**Beyond and more.**

**by sarin555**

### Summary

Izuku has a Quirk. Its function is simple, and it definitely isn't flashy, but the implication of what it can achieve... now that is another story entirely. The ability to go into the Multiverse might not seem like much, but in the hands of someone like Izuku it might just turn him into the most powerful Hero in history. But the Multiverse... it is not a kind place...

### Notes
I’ve been tempted to write a story on My Hero Academia for a while now, and seeing as it’s replaced Naruto as my favorite show at the moment, I figured I might as well give this a shot. Still, I couldn’t decide on a plot as I had too many ideas I wanted to write down, so I asked myself, why not write all of them?

Despite the nature of Izuku’s Quirk, this is not a crossover story or multi-crossover. There may be references and Izuku might pull certain individuals from certain worlds, but there will never be a full crossover.

See the end of the work for more notes.
Chapter Summary

...and today he will get his Quirk

Chapter Notes

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See the end of the chapter for more notes

Four-year-old Izuku couldn't sleep. He was too excited. His fourth birthday just passed three days ago, which meant he was at the age where his Quirk would manifest.

And how could he not be excited? Today he saw on TV the biggest collision of heroes in his entire life. Everyone was there to fight the villains - Endeavor, Edgeshot, Best Jeanist, Gang Orca, and of course, his all-time idol, All Might.

Imagining what kind of Quirk he would have was simply too great. As the night went on however, the energy he had earlier faded and gave way to exhaustion.

Izuku finally drifted off to sleep.

But the little boy would experience something very, very different when the sun returned. His Quirk would manifest tonight as he had hoped, but the consequence of it would turn Izuku into something...

Beyond... and more.

In an office located beyond space, where even Death could not reach, where Time ignored, and where Life could not see, two men – no, not men, entities that happened to be human at one point, were having a meeting.

"Today?"

"Yes, today, V."

"Are you sure about this, Professor? I have a very tight schedule. If I delay my flight to Guam until tomorrow my superior will definitely want to hear why, and if this turns out to be a false alarm,
well, let's just say a few lives have to be… disposed of, shall we say," V snarled.

"I am more than certain. It will be today. You can meet him at exactly a quarter past ten, while he is getting his superpower-

"-Quirk," V corrected.

"His... Quirk inspected at the Musutafu Hospital; Fourth Floor, Right Hal:-" V beckoned for Professor to stop.

"Alright, I see you’re certain about this. I’ll go see for myself."

"Good." The Professor took a look at his watch. "Mind, look at the time, I will have to take my leave now." He turned around to leave.

"Hold on," The Professor turned back to face V. "Why the sudden interest? I know you love to play the role of 'the protector of time and space', but this is outside your usual scope. Not to mention you told me, of all the people, and you've never trusted my organization before. So, why now?"

The Professor only smiled at him.

“Because I don't know why or how this boy can suddenly interact with the multiverse – or what he'll do with it." That statement seemed to genuinely surprise V. "If I don't know and you don't know, then the chances are a lot more entities in the multiverse don't know about this as well. This will not sit well with most of them and there's no telling what they will do to the boy because of that. I know you don't run a charity, but you are the best hope for the boy compared to many others, myself included. I will leave this to you, V." The Professor finally left into the black void behind the office door.

V only sighed. He looked at the picture in his hand one more time before he got up as well. "Let's hope you are worth more than a ticket to Guam, Midoriya Izuku."

When Izuku returned to the land of the wake, he could feel that there was something else under his sheet. When he looked down, he noticed a large bulge next to him. Something - someone – was hugging him.

He quickly pulled the blanket away to reveal…

Himself?

Not his lower body, no, literally another Midoriya sleeping next to him.

The 'other' Izuku slowly shuffled and noticed the missing blanket. When he opened his eyes, they met each other with shocked gazes.

Inko Midoriya was getting out of her bed; always at six, rarely later. She prepared to leave for the bathroom.

Suddenly her son burst into the room, or rather, her sons, to be exact. They waved their arms frantically, trying to gesture something to their mother. Inko, for her part, was momentarily dumbfounded at the scene before her.
"Mom! There's another me!" The Izukus shouted in unison as they finally managed to stop their frantic gesturing. Panic was clear on their faces.

Inko snapped out of her dumbfounded state; letting her jaw hang open in disbelief instead. Before long, she regained her senses, closing her mouth. Yet she could already come up with a very logical explanation for this.

"W-well, this is probably your Quirk, honey… s?" She tried to calm her sons, whom at the mention of 'Quirk' paused their frantic gesturing. They slowly turned toward each other. Their lips formed into bright smiles.

"I have a quirk!" They shouted in unison before taking a momentary pause and correcting themselves. "We have a quirk!"

While they were celebrating their newfound power with their cheering, Inko calmly walked toward the phone to make an appointment with the doctor.

They arrived at the hospital a few hours later. They were sitting, all three of them, in front of the doctor, waiting for his evaluation.

"Hmm," the doctor mused as he looked over the paper on his clipboard.

"I-is there a problem?" Inko asked, interrupting the doctor and prompting his attention; his eyes shifted between the two Izukus.

"Well, this case is certainly… unique."

"What do you mean?" Inko and the Izukus asked in unison.

"Well you see, normally when it comes to cloning type Quirks, the clone is… how do I say this… not real." The two Izukus looked at each other in worry. In their mind, they had only one question. 'Who's the real one?'

"But in this case, the two are….literally the same." The two boys stopped staring at each other and turned back to the doctor.

"From their weight down to their DNA, everything matches. I have no idea how this is possible," the doctor admitted.

"But couldn't he just… literally, make another him? Maybe… maybe like from another cell?" Inko herself was at a loss for words. She was not used to these strange Quirks. Luckily, the doctor understood what she was trying to say.

"To split yourself into two like that always has very visible side effects. Yet both of your sons don't appear to be weakening, losing weight, or displaying any drawbacks. Maybe this is another kind of Quirk entirely…" the doctor grumbled as he tried to recall any old cases about duplication Quirks.

