Kyanne and Vindsor will put a good show while digging us out of his literal abyss, so enjoy it while you can, freaks"

He headed out of the storage room, back into the hallway to patch up his arm, the wound was minuscule, barely a red dot, but his entire arm was numb and limp, it felt cold and... Tender, kind of how it felt when you pinch a nerve and it went to sleep, pins and needles.

Her quirk was such a nuisance.

After a while of navigating the ample halls of fundament, he arrived to Phraulus' lab, as he entered, he noticed the melted-down door...

"What's up, booger face"

Both of the occupants of the lab ignored him, Phraulus was on a small raised plataform to reach up to Sulghera, who was seemingly being fitted with a metallic breastplate... Matching with gauntlets, boots and pants, they looked heavy and obviously incorporated technology to help her with the constant energy and emissions of her quirk, they also exposed plenty of skin, midriff, legs and arms...
"I didn't know you could grow armpit hair, congrats, you're even grosser now"

Sulghera responded with a sigh.

"Considering they are very thin iodine fibers like most of her body hair... We could use them, or they could also just sublimate away..."

Truth be told Sulghera just hadn't paid attention to the fine details in this human form of hers.

"Whatever, I'm sure it's more comfortable to just be at natural, it's not like you're trying to swoon people anyways"

This was true.

"Jaha poked me, do we have any...

"Mercaptans? No, you're just gonna have to deal with it... I would make some, but the effects will be over by the time I'm done"

He finished wiring the metallic pipes from her gauntlets to her breastplate, as well as riveting the plates and covers to her bones, notably she didn't even react as the bolts tightened and pierced her body.

"Fuck! How the hell am I supposed to threaten people with a lousy arm!"

Phraulus laughed "I don't know, maybe that'll give you an excuse to actually care about recapturing my assistants"

"Last time I checked, you were the assistant"

This was true

"Excuse you, the title was 'chief of development and execution'"

Sulghera looked back and forth as they argued, getting a feel for her suit... Some parts of it could come off for use when stealth was a must, or if she ever felt like using normal clothes, if she ever needed to 'transform' she could just... Grow out of the suit, and when it came to reform, she could just grow into it, kind of like how trees can grow around objects and embed them into themselves.

"At any rate, recovering Akos will exponentially increase our potential to create reagents and substances... Not to mention, it's not my fault you so frequently get poisoned by your own stupidity!"

Wyveel was looking quite upset, as per usual, both of his fists would be clenching if he could.

"Sh-shut up, you cyclops midget, I have a reputation to keep"

Sulghera chuckled, everyone went through trouble keeping themselves healthy and sane... Considering some of them quite literally went through a second puberty when reforming, resuscitating, coalescing or converging.

"Worried that miss Sulghera will know how much you screw up when making alloys? We wouldn't want her knowing about your near-constant lead poisoning and metal-induced psychosis?"

It was at this point that Wyveel's phone rang, which he quickly took out and checked.
"Shit, DM wants us to head out already"

"How terribly convenient, either way... Your suit should be ready and functional, try not to scratch it"

She stood up, and with one gloved hand, picked up Wyveel by the waist, carrying him over her shoulder quite easily and swiftly.

"Thank you..."

"Fuck off! Put me down you... Uh... Just fucking put me down"

She made her way out of the gate and back to the main hub, using her hand to cover Wyveel's mouth and shut him up.

They had some negotiations to make, with tons of good and bad people.

---

"Ehem... I must apologize... But are all the badges necessary? I understand the cameras and recorders... But I get nervous around officials"

Scycliq tugged at the neck of his shirt, he was a mess... Sweating, pale-faced and quite fidgety, shaking and fumbling- Rougarl insisted this was normal for him, and while he wanted to be in the room with him, it just wasn't possible.

"Oh... Okay, well... I suppose it is important... So uh... Feel free to ask away"

He had been taken away into custody... Military and government agents had to intervene and retrieve information, they had been informed of the situation after things got out of hand for the police and heroes with low clearance.

Toshinori was invited, as was nedzu and Naomasa... Endeavor would be put up to date once information went through filters and whatever else was considered appropriate for lower-clearance personnel would eventually reach them.

And so, considering Akos had to deal with helping the injured heroes and they didn't trust Rougarl to be in the room, he found himself in quite the awkward situation.

The questions posed to him ranged from trivial and quite vague to important points: what was the pact even? Most people only found out from their online activity, and after the attack, for their zealous threats.

"Well... In truth, it's kind of... Like a religion... Or a cult, not really organized or strictly managed, despite the best efforts of a certain woman, they all worship themselves and their ideals... Or the ideals of a fellow member or higher, to think of them as a rabid bunch of misguided fans or egocentric maniacs, is not too far off... Their ideals often clash, which ends in them fighting each other... Or in my case, leaving the organization"

He wasn't exactly the most 'evil' or 'villainous' looking individual.
Next up, the officers inquired as to what made them special or unique when compared to most other villainous organizations, why did their have -or think they had- the power to wage war?

"I uhm.. well, this bit is hard to believe, but every single one of the members of the pact, past, present and future... Me included, obviously, could and should be considered as some sort of... Undead, the human consciousness inside most if not all of us died at some point... And we were reanimated due to our... Vows, the pact itself, and well... What keeps us going is not the human who was born with the face that you are looking at right now"

He breathed deeply, trying to stay calm, something he knew he could do.

"Our own quirks, they are often sentient and influential enough to manipulate us if not completely take over our bodies and identities... Sometimes partially, the two 'personalities' remain intact, sometimes they merge... Sometimes they fight... Sometimes one just dominates and slays the other... A good example are my companions... They take over dead bodies.."

He once again tried to ventilate through his neck.

"Rougarl takes over dead bodies and fossilizes them... Akos infiltrates bodies of sick women and takes over them, personally... I uh, well, I'm still here, I just have someone else in here with me"

He tapped his temple twice, shaking his head a few times.

"As a matter of fact, I have a terrible headache just from attempting to communicate this to all of you, he likes secrecy and is telling me that only... Only a select few should know this"

He closed his eyes, shutting them quite thoroughly, but kept talking.

"Now, I'm sure this must sound incredibly hard to believe... Which is kind of why it got out of hand, nobody inside the pact, or when it began to form, thought it was possible for quirks to gain sentience and even power over their hosts! It uh... It's not a common occurrence, as a matter of fact not every quirk-wielding human has or can have one... It's very limited and requires intervention of the leadership of the pact to... 'awaken' the voice and sentience of them"

He shrugged a bit.

"That's exactly what my research was, and well... I was dragged into this mess... I ended up discovering that some quirks can absorb genetic code and grow, while others can be passed down from host to host, achieving greater strength as it's passed... There are a grand total of 8 of these... Strains, according to my theorized model, at least 4 of them are within the pact... all members of the pact have at least a figment or shard of said strain, and plan to complete them, this of course... Means finding more strong or peculiar quirks and individuals to... assimilate them"

This was quite the leap, specially for the technocratic officers and other skeptics in the room, however, to a few amongst them, it was an awfully familiar description.

Next up, was a question from a rather... Scary looking military officer, judging by his badges, he was likely a general...

"Since they just issued a war declaration towards the rather vague 'humanity' what can we expect in terms of forces?"

Scycliq bought a hand to his chin... He was probably one of the youngest in the room, yet despite his smooth skin and youthful disposition, he had terribly grayed hair, clearly induced by stress.
"About two months ago, we were... About 30, however, uh... One of the main ways to obtain power is to simply... Consume whoever has a similar quirk, thus... Our numbers were constantly fluctuating as some branches constantly devoured eachother... Before Morituros joined us, most of this was done with dead bodies that we recovered from society... Grave robbing, we didn't want to be found, nor inflict unnecessary distress to civilization"

He turned around to a large whiteboard he was given to explain or write down data, he drew a large circle and divided it in 6, with 4 of the segments being larger, than the rest, and connected to each part of the circle, he drew a diamond-shaped petal, in turn he divided each petal in 4.

He drew a big, cartoony flower.

The bottom two sections and their respective petals were filled in with green marker, while he also filled in one of the center sections and one section of each petal with blue.

"This is uhm.. a crude representation of the pact..."

He drew small symbols inside each petal, a snowflake, a sandglass, a line of binary, a few test tubes... Lots of poorly drawn icons, even within the filled in areas.

"As we consumed, reproduced and transferred ourselves between eachother and uh... Victims from the outside world, most of us eventually reached a peak, a point were we could no longer amass more power through conventional means, or so my theorem stated... Something that, so far has been frighteningly accurate, so i apologize for the constant citation"

He pointed to the bottom, greened-out petals.

"These members have been completely consumed and integrated into a single individual, who is incapable of function, they are simply not a problem... Because they cannot do much else but just exist, basically resulting in a 'completed' but useless being"

He then moved to the six sections of circle, one of which was blued out.

"These are the... Leaders of the pact, not necesarily the strongest... But the ones who have the most authority"

He began with the two smallest portions

He wrote 'tachiel' under a model atom and 'me' in the other, which had the depiction of a book.

He then moved to the portions opposite to Tachiel and to himself: 'noranome' under an egg-shaped icon, and 'servanda' under a sword and scale.

The last two sectors were circled with red: 'Vertiox' under a hourglass and 'Adavina' under a Mobius loop.

He then continued to list out the remaining members: 'Wyveel' under a handgun, 'Phraulus' under an Erlenmeyer flask, 'Thallos' under a toadstool mushroom and 'Jahanim' under a needle and string.

"These are the harbingers, they are supposed to manufacture and supply for the pact and it's supporters... Tachiel loves eerie titles and names... He drew great inspiration from old mythology and the like, so some of these may sound cheesy..."

He then circled Thallos in blue "notably, some members of the pact do not obey Tachiel, he nearly joined me, but his sheer size made it impossible to escape along me... He is unique in that he is
made of over 400 individual beings, all of which still have influence and perception of what they became... Some members of the pact just want to die, and Servanda won't let us, but I doubt Thallos will be a concern, I'm certain he will not be aggressive"

He then moved over to the opposite petal, he had drawn a bone, a steak, a bleeding heart and what seemed to be... An energy drink?

"These were the members who attacked us, the knights... They were solely responsible for the proliferation of the pact, the ability to generate and regenerate human tissue, neuroconductors, hormones and other biomolecules to constantly replenish any damage amongst us... Well, that was their job, they coalesced into a single being as they left, unknown name, however... Miss Amensis not only escaped coalescence but also opted to stay with us, wether he is trustworthy or not, is unknown"

She circled her name in purple

"Although I suppose that could be said for me and my companions too, right?"

A simple self deprecating joke.

"Next up... The upper echelons"

He began by writing the names 'vindsor' 'sorvune' 'kyanne' and 'rougarl' under the icons of a tornado, a volcano, a snowflake and a Greek stone collum.

"These are the Titans, they wield the classical four elements... They are extremely strong if given time to prepare, but otherwise weak... "

As previously filled in, Rougarl in blue.

"Next up... The Lords, arguably the most devastatingly potent members of the pact, they have, by far, the most... Physically and scientifically impossible abilities, not that any of the previous members had any real legality when it came to following the rules of the universe..."

He wrote 'Akos' 'Xerion' 'ileana' and 'Balkrupt' under the drawings of a blooming flower, a wilted flower, a shining sun and a half-moon

Akos of course, was previously filled in with blue, once all of this was done, he encircled the whole thing in a large hexagonal shape.

"And this... Is their ship, the vehicle they use to transverse the world and beyond: The fundament, at the time of my defection, there were two smaller ships being built: The needle... And The scalpel, however, even with just fundament, Tachiel struggles to amass enough energy to make it work, so weapon systems are likely not... A concern"

He caught his breath and wiped his brow of sweat

"That is the... Totality of my knowledge of the members of the pact, details about their quirks are a bit... Hazy, but I'll write what I remember so it can be given to whoever needs it"

Everyone was quite thrilled, in both good and bad ways, not only did they recieve information about their enemy, but also found out that the three that decided to ally with them, were part of the upper echelons of the pact, this however, sparked more questions.

"Why exactly did you leave the pact?"
He gulped, using a small handkerchief to wipe off some more sweat

"When I joined the pact, it was wildly different, we considered ourselves as heroes and acted as such... We helped those in need without being detected or noticed, subtle nudges towards safety or a better life... We did the best we could despite being... Outcasts due to our 'inhumanity' and our peculiar practices and needs... We never hurt Innocents.

He coughed into his fist.

"As we grew however, more agressive, violent members began to propose other strategies to obtain fuel, logic and mass... Energy to burn, ideas that made sense and raw materials... That's when we started to rob graves and lure 'wrongdoers' into deathtraps... We began to cannibalize shortly after, that allowed us to grow strong, fat and complacent... But soon that wasn't enough"

He took a small break to breathe in and clench his fists and eyes shut a few times, he was not having a fun time remembering these tortuous events.

"Due to our cannibal diet, most of us became mentally ill, disease and mania spread, soon our moral values degraded... We began kidnapping people all over the world, using them as spare parts and food... But it wasn't enough... It was Mori who proposed the idea to forcibly reproduce with females we kidnapped... Because the majority of us, are sterile, our genes cannot intermingle, considering some of us are literally made of fire or ice."

He shrugged a bit, trying to shake off his anxiety.

"...as a matter of fact, that's why the pact targeted the students they did, because their quirks made them candidates for... Well, meals, vessels or test subjects of some kind..."

He knew who found out about them and he could decipher exactly who and what they had planned for them, but the morbid and simply disgusting ideas that went through him made him gag and shake.

"We are so not-human, so incomplete... That we cannot have offspring, the attempts went... Horribly, the mothers died at birth and the newborn was often an abomination... Through all of this, I wanted to leave, I really did, but I couldn't leave Tachiel to continue doing all of that"

He bit his lip, nails digging into his hand as his fist shook.

"Eventually, I took action to hinder his progress and also took my most trusted companions and decided to free them from the pact as I left... Rougarl, who was tasked with grave robbing and execution of malformed experiments, and Akos, who was victim of hundreds of experiments and sexual abuse in pursuit of forming a better vessel or quirk... Those two are not only deserving of better, but also important for the pact to exist and advance"

He gulped, anger slowly taking over him.

"I however, failed to retrieve my own sister, who happens to be crucial to the pact... Without her, their abilities would consume them, they would collapse under their own weight... She is what keeps the pact afloat, what allows them to kill and collect human lives and turn them into spare lives for them to die over and over"

He pointed to the left half of the circle, Noranome, Servanda and Adavina.

"The three 'Queens' allow them to give to and take from life, as long as they fulfill their vows... Their quirks synergize to dismantle death into simple equations that can be replaced, displaced or
solved without really... Dying... Inside fundament, they might have hundreds of innocent civilians, and if we kill a member of the pact, one of those civilians will die instead, if a member of the pact suffers downsides from their quirk, then some of those poor souls will too, suffer said effects"

The very same military officer rose his hand to ask yet again.

"You seem incredibly aware of the inner workings of it all, while terrifying, in the end, with this information we can strategize how to take them down... Using your knowledge, you must have a good idea of the following steps they will take"

He nodded clumsily, wiping his brow once more and licked his lips before speaking up.

"When I joined, we agreed to initially try to... Negotiate with government or organizations within each nation, acquiring information to find potential subjects and have them be handed over willingly by themselves or their nation, minimize the damage to the community... I suspect Tachiel is already having such negotiations, starting off with countries or organizations without much defense... Politically or monetarily unstable situations... He probably offers them food, money or weapons... If that fails, he will threaten them, if all else fails... He will probably employ the Titans to forcibly 'harvest' communities, while infiltrating and extracting information with the harbingers..."

He seemed intent on making everything sound cold and measured, it was him who originally came up with the idea to negotiate before resorting to violence or subterfuge.

"They will terrorize, harm and spy on whoever refuses to cooperate, again... To gain fuel, mass and logic... The things that keep them functional... Afterwards, we could expect larger scale attacks: tropical storms, tsunamis, earthquakes and volcanic eruptions... Extreme localized weather changes, disease and maybe even biological or chemical weaponry, they do not follow pre established rules for warfare and the like... If a worst case scenario occurs, they will employ all of their resources to finish the construction and weaponization of the ships, which they will use to... Consume massive swathes of populace, all under the threat of mutually assured destruction thanks to Tachiel and Phraulus"

His brother and student.

"If all of this occurs, they will be able to swiftly finish preparations for their end goal: to extract and exterminate any trace of humanity with quirks... Probably within less than a year, they are terribly efficient if given the means"

He began to tear up, eyes red with frustration.

"I desire to dismantle the fundament, to undo the pact and kill every single one of us... W-we are aberrations, things that should have not been, once the pact dies... I-i will sink with it"

"To do so, we must target the leadership... I've already removed myself from the equation, they can no longer gain more members, as that was my key role, they are threading water without me... If we eliminate Tachiel then Servanda, Adavina and Vertiox will perish, if Servanda then every member of the pact becomes mortal, If not die instantly... If Adavina, then their abilities would become just as restrictive as a normal human, if Vertiox... well, the ships will be unusable and they will be vulnerable... Lastly, if my sister is eliminated, then the very processes fueling them, will consume them"

He was shaking with anger, crying and sobbing, but still speaking quite soundly, he took a seat and stared at the many government and military officers, and the occasional pro hero agency
"But to accomplish any of that, I need help from... From... From who"

He asked to nobody in particular.

"From.. from the green eyes and the dually-colored son of greatness... And the never-ending smile of photovoltaic magnitude..."

He began to ramble, seemingly arguing with himself until he smacked himself in the face.

"I need help, to get my sister back... To rescue her from the maw of the pact... Please... I beg of you"

I beg of you, oh brother.

The retired warehouse was not only far from society, but also fairly well hidden, thanks to camouflage work done by Spinner and Dabi: overgrown ruins of a burnt building hardly caught attention even in densely populated areas.

As if the tension and bloodlust of the average violence-inclined villain wasn't enough, a couple of them were particularly upset: the conventional values of villainy were no longer being upheld, honor amongst thieves and respect among villains were a thing after all.

Personal and physical attacks were fairly standard, expected and thus, nearly trivial.

Yet this one still stung a bit.

You need thick skin to take a life, to hear the screams of your victim and the incessant pain and struggle that came with having this life, it didn't mean thst amongst those with said traits, they didn't appreciate or even like eachother, companions in crime.

Was the pact like this too? Or did they see eachother as pests? Parasites that you had to deal with? Not as fellow, or even competition, but as something that wasn't even human, absolutely disregarding what they stood for, who they were, what they did, what they were.

At any rate, they had phone contact with the girl with blood powers, who seemed to be basically addicted to pushing people into love and sappy romance.

And they had the empty promise that the jester made.

They had a lot of things, really, a lot of plans too, all of them involved being criminals of course, but it was their day to day life: get food, stolen or given as tribute by lesser villains, keep said lesser villains in check, keep guard, maintain eachother sharp and strong, minor distractions and hobbies, watch for potential recruits... The list went on.

A knock on the door, wasn't part of many of the things in said list.

Dabi and Twice stood up heading to the door with hastened steps, yet incredibly silent, a
movement that you had to master to be a criminal, with twice ready to open the door and Dabi ready to incinerate whatever was behind it, should it be a threat.

Another knock, voices from the other side.

"Are you sure this is the place?"

"Bitch, don't ask me, ask Mr. Clownfucker"

"He left, said we could handle it"

"I know, downie, just knock again"

There were two voices, both vaguely familiar.

Peering through a small section of unboarded window, Himiko mouthed some words to Dabi and twice.

Two of them, one hidden behind a pile of rubble, the other standing in front of the door, too large to see completely, carrying large bags.

"My friend and I want drinks, yes, drinks! We heard this was a bar! And that the manager is a very nice man with tons of friends"

Sulghera spoke up as loud as she could without really yelling, she wasn't born yesterday, but it was close, trying her hardest to communicate that, well, they knew this place wasn't empty.

"We want to talk to that very nice man, he must remember me, I remember him"

"They're gonna get even more mad!"

At this point, it bordered on comedy. Sulghera genuinely didn't know if this was the right building, so she nervously held her hands and scurried back to Wyveel, picking him up and carrying him underarm, since he was too scared of whatever retribution he would recieve if this was indeed the place, both of them refused to go through with it.

Even inside, it had gotten Shiragaki's attention, he assumed his companions would handle it, but the fact that they didn't care about being heard was... Unexpected, almost moreso than the visit itself, and even moreso than the choice of who to send to talk to them.

"Fine, when we get back to base, you're gonna tell them that you... Didn't want to get your ass killed, so we didn't deliver the goods"

"What? That's not my fault, just bust the door open"

"But... I don't wanna, it looks sturdy"

At this point, Twice shook his head and turned to Shiragaki, as if expecting some form of order, or signal as to what to do.

"Just... open it"

And he did, after a sigh from Shiragaki and Dabi, the large door creaked and a small portion of it opened, for personnel, while the remaining section was for cargo or vehicles, by the look of it, Sulghera hunched and turned her head to look inside.
"Oh... you killed Felhid"

"Who?"

"The one with bones everywhere"

"Spooky scary skeleton man? Kinda, wasn't just me, I did it though"

"Can... Can we come in? We have no bad intentions as of... Right now"

Through all of this, Wyveel was holding his arms crossed, judging by the look twice gave him, at least he wasn't exactly welcome... Then again, Sulghera herself did attack Shiragaki and Dabi.

"I... Guess, but pets aren't allowed... So leave the animal outside!"

Sulghera chuckled and dropped Wyveel, for once she wasn't the animal in question.

Twice and Dabi cleared the entrance, keeping a steady fist and an open palm to subdue any threats as Sulghera came in.

"Well... Uh, hello, firstly... I apologize for whatever I did, I was really angry, so please... Don't attack us?"

She was still wearing her suit, under a somewhat... Small raincoat, which barely covered her upper body, her arms not even inside the sleeves.

"I'm really not myself when I'm mad... So I hope we can start off better... Mr..."

Shiragaki DID recognize that face, the one he desintegrated until there was barely a torso left.

"Coming to my doorstep expecting peace and calm is quite stupid, considering the transgressions..."

"Well... In that case, attack me all you want, not like it'll accomplish much, tire yourselves out, then we will talk?"

Shiragaki knew she could take a beating, rivalling that of defense-specialized noumu, he just... sighed and kept talking.

"Shiragaki, and you are....?"

"Sulghera Therionyx"

"What a mouthful"

Shiragaki went from his position at the back of the room to the bar.

"Well... I've forgotten what my names were before..."

Besides Shiragaki, everyone was quite... Tense still, knives, fists and quirks at the ready.

"Uhm... Sure, we can fight"

As Sulghera spoke, her skin turned a deep purple as scraggy purple armor grew over it and her suit, the armor ripped the raincoat off, turning it a brown tinge before turning into smoldering ashes.

"I really... Don't want to fight, though, it's tiresome and I wasn't lying when I said I wanted a
Wyveel walked in, and as he did, he found himself under attack, by Himiko and Twice, however, the second they did, Wyveel opened the sides of his coat, revealing an... Impressive collection of high-caliber revolvers and bolt action rifles, all of which floated out of their holsters and aimed themselves at everyone in the room.

"Whoa there!"

Himiko did manage to dig the tip of her knife into the base of his neck... A tiny bleeding poke, which she could turn into a squirting gush... however, a heavy-looking bore was also pointed at hers, as well as a sawed-off shotgun at her stomach.

Dabi and Shiragaki saw the rifled bores aimed at them, clearly surprised, but not necessarily threatened or shaken.

"Take your fucking knife off my throat, and everyone lives!"

"You shouldn't get to"

"Hah, I'm the one who gets to say who lives here"

Sulghera too, was being stared down by a floating weapon, in her case it was... A shortened rocket launcher, with a conical rocket at the end of it.

"Really?"

"A wise man said: bitches aint shit but hoes and tricks"

Sulghera simply walked forwards and grabbed the rocket, the warhead slowly melting into her hand, which she scooped into her mouth and.. swallowed, the purple scabs slowly being reabsorbed into her body, returning her to her original state.

"Wyveel, please... Have manners"

"They started it"

"No, you did"

Twice spoke up, he was more or less stuck in the beginnings of a roundhouse kick, a stance that was hard to maintain but he had the musculature to do so for a while.

"Okay, I did, and I'm not apologizing, so you idiots better deal with it: hurt feelings or a bullet? Your call, fuckers"

Sulghera kept dissolving the rocket launcher until it was... Non-functional, and walked towards Wyveel, lifting Himiko off him very gently with... Her best impression of gentle cooing.

"Shhhh, don't be a stubborn baby..." He put Himiko down and... Hugged Wyveel.

At this point, Shiragaki had noticed something very important: the guns were not loaded, they were modified versions of standard weaponry, but even if they were loaded (which they weren't) they were not cocked, and their movement seemed slow, not tracking him nor anyone else very precisely.

And so, his calm demeanor had a good justification.
More or less smothering Wyveel with a hug, she tried to calm him down, but most importantly, her breath... Well, suffocated him, making him mumble and slowly... Relax, acting as some sort of sedative, the weapons began to lower, falling to the floor with a clunk.

"I apologize... I was supposed to keep him in check..."

Curious, Wyveel was supposed to keep her in check.

**Wyveel Tronos**

**Quirk: Warbringer**

Wyveel produces various metal alloys instead of tooth enamel and nails, additionally, his bodily fluids and substances can be used as propellants, ranging from cordite hair to primer earwax! He can make and refill ammo all on his own.

Mixing said metals with firearm mechanics and parts gives him control of said weapons as if they were his own body as long as they remain configured as firearms, since they float, he does not need to account for recoil, however the speed, reaction times, accuracy and stability of these extra guns decays rapidly after one.

"you -cough- bitch, let me goooooo...."

Placing him down on the floor, on his feet, and smacking him a few times, all of this in front of Shiragaki.

"I apologize for his insensitive, distasteful comments... You see, genetic purity and reproductive tendencies are of importance to us in the pact..."

She rambled, it still didn't exactly explain why Wyveel would so aggressively try to offend and upset.

As previously stated, they could fight Sulghera all they wanted, but Wyveel didn't have intrinsic defenses or regeneration like her, so she was the bigger woman and looked after his safety.

"Anyways... We come here to... Inform you of a few things, and additionally to offer some help... Maybe we can talk over a drink or two?"

Kurogiri wasn't around to serve them a few drinks, Shiragaki looked at Dabi and motioned over to the bar corner they had set up.

"What?"

"You serve"

After a minor grimace and sigh, the scarred, stitched pyromaniac pyromancer did as told.

"So, what info did you bring?"

Sulghera was carrying a large, hard plastic case, which she dropped on the floor, and a smaller metal case which she opened, handing the contents to Shiragaki: a sizeable bundle of paper, the envelope was stained purple and brown where she held it.

As he opened the paper envelope and took a look at the first page, he saw a large hexagonal diamond diagram with names and colors in each facet, it read 'organization of the pact' at the table facet of the diamond, was the leadership, a few familiar names showed up.
leadership of the pact: 'kings and queens'

"NN and DM"

"Tachiel and Servanda"

"Vertiox and Adavina"

The paper went on, listing all members of the pact and referring to a page containing their quirks.

"I'm not exactly sure what it contains, one of our targeted traitors gave information to heroes, DM intercepted it and figured you guys would be happy to have it too, since... Well, he doesn't want you guys to be at a disadvantage here"

She sat down on the makeshift bar and looked at the many drinks.

"Give me... Whatever has the least percent water, please"

Dabi rummaged through bottles as Shiragaki eyed the information.

"Seems... Vaguely useful, depends on what else it says..."

Wyveel was slowly recovering, and realizing he didn't have a knife to his throat kept the guns pointing down and dragging on the floor as they slowly slid closer to him and back under his forest green coat.

"Well, if any ass-kicking happens, you get to know the who and why, right?"

Wyveel saw a bottle of beer and beckoned it closer, Dabi reluctantly delivered.

"DM also told me that.. you guys are involved with some dude we are breaking out of prison soon, whenever Ileana and Balkrupt stop fucking around, he's out, probably shortly after, captured by the pact..."

He trailed off.

"...unless you intervene! God, you couldn't even come to that conclusion"

He bought the beer to his lips, popping the top off with his teeth, shiny and brass.. some of them silvery, and drank.

Shiragaki closed the envelope and put it on the table.

Sulghera got a small shotglass from Dabi, nodding in thanks, she bought it up for her lips...

Sniffing and inspecting the drink before actually drinking it, her skin fumed and sizzled on contact with it, but once it reached her mouth, the reaction was contained, steam and smoke could still be seen sliding out of her lips and nose, and her stomach still... Gurgled however.

"Hrm... 70% stuff... Still stings, too much water"

Sulghera pointed towards the large hard case

"High quality body armor, light and heavy, equipment built by the harbingers taking your quirks into account, made without permission or knowledge from Tachiel... DM convinced them"

The case was opened by Himiko and twice, indeed, clothes and weaponry ranging from really,
really sharp knives to a... Flamethrower attachment for Dabi.

"He said something along the lines of 'hero suit? More like villain suit' and laughed..."

Staves, Tonfas, and Kevlar vests... Helmets, masks, metal studded boots and brass knuckles.

"Use it if you want, or don't, again... DM only wanted you guys to have the benefits of as high grade equipment as the heroes, if not better"

"Coming with an offering like this... Reeks of trap, specially after your disdain and disregard for me and my league"

"Don't get me wrong, I still hate all of you, and I hope you all hate me the same, if not more"

Wyveel drank some more, and laughed.

"If anything, I wish we were there when he died, Balkrupt could've licked the homo-splatter off the floor"

The comment infuriated them, which resulted in Himiko slicing at his side, however unlike last time, there were no firearms involved.

"Fuck!"

Himiko twisted the knife, Wyveel drooled and spat his drink, shaking in pain.

"...fuck off, all of you, I cannot wait until I finally get orders to kill you all"

He simmered in his rage as Himiko tugged the knife upwards.

"Wait? You won't get to wait~"

She stabbed between two ribs, and between his weaponry, making it too slow for him to actually threaten her back before the knife pinned his coat down.

"Oho... Rage and hate are great at killing pain"

He just took it like a champ.

"Keep twisting, cunt... " He breathed raggedly, Sulghera looked at him and ordered another drink, as if nothing had happened, Dabi however was busy making sure Wyveel didn't retaliate or harm Himiko.

"Your anger only makes it sweeter, childish yandere"

What an insult, with one final twist and hook-like motion, she pulled her blade out, thanks to the extra bulk of weapons, it wasn't very deep, but it was a messy wound.

Wyveel stood up and, using one of his guns as a walking stick, slowly made his way out the door. Dabi attempted to chase after, as did twice, finish him off, don't let him get away with just a wound.

However, as they did, Sulghera too, stood up, and from fleshy tendrills that exploded from her wrist, swept them aside, slamming them against the wall and floor, Shiragaki acted by throwing a heavy kick to her back and holding her neck, eating away at her skin.
"I'm sorry, I can't... I can't let you hurt him"

She was still calm, the wound in her neck was slowly healing... Shiragaki could feel it struggling to keep up, however his hand began to feel stingy, irritated and hot, burning.

"I've gotten this far without much violence, please let us continue..."

She began to walk forwards, Shiragaki nearly reached at her chest from the wound in her neck, but Sulghera swiftly shook her torso, shaking him off.

"You've already killed me once, don't do it again"

Her voice slowly took on the tone that Shiragaki remembered, she kept walking, not attacking them, just... Leaving.

"I'm sorry, I hope we can get along more next time, maybe..."

