Invisible Person Syndrome

by Colerate

Summary

It was a regular Friday night, sat in front of the TV, waiting for the 9 o'clock news to fill them in on the comings and goings of heroes and Izuku loved it. He loved how his mum always stopped to make sure he had enough coverings to fend off the cold now the heating was failing them. He loved how she flipped onto the TV guide to make sure they were on the right channel despite the fact that they always were. He loved how she'd answer any questions he had when he didn't quite catch what the anchorman had said, patiently taking the time to explain the details. He loved how she just paid him attention, always, whether he needed it or not.

Izuku didn't get a whole lot of attention.

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Izuku has a quirk and it's kind of perfect for villainy - that only makes him strive to be a hero even more.
--- this fic has NOT been dropped, I just recently graduated college so I've not had a lot of time to write. I'll be back on this soon! ---

Notes

Quirk idea inspired by A_ToastToTheOutcasts fic: A Wallflower's Thorns
Just a few notes on the story

Izuku is not going to follow the path in the cannon but the same events do occur, with and without his presence.

Shinsou is going to be a massive part with Todoroki following up at a close second later on in the story.

And I'm not going to say anything else so I don't spoil :P Enjoy!

See the end of the work for more notes
Perfect for Villainy

Orange beams of sunlight filtered through the blinds as the sun bid farewell to the evening and waited in anticipation for the morning. The warm aroma of overly caffeinated coffee drifted languidly from the modest kitchen to the living room, filling the area with the sense of familiarity which Izuku had related to the fragrance. He was comfortably slumped on the worn couch among the creeping darkness that slipped closer and closer by the second, prompting Inko to switch on the main light as she made her way to join her son, carrying the hot beverage that Izuku had grown more and more accustomed to seeing in his mother's hands over the past year.

It was a regular Friday night, sat in front of the TV, waiting for the 9 o'clock news to fill them in on the comings and goings of heroes and Izuku loved it. He loved how his mum always stopped to make sure he had enough coverings to fend off the cold now the heating was failing them. He loved how she flipped onto the TV guide to make sure they were on the right channel despite the fact that they always were. He loved how she'd answer any questions he had when he didn't quite catch what the anchorman had said, patiently taking the time to explain the details. He loved how she just paid him attention, always, whether he needed it or not.

Izuku didn't get a whole lot of attention.

Initially, they chalked it up to his appearance. Izuku wasn't the most eccentric kid, in fact, he was quite the opposite. He was a small ball of freckles and curls with no major defining features, especially when he mostly wore the same uniform as the majority of those his age in the area. It made sense, to a degree, that people wouldn't necessarily pick him out of a crowd or hear his soft voice in a sea of much louder sounds.

Izuku was okay with that – he didn't have a whole lot to say if it wasn't on the topic of heroes. Six-year-old Izuku was fine with it anyway.

It had its merits too. Once finding out he was quirkless, most tended to dismiss him rather than taunt or hurt him. Unlike Bakugou Katsuki, his most revered bully and childhood friend. He was another constant in Izuku's life, a kid who just refused to forget about him, even when his lackeys were left confused by how much he seemed to loathe the kid they barely picked up in their peripheral vision on most days. Izuku knew he shouldn't like that, but it could all be boiled down to the same thing. He liked Bakugou's attention in the same way he liked his mother's attention; it was unwavering and precious. Hardly anyone else treated him with such intensity.

However, as Izuku began to grow up, it did pose some issues. His achievements were rarely recognised, he had to almost shout during roll call, people were concerned for Bakugou's mental well being, his questions weren't answered in class and many more problems were arising by what felt like the week. He was smart, quick thinking and could have answered the majority of the queries posed by the teacher in class. It was so frustrating, Izuku felt like he had physical restraints tying him down and keeping him from his goals. Forget becoming a hero, how was he supposed to become anything if no one even knew he existed?

Following that train of thought was what lead him to where he was at thirteen years old, wandering the city streets with the nightlight buzz gently slipping into place. It had been a particularly rough day.

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“Midoriya”
He sighed, if only the day would draw to a close much sooner. He wished he at least had been assigned the window seat. The girl there currently was wasting that opportunity, always paying attention. She ignored the sing-song of the chirruping robins in favour of the teacher's drone, ignored the serene mountainscape that lined the skyline in favour of the dull classroom walls.

“Here sir”

Maybe if he waved he had a chance of being heard the first time. Although, he'd been testing that theory on and off for the past year and nothing seemed to have changed. ‘madness is doing the same thing and expecting different’ or something like that.

“Midoriya?”

He considered a loud sigh but opted for a standard repeat of what he'd just said, but louder.

“Ah, there you are” The teacher muttered to himself before continuing the list of names.

It was last period and the drilling repetition of the same old-same old that came with his disposition was really irking him today. He'd been toying with the idea of it being a quirk for some weeks now and had honestly lost interest in his history class before he'd stepped into the building. The concept was bitter-sweet. For one, he wasn't quirkless. On the other hand... he'd rather be quirkless. What was the actual point in having a quirk so debilitating as invisibility without the actual perks of invisibility? At least, if he'd been invisible he'd still be able to answer the teacher and be recognised the first time. Not to mention that his suffering attendance was the least of his concerns.

What hero would I be if no one even knew my name? Knew what I looked like? Knew I was even there to save the day? How could I save the day with a smile and a cheer if no one even saw me do so? Comfort those in danger? Actually have my villains attention for long enough to fight them? How could I be anything like-

An audible cracking sound dragged him from his thoughts and back to reality. A couple others had registered the sound too, those nearby gave a general glance around before dismissing the event, unable to pin down and trace what had transpired to the pencil that lay in two halves upon Izuku's desk, one fraction lazily rolling off the edge moments later.

In an attempt to ground himself back in the real world, he surveyed his surroundings and found that he hadn't gone entirely unnoticed. Bakugou's eyes were boring into his own, a silent order to keep quiet before the temperamental teen drew his attention back to masquerading his honestly good school work with a mess of doodles and incoherent transcript.

Izuku didn't even have it in him to feel the usual glee that he did when he realised that, despite everyone else, he'd always have Bakugou to count on with a glare that simply could not be dismissed as anything other than a blatantly aggressive form of recognition. Because he couldn't really. Once they left middle school, what hope did Izuku have for attending U.A where Bakugou was undoubtedly headed with his magnificent flashy and useful quirk?

With that rather dismal epiphany in mind, Izuku didn't really feel like going home once the bell rang and his classmates left in gaggles, leaving him behind. But he also knew he couldn't stay either. Which was how he found himself walking by shop after shop, street after street with no particular destination to be heading toward.

The evening was like any other, teeming with laughter mingled with vomit and more than enough alcohol to satisfy a legion of gluttons. Not so memorable memories were being created as blood streams gave way to intoxication and neurones altered courses.
Dusky cars, busses and the occasional motorbike wound through crisscrossed streets at varying speeds, glancing harsh yellow light across littered streets, illuminating the otherwise invisible plastic scraps and other remnants of daytime activities.

Despite the road's air disturbance, smoke still clung to the surrounding buildings, road signs and stop lights. The smog created a blanket effect, hanging low off rooftops and obscuring any stars and backlit aeroplanes. But the city hadn't been plunged into darkness as nature's will would have it, no. Buzzing neon lights of all possible fluorescent colours glared from bars to newsagents. Clubs to supermarkets. It wasn't a place for a kid like him.

He felt that rush that came along with the implications of rule breaking. Sure, he'd feel terrible later that he'd probably kept his mother up worrying but in the moment, he was abuzz with a certain toxic excitement. He felt disconnected from the usual drag of life like he could do something new, different and possibly dangerous with a total disregard for the consequences.

There was only one way to determine whether or not his ability was a quirk and that was to run some tests.

He passed a convenience store when an idea that put his morals on the lines popped into his head. The white light from the establishment painted the pavement in a harsh glow and allowed him to see just clearly enough to make out a rather burly looking man behind the cash register. Upon closer inspection as Izuku made his way into the shop almost subconsciously, he noticed that the guy had some rather impressive red scales running down the sides of his arms. When combined with the assistant apron he draped across his torso, he was honestly quite an intimidating sight despite the conflicting styles. If Izuku was caught, he'd face something quite painful. That only urged him to take up the challenge he had thought up.

He walked, a little less hunched over than he usually would, into the shop and started stuffing his pockets with miscellaneous items off the shelves. Magazines, sweets, cigarettes and anything that he laid his hands upon until his school jacket pockets were stuffed full. It was an effort to be noticed without outright calling out to the man who just continued to stare right through him. He tried his best not to start giggling hysterically at the absurdity of the scenario.

It was when he was halfway down the street and homebound that the reality of the situation finally sunk in. He'd stolen. He'd committed a crime.

His quirk was perfect for villainy.

Whether it had been the draw of the bright lights, the thick scent of intoxication in the air or general evening feeling that had brought him to do this didn't matter but the implications did. Suddenly feeling weak at the knees, he grasped onto a nearby lamppost for support as it dawned on him, crushing his mentality and purpose in one fell swoop. He could feel the tears pricking at his eyes already, blurring the neon lights into a mesh of pretty colours. When he finally broke, he broke hard, collapsing to the ground with a woeful succession of whimpers and hiccups. "...I didn't... I don't want this..." He mumbled his directionless pleas between bubbles of salty saliva and small gasps, holding onto his chest as though it'd calm the erratic beating of his heart.

He didn't know when, or how, but he had moved into a seated position against the cold wall, ass planted upon the unforgiving and arguably colder floor. He observed his surroundings without a clue as to what to do aside from simply waiting for his eyes to dry up. He couldn't go home, so instead, he watched as life continued on about him.

Across the road from him, a drunken couple staggered on their merry way, giggling and sniggering and guzzling all the while. They passed the disused warehouse, one of many with paint peeling.
Neglected by the pompous businessman and reclaimed by the common homeless man. Opposite to that, manufactured music verging on becoming white noise was blaring out of a seedy casino. Betters of matching attire milled in and out of it. Placing a store, casino and warehouse next to each other seemed a little strange but he didn't complain in his drained state. He couldn't help but analyse. It was what he did best.

The arbitrary collection of establishments was located on the outskirts of the town yet the road was as busy as any other. He speculated that the taxi rank a short ways down the street helped. That also posed the question of how he'd gone from the inner city to where he currently sat, uncomfortably slumped.

A distant cry begged for his attention, causing him to snap his head in the direction it had come from. A woman in a frilly yellow dress was pointing at a running figure with a certain air of desperation that just screamed: “help me”. Izuku blinked away his bleary vision as the figure in question got closer and closer, unaware of the boy's presence. All it took was for him to stick out his leg like a classic school bully and the person went flying head first into the pavement. A little crumpled and overly dazed man now lay a mere few feet from him, loudly groaning in an attempt to rile himself up enough to stand. Even closer was a glistening gem-riddled purse that just didn't fit the guy's character with his navy Adidas tracksuit.