The phone in his office rang. The bald doctor lifted an eyebrow. He had made it clear to the nurses that he wouldn't accept any calls during check-ups with patients. This had better be an emergency, or the nurse would be getting a lecture from him.

"Hello?" After a few more moments, he spoke again, "On whose authority again?" Silence followed. The doctor sighed before setting his office phone down.
"Well, it appears," he turned back to Izukus and his mother. "That your son's Quirk was more than simple cloning. It's the kind of Quirk the government likes to take an interest in."

Inko tensed up a little. Something bad was approaching, she could feel it in her stomach.

"What kind of Quirk?" Inko asked. Her voice was almost shaking.

The doctor shook his head. "They said it's not my place to know the details. You and your sons will be meeting with an expert and representative of the government in Room 405. I will let the nurse escort you to it." Inko nodded before taking hold of her sons in each of her hands.

She didn't care if one of them was a clone—her son was her son.

They walked out of the room and into the hallway of the hospital, where a nurse was already waiting for them. As she led the family to the meeting room, one of the Izukus tugged at her hand.

"Mom, are we in trouble?" He asked her, worry in his eyes.

"No, honey, this just got a bit...complicated that's all." Inko tried to reassure with a half-hearted smile. Both Izukus looked at each other; dread was apparent in their eyes.

They arrived at the door with a sign '405' above it. The nurse opened the door to let them in and closed it behind them. Inside was a Caucasian man with long, blond mane that seemed to curl at the ends into a number of thick, and well-defined rings. He turned his attention away from the clipboard he was reading from, directing it towards them. The man adjusted his pink necktie and tugged the cuffs of his jacket a few times before finally walked up to them, offering a hand.

"Hello, are you Mrs. Midoriya?" He asked in fluent Japanese, his words slightly accented, as most Westerners tended to be. Inko nodded and shook his hand. "These are your sons I presume."

Inko nodded again. "And who are you, sir?"

"You can refer to me as Mr. V."

That was not a name.

"Since my time here is short, I will be direct. I work for the CIA." he pulled out several things at once from his pockets. Inko was first drawn towards his badge, as it was concrete proof he was indeed working for the government of the United States, before shifting her attention to a certificate that proved he worked on the authority of both countries and the Central Intelligence Agency.

By the time he pulled out a diplomatic immunity warrant, Inko was gaping. "Take them and contact any of these agencies if you wish to confirm my validity. I am not an undercover officer, just an expert they employed."

"What do you want with my sons? What’s this about?" She asked with a fearful expression as she pulled her sons closer to her. There seemed to be a stare down between V and Inko. The Izukus, for their part, could only do so much since they were both just children caught in a conversion between adults.

Mr. V sighed, "I know better than to fight a Spartan mother." His tone indicated defeat. "Allow me to explain. Your son possesses a Quirk that allows him to interact with the Multiverse."

"Multiverse? Like in those movies and crazy theories?"
"Yes, it's real, and it's something that needs to be monitored - which is why I am here." He took a glance at the Izukus. "As of now, I see no reason to give special attention to your son's case, so all we want is a promise to a certain extent of secrecy and a willingness of your son to train this Quirk of his."

One of the Izukus, for the first time since meeting this man, spoke up, "Does that mean it would help me become a hero?" For a kid, training was usually limited to the concept of 'train to get into school', 'train to perform in an event', 'train for a future career', and other such thoughts. As much as he wanted to break that illusion, to tell the boy that his training was to keep him in check, Mr. V decided on a compromise.

"True, you could be a hero with this kind of Quirk, but you have to be able to control it; it is a truly dangerous Quirk that, should you lose control, could be… destructive, to say the least." Both boys nodded. The man turned to Izuku's mom and gave her all of his certificates and papers, "If you want to inspect them and call any of these agencies then be my guest, but let me talk to the boys in the meantime." Inko hesitated before nodding, taking it.

Mr. V pulled out a rather high-tech looking phone and tapped it a few times.

"I could use a scanner, but first-hand testing is always more accurate. Besides, who would trust a machine to do a man's job?" Mr. V grumbled. "Okay. First, a question for both of you. How many days are there in a week?" Both boys lifted an eyebrow at the surprisingly basic question.

"Seven," they answered in unison.

"What are the names of these days?"

The two gave the correct answer.

"Which days are considered weekends?"

And that was when their answer diverged. One of the Izukus answered Monday to Friday, while the other Izuku answered Saturday and Sunday.

Mr. V mentally nodded. The one who answered 'Saturday and Sunday' was from another dimension.

This universe, however, was where Monday to Friday were considered weekends; everything that normally took a span of five days to be processed took place within two days, yet they would get the same result as five days. The students would make progress in their studies in two days, rather than the usual five, and all office work that normally took the whole five-day working week to be done was finished all within two days. People would still treat their five days off as if it was still too short… some things never changed.

"Alright, we have identified who is not the native," he said while sliding his finger across his phone a few times. He put the gadget away before taking out two handkerchiefs and two pens. "Now, another test."

Mr. V placed the pens on the bed in the middle of the room before placing the handkerchiefs on top of them. He pushed both pieces of fabric onto them and the bulges made from the pens underneath the material disappeared. He showed them his phone. The screen was occupied by the bright blue numbers, '193.8.'

"Remember these numbers. Try to reach the handkerchief and the pen."
Both boys, including Inko, seemed confused. Nevertheless, they complied.

Both of the Izukus burned the number into their minds and reached under the handkerchief. The native-Izuku’s hand collided with the bed’s surface, while the other Izuku sunk his hand beneath the cloth and into the bed as if he had pushed it through the surface of the water. Both boys were quite amazed. Inko couldn’t help but gape.

"Can you feel the pen?" Mr. V spoke up, breaking their spell. The Izuku from the world where Saturday and Sunday were weekends nodded. "Good, pull it up." The green haired boy did so, and there the pen was in his hand. "Alright, this will cut most of my work short."