As she headed outside, so did the villains, her suit tensed and snapped, crunching her bones and tissue, crushing at her back before two massive, purple-tinted extra limbs sprouted from her back, elongated and akin to an arboreal monkey, she grabbed Wyveel as her arms gripped the nearby trees and carried herself upwards.

"I'm sorry!"

Was the last thing she yelled before her massive extra hands carried her to safety within the mountain forest with a couple of massive leaps and pulls of those fleshy extra limbs.

"...at least the knives are nice?"

The cameras were rolling, he was usually the one being recorded or streamed, but this was a special occasion, as his cameraman would be taking the center stage.

A small round plataform formed around an ice spike, in the middle of nowhere, well... In the ocean, but no landmass was visible no matter the direction, deep blue sea and clear blue skies as far as the eye could see.

Kyanne sat atop the spike, she was still wearing a very ornate dress, however this version lacked sleeves and gloves, exposing her cleavage and arms, showing off much more skin, which was a pale blue, with.. a slight iridescence to it.

The top of her hands and her whole fingers were covered in dark scales, similar to those of a snake or lizard, which switched to a smoother, clearer tone in her palm, this pattern kept going all the way to her torso and neck, face still covered by a mask with a blank expression.

Her hands looked... Frostbitten, a blue so deep it could be mistaken from the burnt, rotten look of frostbite, she hated this, hence the gloves and sleeves.

Her hair was no longer braided up, which showcased how absurdly long it was... Divided in ribbon-like flat bundles with gray metal rings in their ends, her hair tied around them, easily 6 feet
However, unlike before, her dress was short and styled so her lower half was somewhat visible, deep blue scales and ice layers covered her serpentine form, which was... Well, easily putting her total body length over 19 feet, her tail coiled around the ice spike, which, judging by a hole at the base, was a hollow structure, like a pipe or chimney.

"What terrible weather, although I suppose it is irrelevant for our activities"

DM followed her with the camera, zooming in on her cleavage and slowly trailing up to her porcelain mask and intensely blue hair.

"Vin will fix it for ya, yeah?"

Vin, in question, was currently exiting the tunnel they made to the surface, his general shape was humanoid, but his chest seemed... Thicker, shaped like a pod, a larger, more pronounced thoracic cavity, his legs had seeming plenty of musculature, his posture was similar to a bird, and so were his legs, ending in talons.

His face was covered in a metal helmed, which had the general shape of a falcon, with the remaining of his suit having a similar aesthetic, bright red with green streaks, much more lively and colorful than most natural patterned avians for sure.

As soon as he stepped out, the large... Baggage he carried, no, dragged along from his back was visible, wings.

"Just... Lemme catch my breath"

Paradoxically, now that he had access to fresh air, what he did was pull out a cigarette and light it, bringing it to the beak of his helmet.

"I wish you would knock off that terrible habit, your voice is a treasure that must be protected."

He shrugged, he didn't sound particularly smooth, mature and deep, with obvious wear from smoking.

"I wish you would get off my goddamn case, woman"

DM laughed behind the camera, to which Vindsor seemingly stared at him, which was hard to tell from the polarized glass in his helm.

"I dunno, I think your music could use vocals besides Wyveel and Jaha"

"I dunno, I think your show could use actual content"

DM did a fake gasp, shaking the camera a bit.

"You wound me"

He wasn't taking anyone's shit right now, he walked in circles in the ice plataform Kya had built, and began to stretch his wings.

He had two pairs of them, the first pair, atop his shoulder blades, was quite sizeable, three jointed and similar to the wings of traditional birds, with the added... Twists of an extra joint. However, at each joint there was an extra protuberance, shaped like a crescent on the outer side of the joint.
This closed to a complete circle whenever they were fully extended, his upper wings had a grand total of 8, with the tip or "hand" of the wing having another one.

The bottom ones were much shorter, looking more like tailfins than wings, but also had a single joint and crescent on the end, bringing him to 12 total.

Once they were fully extended, his wingspan easily exceeded 26 feet, which nearly smacked DM as he tried to fold them back up.

"You guys and your fancy displays, the audience will want to know, what are we up to now?"

Vindsor took a final long drag off his cigarette and threw it into the ocean

"We are gonna... Dig? Dig water, I sound dumb"

He hated his voice.

Kyanne began to coil and push herself up the spike, which gradually grew higher and wider, raising her above the sea level even more, the ocean wasn't calm, but she made sure they had a good plataform and stable foothold all the bottom.

"Irrelevant, lead when ready"

Her arms shimmered and sparkled as cold mist gathered around them, forming a nice extra layer over her scaled hands.

Vindsor stretched his wings and with a mighty flap and leap, took off.

Shortly after being in the air, he picked up height rather quickly, it was hard to carry his equipment, but it was all worth it.

Once he reached a good altitude, he began to glide in circles, the rings in his wings began to...

Whistle, each of them with a different tone, sounding much like pipe organ, if not more... Shallow, padded.

As the sound and turbulence of his wings accumulated, clouds began to swirl overhead, and within a few minutes, the massive clouds overhead nearly touched the floor.

It wasn't exactly a tornado or hurricane, but it's size and behavior was fairly comparable, the winds were violent and rapid, his companions were safe due to it being controlled constantly by him, and their location in the eye of the storm.

By now, undoubtedly, someone had to notice their handy work, if not the storm, they would notice a surge of frostbitten fish and currents being colder than usual.

He stood in the middle of the storm, and with a roar, the storm halted it's twists and rapids, the flow of air splitting into many smaller storms.

He stretched his wings, it was a good feeling, he still could do what he loved the most.

And so, as if being sucked into him, all the miniature storms were dragged to each ring, condensing and compacting into what seemed to be a sphere of glass, despite being fully transparent, one could see they had a different, heavier refraction, almost as dense as water.

And so, the storms were gone, leaving him with basketball-sized spheres on his wings.
He breathed in, the air was thin, light rain began to fall, atmospheric pressure had been cut, and so had air density.

With a raspy scream and a mighty flap of his wings, he sent for that powerful gust towards the ocean, alongside the winds, he shot two of the spheres.

As they flew, they dug into the water with a powerful splash, sending water everywhere, most of it froze before it could get to DM or Kyanne.

"Always making a ruckus... "

However, a few moments after the spheres entered the water, they exploded, with tremendous strenght, the sheer volume, speed and power of the storm was unleashed beneath the waves, creating a deep, pocket as the water was displaced sideways and upwards.

It was at this point that Kyanne acted, the rings in her hair and dress floated and took aim at the many walls of the cavity Vindsor created, and with a grunt and thrust from her hand, she froze them.

Instantly, the walls froze, it wasn't white or snowy like ice from the poles, it was absolutely crystal clear.

As the water froze, salt was forced out of it, shoving impurities to the surface, soiling her pretty ice with salt, fish and particles....

"Ocean water is disgusting"

"Fish poop there, it's pretty bad"

Even some turtles and whales could be seen stuck in the ice alongside fish, sharks and some mollusks...

The ice was so cold their flesh began to darken and stiffen, some of them suffered, some didn't.

What the created, was a... Thicker shaft, using the spike as a base, they displaced water and created a second surface, the ice was lighter and thus would float, but Kyanne made it freeze so abruptly that it also, in turn, turned much of the surrounding waters to sub-zero temperatures, slowing how much it would float, not to mention the top of the frozen splash was connected to the spike, and thus was connected to the very ocean floor.

All they had to do was keep going, clear the way for the fundament

Vindsor still had 10 shots, she could keep freezing practically forever.

DM recorded the grand sight, the curved, frozen walls of the previously nearby ocean had been pushed with the force of a bomb, the walls went over the ocean level by nearly a mile... And kept going down some.

"Showoff, ah well, if he can do it, he must enjoy it... "

He laughed and crossed his wings, ready to fire again, they had do go all the way to the bottom, he could move it, Kyanne just had to keep all the water pressure in check.

"Only 5 more miles to go...."

The frozen walls formed some sort of cocoon around them, curved inwards and splashing
It didn't take long till pesky helicopters showed up, if they interfered, Kyanne could freeze them out of the sky.

And if boats came, he could blow them out of the water.

They came here to build a path, to construct a fitting gate for the fundament, a red carpet of ice.

The bottom surface of the bowl unfreezed in command from Kyanne, signaling he was set to fire again.

"Oh skies, how have I missed thee"

And so, with a blow from his wings, he let loose the storm.

Chapter End Notes

I found it really hard to explain what I had envisioned Kya and Vin to do, i knew I wanted them to dig out the ship, but I had to explain the action, since ice floats and all, it's anchored to a central post, kind of like building a well.

Cliq has officially done the thing and asked for the favor,

Kyanne is indeed a Lamia, or a Gorgon, perhaps? Stone mask blue scales, snake lower body... Cold blooded jokes galore.

Wings are cool, wing examinations/x-rays are pretty... Unnerving, because how much they look like arms and even hands at times, specially bat wings, I'm trying to contact a friend who draws simple art to sketch out some of my dudes, I'll try to keep it going.

Sulghera is pretty much Dr Jekyll and Mr Hyde, or the hulk, yeah, I think she just really wants someone she can hug.

Wyveel hates non-traditional values because he is composed of many people who nearly didn't get to exist because of 'gay stuff' or that's the plan, unsure if I'll get to bring it up.

Lastly, I want to take my time to remind you all that this is my very first work here, and while I'm not professional by any means, I mm deeply grateful for the amount of views this has gotten, similarly, the few comments I've gotten, again, comments and feedback are loved.
The earth trembles

Chapter Summary

Sometimes humanity forgets that the very forces of nature itself can sweep them off the globe just as easily as any weapon or plague.

Nature is not kind, be it in spirit or presence, the forces that govern the balance of the world and it's ecosystems are exactly that: forces, and nothing can truly rein them.

Thankfully, nature is kind enough to remind us that it doesn't care how many of us die, or what dies.

Chapter Notes

Boy, a thousand hits and im still using the same shitty tags, again, I should fix them... Then again, the story might separate/divert into different 'arcs' if I do so, so uh... I guess I should make use of the series system to do so?

Again, thanks for taking your time to read this mess of words, hopefully nobody disliked/hated the last chapter, lots of information and weirdness in that one.

03/02/18

http://www.strawpoll.me/14991827

I hope people notice this edit qwq

See the end of the chapter for more notes

Open the door, take a few steps, close the door after they walk past you.

Uraraka was in a wheelchair, not unlike Tsuyu, her arm still hooked to two intravenous pouches, one of which also went to Amensis, who was walking next to Izuku, who was pushing her chair.

She was technically still helping her recover, but easily 80% of the work had been done, and she insisted they could continue while in presence of everyone else.

It had gotten a bit late, Amensis slept while the process kept going, giving the two hero students time to talk more in private, she insisted she had no real interest in them beyond what they stood for, and had no real motives to use information against them, which was both a good and bad thing.

Bad, because they also had no reason to think otherwise, but good that at least she was being honest about being so nosy.

Amensis held the chunk of... Toxic waste still in her hand, refusing to let go off it even after the nurses offered to take it away.
As they went down the elevator, stuff was quite silent, Izuku broke through it all, mostly due to his nervousness getting the best of him.

"It... Uh... Could I ask you to not tell the others?"

"...that would be for the best, please?"

Uraraka agreed, after thinking it for a few seconds.

"Hum.... Wasn't planning to, honestly I was gonna make up something to cover it up"

"I think whatever you... Use as an excuse would probably be worse, though"

Amensis laughed, and coughed, swallowing... Something after coughing, just because she could separate the toxic buildup from her blood it didn't mean it didn't hurt her.

"True... I'll just be quiet, I guess..."

As they made it to the 'official UA wing' lobby, they could see quite a few of them, but most had left to their homes after checking on their classmates.

Notably, Jirou, Yaoyorozu and Kaminari seemed to be quite happy to see them return, noticing them right away, Tsuyu was reading a magazine with Tokoyami napping next to her, she poked him with her elbow to wake him up.

Bakugou saw the blood bags and that the two were connected, probably thinking of the redhead and what she could do to harm Uraraka, but since Deku seemed to be okay with it, he could probably let it slide, probably.

He hadn't made any dumb decisions when it came to coordinating with others, not yet at least.

"What the fuck is that"

Amensis figured Bakugou referred to the... Gross, yellowish-red clump of crystals she had, like some sort of oversized kidney or gall stone... She chuckled and tossed it to Bakugou, who caught it and... Looked at it.

The trio seemed to remain quiet, if not looking a bit uncomfortable.

Bakugou figured it was something gross and tossed it back to Amensis, much harder.

She barely caught it, and laughed.

"It's what I uh... Filtered from uh.... Uraraka, right?"

"I... Yes, that's my name"

"Right, it's what Uraraka had in her blood"

The sheer size of it was quite disgusting, not to mention according to all they knew, it was pretty toxic.

"That's fucking disgusting, why did you hand it to me"

Amensis shrugged, taking a seat next to him.
"I dunno, I think it's cool"

She got awfully close, to which Bakugou reacted by pushing her away, clearly still a bit icky with both her personality and villainous uprising.

Kaminari was scrolling through his phone, after seeing the girl with the pink cheeks was okay, he returned to his usual lazing about.

"Everyone else is back at the dorms or down at the cafeteria, there's a couple restaurants nearby and they've been back and forth getting lunch... Uhm."

In Mina and Sero's absence, Kaminari was probably the most connected amongst them.

"Toshinori-sensei and the others have been uh... Busy, last time I saw them they were going towards you"

He pointed to Uraraka.

Jirou was currently asking a couple things to Uraraka, making sure she was okay, the both girls did hear what he said, but most of it was kind of directed to Izuku.

"I wonder if that woman can like... Make eyes for Aizawa or whatever, that would be cool huh?"

Izuku felt squeamish at the mention of... Making eyes, particularly to replace others.

"It uhm.. would be, but we certainly don't know if it's necessary, I don't think we should rely like that on someone's quirk... We don't know how much it takes out of them"

"I dunno, if a villain is the one who suffers, it's not that bad, right?"

He had trouble putting it into words, or so it seemed.

Momo sighed.

"That's... True, but still a terrible thing to do, villains must be bought to law and justice, not tortured or forced into anything"

She was particularly waiting for updates on Todoroki and Uraraka, and since she seemed to be okay, this left her with mostly concern for the half-and-half hero.

"Oh, that reminds me... Amensa! Have you seen the news?"

Amensis knew he was talking to her, her name sounded so weird in Japanese, even if misspoken, was it the accent perhaps, with a giggle she answered.

"Nupe, did my ex-bestfriends say something?"

"Uh... Well, not really say, but they're doing something"

Izuku would've usually tried to keep an eye on the news or their website, but he had been busy doing well... Whatever he had just done with Uraraka, it was technically a confession.

"Oh? Can I see?"

The news channels hadn't been hijacked, and stuff hadn't been posted by them, however most news channels did show something, which he quickly searched on his phone.
"They shot down a handful of uhm.. aircraft and even sank some ships, apparently it was American and Australian reporters and forces that arrived first, they got some video and stuff too... "

The website Kaminari was using was... Distasteful, used to show gory accidents or scandalous scenes usually not shown in live or mainstream TV, while those two did report on it, he searched for the full thing, no censorship.

Indeed, some sort of avian villain had basically swatted helicopters out of the sky and punched pilots out of cockpits, flipped ships and what not, while a woman in a blue dress and a snake tail had frozen missiles mid-flight, all of this defending a huge pit that went down the ocean.

While still hooked to Uraraka, she leaned closer to see, Kaminari bringing the phone closer.

"Huh, that's Kyanne and... Vindsor, Vindsor is the one who makes music"

The mention of the villain who also published music bought Jirou's attention, Kaminari began mentioning what he had read.

"The navy stopped attacking them cuz they didn't attack them unless they attacked first, and I think they didn't have people responding fast enough? Even some heroes showed up, foreign, obviously..."

"Out in the middle of fuckall nothing-but-sea seems like a terrible place to fight, hero or not"

Bakugou put in his two cents, surprisingly Kaminari hadn't bought these news to attention until Amensis arrived.

"It uhm.. what are they even doing"

After Izuku asked, nearly everyone went to face Amensis.

"Don't ask me! Kyanne hated me and Vindsor didn't speak much, I haven't been around for long either, compared to me those guys are ancient"

She seemed genuinely confused too, which was enough for them to stop prying for an answer with their sights.

The group settled back down, Jirou, Momo and Uraraka idly talked, she was very lively and energetic, but she didn't look much like it.

Kaminari was glad that she too, was okay, and that most of the tension was lifted: they weren't going to lose a friend now.

Endeavor was used to that stare, one of disgust and frustration, it came from a lot of sources, shouto and his mother, his haters, fellow heroes.

But in every other case, it was honest distaste and anger, it was direct and only slightly concealed, it burnt, but not more than his own motivation.

This one was more... Inquisitive.
They had been left with Akos and a couple nurses for treatment and security as she worked on his...

Replacement? New? Rebuilt limb?

He never thought much of the hatred that eyes could deliver, it was the only emotion he could elicit reliably, and the only one Shouto ever gave him.

It was bad, he had gotten used to it, and until recently, he didn't really wonder what it would be like to not... Be hated.

He realized that this woman too, hated him.

Shouto too, saw how she shook and sometimes frowned in frustration, but still worked onwards, careful and delicate even as she took samples of blood, skin and muscle tissue... Even hairs and bits of bone.

"You know, the pact wanted to recruit you, we had eyes on you even when you were a little baby"

Akos spoke to Endeavor, yet Shouto felt it was directed at him

"Tachiel ordered we followed the movements of your parents, and grandparents... And Scycliq predicted when and where you would be born, pretty accurately too"

Endeavor saw her emotions shifted somewhat... Arbitrarily, from a somewhat... Lovestruck face and tone to her previous distaste.

"Even when we realized what you were doing with Quirk marriages, most of us thought that meant you would agree with us even more... That's what we used to do, really, forge stronger beings"

Taking measurements very carefully and precisely, mapping and touching nearly every inch of his remaining leg.

"The only reason we didn't, was because of how you treated your wife, we all opposed to it... I'm personally, very furious about that, by the way"

This was taken as some form of threat by Endeavor and the guards, but she seemed to take no action afterwards.

"As a woman, I'm disgusted, as a mother, I'm offended... But as a scientist, I'm impressed, curious... Because you've managed to do what the pact has attempted for longer than any of us can remember"

Endeavor seemed to relax just a bit, seeing that she stopped taking measurements when he tensed up, resuming once his muscles relaxed.

"I'm still a hero, and will continue to do good even if the population doesn't like me"

Akos giggled a bit.

"Maybe, it's pretty hard to do worse than what you've done... That's a good thing, in a way, means you can never disappoint"

Shouto felt the need to dig in and twist the knife with his own opinion on the matter, but that wouldn't accomplish much beyond selfish indulgence and angering his progenitor.

Akos stood up.
"You are both lucky men, I know it doesn’t mean much from me... But... Well, hardships forge us, it’s no justification, no excuse... But once you come to terms with all the bad things one has done and suffered, one can truly strive to do the very opposite"

Silence filled the room, both of them knew it wasn’t that easy, both guilt and pride are as strong as you, and then some.

She had finished taking measurements, and slapped endeavor in the thigh.

"I just wish it didn't have to be like this... I can heal nearly everything that a body can have, just not... Stuff here"

She pointed to her heart and then to her head.

She turned to face Todoroki.

"...I hate to be like this, but I feel like you need to hear this"

She sat down on a couch next to Todoroki’s bed, endeavor could still hear them

"Two of my former colleagues, were the ones who targeted you, because they thought that somewhere within you, you had the key for their happiness"

She fumbled, twirling fingers together, the nurses had left, but endeavor still could call them if she tried anything.

"Sorvune and Kyanne, they met after joining the pact, they have spent hundreds of years in love, together through thick and thin, but have never been able to really... Even touch eachother”

For emphasis, she held her hands together.

"They wanted a child, they can’t even touch eachother's skin, it's too painful, too dangerous... And they still love eachother, the self appointed 'lord of the flame' who often killed and scorched en massé out of anger and the woman with blood colder than cold, who took out her sorrows on her own flesh"

Todoroki paid attention, but held no particular emotion to what seemed to be a sad memory for Akos, he understood what most of this meant, but not really why he had to know.

"I find it stupid that a man who never truly loved his wife was capable of having... You, it's unfair, to everyone involved, but once they found out, they were even more encouraged to do what they thought was just: eliminate everyone whose love wasn't as great as theirs... And sought to basically... Adopt you, recruit you into the pact instead of him"

She motioned towards endeavor.

Todoroki was a boy of few words, but he started piecing together some semblance of why Akos wanted to share this with him

"Before we could contact or kidnap you... Well, we rebelled against the pact, and here we are”

She stood up, she looked tired, pale, as her body kept working on the substitute for endeavor.

"I only heard the broad details, and I know I'm an ex-villain, much less a trusted friend... But"

She sighed, and looked at him straight in the eye.
"I want you to realize how much you mean, that the blood you carry in your veins is capable of greatness... Whether you accept my help or not, whether you... Do whatever you do with your family or not, you must realize: you are the union of things that not even the most passionate love or violent hatred can put together or undo"

It had been bothering her for a long time, she had hoped that things would solve themselves a long time ago, as they spied on them and she saw it all happen, the boy likely had support already, but it still felt heavy on her chest.

"And the fact that you managed to live your life up until now is proof that you can do it, regardless of whatever he's done and anything anyone can do" again, pointing to endeavor.

It was true, he was strong, he was smart, and everything else he could practice, get better, strive for, as long as he had the drive to do so, to surpass his father, to accompany her mother, to do better thanks to and in spite of his family and classmates.

"...Thanks, but why? I see no point in telling me about the villains"

"Oh, well... If we get captured, they probably will force me to use your genetic code to have a child of their own... Figured it would be a good deterrent, at least for my sake?"

And then, it hit him, Akos was the subject of a similar situation than his mother, it was disturbing to think that not only did endeavor do something that villains did, but also that they still planned to continue doing so.

The real question was, for how long? She had mentioned hundreds, but quirks hadn't been along for all that much, she looked young, but also had a very peculiar quirk.

"...that just means I have to stop them at all costs"

Endeavor spoke up, somewhere in his head, he thought it was a good idea, he already had done plenty of shady stuff to get this far, even if the world wouldn't cease to hate him, he could save someone from the thing he once did.

He had to stop dwelling on what he could do to stop being seen as bad, and start doing what could be truly good.

"Woman, I will save you, no matter what you think or want"

Akos shook her head nervously, somewhat... agreeing, she still disliked him, but any sort of motivation was better than no motivation at all.

This time, he wasn't the one committing the abhorrent deed, he could be the one stopping it, would it make shouto forgive him? Or his mother? Or the populace? No, but he would be that much closer to being the hero he wanted to be: the best.

It wouldn't do much, but it would take at least that much off his shoulders.

Sulghera bought a handful of smoking, raw meat into her mouth, eating away at the carcass of a wild animal.

Wyveel shot it down with a silenced rifle, on top of the bare-bones weaponry for use with his quirk,
he also carried more traditional weapons for manual use.

She had gotten hungry, and with hunger, came her more aggressive attitude, not to mention her body became unstable: bruises and pustules began to form under her skin, abscesses full of bromine and other nasty compounds that threatened to start a forest fire or end up harming Wyveel.

But now she was happily digging in, the moisture evaporated off the meat, becoming shriveled as her teeth dug in.

"Dhanksh"

"No... Problem, just make sure you tell me before it gets all gross and shit"

She got a rather hearty, heavy thud on the dome of her skull, using one of his guns as a baton to emphasize, it sounded like it hurt, and it did, but she was too hungry to complain.

The arms she grew to escape had shriveled and withered, becoming little... Nubs and strings of flesh dangling from her back, she cut off the flow of nutrients and digested them from the inside out, something she was used to do, but it still required her to refuel despite saving and recycling most of the mass she had used, it had been a while since her last meal, deep underwater creatures where quite thin in terms of mass and energy.

Had she not done this, she would’ve ‘dipped’ into the reserves of the pact, died again, and they couldn’t afford to lose any more of their reserves as it stood, they were better saved for those who couldn’t regenerate like her, this much she understood.

With a loud snap and the sound of tensing, grinding strings they found themselves on the ice plataforma in the middle of the ocean, bloodied carcass and all.

"Took you long enough"

Wyveel was still sitting down, cleaning the breech of a rifle on a rock, the change of scenery didn't move him much, he was just in a cold surface now.

"Sorry, had to make sure I didn't bring in anything unecessary, and these guys needed my support"

DM performed a small curtsy.

"Preparations are complete, they've stopped attacking with explosives, they're using bullets instead now, those cannot hurt the gateway"

Vindsor hovered over them, slowly landing and retracting his wings, they were bloodied, the ashen gray feathers had a few stains and wrinkles, showing near misses and failed dodges.

He had a wound on his shoulder too, his armor stopped the bullet, but the impact was enough to break skin.

Kyanne was nearly as badly wounded as him, her tail primarily, was missing a lot of scales and bleeding into the flat ice surface.

The plataforma had grown, much smoother and ornate now, like sculpted marble.

Her voice was clearly clogged up in some way, as she coughed up before speaking "...Sulghera, dear, you need to work on your table manners"

"Don't you have better things to worry about?"
Wyveel closed up the breech of his rifle by raising the barrel, taking aim towards one of the nearby ships, from where? How many? How much heat were they packing?

"We must strive to be exquisite even in the face of danger or death, we must amaze our opponents, be better than them, more civilized"

Wyveel laughed slightly, he had patched himself up with first aid he carried around, he always made sure to only take enough for himself.

Sulghera was done with the meat by now, slowly pushing the bones down her throat, which made her neck bulge quite.. obscenely, after eating a whole rib, she turned to Kyanne.

"I-im sorry, I try to be cleaner, but I was too hungry"

"Just make sure to... " She coughed up blood, which slid from under her mask, trailing down her pale skin, she bled blue, thick and syrupy, staining the edges of her porcelain mask and down her neck and cleavage. "clean up after yourself"

Sulghera stood up, and licking her fingers, approached kyanne.

"Can i try to help?"

Kyanne curled up, twisting to show most of the bullet wounds.

"Go ahead... " She trusted Sulghera, but she also wasn't expecting much from her, her powers were magnificent, but didn't translate well onto others.

Sulghera grabbed her own arm and twisted it, peeling off her skin just like a loose plastic sleeve, her fingernails cutting into it easily, the whole thing fumed, steaming both due to the temperature difference and the aggressive nature of her fluids.

She made strips of flesh, her arm was bleeding bromine, glossy and leaky, it would heal eventually, she could heal indefinitely, it was the creation of extra, non-essential parts that made her hungry.

Carefully laying the strips over Kyanne's wounds, the skin shriveled and molded to her scales, it worked.

It also hurt quite a lot, Kyanne screaming in pain as it burnt and cauterized, holding her mask as her upper and lower body trembled and writhed.

Sulghera then turned to look at Vindsor, who seemed to be momentarily disgusted, but the pain in his wings humbled his pride.

"Ah fuck it, might as well"

The many military ships were merely observing at this point, mostly due to the dozens of floating missiles and warheads pointing back at them, salvaged by the enemy after being stopped.

"Keep at it, I'll make sure they don't intervene"

DM moved his wrist, index finger swinging side to side, which made the explosive projectiles sway in a similar manner, with his other hand he held another set aimed at one of the larger ships, pointing directly at them in a "poke" motion.

Dancing just like puppets.
The briefing was over, more or less.

Toshinori, Nedzu and Naomasa had a more personal talk with Scycliq after the government, ambassadors and military let go of him, he was pretty much forced to give the initial briefing.

"Why are they targeting us directly however? Personal attacks go a little bit beyond plain strategy"

He held his chin with his only hand, and turned to Nedzu.

"They believe that things will be easier if they dismantle heroism as a whole, people will be more willing to throw themselves into their maw... Or at least they will be killing each other or themselves first"

Pictures of the hole in the Pacific ocean were spread on the table.

"Tachiel must be slightly more desperate than I thought if he is... Digging up the Fundament so quickly, since it's so far from civilization they could just be attacked... With little hope to retaliate"

"Can't he use his quirk, though?"

Naomasa bought a pretty valid point, mutually assured destruction.

"Even under optimal conditions, with plenty of fissile materials, it'd take him over 30 minutes to launch a counterattack, he threatened us without mentioning that, of course... 30 minutes is more than enough for any weapon, nuclear or conventional, to destroy Fundament"

He grunted, tapping on the pictures.

"This is most likely a distraction, there is absolutely no way he can surface just yet... They don't have enough logic or fuel... Not enough sacrifice and tribute"

"Mr Scycliq, do you know how they followed us so closely? How they obtained so much data on my students?"

"Not... incredibly sure, they have some amazing spies, but as far as cybernetics, fairly lacking.... Not that it's hard to keep an eye on you, All might... They had been doing that for a long, long time"

Aha, so they likely DID know of his secret, and how it involved Izuku.

"Tachiel doesn't realize that, simply put: the people he wants to assimilate, prove that all of this is wrong, he is trying something impossible"

He clutched his head, seemingly in pain.

"He is too caught up on trying to perfect and reconstruct that he doesn't see that there's already perfection... "

"So my students not only hold what he wants, but are also proof that he is misguided?"
Toshinori tried to ease information out of him, even if he was wrong, it would make it easier for Cliq to correct him.

"...yes, kind of, if Noranome or Adavina saw that there's no need to continue, they would stop contributing... Those kids, they are proof that tachiel's theory is wrong"

He shook his head a few times.

"...however, there's others, we know that every major genetic line has an oposite, and that... That there's others out there, I've given you information, but I too need to know what you know, other potential targets may already exist, and we don't know it yet, they don't know it yet"

Nedzu cleared his throat.

"Very well, given your background as a tactician, analyst and scientist, i see no problem in providing information since it will most likely construct a picture for us to refer to come their next action, they may not be as vocal as the attack on UA after all"

By now, everyone was quite sure it was explicitly meant to undermine the trust in the school even more: first, they get attacked outside school, then at a school trip... Now right at their doorstep, even with all the pro heroes and security systems, if one keeps throwing mud, something will stick, and the population will notice the smear and stains.

"Very true, for now, I'm mostly concerned for coastal and active volcanic regions... Prisons perhaps, military bases, the Titans can exploit vulnerable areas while.. well, releasing criminals and attacking officials will just cause more mayhem, which in turn will feed and fuel them, each life they take and each second of anguish... It helps them"

Scycliq said the most recent weather reports, under the photos at the Pacific, minor earthquakes, but persistent ones, barely noticed, but equally precise across the globe, localized, he knew what was coming, but didn't speak, it was already too late.

The ground shook, I swung, I stomped, it shook again.

I reached from within the bowels of this world.

I saw them scream in terror as the rocks and bombs rained on them, as the heat and ashes snuffed their lives.

I felt their tiny bones breaking and skin burning, they popped like popcorn under my fist.

Humans are fragile, buildings and clothes and cities, to protect their bodies.

They make societies and groups, to let their minds fester with those who agree with them, stagnation follows, they do not flow.

They make tools and weapons to complement their lack of skill and strength, their weakness scares them, it disgusts them as much as they disgust me.
All because they have some weird jelly inside their skulls, and it happens to be larger than average, they think they are superior, different, special.

They take pride in how they can suppress, violate and annihilate others they seem inferior, just like how they exterminate insects and vermin.

We, the pact, are superior, we don't make weapons, we become weapons, we don't make tools, we become tools.

We don't make cities, we become cities, we don't make buildings we carve out flesh into them.

And so, when we needed to exterminate vermin, I made me, became myself, I became the purging flame, the great equalizer.