Izuku recognised redemption when he saw it and grasped it firmly with two hands.

All he had to do was stand, pick up the purse and make his way to the woman. Once the man resumed his getaway, empty-handed, Izuku made his presence known to the woman with a small shout.

“U-um Miss, is this yours?”

The sheer look of pure relief that overtook the woman's face was enough to provoke his trodden pride to rear its head and bask in that feeling of goodness that came with helping others. She took what was rightfully hers and expressed her gratitude by slipping a few coins into the boy's hand, which he tried valiantly to refuse but just couldn't get his stutters to formulate words with how overwhelmed he was. With a few more thank-yous and an embarrassed giggle of sorts from the receiver, the woman in the yellow dress left his sight, purse in hand.

“That's that then” Izuku thought aloud, smiling to himself. He gave the cash in his palm a pensive look. “Time to make things right”

With his faith restored and a leap in his step, he returned the stolen items to the convenience store and tipped the cashier, unbeknownst to the man himself. With the remaining coins, he used a pay phone to dial the house phone to reassure his mother.

“Hello?”

“Izuku baby is that you?”

His mothers worried tone rung painfully in his ears but it couldn't dampen the hopeful flame that had been lit within him that evening.

“Yes mum, I'm really sorry I couldn't tell you earlier, I stayed late at school to work on a project”

“Oh, thank goodness! I was so worried, thought something had happened to you!”

He really couldn't blame her for how she felt, in fact, it warmed his heart to remember that-
“Sorry mum, yeah everything is fine”

- in an unforgiving world where most didn't know his name-

“It's getting awfully late sweetie, are you on your way back?”

- He’d always have his mother keeping him in her thoughts.

“Yeah, I'm gonna catch the first train that comes”

Oh, and Bakugou for a short while.
Wavering

Chapter Summary

Izuku has taken a step down from his original plan but... after a certain encounter... he questions whether or not he should even go for his dream at all.

Chapter Notes

Thanks for the awesome response guys! I was not expecting to breach 100 kudos!
It might be small compared to some fics but still, in all seriousness, thank you guys so much!
Especially for the comments, those were really nice to read @"@ 

See the end of the chapter for more notes.

It was a Wednesday morning and roughly a year had passed since that fateful day in the outskirts of town. School was close to ending for the year and the transition from middle school to high school was just beginning – Izuku had every reason to be excited if a little nervous.

Yet, the first thing the boy registered as his alarm clock dragged him from a dreamless sleep was the foreboding feeling of dread sitting in the pit of his stomach. He contemplated simply rolling over and trying to grasp onto his final dregs of unconsciousness but he knew that he just had to face what the day had in store, just like any other.

It was careers day.

He had a lot to think about but settled on shoving all thoughts related to the event to the back of his mind as he focused on getting ready. He washed, dressed, checked his bag was packed properly (books, hero analysis, pens, pencils and phone – which he had been given after the late night fiasco to avoid worrying his mother in the future) and ate without a single thought pertaining to the inevitability that would be his self-confidence's undoing via the means of a certain bull-headed blond boy.

Fast-forward to the end of the day and Izuku positively hated the fact that his feelings were never wrong.

Everything was mostly the same. It was last period, Izuku still envied the girl at the window seat and still found history quite uninteresting (pre-quirk era anyway). Yet, no matter how much he distracted himself from the fact that the teacher was indeed reaching into his desk for career forms and was indeed drawing the lesson to a close, it was still going to happen.

“It's time to start seriously thinking about your futures!”

If I concentrate on the hatching birds on the branch outside hard enough, maybe, just maybe, I'll
suddenly develop the ability to shape-shift into animals...

“I would hand out these future career forms but...”

Or perhaps if I stare at the passersby below with an intense enough scrutiny I could switch places...

“I assume you all want to be heroes!”

Nope. Nu-uh. Was not working. Career forms are flying everywhere. Quirks are being activated. Not at all. No.

Izuku forcibly drew his gaze away from the outdoor commuters and took to hiding behind his own arm. Inwardly, he was ashamed of his cowardice but he couldn't help feeling as such while he gingerly raised his hand to join the collective of rowdy students applying to be heroes. When he thought rationally about it, there wasn't really much of a reason for him to be so rattled as the only real threat was Bakugou who was conveniently sat on the next row over. He wasn't even in the same column.

Peaking over his arm, Izuku eyed his one and only threat. The boy was the epitome of teenage rebellion, repurposing the table with his feet and confining his hand to his pockets when they weren't used for displays of raw power. Looking at him, it was almost as if Izuku could count the seconds before the impending explosion.

“Sensei, don't lump me in with those losers!”

Boom.

Explosive in his demeanour as well as in his quirk, Bakugou was on another superiority rant. Izuku had to be careful of those, he was an easy target when it came to the subject of ability, being a so-called useless Deku.

While preparing to block out the blond's tirade, he noticed a strange sensation he couldn't quite place. It wasn't as though it were a tangible feeling like touch or smell but something was... off. Like he was missing something.

“You're also going for U.A, aren't you Midoriya?”

Time slowed down, almost to a halt, as Izuku processed the fact that he'd just been directly addressed by the teacher. The shock registered on his face before his mind as he slowly began to place that strange disconcerting feeling nagging at him since, well, the moment he had woken up. He had just classed it under the same category as he had all of the dread and anxiety. But no, this was different.

He had lowered his quirk.

He wasn't ready for the sudden barrage of disbelieving laughter and mocking aimed solely at him. The jeers, insults and comments were all for him, no one else. Usually, it was only Bakugou yet the instant the “quirkless” kid's dreams had been revealed, it was time for everyone to take their turn – all at once.

With a screech of a table and the clattering of a chair, Izuku stood up to defend himself. He may have a cowardly streak but he wasn't weak-willed, he'd defend his dream until the death of it. And, honestly? It really helped that his classmates didn't have a clue regarding his plans.

“I-I'm not... I'm not even-”
“COME ON DEKU!”

There was a blast and a bright blinding light briefly took hold of Izuku's vision. The habitual reflexes kicked in and he was pressed tight against the nearest wall within seconds.

“Forget the crappy quirks! You're totally quirkless and you think you can rub shoulders with ME!?”

It was as if the whole class involvement was really pushing Bakugou past his usual. Fortunately, this altercation wasn't about to be so usual.

“I'm not even going for heroics!”

To Izuku, it sounded like an undignified squeak of a claim. To Bakugou, it sounded like an entirely different person was speaking. All his bully could produce in response was a confused “...what?”

*It's a half lie but... I can work with this.* Izuku hedged his bets and took the momentary lull of silence that had taken over the class to stand upright and dust off his clothes.

“I'm headed for general studies... the course is still really hard to get into but...”

The silence in itself was overwhelming, nevermind the intense attention everyone in the room was paying him. He hadn't had this many eyes on him since pre-school. Yet, he wouldn't let himself waver.

“Even I know I don't have much of a chance at the hero course as I am right now and... I'm, strong enough to acknowledge that. But I know I'm smart, I have what it.”

There was a quick succession of knocks on the door, soon followed by the English teacher's head as she popped into the room.

“Hi, do you have any spare career forms? I didn't think any of my students would want any...” She smiled sheepishly.

Heads were slowly turning from Izuku to zero in on the mundane conversation the two teachers were having. The history teacher was picking up forms – nothing all that interesting.

“Ah, yes, sure, let me just pick these up for you” He handed them over to the woman with a small smile. “There you go”

“Thanks!” She left as quickly as she had appeared.

Just as Izuku was about to continue his small speech, the words got caught in his throat as he realised that the only pair of eyes on him were red and intimidating. Just as he'd gained enough confidence to show the class how wrong they were and how good Izuku's aspirations were... his quirk had activated. Rather untimely.

The teacher gave a small puzzled glance around the room and then at the clock before announcing that he was dismissing the class early. With a few cheers and synchronised “Yes!”’s, the students quickly drifted into the hallway, followed by the teacher. Izuku wished he could join them, so badly, yet he was confronted by an obstacle. An explosive obstacle.

On the plus side, at least Bakugou's left hand was in his pocket. *That means he's not planning on directly attacking me... or at least not with an overly malicious intent.*

“General studies, huh?”
“...yeah”

“Won’t need this then”

One of Bakugou's many trademark smirks (or were they grimaces? Sometimes Izuku found it hard to
draw the line) contorted his face as he carried out his deed, smashing his hand onto the freckled boy's
desk, firing off one of his smaller-yet-not-to-be-discounted blasts.

“Ha! See yah 'round, nerd!” The culprit shouted over his shoulder as he sauntered away from the
scene.

With a cautious tenacity, Izuku picked up the remains of his most recent hero analysis book and tried
his best not to whimper.

_-_-_

“... Just doesn't make sense, why would it deactivate? I can't recall any time that it's happened before
and there wasn’t anything new to trigger it, not really. It reactivated when everyone turned on me,
roughly speaking, but that doesn't have any correlation with what made it deactivate as it's
completely normal for everyone to disregard...”

It wasn't quite evening yet it wasn't quite afternoon if the sun was anything to go by, not quite
hanging low but not quite high. Fluffy clouds decorated the blue canvas of the sky, looking as
though they could have been pinned down with how slow they were moving. Much like the aerial
activity, traffic was piling up to the point that Izuku could simply stroll down the lane and still beat
the cars home. Not that he could appreciate all of the wonders of nature he waxed poetry about when
he longed for the window seat. The White Cheek Starlings flitting around each other in harmonious
dances were ignored and the whispering of the trees went unheard. Izuku was too busy replaying
recent events on repeat and mumbling inconclusive theory after theory to no avail. It was a wonder
how he even noticed the mass of slime busting out under the bridge.

“Wu-Whaaa?!” A strangled cry tore from his throat as he fell back simply out of shock while the
gelatinous creature surveyed the scene, eyes looking past and straight through the green haired boy.

“...huh no good, need to find a vessel...” The thing muttered to itself, completely unaware of the boy
staring at his grotesque form with a morbid sense of awe. If the first unexpected intrusion wasn't
enough for Izuku, the second really took the cake.

“Stop right there villain!”

All Might and all of his hulking glory burst from the same entrance as the monster now dubbed
villain, smile on and raring to go. Izuku didn't even get to fully appreciate that his favourite-hero-
since-before-he-could-even-remember was right there within a meter of him before the man had
obliterated the slime with one of his oh-so-famous smashes. Before long, he was collecting it up into
empty bottles as though it had never even desecrated the alley with its presence in the first place.