"What do you mean?" Non-Native Izuku asked as he handed his pen back.

"Since you are the one who crossed into our dimension, it would be best to leave most of the explanation to your world's version of me."

"You'll come to find me?" Izuku asked. Mr. V quickly took a picture of Izuku with his phone before tapping once more at its screen.

"Yes, he will." He took out a piece of paper from one of the inside pockets of his suit. He filled in several empty lines on the paper with his own handwriting before handing it back to Izuku. "Everything you need to know is on there." He then turned to Inko, who had just finished inspecting his documents and contacting the government. "Since this world's native isn't the one related to the multiverse, you're unlikely to hear from me again."

V took a look at his watch. "Well, I’ll have to go now or else I will miss my flight." V pocketed his pens, handkerchiefs, and documents before he made for the door.

"Wait! How do I get back?!" Non-Native Izuku asked in panic.

"Remember the pen," V answered; he didn't bother to turn around, and then – all of a sudden - he was gone.

Izuku was left confused. There was a fear in his mind that he wouldn't be able to go back to his real mother. That worry was quickly smothered by Inko who gently ruffled his hair.

"We'll think of something, honey," she said, before pulling both Izuku into a hug, which they happily returned.

No one spoke to each other on the trip back home. It was hard to imagine that just a few hours ago both Izukus were bouncing in their seats with excitement.

Once they arrived back home, Non-Native Izuku looked at his mother.

"Umm, should I go now?" He asked, voice somewhat timid.

Inko looked at him. His eyes downcast, and his hands fidgeted together. She couldn't stand it, the sight of her own son being so nervous, anxious, and afraid. She wanted to fix this.

Inko kneeled down to her son's eyes level, "How about a spot of lunch first? Wouldn't want you to go back on empty stomach." She stroked his head while offering her usual smile; a honey-sweet smile.

"Well…" Izuku paused to think.
"We're having Katsudon today." That was the bait. Inko knew what his favorite food was, even if he came from a different world. The eyes of the boys seemed to sparkle in response.

"Okay!" They said in unison.

Both of them went to the chairs in the living room and seated themselves while Inko left to prepare the meals.

Inko had to admit, having another person in the apartment certainly made it livelier. It would normally be just her and Izuku, but now that there was another person in the house, and the voices of children echoing in the air; it filled Inko's heart with warm and fuzzy feelings.

The non-native Izuku, for his part, used the remaining time to satisfy his curiosity about what differences there were here compared to his home dimension.

"So, like everyday is a weekend? Except for Saturday and Sunday?" Non-Native Izuku asked.

"Yeah, I mean, how else would it work?" Native Izuku answered. Non-Native felt like he should be the one saying that.

"Does this mean you stay home all five days?" Native Izuku nodded. "You're so lucky."

"Would be luckier if I have a Quirk," Native Izuku muttered as he cast his eyes away.

Izuku felt uneasy. Here he was, having a Quirk and celebrating his newfound power, but his other self still had to wait it out. He needed to make him feel better.

After all, that's what heroes do.

"It's fine! You will get your Quirk, and it'll be as awesome as mine!" The boy reassured with a smile, just like All Might's. The other boy returned the encouragement with the smile of his own.

"You bet I will!"

Inko walked in with three bowls of Katsudon, interrupting them. "Alright boys, it's time for lunch."

Without further ado, they dug in.

Non-Native Izuku read the instructions Mr. V had written on a piece of paper. It was a guide for him to use when he returned home, but he had to return home first. Another thing on the paper was a line saying 'think of the numbers '153.13' and think of an arrow symbol pointing at the numbers '273'.

He still had no idea how to do this.

"How do I get home?" He asked out loud.

Inko and Native Izuku were there to help him figure it out as well.

"What was the last thing you remember before being here, honey?" His mother asked.

"I went to bed and then I woke up here," Izuku answered.

"Well, does that mean you use the bed as a way to get here?" His mother asked again.
Inko suddenly remembered something, something Mr. V said. 'Remember the pen.'

During the test, the pen had been covered under the handkerchief while on the bed before being transported into another dimension.

So, was it possible for her son to use that same method? That Izuku was a pen and he needed to be in-between the blanket and the bed, or something similar, to make his Quirk work? Inko believed it would, but another question presented itself in her mind.

Did this mean V had the same Quirk as her son? Because she was certain Izuku wasn't the one who pushed those pens into another dimension. She shook her head. This was not the time to think of that. She had to get her son home first, still...

"Honey, I think I get it," his mother said. "It's like the pen back there. You need something to help you go home, something that can cover you from both sides… I think." There was uncertainty in Inko's voice; she was still not sure if this was how Izuku's Quirk worked. "So, I guess you could use the bed to get home?"

Her deduction was met with a gleaming smile from both Izukus. "You're so smart, mom!" They shouted in unison. Inko just smiled at them.

"Let's go try that now!" Native Izuku said.

"Hold on, honeys," the boys turned back to Inko. "Just go wait in the bedroom, I want to write something to your mother." The boys nodded and went into their room.

Inko picked up a loose piece of paper and a pen before writing a warning about V and his power to herself in another dimension, and her hopes that she could stand up to the CIA. Once finished, she seamlessly combined them with the paper V gave to Izuku. She didn't want to worry her son about this.

Once that was done, she went into the bedroom where the two boys were admiring their All Might collection.

"You have the Golden Age model?!" Non-Native Izuku asked in shock.

"Yup!" Native Izuku said with his chest puffed in pride.

"Alright, honey. Here's your paper." Inko interrupted them and handed the paper to Izuku.

"Can I come here again?" He asked Inko as he took the paper from her hand.

"Of course. Feel free to visit whenever you like or if there's any trouble," Inko reassured her other son with a smile.

"I hope you get your Quirk soon," Non-Native Izuku said to his counterpart.