I am the lord of the flame, and I will remind you: you all burn the same under my flame.

Chapter End Notes

I'm bad at leaving things clear enough or cliffhangery enough, I'm bad at things period, except dry, self-deprecating humor.

The next chapter will set things in stone in terms of the previous poll, so please, vote and comment! This is SRS, I don't know what to say to get people to actually leave feedback, I guess having a story good enough for people to say something would be a good start.
We will be back shortly

Chapter Summary

As the light of day fades, it's always a good idea to reflect upon what we've done to stand where we stand.

Chapter Notes

This is a very short chapter, I had to improvise since I still have no poll results and I wanted to give it some more time yet and give my readers SOMETHING.

http://www.strawpoll.me/14991827

If no votes/comments/feedback is given, all options will be overridden by a combination of them all to give us a worst case scenario, people will die, or maybe not, I may choose the best one instead, idk!

See the end of the chapter for more notes

The sky was incredibly cloudy, and if it wasn't for a few rays of sunlight and a couple spotlights aimed at them, it would be hard to record.

They had their own illumination of course, but it was kind of useless at the moment.

"A couple hours ago, we where mercilessly and unfairly attacked by cruel, evil groups of foreign military! Truly an outrage!"

"We are at war, idiot"

DM laughed, Kyanne had made them a makeshift desk and seats, the coldblooded woman was somewhat visible behind the makeshift set, and so was Vindsor.

"Whatever, isn't war merciless, unfair, cruel and evil?"

He posted the question to nobody in particular, Wyveel was still fine-tuning one of his rifles, sitting on a pile of clothing to insulate himself from the ice, while Sulghera was laid across lazily, arms and legs draping at the edge of the couch.

Her stomach was awfully distended, with sharp, blunt bulges and strange shapes pointing out from her guts, her most recent meal didn't exactly fit.

The parts of her body in contact with ice where fairly... Frosted, looking dry and swollen, frostbitten, she didn't seem to care much however.

"At any rate, we effortlessly repelled both heroes and military"
Wyveel laughed, remembering how much they had gotten shot, with a variety of both lethal and non-lethal ordnance, not that it had much effect, even after Kyanne got shot in the head and Vindsor was caught in a missile blast, a mixture of the resilience given by their vows and Sulghera's patch-up skills, they where fine.

"Now, in about... I dunno, i give it... 10 minutes? 15? Something like that... News all around the globe will start reporting on earthquakes and volcanic erruptions caused by yet another one of us"

Wyveel noticed some of the helicopters flying around them seemingly seize up, and put some distance between them and each other.

"And its true: we could just be lying and claiming that we caused said incidents, we just proved we can cause storms and move oceans, why not plate tectonics too?"

He looked at a watch on his wrist

"The editing and camera work is a bit lousy this time around, so I can't show you live footage... I mean, my cameraman is busy fishing dead, frozen soliders out of the water, but I'm pretty sure the earthquakes and erruptions should be happening right about now"

He shrugged and looked over at Sulghera, some of the... Sticky-outy parts moving and colapsing as she digested her meal.

"The plan was to cause about... 17 erruptions in total? Across the globe, islands, fault lines, active regions... Catch people by surprise, burn and suffocate a couple hundreds, maybe thousands... See how much damage he can cause while not focusing on a single event"

Wyveel stood up and walked back to Kyanne and Vindsor, the winged man was smoking while dragging two soaked bodies, Kyanne was finished reinforcing the frozen walls around them, Kyanne had her mask lifted up to her lips, biting on her nails rather nervously, while Vindsor seemed to be talking to her, in a failed attempt to inspire confidence.

"On other news... Servanda and Tachiel are probably done negotiating with most corporations and some nations... We start out with the ones with weak military, secret dialogue, few people find out, who knows? Maybe your country has surrendered already, or whatever corporation or hero agency you work with had agreed to give in"

He shrugged and Sulghera yawned, burping a bit as she rose her hand

"Maybe... Demand some answers, don't want to end up being sold out, right?"

She had been eating the corpses that Vindsor and Kyanne retrieved from the sea, storing a great deal of mass and replenishing the pact's stockpile of spare parts, her vows where simple and thus, it was the easiest for her to give the tribute: her only limitation was how fast she could eat, unlike the rest, who needed specific kill conditions.

"It would be quite tragic, wouldn't it? A quiet surrender, a wimpy whimper, just because your government was too scared, too weak, too pathetic... But unless you live in a sad, run-down nation, I doubt things have gone like that"

He opened his hands and spread his arms, a notion of embrace and acceptance.

"Who knows, maybe all nations will surrender, we only ask for the population to submit and give in, to give your time and bodies for the greater good, not too different from those who waste away working for their whole lives"
He laughed while bringing his index finger to his neck.

"But worry not, those who surrendered in this batch of negotiations... They seem to deserve it, barbarians, savages... They live in deserts and jungles, poor and brainless, just like apes! A few of them tried to oppose Tachiel's offer, but considering he can make gold out of thin air, he can be very convincing"

He began to dig his fingernail into his neck and... Twisting, as if winding something.

"Honestly, it's not that bad: some among you will even agree with me, we are doing the world a favor by getting rid of the uneducated, starving masses, but... Truth is, we may not even... Do much with them, we have our eyes set on bigger fish"

Wyveel returned to his seat, this time carrying a bunch of... Fabric patches and metallic insignias, probably salvaged from the dead soldiers.

"While killing niggers is easy, i doubt we are getting what we want there, eh?"

DM bought both of his palms to his face, sighing and laughing nervously.

"Eh, I know how things are gonna pan out: we find maybe one or two good subjects and then we move on, what are the odds of anything of value being there? As if humans weren't already fucking eachother in the ass, we are just doing then a favor, mercy killing, assisted suicide, euthanasia"

He inspected the many fabric insignias, to see what and from where they came from.

"If humanity has a constant, it's war: ranging from the cavemen and Vikings raping and pillaging to the crusades and jihad... The Holocaust and la conquista"

He noticed the frown from Sulghera, who wasn't enjoying his usual attitude.

"People nowadays try to hide the fact that no matter what stance you have, your ideas have blood behind them, as if any civilization is clean from the stains of time"

He shrugged "sorry babe, it's true, no government, organization or moral code is pure, as long as a human is carrying it out"

Sulghera yawned again and sat up, placing both of her hands on her shoulders as she swung her head, making her neck crack and crunch from tension.

"I'm just mad that the word 'stain' is associated with that one villain from Japan..."

Wyveel laughed, showing off his coppery teeth.

"You? Mad over Stain? That's Amensis' job!"

Sulghera seemed fairly calm anyways, stretching her arms outwards and gripping the ice under her turningher torso to release tension from her back.

"That reminds me, I must thank you all"

DM spoke to the camera, his mask stuck in a smile.

"Suicide rates have gone up a good deal, wether that's because people are scared of us or because of the painful truth we spread, I'm not sure"
This was probably a global thing.

"Maybe it's not even related to us, but whatever: I encourage it, the more bodies for us to consume, the better"

Whoever saw this broadcast probably had no idea how literal his expression was, not yet at least.

"Hah, I don't know, people all over have all sorts of mental illnesses... Weaklings, mental crisis can be easily solved"

Wyveel unholstered one of his guns, a revolver, and put the barrel in his mouth.

"Surgeries, medicine and therapy can only do so much: for some of you, a good dose of lead is the only cure"

Sulghera punched Wyveel straight in the head, to which he reacted by shotting her in the gut a few times, blood gushing quite... Intensely, showing her bowels where under moderate pressure as the spurts reached a couple feet.

"Living with oneself is the real torment... just dying is... Boring, if they hate themselves and others, they should live to revel in it"

The bullet wounds quickly began to heal, the fluid that splurged from her began to... Crawl back to her, forming worm-like creatures to reach her.

"Hah, I guess... The punishment for being a failure is being a failure"

Sulghera laughed, surely he understood what she truly wanted, death was just too easy, too boring.

"Speaking of death... We have found out where some... Old friends are being held, I'm sure very few of you recognize these names, but they carry meaning either way: Chisaki Kai and the eight precepts of death"

DM procured a few papers out of seemingly nowhere.

"After... The mess they stirred up and their involvement with heroes and other villains.. well, they provided us with plenty of fuel and information, but sadly, they are all stuck in some prison! Along with other important villains and whatnot... Stuck in other prisons"

He tapped his forehead over his left eye.

"Lots of powerful quirks, lots of bad guys and one innocent girl... Such fine flesh"

Sulghera grinned, her yellowed teeth and light purple saliva dripping down onto the ice.

"...nobody would mind some dead criminals, right? And nobody would mind me eating some dead criminals?"

Wyveel holstered his revolver and recoiled at Sulghera, scared of her drool.

"Pfft, I doubt you'll get close to them... You are not subtle or orderly enough to break into a prison, much less if you have to fight the villains, I don't think they'll just let you eat them, fat bitch"

The drool steamed and warmed upon contact with the ice, melting it.

"Maybe... But I can dream"
DM shrugged and looked back at the camera.

"So uh, yeah... Not a formal appointment this time, but... Expect us, we will be there, wether you want us or not"

He tapped the papers on the table, Vindsor and Kyanne seemed to notice something coming, and took off to repel the attack.

"Surely, no matter how disgusted, revolted or... Against us you might be, you have to agree... Maybe they deserve it...? Maybe you're wrong? Maybe you have been wrong this whole time?"

"One must always consider that... Well, one might be wrong, the future isn't set in stone, the pact constantly does this, we are wrong, and so is humanity, but what I ask: are you more wrong than us? We have practiced and refined for so long... Consuming what the world left behind, eventually we became so wrong... That we became right"

"We have been doing it for generations by now, and the world hadn't noticed until now, where do people go when they dissapear? Criminals, old heroes, missing children... end up dead or simply gone... We used to be like cockroaches, feeding on garbage and carcasses, like worms in a graveyard, refuse and waste, the remains of society, but now, we are going from scavengers and opportunists to Apex predators"

He shrugged, his index fingers pointed outwards as many projectiles and rockets rose from the water in the directions he pointed.

"Death fed us, we will feed death, the many scorched victims of Sorrowve, the death and wounds caused by Sulghera at UA... Sir Nighteye and Stain, we fed on them, we will feed on this world"

A rather large explosion shook the camera as Sulghera's arm was hit by a flurry of bullets, her whole arm being encased in spines as her hand grew and became webbed, to provide area to soak projectiles, Wyveel took refuge under her wing-like arm and unholstered three rifles, taking aim at the many helicopters surrounding them.

"It's all in the nature of the beast, the mind, body and soul constantly push us to the top... And the bottom awaits for us to fall, it's human nature, it's sin, it's pleasure... And these flashy quirks only make it easier to be the top, or the bottom, the best... Or the worst... Wouldn't things be easier without them? Maybe then men would be born more equal"

DM walked towards the camera and bought it to his face, the video cut seconds after showing his smiling mask for a few seconds, but the audio kept going, blasts and yelling in the background.

"This world is full of unwanted scum and unecesary idols, let us get rid of them"

Chapter End Notes

I had some difficulty writing parts of this, firearms are illegal where I live, and the politics and economy are terrible, I don't doubt that my country would simply fold if threatened, as brave as individuals can be.

I'm hoping that people don't take my garbage too seriously, if you do, i guess I
achieved something, if you don't, I guess I also achieved something.
And the fire spreads

Chapter Summary

Fire, heat, energy, exothermic reactions and interactions between particles, elements and chemicals.

No, that's not it, if his fire was that, it would eventually die down, run out of fuel, become cold, lose energy, the reaction would reach completion.

His flames were beyond fire and heat: pure disdain and hatred for the unworthy, those who deserve to be fuel.

Chapter Notes

A whooping one vote put things in the favor of being good and gooder, so that's the path I'll take.

Notably, due to being more or less caught up with the manga canon, I'm faced with the option to completely separate myself from it or continue side to side... It's probably a bad idea, but I'm gonna stick along.

That means that the culture festival deal/the introduction of Gentle and La brava Will have to be placed somewhere in the future, as a matter of fact, I will just move my 'they want to capture Eri' arc to when they have the event, instead of having Ileana and Balkrupt try to break in.


See the end of the chapter for more notes

Massive swathes of land had been scorched by rivers of magma and pyroclastic flows

Forest fires all over both south and north america, sparked by heat waves, buildings swallowed whole by molten rock, it was as if very specific, limited areas had been targeted by splats and splotches of it, it was certainly more violent and widely-ranged than the usual slow lava flows that some areas were used to.

Video footage gained popularity rather quickly, mostly because it displayed the efforts of paramedics, heroes and rescue teams doing their best to save those in danger, while disaster relief and prevention took the necessary measures.

Mind you, not every area affected was capable of appropriate responses, some very specific volcanic parks had violent, brutal events that calcinated hundreds of people within seconds, while others released tons of suffocating gases from within lakes, ground gave way to a silent, unavoidable, invisible force that took the lives of people in their sleep.
All of these volcanic and geothermic events -ranging from the violent, fiery forest fires to the silent limnic erruptions and walls of heat turning living creatures to ash- were attributed to a single entity that made itself visible very briefly before tragedy struck, from the Yellowstone caldera and mount Vesuvius to Nyiragongo's lava lake and Sakurajima island, all locals heard and saw the very same thing.

Massive fists made of molten rock, arms of magma and a horned skull staring down at them with red hot gaze, it's torso was akin to a furnace, a kiln, his touch and presence ignited the air and matter around him, as he manifested from the magma pits inside volcanoes or from thinly covered geysers.

"May my eternal flames consume you, pathetic insects"

News concerning the total damages caused by the erruptions filled the air in the bar, well, it was more of a restaurant with a bar section, but it did have a bar for drinking closer to the bartender

Most damage was dealt by the gases, ashes and smoke from fires, at least damage to the population, livestock and wildlife...

Material losses were greater in most cases, but never as important as human lives.

The lack of sunlight and the instantaneous and long term suffocation from carbon dioxide and ashes had taken the most victims, making up 80% or so of the confirmed deaths so far, and the number was rising.

Soon the numbers would hit tens of thousands.

"I think they call it Mazuku, it's... Swahili?"

A man in formal wear talked to nobody in particular, he was dressed in an attire akin to... A priest? A Geneva gown and all, however the lack of any religious icons made it a bit hard to tell, he was quite large and muscular, with a rather grotesque streak of scars and gray, wrinkled skin going over his left eye, from skull to collarbone, however he hid most of it with a wide eyepatch, he was easily in his 40's or early 50's

Next to him, a small, blonde woman chuckled, she seemed to be the total opposite of him, slightly tanned skin, with freckles, barely noticeable due to her skin tone, but there nonetheless, not only was she small and femenine, but her attire was simply.. whorish, short shorts and fishnet stockings, a very short top and pads on her knees and elbows, a mixture of a gymgoer and a prostitute.

"They what what now?"

"The choking gasses, they happened in Africa first, locals called it mazuku, world accepted and used their word for it"

If it wasn't for her modest, honestly lacking curves, this woman would draw plenty of attention, but she didn't, mostly due to the permanent expression of disgust and anger, resting bitch face as it where.

"Ah, righto, that shit sounds scary... I wouldn't know where to run to"
They where drinking together, coffee for the man and what seemed to be beer for the woman.

They had been here for a while, the other customers throwing looks of distrust and discomfort for a while now, the owner even asked them to leave, but somewhat... Thankfully, the broadcast from the pact interrupted them, which gave everyone else something else to worry about, the prophesied volcanic events followed after, yet something else to focus on rather than these two.

Eventually the whole place began to ignore them, a good thing.

"Another, and the check please"

The woman raised her hand to beckon the bartender closer, who nodded and did as told, pouring another tall, cup-shaped glass of foamy beer for the lady, her slim, smooth hands gripped the beer closer, showing off her blue nail polish.

Once he delivered the check, he couldn't help but ask.

"Excuse me, you two are not from around here, am I correct?"

The tanned woman looked at him weird, as if insulted, frowning rather intensely.

The man, however, nodded while lifting his hand to signal her to calm down.

"Why yes, me and my partner here are on a business trip"

His Japanese was a bit rigid, with clumsy diction but he was trying, something that couldn't be said for the woman, who laughed.

"Eh, I'd call it more of a pleasant vacation, but whatever...."

"Ileana, I'm just trying to answer..."

Ileana shrugged while the man pulled out a wallet and handled the money to the bartender.

"You take things a bit too seriously, try to enjoy yourself more often, balky"

The bartender took the money with a rather confused expression, they stopped talking Japanese, and judging by the other currency types in his wallet, they truly where foreigners, either way he returned shortly with their change, which Ileana took swiftly from his hands, not even letting him put them down.

"Are you two at least enjoying Japan? It's quite the lively place, for tourism or business both"

Balkrupt and Ileana looked at eachother and with slight smiles, replied.

"Yeah, the weather is nice, and so are the people... The architecture surprises me, I could go on"

"I really like the food, but it's always hard to try new things out, Balkrupt insists I do anyways"

The bartender smiled "well... My name is Kenji, if you two ever come around back here or want some suggestions on where to visit, i could help, just... Try to use more modest clothing" it did cross his mind that they probably knew that her clothing was indecent and rolled with it, but there was always the chance that they came from somewhere where girls did dress like this.

Ileana laughed, shrugging as she lifted the beer to her lips and drank quite a bit.
The drinks and snacks were nice here, maybe they could become regulars, as long as the customers didn't mind them.

"Sadly, she doesn't like the constraints of clothing at all, despite my best efforts to change her mind"

While he spoke, he couldn't help but notice Kenji staring, which made the bartender blush and bow in shame, blurtling out about how rude it wa-

"Some vandals late at night, snuck into my church... I didn't fight back until it was too late, couldn't bring myself to do it"

His tone was solemn and sober, even Ileana seemed to tense up as the topic was bought up.

"All in all, it was my fault, I thought I could pacify them without having to resort to violence... I'm sure you've had your fair share of rough customers, right?"

"...sometimes, it can get really scary when customers can't handle their drinks... Thankfully I've got security but... It can be worrying"

He tapped on his eyepatch, with a clear expression of sorrow seeping through the cracks of his formal facade.

"Thankfully my eye was all they took... I pray that you never get threatened by those rambunctious drunkards!"

He didn't exactly know how to react, but the intention was there, even if prayer wouldn't translate over perfectly "thanks, I do too"

Ileana kept chugging, placing her other hand lazily on his cheek, pushing his face a bit as her lips parted from the glass, her bright, light blue eyes narrowing at him.

"Eh, you'll be fine, you look badass, chicks dig scars and dudes are easy to intimidate, don't you think its like being a martyr?"

He shrugged and gripped her wrist away from him, his one eye returning the glance, a deep, dark red.

"I suppose... I just don't enjoy the stares"

"I apologize... Mister Bal... Balkrupt, if there's anything I can do to make up for..."

Ileana put down the empty beer glass, and pushing aside one of her wristbands to reveal a very thin wristwatch, she clicked her tongue.

"Balky, we've got to go back"

Balkrupt sighed, nodding while placing another bill on the bar.

"Thanks for the amiable demeanor, kenji, to thank you, allow me to give you a good piece of advice"

Kenji got a bit closer to retrieve the bill, since it was closer to their side of the bar

"Yes? What is it?"
Before balkrupt could speak up, Ileana intervened, placing her hand over his mouth and finishing his line of thought.

"Be careful who you make friends with"

With this, they both left, leaving the poor bartender a bit scared.

Todoroki Enji felt like a new man, this was partially true, he was about.. 1/8ths of a new man, sadly he still had the same old, stale guilts and conflicts, the same dislike and jealousy that he had gotten oh so used to over his adult life.

He looked over the lip of his glass of... Milk, it was sweeter than normal milk, and also a bit... Tingly? Spicy? It wasn't normal milk for certain.

"I'm sorry I know it's not perfect, but it's the only way to guarantee that the implant will take root... It will help your body recover other things too! It's basically a miracle product, those were the jokes at least.."

Healing quirks weren't as flashy or powerful as combat ones, but his life as a pro hero constantly relied on them.

"Calm down, don't apologize, i haven't complained"

Akos fidgeted with her fingers, she would argue that his look was more than enough to make a scaredy person like her apologize for breathing the wrong air.

Shouto was too, flexing his new hand, or so he was trying, his limb was completely numb, he couldn't feel a thing, it was a jarring sensation, he didn't feel like a new limb had taken the place of the old one, yet he could see the fingers twitching slowly and irregularly whenever he tried to clench his fist, he kept the glass of milk cold while holding it with his other hand.

"It's not working too well, will it get better?"

Akos laughed a bit, nervousness giving it away.

"Your overall anatomy is smaller, and hands have hundreds of extra nerves endings, usually way more complex and specialized when compared to feet... So your arm will take about.. I'd say... 4 or 5 extra days for full recovery, 1 more for full quirk usage..."

As long as she got out of talk about anatomy, her stutter came back.

"I-it shouldn't be too long, i-i mean, it'll probably feel long, but I promise it'll work, just... Try t-to use your quirk as if you... Uhm.. as if it wa-was the first time, don't start so abruptly!"

Akos was wearing the same attire she wore during the surgery, complete with a few subtle stains of red fluid, a sight that mildly bothered both Todoroki, it wasn't common for a woman to be used to the pain and sensation of surgery while conscious.

"Just.. Uh... Both of you take it easy, okay? Spe-specially when using your quirks, you've got to... Well, you may burn a bit and not even feel it, but eventually... It'll be back to normal, I'd say a week or two"
The stitches and staples holding the new skin with the old were very visible, and so was the skin tone difference.

"I-it should normalize with usage and time... It's hard to make tissue that... Works and looks aged, sorry, m-my specialty is new stuff..." Once more, excuses and apologies.

Enji needed to get back into hero duty faster than Todoroki, who could still do most of the things needed for studying, and the man wasn't one to be held back by fine details.

"I don't need much control, can it support me already?"

"Well, the bone structure is currently denser than the norm, which may cause it to feel heavy, but it is perfectly capable of supporting your weight, you might just have to be careful not to trip over unresponsive soles..."

A little bit more briefing and warnings from her, as well as a couple awkward questions from each male finished the process, all in all, if it wasn't for the fact that it was a bodypart, it was kind of like getting used to a new device, suit or tool.

"Of course it'll... Grow out as normal, just... Uhm... Be careful with harsh products, maybe... I don't know, just a couple women inside the pact always complained about skin irritability from my transplants... Make sure to use sunscreen too, if you go somewhere sunny..."

She worried way too much for them, specially considering her distaste for enji's actions.

Shouto kept trying to close his fist, eventually managing all five fingers to move together but not quite curl, resulting in a clumsy pinch, weak and slow, but it was all he needed to reassure himself, it was possible.

"Now that... That's all said... I have... Well, a more personal request"

She was nearly at the door, and talking softly, but the silence made her words clear.

"I obey Scycliq, he told me to help, and I want to help, and i won't... Take or ask for anything in return, so don't think of it like that... But... Maybe sometime... After all of you talk about it or something.. c-could I maybe, meet your mother, Todoroki? It's just... I wish to talk to her sometime"

She knew it was personal, touchy and rushed, but she had her reasons, she wanted to see if she had the eyes, those beautiful eyes that every woman consumed by Kyanne had.

"...I'm not saying no, and my old man probably doesn't want it, she will decide"

It was true, he didn't like the idea, they'd probably gossip over their mutual hatred of himself, but he appreciated the confidence and tone of his son, even against his father, a man had to be firm, respectful and often pragmatic, if only he had been the one to teach him all that.

"T-thank you for considering it... I'll be around, you two, your companion Uraraka and a couple of the UA staff will need periodic... Nu-nutrition from me to recover, so this isn't goodbye but.. still, thanks"

They both had a few hours of anesthesia drowsiness to look forward to, but so far everything was as expected and then some, which was, technically good, Todoroki just missed being somewhere else, ideally somewhere with way less endeavor involved.
"Slap me"

Wyveel looked up from his sight, noticing that a bleeding, very shot-at Sulghera was standing over his makeship sniper nest, he had been taking pot shots at whoever he could see carrying precision weaponry or marksman badge -to make sure he had less competition to worry about- for quite a while now, marksmen weren't easy to train and equip, so if the cruisers patrolling around them ran out of snipers, it wasn't likely anyone else could shoot them accurately

"Why the fuck? Get out of the sightline, bitch"

"We can't keep up, I've got to do something"

He rolled to his side, to let the holster at his hip release a revolver, which floated up to Sulghera and pistol-whipped her, incredibly hard.

She looked at the gun that had just smacked her, barely feeling the pain.

Since the reinforcements arrived, they all had to work extra hard, the Navy forces became emboldened after seeing that Vindsor only had 12 razor-sharp gusts before having to recharge, and that Kyanne could only freeze 7 different objects at once.

They were completely surrounded, and slowly being outnumbered despite their best efforts.

Sulghera had a plan, but it required fuel, it required anger.

"...Harder, call me names, something!"

"Ugh! I already treat you like garbage, stupid bitch! Don't make this weird"

"This is important, I'm not joking!"

She had been shot quite a bit, she was the largest target, she intended to, with webbed, expansive limbs to act as cover, reinforced with bone and salt deposits... She had to get on the offensive.

"Don't you realize that we can't keep up? Wyveel! They're going to die!"

"Bitch, I signed up to die, tell me why i should care"

Sulghera clenched her fists and bit her lip, why didn't he want to help? Wasn't it his thing? Surely he could be more infuriating than this.

Kyanne was missing large swathes of scales from her tail, her black corset hid the blood stains well, but it was still very noticeable, she froze her own wounds, but it wasn't enough to stop all the damage.

Sulghera kicked Wyveel aside and walked towards the edge of the plataform, raising a hand and yelling with all she could.

"Vindsor, pick me up!"

The winged man wasn't doing any better, his grayish white feathers stained with blood, but due to
the sheer speed he could fly in, he had avoided damage, with no doubt or questioning, he swooped down, gripping her hand with one talon and her neck with the other, out of habit.

"Fuck, you're heavy"

"Throw me into the ocean"

"W-what?"

"Throw me into the ocean, towards them"

He could feel the metal in his armored talons begin to heat up, so whatever she had planned, it was already happening.

Not unlike a dive bomber sweeping with tremendous speed before regaining altitude, he let go of her in the general direction of the largest ship that had been sieging them, clear of the frozen ring.

As Sulghera hit the water, she let go of any restraint, her whole body simply... Dissolving away into the water, leaving only a large stain of varying colors, a stain that quickly grew, murky, like an oil spill.

Within minutes the entirety of the circle was surrounded by floating chunks of crystals, ranging from purple to yellow, the water around them became red and a sickly yellow, boiling, fuming, like a foggy lake.

And it kept growing, the radius expanding outwards particularly to the sea vessels, as soon as the tainted water touched them, their hulls began to corrode, the fumes raising from the water choked the men on deck, burning away at their uniforms and equipment.

She had become a giant stain of corrosive sea water, there was still some... Structure to her, the purple crystals where the source, iradiating the acidic water outwards, connected by thin pipes, forming a network of iceberg-esque nodes.

Gun barrels rusted and corroded, men asphyxiated and screamed in pain from the burns, some missiles even stopped mid flight above the sea fumes, exploding in the air.

This huge death field would give them room to recover and reinforce, to rebuild... Honestly she had no idea how she would get herself back together, she would figure that out later.

This was by far her best idea so far, she was getting to eat so much too! fish, plankton, bacteria, ships, men and weaponry... It all tasted like bitter, solemn duty, responsibility... Sorrow -not her favorite, anger tasted better- but she kept going, she could feel lungs colapse and scar at the tip of her fringes.

Why should they get to live if they are trying to kill her friends?

"So she helped purify the toxins from Uraraka's body and needed verbal motivation to do so?"

That was the gist of it, nearly everyone was in their dorms, with the exception of Uraraka and Todoroki, who had to stay one more day at the hospital, Amensis said she would come to their dorms, something which nearly all of the UA staff and mainly Aizawa seemed to be oposed to, one
couldn't just let a girl sneak in without proper... Well, everything.

All in all, she disregarded the procedures and conceptions that most people expected of a teenager, school was a foreign thing to her, and so was paperwork.

So while Uraraka had to stay back, she did eventually get disconnected from the bloody redhead, and thankfully she remained stable, it was a matter of fact, exactly why she and Todoroki needed to stay in the hospital: to make sure they could function well without the continuous presence of their respective 'benefactor'

"It would make sense, considering the constant flaunting they make over their respective... Mastery over quirks, that she would be capable... I'm just, well"

Iida was speaking quite loudly, even if there where only two others in the common room with him, they stayed up a bit later than the rest to talk.

"They took her before I could ask her personally... But you heard it from the broadcast the pact made"

Yaoyorozu and Iida had been more or less interrogating Midoriya for nearly over an hour past their bedtimes by now, something that was only possible due to aizawa being in recovery and a more... Outwards patrol than usual, meaning he couldn't check constantly on the dorms.

His teacher made sure that they knew that, because he figured they could use the space and time to talk between eachother, something that strict rules rarely permitted, of course he didn't exactly tell them that they could stay up, but they were smart enough to figure it out.

Or at least these three did.

"I understand your concern, Iida, but just because they both had similar quirks.. it doesn't mean a thing..."

Midoriya was too, in quite the shock after the most recent broadcast, he could only imagine what would happen once the news and rumors reached others involved in the internship.

Mirio and Eri didn't need these details, and all he could wonder was two simple questions: how and why.

"If they killed cops and... Turned them into things, what's to say they can't do the same with other deceased?"

"Iida, quirks are complicated and powerful, we know that much, but we also know they explicitly try to infuriate us..."

The idea of that girl running around with the same quirk, abilities and knowledge that stain had, it was... Equally infuriating and confusing.

The three of them didn't exactly know what the pact had meant, it could've been anything really, but what was certain was one thing: they had no respect for the dead, innocent, hero or villain, and they wanted to make more.

"As helpful as she attempts to be and as friendly as her disposition is, we can never trust someone like that, all she has seen and done... It was with villains, cruel ones"

Yaoyorozu wanted to ease iida's concerns, but all of those points were pretty... On point.
Iida clenched his fists, he knew, all of them knew that his judgement was being mildly clouded, it was one of the reasons why the two class reps held this little meeting with Midoriya, for one reason or another, he was always more involved.

"There's just nothing to hold onto, no matter who we choose to believe, it's still simply... Unbelievable"

Midoriya was thinking deeply, slightly too deep for his usually bubbly mumbling to float to the surface.

It wasn't fair to judge Amensis on what she had done so far, she was young and had been supposedly raised by villains, used as a literal meatshield, while Akos was used as livestock, both women helped more or less completely selflessly.

Was it out of need? Out of desire? The good of their hearts? Or were they trying to earn their trust? Perhaps they didn't even plan that far ahead, they didn't deserve to be involved with any of this, at least from what he had seen of them.

What was it with villain organizations using young females as subjects for their evil schemes? It wasn't good on the heart.

Mind you, with or without realizing it, he knew he shouldn't sympathize with them like he did with Eri, it was a bit jaded of him to think like this, but... It was completely different.

The three of them had been drinking milk, water and tea, Midoriya told them what he knew from Akos and Amensis, what might've happened to Todoroki afterwards... Something that Yaomomo was particularly worried about, she had already imagined having to help Todoroki recover, she wanted to, to ease the burden on his loss.

The truth is, as a class and as a group of friends and companions, they had to have their own network of information, with the inclusion of the UA staff and their parents, but information was dangerous, specially if inaccurate, yet another reason for this meeting, to clarify and dispell any doubts for what might come, what had to be said tomorrow to anyone who missed anything.