“A-All Might...?”

The downside to this miraculous event? The hero couldn't even catch Izuku in his peripheral vision.

“I guess it's time I turn you over to the authorities, hmm?” He made vague gestures towards the
bottled villain and almost looked a little disheartened when he didn't receive a response.

He doesn't even know I'm here! Why can't I just deactivate it like I did before when I actually want
to? I need to do something! The boy just couldn't let this chance meeting (if he could even call it that)
with his idol – the majority of Japan's idol – go to waste. With that desperate wish in mind, he pushed himself to do something a lot more desperate.

Like clinging to the leg of a man who just so happens to be flying through the air, desperate.

Powerful gale forces threatened to rip the skin right off his face, distracting him from the truly mesmerising birdseye view of the city blurring together like it had been a still wet painting that had been swept into a singular streak by one stroke alone. The previously seemingly unmoving clouds were forced into motion, parting for the man of the hour's journey and his yet to be discovered stowaway.

Between clutching on for dear life and preventing the decapitation of his own head, Izuku willed his quirk to lower, focusing as hard as he could on making the connections within the metaphysical space that his latent ability existed within.

“Wh- A child?” All Might exclaimed, the incredulity of the situation almost causing his voice to go up an octave. “Where did you come from?!?”

“...Long... Story!” Izuku strained against the rushing air current. If he could even come close to controlling his gaping mouth he would have been beaming. He noticed me! Glee soon filled his being despite the absurdity of the circumstances.

Luckily for both the surprised flyer and the impromptu passenger, the two landed with varying degrees of finesse.

“You shouldn't be jumping on heroes! Nevermind hero's in the air!” The strength of All Might's booming voice rivalled the winds of the jump. “How you managed to get there in the first place baffles me, what is it, a kangaroo quirk? Rabbit? Ah, I don't have the time for this!”

Any joy from Izuku's breakthrough was rapidly wiped away by his favoured hero's short lecture. Despite the hefty weight of the guilt now pressing down on the boy, he couldn't allow the man to leave before he confirmed something... something he'd been questioning for the past year. So as the man prepared to set off yet again, he used his words instead of actions.

“Can I become a hero... even with a useless quirk?”

That made the man stop. He slowly turned around and almost seemed to evaluate the young student before him, something unidentifiable flickering behind his eyes.

“So it's not a rabb-”

Izuku was already far too absorbed in his rambling to notice the strange... happening a few metres from him.

“I've sort of always wanted to be a hero...” He stared at his hands, smoothing his finger over with his thumb. “...I mean everyone wants to be a hero, everyone in my class anyway, there was that one teacher who had a class that had at least one student who didn't... odd but it works I guess... anyway I've been conflicted ever since I found out that I actually do have a quirk about a year ago which is quite funny really since I was set on this when I actually was completely void of any abilities”

The tables had turned, for once he was the one unaware of someone else while the other was fully aware of him, painfully so.

“But I have this quirk that I'm kind of learning about a bit now, people don't notice me. It's not that I'm invisible... it's more like I don't exist without purposefully drawing attention to myself and even
then-wuh- ALL MIGHT? What! How? Who are you?!”

Before the boy was a skeletal figure of gaunt features, deep-set and beady blue eyes framed by dishevelled clumps of blond. The resemblance was uncanny but hardly believable.

“I am All Might” said the husk of his hero, copious amounts of blood spluttering from his mouth.

The man continued, revealing his deepest secret and disillusioning Izuku's pre-conceived idea of the accomplished hero and possibly those like him.

“So, people don't notice you, kid?” The hunched blond inquired before passing his advice.

“Yes, something like that. I didn't know about it until a year ago... just thought I was especially ordinary or something” Izuku explained, his eyes turning to the floor as he deduced the direction of the conversation from the tone. “When I found out I... kinda thought it was perfect for a villain, which I really don't want to be but it had me questioning my choices”

“You were right to question, kid. It's good to take a look from both sides so you can choose the right path

“Though, I wouldn't say it's villain or hero for you, it's neither. A pro should always be ready to risk his life and without power, can one become a hero? I should think not”

It felt like the final nail in the coffin had been hammered down in that instant, Izuku's already existing concerns confirmed and amplified. If the number one hero All Might declared him powerless, there wasn't much he had to argue with to support his cause.

“You could try intel maybe, the closest to the action you could get would probably be spying and, even then, you're going to need some other notable skills for the worst case scenario. If not then, those villain custody officers are often mocked but that's honourable work too”

The man of his dreams, walking away with his glorified visage wiped clean.

“It's not wrong to dream...”

Crushing his aspirations.

“However... you need to be realistic, kid”

Once the hero was out of sight, Izuku decided to take a break and sit down. With a short text to his mother, he was set to spend as long as he reasonably wished atop the building. It was the first time that day where he was ready to take in nature and all of its beautiful distractions yet all he could find was the low hum of traffic from below and the fixed clouds in the sky. They weren't even making shapes for him to dissect and tie to some strange fantastical creature or object like he would whenever he was bored and in view of the sky. Still, he trained his eyes up above.

“...spy doesn't sound too bad” He barely whispered, the small breeze ruffling his hair almost overpowered the sound. Not that it mattered, he was speaking to himself and his quirk was active.

“I mean, I suppose I could take up some kind of martial art... like Eraserhead... I could probably do it”

He lifted a limp arm to the sky, tracing the outline of a cloud directly up ahead.

“But would I be able to quell my instinct to help? Imagine a hostage situation... no, it's not the choice
for me... So maybe a villain custody officer” He chuckled with a hint of bitterness. “It's kind of a mouthful huh...”

His imagination revved to life, the longer he stared, the easier it was to pretend the vapour was something else.

“No... I don't want to take the easy way out, I already took a step back by picking the general studies course, to begin with”

He balled his fist with a newfound determination.

“I'll defy expectations, there's more than one way towards my goal and I'll show the world what this useless Deku can do!”

He retracted his hand to reveal the white form of a fist up high, or so that was what he saw in his mind's eye.

Chapter End Notes

So that's that!

Hope that ending made sense and that it wasn't too cheesy XD

Next chapter we'll look into why Izuku decided to take a step down from the hero course and what his plan of action is.

I hate retelling events so I hope that this rendition of the cannon wasn't too boring. Soon we'll expand from Izuku and involve more characters, namely Shinsou.

BTW you can catch me on Instagram @coleroid_the_droid if you wanna chat :P
Leading up

Chapter Summary

Prepping for the exam isn't quite what he thought it'd be

Chapter Notes

See the end of the chapter for notes

He wasn't going to make it. The end was so far away... out of reach. The light at the end of the tunnel was but a speck in his vision. God, he had never thought that he could sweat this much. His deranged mind couldn't help but wonder if this was what Kacchan felt like when he got worked up. Palms sweaty... knees weak... arms heavy... something about pasta. He flopped onto the cold, unforgiving floor in exhaustion, with no regard to the much comfier and overall just generally nicer bed within a foot of him.

Exercise was hard.

When he'd first sat down at his computer and researched into the whole “get fit fast” business, he'd been pumped. Devising the most time efficient strategy, employing all of the relevant knowledge he'd acquired into his project and creating a strict diet and routine – that was easy. For him, anyway. Formulating the perfect “healthy living and beyond” regiment, as he had named it, was far from difficult when compared to the actual practicality of the gruelling torture he'd signed himself up for.

Izuku was never all that interested in sport. Or anything particularly athletic for that matter. When he and his friends went on their so-called adventures into the local woods, he was much more invested in observing the wildlife around him over dashing through leaves and bushes like a ground-bound Tarzan.

”Hey, Kacchan, Kacchan! Look at all the ladybirds!”

“Who cares about ladybirds? They're slow and don't even fly good”

So, as he probably should have expected, exercise wasn't exactly coming naturally to him. If anything, it was completely unnatural, what animal in any eco-system on Earth starts hurling after running? Running was a pretty basic fundamental of life, was it not?

“Survival of the fittest, I guess” He surmised, a little cynical, as he rose from the ground and forced himself to resume his press ups.

He'd come to the conclusion that he'd need basic physical strength to either act as an alternative or to complement his quirk depending on the situation. His later research further cemented that ideology once he'd found a forum full to the brim of kids aspiring to join U.A, swapping their game plans and schemes in hopes of bettering their odds. Izuku saw a certain irony in it, given that they were essentially trading possibly tie-breaking information with the enemy, but to point that out would be hypocritical of him. Within days, Izuku had become an avid user of the forum and even found himself conversing regularly with some of the same people who had similar circumstances – those with non-beneficial (useless) quirks and those who were downright quirkless.
One user in particular caught his attention, describing his quirk as “essentially redundant in the exam, going for general studies”. When Izuku had questioned the guy further, he'd simply been given a one-word answer:

“Robots.”

That was what set Izuku on the path for general studies in the first place. Although he was still teetering between going for the practical exam for the heck of it or just sticking to what he knew best; books. How was he supposed to take down a robot with his bare hands? He really wasn't the offensive type as it was against humans nevermind hulking beasts of machinery.

Out of curiosity, he'd looked into the user's profile and quickly found that he'd put down his quirk as of the “telepathic” variant, which undeniably made sense. Izuku himself had put his own down on that side of the spectrum since no other default branch available seemed to fit him much better.

After the first week, Izuku felt *horendous*. Sit-ups had torn his abdomen apart, running had flushed his entire system and biking had honestly just straight up killed him. D-E-A-D. He honestly didn't feel like he could go on. He didn't even see that much of an improvement either – he'd lost weight. That was negative if anything.

Once the first month had passed, Izuku was feeling much better. Ten sit-ups were a breeze, he could run to the park and back without vomiting and cycling was actually quite fun. He'd improved his diet too, loaded with a lot more content to ensure that he actually had something that could turn into muscle. He had also learnt something – the internet can tell you what's best for the average person but not for your individual self. The whole process was more of a sophisticated trial and error of sorts.

The running also allowed him to explore his area more, especially when he expanded his limits. It was how he'd stumbled across the beach in the first place.

It wasn't exactly... ideal. It gave him more of an 'urban dumpster' than 'pretty vacation spot' vibe. The place was a mini industrial jungle littered with anything from tin cans to hollowed out vans, reminiscent of some dystopian fiction he had once read. The name of the novel escaped his grasp but it allowed him to give the place a second look past his first once-over, appreciating the 'rural decay' or whatever that hipster nonsense was about.

Taking a break from his usually tight routine, he slipped between rusted locker complexes and retired washing machines and realised that maybe, just maybe, the hipsters were right about this. This was especially apparent when the sunlight hit the steel flats just so and gave the scene a blurry ethereal wash. Plus, no one was around which was a real bonus in itself.