"Yeah! And it will be just as cool as yours!" Native Izuku replied with a wide smile on his face. Izuku nodded.

He climbed onto the native-Izuku's bed. "Goodbye," he said before he went under the blanket.

He tried to recall the test. He concentrated on the given numbers and symbols and relaxed. With his mind steady and the numbers burned into his mind, he reached beyond the surface and onto the other side.
He sunk as if he had been thrown into water, and emerged on the other side again like he had just been pulled out of a lake, even though there wasn't anything in-between the worlds that he could feel.

Izuku threw the blanket away to reveal his empty room.

‘I’m home!’ He couldn’t help but smile.

He climbed off his bed and went out of his room, expecting his mother to be in the apartment, but found no one.

Believing that his mother went outside, Izuku went over to the phone and looked over a list of phone number his mother told him to call if anything happened while he was alone. One of these numbers had the contact 'Mom' labelled at the end.

Izuku dialled the number.

"Izuku?!” His mother answered the call, her voice was very worn out. She could probably guess it was him from the fact that this was their home number.

"Yes," he replied.

"Oh, Izuku!” His mother sounded like she had just lifted a mountain off her chest. "Where have you been?! I couldn't find you in your room, I couldn't find you at the Bakugou's, I couldn't find you anywhere! Where have you been?!” There was a bit of anger mixed into her voice now, or was it frustration?

"It's… complicated."

Chapter End Notes

A/N: I rewrote a good chunk of this at the advice of a commentator/reviewer. Normally, it would be a minor fix, but the first chapter is the first impression; it's everything.
'Complicated' didn't even begin to describe today.

After Inko arrived home, she pulled her son into a tight embrace.

"Alright, tell me what happened," Inko said as she pulled away from the hug.

"It's my Quirk," Izuku replied as he fidgeted his fingers together.

"Y-your Quirk?"

The young boy nodded. He began explaining that his Quirk allowed him to travel through different dimensions and how he jumped to one by accident.

"So… you're saying you just went into another dimension?" Inko asked and the boy nodded.

Inko was uncertain at how to process this. Her son, however, would present her with another thing to worry about.

"Oh right, there's an American who give me this," Izuku pulled the paper Mr. V had presented to Izuku in another world out of his pocket. "He told me he works for the government and that he will come to visit."

Inko reached for the paper and gave it a look over. There were instructions for her to call this 'Mr. V' along with his number. That wasn't all, however. A note from her alternate-self giving her a warning on this Mr. V, but there was nothing that could be of further help to their situation. Inko swallowed a heavy lump in her throat.

"W-well, I see." She led her son back to the living room where Izuku sat down and watched some TV while Inko looked over the paper again and again until it was night time.
The thought of simply not calling this stranger certainly presented itself in her mind, but the fear of unwanted consequences kept her from fully committing to the idea. She didn't know if their family would be capable of keeping this a secret forever. Would it be worse than not contacting them?

Then there was the nature of her son's Quirk.

Was it as dangerous as they claimed? Were there that many problems involved with her son's Quirk? As the risks began to stack up, Inko finally agreed — mostly to herself — to call this 'Mr. V.'

That same night, once her son had already gone to sleep, she took up the paper Mr. V had given to Izuku and followed its instructions — the first step was to call the man himself.

As the sound of waiting music played out from her phone — 'Star Spangled Banner' of all things — her heart raced faster and faster in anticipation of what kind of person was this Mr. V.

After a few heart arching minutes, her call was answered.

"Pax Americana," a male voice said from the other side.

"A-Ave Domi-minus Americana," she stammered, unused to Latin. That was the password.

"Miss Inko Midoriya, I presumed," her heart dropped to her feet at the mention of her surname. The air around her seemed to get thicker. "V from the other world had already informed me you would be calling."

"Y-yes, that's correct." Inko couldn't help but feel a little dizzy. The CIA had a notorious reputation regarding how they treated their enemies around the globe. There was no telling what would happen to her, her son, or her husband.

"Mmm, there might be a problem," Mr. V grumbled from the other side. "Unlike myself in the other world, I am already in Guam and I can't be reassigned for another four years. I am not going to waste my time on periodic visits — neither will I ask for a transference." Inko almost sighed in relief but refrained since it would be best not to get off on the wrong foot with someone she would be seeing more in the future.

"S-so what will happen now," she asked, more bluntly then she would have wanted.

"For now, let's just get your son's documents sorted out and... are you afraid of us?" The mother almost jumped. This man had just read her thoughts, though it didn't seem like he had a mindreading Quirk – or so Inko presumed. She knew it was obvious that she was nervous (with her breathing and all), but to know her concern for her son safety simply through a phone conversation... he's really a CIA.

"I can assure you, I see no reason whatsoever for drastic action. Just continue to be a law-abiding citizen and everything will be fine. As of now, all we want is to ensure your son's Quirk does not threaten the existence of humanity, the dominance of the United States, and, if possible, himself."

"Himself?" The mother slipped. She didn't want to say that out loud, but her concern for her son overwhelmed her sensibility.

"Your son possesses a very rare ability in the entirety of multiverse. I received basic info from the other V about it. The boy's Quirk allows him to travel to another universe, or dimension as some prefer to call it, nothing too advance... I assume. We still need more tests before we could be certain."
There's a pause.

"Now, you see, the risk here involves the, shall we say, scenarios. What if he got into a world where cyanide replaced oxygen? What if he comes home with a flower that turned out to be a carnivorous mind-controlling parasite? The consequence of using this Quirk carelessly can be lethal."

Inko's grip tightened around where her heart should be. Just when her son finally got his Quirk…

"C-can't you do anything to help him?" She stuttered. How could she not? This was the life — or death — of her son they were talking about.

"Hmm, we could always give him a Trotsky Treatment," V jested.

"Wh-what does that mean?"

"Move your son to Mexico, raise him for a few years under the protection of the United States, then have a Russian spy bash him to death with an ice axe…"

"…"

"…"

"…"

"... that was a joke."