After all, many of their recent incidents had only taken place due to the lack of information, communication and proper distribution of it.

The what ifs, rumors and unknowns did nothing but stress, destabilize and anger, this much was known particularly to Iida and Midoriya.

The trio froze up as they heard the dorm doors open.

Aizawa was what they expected, instead they saw Amensis, fully clad in her original suit of metal wires and cloth, as if restored from the very first time they saw her, and just behind her, just as short as her... A masked figure, however the signature dichromatic grinning mask of DM was replaced by a slightly more disturbing one, composing of a toothy, sharp smile and nothing else, no eyes, nose or features other than a facefull of smile and teeth.

The rest of the attire was too, similar to DM, but the colors were mostly gone, pale and bleached out.

"Alloooooo! I come to deliver this woman of the night to... Whatever you guys are called! Is anyone home? I won't bite"

The voice was identical to him, so it was him.
"DM, I can look after myself"

"You can't sneak past ninja hobo sensei, so you can't look after yourself"

The two walked in as it was their own house, Amensis waving happily at the trio of students.

"Don't worry, we don't come to fight or anything!"

"Can I... Sit?" Amensis asked with a gentle grin.

Iida and Yaomomo both made plenty of various mental scenarios, but none of them panned out with or without them just wanting to sit down to talk.

By the time Amensis was done asking, DM had already sat down, seemingly on thin air, but close to the three students.

"You know, we've seen each other, but I don't think I had quite the chance to talk, name's DM and I aim to entertain"

The jester extended a hand to Izuku.

"And unlike your friend Mr Tomura, I'm perfectly suitable for human contact"

At least he didn't start the conversation with a hand in his neck, he shook it briefly, to which DM extended the same offer to Yaomomo and Iida, who both refused with a small shake of their heads.

"Oh c'mon, at least tell me your names? I'm trying to be courteous here"

"You've spied on us, violated our privacies and personal lives, courtesy is a bit out of question"

Yaomomo was quite furious about just how much disregard for privacy he had, considering how much information they managed to get on Todoroki and Aoyama.

"Fine fine... Look, I'm here to deliver miss bloodbag here safely, Tachiel wants to recover her REALLY BADLY"

he emphasised by laying on his side over Amensis and poking her on the head, seemingly floating.

"And it's in my best interest that Tachiel gets as desperate as possible, it will benefit you guys too"

"Bloodbag... It should be my hero name!"

"Before I leave tho... I just want to say, you and half the world... Shouldn't believe anything, I mean... I live by lying, as most news stations do nowadays, but I'm not the only one, I know for a fact that pro heroes and villains are planning stuff, doing stuff, researching stuff, ya know..."

He flicked his free wrist and with a sweeping motion from his feet to neck, began to dissapear.

"Your dear teachers might be putting you at risk without knowing it, you need to know what they know, it's a bit unfair to keep secrets, isn't it?"

It was true, but all he was doing was shamelessly and fruitlessly attempting to spread distrust.

"But i suggest holding secrets, just like my presence here tonight... If they get to be unfair, you should too, dontcha think? God knows what they'll do if you tell them i visited you lot at night"
And so, he was gone, and his words rang in the ears of everyone.

Secrets? Knowledge? Feelings? Plans and schemes? What did they hide from them? And what did everyone hide from each other?

Yaomomo knew what she was hiding, it was obvious she had developed a crush on Todoroki, and it wasn't all that obvious to everyone, including herself, but it wasn't something everyone needed to know.

Midoriya and Iida however, had far worse secrets, respectively and personally, their own constant pursues of Justice and internal turmoil... Not to mention Midoriya had to keep the source of his quirk secret.

All in all, it was good to talk things out before another secret excursion for revenge or rescue took place.

Midoriya offered Amensis a glass of water, she was tweaking with the many springs and spools of wire in her suit, seemingly loosening them.

"Amensis, are you alright? Why didn't you... Just stay at the hospital?"

"I don't like it, reeks of clean... I like it here, smells of food, home, boys and girls"

That wasn't exactly a good answer, but it was honest enough.

"Amensis, my name is Iida Tenya, I believe I introduced myself back at the hospital but.. we didn't exactly interact much"

He extended his hand, to which she returned a healthy shake.

"I've been meaning to ask... From what I hear, you joined to help us, because you enjoy suffering in place of others, yes?"

That was a big part of it, indeed, she sipped on the water.

"Yep, and i wanted to know... To see, how... Adoration and affection are"

She explained herself clumsily, but plainly.

"How old are you?"

"I'm... Well, I'm 13... But hemo is way older"

That expression was quite... strange, drawing a bit more attention from Yaoyorozu, who seemed to just be overseeing Iida, making sure he didn't act too aggressively.

"Hemo? Who is that?"

"My quirk, hematomania, it's the name it had when I was born"

Perhaps this was part of her uprising, or lack of education when it came to biology.

"Ah... Strange, when we speak, we do not talk as if our quirks are separate entities, I apologize for my misunderstanding"

"Oh, hemo is... Separate, she talks and acts on its own, it's my tiny voice, the tiny voice inside my
head, the voice that calls all of the pact, we each have one, Akos, Rou... Mori, Ghele and Felhid too"

This conversation quickly turned somewhat esoteric, was this how quirks that delved into entities felt like? Perhaps dark shadow or duplication/cloning.. quirks that created entities.

"It's hard to explain, Mori told me it was like having to claw out of a pit, Felhid said it was like crawling with sore joints... But I stay in control very easily, she obeys me most of the time... Other members of the pact struggle for control, let themselves be dominated, or dominate over their voices, but in the end the voices tell us what to enjoy"

She pulled down on her cheek with a fingertip, showing off the blood vessels in her eye, which began to flood the white in her eye with red.

"When we become part of the pact, one of the leaders... He gives us a voice, and if he can't, we have to earn it, receive it from someone else or take it from someone else, I earned mine by...

By..."

She shook her head a few times.

"I did lots of stuff, stuff you guys wouldn't like hearing"

Midoriya was familiar with being given a quirk, but one for all didn't exactly have a voice, nor did he have to struggle with it, over what? He didn't exactly know.

"So... Your quirk acts on it's own? It obeys you?"

Yaomomo was done drinking her tea, hugging a pillow close to her chest.

"Hum... I know what it likes, I never tell it to do something it doesn't like"

Her whole body tensed up as blood began to leak from her nose, a streak she licked up before relaxing.

"She says that she doesn't like being talking about as if she's just a thing, but most of the time just talking to me is fine, we are one after all..."

This was more information than expected from her, but Iida still had a question burning at the back of his mind.

"The pact spoke today, they talked about consumption and dead heroes, what can you tell us?"

She licked her upper lip and philtrum again, pressing a button that unshackled the metal collar from her neck, seemingly getting ready to sleep.

"Well... Xerion and Thallos used to tell us of old stories, of all the sorts of things the pact did a long time ago, I'm talking... Centuries, if not millennia, like... I heard Ghele's voice came from super old animals, for example! We used to get our voices in many ways"

She kept removing the metallic spools on her wrists and chest, leaving only the one in her hips, covered only by cloth now.

"But in recent times, with heroes and villains fighting all the time, we strengthen our voices by... Well, using others, the act itself varies... Alive or dead, we fuse, consume, transfer... Mori just ate them"
She laughed a bit.

"I thought... I thought all of this would be more about me learning strange things, I guess I'm the strange thing"

Yaomomo realized she was probably going to sleep wherever she desired, so she began to make basic bedsheets and a small pillow for her.

"It's... It's just hard to process, we don't mean to exclude you!"

Izuku hid it well, but he knew what this meant, someone within the pact had exhumed sir Nighteye and Stain, and did whatever they did to... Well, assimilate them.

Izuku smiled sleepily towards the redhead.

Iida grasped his chin.

"Well, are you familiar with the hero killer, Stain, then? DM mentioned the pact consuming him, but he didn't specify what happened to him"

Amensis shook her head.

"All i got were bodies, some old, some fresh, blood samples, Phraulus told me to drink, to leach, but I rarely got names... Maybe if you describe him?"

Iida bit his lip, it burnt him to remember in detail the man who threatened him and crippled his brother, but stain was unique enough, not to mention his quirk was powerful and just specific enough for her to remember.

"...he was the man who cut short my brother's career, injured and killed hundreds, and nearly killed me, Midoriya and another friend of ours."

Her expression seemed unfazed for most of it, smiling and stretching as Iida finished, letting her head hang down as she looked at her hands.

"He sounds fun, I would've loved to practice death with him... But... He would've only lasted once... Not having a voice makes you fragile, can't get better at what you can't repeat"

She bit her lip.

"You're going to hate me, but yes, I do remember him, he wasn't alive, so he couldn't hear my voice...."

Iida tensed up, but he knew that the man was dead.

"...I thoroughly enjoyed scraping his veins clean, I could hear him through each open artery... Saw what he did in each capillary..."

She yawned.

"Thanks for refreshing my memory, but... I am who I am, I am not who I was"

She shook her head, opening her hand and extending it to Iida.

"If you wish to take it out on me, please do, I didn't know who it was until it was too late"
In her hand, there was a key, one of the keys of her equipment, he assumed.

"This will help with trust, yes?"

He took the small windup key, she likely had more, and he had no idea what it did or how it worked, but the intention was there.

Her coils and wires made her bleed, digging into her skin, her shackles and collar were about the only thing she handled with care so far.

"I think it's fine if I sleep on the floor, right? I promise I won't try to do anything at night, sleep is good for growing"

It was... Well, the three students weren't starved for sleep, but it wasn't like they had anything else to stay awake for.

Izuku seemed by far the most tired, yet he was wide awake, unable to doze off due to the constant processing in his brain, a look of 'I don't want to be awake but I cannot stop, not until I finish this thought' a look that he carried on his way to his room "goodnight, you two!"

Iida stood up and put the key in his pocket.

"Very well... I suppose we should get to sleep, I'm sure whoever is spying on us is getting tired too"

"Spy? You think DM is still hearing?"

Amensis seemed genuinely intrigued, but instead Yaoyorozu giggled at iida's comment.

"Who do you think it is? Kaminari? Mina?"

"Kaminari looked tired, Mina and Kirishima worked out a bit together, I doubt they could stay up, I think... Tokoyami is staying up, but not to spy on us, and I doubt whoever it is, managed to convince Shoji"

"So it's Sero?"

At the mention of that name, a loud thud came from the stairwell, followed by panicked steps upstairs.

"I was gonna say Tooru, but the lack of subtlety confirms it's not her"

"I'm suuuure she's not doing it anyways, riiiiight now"

Sarcasm and a look around the room, she couldn't tell if Tooru was there or not, but if she was, the invisible girl would certainly feel found out.

Momo rarely used sarcasm, it was a powerful weapon, but the two class reps had gotten used to their classmates wanting to know what they were up to.

Amensis laid down, listening to all she could while the two class reps went to their respective dorms.

"At least I can commend them for caring so much for matters that concern all of us!"

Yaomomo on the other hand, was pretty sure they only cared about gossip about her and Iida, it
wasn't uncommon in TV or movies for class rep and vice rep to end up dating or something... Iida of course was too objective or naive to notice that.

Eventually, everyone was where they should, in their rooms, sleeping, with the exception of the two of them still bound to the hospital ward.

Chapter End Notes

Man, every now and then I realize how much I suck at general character interaction, display and development even when it's me doing both sides.

So everyone is getting information from different sources, surely this can never go wrong.

My original vision for Amensis was slightly too similar to Toga, believe it or not, she is based on an RPG character I had from before MHA was even a thing, I actually got 60%+ of the names/abilities/characters for the pact from said RPG.

I eventually settled for something closer to Eri in terms of situation, but more about FEELINGS and PASSION that she cannot really fit in actual society: a girl raised by wolves trying to learn that you aren't supposed to sniff butts and mark territory, no matter how emotional and passionate she is about it, but that still wants to be normal.

I'm sure her dream will never come true, what do ya think?

As always, thanks for reading and such, feedback is appreciated and encouraged, even on older chapters (I don't know if AO3 usually does that or not)
It burns.

Chapter Summary

A lot of things feel like burning without really burning.

Temperature changes and gradients, substances interfering with our senses, even emotions and bodily functions.

Simple things can burn, it doesn't have to be violent or sudden, it lies within all of us.

We have fire inside, waiting to get out.

Chapter Notes

Gonna take things slow to progress along the manga, if that makes sense, otherwise I'll just expand on interactions and the like, since I doubt whatever horikoshi has cooked up will NOT mess up with what I've got planned, I think it may just be a better idea to separate completely, why must it be so hard.

I'm glad to see comments and interaction with my readers, please, consider leaving feedback: it's the sugar coating on any piece of work.

See the end of the chapter for more notes

The morning had come, and despite having to live without an arm for nearly all of his life so far, Scycliq still needed help dressing up.

It wasn't that he couldn't do it with just one hand, but the mere intention of using his missing limb caused horrible headaches, something that plagued him throughout the day, but more prominently when he had to dress and undress.

He did lay down in bed, but didn't sleep, not at all, his sister slept and dreamt, but he stood awake in fear of nightmares.

They had been offered a temporary spot in the UA staff, Akos would be an assistant for recovery girl while Rougarl would work as a janitor and construction worker for the many dummy buildings and repairs, these roles were temporary, since any academic qualifications they might have would need to be approved by the government and many agencies.

Speaking of which, despite the thorough investigations from the military, law enforcement and other agents, they couldn't find any information or records on any of them, or relatives even, they didn't exist within the system, so finding criminal records was impossible, even then, the trio went ahead and listed any potentially illegal or criminal actions they could remember.

Ranging from art theft and duping, murder and kidnapping, their declared crimes weren't light or easy to forgive, but considering how much of a help they intended and wanted to be, it wasn't far
off to assume they would just serve their time in jail if the time came for it.

His nose began to bleed as Akos finished helping him dress, they had worked together for decades, accustomed and in tune with each other as best as they could, affinity was a valued trait amongst the pact, and they had plenty, not only with each other too.

"So they agreed to help? Wonderful! We will re... Save-reco.. save, yes save! We will save Nora in no time!"

"Hopefully, I had my suspicions about all might and the many rumors... But I suppose it was a matter of time before i found out, my model predicted it, after all"

The devil is in the details, it was true, technically speaking Cliq already knew about one for all and all for one, the two power conduit quirks that amassed power through selflessness and selfishness, regardless, it would've taken lots of samples and research to pinpoint their qualities and locations, as well as to measure their 'convergence’ coefficient.

"The problem now is that it's all in the hands of a kid and an incarcerated senior"

Rougarl fitted himself in denim pants and jacket, bearing the UA icons that marked him as a worker, Akos spotted a clean coat and a simple dress under it, they negotiated their terms with nedzu last night: they had wristbands that tracked them just like they would track an intruder, kind of like an intended invasion, which meant it could easily alert everyone should they attempt anything, it wasn't that they weren't trusted, it was just the best way to add them to the staff temporarily.

"He's got everything Nora spoke about, and I've seen it too: the will behind those eyes, it has already changed fate itself, I felt it too... It's what awoke some of us"

Rougarl shrugged, nodding slightly before kneeling to Cliq

"I apologize for doubting you, milord, I merely worry about our goal..."

Cliq laughed nervously, reassuringly tapping him on the shoulder before dismissing his kneel, his customs hadn't changed since he was given a voice, constantly needing reassurance from authority.

"We will get them back, don't worry"

---

Two days had passed, Aizawa wasn't sure how Amensis kept sneaking past him, after some thought, he simply relegated her to sleeping outside the dorms, in a makeshift shack provided by cementooss, she had all the commodities she could ask for, which wasn't much, she likely never had the option to choose or ask for commodities.

As a teacher and pro hero, every now and then you have to change plans, improvise, adapt and make the best of any situation, but it didn't mean it was any better.

While she wasn't exactly a student, she ended up learning by proxy from his students due to her infalible insistence and stamina, on the bright side, Bakugou had another sparring partner that could take a beating, -Kirishima and Izuku could only handle or dish out so much- while Amensis
could do both.

Uraraka and Shoto had been transferred back to their dorms, but doctors and nurses foreign to UA had to come every now and then to check on them, all in all, the recovery of everyone involved was fast and seamless, even Hizashi would be out of bed in a couple days, despite the compound fracture along his ribs and spine.

His students did inform him of the little talk they had with DM and Amensis, at least he and their parents had imparted proper judgement onto them, for the most part.

If they went to Sir Nighteye's grave, would they find a body? What did they take, who and why? Amensis didn't confirm it, but judging by the fact she didn't hesitate to 'eat' Stain's remains, he doubted they had any qualms with the whole deal, why lie about one but not about the other?

The fortification they created on the Pacific ocean had become nearly unassailable, they had such a strong grasp on the properties of weather and ocean water that the ships could only watch, their strength replenished nearly endlessly, according to Cliq, this was due to Sorvune and the volcanic activity, as long as he kept killing and destroying with each erruption, the agents at the fortress would stay alive and strong.

Uraraka spent plenty of time catching up with her parents over the phone, Shoto meanwhile did his best to get used to his new limb, baby steps most of the time.

Tsuyu and the other girls often tried to reassure Uraraka, while Deku and Iida did their best to provide moral support to Todoroki, everyone constantly tried helping him with bits and pieces of advice, what they did or what they thought of when using their quirks, it was curious to see so many styles of a simple body function.

Class 1-A kept showing how tight-knit they were, as their teacher, he could only wonder if this was something he could be proud of, and if the constant villain targeting had only strengthened their bonds.

Amensis grew bored of not being included, but by being bored of not being included, wasn't she already being included?

Paperwork would soon come through and despite the girl having no family or representatives, she could become the 21th member of class 1-A or 1-B, a good excuse for him to convince Sekijiro and other teachers to agree to expand to make both classes just a tiny bit larger.

After all, a select few of the general education department did deserve the chance they had been denied at the sports festival.

He had free time, and had been analyzing her fighting style, in previous sessions with his students and right now, as they fought.

Her one goal when fighting was to cause damage to herself, usually by moving herself just slightly so his attacks would cause damage to blood vessels closer to the skin, something that Kirishima and Bakugou fell for, but not him.

All his attacks either hit or miss, no half-hits that only powered her quirk while minimizing damage to her structure and composure.

His white scarf was soaked in blood, he could feel it being pulled weakly like a magnet at all times, but his control over it was far greater, she could increase her control over bloodied objects greatly, but only for short bursts, and seemingly, not under his own quirk.
"Can't do much when I've got you like this, huh?"

He had subdued her by wrapping her arms over her head, she tried breaking the skin on her stomach and wrists with bites, and make her nose bleed by smashing it against the concrete, but his bandages stopped her from hurting herself and any significant amount of blood from leaking.

"Your quirk... Is really... Weird, it makes me feel... So weird"

Her voice was drunken and slow, she tried to bite her tongue to bleed, but that was the opening Aizawa needed to stop her biting and subdue her.

In all honesty, he wasn't used to someone being merely weakened by Erasure, but it wasn't the first time, the noumu had multiple quirks and impressive innate qualities, removing one or two bits of a larger bundle of quirks rarely did much, was she like that then? Was her Hematomania a handful of blood-related quirks? How many? Could he selectively disable some? She posed a unique learning experience for him, and likely everyone else.

Someone not scared of blood, of dying, of pain.

She was reckless, her fighting style was sloppy, but that much was to be expected of someone who is not afraid of bleeding out, meat and blood always protected the things she couldn't repair: bone, that much was evident in how she moved while sparring and practicing, and without the spiked, sharp devices in her suit, she had to risk breaking something.

She had lost, unable to fight back, she simply stopped, and aizawa let her go, and as he did, the stains and smudges of blood in his clothes began to drain, leaving them slightly off-white, yellowish, but cleaner than before.

"Stop playing so defensively, you've got to get stronger without your quirk, maybe discover a way to raise your pressure to the point of bleeding without having to cut anything"

She always thanked her opponent, regardless of who won and in which state, using very unique phrasing.

"Thank you for letting me practice death"

It was very peculiar, and it unsettled him and his students.

"Why? I had no intention of severely harming you"

"...old habit, I apologize, sensei"

He sat down while she laid in a pool of blood, slowly being absorbed through the few wounds she had and through the membranes: mouth, eyes, nose.

"What does it mean? If you genuinely want to fit in, you're gonna have to find a more amiable way to thank others"

"...We must always practice, the more we do something, the better we become at it, and isn't the best death the one that never comes? Or one that... When it happens, is majestic? Fighting is just... Practice for it"

"I'd rather not die so I can do more, tons of people rely on someone with a common sense, you, for example"
His students, Hizashi, Toshinori and plenty of other heroes had this obsession with being flashy and risky, this was the case with Amensis it seemed.

"True, I guess... Its just something not everyone can practice and get better at, what else can I get better at? I'm cannon fodder, born to die so someone doesn't have to, all I can do is make sure I die for someone who can love someone as much as I love pain"

The papers detailing the ranks and roles of each member of the pact did reach Aizawa, along with bits of profiles, physical and mental.

"You're young, you can do plenty, don't focus so much on something that you won't have to do for a long time, listen to the others, you'd be surprised, maybe you'll find a hobby that doesn't involve being Bakugou's punching bag"

He stood up and offered her a hand, which she shook her head to.

"I like laying down in it, I'll be fine"

"Just remember, just because you've got all this practice being hurt and getting hurt, doesn't mean you have to only get hurt"

Again, yet another trap that 'mainstream' heroes fell into, particularly All might, and sadly, he raised a whole generation of aggressively selfless hero students AND Bakugou.

Fixating oneself on being some paragon of something was noble, but not always what had to be done.

Some heroes where beacons of guiding light, others dim but constant, some, brief but blinding flashes, all of them were valid ways to be a hero, but some rarely had a happy ending, no matter how much you practice or plan for it.

"So you're saying that my followers say there's competition? I say bullcrap, this was never about competition"

"You sure like to say bullcrap alright"

DM shot a glare towards Wyveel, as much as a static, frozen smile could really glare.

"Whatever, showbiz is a cruel mistress, and I'm not here to be popular or flashy, I'm here to impact, to influence, and I can do that without as many views as... That dude"

He turned upwards, to admire the handiwork of the Titans, they had sculpted a massive ice dome with multiple layers and hexagonal supports, the arching structures bridging the pilars made it quite sturdy, not that Ice itself could stand up to explosives and munitions, but it gave them privacy and control when it came to defence.

The outer perimeter of their fortress of solitude was still permeated by acidic fumes and water, constantly boiling and steaming around the edges due to sea water being mildly alkaline, not that the nearly-endless supply of acid from Sulghera gave a fuck.

Speaking of Sulghera, she had become quite... Engorged, swimming in patrol around the dome,
sporting a new body, made out of whale carcasses and repurposed salts from the sea, it was quite impressive considering the sheer mass she managed to pack.

It was terrifying too, seeing a whale-shark-bug-thing jump over an aircraft carrier was quite the sight.

After that, the military finally started using serious weaponry: high yield explosives and even nuclear artillery, which was stopped relatively easily due to a high-density air barrier stalling while Kyanne "defused" the explosion.

Being able to reduce the total energy of a system to zero was quite useful, even when the system is an ongoing thermonuclear shell, things can't explode at all when there's no energy to initiate the runaway reaction of an explosion.

It wasn't easy, it hurt her eyes, but it saved them, and it scared the humans even more, even after using equipment and quirks to calculate attack angles and optimal approaches, it was impossible to use explosives against Kyanne, she turned heat into cold, movement into stillness, chaos into order.

"We should be fine for quite a while, submarines are being handled by Sulghera, planes by Vindsor and Kyanne is making sure they don't blow us up"

They didn't have to sleep, eat or drink, even breathing, they didn't have to worry about dying, only about killing more than they got killed.

Even then, the true pleasure of being was more than just being, they had to do something.

It was Vindsor's vice, Kyanne's vanity and Sulghera's hunger.

"Eh I think I may go negotiate some more, we already have ongoing operations in Oceania and both poles... Divert attention from our little snow globe, let things simmer down, wait till they lower their defences..."

"Simmer down? Fuck that, I need Fundament on the surface, I've got a war to wage"

DM laughed, patting Wyveel on the back.

"And I'll gladly help you, but you can't just waltz in and hope Sulghera will save you every time, we still have a deal, remember?"

And there it was.

"Fine, what the fuck do you want?"

"Well... Reminding mister and missus 'wannabe normal' that they aren't normal would be a good start, otherwise please keep your Wyveel-ness to a minimum"

"Can't you do it yourself?"

"Muh uh, I've got information to gather and shit to infiltrate"

It was a terrible tendency, to bluff about knowing something and THEN attempt to gather said knowledge, but if anyone could pull it off, it was DM.

he took advantage of chaos and disorganization, distrust amongst those who shared secrets, to unearth the secrets they worried about once called out.
He didn't know where Overhaul or the precepts were, nor where the horned child was, not where All for one was.

But in attempting to conceal them, they would reveal then, or that was the plan at least.

"Fine, I'll leave sneaky spy shit to you, asshole aspie"

Wyveel stood up and grabbed the mic of a radio on his belt, the coiled wire springing as he bought it to his mouth, dialing to get in contact with Balkrupt and Ileana, hopefully.

Who knows, maybe in a week or two of not being constantly harassed, those with a bullseye on their forehead will forget about it, and even if they don't, they can always get a bigger gun.

"I'm not the smartest man in the world, nor the wisest, and this... Well, this is not the answer you are hoping for, hear me out"

Scycliq was in yet another small meeting with the UA staff and the local hero agencies - at least representatives of them - and law enforcement, prison directors particularly.

"One of the biggest advantages the pact has is well... How they can gather information, or as they like to call it, logic, before my departure and before the final stage of our first two complete products, one of us was capable of knowing things that you didn't want her to know, it was... A very counter intuitive thing, but I'm willing to bet that's how they got a hold on endeavor's info and the like, personal details about students..."

"So if we don't focus on them not knowing about it, it'll be harder for them to find out?"

"Well, the one who possessed such a power is long dead, but we cannot make a conceited effort to stop them, they have a wide array of methods and if they even have the slightest hint of how we will act.. well, they can change on the fly, us? Not so much"

The idea was to postpone the festival just a pinch, instead of cancelling it.

"The kids... They need to be kids for just a bit longer, not just them, everyone can use the time to relax, enjoy things"

Aizawa wasn't so much on board with simply carrying out another event to be attacked.

"It's a very dangerous move, but when it comes to countering and reacting to threats, we can't afford to simply let them attack us, specially not now that they've expressed desire to free other villains and criminals"

This time, it was Rougarl who stepped in, his rugged expression hidden by his beard and mustache.

"If you turn your prison into an impenetrable fortress, they'll get 4 and level a city, if you don't increase security, they may just send one, same goes for how secure you want information, they can either threaten the password out of someone, or surgically remove the portion of their brain that contains said password"

He yawned, holding his hand up, signaling he wasn't done.
"That includes very violent, deadly conflict to single out the person to begin with, of course... But at this point the best we can do is simply deny them, we cannot attack until they expose themselves, and they won't do that until they're starving inside Fundament"

The proposition was dire, to take head-on threats and ignore them.

"Well, it does make sense, if we hadn't prepared for the attack on the school, it's very likely less people would've gotten killed by Felhid, which in turn would've resulted in a weaker prison and... Food for the thing"

Tsukauchi still mourned the loss of his men, but they died on the line of duty, if only the playing field had been just a little bit more even.

"Not only that, but targeting specific students also put more tension on everyone... Pressure from outside as well, even when contained by death threats, the media isn't letting go of this"

It was rare for Hizashi to take things seriously, but he was serious as hell when he did.

It was a tough choice, UA had a big reputation, and the attacks on the school from domestic villain organizations and now from the international pact was... Well, it made people not want to be associated with UA, and there's no way the public would be settled with a simple 'it's better if we don't react' explanation, not to mention that explaining that would, in turn, inform the pact of their intentions.

"It'll be complicated, but we will manage, we have plenty of ideas to throw the pact AND the pesky public off our trail, worst case scenario, you can blame us, we are villains already!"

Akos cheered on while sipping on some of the tea offered by nedzu, who tapped on his chin.

"It's dubious, but your intentions are certainly hero-like so keep it up! the know-how of the inner workings of villains is quite valuable, so I'm all ears!"

His ears twitched, as if tuning to listen.

Wait, what animal CAN direct their hearing? Nedzu? Nevermind...

My mother hated me.

Or rather, she hated how little control she had over me.

I burnt ants and hills with sunlight, torched textbooks with matches, threw burnt marshmallows at my siblings.

It was all so meaningless, bugs? Worthless, knowledge? Worthless, food? Worthless.

She took me to the doctor, I burnt the doctor's office.

She thought I was sick, I just had fire inside me.
The only things worth anything in this world are things that cannot be burnt, things that can withstand and surpass the purifying flames, the great equalizer, everything will be ashes once a flame hot enough is achieved.

I burnt, she burnt, we all became ashes.

But the fire inside me wasn't extinguished.

My fire had withstood fire, it was something worth while.

And then, the fire spoke to me, it told me what to burn, who to burn, it told me stories about the sun and the earth, how fire rules it all.

And now, these ants dare pretend they can stand up to me.

The fire inside me is old, the very first flame to ever turn bones and flesh to ashes, a funeral pyre, perhaps older, the earth was nothing but fire at some point after all.

It has burnt for so long, and yet, I look around me and it tells me: there's so much left to burn.

Chapter End Notes

I'm going to do a minor timeskip to when the culture festival thing happens, once it gets there, I'll finally bring in the big three and Eri! Yay?

This one is kinda short, but the idea was to advance towards the chosen path a lil bit more.
An eye for an eye.

Chapter Summary

Sometimes, something bad HAS to happen to someone.

Minimizing damage is something that has to be taken in mind, some people call it the greater good, sometimes this is true, sometimes it's just people being extremely biased towards their own personal goals and pleasures, gotta feel like the hero, gotta have an excuse.

All in all, would you rather be a victim or a bystander? A statistic or a survivor? That's what I thought.

Chapter Notes

Shoutouts to crossfire for keeping me company in this wild wild ride, if I had to say how done we are with this story, I'd say one fifth, which may go faster or slower depending on reader input and how the canon moves.

Yet another reason for you, yes YOU to also comment and engage with me, if anything to tell me how bad I am at this or how annoying it is for me to want comments.

A while ago I was really scared of seriously harming/killing characters, not only would it be a blow to the story and the characters within it, but it would also infuriate some of my readers, hence I made bullshit healing, but it's okay, there's also bullshit violence, not that it applies to this chapter.

See the end of the chapter for more notes.

It was way past his work time, and way past his bed time, the usually friendly atmosphere of this tavern had sobered up quite a bit.

"Are you trying to blackmail me?"

"Of course not, that would be immoral and simply disgraceful"

Ileana rolled her eyes and mouthed the word 'yes' despite contradicting Balkrupt's words.

"I am proposing that you stop protecting those that shouldn't be protected and focus on what you, as a member of the police, can actually accomplish"

Kenji had been visited regularly and almost predictably by the couple, with plenty of takes about their recent tourism around the zone and even other districts to share with him, perfectly harmless, but after the police showed up to interrogated him, he couldn't just hide it.

Even though the two had been revealed to be part of the pact and under surveillance by the police,
they took advantage of it.

"You should get better snipers, they're doing a terrible job at tracking my vitals, worse at keeping
the radios silent, fucking awful"

"Ileana please, don't insult his men..."

The commissioner had indeed violated their terms of meeting, they had asked for a peaceful
meeting to discuss something and one couldn't blame him for wanting extra safety.