That night, he'd implemented a new element into his daily plans, making a point to utilise the forgotten paradise once or twice a week.

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Come the day of the exam and... Izuku felt kind of confident. Not confident in the sense that he was sure he’d ace the practicals – not even confident in the sense that he even stood a chance against the robots. He just felt a whole lot abler than he had a few months ago, and that was something.

The serenity of the season really helped too. Crisp winter air flourished at this time of year, stripping the trees bare and granting every breathing being with dragon breath for a few months. He supposed he could describe the spiny branches as “clawing for the sky, awaiting the sweet release of death” or use some other depressing metaphor but the whole “urban decay” mini enlightenment thing had
really opened his eyes when it came to seeing the good or beauty in something that wasn't always obvious. In fact, that new appreciation he was fixated on was what allowed him to lose concentration and almost miss the incoming barreling personification of pocket-sized war that was Bakugou Katsuki.

“What the FUCK are you doing here?”

“Well, I, err wanted to just...” His words ran away from him in face of his old... friend. A natural defence that came with his quirk that normally allowed him to escape most conflict but was completely redundant in the case of the red-hot anger of the boy before him. Izuku had a number of theories for why that was but, right now, he seriously needed to focus on not being pummeled before even reaching the steps of U.A.

Luckily for him, Bakugou was faced by a rather infuriating (for him) predicament.

“Be glad I didn't catch you on the way here, I don't wanna risk my chances of getting into U.A just to beat some pathetic shit stain that isn't even worth my time” And with that, the would-be bully stormed away with literal steam puffing from his nose thanks to the weather.

After a couple unsuccessful attempts of calming his erratic heartbeat, Izuku opted for simply ploughing forwards and ignoring the lasting effects of the encounter that still wracked through his nervous system in its entirety, only to trip and fall in his haste.

Yet, what should have been a bloody nose and a terrible day overall turned out to be a quick taster of zero gravity and a cute girl who should not have been able to pull that act off.

“It's my quirk, I heard your little cry and well, it's a bad omen to trip and fall”

Kind smile, kind face, human interaction, enough to send Izuku into a small stupor. She was gone before he could even splutter “How could you see me?”, wishing him good luck like the obviously kind soul she was. So kind. So confusing.

He shook his head and dismissed the queries bouncing around in his head, he had an exam to get to.

_-=-=_

Chapter End Notes

Sorry that took so long!

I'm currently working on two projects for my college; a documentary and a horror so it's taking up a lot of my time!

Regardless, here's this. Sorry it isn't longer.

Also, a heads up, the style may change a bit as events in the story happen as is rather than in the montage esc. style I've been writing in to get over the months of time between All Might and U.A.
Ups and Downs, Ups and Downs

Chapter Summary

Izuku faces the practical exam. He never expected to pass but... he didn't expect this exactly.

Chapter Notes

Thank you for all the feedback guys! It simultaneously gives me anxiety and joy when I see that my inbox has notifications, which is always a good thing. Feel free to tell me what you think in the comments at any point, it's genuinely lovely.

See the end of the chapter for more notes

His lungs were screaming at him and he was pretty sure that they were chanting something like “WHY THE EVER LOVING FUDGE WOULD YOU EVEN TRY FOR THE PRACTICAL EXAM WHEN YOU'VE RAN THE NUMBERS AND KNOW YOU’RE DESTINED TO FAIL”. Meanwhile, if he had the breathing capacity to divvy out some sweet oxygen to speaking, he would have probably been saying something along the lines of “Well shit” in a very Kaachan like fashion.

Damn did it hurt though.

With a trembling, ground-beating grumble (a sound he had soon come to know as a signal to evacuate immediately) yet another metallic monster screeched as its cross-hares locked onto the poor defenceless candidate (was he even qualified enough to deserve that title?) that was Midoriya Izuku. If Izuku focused hard enough, he could hear the spectating teacher's dismissal, discovering that his true quirk was super-sonic hearing all along. But he was pretty sure that was just his mind messing with him.

The dumbest part about this whole ordeal, even accounting for the fact that he disregarded some VERY IMPORTANT variables during his investigation titled “can I even practical?” in the upcoming weeks before what was surely going to be the death of him, was that he had already surmised that he wouldn't be gathering many points.

Although, he hadn't thought he'd been in danger.

Cue the very important variables.

Darting around the corner of one of the many intimidatingly large skyscrapers, Izuku set aside any thoughts akin to “Wow, U.A sure does have a big budget!” and put all of his energy into getting the hell out of that man-made barbarian's warpath. He then tucked himself inside of one of the buildings to find an empty expanse of what could have been an office, or anything really. As expected, the robot simply locked onto another target and let him be. He stopped himself before his mouth spouted a muttered spiel on whether or not the robots were coded to not enter buildings or reviewed the entrance every time a would-be student (or not) slipped away. He didn't have the time for irrelevant
The fact of the matter was that he was in no way invisible to robots. Which made sense, in hindsight. Robots did not have the ability to “notice” things, they simply take in what they are programmed to do. Unless the programmer had specifically stated that the robot must “disregard all green haired fourteen-year-olds named Izuku”, he was going to be picked on. As a result, his previous chances of maybe-hitting-it-in-a-weak-spot-or-something had been reduced from “Possibly” to “Who are you trying to kid?” thanks to one variable he had failed to consider. He tried to restrain himself from physically face palming – he failed.

Even so, he doubted he would have been able to take down many with the perks of his quirk anyway. He was just a boy with above-average strength. Even that wasn't much in a world of super-powered quirks and heroes like All Might.

At least he'd been exposed to a bunch of quirks though.

There were so many awesome powers on display! Anti-gravity, mechanical augmentation, flight, elongation and so much more. He was already deciding on which of his still-packaged notebooks he should dedicate to this day alone.

To truly make the endeavour worthwhile and return with some kind of result for his efforts, he took to surveying the arena from one of the upper floors of the building, half of his body practically jutting out of the window. There was just so much going on, he could hardly process it. He'd look right, then left, down and even sometimes up to find new exhibitions of raw skill and power. He didn't know where to train his eyes, at least, until the main event.

The deafening roar of a thousand lions reverberated through the walls and the very floor underneath his feet, accompanied by the blood-curdling screeching of iron on gravel. Every nerve, vein and artery seemed to cease to function as his eyes latched onto the source of the awful cacophony.

The zero pointer.

With what could only be described as a clipped squeal and a near close ramming with the wall adjacent to the door, Izuku lobbed himself down the stairs and out of the building, powered by a fear he'd never experienced before in his life. The distress that the uniformly painted red zero incited within his very being carried him through the intertwining pseudo streets and saw him reuniting with the similarly terrified students with similar goals in mind. In his panic, he almost missed the semi-familiar bob-framed face amidst the rubble behind him.

He paused, momentarily, weighing out his options. In that time, a rather tall boy who had berated him earlier passed and, with him, everyone else. Now he was alone aside from the poor girl, outreaching arm to boot and the machine he didn't even know he had nightmares about.

Unbeknownst to him, a certain collection of watchful teachers had turned their attention to Izuku and his predicament. Some smirking, some frowning. Some with bated breath and some whispering encouraging utterances. Some not.

“Come on, kid, show us what you can do”

“What's the quirk? Anyone got his file to hand?”

“He doesn't look strong, better off running if you ask me”

“I think he's a 'fright' type of guy, unfortunate really”
“I’ve seen glimpses of him but he’s yet to do anything eye-catching”

“Somebody bring up his stats!”

A collective sigh.

“Maybe he’s one of those types, yah know? The kind that has to save up their power or something, zero points to start, 100 to end”

“No, he’s down as quirkless according to official records with recent suspicion”

“Recent suspicion? As in, he might have a quirk?”

“Yeah, but it’s gotta be pretty... dull to have not been picked up by the medical professionals”

“Late bloomer?”

“As if those exist”

“Ooooh, he's moving”

“This is ludicrous” was all Izuku could spare his breath to say as he sprinted towards the girl. With every passing second, she was closer and closer to a rather squishy demise – he didn't have the time to simply run.

“Aaagh!” The rubble wasn't too heavy but there was too much for him to handle. A desperate madness sparked in his eyes as he dug at the dislodged gravel disabling the girl, flinging pebbles to slates larger than his hands over his shoulder but it wasn't enough.

“It's a valiant effort!”

“Yeah, good try kid!”

“Good try's don't save hostages in critical situations”

“Always the pessimist, Aizawa, but I suppose it's true”

There were a few disgruntled agreements to that.

“What was the suspicion again?”

“It's vague”

“They always are”

“Well, it's something about visibility, if that helps”

“That seriously all that's in the file?”

“Yup”

“I don't think we saw anything to do with visibility on the field, perhaps it's just that, a suspicion”

“Kid's probably really good at hide n’ seak, that's my bet”

“Don't bet on children, Nemuri”
“Hey! It's just a bit of fun and games, no one is getting hurt over it”

“Now, now, it's not very fitting for teachers to get into fights and I certainly can see one brewing between you two. Leave the playing to the students”

And with that, Izuku was dropped from the conversation altogether.

"TIME'S UP!"

A small exhale of relief escaped Izuku's chest as he looked up to find the zero pointer frozen but a few cent-metres from flattening him and his would-be companion on his journey to the afterlife. His arms fell slack to his sides and a clump of concrete the size of a rucksack fell from his previously two-handed grip.

“I never got your name, by the way”

He switched his gaze the girl in question below him, he'd call her a damsel if he was in any position to, but he sure wasn't. Upon receiving no reply after a rather elongated silence, she started to manoeuvre her self so that she was somewhat laying on her back, as much as her trapped leg would allow.

“Could you push that slab towards me?”

Izuku snapped into focus and did as he was told, forcing his entire body weight against a large piece of debris and nudging it within arms reach of the girl. With a small tap, the obstacle was floating steadily away from her crumpled form which Izuku took as a cue to help drag her out from the scene altogether.

“You don't... need to know my name, I doubt you'll see me around” He replied, rather belatedly, once he had processed what she had said.

“I wouldn't say-”

“I would, but, thanks for earlier” He left her in the safe hands of recovery girl, too exhausted to fanboy over the famed medical sensation.

Chapter End Notes

Soooo.... This was actually pretty fun to write at the start.

Kinda disheartening ending, not gonna lie, but it'll pick up. Gotta break 'em down before you build 'em up or something (I'm sure someone somewhere has said that).

We learnt something about his quirk! It doesn't work on robots!

BTW Don't get too cushy with Uraraka acknowledging Deku's existence, that was a pretty high strung situation. We'll look into why she noticed him next.