"I am not laughing!" Inko shouted before covering her hand with her mouth in fear that she would wake her son.

"Still, what I mean with that joke is that we could take him off your hands if you want," 'Take him off your hands'? There's no way she would leave her son with these people. These people who would no doubt treat him like a tool to be used. "We could raise him to be a top quality—"

"No," Inko cut in, firm in her tone. There would be no compromise. She would not give away her son to these… monsters under any circumstance.

"Understood. We will have to work out the details of your son's Quirk later. For the next four years, I would request that you monitor him in our place." 'Monitor'... such inhumane way to say it, more so because it directed at her son. "He can use his Quirk if he wishes, no one can stop him, not even you when it come down to it; might as well let him test it out and told you about it."

So he was their lab-rat and she was the scientist now?

"I think we can give him some safe coordinates too, just in case he warps by accident or if he is curious about his Quirk. Either way, just visit this location - you should write this down."

Inko walked over to a drawer in the kitchen and pulled out a note. She penned down the address, word by word. After she finished, Mr. V bid his goodbye and hung up.

In her heart and mind, Inko could only dread the future.

The next day, Inko went to the intended location, leaving Izuku behind in case anything got ugly.

Her destination was a plain looking building; one-floor, painted white, a windowless building
located a good distance away from their home, just a few train stations away from Musutafu City.

As soon as she stepped through the door, she was greeted by the scene of any regular diner.

Multiple tables were placed to the right, occupied by very few people, and a counter located next to the open kitchen was to the left. One of the waiters, who looked almost identical to the cook with his short silver hair and facial structure, immediately came to greet her and led her to the back, saying there was a 'free table in the back.'

In the back was a crammed room with two office tables, littered with papers and writing utensils, and more than a dozen filing cabinets were arranged along the walls. There was also a black door on the opposite side of the entry which prominently contrasted the room's atmosphere.

Manning one of the tables and typing vigorously was an agent who was almost identical the waiter and the cook, with the only real difference being his lack of beard, sitting there. He lifted his face to receive them.

"Your papers, please," he said with both indifferent and authority clear in his voice. She presented the paper to him. He snatched it from her hand and quickly moved into another room behind the black door.

"This will take about five minutes," the waiter who had remained with her informed Inko. "Let us hope your son is worth the effort." When Inko asked for clarification, he went silent.

The agent soon returned without so much as a sound, handing her a folder before gesturing for them to leave. The waiter nodded before leading her out of the diner.

Once they were outside, he spoke again. "You can call us Mr. Eleven, all three of us. If there are immediate troubles with your son's Quirk, come to us. If someone threatens your family, come to us. If there are any… nuisances in need of… fixing, come to us," he gave her a grim expression. Inko caught on what he meant by 'nuisances' and 'fixing', her realization along with his shadow that loomed over her sunk Inko's heart to her feet.

"And if you want free food, come to us."

The sharp contrast managed to ease the Inko a bit, but she didn't get the chance to ask anything further as the waiter decided to leave, seemingly going back to his routine.

Inko could only stare as she was left to wonder what might the future hold for her and her son.

From that day onward, she would see the waiter, the cook, the agent, and a handful of identical looking men occasionally strolling around her house. She counted a total of eleven similar men including the three that worked in the diner.

As for the folder that was given to her, it contained an updated identification paper, a passport, and other such commodities for her son — there were even Green Cards and Visas to enter the United States for both of them; none of them had expiration dates. There were also two papers, filled with instructions.

One was for her, detailing the regulations related to the multiverse; such contraband and what was considered dangerous — unfortunately, it didn't make much sense to normal people like her (what is 'Prisoner's Honey' supposed to mean anyway?). In another section of the paper was a list of contacts in case of an emergency followed by a section containing several other tips that she should follow, but none of that was as prominent as the statement telling her to keep this whole thing a
secret to anyone but close friends and family members. If the knowledge of her son's Quirk somehow leaked, then the CIA were to be contacted immediately.

The other paper was for her son. It contained some basic instructions on things she didn't understand, and several sets of numbers, like '153.13,' '983.13,' '113,' '083.09,' and many more. She presumed these were the safe coordinates Mr. V mentioned.

All in all, their life didn't change too much. They just had to deal with eleven CIA agents snooping around from time to time.

So, the Midoriya's continued on as normal.

At least that's what appeared on the outside.

The seven-year-old Izuku, or 'Deku' as Katsuki Bakugou had taken to call him, put his pencil down on his homework. With his task done, he stretched his arms up in the air.

He had been thinking about gathering some Izukus together to help each other do homework for some time now; brainstorming could really ease all their workload. But that would require a lot of coordination and effort for it to happen; not to mention the difference in the nature of the separate universes, which in turn would affect their homework, that needed to be taken into account. For now though, he just put the book into his school backpack.

With his work done, it was time to do his most favorite thing during the weekend.

He climbed under his blanket and sunk into another dimension.

Izuku arrived on the other side to be greeted by space filled with stars.

'Dimension 101.01,' Izuku reminded himself within the midst of absolute nothingness.

Midoriya swam in the sea of anti-gravity above a ground of the grey rocky planet that was Earth. Throughout the years, he went to many dimensions, universes, worlds — or well, whatever the natives in those places liked to call them — that was marked as safe by Mr. V. This dimension was one of his favorites by far. Most of the others were similar to his own world, and he didn't want that right now. He needed to relax and relieve stress.

Kacchan had been rough lately. There hadn't even been a full-on fight, but it still hurt.

He shook off the thought.

He was here to relax.

Izuku thought of numbers, and of all dimensions he could visit. He thought of the many Quirks his counterparts possessed; their functions, how they were used, and their mechanics. Then he remembered that a good amount of his counterparts weren't born with Quirks. It made him sad, but it's not like he could give them Quirks.

Well, maybe not. Never say never with a power like his.