"Regardless of the competence of your marksmen and spotters, their intervention won't be
necessary, right, Ileana?"

"Right, our quirks are a hassle, plus we are like... Moderately evil, not completely"

The commissioner gulped while nodding, they had spent a good amount of time debating between
eachother now, after asking him to remove the majority of the police at the prison Chisaki was
being held in.

"Truth of the matter is, we don't want to do this, so I've taken the liberty of making sure losses are
at a minimum, hardworking, earnest men shouldn't have to die protecting some villain scum, don't
you agree?"

"That's not how the justice system works, it is our obligation that they complete their sentences and
do not escape-"

"-Oh, believe me, they won't escape"

Ileana cut In, beckoning Kenji closer to serve her another glass -wine this time- while they spoke.

Where these also against the fundamentals of the pact? Tachiel was doing a terrible job of being a
leader in that case.

He recognized the descriptions and drawings Scycliq had provided, they where... Scary, to say the
least, but they seemed genuine in their task for peaceful dialogue.

"Tachiel doesn't want to fight the police or pro heroes, he would rather have them simply removed
from the equation, it's the students he wants to play with, and well... He's got more than one way to
assure everyone's playing by his rules, thankfully me and my partner are quite resilient to whatever
he throws at us"

"So you don't feel threatened enough to follow his rule, why even follow him in the first place?"

"I didn't join the pact to be evil, I joined it to keep it in check, to ensure it never became corrupt,
something I've done rather well, and I will continue doing once Fundament resurfaces"

Ileana yawned while standing up with her cup of wine, peering out of the window blinds to see if
she could catch anything, it was quite dark outside, and the street lightning and dark windows hid
the snipers and observant and very well, but she could see it all.

"Your men are getting fidgety huh? They can shoot if they want, it'll miss"

"Ileana, men are talking"

She laughed while drinking some more.
"The only reason Wyveel has done what he has was because he didn't have to report back to me, same goes for Sorvune, who has taken a liking for lobbing magma at people... At any rate, I plan to bring the same punishment to the bastards in that prison, and I will simply, not be stopped"

"Ah, mortification of the flesh, atonement for the wretched sinners... You only really like doing it to those that upset you, you're a big ol hypocrite"

Balkrupt didn't respond to Ileana's remark, simply sighing.

"Which brings me to the second part of our little conversation, as much as you believe the festival is unsafe for them, I can guarantee it will be protected, considering the apostasies are likely collaborating with them, and that... Well, me and my wife plan to visit said festival, probably alongside other members of the pact"

It still felt weird being called wife.

"And if anyone plans to disturb it in any major way, I will personally curb their attempt, you can have my word"

For a group whose leader and most outspoken member had just declared war on civilization in two occasions, he seemed awfully civil about just showing up at a school festival.

"Notably, you are welcome to attempt to capture, defeat or kill us, but... Well, it'll quickly get very ugly for everyone involved"

"What do you have to gain from it if you truly have no intention to harm anyone inside"

Ileana shrugged while leaning on Balkrupt's shoulder, her clothing was way more modest, it slowly got better, something Kenji noticed with their continued visits.

"What's the point of doing whatever you want to if you can't do what you enjoy? I mean... Life gets boring after a while, it's been ages since I got to be a normal person, and my dear Balky misses it too"

The bloodlines that had led to these individuals where quite complex, as a matter of fact, the very first quirk that manifested in the modern era was... Part of Ileana, wether that meant she was related to the shining baby or 'consumed' them or a relative was not specified by Scycliq.

**Ileana Cherenkov**

*Quirk: Prismatic/Unknown*

*Capable of light manipulation and projection, extremely elusive to the naked eye, capable of detecting many wavelengths besides just visible light, further details unknown, testing nearly impossible, one of the few members whose human personality overcame the quirk.*

**Balkrupt Schwarzschild.**

*Quirk: Penumbra/Unknown*

*Capable of intensifying gravity and personal density, extremely slow and unwieldy, has only been injured once, further details unknown, testing nearly impossible, one of the few members whose human personality overcame the quirk.*

That was the report from Scycliq, quite notably, they were indeed the only names he could vaguely
recognize amongst the garbled root words and made up names the rest had, names they had give themselves, but these two? Their last names where given by their parents, presumingly.

"I'm sure the law can permit us to at least attend this event, consider it an act of charity, of diplomacy"

"Before you gut their prisoners? That's asking for too much, Balky"

"I'm not waiting until the festival, take that as you will"

Balkrupt was drinking tea again, still no alcohol in his beverage.

"We are obligated to uphold the law, to allow you to execute or liberate the prisoners would make all of us guilty as well"

The commissioner tapped two fingers on the table, seemingly to seek patience and think in this time of tension.

"They had a fair trial and their sentence is just, we cannot allow you to simply waltz in at the festival either, UA will not be remembered as a hero academy that let villains walk in and out"

He tapped again, Ileana sighed.

"And we police, cannot negotiate with you in good terms after all your kin has done, nor we can simply stand and watch, something must be done"

"Our association with the pact doesn't have much to do with our moral standing or possition in society, not to mention that the sentence given to the criminals was far too light, flagellation and execution would be more fitting"

Balkrupt shrugged while he finished his tea, thanking Kenji for it while placing a bill on the table for their drinks, he even insisted the commissioner to have something, his treat.

A swift, hushed whistle through the air broke the silence, Ileana let out a yell as the nearby window broke.

"Told ya, Missed, fucker wasn't even aiming for a vital either"

The bullet landed on Balkrupt, considering she was between him and the window, he seemed unfazed.

"Now, that's terribly rude, did your men fire out of their own judgement? Or did you give an order?"

He stood up and stretched somewhat, the bullet fell to the floor, standard sniper caliber -quite small but fast- the chunk of lead was flattened, mushroomed out.

"I don't mind being shot at, but to shoot Ileana... That's a bit too much"

The commissioner tapped the table again, another silenced shot, this time at Balkrupt directly, nailing him on the side of the head.

"Ah well, it does not matter, I will ignore this agression as a sign of good will, no harm done, punishment will come at another time, for now, I suggest your men conserve ammo, they'll need it"

His skin stopped the bullet as if armor, a completely flat surface that didn't even deform when
impacted.

"These threats and aggressions towards us won't change a thing, we will still stop you"

Ileana laughed.

"Agression? Threats? We are being friendly here, this is nothing compared to what we are capable of, your idiotic helmeted minions are the ones trying to threaten us, which is obviously not working"

"Ileana, language"

The blonde woman huffed as she wrapped her arms around Balkrupt, pretty much climbing him, clinging onto him like a cloak or backpack, to which he reacted by holding the back of her knees with his hands.

"Whatever happens, I will bring true justice to the men in that prison, and I will be present at the festival"

Ileana stuck her tongue out while the two made their way out of the bar, but not before waving farewell to Kenji and the commissioner.

"Whether it results in bloodshed or not, is up to you, heroes"

The two of them vanished into the long shadows and still lights of the street, leaving nothing behind.

The commissioner held his breath before sighing, returning to face Kenji.

"You've got some friends, thankfully they don't seem to focus too much on personal attacks..."

"Sorry, sir... It really seems they picked me at random..."

"Thank you for informing us anyways, as long as they work with you, we will keep a patrol near you and inform pro heroes of these events... Your safety and that of your business and customers is important"

It was true that the police force and hero agencies were stretched thin, but that's what they were for: to take hits so society wouldn't have to, to do what the common man wasn't equipped or trained to do.

Sadly, it seemed the pact was intent on making the playing field even for everyone, to take the power and authority away and just do their thing, on their terms.

It was kind of frightening, yet he was glad, it was almost like whatever they had in mind, only worked if they bought themselves down to their level.

"Ah, look at you, what a wonderful heir you'll make"

Ah, it was taunting, skipping right past pleasantries and manners, with the facade of friendliness and comedy, but his intent was clear, to provoke and insult.
"I'll be honest here bub, I try to look like a clown, but you've got me beat!"

Swinging his hammer at his head, a rather pleasant, crunch came from DM's mask, caving in into his skull, despite this, it spoke again.

"Hey now, I'm just... Trying to be friendly, we have a long story to look forward to together, considering what lays ahead of you and how much i plan to be in it"

"Shut your mouth, cheap comedian, you are the peak of hypocrisy if you think that's friendly"

He showed up late at night, the midnight diner he frequented was quite homely, his intrusion wasn't violent, but not necesarily welcome either.

"Ouch, fine, let's start from the beginning:

He extended his palm and began to close it, twitching as his mask slowly reshaped itself and pushed the hammer out of the space his skull took up as the signature strings began to tense and run against eachother, there was no blood, but plenty of gears, hinges and pulleys, mildly disturbing to most, but he had been through plenty of ugly sights.

"My name is DM, and I'd really like it if we could be business partners of sorts, since the mafia and vigilantism will be on the rise if everything goes according to my plan..."

"And from what Kurogiri tells me, you're the one who promised to help the alliance and failed" a brief pause and a sigh "stick to obscura for now"

"Obscura? Entonces ahora somos multilingüés? Excelente"

DM shrugged off the strange stare "for the record, i didn't fail, because I haven't tried, and because the stipulation for my promise was going to happen anyway... So uh, nah"

"Lying scum, another point in favor of not working with you, alongside supporting quirk supremacy and preying on the weak"

He shrugged, chuckling behind his mask.

"It's hard to not think quirks are the best thing to bless mankind when you see them do what the Divine did in ancient myth"

Despite his weapon of choice being held at a more neutral stance, he still wished he could hit him.

"Ah well, you don't have to agree, or even want to, the best thing about being me is that... Well, I'll be here forever, to see what happens, what about you? Gonna keep stalk- I mean, meeting with Izuku? Sure, kid needs help, but from you? C'mon"

Being capable hard to kill made the insufferable even more insufferable.

"I'm surprised you don't know more about what exactly I do and why, considering you flaunt how easily you got your hands on so much... "

"Again, you hurt me!" He placed his hand on his chest, to mock offense "of course I know more, but I'm choosing to let you dictate the flow of this... Mutualist relationship you have with everyone and everything you have a relationship with, I mean, aren't you supposed to be evil-er? Kinda lame that you aren't"

The silence hung on the air, he didn't want to spill anything unnecessary.
"Let me put it this way: no matter how many new heroes and villains show up, how many vigilantes and criminals join either rank, the pact is like the sky, always above, even if you can fly, there is always higher, even in space, there's always something up, I'm just looking down at you and thinking it'd be fun to let you be part of this whole deal, it'd be more entertaining"

"And of course you want the entertainment value over substance or importance, your arrogance is very disgusting, reminds me of a few heroes"

"...how'd you guess? I do aim to entertain, and well... You are very easy to upset, it's fun"

And with that thought, he left the glass of water he had been given on the table, still full, seemingly making his exit while he framed himself using his hands, which drew a square around him with string.

"You're messing with those who wrote the myth about the Divine, who kept urban legends around, even the most childish or mystic of tales was made by and for humans, quirkless or not, we still have the brains and willpower to defy you, arrogant puppet"

His smile only grew as the portal began to twist and shrink, taking him along, vanishing.

And then, after the entirety of class 1-A was informed of the festival, scheming began.

Truth was, the festival was indeed delayed for a while, mostly to let the UA staff and students recover, thankfully normal classes and activities went as normal, which meant plenty of time for them to get back into the swing of things, a curse and a blessing, depending who you ask.

Bakugou had gotten a prosthesis for his hand, thankfully only his pinky finger needed complete substitution, and the technology was advanced enough to the point it was well... Basically perfect, but it stuck out like a sore thumb, jokes aside.

It took his quirk into account, having a ridged surface and pores to spread and deliver his explosive sweat, it however, made his messy, scrabbly, hastened-by-anger handwriting even worse.

Uraraka's recovery was going by great, she could stay at the dorms indefinitely and her nausea went back to normal levels, according to Akos, her body having to adapt and accept the transplant with her quirk would in turn, make Uraraka's quirk a bit harder to use, briefly at least, some sort of vaccine-like exhaustion.

Izuku, of course, seemed pretty intent on helping her whenever anything happened, often reacting faster than Iida, a feat that everyone noticed but thought impossible.

As for Todoroki, his arm still had a strangely lighter tone, but it had recovered near complete functionality, he still felt weaker but excersize would fix that, his quirk didn't get much practice still.

Either way, with the extra weeks of rest and replenishment before the festival, things could only improve, slowly but improve nonetheless, and the news only improved the overall mood, it gave everyone a goal, it got brains thinking and energy flowing, everyone would get to participate,
everyone would get to plan and play their part.

Except for Amensis, who insisted she would rather watch -she wasn't part of the class anyways-maybe be a backup? She didn't know what many of the words thrown around meant, she had heard them, she knew what music was, what a festival was, but all the ones she had experienced were... Well, more violent and poetically gory than the norm.

Mori did a good job at raising her to use phrases such as "the harmonious tones of your oozing intestines will be the feast at my feverish festival of flesh"

In the end, the class settled on a band, music, a standard concept but taken to the UA style, to be the very best and then some, to go beyond, plus ultra!

The scene calmed down on the media side after the newest security measures took place: golems.

Built out of stone, reinforced with steel frames and concrete, carrying cameras and sensors, they had basic intelligence provided by small computers, the rock itself wasn't aware or smart, but it moved.

They could identify students, teachers and guests to then find them in their respective databases, they could provide gentle help and firm authority when needed, and unlike the all-metal robots in the traditional UA training, they repaired on their own and moved way, way faster, with better judgement.

It would supplement their already impressive security system, not that that meant they could relax, if anything, it meant they had to look for other weak spots now that they had a set of improved bots.

"So uh... Yeah, that's why I'm here, not a lot to do without my two companions, I get nervous when alone, is this alright?"

Scycliq found himself at the door of the support department of UA, even though the hero support and support hero industries where huge, very few applicants came to and from hero schools, it was one of those things that normal schools usually did better.

"You look really... Special, to say the least"

Power loader had an arm in a brace, broken fingers, but he could still operate most machinery.

"I'll take that as a compliment, given that I wasn't given a task for today or... in general, I could stay here, maybe? My quirk could be useful to the support department, name is... Hum, just call me Cliq"

He held his hand out, he looked incredibly uncomfortable, sweating and pretty pale, considering his entire left arm was missing, he couldn't wipe it off while greeting.

"Sure, I'm Power loader and I could always use a scapegoat to wrangle in Hatsume, heard your buddies got put in... As a nurse and janitor?"

"Yeah, unlike them I don't really have the personality or brawn to do much to do with... Ya know, people"

He didn't pay much attention to him being called a scapegoat, perfect.

"Not too social huh? You'll fit right in, usually under three in here, me and Hatsume, sometimes
other students, just... Us and the machines, the tools"

"Just machines... A welcome change"

Cliq approached what seemed to be a halfways-completed suit, quite large, almost in the category of a mech.

It seemed like it had a very recent malfunction, as evidenced by the freshly welded joints despite some parts being fully painted.

"That's hers, don't tou-" "who are you and why are you touching my baby!"

Shoved aside by a swift blur of blue and pink, unable to find something to grab on his right he just plummeted, falling flat on his ass.

"I'm really sorry, I just... I t-thought i-i could help?" He laid on the floor still, looking up at the girl who was obsessively and meticulously inspecting the mechanical suit.

"Hatsume, say hello to Cliq, he's gonna be spending some time with us while his partners are busy"

"Ahhh... Righto, you're the ex-villain guy! Welcome to my workshop!"

"...Hatsume, it's not yours"

Cliq chuckled nervously, slowly shifting to his side to lift himself up, freezing up as he felt Power loader hold him and help him up, shaking a bit at the contact.

"Sorry about that, she's pretty energetic"

"Understandable, eagerness to create is a sentiment I can relate to"

He coughed a bit, looking down at Hatsume, his messy hair and beard made him look quite old, which he was, but his graying hair was due to stress, not age.

"Sorry for touching your... Prototype"

"Prototype? This model is fully functional and ready for the festival!"

"Well... It broke, that must've been unintentional, r-right?"

Power loader laughed a bit while going back to his desk, to his cup of coffee and some papers.

"Well, that was due to a minor miscalculation, nothing I can't fix in a day or two! I just need to recreate the conditions to find out what failed"

She went back to her station, with Cliq nervously peeking over to her work, the blueprints were extensive and very detailed, thorough and meticulous despite her initially reckless, actions-first personality.

"You've tried three times now, I keep telling you, there's not enough cooling near the lower half, not enough vents..."

"Fluid cooling is better, vents are a weak spot, specially in a suit!"

Power loader and Hatsume Mei argued back and forth, Cliq meanwhile simply stared, pretty creepily, at the crosshair-eyed girl and her plans.
"I can fix it"

"What?"

Hope and disbelief came from the other two, turning to face him, which made him gulp and shake somewhat, avoiding direct eye contact.

"My quirk, I can help you know what went wrong"

His tone was still shaky, but at least managing to avoid stutters.

"Eh? Great! Well, go ahead!"

Hatsume Mei moved aside her work station, the broken down, sideways torso laid on the bench, sections had been taken away.

"Is this all? Besides smoke and ashes from the fire, can i get all the missing parts? The original ones?"

Power loader hauled a small metal canister, inside it, burnt cybernetics and plastic, it was garbage, about to be sent for recycling, Hatsume meanwhile placed a few scorched, misshapen metal layers on the table.

"Oh, you guys... Do keep things around, that's nice"

He placed his hand over the pile of broken, burnt remains and the replacements, his eyes ran over the blueprints.

Light blue fractals began to project from his hand, illuminating the surface of the blueprints and the pieces, the curved light began to scan the pile back and forth, creating a small model out of lines connecting what and where it went on the completed mech, a hologram of sorts, made out of lines and repeating patterns.

"The fluid you used reacted with one of the joints in the system... It leaked, shorting out these... And then the fire was fed by the currents created by the upper vents..."

The projection was pretty accurate, from what Hatsume saw, it took nearly everything into account.

"You... Probably already know how to solve it, and you would've figured it out in one or two more runs... Maybe just one, different fluid, better material for the seals... Sorry, thought I'd suggest anyways, no offense to your intellect"

As he closed his hand, the hologram being projected from the blueprints and materials retracted into his hand, Power loader sipped his coffee after enjoying the display.

"That's a handy quirk, what's it called?"

He had been informed by nezu about the intricacies of the pact revealed by Cliq himself, he believed none of it, but it was still pretty impressive.

"She... Doesn't like being called a name, I don't use her much either, terrible headaches"

"Oooh, strange, to talk about one's quirk like that! Either way, thanks for the help! I would love to work with you some more, if you don't mind plotting and projecting for me~"

Syclick smiled nervously.
"Sure, it... Takes a bit to recharge, plus I mostly work on other types of engineering... But I'll do my best"

Again, Power loader was just a bit suspicious, this man was a high standing scientist of some kind, yet here he was playing assistant to Hatsume Mei, either he was completely out of his field or he was playing dumb, trying to make himself less threatening maybe?

It had been bothering him, actually.

He was in the thick of things, he saw Present mic's back be broken like a twig since the monstrous Ghele shrugged off the broken eardrums and bleeding ears, how endeavor had his leg bitten off, all kinds of beatings being dished and taken, his fingers broke after his first was crushed by Ghele's mechanical grip.

And then came Akos, the woman who seemed to work miracles, the nectar of her bosom having many qualities which she could control, amazing healing, it did work miracles, it repaired usually permanent damage on mic and endeavor, and so much more for others, a panacea of health.

Yet here stood Cliq, missing an arm and in terrible health, mental or otherwise.

Not to mention Cliq's reports never bought up much about himself or what he did in the Pact and even worse, about the host of the Pact's show thing, the jester asshole.

It rubbed him off in the wrong way, but until they found a real reason to doubt them, they had done nothing but try to be helpful, which they did.

Judging by how easily he was picking up on Hatsume's explanations and ramblings, he had a good deal of general knowledge and brain power.

"...Sure, but you've got to uh, take it off"

God, it felt weird saying that to a schoolgirl.

Hatsume shrugged while removing the bracelets and waistband gear she had asked Cliq to process.

"Don't like being too close huh?"

It wasn't just that, but that was a pretty big reason.

"My quirk doesn't work... Too well with living tissue... Anything remotely alive, it's better to be safe"

He wielded his quirk with confidence when it came to motions, but not results, perhaps scared or conflicted, not knowing if it would cooperate, maybe these Pact people just needed some good quirk counseling, UA could do that.

Judging by his painful wince as he finished scanning, Power loader had a pretty good idea how Cliq discovered his quirk didn't work on flesh.
They have gotten better, last time they were waiting for me as I emerged, not that any amount of weaponry or defenses can withstand my flames, but they at least predicted it.

Or perhaps it was coincidence, a mass of idiocy can sometimes appear to be intelligent, humanity sometimes acts kindly and highly, almost deserving of mercy.

But when you individualize them, they are pathetic, I've seen it before and I will never forget, how selfish and utterly cruel they are, that's why they hide in masses and organizations, because as individuals they are worthless.

They are the very opposite of us, in that way, we are the great titans and they are feeble mortals, my predecessor knew this, and his predecessor taught him.

The human must be despised, because they are like a hive, a colony, no matter how great civilization becomes, it still burns, it still crumbles, the building blocks are still human, weak, flawed.

But until they burn, until they crumble, they consume and defile, with their greasy fingers and disgusting smells, both natural and synthetic, they deserve to burn.

A massive castle built on top of anthills, hollow walls, a facade they build from vanity, they don't see beyond themselves.

Then why are they still trying to stop me? Why waste more energy? It is a futile effort.

They feel like they must survive, like they have the obligation to save others, it is utterly confusing, how can you stand in my way when you can barely live a century? When a knife is all it takes to stop you? When things such as race and ideologies cause such a stir? Feeble minds pretending to be virtuous when they clearly aren't.

I don't understand them, maybe I should burn more of them, until I understand them like I understood the ants, like I understood her.

The air in the hospital wasn't something anyone could get used to, it was restrictive, heavy, ridden with strange scents or rather, the lack of them.

It was an atmosphere of sobriety, of neutrality and hygiene.

"So, are you sure you don't wanna come in?"

"Eri-chan said she only wanted to see you two, it wouldn't be fair to also come along..."  
Uraraka replied briefly and soundly, as much as she wanted to be alongside Izuku and Mirio while they went ahead to have their most recent meeting with Eri, it just didn't sit well with her.

"I-its true, but... You came here to support me and all, I didn't want your effort to go to waste"

While the couple calmly gauged their options, Mirio couldn't help but smile giddily at them, he didn't know the details of course, but it was so obvious they had gotten together.

Mirio could barely hold the questions and gossip in, but he did anyways, because he knew he
would find out what he had to find out, eventually, it didn't make him feel any less fluttery and happy for his friends and companions though.

"Well, Uraraka, I'm sure you could come alongside us if you allow us to talk to Eri first! Plus it's very important for you two, she would understand!"

The trio discussed it some more, but they didn't exactly make much progress towards a solution, which was alright considering they were still waiting for the okay from the doctors.

Besides tagging along her boyfriend, Uraraka also came to get some checkups done, with Amensis, who was probably getting finished donating blood.

"You two... You are just adorable, by the way, I know you haven't told me and it's probably a secre-"

Uraraka laughed rather loudly and opened her hand towards Izuku.

"See? Told you he'd notice anyways!"

Izuku blushed, placing a coin in her hand and closing it around said coin, turning it around to deliver a kiss on the back of her hand.

Despite the cute display from the two of them, Mirio couldn't help but do a double take.

"...You two bet money on me noticing?"

"I-it wasn't money, it was a kiss... But uh, yeah, I did try my best to keep it hidden, we just don't want it to get too in the way of anyone or anything, which is exactly why we shouldn't abuse Eri's trust!"

"Uraraka helped too, it wouldn't be too bad to also let her in... A friendly female face helps!"

"Oh, Ames! Over here!"

Uraraka interrupted the debate between the two boys as she waved towards Amensis, who still had a bag of saline attached to her, carrying it in a rack with wheels.

She approached slowly, sluggish but seemingly alright.

Despite Izuku's recent distrust of Amensis, fueled by DM, she and Uraraka had gotten along quite nicely, given how much time they had to spend just... Hooked up together, idle chatter eventually culminated in Amensis' curiosity about school and society being sated by a very enthusiastic Uraraka, who often relied on her hands-on knowledge about the world, backed by Yaoyorozu, Iida and even Todoroki when it came to.. adapting Amensis to modern society.

It was nice that her lack of restraint was getting better, but that was besides the point.

As Amensis approached, Mirio recognized her from a rather negative context, but remained calm despite his gut feeling.

"Togata-senpai, I would like to... Introduce you to a friend of mine! Hm..." Uraraka knew it'd be hard, but kept going onwards.

"Amensis, this is Togata Mirio, one of the best students at UA! He has taught us a lot, to everyone in class 1-A and his own class too!"
Uraraka bought the short, long-haired girl closer, she was pale but smiled warmly, her overall structure seemed quite thin.

"And Togata, this is... Uhm.. you never told us your full name"

"It's... Amensis Eskal- well... It's the other way around in Japanese... Eskalis Amensis, but you can just call me Amensis... Or any way you please!"

"Right! Amensis helped me recover after the UA... Attack!"

Izuku sighed and raised his hand slightly.

"She also was part of the attack, but sided with us heroes, which... Is a good thing! If it wasn't for her, Uraraka would not be able to continue hero work for almost a year"

Amensis stretched her hand out to Mirio, who -after the explanations- was a lot less tense, returning the handshake with his usual smile.

"You... You worked with... Sir Nighteye, yes? I'm.. terribly sorry"

"There's no need to be sorry or apologize, even with a background of villainy"

"...Still, hero or villain, I'm driven by admiration... I can tell how many people look up to you, and to him"

To drive in her point, she squeezed Mirio's hand quite heartily "A strong heartbeat... Warm blood, strong hands, steady pressure..."

Mirio didn't attempt to force out of the hold until Amensis did, not exactly immune to the unnerving effects of her analysis but able to remain calm.

"So your quirk is related to the circulatory system? Quite interesting!"

"Yes... Hmmm... Me and the other knights of the pact, alongside Akos... We were in charge of providing for them, with body"

Izuku was glad that Amensis didn't use as much crude language as before, but sometimes words needed to be straight.

"They used Akos, Amensis and others as spare parts and product... Something we also did to save Uraraka and help Todoroki recover!"

"That's... Impressive, how lo-"

They were interrupted by the soft, but clear sound of a door opening and many medical alerts going off and shutting off, indicating that an area was being occupied or rather, unoccupied by the staff.

A nurse peeked out of the door "Eri-chan is ready to recieve her visit"

With small nods and gentle gestures, Mirio and Izuku went in, closing the door behind them.

"Akos told me about the girl, Midoriya won't like me being around too close"

Uraraka seemed confused by the statement, turning her head a bit. "I mean... You've said it yourself and it's been proven, you don't mean harm to others, plus... I'm sure that Eri-chan could use a similar story, someone... That was in her place"
Amensis smiled, her teeth slightly... Reddened by blood leaking from her gums, seemingly clenching too hard before relaxing to speak.

"He is smart, smarter than me and the storyteller and Mori and Cliq, even if he had no reason to think about it, it's better that I don't push his... Paranoia"

Judging by the enthusiastic sounds from inside the room, things were going along fine.

"What... What could he be scared of? And who's this storyteller?"

"It's someone from the pact, and Midoriya is scared of me... Because he thinks I can't control my hunger... I'm sorry... Hema isn't cooperating, hard to think"

She still looked pretty anemic, sighing as she began to eat what seemed to be a chocolate brownie, likely from the hospital after donating blood, something she often went overboard with.

"Plus, my story isn't like Eri, I enjoy it, I want it, I got it... She suffered way more than me..."

Uraraka smiled clumsily towards Amensis, likely attempting to comfort her before the door opened again.

"Uraraka, do you want to come in?"

It was Izuku, Uraraka stood up, bowing to Amensis, who looked at Izuku before focusing back on her meal.

"Sorry, we will talk more later, okay?"

Amensis smiled, her teeth cleaned after swallowing, she knew how to smile.

"You have fun, please!"

The street was pretty empty, despite Japan being such a crowded nation and the city being so close and bustling with activity, the road leading to prison was always clear, specially this late.

Balkrupt sighed, reaching into his pocket to retrieve a phone, which looked far too small for him, bring it up to his ear.

"How's night treating you, stud?"

"... Stud? You contacted me to shamelessly flirt with me on the job?"

"So what if I did? My side of things is quite calm and easy"

Ileana and Balkrupt had split up, they couldn't fight at all otherwise, they never wanted to, liked to, but they had to.

"Well... I couldn't really just let you slide after this morning, it was all about me, you didn't even cum once!"
Balkrupt kept walking, he was in his 'uniform' which meant bare from the waist up, showing off muscles, hair and scars, the X scar- well, it was more of a K due to how the cross went along his cheek all the way to his chest, and along his face and ear all the way to his shoulder, he wasn't wearing his eyepatch, a glass eye was quite easy to tell due to it being blank and still.

"Well... You did a terrible job at servicing me"

From the waist down, he seemed to have reinforced boots, threaded, studded soles with extra surface sticking out in all sides, kind of like mechanical snow shoes, to grip and provide more area to distribute weight, traction and all.

The mechanical, anchor-esque boots also had pistons linkings to his knees and to his thighs, all of it quite... Sturdy.

Of course, this came with incredibly slow, noisy steps as he walked forwards, his boots slamming, digging and anchoring down into the pavement only to forcefully dig out, retract and hiss when it came to taking the next step.

"You're such a goddamn hypocrite, next ti- oh, no time for romance, right?"

He wasn't a master at stealth, Ileana was.

As he approached the prison, cameras, spotlights and sensors of all kinds detected him, something he obviously didn't care about as he simply dragged onwards, leaving H shaped footprints along the road.

"Sadly, there's never time for romance, my beloved bride, I'll call you when I'm done"

"Break a leg, Balky"

"Don't let em catch you, Ileana"

"You worry too much"

"You're the hypocrite here"

She hung up, sighing as he closed the call and put the phone in a compartment in his mechanical exoskeleton.

as the road narrowed, the prison's spotlights focused on him, to which he raised his bare hand to shield himself from the blinding light.

As the light focused on him and alarms began to ring, the grass in the far off fields alongside all the lampposts and other objects on the road began to... Sway, wriggling and moving gently side to side, slowly being attracted to him.

Despite being thoroughly bathed in light, his silhouette darkened, making him look matte and dull, with numb colors, black and white, scales of grey instead of full color.

Speaking as loud as he could without straining his voice, the sound came from everywhere around him, making it echo inside the prison too, the source of the voice seemed to be just decentralized.

"Guardsmen, I've come bearing the word of the timid truth, as a practitioner of the faith of the pact, I shall speak frankly"

He took a step closer, seeing the armed guards stand to attention in the watchtowers and
checkpoints to enter the prison, having deployed a frontline with shields and heavy weaponry.

Amongst the crowd he also noticed a female pro hero with a particular headdress and a male pro hero with a rather rotund, chubby build.

"Allow me to introduce myself... I am Balkrupt Schwarzschild, Lord of the night, eater of shadows and devourer of stars, wielder of darkness and archpriest of the church of the abyssal depths, child of the umbral, King of the Taijitu and the last heir to the Shadow giants, The one who crossed the gap between the split tribes, The first of the covenant of the celestial... And brewed drink enthusiast, emperor of coffee."

Fatgum seemed quite tense at first, but as the introduction dragged on, it seemed like a comedy, a parody of himself really, Ryukyu was still pretty battle ready however.