Also, I made a small edit to one of the earlier chapters but it shouldn't change anything. Someone left a comment and I was like "Oh, that can be quite confusing, sorry". Basically just removed that stupid cloud scene at the end of chapter... two? IDK I haven't actually removed it yet, well I probably will have by the time you've read this
but as I'm writing this, I haven't.

People seem to shout out their tumblrs on these fics and well, I don't have a tumblr because it's incredibly slow on my laptop but I have an insta! Say hi or whatever people do when they see tags in the notes if you want @coleroid_the_droid
His Quiet Place

Chapter Summary

The day is drawing to a close, yet the universe won't let Izuku ponder his issues undisturbed, even at this hour.

Chapter Notes

Aww man, thanks for the comments last chapter! Love hearing your speculations on what Izuku's quirk is etc. Well, in this chapter, I'll be answering some of those questions!

More specifically, why Uraraka was able to see him.

See the end of the chapter for more notes.

Dulcet orange tones swept along the sea, illuminating the otherwise deep blue waters with a beautiful contrast, reflecting the setting sun as it languidly slunk from the sky. Small ripples were carried across the surface, gently colliding with the damp sand at shore. It too glistened under the sun's rays, but not quite so as exuberantly as the seaside glow the ocean bore. More like tiny speckles of glitter fading at a much faster rate.

His quiet place, as he had come to name it, was a beauty to behold as the day drew to a close. Like a diamond in the rough requires a cut and a clean yet he neglected to do as much. He preferred it this way, isolated. Although, he'd seen some evidence of others, hardly enough to be too worried. Just odd bits of displacement here and there, a new dint in the cooker, a fresh hole in the van. The most interesting pieces were the ones he couldn't explain, like how water had filled the barrels without rain and how the frame of the fridge had given way so suddenly. Evidence of more heavy use, possibly quirk related. He had yet to run into the perpetrator, so he considered himself safe for now.

When he was alone, in his quiet place, it was serenity. And oh, how hard he tried to reflect that serenity.

Stress, worry, disappointment and fear had been gnawing at his insides for the past week. His heart, his head, his lungs. It fed on his reactions and demanded more after acquiring a taste for it. Theory tagged onto theory. Speculation tagged onto speculation. His analytical mind had turned out to be his undoing, looking too far into things and pulling out nonsensical conclusions.

It wasn't that he'd failed the practical exam, he had known he would have beforehand. It was that he had found a rather dangerous limit to his power and failed to account for it. He had expected to garner at least one point and left with a whole zero, a failed rescue attempt and an aching body. It sucked.

Then there were the general feelings that came with waiting for any kind of result. He wanted, needed to be accepted into general studies. The other high schools just wouldn't cut it. No other programme allowed for the transference of students from general education to hero studies. He
wanted to be a hero and he knew he could, despite the growing monster of a concern that *maybe this just isn't for me.*

He tried his best to still his trembling body, perched upon the end of a severely slanted telephone pole. Distant voices could be heard. *So much for isolation...*

“I-I don't wan no trouble! I was jus the middle man!”

“I is that so?”

“Y-yeah, we was jus the transport, what evas missin was missin before it got to us!”

“Somehow, I find myself having a hard time believing you”

“I'm tellin the truth!”

A verbal shakedown. A man in a rather nice but simple suit who clearly didn't belong in the dump was sauntering along the shoreline while a much gruffer male backed away with each step. The former was cold, each move was calculated and the other was terrified for his life. So, when they came to a stop below the pole, Izuku knew he was in trouble.

Scrunching up his eyes, Izuku tried his best to concentrate on his quirk, grasping at metaphorical tendrils of power within the metaphysical domain they resided. Yet he couldn't, the looming darkness of his stress and worries pulling him back, suffocating him.

When he opened his eyes, two russet iris' matched his own, the owner placing a singular finger on the gruff man's lips. A smirk broke across his previously indifferent face, one which Izuku failed to describe as anything less than evil. The boy stilled.

Slowly, as though he had the whole day at his expense, the man turned to address his counterpart.

“You're not exactly a villain, are you?”

The other gulped, sweat visibly dripping from where the folds of his greasy hair met his forehead.

“...No, am jus a middleman”

“So, if I were to hurt this small, defenceless and obviously lost boy, it would unsettle you?” The tone was sickeningly sweet, full of pseudo-innocence.

The middleman simply widened his eyes in response, unable to produce an answer.

The grin grew from “evil” to “feral and evil” in a matter of seconds, almost quick enough for Izuku to be questioning whether or not there had been a difference in the first place. A glowing that matched the suave man's eyes rose from the ground, a nice rim to his black suit, ready to be directed. Directed at Izuku before he could even think to run.

“I-I don wan no tro-”

The glowing man froze.

...Literally.

Ice ran from the steel caps of his boots to the ends of his crimson strands of hair, illuminated by the
very last dregs of daylight. He was a living statue, posed in such a manner that whatever ill intent he had had in mind was glaringly obvious, hand outstretched towards Izuku, manic look in his eyes. It took him a moment to drag his own gaze from his, realising that the middleman had made himself scarce, as had the perpetrator of the attack.

“... it wasn't the small one, there's a trail of ice running along the sand from the opposite direction and I'd doubt he'd go to such an effort to conceal his tracks so brilliantly and leave a decoy. It had to have been someone from the outside. Were they being followed? Did someone just happen to be around? Heroes that have ice quirks... there's not a whole lot, it's a pretty rare base quirk. Sure, there are variations of it, oh, the sun gone. The sun's gone. Sh...

In all of his mutterings, Izuku had failed to notice that the sun had indeed set during his encounter and that his phone had indeed been vibrating for much longer than that. Shaking off the after-effects of the... event, he slipped down from his perch, deftly landing on the sand below. As he begun to make his way back home, somewhat hurriedly, he mulled over how that had all came to be. It wasn't long before he stopped in his tracks, eyes ablaze with the fire of a new found discovery.

“It's stress!”

He almost leapt into the air, exclaiming his findings to anyone close enough to hear his giddy giggles.

“It's stress, it pre-occupies too much of mind, stress inhibits my quirk!”

Another buzzing of the phone.

“Ah heck, mum's probably really worried” Yet he couldn't find it within him to do the same for her as he ran back home, overcome with joy despite the rundown of his day.

Chapter End Notes

In the next chapter, Izuku will have some non-violent interaction with other human beings who actually like him! And it won't just be full of introspection! Yay!

I'm keeping to my schedule now, term just came to a close for the Christmas holidays. That means I have like, a week, before college starts up again. So yeah!

Current schedule: Written on Saturdays, checked and uploaded on Sundays!

Feel free to leave a comment below on about, anything really. I love them. Even if it scares me everytime I see that my inbox has a notification. Well depends on my mood actually. But yeah, freaking love your comments guys thank you so much.
The Big Day

Chapter Summary

It's the Big Day

Chapter Notes

I'm sorry this took a while. I sat on it for some time, had it written at some point just before Christmas I think (I have a very bad memory, one of my more defining characteristics) and just didn't like it. I've edited it a little but I still don't, what can you do :P

I also noticed that my chapters are getting progressively shorter so I tried to make this one a bit longer.

See the end of the chapter for more notes

“Muuuuuum... come on...” He moaned. For the fifth time. “It's fiiiiiiiiine” He was hoping, like most kids and teens do, that the elongated vowels would annoy his mother into submission and pry her hands from his too-short tie and ruffled blazer without having to actually physically doing so because that would just be rude. So he peacefully protested instead. Unluckily for him, much like most mothers, she had become immune to his whinings over the years. Yet, despite his outward display of half-hearted irritation, he was just as excited and nervous as his mother - if that was possible.

Today was the big day after all.

A few short weeks ago, or what felt like yesterday to Izuku, a rather important looking letter had found its way into the Midoriya Household's postbox. Much to Inko's delight, it wasn't a bill.

He remembered the way she had bounded into his room, letter in hand, a mix of shock, happiness and desperation all melded together on her face. Izuku had been afraid she would collapse before she completed her delivery.

He remembered gently weighing the envelope in his cradled hands, admiring the sleek golden trim and how it complemented the cream plastic coating. He didn't rip the paper apart, nor did he tear it in his haste to get to the insides. No, he carefully undid the seal and slid the contents into his waiting palm. All the while, Inko had been buzzing with the tension, something her son usually reflected.

He remembered being mutely surprised at how simple the actual letter was in comparison to its wrappings, the standard black and white print with a speck of colour that was the U.A emblem in the corner of the page. He had soaked in the details while simultaneously shielding it from his mother's view, ignoring her protests. Then, he took the time to examine the key card, committing the curves and edges of his very own name to memory. Only after this did he allow himself to snap.

“I made it into U.A! Mum, can you believe it?!” He threw himself along with the letter at his mother, capturing her in the tightest hug he'd ever hugged. He felt the wetness of his mother's
shoulder before he registered he was crying. He would have felt guilty for the damp patch if it weren't for the fact that his mother was crying along with him.

“My boy, my clever Izuku!” She exclaimed between rushes of tears, pulling him from the hug to look him in the eyes. “I could never have asked for a better son than you” She had stated with such sincerity that Izuku was tempted to believe it.

“I’ll make you proud mum” He had told her, with the same level of sincerity.

And now, day one was upon them.

“Oh, nevermind! I won't be able to fix your tie every day anyway” His mother huffed to herself, placing her hands upon her hips as she evaluated the state of his uniform (it wasn't great). Yet, he couldn't trust the tone of her voice when her face said otherwise. Her smile was a lip splitter, full to the brim with pride for her small family. The last time he had seen this smile was when he'd went for the written exam itself and come back feeling alright about it. Inko had taken “alright” for top marks and, apparently, she was correct in her assumption.

“...I'm so nervous!” He squeaked and his mother squeaked back, accompanied by another hug that he was sure did nothing more than just mess up his uniform further.

“It's okay! You've got nothing to worry about, you hear me?” She pulled his ear a little before returning to her previous stance. “Your grades are great and, if I know you, you'll only get better from the first day...” Her voice trailed as her eyes found themselves glued to the wall clock.

“Izuku! Get out!”

“Wait wha-” He followed his mum's gaze and quickly complied with the shoves directing him to the door. “I'm gonna be late!”

But, before he was fully out of the house and ready to take on what the day had in store, he paused for a short moment, figure silhouetted in the door frame by the morning light. “I'll make you proud mum!”

And he was off.

-_--

It was warm. That was the first thing that popped into his more-than-a-little-fried-and-overwhelmed-please-help-me brain as he stumbled down the waaay too big corridor. It was a nameless corridor for he could not, for the life of him, read the map.