What really sucked about seeing the worlds where he didn't have a Quirk, was his mother. She always looked so sad; teary eyes, wrinkles caused by worry, stress eating.

He hated to see her like that.
A thought popped up in his head.

Maybe he could help cheer up one of his mother counterparts? He had to find the one that really needed him, but so far he had not encountered any of his mothers who needed his immediate presence.

Mr. V had warned him that jumping to any dimensions not on the list could be extremely risky, but he had also made it clear that he would not stop Izuku if it came down to it. If Izuku wished to jump, he was supposed to think of what he wanted to find at his destination, or else he might end up in a place he shouldn't be.

With his mindset, he swam back above the flag he'd planted to mark where his room was supposed to be before grabbing the blanket he'd left here as a means to get himself back.

'Oxygen, Monday-to-Sunday, H2O, Earth, Human…' his thoughts went on, listing the necessary components needed at his intended destination. Missing anything essential would mean he could end up somewhere undesirable.

Having no oxygen to breathe was not healthy.

When the last keyword was thought of, he wrapped himself in the fabric and disappeared.

Midoriya reappeared again in his empty room.

His first action here was to take out his phone and then open an app.

The app had no name, no logo, and wasn't even visible on the main screen. He tapped it, then tapped the 'Check-in' option on the main menu and received the number ('629', in this case) before putting the phone away.

It was a standard procedure whenever he went into another dimension, or else the local V might mistake him for some kind of inter-dimensional threat and he would commit, as the man himself had put it, 'Atrocious Actions At Affordable Price' on Izuku.

Izuku didn't want to know what that meant.

His eyes scanned the native-Izuku's room. The floor and furniture were covered by layers upon layers of dust, a few plants left in the room had already rotten, and he was pretty sure a spider had made its home in one corner of the ceiling.

Wailing crept into the ruined room. By the voice, it was no doubt a woman.

The boy swallowed a large lump down his throat. Even if he was as specific as possible, he might still have ended up somewhere he didn't want to be. Still, Izuku had to see if this was a failed jump or not.

He pushed the door open, readying himself for whatever that was on the other side.

It was a familiar living room of his apartment, but, like his bedroom, it was a mess. Dust, web combs, and the stench of rotten food and alcohol filled the apartment. The only light source in the room was sunlight peeking through the semi-closed curtains. On the sofa was a thin form lying on its back. The coffee table nearby hosted a mountain of beer cans.

'Don't tell me mom moved out,' Izuku thought. But then why would the furniture in his room still
be there if his mom wasn't?

With some courage, the green-haired boy called out, "Mom?"

The form stirred. Then came a murmur. As the shadow rose, he could make out their form — thin would indeed be the best way to describe them, feminine too.

"Who's there?" It called. It strangely wasn't threatening in tone, but more of a mix between disinterest and drunkenness.

"A-are you Inko Midoriya?" He asked, still shaking and ready to run if his mother wasn't here.

"That voice… no, that can't…" The shadow rushed toward his tiny form.

Izuku almost stumbled backward, but the approaching figure caught him by his cheeks with two hands. As the shadowed face drew closer, he finally realized who it was.

Inko Midoriya, his mother.

Pale, thin to the point that her cheekbones were visible, and tired to the point that the black rings around her eyes were the darkest he had ever seen among all the adults he had met.

"Izuku," his mother whispered, eyes wide with disbelief. "It's really you…" Silence ensued as his mother continued to caress his cheeks. Her once soft hands had become rough, hardened by whatever that brought her so low.

"No," she uttered and tear her hands away from her sons as the tear rolling down both her eyes. "No, this, this is just… just a hallucination. Yes, I drank too much again. Yes. Yes. That's it," she retreated back to the sofa. Her eyes had changed; Izuku could never imagine his mother looking at someone like that. They were so cold, so empty, so uncaring.

"B-but I am real, mom. I'm your son, Izuku," he tried to reassure her before realizing he was technically wrong. He was not her son, not truly, and by saying he was he might make this woman upset.

"No, no, you're not," Inko said and she dragged herself back to her sofa. She set herself down again.

Izuku's thoughts reeled. He needed to be careful of what came out of his mouth next. Whatever he was going to say would either make things better or worse. After careful consideration, he said, "You're right, I'm not your son."

"Ha, it's self-aware."

'It.' The fact that it was his own mother saying that to him was heart-wrenching, but he kept in mind that she was not herself right now.

"I may not be your son, but I'm still Izuku Midoriya and I'm here to help you." She seemed to ignore him, her arm covering her eyes. "I don't know what made you like this, but I'm real and I'm here to help."

Inko sat up and looked at him with a mixture of doubt and disbelief. She sighed.

"This is one hell of a hallucination. I'm gonna go take a bath and nap in my room. If you're real…" She pointed her index finger at him. In her eyes was rage, the kind that people who were frustrated
usually made. "... you better be here when I wake up."

Izuku nodded with a wide smile on his face. Inko got up and went into the bathroom. Izuku waited until she came out. He expected her to do something, but she only spared him a glance before going straight to her bedroom and slamming the door shut.

While a bit discouraged by his mother's behavior, Izuku was determined to help her.

That's what heroes do.

While she was sleeping, Izuku thought it would be best to try and clear the apartment up a bit, but only in the chores a kid his age could perform.

He reached for the light switch only to realize the light bulbs were dead. So instead he went to the window and pushed the curtains open to let some light in.

He used this chance to observe his neighborhood, only to realize nothing had changed at all.

'So, whatever happened only affected my mother.'

There was no more time to waste though. If he could only rely on the remaining sunlight, then Izuku would have to work quickly before the sun set, or else completing his tasks would be very difficult.

He began by clearing out the trash; mainly the beer cans, the rotten food, and the plastic plates all over the floor. Luckily, all the garbage bags, brooms, and mops were still where they supposed to be, but they had become dirty in their own right.

So, with time and a little patience, he managed to clean most of the apartment. The webs had to be left to his mother though. As he moved the garbage-filled bag toward the door, he kept in mind that he couldn't go out yet without facing the consequences should his mother see he was not there after she woke.