"Quite the title, villain names nowadays are complex, do you have a shorter one?"

"The shadow pardoner could do, my wife insisted I call myself 'the sinless sunless' but... Enough with formalities, Fatgum and Ryukyu, I have a proposition"

He moved his hand along his face, still covering it from the spotlights, as his hand scanned the rooftops, some of the spotlights were... Pulled, yanked out of their bolted bases and with flying Sparks and crackles, fell off the building, out of panic, a few warning shots were fired, which he shrugged off, like an immovable, immutable wall.

With most of the lights off, he stopped covering his face.

"Allow me to shine the black light upon these criminals, so that their sins may crawl out of their flesh... so that they may become one with shadows, allow me to mortify their flesh, only then will their pennance be complete, saved from damnation"

"That's not exactly a proposition, more of a call for permission or a demand..." Fatgum was sure by now that the pact had plenty of problems with grammar and language, which wasn't a big deal until it cut into his work.

"Ah yes... I'm sure that neither of you wish to oppose a minister of the timid truth, specially not to protect the very same criminals you hunted not so long ago, while you heroes are not free of sin, you are not my mark, so in stead..."

He moved his hand along the line of gunmen in the ramparts, they felt the pull, their equipment, clothes and the whole building... It felt slanted, inclined towards him, like a vortex.

"Allow them to fight for themselves, you may help too, if they were strong enough to oppose the law of civilization, they should be strong enough to defend themselves, is it not true?"

He took another step forwards, the building was still perfectly flat, and so was the pavement, but it didn't feel flat, it felt like a vertiginous slope.

"I wish to not harm any innocent policeman or hero.. allow me to enter the prison and I'll fight with them inside, if I lose, I'll be incarcerated anyways, if I win, justice will be served"

"That's quite the bold move, considering reports told us there would be two of you, without knowing her whereabouts we cannot negotiate"

"And you know exactly who we are talking about"
Ryukyu had been in the business for a while, and the same was true for Fatgum, they were used to working with each other despite not being strictly affiliated, even before the raid.

His type was kinda common, or was it? For their best guesses, he and Ileana were a Bonnie and Clyde, perhaps?

"She is relaxing in her bedroom, where I left her after celebrating our love, would you imply that I lie? I'm sure all of you have family and friends to get back to, or worse... You're still aiming for a family to get back to, my heart would break if I had to end the life of a soon-to-be father"

Ryukyu recoiled slightly at the excess information, TMI much? Although to be fair, he did show up shirtless to begin with.

He took yet another step forwards, the gray colors in his skin and body becoming even darker, besides him everything was normal, it was just him that looked like he had gone through a very dark old school camera filter.

"Not that I'd hesitate, the celestial balance demands the death of these criminals"

He spread out his arms, in a wide gesture, a taunt even.

"So what's it gonna be? Heroes?"

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Chapter End Notes

Balkrupt's title list is my rendition of kel'thuzad's title list, Warcraft is inspiration directly and indirectly to a lot of things I like and do, probably obvious to some.

I had intended Balky to be all about coffee, but my mind kept going to tea over and over, I blame the manga.

Wether Izuku is scared of Amensis doing Amensis stuff in front of Eri or him having genuine concerns is left ambiguous on purpose, what do ya think?

Next chappie features:
Balky vs the surviving Expendables & Fatgum/Ryukyu.
And
Ileana vs the league & AFO.
Cross my heart

Chapter Summary

Why should I dodge blows that cannot harm me? I will take them on, I will bear this burden.

Why should I fear attacks that cannot reach me? I will strike true, I will pierce their hearts.

Chapter Notes

I'm trying my had a bit at first person perspective this time around, hopefully it's not too bad.

See the end of the chapter for more notes

The good news had a positive impact on Eri, who now wished she knew how to smile, but certainly felt what it was like to want to smile for once.

It was gonna be a while until the event proper, about a week, but the invitation had been made already, something to look forwards, something to hope for.

A joyous warmth clung to the air, which was sadly interrupted by a rather... Wet, sloppy thud on the door leading to Eri's room.

Muffled through the doors and chambers, Amensis's voice could be heard.

"Let go of me! They have to... They have to know!"

"You mustn't! The patient-"

"It's the pact, they're... At the prison!"

The sounds subdued as Amensis delivered her message and backed off, likely being carried away by medical staff.

"They started their attack... " Izuku kept his voice down, wanting to keep the details of the threat away from Eri.

"We are, sadly, in no position to intervene... Specially not us three" with a gentle tone, Uraraka added, Togata read the mood quite easily, doing his best to distract Eri.

"Look, i'll show you some pictures I took at UA while... While Izuku and Uraraka deal with something, okay? The new dorms and equipment are super cool!"

Izuku sighed, it was true, even though he wanted to help, nobody in UA was in shape to fight quite yet, much less Mirio and Ochako.
He could go, but after his run-ins with Stain and Shiragaki when more or less just on his own, he knew it would only jeopardize his safety and the trust people put on him.

He could only hope it would turn out well for those responding to the issue, and perhaps they could study the reports... From the news being delivered via message, from official sources, classmates and even Aizawa... 'don't do anything stupid, kids'

For now, all they could do was spend a but more time with Eri and go back to UA to try and separate themselves from these issues, they were after all, supposedly out of their league.

Ah, the whistling fields, no man's land, the deep trenches.

Those names didn't do this place justice.

Holding I still have my rifle, it was heavy, it was dirty, like everything in this field, constant sharpnel and blasts blew dirt everywhere.

Another whistle, another shell, colapsing a trench, killing a couple soldiers, who knows what it actually did besides ruin someone’s day somewhere, I'm glad it wasn't me, I don't even know if it hit my guys or the bad guys.

The new equipment is heavy and cumbersome, rubber and latex and thick fabric to keep the gas out, the bastards began using that cowardly weapon, a killer without eyes or voice, without honor.

My squad was the first squad to be dispatched after the most recent concoction, blisters on the skin, swollen lungs and scarred throats, I can tell they would rather die shot, even if it is one of them pulling the trigger, another whistle, it rings my ears.

"--lliam, we have to move"

"They're right there, we can't turn away!"

"I'm not asking you, it's a goddamn order, soldier"

The air hissed with suppressing fire, it's hard to see, but you can see the cloud, it's heavier than air, it sinks into the trenches and it sinks into your lungs, it looks like the surface of water, it's hard to think of air as something you can't breathe, oily liquid fuming away into dirty-looking, layered fog.

I can see movement, I can see through this cloud of slow, unceremonious death, I can take them out, I can end this pointless back and forth.

Slow but certain, I only need to take one shot, only one more, and I'll be able to return home, I'll finally have a medal to prove my worth, I'll finally be a-

A bullet grazes my cheek, throwing my aim off, throwing me back and destroying my gas mask, and then, I can smell it, the pungent, stale scent of bleach and cut grass, a stench that had killed so many before me, I wasn't gonna die like this, I had to earn my title.

I take aim again, but my eyes tear up, itching, my throat dries up, coughing and choking on my
own saliva, tasting of battery acid.

A hand reaches to my cheek "Wyveel, please, you're worrying me..."

I slap her hand away from me, she stinks of the trenches.

Looking up to the monstrosity that dares dares call itself a woman... She crawled out of the guts of a whale this evening, the carcass didn't rot, she said she would use it again, like some sort of suit.

"I told you to sleep on the floor, you reeking neanderthal"

"...I did, please, calm down and look around you for a second"

I rolled out of bed in my sleep, my hands around her wrist, holding it like the grip of a rifle, holding it up and using the bed like cover, my legs over her stomach, she didn't mind it, but I was playing soldier in my sleep, absolutely pathetic.

"You should've just killed me before I woke up, this is horrible"

"We need to conserve our lives... I sleep little, you need it more, Kya and Vind sleep every three days... You, every day"

The silence hangs on the air, for a monster, it tries really hard to pretend to be a human very well, I still can't believe Mori lost to a woman, and I still can't believe both he and Felhid ended up becoming part of this thing in front of me, but I guess Ghele was originally a woman, that's where she got it from.

"Was it a bad dream? I always have so many... Big skull, big brain, right?"

Hah, it has Mori's humor too.

"It wasn't a dream, it was a memory, a bitter one"

Understandably, the amalgamation of three individuals doesn't exactly know the difference, the voices talk very differently to all of us.

I let go of her wrist, now that I think of it, it's probably more male than female, but whatever works

"...come to think of it, you were in my memory, I saw you, I smelt you... but... You probably don't remember, for such a big head, it's very empty"

The ice fortress had become absolutely massive, and the acid oceans stretched outwards, it was amusing to see cruisers and destroyers dissolve away into the sea itself.

The fortress was now quite visible from space, Kya wanted to make a continent -and she could've- but she held back, disgusting.

We had some peace to us now, most nearby nations were busy with infighting or distracted with neighboring conflict, thanks to my generous founding of militias and revolutionary groups, I gave them bullets and a sight, they already had the will to kill eachother, violent desert savages and jungle tribes.

"I know Kya told us to sleep together, but I thought she meant in the same room... The palace is still small... but you dreaming of me? Smelling me?"

"Get your head out of the gutter" yet another joke from my old friend, devoured by this bitch.
"Kya told me that she's leaving for a festival soon, you don't want to go, right?"

"Nah, I can't go anywhere without my guns... And I doubt they trust me to run around armed near kids" that, and I tend to be the agressor, I hate faster than I understand.

Sulghera, that's the name she stuck with, I miss Mori.

"I can't go either, those girls... They reek of love.. and joy... can't stand them, they make my blood boil" it was true, her blood did literally boil away sometimes, bromine does that easily.

Teenage envy is powerful when it's behind a walking, talking chemical meltdown waiting to happen, I wonder if it really is that, maybe all she needs is to meet someone who can tolerate her (and is melt-proof)

"So you're saying we're stuck here while Vindsor and Kyanne go have fun at Disneyland"

"...Kind of, or we will be, it's not anytime soon, long days, slow days..."

"You're always asleep with half a brain, fucktard"

She doesn't deny it, yawning while curling up, even when she hugs her knees, she is still easily the size of the bed DM gave us, I climb back onto the bed, time to try to sleep some more, hope Suggy doesn't fart and kill me by mistake or something.

"How's the floor?"

"It's cold"

"Good, it builds character"

"I don't care about the cold, I care about the feeling of cold"

She yawned, her breath, her skin, her entire body... It was very, very subtle, but she smelled of all sorts of things, bleach, sulphur, fresh cut grass, mustard, garlic, scents that I once feared, but now I'm probably the only one capable of telling that she stinks of that.

"You know, they wanted to go to the event to feel more human, they didn't tell you that, did they?"

"Why would they want to feel more human? We are perfect like this..."

It was true, kind if, I didn't look too different from a human, but the body I wore wasn't mine, and Sulghera could just... Shape it any way she wanted, we didn't need to worry about weight, beauty, age, money or any sort of bodily image.

We had reins over ourselves, we could make whatever we wanted out of ourselves, and we chose this, we didn't need humanity.

"Kyanne likes attention, and Vindsor does too"

"You like attention too, Wyveel"

She made a great point "fuck you"

"Maybe... Maybe they lied? They want to hurt the students? Make them struggle like I tried"

"We only lie about our vows, I think they've just gone soft, they miss their old bodies, their old
selves, it's gross"

She doesn’t need warmth, she doesn’t need to be comforted, she eats and she kills without hesitation, she was born of the most stubborn man in the world and the angriest thing I’ve ever met, plus bits and pieces of a really sadistic paper tiger.

I was born of my father and mother, and I only wanted to make it back home, and I did, but I wasn't me anymore, I still wish I had died in the field.

Maybe I did.

The new equipment was spiffy and all, but Wyveel and Sulghera had something special in mind when delivering it to the league.

Extremely slim but heavy vests of woven fabric of some kind, everyone assumed it was Kevlar but it was way more... Glossy, Kurogiri suggested it was perhaps metallic or crystalline in nature, but manufactured with the same criss-cross weave of Kevlar layers.

All the clothing and body armor was custom fitted, pretty well too, it was scary how much information they could gather on people who didn't even exist in the system, not to mention they all had embroidery icons on them: a spider with sewing needles instead of legs.

Notably, they did a good bit of testing, it was very flexible and slim, they could wear it under their usual attires, and so they did, Himiko did her best to stab through it, but the point filled before the first layer broke, it was tough stuff, but it made it really tiresome to move around.

It felt way too convenient to get this kind of equipment and this much of it, but after much deliberation it was just a waste not to use it.

The vests and pads covered the most crucial parts with metal sheets too, something that seemed redundant: why make everything else lightweight but then add minuscule strips of metal on the neck and ribs?

As Shiragaki, Toga, Twice and Dabi went through the massacred halls of the Tartarus complex, it was slowly becoming evident.

Dozens of bodies and destroyed sensor equipment littered basically every hallway of the building.

It wasn't a big building, mostly because it went underground, usually it would have been quite the pain to infiltrate such a prison, but whoever the pact sent, was very thorough.

Spinner, Mr. compress and Kurogiri had infiltrated the security room in hopes of finding evidence of who it was and what they did, but it was quite hard to pinpoint good footage considering how many cameras there were

"You know, Stain is probably in here somewhere"

"That'd be quite the find, the two greatest, most impactful villains in recent history... Broken out by us, what a wonderful scene that would make, huh?"

"Im just a bit wary... What if he doesn't like me?"
"He might not be here, the pact did imply they... Captured him"

In all fairness, the league -with the exception of Tomura- had good impressions of Stain, but nobody knew what his impressions were of... Well, everyone who wasn't All Might, and the fact that such a man had been captured AFTER being imprisoned was quite the shocker.

"Shiragaki, can you hear me? We have found the cameras that are still live... It is about two floors deeper, the guards are still alive, but not up a fight"

Kurogiri was more or less in charge of being the eyes and ears of everyone in the building, they had made duplicates to go ahead and behind of the real ones, all interconnected through simple encrypted radio, not that they'd need to be silent.

The entire building and it's occupants didn't even set off any alarms before going down, it was radio silent bar the survivors in the bottom layers, and whoever was wiping them out was so methodical and thorough that they didn't even notice the silence in their comms.

It was pretty frightening, like a horror movie with an invisible monster picking them apart, but It was handy to have the outer layers be cleared already, it made things easier, this... Blur was probably not expecting someone to follow it.

"According to the reports provided by our... Collaborators, there should only be two or three members of the pact capable of this degree of stealth.. and DM is noted as incapable of combat"

"You talk too much... Just tell me who it is and what to not do"

Dabi sighed, everyone agreed, but they could use all they could get.

"It lists... Eiryx, lady of death... And Ileana, lady of light"

Kurogiri felt cheesy spelling these out, it felt so... Unreal that these people really called themselves this and had the balls to deliver such info to respected criminals.

"Hah, they do sound just like... Boss names, names you'd come up with, Shiragaki"

"Don't insult me like that"

"So we're dealing with girls? That's... Kinda lame!"

"Eh, I thought you liked girls too, toga"

"Yes! But... Boys bleed more before passing out"

Ever since they came in, all the corpses had a few things in common, clean wounds -piercing wounds to be precise- that resembled cookie-cutter or coring knives, just... Chunks, cilinders, sections being taken out of them, always in the temples, neck or chest.

When they had light armor, like near the outer prison outposts, it was always the neck, but once the guards, wardens and other personnel began to thicken in armor and equipment, the strategy shifted to the sides of the ribs, down to the heart from the armpit and to the temples, despite them wearing helmets.

No bullets had been fired, no alarm had gone off, they mostly seemed to die on the spot or after moving just enough for them to have noticed something coming.

Pretty much everyone had picked up on this one way or another.
"I'm impressed, I want to meet whoever did this"

Shiragaki admired the next hint: a molten security checkpoint, they seemingly just... Walked through the metal barrier, leaving behind a sizeable, human-shaped hole, it was hard to fit through, but not impossible, his quirk expanded the cavity a bit, he could've done that in the first place... But already-damaged materials are easier to destroy, specially metals, which are often specially designed to resist quirk influence in one way or another, this one likely had the special layer melted off.

Judging by the proportions, it was indeed a woman, a skinny one, with extra long legs and arms compared to her torso, kind of ominous.

"I doubt they'd join us though... They already have their own group"

"Ah, it must be lonely being the only lass in our group! I didn't realize, excuse me!"

Himiko laughed a bit "it's not about that, twice!" She didn't feel alone, but she didn't mind having more potential playmates, or maybe she just liked obsessing over certain people.

"Now that I think of it... How could they send someone capable of killing... Well, your sensei, Shiragaki"

"They probably... Aren't that strong, but will use tactics to get around Sensei's innate strength... Poison, perhaps"

Kurogiri cut in.

"All guards in the bottom floor have been killed, we are reviewing the tape, they move very quickly... " Silence hung for a few moments "Even without activating any quirks that could set the sensors or countermeasures off, it's very unlikely they are capable of fighting him toe to toe, underhanded tactics must be it"

The automated sensors did target and shoot at the blur of static and distortion killing the security personnel, but it was just... Impossible to tell apart what it was, not to mention it managed to avoid bullets fired pretty close up, the mass of distortion just dodged in a blink.

"I will prepare to evacuate should things get dangerous... We have the upper hand in many ways this time around, a situation we are nearly guaranteed to win..."

Unseen, undetected and unknown to both the authorities and the agent of the Pact.

"We mustn't let this apparent... Advantage get to us, letting it turn against us is terrible"

Shiragaki stole his thoughts, he was progressing greatly towards the strategist he was meant to be.

"...But I won't abandon my mentor, he didn't abandon any of us"

His cell was a mess of static and infrared light still, but the hallways outside had gone silent, dead silent, no noise, no signals, no nothing.

The door opened with the sliding hiss of the security measures, they were integrated somewhat
seamlessly into a standard door, but he could tell the difference.

"And here I had my own escape plan set up and executing..." All for one lamented, a wasted plan left him with wasted time, how upsetting.

The mass of garbled static moved into the room, and sat onto the chair.

"It must be a lousy plan executed by lousy agents or a lousy plan schemed by a lousy mind if you're still here" her voice had many overlapped, distorted sections.

"So sassy for a... Blob"

Normally, Ileana would've taken some offense to that, but she was beyond that right now, activating her quirk did generate a lot of distortion, blurred her silhouette and voice.

"Quite talky, prisoner..."

"There's not much else I can do, and you know it" the sensors and automated sentries on his side of the wall were still active.

"I'm not here to rescue you either, so... Your plan might still get to shine a bit, if at all" she mentioned with a smile that nobody could see.

"Aha... So you're likely a member of the pact then? A deity capable of diving down into the pit of Tartarus... Impressive"

"Poetic talk like that turns me on"

The sudden change in topic was mostly ignored by All for one "but if you've not come to free me... They you must come for information or to enact revenge"

"Eh, what do you take me for?"

It was a mass of static despite the echolocation and infrared sight, blurring at the edges and constantly shifting sizes and intensities.

"I can only imagine, I'm either senile or dying... A hallucination? The grim reaper?"

"Nah, I'm just a bright spark, ball lightning if you will... Although I do know the reaper very closely, we dine together every month"

All for one laughed heartily.

"So calm, so relaxed... Have you no recollection of who I am? What I've done and can do?"

"We can figure that out later... What frequencies can you see best?"

"Infrared, spark"

Ileana tapped her chin as she slowly but surely gained definition, AfO could slowly see the figure of the petite woman with long hair, but the details and colors still amiss.

"Information or revenge... Both really, I'm here to kill you, but not after a ritual of sorts... I hate calling it that" she decided to finally answer his question, in her own way at least.

"Peculiar, yet your claim implies that you do know who I am and what I'm capable of"
Ileana shook her head vigorously as she stood up and walked towards the glass panel, crawling onto the small table and pressing her body into the transparent glass, which she steadily began to... Pass through, into his side of things.

"I'm not smart, I have no reason to do anything to you, but my husband does, and well... So do a bunch of smarter people at the pact"

"A puppet then? A pawn? Sacrificial lamb? A cruel position for a woman"

"Not at all, I don't know shit about what you do, but I know the pact is smart enough to leave this task to me and only me"

"Ah... A bold claim, a rather stupid one, have you not been taught to not underestimate your enemy?"

She hopped off the table and began reaching for the cameras, flashes of distorting light curved around her hands, destroying the cameras.

"Quite stealthy... You can cloak yourself under low frequency wavelengths... Allowing you to enter Tartarus freely, or at least more than anyone else"

"That's not all of it, idiot, why else do you think I was tasked with killing you?"

"You'll have to show me, because you will fail, how long do you think this pathetic world has tried to enact revenge against my 'evil'? I'm here to stay, and to watch"

The cameras did follow Ileana as she systematically destroyed them.

"Eh, it's true I'm not super strong... But I am a persistent bitch"

With another snap of blinding static she destroyed the last camera, getting behind All for one, seemingly intent on using the wheeled device he was on, placing her hands on the handles and attempting to move him.

"Fuck, you're quite heavy..."

"You're here to kill me, not criticize my physique, are you?"

"I'm trying to get familiar with someone who may become part of us"

Quite a statement, forced amiability towards an enemy who would be forced to join or be assimilated somehow, but if it was gonna be unwilling, why did his personality matter anyways?

"With your power on our side, we will have to kill less to get what we want... It'll be like having a scalpel to perform surgery with, it's what I'm told, but you likely already... Know that"

"Why not just do it instead of moving me, little lady?"

"I need more room, more light"

She wasn't a bright woman, but she listened well, Phraulus and Tachiel were excited about this scarred, entubed man, so she should be too.

Sensei wasn't going to simply let her do it, but it did spark curiosity, and perhaps he could make her resolution falter.
"What's it like? Is it any different?... To be like you? I hear you are barely human"

"You hear voices, constantly, some go crazy, some live with them, some conquer them... I'm told you have quite the chorus inside you, greedy fucker"

As Ileana finally managed to move him a bite she perked up, gently letting go of the pushing handle, he detected it too.

"...Huh, someone's at the door... You don't mind if I go answer, right?"

"Take your time, I'll be here all day"

She once more simply phased through the clear walls and through the cracks in his locked cell, it was kind of impressive to see her move with such disregard for surfaces, but she still interacted with them, she was still... Solid, so to speak.

The door opened and she walked outside, where she was met with two men, Dabi and Mr compress.

With a quick glance, she knew she was outmatched for the most part, men with offensive quirks and seemingly prepared, better prepared than the guards at least.

"Ah shit... You guys are sneaky, maybe I was distracted"

To visible light, she was quite the sight, her modest chest covered by what seemed to be a sports bra, tight shorts for her lower half and bandaged joints and fists, pretty much the get up of a female boxer or sparring athlete, backed up by the muscles she sported, defined just enough to tell they were, well... Muscles, dark skin glistening with sweat and splatters of blood.

Her bandaged, strapped legs and arms were soaked in blood, all the way to the knee and elbows, it had soaked into her bandages, her fingernails and toenails quite sharp by the looks of the patterns of blood streaking her, how she managed to get the entire spray on her and leave none on the floors and walls, was a mystery.

"So that's what happened to the guards"

Dabi bought a radio up to his face, to talk to Kurogiri, before he could start speaking, however, the radio had a rather... Sudden failure, as the body had been pierced just as clean as the wounds on the guards.

"H-heh now, uh..."

Not waiting for any excuses, Dabi blasted the entire hallway with his flames, using both hands to cover as much of an area as possible, the hallway was narrow and a dead end, with Sensei's cell at the end of the hallway, with the door closed, he could cook her where she stood with no worries.

His flames stopped as he felt a rough, blunt strike to his neck, it didn't kill him like he expected though, it just... Really knocked the wind out of him, he didn't even see her move.

"Shit, armor? Who the fuck covers there-"

The petite gal was behind them, Compress had begun to inform the rest while Dabi distracted her, but neither of them thought she could get past them unscathed, the two of them turned around to face her, stopping the flames.
"Miss, we would like it if you could spare our friend... He is an elderly man and spending time with his family is important"

"Hah... Family" her strike was way too fast for the naked eye.

Compress felt a similar strike to his chest, the girl didn't even move, but the force of her attack was comparable to a pretty sizeable straight punch, it didn't dent the armor but it sure had a lot of force behind it, thankfully the reinforcements were swift.

"Huh... Found the sneaky spy, thought she'd be more... Invisible"

"Shit, guess everyone's here now huh?"

With the exception of Kurogiri, everyone was there, surrounded by Dabi and Compress on one side and by Twice, Toga, Shiragaki and Spinner on the other.

"Weaklings love teamwork, even villains flock like flies"

She stood straight, not very intimidated, likewise the league didn't seem fazed by her insult.

"My dear Sensei... What is your business with him?"

"I was going to... Eat him, honestly"

Shiragaki was confused, but didn't dismiss it as a lie, he knew better than to take a claim lightly.

"He said he had a plan to break out, are you guys that plan? Because sheesh... For us to meet here, how utterly unlucky... Just shit on my cornflakes why don't you"

Toga used her harness to lunge a needle at her thigh, to which she didn't seem to bother to dodge, the needle simply went through her.

"Intangibility?"

"Close, not quite"

Toga dove forwards, this time with a more slashing motion, backed up by Dabi who approached with fiery fists.

While both of them felt their attacks connecting... Meeting resistance, slowing down and digging into her flesh, she was unscathed.

"Hmm... Selective interaction?"

"Its not defensive, that's Balky's thing"

"Aha... The old man, you're his partner? Lady of light, Ileana"

He did have pictures, and even video! but in all of them, Ileana was always a bright blur, a shining blotch that was just hard to look at.

With that information now made clearer, Shiragaki waited for his comrades to pull back, Ileana wasn't fighting back.

"Your quirk must be light manipulation then... We are fighting a clone, a hologram, the real you is somewhere else"
"So close yet so far, try less logical, fuckboy"

Ileana threw a straight punch, the first time anyone saw her really move to make an attack, it was frightening how fast she managed to deliver the blow, and how the force was enough to send Shiragaki back a few feet, she stood firmly where Shiragaki once stood, right next to twice, who tried to choke her with his measuring tape.

"Heh... That hit hard for a hologram, but you're not punching holes in us, are you?"

"Can only do that if they can't see me, sadly... Plus, you guys are cheating"

Dodging the tape quite easily and instead moving behind spinner, kicking him towards twice.

Her kick had her foot pointed like a pickaxe, meant to pierce his ribs, but failed. Hissing as she seemingly expected her kick to go right into Spinner's ribcage.

"Your strongest trait is offense and speed, a formidable assassin, but you can't just kill us like that... We outnumber and seemingly outsmart you, looks quite grim for you"

It was true that her stabbing blows hurt like a bitch, but the fact that she wasn't cleanly punching out cylinders of meat was a good thing.

"Hah yeah, yeah.. I'll just have to keep going till the armor chips, I may break a nail or two though"

"Fashion is the least of your concerns~ since you're not a hologram, we can just bleed you dry..."

Toga threw a small knife at her, aiming for her stomach, however, once more it went right through her with no wound.

"Dying is not something I can do, sadly, I've got a husband to go back to"

She delivered another full strength blow to Shiragaki, something which he expected, he was very clearly the leader by now.

Holding her arm right as her extended hand connected with his chest, he was able to brace himself, resist the knockback and endure her attack by catching her.

Something she clearly didn't expect, seeing that she was using her speed much like she had been lately, just outside of the range of reflexes.

Her eyes lit up with a gentle blue glow as her bloodied, bandaged arms began to wither, however, before any real damage could be done, she escaped the deathly vice grip of Shiragaki.

"Scary quirk, it won't hit me again though"

Due to her sudden deceleration, Shiragaki and everyone else saw it, even for a split second, there had been two of her, one standing after kicking Spinner and the other punching Shiragaki.

"Aha... So the pact can feel fear"

"Your quirk does instill it, as do your comrades.. scary fuckers, but I'm not really afraid, again... I can't afford to die, I don't fear"

Against the wall of the hallway, there was no way she could do whatever she wanted to do to Sensei, and they likely had more men outside, all she could do was hold out and keep fighting.
"I hope you enjoyed the first and last time you'll touch me, bastard"

"That confident, huh? That's how you got caught"

Ileana began to glow, gentle blue light surrounding her arms and legs, like a second skin or a set of armor.

"Why should I not be? I'm the blinding light at the end of the tunnel, you cannot hold something you cannot touch, you cannot harm me, simple as that"

She exemplified by raising her arm towards Compress, who reacted to the movement, but couldn't react to the speed of the actual attack, his hat blown off and his mask badly burnt.

"So go on, try and hit me"

Balkrupt had made his way inside the prison, all inmates were in their cells with the exception of the eight expendables.

Fatgum and Ryukyu did fight him outside before reaching this agreement, Ryukyu held her hand, which had a rather large gash going from one side of the palm to the other, from pinky to thumb.

She transformed, and using both her fists as a hammer, tried to crush him under the concrete, however, all that they accomplished was to dig him two feet into the ground and the rest of his body to cut into her arm, it was like trying to hammer in a metal pin with bare hands, her scales gave way to his raised fist.

Fatgum wrestled with him before that, and judging with how easily he was simply lifted and thrown away with judo -or perhaps sumo?- holds, judging his style with grounded, slow movements, he wasn't exactly a fighter, but they couldn't even scratch him, much less stop him.

Right now, he seemed awfully concerned, though, messaging someone on a phone a size too small for his hands.

"It's unbecoming of heroes to be interested in gossip"

It was true the two pro heroes had stared at his phone, he didn't exactly hide the fact that he was messaging with someone who wasn't responding back.

Judging by his liberal use of facial and heart emoticons alongside pet names, it was likely the person was a lover

"You sure do move slow" Fatgum tried to change the topic, he wasn't aggressive at all, but he had just been silently repeating some sort of foreign chant or mantra while messaging this person.

"One must always be patient and calm, stoic and steadfast" his special anchoring boots took time to dig in and out, even when the floor didn't allow him to, he still walked slowly, and came up with cool sounding phrases to justify it.

Ryukyu brushed her hair and attire some, it kept being ruffled by the vertiginous aura that Balkrupt emanated, dragging small loose objects towards him, some kind of gravitational or magnetic quirk.
"Can't you turn it off? It must be a hassle"

"Sadly, it's a bit of an involuntary response... Of an emotional sort"

His heavy steps hastened a bit, but not by much, they could feel how heavy he was just by walking alongside him.

Ryukyu in particular spent quite some time studying the files handed to them by the pact defectors, he and his partner had avoided detection and close inspection for so long, yet in all the reports and even the pictures given by all sources, this was the first time she wasn't with him.

"The one you're talking to... It's that girl, Cherenkov?"

"Hrm... Why yes, there's no point in hiding it, honesty leads to better negotiations"

He spent a good time of their combat trying to prove through any means possible that he was being honest and he could be trusted, which kind of defeats the purpose of trusting him.

"We've been told the pact is more of a cult than an organization or business... Relationships are a thing then?"

"Yes, when our voices awaken, we are given a partner for life"

Ryukyu sighed, they had nearly arrived at the main court, which had been cleaned up in advance for their combat.

"You call your quirks... Voices, yeah?"

"Our quirks... Yes, but it's not that simple either, less than a quirk, we have domains, things we rule over, we have many quirks all related to the same domain.... Sometimes all of them speak in a single voice, sometimes in hundreds"

"For a villain of a secret club of cannibals you are very talky, not worried about secrets?"

"This is less about evil and more about understanding... For anyone to fight us without understanding us, is doomed to fail, and for us to fight humanity without understanding it, we are doomed to fail"

He performed some kind of gesture, religious in nature but unrecognizable by either hero, and they had seen a lot while working.

"That's what you preach?"