To begin with, it had been the colours. What did they mean? Seemingly random popping shades decorated certain areas on the map. He'd then found that he was missing the key code once finding the small print referring to it, only after scouring the paper in its entirety. It was also around then that half of it... fell. It had actually been folded like a leaflet. Izuku had felt a little dumb in that moment. To top it off, there were different maps for each floor - which was helpful. If only he hadn't lost track of where he'd been going while attempting to decipher the map. He needed to focus more.

That final point was only reinforced when he bumped into an upperclassmen, profusely apologised and finally got clear instructions as to where to go. Finally.

“...I'm stressing out and causing a disturbance, need to tone that down. I don't want to make my first impression as that confused kid wandering in five minutes after class had started...”
Yeah, he was late. Fortunately, he had the perfect gift that any late kid wished for (unless said kid was Bakugou which meant they were doing so to make a statement); the ability to walk into class unnoticed.

He gently opened the door and took a second to fully evaluate what he saw before him.

The classroom was, well, normal looking. It wasn't that he'd expected shimmering white walls and cool tones like those in most 'modern' buildings but he had this pre-conceptualised image that U.A would have been... different. Somehow. Yet, what he laid eyes on was none other than a blackboard, a set of somewhat rowdy students and a teacher. Well, actually, the teacher was pretty interesting.

It was a well-known fact that only pro heroes teach at U.A but Izuku had thought that they were reserved for heroics and certainly had not even begun to predict which pro would end up being his homeroom teacher. So, all in all, he was pleasantly surprised by the fact that Cementoss was currently seated at the front desk, watching the students and presumably allowing them to have the time to get acquainted before beginning.

Speaking of which, Izuku did not recognise a single student in the classroom, at all. Anxiety was creeping up on him, he could feel it, so he made a beeline for the back of the class and sat himself down when presented with the prospect of lowering his quirk-induced social shield. Anti-social, the social shield hero! No, that, that doesn't work at all...

Internally sighing, he turned to look at who he'd just sat next to. As expected, the purple haired boy had yet to notice the presence of his new companion. Not that Izuku thought he would without his quirk, the guy was way too zoned out, looking out the window with glossy eyes. For a second, he even considered the likely hood of him even being present mentally before dismissing the thought. He was fairly certain he often donned the 'deep thinking, do not disturb' face (alternatively 'I'm so bored, I'm prepping for the loss of my mind') himself, so he had a good idea of what might be going on inside his head.

So he lowered his barrier and disturbed him.

At an excruciatingly slow pace, the boy turned to face the one who'd just poked him, returning the gesture with one of the most unimpressed looks Izuku had faced in his entire timeline. It was only amplified by the eye bags and oh god, had he perfected the art of sleeping with his eyes open for his desperate need to during class to make up for whatever he was doing not-sleeping at night? I wouldn't put it past him with that look.

"H-hi" Izuku stuttered, proud of himself for initiating an actual conversation. The expression did not falter.

"...You don't look too judgy, but you do look terrified" Well, he hadn't planned for that response.

"Um... you look like you haven't slept since birth?" He hopped the lilt in his voice didn't convey his overpowering sense of nervousness he was feeling. He sort of knew it did but it was easier to remain in denial.

"Longer"

"Conception?" For reasons beyond Izuku, he earned a smirk for that.

"Is that your final answer?" The smirk slipped for a second, allowing Izuku to hesitate with his response. It didn't last long, but then Izuku swore he saw something in his half-lidded eyes, the way they stayed constant while Izuku's own flitted about the classroom and its distracting atmosphere.
Either way, he continued on, as that's what people do in co-operative conversation.

“Ye-”

Static. Not the kind he glared at when it overcame the TV on a stormy day as a small child, even more so when it was time for the 9 o’clock news on a Friday night, curled up against his mother as she muttered about aerials and signal. It was more akin to an empty phone line when he’d pick up the receiver a little too late and had to shout his mum because “I don’t understand how you work this thing mum, it's so oooooold”. Yet it was too dissimilar, something was a little offkey. For one can't experience audible static with one's eyes and he couldn't hear it either. It was completely overpowering yet he was aware of the comings and goings of what appeared before his eyes, distantly so. Like becoming the back seat driver yet he wasn't even on a seat, nor in the back, but kicked off onto the roadside with the car but a spec in his vision instead. He'd been booted from the wheel and he hadn't even been there to watch it happen.

He could see the way the smile dropped from his interlocutors face, replaced with a numbing indifference and ah, that's a false one, I'd recognise the label anywhere. He could hear the chattering of the students around him, some exchanging timetables and quirks. “Eh, I'm quirkless” “No way! Me too” “Sorry to crash that party, but I can grow my hair like, fifty percent faster than you” “Why even bother with the label?” “Pfft, I'm only here because I failed the practical” “same” “yuuuuup” He kinda wished he had joined that conversation now, but it was out of reach, far away, so distant, over yonder, a mile or so, no, it was more, he'd reach over but he couldn't measure that with his arm alone, no, impossi-

“That's my quirk, you should be careful who you choose to speak to”

The static was gone and... there was static?

“Woah, did I miss something? Oh” His mind caught up with his words after a small interval, absorbing what the tired boy had told him. “Oh” He repeated.

Nothing could have prepared the other classmate for what Izuku was about to throw down.

“That. Was. So. Cool! What was it?! Some kind of mental quirk? Emitter? You didn't touch me, I know that much but first, what even happened? I was talking to you and all of a sudden I phased out for a bit, not the right word but it's all I can come up with. With a flash your face changed – um expression I mean, your face is just as fine as before. Again, wrong word. But I don't even know what happened! Was it my memory? Well my memory is a part of it and oh my god you didn't even touch me it was just, it just happened and-and so it was speech based if-so-that-is-so-powerful-ohmygodpleasetellmewhatthatwas I. Need. To. Know.”

The boy trained his eyes on Izuku, confusion – or was it shock? - pushed his eyebrows to a crease and he seemed frozen between a slump and a much tenser posture. His mouth opened before his words could spill out, which contrasted greatly against Izuku's sudden explosion.

“Why... whatever, it's brainwash. Pretty evil, huh?” He seemed to have come to a decision, one which Izuku was not privy to, his expression morphing from shock-confused to bored-indifferent.

“That's still really cool! Even cooler! Imagine what you could do-”

“Rob a bank, steal, murder without dirtying my hands-”

“Apprehend villains without a fight, one-hundred-percent truthful interrogation, the possibilities!” Izuku ran over the other boy’s suggestions like the newest model lawn mower of the generation after
next. “By the way, my name's Izuku Midoriya and I'm kind of a big fan of quirks in general” He added, almost as an afterthought.

“Shinsou Hitoshi... some dude who washes brains” Shinsou responded, placing a hand on the back of his neck. Unbeknowest to Izuku, Shinsou had just made the decision to allow him to stay. He'd done what no other kid had, looked for the good in his quirk, idolised it even. It was new and god damn was he lucky to have found this naive boy before any of the more deserving, more suiting potential friends of the class had because Shinsou wasn't sure he'd have a chance otherwise.

“You've just practically dissected my quirk before even asking for my name, I think you owe me yours” He drawled, preventing his inner happiness from tainting his words and instead portrayed a sense of contentment. Bored contentment, sure, but contentment nonetheless.

“Oh um” Izuku reddened, picking up on his abrupt behaviour. “Ah, actually, this should be fun” His face lit up, he had come up with a brilliant idea. “Looks like our teacher is writing something on the board” He vaguely pointed in the direction of the blackboard, Shinou's eyes followed. Gotcha.

He brought up his affectionately named social shield and watched with glee as confusion briefly covered his victims face as he turned back and looked straight past Izuku. He could always tell, the lack of focus in the eyes of those around him had been a little unnerving at first. It wasn't long before Shinsou dismissed whatever fleeting notion of I was doing something... and resumed his window gazing, as though Izuku wasn't there at all.

He contemplated lowering his shield but dismissed the thought as Cementoss began his lecture. “Don't worry- well actually, you can't worry about things you aren't even aware of, so, hmmm, I'll see you in half an hour? That's around when this introductory session is supposed to end right?”

His question was met with nothing, at all. Shinsou's eyes had adopted that glossy sheen again. Izuku blundered on anyway, he wasn't waiting for a response.

“Yeah, well, whatever time this ends, I'll get you back for your little quirk thing, uh, escapade”

Izuku was glad that no one could hear him and his butchered sentences. So glad.

Chapter End Notes

Sooooo yeah...

I actually accidentally deviated from my original plan here (memory). Shinsou wasn't supposed to reveal his quirk and neither was Izuku but yah know. I couldn't be bothered rewriting it.
Shinsou

Chapter Summary

Shinsou has found a friend. At least he thinks he has?

Chapter Notes

Oh, an update, hah, would you look at that...

See the end of the chapter for more notes

U.A is all right, Shinsou thought as he sat alone during break time, just him, a wooden bench and the weak sunshine. Other students walked in droves and accumulated in groups, making fast friends in a place where no one really knows each other. Shinsou certainly doesn't know anyone and he's gathered from all the introductions happening around him that all the first years are in the same boat. Except Shinsou was in the water, swimming alongside the boat with only the fish for company. Nothing new.

Every time he got so much as within a metre of the other students, he was assaulted by the fast-spreading whisperings of the rumour mill, accusations spun from lies and half-truths. "Don't let him touch you, one touch is all he needs" “No, I heard that all you need to do is say hello” “If he's really that dangerous, surely they wouldn't let him go to U.A” “Maybe he brainwashed the examiner” “the teachers too!”

He was used to it at this point, ever since he developed his curse the gossip had been trailing behind him. An ever-present companion to his misery. Or so that was how it had been before, he'd long since built up a resistance to the taunting and prejudice and accepted his life for what it was. “Lonely” wasn't just a word, it was a state of being, and he didn't know any better. How could he long for the taste of something he couldn't remember experiencing?

Although, it was a little disheartening to see how quickly people turned on him. It wasn't even the end of day one.

“Hi!” A voice chimed, suddenly popping up from beside him. He could have sworn the bench had been empty when he sat down yet that freckled boy from earlier was sat right next to him.

“Where'd you come from?” and where did you go before?

“Oh, I was always here” A bitter-sweet smile was adorned on his face. The boy clearly didn't listen to the advice of others. Sure, he seemed interested in his quirk and bulldozed all of Shinsou's suggested nefarious purposes but eventually he would succumb to the wills of the crowd. Committing to a friendship with Shinsou was committing to solitude. Yet the boy happily kicked his legs and had made himself quite comfortable on the bench, watching the rustling leaves of a nearby tree.

“People just have the tendency to forget I'm even there”
The bell went and so did the boy, leaving his mind as though he'd never been there in the first place.