Then he remembered he had missed a can of trash in his room.

Inside the can was mostly the usual trash he found (beer cans and food plates), but something among them caught his eyes. A sheet of paper, not a simple receipt, but a full A4-sized piece of paper. He took it out before pouring the trash into the bag. Once he moved all the bags to the door, he turned his attention back to the paper.

The very first line already told him he was not going to like this.

'Certification of Death.'

That was when the boy began to realize what had gone wrong in his mother's life. He might be young, but he was brilliant for a kid, and it all pointed him towards only one possibility as to why this dreadful document was in his house and his counterpart was nowhere to be found.

But there was still hope. A hope that he was wrong.

That hope was shattered when he read the name of the deceased.

'Midoriya Izuku.'

And so he understood.
This was the universe where Izuku Midoriya had died.

His hands that were holding the paper began to shake.

His eyes widened.

His legs trembled.

His breath fastened.

His forehead sweated.

His heartbeat was so intense he thought it was going to burst through his chest.

He was… this was… death was not something he had experienced before in his young life, and the possibility of his own demise made him…

It made him…

He didn't even know how to describe it.

His thoughts were halted when he heard the sound of a door creaking open. No doubt it was his mother.

He rushed back to the living room.

His mother was already sitting on the sofa, somewhat still tired and dazed. She did not seem to notice Izuku. He seated himself beside her.

She gazed at the coffee table, now empty of cans and plates. She looked around the apartment in surprise before her gaze fell on Izuku, who gave her a nervous smile.

Inko’s breathing became heavier with each passing minute. She suddenly got up and went over to the cupboard. She took out a pack of light bulbs before proceeding to change every single light in the living room with such haste that Izuku was surprised she didn't have a speed related Quirk. All the while, she kept staring at Izuku every minute to make sure he was still there.

Once she changed all of them, she dragged herself over to the light switches and flipped them all. As soon as she realized that even with the light on and her son still didn't disappear, some kind of realization hit her.

She stepped toward him steadily. Her breathing became louder — more rapid — and each foot she planted seemed heavier than the last, as if she had just finished a marathon; though she certainly used up a lot of her energy changing light bulbs at that speed.

Once she reached the sofa, her hand cupped her son's cheeks. As rough as her hands were now, they were still warm. Tears flowed freely from her eyes. She only muttered one thing.

"I-I-Izu-Izuku?" Inko swallowed harshly. No turning back now.

"Yes, mom. It's fine now," he exhaled before offering his mother a smile. "Because I am here."

That was one of his favorite All Might quotes.

Inko wasted no more time and embraced her son as she sobbed.
As he returned the hug and kissed his mother on her cheek, Izuku thought to himself that everything here would be alright for his mother now.

Right?

Chapter End Notes

I will use about 5 chapters (including the first and this one with another filler chapter during training period) to warm up Izuku ability and personality a bit since this story is canon diverge. But rest assured, we will get to the canon plot soon.
The Grave Mistake

Chapter Summary

...and today he will be digging.

Chapter Notes

Nope, change of plan. The filler chapter during the ‘training arc’ will be replaced by an arc in canon moving up sooner for reason that you will eventually see. Might have a good amount of grammar mistake, my beta is busy until next month.

See the end of the chapter for more notes

"What's the answer to 4÷32?" Izuku asked.

"8," Izuku answered.

"I thought it was 0.125," Izuku argued.

"0.125? How can it be- oh right, the '4' come first," Izuku added.

"I see," Izuku abided.

The room they were in looked as if it came out of a Sci-Fi movie — with smooth, rounded edges on the furniture, holographic decorations, a high-tech door panel, and much more. If all of that wasn't enough, a viewport allowed a view of hundreds of towering buildings in the surrounding city — and queues upon queues of flying cars stretching beyond what the eyes could see. There were even some space cruisers visible higher up in the sky.

Sitting at various places in the room, each Izuku held a note in their hands as they calculated the question and wrote their answer before presenting them to the other to check if they were correct.

"What's the answer to question 32?" Izuku, the Traveller Izuku (our Izuku), asked the rest.

"I'm on that one. I think it's 53X," another Izuku answered. This one was an old friend to the Traveller Izuku. The first Izuku he had ever met when his Quirk manifested, the Opposite-Day Izuku. Unfortunately, he was the Quirkless.

"I think you might forget to factor in the 'y' behind 4." The Izukus who said that looked much alike to the previous two, only this 'Izuku' was a 'she.' Izumi Midoriya was her name. Her appearance remained the same as her male counterparts, though her hair was puffier, her body leaner, her face was softer, and, obviously, she had breasts. [1]

"Nice catch, fam," another Izumi said with outgoing tone. Comparing to the other Izumi, she had messier hair and a fuller figure.

"..." The last Izuku stared at his notebook before lifting his face up. "I believe that's all of our work
done."

That Izuku was the native of this dimension. Despite being at the same age as all of them, his
demeanor was much sterner and more mature than the other Izukus, not to mention he was also
Quirkless. Not that he was bothered by that.

"In that case, we have some time left then," the Traveller said as he checked on his phone's timer.

"How is life in your world?" the native Izuku directed that question at his fellow Quirkless Izuku.

"Oh, just… fine, I guess," the boy answered, scratching his head and trying to avoid eyes contact.

"Let me guess, Katsuko?" the Outgoing Izumi said as she checked her nails, uncaring that she used
the name of Katsuki's female counterpart. "Bitch has been acting up like she's having her period…
or was she actually on her period?" Izumi held her chin as she thought.

"... The more I see you, the less I can believe we are the same person," the Reserved Izumi said,
quite uncomfortable to see herself spoke in such a way.

"Back to the topic at hand, has Katsuki been bothering you?" The native asked.

"Isn't the topic is how is life on his part?" The Traveller Izuku pointed out.

"Don't nitpick," the native Midoriya replied coldly.