"That is one of the teachings of the timid truth: failure is innate to those who do destroy without understanding"

datgum laughed a bit, so that's why they wanted to view the festival at UA and why they lived amongst humans for so long.

"I hope that if more of the pact can understand humanity, we will defeat those we must and destroy those who deserve"

"Inspiring stuff, it's strange to have a... Well, you're still a criminal... So villain..." Ryukyu opened the door to the main room. "It's strange for a villain to be so friendly, is all"

Balkrupt stepped into the main hall, Ryukyu and Fatgum stood to each side of the square roomz it
was big, very big, to give inmates with special needs more room to coexist and excercise.

In front of him stood the eight expendables and their boss, Chisaki.

"Desperate heroes offering us as a sacrifice, disgusting"

"Heroic individuals wouldn't be desperate if the situation wasn't dire, and a visit from me, is more than enough"

He slowly stepped forward and stretched his arms, swinging and flexing as his area of influence grew, the same black and white aura that pulled matter towards him, soon engulfed the room, turning the bright prison uniforms into bland gray clothes.

"I've come to challenge you, sinners... To trial by combat, I am Balkrupt Schwarzsch-

"We heard already, if we kill you, we go free, if not, we die! Ballcrust!"

Rappa yelled out loudly, making Balkrupt sigh as his movements became sloppy, clearly taken off guard.

"However, I am simply indestructible, so allow me to propose a different victory condition"

Someone claimed to be indestructible, if Chisaki had his hands, he would've proved him wrong on the spot.

There was minor uproar amongst the eight expendables, doubt, fear and anger spread, all of these emotions very familiar to Balkrupt.

"If you can guess what sin you committed against the divine final shape, I will personally level this building and grant you the blessings of truth..."

That wasn't part of the agreement, something that Ryukyu seemed displeased by, as she lunged her claw towards him, which he stopped with a bare hand, sharp claw tip against his bare hand, stopping her completely.

She didn't strike with full force, as she knew she couldn't harm him without hurting herself, but she tried a different approach.

"Was it greed?"

"Sloth?"

"A thief and a drunkard, figures you didn't even listen... The seven deadly sins are a mere fabrication of religion to maintain the population in check, stigmatize unrestrained pleasure... That's how so many countries form their morals"

The dark aura in the room intensified as Balkrupt pushed Ryukyu away and raised his left foot, stomping down into the tiled floor, shattering the tiles and splintering off dust and shards, that alongside all the dust and loose particles in the environment, were dragged by his shadowy aura as it collapsed on him, darkening and coating him.

"The singular sin you all have in common, that you all share, is a far greater crime than simple overindulgence of bodily pleasures... You've committed a sin against the very order of this universe, against the final shape... Against the timid truth"

Where the bearded, old man stood, now only stood a shadow -no, it was less blurred- a figure that
seemed to bend light around it, one could see what was on the other side of him on his edges, like a bent spoon reflecting what lies behind you when you stare into your reflection.

It has no depth, no texture or definition, Balkrupt looked perfectly flat, as if someone had pierced into the reality and turned a pinprick into a muscular man, the world recoiled away from him.

The only part of his surface had had any recognizable color, depth or any sort of quality beyond deep, dark abyss eere his eyes, or rather his right eye and the scar spanning his face and body.

"Now that I've taken the shape of my ancestors, I cannot die, so I suggest you all do your best to decipher the crime you've committed against the timid truth"

He took a step forwards the entire building shook, the floor didn't crack, but it was clear he was absurdly heavy, absurdly dense.

They had been unchained but under strict vigilance, but they were free to act now, Chronostasis and Rappa attacked first, a slowed target to be easily pummeled.

However, Chrono's hair impacted his surface and reflected off like a plastic bead bouncing off the table, completely redirected.

"Two heroes and nine villains, a fearsome sight, but I will not falter, my devotion to the divine shape will crush you all"

Rappa delivered his signature flurry of heavyweight blows, which impacted Balkrupt square on, he soaked it all, no attempts to stop or dodge the attacks, the floor cracked and cratered, plenty but nowhere near as much as it should have.

"I must admit... I'm not very strong, so if I get my hands on you, your deaths will be harrowing and painful, I'm nowhere near as deadly as my beloved Ileana"

He clenched both firsts as he swung his arms clumsily, but enough to destabilize those standing, it felt like ocean waves or river currents trying to push and drag.

"My domain makes for extremely slow deaths with inneficient tools such as my hands..."

Chisaki saw him take those attacks without flinching, stopping Ryukyu and Rappa was quite the feat, not to mention he didn't get cut by Chrono either.

But he was confident, they could outrun him very easily and eventually they could get him to clue them in on what sin they had committed... He was likan armadillo or tortoise, slow and clumsy...

They had to find a weak spot, in both his defenses and his religious speech.

As soon as he slipped up, they could crack it open and obtain victory one way or another.

Chapter End Notes

I'm still going at it, despite my best attempts at getting to improve and make a good story or make it bad enough that I stop.

Anyways, it's pretty obvious to those who study physics and chemistry what Ileana and Balkrupt are supposed to have domain over, otherwise just ask and I'll explain.
Comments and feedback are appreciated! Please do! I beg of you~
Hope to die

Chapter Summary

There's a thin line between love and hate, there's also a thin line between what is and what is not.

He is shadow, for he is where everything is not. She is light, for she is where everything could be.

Together they walk, together they dance, light and dark, never one without the other, their strength is their love and their love is their strength.

The blinding light and the obscuring dark, to think they could ever love each other.

Chapter Notes

Lost my motivation for a while due to lack of vidyagaems, but had a sudden spark of motivation in the form of two probably pointless announcements:

I'll do a "alternate route" set of this story if anyone is interested, probably host that one in FF.net because they didn't get to make decisions because my upload schedule is terrible AF

As mentioned in the summary and by my friend crossfire, this is now SYOCish because I feel the need to include more people to keep track of (Genius, I know!) But I cannot properly introduce the OCs I already have without a certain symmetry...

Basically, i need more, good, bad, somewhere in between, so vigilantes, heroes, villains... Students or adult/pro, whichever work.

Back to the story.

See the end of the chapter for more notes

She hates you, he hates you shut up, we don't know that but I do know the truth, and they must hate you, for all signs indicate that is the truth so what if they hate me? They're not the first, nor the last, why are you so fixated on them?!?

Pretty pink hair and crosshair eyes, a great workshop and a knowledgeable teacher with a handy quirk.

Because you too, want to be fixated on them, particularly on her, you cannot lie to me im not lying, I'm being realistic, I'm old, I'm sick, I'm not even what I want to be Yet you admire her passion, it is a shame it will die with the rest of her, is it not? Humans are fragile beings with brief lives, over just like that you rely a lot on me for something that hates humans You are not really human, not as long as i am here so what if it doesn't last?
Her designs are brilliant, if not a bit unnecessarily synergistic, with excessive bits and overcompensated tweaks, nothing she couldn't learn to overcome with experience.

Make it last, make it last forever, make her passion as immortal as her work, take her, understand her, take her, taste her, take her closer to the perfect shape

Shut up

You desire her despite barely knowing her, know her better, layer by layer, scan by scan, slice by slice

I said: Shut up

You are afraid of knowing the world better than it knows you, better than you know yourself, SO TAKE HER, FEED UPON HER BRILLIANCE

SHUT UP

"...Cliq, is something wrong?"

Power loader saw him clenching his hair and biting his lip, pretty obvious something was up.

"Head hurts, someone isn't cooperating..." he tapped the side of his head a few times with a tired smile, he didn't know how to express the sensation, so this was the best he could do.

It was late, Mei often stayed late to keep working, with Powerloader or any other teacher or staff keeping an eye on her, not that they had to- she behaved when working late.

Mei had been working on the finishing touches of her latest model, Cliq took a break after a couple more scans, to eat and get some fresh air, he came back looking worse than before.

Power loader offered him a cup of coffee, a paper cup, which Cliq gladly took, and after a few sips, noticed Mei tak a few steps back to look at her finished piece.

"She's been working even harder with your help, I didn't even know it was possible, I don't know wether to thank or berate you for it... It's a bit of a pain, isn't it?"

"The headache is... Strong, but I admire her passion, so it's all worth it in my book... More people in this world need to have the appropriate tools and cultivated minds to create as she does..."

Powerloader sighed, it was clear he wanted to support a budding science enthusiast, even if they were as recklessly energetic as Mei.

A few minutes passed, a few sips of coffee, and Mei seemed to be completely done, sitting next to power loader on the couch... Tired and greased thoroughly, but her voice was completely unaffected by her exhaustion and messiness.

"So... Mr. Scycliq, I've been curious as to how your quirk works! And if it's possible to interact with it, if it really does act independently!"

He winced, and Powerloader noticed, was it a touchy subject?

"The main requirement for being part of the pact is for the quirk to be complete enough to have a voice... Sentience, not all quirks can attain it, often needing to be passed along others to fuse and complete one another, it's a bit of a complex issue, but... It's also natural, it's like... Just making
sure the next generation has the best genes, it just happens that some of those genes also talk to you inside your skull..."

He gulped and smiles "it really likes your designs, by the way... it has nice things to say about it... But they're not good with words, tasty data"

"Oh? How cool! What's it like? Like... Does it have a name? Is the voice girly?"

"It sounds like a robot, although it varies... It should be possible to just... See it on a brain activity chart, I've got... Extra bits up here too, dedicated to it" yet again tapping his temple with a nervous smile.

"Aha... So like how certain mutant quirks have extra nerves to control the body parts... You have extra brain capacity for your quirk? How exciting! It must be less taxing then!"

He sighed, shaking his head.

"I wish, it just takes up space and energy... It's like a tumor, really... Thankfully I can keep it in check..."

"Does it call itself by any name?" This time Powerloader butted in, having stood up for a coffee refill.

"...it does, I refuse to call it as a person though... Akos says hers even addresses itself as a female and can... Well, give her dreams of how she looks"

Mei seemed fairly creeped out by now, but her desire to know more was overcoming the mild discomfort.

"What about... What if I could make a device for it to talk for itself? If it has its own part inside your brain, it must be possible to interpret those brain waves like anything else!" She was pretty serious about it, making a mental note to make this her side-side-side project after the festival.

Cliq choked on his coffee, coughing for a few seconds before clearing his throat "while... Totally possible, it's not a great idea, some of them are very aggressive and... Well, if you really want to talk to it I could just... Uhm... Let it take over for a bit, again... Not pleasant"

"Hatsume, I know you want to soak knowledge, but... It'd be nice if you finally learnt how far is too far when it comes to personal matters"

"Talking about one's quirk isn't too personal! Right? Mine is zoom! I can see really far away~"

"You forget that they have a very different culture from us..."

Cliq did look very distressed and embarrassed, and internally thanked Powerloader for putting a stop to Mei.

"Even then, it's not too bad~"

"Do i need to remind you of the incidents with Midoriya and Iida?"

"So what if I got teased Izuku and led Tenya on! It was all for a good cause!"

"...you also need to work on your phrasing"

"I agree" Cliq added.
A rather sudden commotion approached the door, two knocks on it and a confirmation from Nedzu, and a group of policemen walked in.

Nedzu looked fairly stiff, concerned about the matter at hand "sorry to interrupt, but we need Scycliq for a moment"

They know, they're here for you

"ah, of course- what is the matter?" Scycliq stood up and dusted his clothes, trying to fix them up with one hand while wiping his brow with the other

"This is a private matter, of high sensitivity, we must discuss this somewhere else" Nedzu mentioned briefly, he was flanked by the same police commanders that had the information he gave them

They know the truth, they've come for you.

His head was killing him, and it was getting worse and worse, he could feel each nerve along his arm begin to sting and burn "i-im sorry, but-im-im afraid I can't really leave, someone.... Well, it likes this place" he tapped his skull.

Dementia and paranoia, while the truth was that the pact had very strong members with quirks that fit the description of Noumu or even the Ao/AfA duet, the mental stability of every member so far left plenty to be desired, the suited officers had more than enough reason to believe they were just crazy, delusional and all sorts of mentally ill.

"It'll be very brief, surely you can convince it for a few moments?" Nedzu himself did believe Cliq, but he was being pressured by the officers... The situation was tense, and this was one of the last straws.

"Yeah, if you can hear me: it's alright! I'll let you scan all my work later!" Mei perked up, trying to lighten the mood with a joke, which made Scycliq recoil and shake his head a bit

Take it, take her.

His eyes and fingertips gave off a gentle teal glow, just like when he scanned Mei's blueprints "i-i can try, but just... Be quiet and still for a bit"

Cutting in after giving Nedzu a tap on the shoulder and a whisper, leaving the rat-dog-bear a bit mournful, the officers stepped up "I'm afraid we don't have much time" surrounding him and holding him from behind, hands on shoulders as they slowly made their way out.

"A-aaaAah! S-stop!" Cliq let out a weak, painful whimper, they weren't handling him too roughly, they didn't have to, he stretched his hand and reached for one of the tables, towards Mei "i-im not kidding, please stop!"

"Come along peacefully" "Shut up and let me go!" "We are authorized to use force" "be quiet- and-"

"Lives are at stake, we need you right now" as they dragged him, he let out an ear-piercing screech, he looked in pain "Shut up and let me go!" "Please liste-" "I-i'm not talking to you"

Almost at the door, the sound of ripping clothes and a spray of blood followed by a painful scream made the room fall silent and still.
A hissing, static noise filled the room as multiple strips of skin had peeled off of Cliq's arm, leaving his skin a tattered mess, both ears bled, nose too... Something had ripped out from under his skin.

Hanging from his shoulder and going towards Mei, a few inches away from her face, were stringy, glowing strands, repeating themselves in coiling fractals, the same pattern that had ripped out of his skin, before Mei reacted, Power loader was in the way.

Mistaking it for an attack towards the student, the staff seemed very, very displeased, Cliq looked at nedzu with tears in his eyes "please, it's gonna kill me"

"Everyone, stay calm!" Nedzu mentioned, to add weight to Cliq's words, the officers holding him complied, loosening their grips slowly and eventually letting him stand on his own.

"Please... Everyone, stand still..." Cliq was losing a lot of blood, and judging by his pale, sickly looks, he wasn't exactly enjoying this... The coils of glowing light moved, as if inspecting the surroundings, each time they moved, they peeled more circular patterns out of his skin, pulling more and more out from under it.

"Please- stop, they're not mad at you-they just want to talk..." More static noises, followed by the strange glowing creature reaching for a nearby table, tapping the surface just like how Cliq scanned Mei's blueprints, but this time with solid, sharp, curved tendrills.

"They don't hate us, they just don't know- don't understand..." The fibrous strands began to could and furl, looking around the room again "you came up with this idea, so please... Stick with it, with me, okay?".

Glowing dimmer as it kept shrinking, slowly retracting around his arm, seemingly pulling the skin back into place as they returned to where they belong, each coil and twist leaving a clean cut on his skin, no blood, but a clear mark... His arm had every main nerve cut into his skin, like an anatomy diagram, alongside with some extra branches connecting them, all spiraling like a fern's leaves.

As the static noise went away, Cliq relaxed and sighed ":-ng... We can go now... Just please, don't talk much for a while, I can read..." he was let go by the officers and kept walking along them.

The doors closed as they all left, leaving Mei and Power loader in their workshop.

"Mei, we need to talk"

Despite being faced with the league of villains and all their killing intent, this woman seemed to be enjoying herself thoroughly.

"You guys ain't scared? God, You fucky bunch are the first to be a worthwhile spar in a long-ass time"

The fistfight between Ileana and the league had dragged on for what felt like hours now- in reality, it had barely been a few minutes, but everyone was pretty exhausted, and it showed, Ileana had just started breaking a sweat.

After realizing where the armor was, she started to focus on softer, more vulnerable bits... Her
attacks were hard to dodge, and harder to take, the damage was minimal... Sometimes not even breaking skin, but the force she ended transferring with each pecking stab felt more like a bullet than a pointing finger.

Bullet wounds and the sensation of being shot at was something villains got used to, but never enjoyed, it's still something one should avoid.

Her flurries of strikes, punches, kicks and knee blows were brief, but it was quite the workout to keep up with her.

"It's just a drag, you can't fight all of us, you're gonna slip up and end dead..." To emphasize, Shiragaki clenched his fist.

"I said you wouldn't touch me again, and I've kept the promise so far, haven't I?"

It was true, she was... Exactly as they found her, drenched all the way to the elbows and knees with the minced meat and blood of guards.

"Your quirk is curious... It almost doesn't make sense, but yet here we are... In this battle of attrition"

"It doesn't need to make sense... It's simple, even when standing still, I'm faster than you, I don't need to dodge"

Her reflexes weren't great, but the way she proceeded to lunge at Dabi and avoid the stitched villain's counterattack was quite sloppy, poor reflexes, yet she came out unscathed.

"A light based quirk... It shouldn't be too related to speed, would it?"

"Light is just the frosting on the cake"

Shiragaki saw an opening, and caught her again, this time by the ankle... Causing her skin to crack, despite the deathly grip and rough pull, her thin join just... Disappeared under his grasp.

She was back where she started, still with the signs, but she was able to back out fast enough to avoid most of the damage.

"Y'all fuckers should give up before I go over 0.05c"

"Yet you haven't done that in this fight, have you?"

"Smart, it's a shame you're so fucking ugly, I'd date ya"

"Don't you have a husband?"

Dodging out of the way of a lunging stab and instead reversing the motion to throw Himiko towards Twice, who saw the reversal coming and simply made sure Himiko landed safely, who made the best of a graceful landing with a taunting remark.

"Stage fright~? Woke up on the wrong foot? Missing your sweetheart? I can relate, I don't think I'd be able to fight on without Izuku to look forward to..."

"Hah... It's not that, it's just that if I go for full speed, I'll end up wasting energy"

Shiragaki shrugged, the wide hallway was covered with small bloodstains and scorch marks, it was obvious this was going their way.
"Makes sense... There's no benefit in maxing agility if your vitality and constitution can't keep you alive... A dumb strat, if you ask me"

Ileana laughed.

"Oh no, believe me, I can kill you fuckers and then some... It's just a matter of conserving energy, I'm on a diet"

Her movements generated a blue trace along the edge of her silhouette as she reared back a punch, despite not landing it, the same blue glow kept going, like a laser! This time however, the movements were instantaneous, charring and destroying Shiragaki's shirt.

"Human reflexes are slow, mine included, I don't even need full speed to kill... Just enough to outspeed your reflexes"

Shiragaki was left with a mildly burnt chest and the exposed metal parts of his protective vest "aha... So this whole time you used speeds we could see and react to... to gauge our reflexes?" It certainly knocked the wind out of him.

"...nah, I-its just kinda hard to ionize air without warm up... Plus, being looked at does reduce my initial speed..."

Shiragaki couldn't understand why they lived to talk and brag about their strengths and flaws so much, what was there to explain and detail about herself? Wasn't it more advantageous to remain secretive?

"But it's all over now-" Ileana wound up a punch, blinding blue glow formed in her fist and leg as she twirled, throwing a roundhouse kick that just... Kept going the full circumference, like a light blade that kept going until the wall, as she landed from her kick, she readied to throw a punch-

But both her kick and fist lost their signature blue glow, the light fizzing out.

"You're not a clever woman, but you did a great job at clearing Tartarus... Again, I commend you" from behind, All for One had his fibrous, black tendrills lodged onto her back... The door to his cell open, the walls surrounding his spot were broken, he stealthily destroyed them while the fight raged on.

"Your quirk will be most useful" the league seemed relieved to see sensei intervene- the kick was fearsome, and everyone did dodge as they should've- but it would still have resulted in lots of damage if it had kept going... Judging by the floor-long slash on the walls, going all the way through multiple layers of concrete.

Ileana stood in her combat stance, turning her back to the league and instead facing sensei, seemingly unfazed at the probes stuck in her.

All for One let out a bit of a grunt "curious, I can't find it..."

"My voice is not one, but many, for someone with an orchestra, I'm surprised you don't know"

Ileana lunged, swinging her kick to sever the connection between the two, it was much, much slower than the kicks she had been dealing to the league, and it showed.

"Surely with enough time, I'll find something to take, but this has taken a grim turn for you, hasn't it?" Sensei walked forwards, prompting Ileana to back off- fear?
"She's really fast, hits hard... I've caught her twice" Shiragaki mentioned, his mentor noticed the cracks on her body, shallow and light, but still a sign of progress.

Ileana bought both hands to her face and gave herself a few slaps, hopping in place and bouncing side to side, limbering up "i fucking hate head-to-head combat"

"With me here, this is more of a slaughter, don't you think? You are an assassin, a stealth and speed quirk... Utterly useless in combat"

"I like that you think you've got me figured out"

Ileana clenched both fists and twirled, creating a solid circle of light around her, it stuck in place, floating around her. "I was sent here for good reason, I'm the only one who can sneak in here and kill you safely a the same time- do you take me and the pact for a bunch of idiots?"

"No, but I take myself for what I am, that should be enough, shouldn't it?" All for One reared his fist, he knew all he had to do was give them an opening, disable her quirk for a few seconds and Shiragaki would snap her like a dry twig-

"Hrm... I guess that's enough, yeah, I better start using my quirk then"

And then, the light was gone.

"It is very admirable for all of you to stand up to me... But it truly is a sad sight"

The situation had only gotten worse and worse, the whole building shook every time he took a step, he had been subjected to pretty much the full array of quirks from the eight expendables.

His feet held firmly onto the ground, and his body had proven to be undamaged so far, he had nothing for them to disarm or disable, and no punch, bite or slash got through his pitch black hide, the full flurry from Rappa didn't even make him budge.

While his movements were slow to begin with, the drunken sensation and Chrono's quirk did make him slower, sadly it made no difference, his swings carried the weight of a freight train when going downwards.

It had become painfully obvious that he wasn't punching or swinging as much as he was just... Dropping his hands on them, and it hurt.

Every now and then, he got even heavier, as the dust kicked up by the fighting was pulled into him.

"Eventually, my quirk will cause a singularity and kill everyone in this building... So I suggest you hurry up and die" Balkrupt mentioned while stretching his neck, he only moved when it was his intention, nothing else could nudge him "me included, so... It would be the most efficient for you to simply accept the sentence"

"We are criminals, already serving a sentence" mimic bought up, he wasn't given much of a choice in terms of what to use with his quirk, so he had been fighting using weights from the prison yard... "If anything, it's moronic for you to target us, we failed! We where betrayed and caught by
heroes... Our lives lost their value a long time ago"

Balkrupt shook his head, taking a step, making the whole building shake... No doubt seismic activity sensors would pick all of this up eventually "heroism and villiany are distractions from the stakes at play here... So is whatever value you give to this organization of yours" he was interrupted by a heavy blow to the head by Rappa, who had bleeding knuckles at this point, given that his fists absorbed the whole shock.

Balkrupt simply pushed his hand away, as if there had not been a punch at all, no contact "the timid truth states that humanity... No, life as a whole, is but a struggle to succeed and surpass... To eventually repay the energy and mass that created you, to forge oneself and others to this divine end, Once you failed to adapt to the quirked society, and also failed to bring an end to it, you became a waste of life" he still held Rappa's hand, slowly bringing it down, he desperately tried to move it away....

With a sickening crunch and a sudden pull, he ripped his whole arm off, slamming it down onto the floor as he knelt with one leg "believe me, as much as you attempted to carry out genocide against my kind, this is not personal, 'overhaul', I'm merely enacting my duty as a messenger of truth" the arm was encased in the same shadowy cloak and slowly absorbed, assimilated into his silhouette.

"You owe this world, you failed to succeed and surpass, and also failed to bring hardship for others... Truly, a waste of atoms"

"You know an awful lot about me" he couldn't fight, he couldn't do much but see his minions bash themselves against this walking black hole in the shape of a man "I've done so much more in this world than the scum living in the streets and in the hero offices... Why is your obsession with me?"

He took another step, the ceiling was cracking now "truth be told, I was sent here because I was one of the few agents that could handle dealing with your quirk... But it seems that won't be necessary... Everyone's sentence can wait, but you will be useful even after you die"

"So our sin was to... Fail? Would you have come after us had we not been raided by the brats at UA and nighteye?"

Fatgum was getting antsy, it had been the longest 20 minutes of his life, not only was the sensation of altered gravity around Balkrupt terrible for nausea, but he also quickly realized there was nothing they could do to stop him if he did end up killing all eight of the Expendables, which judging how devastating his blows were, would be very soon.

A single downward chop broke through the neckbone and ribcage of Chronostasis, if his arm had swung any harder, he would've just split him in half.

Everyone had gotten at least one hit, seeing that it was so difficult to move when around him, even with his seemingly inexperienced fighting style, he really did fight like an old man, one made of super-heavy metal, maybe.

Ryukyu had given the signal for the rest of the prison to be evacuated and the inmates transfered somewhere safe and secure a few moments after he realized the extent of Balkrupt’s quirk, or quirks, given that he seemed to have more than one, she even requested help from UA, as she knew they had the source of knowledge about this individual.

They kept trading blows, until he got a hold of someone, and simply ripped them apart, one wrong step, and he pulled them in with his gravitational funnel, only three of them had died, and she
couldn't tell who they were - she only remembered their masked appearances, and it didn't help how slow and... Crushing Balkrupt's moves were - the rest had heavy wounds, ones that would NOT result in full recovery, it seemed he knew exactly that, destroying entire limbs or removing bones from the system, absorbing them.

Speaking of, she had noticed that much - he was making sure to eat every time they traded hits, even just the outer layers of clothing or hairs and bits of skin, they stuck to him, super thin layers of it, and with Rappa bleeding out at his feet, only Chisaki had not been close enough for it.

She exchanged glances with Fatgum, they couldn't help, she was still very hurt from when she tried to halt him - even her hardened scales couldn't stand up to him! He was the very definition of an immobile object.

Even then, they had to stop him, criminals or not, seeing them getting slaughtered was not right.

"Commander, do we intervene?"

"...I know what is going through your head, but we cannot risk him targeting you two"

The conversation through the earpiece was brief, and very displeasing, it stood against what a hero should do.

"...Understood, do we have medical attention ready?"

"Yes, and the rest of the inmates have been secured"

Both Fatgum and Ryukyu heard the orders and information, but it didn't make this any better, it was like corralling pigs to the slaughterhouse.

They had requested help, but this man had stopped bullets and multiple quirks without breaking a sweat, from the cameras and systems monitoring it all, they could get a good idea of what they were dealing with, and it was simply not possible, specially not when he was so specific and deliberate with his execution.

"...You still haven't quite got it, it is not a sin to fail... Life in all shapes and forms must fail and succeed, both equally useful to the perfection of the final shape..." Chisaki couldn't run, he could barely stand with how heavy the air was around him, feet away from him.

"...is that it then? Even for all the abhorrent stuff I've done, you're going to kill us for not being as evil as we could be?"

"Getting closer... It lies within you, a potential so grandiose it could've created and destroyed oh so much... But instead it was wasted in doing exactly the opposite, you didn't do anything to refine yourself, you grew dull"

Balkrupt reached out to Chisaki, his open hand felt like the whole room turned, the angle of gravity pulling him to Balkrupt

"In the end, you failed, yes... You where defeated, but you didn't surpass said failure, that is the true sin: to stagnate..." He delivered before changing to a friendlier tone "in all honesty, if you still had your quirk, you could strip my shadow shield for a few moments"

He began to squeeze, Chisaki could hear sharp shrills and screeching as his skin seemed to grind against Balkrupt's
"But even then, it wouldn't have changed anything, the neutrons that cloak my shape are inexorable... what's removing one layer of a bottomless pit?"

And that was the truth- only he, Tachiel, Servanda or Eiryx could truly fight Overhaul without having to waste fuel and matter from fundament, without having to pay for multiple lives.

"Thankfully, your wonderful ability to destroy and rebuild will not be wasted, even though your life was a complete waste... Here in prison, you would stagnate even more, with this execution, I grant you a second chance... At redemption, at sharpening the final shape..."

He heard his skull break, and his vision went dark, but he didn't die, instead he felt the sound coming from inside his now broken skull.

"Welcome to my shadow, let us be what we are, to be anything else would be fatal"

In that moment, he became part of something greater.

Chapter End Notes

I'm thinking I'll stop sticking to canon after the festival and after the new top 10 heroes are introduced, since it'll allow me to do crazier shit.

Like two weeks ago, two guests left kudos, if not for that, this would probably took longer, so you know, thanks!

So Chisaki and his goons are dead or dying, and their quirks are now assimilated within Balkrupt, but that won't necessarily stay like that.

I gotta say, I'm jealous AF of some other stories that get a bunch of feedback, but I won't let that stop me from moving forward, I'll just move forward with a mildly displeased expression.

I'll try and draw what the patterns for Cliq's quirk look like at some point.
Crucifixion

Chapter Summary

The world has plenty of exemplary individuals to look up to, but very few to look down to.

Chapter Notes

I have been extremely unstable and generally depressed, this chappie might be a bit short since i kinda want it to just be a 'im not dead, just lazy and sad' update.

I may also close up this specific story in 4-5 more chaps, and start another story in the same series to continue things since uh... There will be a couple drastic changes and I'll split up some branching lines so to speak.

See the end of the chapter for more notes

Blood rained down on the cracked concrete floor, from the crushed, mangled upper half of Chisaki Kai, as Balkrupt closed his fist, a large sphere pulled the surrounding area into his fist, shredding the rest of his chest and shoulders.

Even though Ryukyu did lunge forward with her draconic form, trying to shove him off Chisaki before the execution could take place, she found herself unable to move him, feeling the whole building shift as she pushed, a fixed point in space, struggling to move him at all, like pushing on a metal nail with bare hands.

Balkrupt knelt with one leg, placing his free hand onto the floor, the concrete disintegrated and was rapidly reshaped into a large stake, similar to a cross, but with the horizontal beam resembling a crescent, the whole structure assembled inside Chisaki's body, gouging through his stomach, through his ribcage, and out where his head should be, the concrete crescent also wrapped around his arms, even though they weren't connected to his corpse at all, the cross put them where they could be recognized as arms.

Lungs, heart and head missing, it was just an open ribcage and two arms. Legs dangling limply through the molded concrete cross.

"His contribution to the cause is Noble and valuable..." Reaching for the main beam and snapping it from the floor, carrying the concrete cross on his shoulder "he will make a great example... Of failure, that must be avoided at all costs"

He made no goddamn sense, and if he could be hurt at all, everyone would've already done so, even with severe wounds, pretty much everyone in the room, hero or criminal, wanted to shut him up, however, the eight expendables had been severely culled, some clearly dead- others could be alive, but everyone was incapable of movement.

"Everyone's contribution is appreciated though, I am no one to reject the valuable blood spilt in the
name of the timid truth..."

Helicopters and even armored vehicles had surrounded the area, not to mention more heroes and policemen with plenty of specialized equipment... A few news reporters could be spotted too, watching on the situation from a safe distance, broadcasting live to analysts and editors, to censor and select what they could show to the public.

"I advise against stopping my retreat... My duty here is done, it is late and I assume everyone wants to rest..."

"You walk right into a high security prison and expect to walk away?"

"I expect to hobble away, wouldn't you rather treat the wounded than cause more?"

Fatgum was certain his quirk was very likely a hardening quirk, the strongest he had seen by far... But he wasn't agile, for a quirked human, he was laughably slow.

"It is a matter of justice, not of wounds or damage!" Ryukyu piped in, now staying in her dragon form instead of returning right after attacking.