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Much like the last time Shinsou had encountered him, the boy popped out of nowhere. Only this time, in the middle of class.

“I didn't think we'd get taught English by Present Mic of all heroes! I knew he taught the hero course, but not general studies, that's so cool, don't you think?” The teacher in question had just given them a pair based task which was apparently the cue for the boy to begin existing again.

“How long have you been here?” Shinsou asked as he pushed the paper they were handed so that it was more centred between them.

“Since class started” The boy chirruped with a knowing smile, something mirthful glittering in his green eyes. Shinsou had the distinct feeling that he was at the but of some kind of joke.

“...Right”

---

The boy continued to pop up throughout the week without warning or pattern. He wasn't there, then he was. He was there, then he wasn't. Shinsou didn't know what to make the whole thing, he went to bed at night with questions like if I don't sit at my usual bench at break, will he still appear? and is he keyed to me? I don't see him doing this to anyone else as well as Is this part of my curse? Can the only person willing to talk to me only do so half an hour a day? It was more a productive use of his sleepless hours than staring at the ceiling in any case.

His temperamental existence was as frustrating as it was puzzling, even more so when he figured that he couldn't even remember the points where he disappeared, only when he reappeared. Announcing his entrance with the absurdity of a lion in urban Tokyo and leaving with all the presence of a mouse in a gutter.

In fact, the only time he'd noticed the boy on his own account was when someone else got involved in the scene.

On Wednesday evening, Shinsou had decided to stay after school a little while. The emptiness of his house during the day had never really bothered him but today he'd been rather lonesome, more so than usual. So he'd sat in a ground level classroom, surveying the grounds while his pencil dithered just above his homework. Little happened once classes had been dismissed, no matter what school a person went to. As soon as that final bell rang, the student body sang in sighs of relief at the prospect of leaving school work behind for a few hours. Despite the generous offers the teachers had made in trusting them to spend a few hours after school in the classrooms if they wanted to, students rarely did. Shinsou thought he might make a habit of it, U.A was decidedly a lot more peaceful once the rowdy teens had evacuated it, their negative comments gone with them. In tranquil moments like these, he often contemplated what his life would be like if he were quirkless.

Gazing out of the window, his sight registered the figure of a particularly rude hero course student he'd seen stomping around the campus previously. He didn't know the boy's name, nor had he had a conversation with him, but he could immediately tell he had some sort of delusions regarding superiority. His permanently smug countenance reeked of it.

That afternoon, the blond boy seemed to be rounding up on another student. Shinsou was quick to double-take when he realised that he recognised the green curls and bright red boots. He'd been half
convinced the boy was a figment of his imagination, but clearly not as he was currently cowering away from the bully, someone who was \textit{definitely not me, God forbid.}

Shinsou didn't come to the rescue of other people. That's what heroes do and he was not a hero and never would be as people liked to remind him each day. But that boy had looked at him with an open face unmarked by the suspicion and inexplicable hate that everyone else wore aside from his own parents. Exceptions could and would be made.

That line of thought was what brought him out into the courtyard, climbing out the window in his haste, and commanding “What do you think you're doing?”

“Hah?! Wha-” The bully's snarl dropped after answering his question. The other boy floundered, caught between relief and shock.

“Go home” He ordered plainly. He didn't want to try anything too extravagant in case it came back to bite him later. “and forget you ever saw me” He added for good measure before turning to the green haired boy... who had tears in his eyes.

The boy hastily scrubbed at his eyes and began a stream of muffled mumbles of which he discerned exactly two words of, those beings “thank” and “you”. Honestly, Shinsou didn't really know what to do in face of such a bizarre show of gratitude. People didn't thank Shinsou for anything, nevermind while being embarrassed about it.

“No problem,” He said, cutting the platitudes short. The only outward sign of his inner nervousness was the hand that went to scratch the back of his neck. “Who was that, anyway?” He asked, quick to change the subject.

The boy gently brought his arms down from where they were hiding his face and looked to Shinsou with a small sniffle, tears successfully washed away.

The only evidence that anything had transpired was the way that his eyes caught the retreating sunlight just so, glistening brightly with a small bit of red puffiness. “Th-that was Kaachan...”

“Kaachan?” He repeated in an incredulous tone, eyebrows lifted.

“Uh, well, Bakugou to you I guess? I-I don't know, we were friends when we were little, went to the same schools and everything... even now” He seemed wistful, looking in Shinsou's direction but not at him, mind elsewhere.

“Hm” Was all Shinsou could think to give in response. Curse his inexperience with friendly conversation, he was too used to scalding sarcasm and wit. Against others, of course, not many people spoke openly about their disdain, even if they saw fit to stage whisper in the corridors.

“W-Well, um, you probably want to know what we were doing? I mean, you came all the way out here too, yeah, and I guess it looked really bad because Kaachan is an intimidating guy and he's mostly kept it to himself since enrolling here because he doesn't want to get expelled but this time no one was watching I guess? But they actually were? Well, not they, you were watching and so-” Before either had the chance to spontaneously combust, the boy because of his increasing speed as he spoke and Shinsou because of said increasing speed grating at his ears, Shinsou placed a hand on the boy's shoulder, prompting him to flinch and shutter to a stop.

To Izuku, the gesture was just so \textit{cool} and so \textit{Shinsou} to reach out and level with him instead of snapping at him to shut up, using actions over words. It was exactly the sort of thing a hero would do for a panicked civilian!
In truth, Shinsou was just buying time because he had no idea what to say.

“...I never got your name” He settled with because that was so much easier than dealing with complicated things like emotions beyond 'happy', 'bored' and 'tired'. And it was true, he was getting sick of calling the boy 'the boy' in his head all the time.

The boy's face lit up like a red light bulb and he could see his hands squirming as he resisted pulling them back over his face. “Oh my gosh! I am so sorry, that's so rude of me, how could I? Mum will be so disappointed in me right now, although she'd probably laugh about it afterwards but oh my god-” He stopped the tangent with a gentle squeeze from the hand that was still on the boy, he should probably take it back now, how to do that without coming off as awkward? He let it slip off his shoulder. Okay, there, that worked, nice, good one.

“Midoriya, Izuku Midoriya” Shinsou almost missed the name while he tried to judge if he'd come across the right way or if he was just being a bit weird. “And you're Shinsou, I er, remember” He got the impression that Midoriya was just as awkward as he was except that it translated outside more openly. Hopefully, his awkwardness would balance Shinsou's awkwardness and they could save the conversation.

“How come you're out here so late?” He asked, again changing the topic.

“How come you're out here so late?” Midoriya parroted, the humour that he'd grown accustomed to throughout their sporadic meetings over the week returned to his voice. The conversation was back on track. Success.

Shinsou grinned lopsidedly, the grin he knew looked sly even if it was anything but. “Touché”

They dropped the Bakugou topic along with the events that had followed afterwards and strolled towards the U.A entrance, Midoriya aimlessly chattering while Shinsou hummed and occasionally offered his two pence piece. He wasn't sure exactly what, but something clicked into place that evening as they bid each other goodbye and welcomed the weekend.

_-_-_

Three days later after the time “Shinsou brainwashed Kaachan in the name of heroism and all things good” as Midoriya jokingly titled it, the two were sat next to each other in Quirk Theory just having returned from lunch. Midoriya didn't randomly pop in and out of Shinsou's life nearly as much as he did before but instead took to walking with him to places like a normal person. Interestingly, the rest of the school population didn't seem to regard Midoriya at all, only Shinsou as he took to walking with an air that was a little more self-entitled than it was before. He was going to take everything life threwed at him in stride and he didn't need to slink away like a loner anymore, he had a friend. At least I hope we're friends, he thought grimly.

“I am stupid” He proclaimed, suddenly struck by a quite plain and obvious realisation. Midoriya looked at him, befuddled.

“Um, you're really not Shinsou, just take a look at the test scores and you'll see that~”

“No, I am” He reaffirmed, looking at the exercise sheet he'd been working on. 'Quirk Branches and Classification'. He'd just reached the section on 'The unclassifiable/miscellaneous'. The task was to come up with a quirk that fit each branch and justify it.

He turned his head to Midoriya with the driest expression he could muster, eyes hooded and unimpressed. “When you said that people tend to forget you, I didn't think you were being literal”.
Midoriya, the little frustrating so-called friend that he was, giggled and spluttered “payback”. And of course, all the times he was talking too loud during class and Shinsou had to shush him only to get the blame himself, the times when Midoriya would turn up late and not get in trouble for it and all the damn times he just flickered in and out of existence finally made sense.

“You're an awful friend”

“I'm your friend?”

“Yes, you're my friend”

“Shinsou, would you care to share your conversation with the class?” The teacher asked.

“Oh for fuck's sake”

“...Sorry”

He couldn't help but smile.

Chapter End Notes

Sooooo.....

I just back to writing fanfic again. I uploaded a new fic called "Tether" in Harry Potter fandom and honestly didn't realise people were like actually waiting on this? I just checked the kudos and damn 900??? since when???

I'm sorry if my writing style changed over these months. I think the last update was in January and this is November... Gosh... And this update was like written an hour ago and I just put it out now because I felt like if I kept waiting on it it would never go forward. In the future, I'll get back to my promise of longer chapters. This was just to get things rolling again.

Anyway, I'm kind of simultaneously working on all of my fics, I've updated my profile to include a priority list of sorts. I also made a tumblr like the mad lad I am where I'll probably post updates related to fics 'n stuff.

EDIT: HOLD UP rereading this and shinsou sweetie... You did get his name... You did... I'll edit that when I have access to a PC
Predictably, Izuku had run out of space in his last notebook within the first day of being at U.A. With a whole month gone by, he had used up yet another. There were just so many heroes! And quirks! And just – It's U.A!

But now he had catalogued the quirks in his class, updated existing pages on the teachers (of course he'd already written about them, they were high profile pros – for the most part) and had a new purpose in mind: his own quirk, or more specifically, how his quirk interacts with other people.

Having gotten himself an actual friend (a real life friend! That he could see and talk to! In Real life!), he could begin the tests he'd had waiting in the back of his mind since he first started documenting the boundaries of his ability. Soon enough, he'd be able to go to a centre and prove that he was not in fact as quirkless as everyone had been lead to believe.

Which was why he was currently prepping for Interactional Test 1.1: Artefact that took the form of something that just happened to look like a friendship bracelet but was definitely not a friendship bracelet.