"What will you do? Attack me? Restrain me? Kill me? If that was a possibility, I wouldn't be here, the great navigator wouldn't have placed me here, face to face with the non-believers"

He lifted up the cross and proudly swayed it, like a war banner, a flag of his most recent kill.

"Go on, hit me, torch me, shoot me... Whatever appeases your desire for justice, but my crusade will not be stopped"

He stepped forward, towards one of the walls leading out of the prison complex, they had weapons to neutralize any sort of threat, tranquilizers, live ammo, quirk-reliant ordnance, even a high-caliber machine gun... But he had not a hint of fear in his stride, confident that nothing would dent his shield.

He threw a balled fist to the wall, likely aiming to destroy it, now imbued with the same deconstructive nature of Overhaul's quirk.

The wall crumbled and reassembled into an arch of medieval architecture, stepping through, he expected to be fired upon, or have a hero assault him, but instead he was greeted by spotlights and stares, he... He was painful to look at even with plenty of light on him, it was nauseating like so many visual tricks, the brain just didn't know what to do with the information provided by the eyes.

Carrying the remains of Chisaki's corpse, he intended to simply walk away, knowing any attempts to stop him would not only be futile, but also a waste of energy, for even if he died, the divine balance would bring him back.

Moments prior, parts of the UA staff and police representatives bought in their 'specialist' to get a second opinion on the situation.

"He showed up and demanded to fight the inmates, in particular, the eight expendables and their leader..."
"He seems awfully confident"

"His quirk is very clearly hardening, but much like a noumu, he is outfitted with other abilities to supplement it..."

"None of this was in your report, Sycliq" Aizawa should be giving classes right now, but Cementoss covered for him- his quirk was naturally better at dealing with negotiations with someone who had shown to be increasingly unstable, even after agreeing to help them all.

"His quirk... I wrote what I know, his shadow shield... It simply rejects analysis and scrutiny, it is almost acausal, light and logic recoil in disgust upon touching it"

Sweating bullets and stuttering a good amount, a bit of an accent coming from his already shaky japanese, Nedzu noted his word usage, however.

"Hrm, did I hear that right? Many quirks often seem so, but end up having an explanation..."

"It's hard to study something that doesn't interact with the electromagnetic spectrum, subatomic particles or any sort of field or energy"

"Then how is he talking? Hurting them?"

Using his only hand, he cupped his mouth, rubbing along his chin, looking back and forth from the many live video feeds from the prison.

"I have many theories as to how the shield is created, but they all boil down to... Taking the friction, mass and force of nearby matter and condensing it into a two-stage barrier, the first composed of degenerate neutrons, arranged in a tight lattice... Extreme density, mass and pressure... And the second is kind of the opposite, creating a layer where there is no matter for force to be transferred to the already nigh-indestructible barrier... He controls the formation of both, making it a one-way shield... Like a reverse event horizon"

He bit on the first phalanx of his index finger, and then let go.

"Only way to hurt him is to fill that void with mass equally as dense... And then use force strong enough to break through the inner barrier"

Aizawa knew his quirk didn't outright erase the abilities of the agents of the pact, but it usually disabled a few of them or severely limited their power, but he couldn't even look at this guy, he was just... Untouched by light.

"How much force has his shield withstood?" Nedzu bought up, being objective as the live feed turned into a bit of a slaughter.

"The shield grows exponentially stronger over time and combat intensity... Last time, the bare minimum to pierce it... Multiple repeated direct impacts from a shaped warhead missile, 3 in a row"

At this point, tsukauchi made the call, they where not equiped to handle him... So they wouldn't try to, Ryukyu and fatgum both sounded clearly upset at this, but the order was clear and for their own safety.

"What is the time limit for it?" Balkrupt himself did mention that once enough mass was assimilated in a single activation, it would collapse.

"Varies wildly... But I'd say a full day without much mass to assimilate, just the air around him
would achieve critical mass in a day"

"What about his maximum potential?"

Cliq bit his thumb this time, shaking his head and ripping bits of skin off the tip of it "nearly infinite, he has endured multiple entries to earth from orbit and came out unscathed, he withstood multiple small-scale nuclear and conventional explosions..."

"Orbit?!?" Present mic didn't buy it.

"Are you familiar with the tunguska event?"

"...You have to be lying" still not buying it.

"It was his predecesor, but the quirk has done nothing but get stronger since then, the only way to make him vulnerable besides overloading his shield would be to starve him of mass... Lift him off the floor, deconstruct his shield after disabling the second layer, perhaps high-speed weaponry can bypass the vacuum layer of his shield..." He kept going

Aizawa was pretty furious- it was mostly the commanding officer's fault for not telling them of their little deal, withdrawing such critical information meant not everyone was ready, or that their responses would be delayed... but also at the apparentin competence of their consultant.

"...All of this is theorical of course, I have yet to test any of this, it could be something much simpler like ile-" he gasped.

"He's always with her, and she's always with him, if they are separate, it means they both had roles to fill..."

He mumbled, whispering repetitive prayers to himself before shaking his head violently, drizzling sweat a bit.

"Ileana, his wife, she must've attacked somewhere else, check on any other prison- they must've staged this one as a distraction... You must find her at once... I don't think either of them can be stopped as long as they are separated"

"So we're just gonna let him walk away after killing multiple inmates?"

"He only killed the one he was certain he could converge with, the others must still be alive... And they must be kept alive at all costs, give them the attention they need, if they die- then the pact will consume them alongside his main target" he swallowed, mouth then hung open for a brief moment "keeping the eight expendables alive, regardless of their state, will deny the pact full access to their quirks"

Present mic and tsukauchi scrambled alongside other officials to try and find any reports on the network of police and military comms, to give out the updated orders.

Cliq shook his head and banged his fist against his forehead, pretty hard... Or as hard as he could, being pretty skinny and unfit.

"Lord of shadow and lady of light, easily the strongest amongst the pact... I know, don't tell me.... Then why are they the ones acting now? Tachiel would've kept gathering fuel and logic with just the titans and harbingers... But Servanda? She knows why they work together... it's in their vows... He doesn't like to waste, did you forget?"
Eventually, the room was mostly vacated with the exception of Nedzu and Aizawa - Toshinori was supposed to attend, but he found himself having to deal with health matters- staring at him, wondering if he was okay, and wondering if his propositions really were the best option.

"...all of this is very unlike him, they must be working on their own... " Aizawa snapped his fingers in front of Sycliq, with little effect at first.

"Hey, we can only help each other out if we work on clear terms..." Exhausted as usual, not to mention uncertain of how to handle a situation, more public heroes often did know how to handle people with trauma or mental issues this bad.

"...sorry, sorry, it just got really paranoid... It insists that we must be very careful of... well, that you must be very careful of us as a whole"

"It doesn't seem very smart of you to tell us to distrust you" Nedzu smiled to which cliq shook his head "not just me, but Rou and Akos... And Amensis, I suppose... I am certain that we -as people- wish to help, but I cannot be certain of the voices inside them"

It made sense, he was paranoid and unstable, but the others seemed in perfect tune with whatever this voice was.

If one cannot be certain of one's thoughts, it makes sense for them to be afraid of other's minds.

And so, the signal was given: they could fire upon and try to stop Balkrupt as much as they could, but it would be highly ineffective... Thus, both heroes and law enforcement had to face a pretty unsatisfying outcome, one that went against what they all wanted and believed: simply let him walk away.

As the news reached the hospital, Mirio foresaw what had to be done and stayed with Eri while Ochako and Midoriya rushed outside to look at the televisions.

"...the villain Chisaki Kai, also known as Overhaul, has been killed a few hours ago, inside the prison after an attack from a single villain, presumed to be part of the organization known as 'the pact', footage is very graphic and as such, we are not allowed to show you, authorities have confirmed that the perpetrator left the scene but is being followed..." The reporter went on, glimpses of blurred, censored scenes could be caught, the editors made sure nothing could be seen directly and the clips where brief... But the scene was gruesome to those who knew what it was supposed to be.

Ochako had both hands over her mouth, particularly after seeing how wounded Ryukyu had gotten: severe cuts and bruises on her hands and arms, Fatgum had two broken arms and a large open wound in his chest, right over the sternum.

"...T-they are trying to get more quirks! There's... There's no reason as..." He choked back a bit, seeing how a mounted machine gun opened fire on the perpetrator, who barely flinched despite having a constant hail of lead upon him.

"We need to figure out how to stop them, before they get stronger..." Midoriya concluded while
gingerly, carefully wrapping an arm around Ochako, his free hand caressing her face and pulling her eyes away from the TV.

As the two embraced, Midoriya saw Amensis kneeling, hands crossed over her chest, in a prayer-like gesture.

Was she celebrating? The thought filled him with disgust.

"Aen... Aen.. let the spilt blood water our crops... Let the waste become fuel, let us be what we are... Aenat!

She kept going with her prayer, voice hushed and body shaking, trembling... Tears of blood swelling at the corners of her eyes, slowly and with weak motions, she crawled closer.

"We need to leave, we need to... no, I need to go back, nobody is safe i-if I'm here" Amensis concluded, getting up to her feet and walking past the hugging couple.

Before she could, however, one of her hay-bale-like pigtails was grabbed by Ochako, making Amensis stop on her tracks to face both of them.

"Are you really on our side?"

"I-im no hero, but I don't want people to be hurt"

"Then why are you running away?"

"Because I'm not a hero, not yet... It's simple!" She shook her head and wiped those tears of blood off her face "we are much too different, outside and inside, up here and down here" she signaled to her head and then to her body "I need to learn how to be a her- no, I need to be more human first"

She shook her head again "humans don't cry blood, they don't threaten other humans, they don't force sex upon others..." She gulped, once she had time to think and a crash course in basic rights and emotions by Aizawa and Toshinori, she had been pretty guilty about what she said and did to class 1-B

"Just... Please, let me leave, I won't stray far, I'll be around to help, it's what I want to do"

Letting go of her hair, Amensis ran off on her own.

"We need to go back to UA" Ochako mentioned while turning to Izuku again, they both nodded, the mood was still... Bitter and solemn, after all, just as things with Eri began picking up... Something had to go wrong.

It was still pitch-black at Tartarus, once the lights went off, the skirmish was over in seconds-everyone felt and heard her just... Go away, literally running away from under their noses, not to mention as she did so, she bit everyone.

Some of them felt it, while others could -see it- her saliva left off a strange glowing mark, kind of like a blue rave paint stain, or a crime scene under UV, but this glow wasn't reliant on any
alteration of the light sources.

And since it was still pitch black, the traces of her blood, drool, sweat and other areas where she made contact was all they could see.

Judging by the evidence, she dashed to and bit everyone, then focused on All for one.

His whole midsection was pretty much missing, stomach, entrails, liver... Heart beating under a thin layer of muscle, both arms transformed into cannon-like blasters that he used to fight off Ileana, but not without taking damage himself.

Her attacks went through everything, like a hot knife through butter, her bite and claw left clear marks on his flesh, burning the edges and cleanly slicing bits of it, but leaving large swathes just... Ripped out.

Still breathing, All for one slowly undid the transformation on both of his arms, clenching his teeth, he could feel blood trying to escape his lungs.

These wounds were grievous, but he knew one thing: he would not die.

Perhaps due to the girl of blue lightning not finishing the job -she didn't expect him to be this resilient- or just his stockpile of quirks and stolen strength flaring up at times of need.

Nearly everyone was unconscious, and he had the most 'appropriate' quirks for healing in the entire league, so he got to work, slowly putting himself together.

"She really did a number on you, huh?" Dabi mentioned while sifting through the rubble, checking the pulses on everyone around them, visible bite marks, but not actual... Chunks taken out of them, they seemed to be on a state of catatonia, eyes open and pupils reacting, but overwhelmed.

He managed to avoid most of it by using his flames to block out light, what a thought, a light so bright that fire could shade you from it. The extra thick eyelids helped too, kinda.

"She was like a starved hyena"

His body already repairing itself, using his hands to... Put things where they should be.

"Find kurogiri, I'll force him to get us out of here"

"He's right over here... Ya sure you can do that with... The hole... situation like that?"

"...we can fix this later, cauterize these wounds if you will... We have to leave"

Dabi knew that All for one would've done it himself already if he could, either by using a stockpiled fire quirk or by forcibly activating his own while he was unconscious.

Either way, burning the wounds closed, teleporting away and fixing this mess somewhere else would be nice, so he lit up a flame on his finger, and got to work.
"So like... Yesterday was a great day for the pact!"

A smile that some people knew all too well, but not enough people knew yet.

"Not only did 57 people die in fire-related incidents in the Americas and Africa, but over 200 drowned after the rising water levels destroyed their homes... Oh, and also... 12 pairs of destroyed eardrums from Mr 'not a bird, idiot' vindor flew over a couple areas at supersonic speed..." He flipped over a few pages "1320 reported cases of chemical burns and food poisoning due to contaminated seafood..." At the mention of this, Sulghera raised her hand, a blank expression on her features, munching on something.

"...About... Eighty hun..." He read the number, reeled back and continued "Countless people died in minor and major armed conflicts... Fueled by Wyveel 'shooty mc shootface' Tronos..." The mentioned blond pumped his fist up high, whispering a brief 'gottem' under his breath.

"That's not fair, he didn't actually kill anyone"

"They killed eachother with my guns, it counts"

"Either way, in this session of contributions to the pact... We have two very special additions!" He gestured to two areas of the screen, where pictures of Chisaki Kai and All for one displayed.

Wyveel laughed "was it our dear dynamic duo of newlyweds?" To which DM nodded happily.

"Who else? Only they could penetrate the impenetrable in order to..." His expression drew the giggling from both of his companions.

"Grow up, you two" Wyveel snorted "yeah yeah, whatever... It just says a lot about their relationship"

DM stared straight into the camera "I regret not being able to roll my eyes... Either way, they made their way to each target, past multiple barriers by heroes, villains and other heretics... To deliver death to those who deserve it, those who have nothing else to contribute to the final shape"

Wyveel sighed "kind of lame they get to keep it tho, I'd love to deconstruct and reshape my guns on the fly..."

DM shook his head "this is less about their power and more about... The act itself"

Sulghera was now leaning heavily into Wyveel, as she moved off the couch, the once blue tapestry was now stained a nasty purplish brown, her skin and warmth charred it so.

"They never had child, they never had intentions to create greatness, only make themselves greater..."

"You're starting to sound a lot like Mori there"

The expression earned him a slap across the face, once more leaving the superficial brown stain...

"Well... She is right, we hunted them down because to lock away such power... It is simply a waste, and the timid truth despises waste"

DM tapped the desk with his finger.

"I am greatness made by a man alone, even a single soul could create greatness out of nothing but wood and ingenuity, why couldn't they? A statue, a legacy, a heir... Something tangible, something
else than the words spoken of them"

He reached for the latches at the rims of his mask.

"It's... Ilogical to us, why the heretics don't die out... If it was a gene, they don't produce enough offspring to keep going... both hero and villain, they don't have time nor interest for love, and those who do... They are probably homosexual degenerates, Incapable of mixing blood..."

He took off his mask, revealing there was no face under it, just hooks, divets, gears, ratchets and metal strings, all the way back to behind the ear, placing the smiling mask down onto the desk.

"So heroism and villiany aren't a gene... Yet quirks are, thus.. Quirks don't make them what they are, and they don't make their quirks what they are, it's more about the idea"

The voice still came, from nowhere in particular inside that mess of metal inside a wooden hull.

"But I wonder... How many perfectly good lives have been wasted or... worse... Denied the chance to exist because of this? What if..." He flipped a few pages on his reports "what if Cementoss' theoretical son would've been smart enough to cure cancer? To cause a revolution? A Renaissance? A bloodline that cannot preserve itself does not deserve to exist"

Sulghera looked at her hands firmly, she too had been like that at some point.

"But it doesn't matter, some kid will see the oh-so-cool UA students and dream to be like them... It is a cycle of fate"

Pictures of hundreds of pro heroes showed up, followed by hundreds of students, not only from UA but also from Shinketsu.

Additionally, villains both old and new were also bought up, all of them connected through various links, just like the heroes

"Similar quirks, similar personalities, similar potential... One generation will die, pass on knowledge and technique... Even if they are completely unrelated by blood"

He sighed as the diagrams and pictures where swapped with the many symbols of each agent of the pact.

"We are much like that, but we realized one thing: one does not need to succumb to fate... You can either follow the cycle, or become the cycle, a part of the very fabric and engine of the machine that eats dreams and hope to shit out suffering"

"I was meant to die of a bullet wound, stray shrapnel, nerve gas, flamethrower burns" Wyveel mentioned.

"But you did not, you realized where fate was taking you... And you fought back, against death itself, you became friends with it, practiced death, and the taking of life... To become a part of this story we are all in, to be more real than your own death"

DM rested his still-exposed gears against his hand.

"What about you, viewer? Are you an aspiring hero? Do you know where fate is taking you? Are you a common civilian? Waiting for others to pave the way? Or a villain, trying to do things your way, the way they must be?"
Sulghera looked increasingly shaky, drooling and foaming at her lips, like a rabid dog.

"Are you more real than what you do? Will you leave an impact greater than your death? Will you do the right thing? Or the thing the greatness inside you wants to do?"

As both males noticed the uneasiness that the speech caused upon Sulghera, the camera focused for one last phrase before shutting off.

"All I know is that we are the only way to get out of this cycle, stop being fuel... Cattle to the slaughter, instead... Join us, become a butcher"

Chapter End Notes

AFO is not dead, but everyone is the pact assumes he is.

There are a grand total of 3 different takes on the whole pact deal.

Tachiel believes humanity must be separated from quirks to fulfil himself and everyone in his cult.
Balkrupt believes that humanity must be subservient to the pact, live, but under it's belief system.
Lastly, Sycliq simply thinks they shouldn't exist, and originally wanted everyone to leave or kill eachother.
Who is there?

Chapter Summary

Taking a moment to ponder the self and the surroundings is an important part of enlightenment.

There is, however, a risk of stumbling into the question: who am I?

Chapter Notes

Welcome back to the like 5ish people that read this, hope you're liking it, wish you'd tell me so or otherwise.

See the end of the chapter for more notes

Ileana Cherenkov laid in a pool of her own blood, in a shady back alley... Behind a dumpster, clutching the corner of some soggy cardboard.

She had taken enough blood from everyone, she had taken enough flesh and fuel, but she needed way more to process the full extent of the quirk conglomerate known as 'All for One'... And truth was, she made herself vulnerable for far too long.

Hence her current state, with a missing midsection, multiple wounds on her ribs and mild burns all over her body.

She was fast, as fast as speed itself, but when the time to strike came, she had to slow down, thankfully she memorized the escape route, that way she could run through it without any stops or slowing down.

Inside the building a few feet from the alley, was Balkrupt Schwarzschild, her beloved husband, who in a hurried rush, went... Shopping for supplies, his quirk deactivated for a while now.

Completely bare from the hips up, no longer wearing the leg braces and special footwear, he walked by the many aisles in the store.

He had bought bread, gauze, needles, fishing line... Plenty of alcohol, both medical and for drinking... Iodine tincture.

He didn't look too wounded himself, but it hurt, something certainly hurt, his scars itched.

As he made his way back to the checkout area, he saw a pack of bluish green medical face masks, grabbing the package and ripping it open, putting one on his face, covering his mouth and nose, it alleviated the itching.

Arriving at the cashier, he put the remains of the face mask bundle and bowed slightly "apologies... I needed one right away, I'll pay for it" all he got back was a nervous motion and signaling amongst the cashiers, security officers and managers...
"...Are you gonna call the police? This isn't a robbery..." He asked the cashier as he finally addressed the many concerned workers and customers.

"They already know I'm here... I just want to treat some wounds" he counted some bills from his wallet -his pants where completely untouched- and handed it all to the cashier, alongside yen, there where plenty of dollars and euro, he didn't bother to count too precisely.

He left without much of a word, everyone was scared, but he didn't made any attempts at harming anyone.

Back towards the alley, putting down the bags of medical supplies, Balkrupt found himself with a question from the wounded woman.

"Do you know my name?"

Balkrupt didn't answer, simply sitting down cross legged and harshly moving her closer, draping her body across his lap, the rough treatment got a pained groan from the woman, but what bothered her was the lack of answer.

Looking down at her wounds, he began to work, his head ached, really badly... But he needed to get these wounds closed, he didn't remember how he got here, or who this was, or why- what was he doing?

The needle stopped halfways the second stitch on the wound, loosely holding the two sections of skin together.

"Dear... You don't need to do any of this, you just got a quirk..." Her voice deafened itself, making it hard to understand, his head hurt much more severely.

Ileana grew worried, he was acting strangely, she knew the cause, but not the reason.

Balkrupt never experienced these kinds of issues, no matter who or how much he consumed, much like her... Although she really expected to have issues after consuming All for One, the lack of identity dysphoria surprised her, perhaps she was just that much stronger.

"Dear... Do you remember me? My name is Ileana, please... Say it out loud"

He kept silent, the extent of her wounds and burns were simply inhumane, they would no doubt get infected... Sterilization was needed, he reached for a bottle of alcohol, but instead, found himself frozen in motion, the medical mask taken off his features.

She hadn't bothered to look at him closely until now.

He looked younger, still sporting the massive scar across his left eye, but it looked fresher, his dirty blond-gray hair looked a more solid black with stray blonde hairs, not a single gray bit to be found.

"Balkrupt, please... Answer me, I'm getting worried..." Her voice carried a concern only love could express, concern wasn't something she usually did, but this was very bad.

"...I'm sorry, Ileana, I just... Lost myself a bit"

Placing a bare hand on Ileana's burnt, scraped leg, he slowly began deconstructing and rebuilding her body, from the feet up.

It was very painful, mind you, but he tried to make it easier on his wife, and she knew that, even
though the pace of it all and the actions themselves were painful, she knew he wanted her to feel less pain, and thus... It wasn't so bad.

The two stared at each other for a few moments before being interrupted, wounds gone, blood back into the body.

Kneeling, Amensis bowed slightly.

"Lord of shadow, Lady of light... I apologize for the intrusion, but I have something to take"

"You have no right to take, but you do have a debt to pay" Balkrupt replied while frowning slightly, Amensis' muscles where less defined, her wounds looked old, she was growing duller, a waste.

"Balky... Relax, hear her out, why don't we?"

Ileana smiled at Balkrupt, and... Echoed, balky! He liked the sound of his own name, the headache and itching came back, but Ileana's smile made it go away.

It was late at night, the dust had settled and the news had come and gone over everyone, leaving a slightly bitter disposition in all of UA.

Not only did the pact attack prisons holding both Overhaul and All for One, but seemingly succeeded in both attacks.

Stain had been dead all this time, pretty much since he was captured... He had been controlled and then impersonated for a large portion of time, be it with a possession or illusion quirk... All of the guards in direct contact with him in the last few weeks fell in comas or developed mental issues once the revelation was made known to them: the stain they captured, interrogated, fed and talked to... He had been dead, or maybe never existed.

So now they had three dead villains, all of them culled by the same organization.

To top it all off, the two villains who orchestrated and executed both attacks would be showing up at the next culture festival... Even though the general consensus had been "cancel at the smallest threat possible" it had now become a "cancel this, and we kill people" kind of scenario, a sentiment no hero liked, student or otherwise.

Not to mention the parents and the general public being very oposed to all of this.

They'd handle the rest of the issues tomorrow morning at the press conference, the festival wasn't gonna be canceled, they'd just be very thorough with negotiations and countermeasures.

For now though, Toshinori could really use the peace and quiet.

Eating alone in his apartment, as he usually did, getting ready for bed... A mostly liquid diet, it was all the nutrients he needed, and pretty much all he could eat with his many missing organs.

Still, it was warm and had acceptable flavor, however he couldn't help but notice it tasted nicer than usual.
His apartment wasn't fancy or overly comfortable, but it was enough... Tonight? It felt like the home of his dreams.

This didn't feel right at all... He knew something was wrong, mind racing through options, he looked across the table, meant for two or even four, but usually only him.

He heard something behind him, turning quickly to see if anyone had dared sneak into his home, but saw nothing.

As he turned back to the table, he saw a woman seated across the table, elbows on the table, hands held together, cradling her chin... The rest of her body well defined, though she seemed covered in a dark haze.

"Did I scare ya, Toshi?"

He simply stated for a few more moments, the beauty mark, the loving smile, the dark hair in her trademark style, even her muscles, it was Shimura Nana as he remembered her.

"...Guess I'm goin crazy..." It was either that, or his food had spoilt and he was experiencing food poisoning of the highest degree.

"...Was I dead for that long? You're not old enough to be senile!" She teasingly joked, trying to nudge him to come to a conclusion.

"Who are you?"

"don't tell me you forgot about me! I mean... You've gotten hit in the head a lot, but not that much... Would you believe me if I said I am your guardian angel?"

"Shimura Nana is dead, you do a great disservice to her legacy..."

Nana simply giggled again "you wound me, it's the real deal! And here I was trying to make a dramatic entrance as your guardian angel..."

Now that she mentioned it, she did look rather angelic, with a subtle glow around her "guardian angel? Hah!"

"You seriously don't think you survived all those crappy fights just because, right? I mean... One for all is great but I helped too! Remember?" Her voice rung true with some of his memories.

"...So this is your idea of romance?"

"Not how I had pictured it, but... I'll take whatever I can get"

"So... You've seen it all?"

"Yup, even the bits you wouldn't want me to see!"

She smiled and looked up and down his features and body "You've... Done such a good job, what about your disciple? Are you as bad a teacher as I?"

Toshinori laughed as he more or less finished his meal, he still felt threatened, put off by this aura... But wether it was this event in itself or just his instincts? Unclear.

"To doubt my ability as a mentor and my choice for a successor would be to doubt yours... And I wouldn't dare do that"
"You just say that cuz I'd smack you otherwise..."

"Can't really do that anymore, can you?"

"Guardian angel, not supposed to be punitive... But I'm glad to hear you are doing well, and so is Izuku, I've been around this whole time but... Not until now have I had the chance to talk"

How curious, either way... She sighed, with a gentle motion, she reached for his hand.

"You've become such a great hero... " A blush crept up on both of them, before Nana burst into laughter.

"..Hah.. HAHAH... This is just so cheesy! So... Strangely romantic, it's... Adorable! I guess this was my idea of romantic..."

Toshinori chuckled slightly too, but refrained from commenting much else...

"How are things in heaven?"

Except for a little bit of a joke.

"Can't complain... And can't talk much about it, either! At any rate... I have to go soon, just remember I'll be watching! And like... With you"

Once more she reached for his hand, she touched him, but it felt like nothing, he saw the interaction, but felt nothing in his skin, even then, it seemed he could return the gesture... Slowly intertwining fingers with her.

"You have done plenty for the world, Yagi... I wish we could be together again"

"We will be, sometime... But I've got students to guide, and a legacy to shape"

The... Rejection? Refusal? It stung a bit, but she understood.

"...I was given the chance to speak to you, but not the chance to choose, keep that in mind..." Her voice grew quieter, as the same cloudy, starry haze that held most of her body began to fill it's frame, like the night sky, full of stars woven together with straight lines, not only on the horizon, but in the haze, they formed beautiful shapes, with more depth than the night sky... They looked more real than the night sky.

"We will be together soon, Yagi... I miss you, and your smile..."

"I miss you too, Nana... But this world needs me, and I need this world... The many smiles of my students, I can't do without"

"Until we meet again"

The ghastly, shimmering stars encompassed her frame, and she was gone.

He had finished eating, but still felt a strange hunger, a yearning that he knew all too well... A hollow, right in his heart, he had no stomach to be empty, but he could still crave more... It had been so long since he had a desire like this.
Iida Tenya waited right at the entrance to the dorms, in the same area, one could see Satou, Mina, Mineta, Tsuyu, Tokoyami, Uraraka and Midoriya... Satou was preparing some hot cocoa for himself and the two girls, having offered for the two couples.

Both of them met on their way back from the hospital, Tsuyu had made a full recovery, the heels of her feet still felt... Kinda foreign due to the many small but noticeable changes in her bones after healing, extra layers, it felt like walking with a pair of shoes that didn't fit, or had uneven soles... But it was just her body.

As of right now, the four of them where simply watching some soap opera, all four huddled together -despite Tokoyami's complaints, he was touchy about personal space, with Tsuyu being the only exception- under some blankets... in their pajamas.

Mina sat on her own, right next to some balloons and flowers, all with "get well soon!" Messages and plenty amphibian motifs, perhaps surprisingly, some of them where delivered by Mineta, who had offered to be the gofer for a lot of stuff, mostly because he wanted to keep going back to the hospital to check on hot nurses on the way.

Which is probably why he was here too: to celebrate Tsuyu finally coming back to the dorms!

"are you just gonna... Wait there?" Satou asked Iida, truth be told, he was gonna head to bed soon, and so would the others as soon as the class rep did, everyone was up this late -just slightly past their usual bedtimes- because he insisted that he should wait for Amensis.

As if summoned by the strict, energetic expressions of the class rep, Amensis opened the door and walked past Iida, he tried to stop her, but moving her head to the side was enough to dodge his arm!

"Despite not being part of Class 1-A, you are under our supervision and live under our roof, as such you must comply and obey the norms under which we live!" Shaking his arms in his usual robotic manner.

"I-i get it, sorry... I kinda had to get something done, couldn't wait... Forgive me?" Trying to give Iida puppy eyes, which didn't seem to work too well.

"Specify, and I may consider making an exception"

"I had to go pay a debt in blood..." She seemed mildly put off by the topic, something she usually didn't do: shyness, thankfully the happy bunch at the TV didn't pay them much attention.

"Iida... I know you have classes and whatnot... But I'm planning to ask teachers too... And other students... Could you teach me the ways of a hero?"

"...the ways of a hero? It is very simple... Hero culture and mentality are commonplace and-"

She shook her head "treat me like a caveman, I want to apologize to... To Shiozaki, get integrated into japanese culture... As much as I can, and as much as I'm allowed" she wanted to ask pretty much everyone, in honesty, to see things from eyes besides her own, to make things right.

The topic was a bit touchy, if he understood things correctly, Amensis had been raised under completely different values, probably very abusive ones, not to mention that she carried Stain's blood and remains.

In a way, to help her wouldn't only be saving her from previous and future trauma and misdeeds,
but also redeem any other being she and her predecessor might've... You get the idea.

"...Okay, we can start from 0, but tomorrow for sure, I'll be heading to my room soon"

"I can just go there, join you, and you can give me a lesson!"

Satou of course, only heard this last bit of conversation, which got a bit of a laughter from him, and made him joke a bit towards Mina, the two of them hushing after, Iida didn't know what they said, but he had a good idea of what it could be.

"Okay... Lesson one, personal space... Everyone has one! You must respect it! No dirty jokes!"

"What makes a joke 'dirty'? If I violate your personal space... Isn't that better? If I don't have personal space, others do?"

"...I'll have to educate you on vocabulary too, 'violate' is not an appropriate term for use in public and common matters..."

It was gonna be a long process.

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Chapter End Notes

A friend of mine keeps saying that this fic is just my secret way of making some sort of vore fetish fanfic, spoiler alert: I do not have a vore fetish, I don't have any issues with people and their kinks, but this story just stemmed from my other favorite series that involve fusion and other sorts of symbiotic powers alongside MHA.

Speaking of, I thought I'd try that for my next fight-esque scene, let me know if you have any sort of request or idea regarding that, I have a few but I'd also integrate suggested ones.

Comments and feedback is loved, I'll do my best to reply, my email is... takatatoshiro@gmail.com, if anyone wants to mail me there :v

Please **drop by the archive and comment** to let the author know if you enjoyed their work!