"Oh, Izuku! Of course you can borrow my sewing kit, I'm so happy you've found a friend!" His mum was over the moon, maybe even a little more excited than he was. "But only if you let me help you, don't want to turn her away by the shabby state of them!"
So the two had settled down in the living room with the coffee table between them. It was making for quite a lovely Sunday evening, their bellies content having just eaten and the radio made for a nice ambient background. After following his mum's instruction, he'd gotten a start on a red bracelet for himself while she worked on a dark blue one for Shinsou. Well, actually it was the other way round. The colours represented the other person.

He had yet to correct his mum on the fact that his friend wasn't actually a girl... because friendship bracelets aren't really very boyish and he was scared she might think it was silly. But it was important, he had theories to work on.

In the end, he had two bracelets. One red with three green beads clustered together and the other a neater replica with a dark blue base and purple beads.

_=_=_

"...That's a friendship bracelet" Shinsou said, eyebrows raised in a way that was becoming very familiar with Izuku as I'm confused, surprised, judging you or all of the above and it's because of you Midoriya. They were just outside U.A by the bicycle rack, Shinsou locking up a bike that was just the right sort of blue to match with the friendship bracelet bracelets.

"No, it's not! It's an experiment to see if you can notice me without my help! You associate the green and red with my hair and shoes and it reminds you of me and then you turn around and bam! There I am without me having to lower my quirk" Izuku explained, hands gesturing here there and everywhere in a slight panic. A click sounded as Shinsou locked up his bike and the two headed towards the school building.

"Which definitely explains why you have one too" Shinsou slung his bag over his shoulder and smirked and could he get any cooler? Seriously!

"Yes, exac- wait no, that's not, agh!" Izuku buried his face in his hands, too busy wallowing in his frustration to notice when Shinsou stopped him from walking straight into another student with a pull on his arm. "Well, they match! I just thought- matching things are just- my All Might pencil case matches with my All Might rubber and my All Might ruler and, actually that's a lot of All Might for someone who's been questioning his integrity for almost a year- but you get what I mean! Matching things are cool" They stopped just before they got to their form room or rather Shinsou stopped and Izuku had to be pulled back before he walked past the door.

"I'll wear your friendship bracelet" He said simply.

"For scientific purposes!"

"I'll wear your friendship bracelet, for science" Shinsou amended and they entered the classroom, beelining to their seats at the back. Once settled, they fixed the bracelets onto their wrists and waited for the register, diligently ignoring the not so subtle whispering that had followed their entrance. Shinsou had assured him that they would settle down eventually ("It's not even about you, it's me" "But that's not the point").

But it hadn't settled and it's been an entire month. Sure, their own class didn't mutter about it as much as they used to but U.A was a massive school, new people were finding out all the time. And of course, as he did with anything nice Izuku had, Kaachan had to get involved.

They were sat on their bench in the courtyard during lunch, Izuku enjoying his mum's cooking and Shinsou chewing on surprisingly good cafeteria food with a vending machine coffee to the left of him. Apparently, Kaachan had broken speed eating records during the time Izuku had distanced
himself from him because it was only ten minutes into lunch and he was approaching them without a meal in sight. Either that or the more logical conclusion; Kaachan had come straight to them.

"Hey, Deku, Purple Freak"

They turned away from their lunch to see Kaachan stood half a metre from their bench, hand in one pocket and scowl-smirking (Izuku honestly wasn't sure one singular word could entirely represent most of the expressions Kaachan made). Shinsou gave him a very unimpressed look.

"What do you want?"

"You're-" Kaachan froze mid-sentence, face going blank and posture slumping. Even if it was Izuku's second time seeing this, it was still incredibly jarring to witness.

"Leave us alone" Shinsou ordered with a distracted shooing motion, turning back to his lunch. A number of seconds had passed by as Izuku stared at Shinsou with awe before his friend finally noticed and gave him a look.

"Ah I- That was just so cool! I can't get over your quirk! The possi-"

"The possibilities, I know" Shinsou cut in halfway through with a bitter tone. "You know why he came over"

"Oh," He took a second to realise the statement was actually a question. "Kaachan tries to ruin everything for me, it was only a matter of time, I'm really sorry by the way" Izuku apologised. Honestly, Shinsou shouldn't have to put up with his baggage. He already had enough problems without Kaachan trying to bully him out of being friends with him.

"...Okay, that's concerning" Shinsou said with one of the expressions Izuku hadn't quite gotten written down yet. His eyebrows were pinched towards the centre and he wasn't smiling, smirking or anything like that. Come to think of it, a lot of his expression involved his eyebrows. He had very active brows. "What I meant was that he probably heard the rumours" There was a finality to Shinsou's tone that Izuku really didn't like.

"Those rumours are stupid, really really stupid" He declared after finishing his last bite.

Shinsou moved onto finishing his coffee. "They're not that stupid, I have a villain's quirk after all"

"So do I" That seemed to give Shinsou pause, hand frozen holding the coffee still by his lips. "I have a villain's quirk, you have a villain's quirk, so what? We're both here aren't we?" He gestured to the school around them in a big motion. They were heroes in training! Well, not really, but they went to a hero school. Villains just wouldn't go here because that's not what villains do, thus they were not villains!

Shinsou recovered from his momentary shock, taking a long sip from his coffee and throwing it into the bin a short distance from them. Once he turned back to Izuku, he was back to smirking- or was that just a smile? "I suppose we could be anti-heroes"

Anti-heroes. Izuku could work with that.

_-_-_

There was an infiltration. At U.A. The first infiltration in over two decades. Izuku knows this because U.A prides itself on its advanced security and he just had to fact check that. It's supposed to be the safest place there is. Despite this, he was currently being jostled in a swarm of students trying
to go anywhere but getting absolutely nowhere. He was holding onto Shinsou's arm as if his life depended on it. It probably did, his quirk didn't exactly encourage people to avoid bumping into him on an almost empty pavement, nevermind a packed corridor full of panicking students.

The most awful part of the whole ordeal was the not the squishing, the shoving or the lack of space. No, it was the *smell*. Students stink! This is exactly why Izuku puts on his 24 hour Hero M. Smellion approved deodorant each morning. While he was willing to bet that no one would be able to follow a smell to him, he was considerate of people's noses – something the majority of the school population seemed to be incapable of considering. It was bad enough when you walk past one sweaty person, nevermind a whole group smushed up against you!

"I hate my life" Shinsou summed it up pretty nicely, cheek pressed against the window. Izuku was just behind him, oblivious to the way the grip on his arm was probably a little painful. His other hand held a coffee cup with three-quarters of the drink left inside, lifted above the crowd to avoid spilling. He had insisted that he wasn't about to waste perfectly good coffee, villain invasion or not.

Usually, Izuku didn't have too much trouble in crowds as long as he could dodge between people accordingly. But he wasn't about to leave Shinsou behind. If only he could extend his quirk to other people... which was exactly the purpose of *Interactional Test 3.1: Extention*.

"Shinsou, I'm gonna try something!" He shouted above the constant noise of the crowd.

"Anything to end my misery" Shinsou replied and Izuku took that as a go ahead. Closing his eyes, he focused on the visualisation of his quirk, how it enveloped his own body. From his connection to Shinsou's arm, he imagined it travelling over to his body too. A strange sense of fatigue came upon him, the kind that was caused by stretching muscles he hadn't used in a very long time. When he opened his eyes, he could see that the effect was subtle but clear.

No one was aiming to push them or making an effort to bypass them. A minimal change that made all the difference, evidenced when Shinsou was able to turn around and face him with a little struggle. Wow, he was tall. He had already known that his friend was tall but woah he really had to look up when they were this close. His neck ached even.

"Lead the way" Shinsou said, snapping him out of his mental musings. Keeping a hold of Shinsou's arm (he wasn't sure if the blanket of his quirk would recede if he let go), he began to slip between gaps in the swarm and created them when he had to. For the most part, everything progressed just fine. Not even the barrage of body odour could turn down Izuku's elation at his quirk discovery. At least until he looked behind him to find that his friend was about to slip from his grip.

His height really wasn't working for him in that moment. Izuku had easily ducked between two other short students but the same couldn't be said for Shinsou. The motion of the crowd was pulling them apart. Three fingers in his grip. Two fingers. One finger. None.

Crap. He could see it. Shinsou was looking straight through him. Turning off his quirk with this many witnesses was challenging and Shinsou wasn't in his immediate vicinity anymore. The thing was with his quirk, is that it worked on people's minds. Distance wasn't the only factor he had to account for, the number of minds within the area he was trying to get the attention of was an element in the equation too. He hadn't gotten the exact formulae down yet but he didn't need maths to tell him that Shinsou hadn't noticed him, getting pushed further and further away.

Until someone whacked Shinsou's own hand back into his face. The right one with the green bracelet. The bracelet for science. The maybe friendship bracelet. The bracelet that was key to
"Midoriya!" He shouted after him, strong-arming his way over in his direction. Grinning, Izuku reached out his arm as far as he could between the shoulders of two students and just about grasped onto Shinsou's hand despite the bodies between them. The visualisation was quicker this time even if only minutely but the fatigue came back two-fold. He almost slipped from Shinsou's hand but luckily the grip was tight on the other end.

Roughly twenty stinking students later, they'd breached the exit and spilt out with the rest of the students at the forefront of the crowd. Izuku almost fell with the sudden lack of obstacles in front of him but Shinsou kept him upright.

"I think my personal hell will just be a cycle of the past half an hour on repeat" Shinsou commented once they were in their class line in the fire drill area, coffee miraculously still in hand. "It's very motivating for not becoming a villain"

"Definitely" Izuku agreed while patting down his uniform. "I swear half the people in this school don't wear deodorant" He'd never missed fresh air more. He took a big deep breath and sighed.

"At least we know your friendship bracelet works" Shinsou said, brandishing said bracelet like a gauntlet. "I'm never taking it off, by the way, even if your experiment is over. I won't let you jump me anymore"

"Okay, well, it's a friendship bracelet if you keep it, but know that it wouldn't be a friendship bracelet if you took it off! It's a conditional friendship bracelet" Well, it had always been a friendship bracelet really. It just happened to be multi-purpose.

What even constituted as a friendship bracelet anyway?

Chapter End Notes

So yah!

I actually did some lil' shitty drawings of the bracelets that I plan on posting on my Tumblr. However it is 17th December and I'm partaking in the log off protest despite only being on the site for like a month, literally joined at the worst time. When that's over, I'll post it there and update this with the link.

End Notes

Thanks for reading!

Currently, I have roughly 20 chapters outlined for this but they don't finish off the story there. It's gonna be a long one folks so if you ever have any criticism or insight for me, please let me know so this is as fun to read as it is to write.

Alos, there are elements such as any relationships etc. that I haven't planned out that I'd be
happy for you guys to chip in on as the story goes on.

Please drop by the archive and comment to let the author know if you enjoyed their work!