As for the Opposite-Day Izuku, he fidgeted his fingers. "W-well, Kacchan is always rough so-
"

"Yup, Katsuko's being an ass again," the Outgoing Izumi predicted. From the reaction of the
Opposite-Day Izuku – swinging his arms wildly and stuttering - the assumption seemed to be
correct. The native Izuku frowned.

"I could not comprehend why you would not fight back or at least attempt to tell the adults," the
native stated.

"He is a gifted kid in that dimension," the Traveller Izuku told him. "In most dimensions, actually."

"That does not excuse-"

He was cut off when his mother opened the door.

"Honey, Grand Admiral Toshinori just called. He said he wants to see you at the Headquarters," she said while peeking her head into the room. "Any of you want cookies?" All four Izuku raised
their hands. "Alright, I will be right back."

With that Inko retreated back to the living room.

"Well, sorry to cut the conversation short, but I have to go now. I will see you all next Friday." He
took out his uniform from the closet. It was composed of a white military tunic, a black pair of
military pants, and a standard military cap, [2] before he stepped out of the room.

"...Nazis," the Reserved Izumi muttered, with a hint of distaste.

"I can hear that," the Stern Izuku shouted from the other room. "At least humanity has a place in
the galaxy… and no Jew is harmed in the process," he added with a joke.

"I-I think he has a point. I mean, they are in a space age here. The government needs to have some
"power," the Opposite-Day Izuku voiced his opinion.

"'Some,' yes, but this world is just outright fascistic. Not only did the state have total control over the people, they also…"

As two of his counterparts began a debate on the government of this dimension, the Outgoing Izumi started checking out the native's magazines. Midoriya himself simply looked out the window and couldn't help but be fascinated by the technological level of this world and the history that allowed for it all to happen.

In this world, Quirks had been with humanity since humans had come into existence. Because of that, society had become much more chaotic since the ancient time. For that reason, people were more susceptible to the authoritarian model of governing — believing that a strong government was required to keep order.

The government — the monarchy and chiefdom made up of people with extremely strong Quirks — also want more control with less possibility of betrayal and challenge. For that purpose, they employed the Quirkless, thinking they were the weakest and the easiest to control; often assigning the Quirkless to positions of power and other important posts.

That was their mistake.

As the centuries went on, it became apparent that the Quirkless had begun to take over as the head of state, not by fighting harder, but smarter. They would stick together regardless of race and nationality, and helped to push a Quirkless in another state to become a leader before consolidating their assets and repeating the same process again and again. By the 13th century (surprisingly, this world still used the same calendar as his world, with Jesus, interestingly, being Quirkless), the Quirkless had took over and united the world.

None who were Quirked dared to challenge them, mostly due to the fear of what would happen if all authorities on Earth would collapse.

And so, this world's development had led up to this point. Traveller wouldn't say the nature of this world was all sunshine and smiles though. The Quirkless were practically aristocrats in all but name. Still, he had seemed a real dystopian reality once; this place was not going to top that.

Izuku's phone sent off an alarm.

"It's time?" Opposite-Day asked.

"Yes, but I think we can at least stay for the cookies first," the Traveller told them.

"Fine by me," Outgoing Izumi chirped.

They migrated out of the bedroom and into the living room where they settled for cookies and milk in silence. After that, it was time to say goodbye.

"So, same time next Friday?" the Opposite-Day Izuku asked. The Traveller nodded.

"It will be at another dimension though, since native won't be here next week."

"Alright, I’ll see you guys later then," the Reserved Izumi said before stepping under the blanket and disappearing into her home dimension. The other two followed suit.

As it turned out, he didn't really need to hold the object to turn it into a gateway, only being within
3 meters radius was enough. Izuku was not going home yet, however.

There was somewhere else he had to visit first.

Izuku teleported to his room, a rather barren one with no furniture aside from his bed. He chirpily got out of bed and opened the door to the living room. He was sure to put on a big smile on his face before going in.

"Hi, mom!"

"Oh, hi sweetie!" His mother greeted, and she rushed in to give her son a tight embrace. "You didn't tell me you'd be visiting."

This was the mother he had come to help a year ago.

At first, it was surreal to her. Having the spitting image of her dead son come from another dimension to help her cope with her loss. As time went on, however, she slowly accepted him and pulled her life together, for his sake.

Izuku's plan to help her recover was simple. He came to visit her regularly until she could start living without him, or maybe even remarry. His father disappeared completely in this dimension.

He had also learned the truth of what happened to this world Izuku.

The Bakugou family had decided to go on a hiking trip one day, and they had invited the Midoriya's. Izuku of this universe decided to go while his mother declined, but an accident occurred, which resulted in the death of the Bakugou and himself.

"I just thought I should check up on you," Izuku answered, and kissed her on the cheek.

"Well, since you are here, would you like something to eat?" Inko offered.

Her recovery was remarkable. Just a year ago, she was very thin due to a lack of food and exercise — not to mention how she had coped with her grief using alcohol. It's all behind her now. Now she looked almost like his own mother, only more tired because she had to work to provide for herself and to pay back some debt she accumulated during her down years.

"No thanks. I know you still have some financial troubles."

His mother frowned. "It's not that bad, I can still afford to feed my son." His mother pouted playfully. "Still, if you say so."

Inko lifted him up; carrying him in her arms over to the sofa, where she sat down with Izuku on her lap. She embraced him again.

"So how was your day, honey?"

"Just got my other selves to help doing homework, and I helped them in return too!" He exclaimed as he returned the hug.

"That is nice, sweetie," her voice was so soft and soothing to the ears; almost angelic to listen to. Izuku remembered when she used to sing to him when he was younger.

An urge suddenly presented itself in the boy's heart. He wanted to hear his mother sing a song, one in particular.
"Mom…" he hesitated. Should he really ask his mother to sing? He was already eight and it wasn't even a typical lullaby.

"Yes, honey?"

"Could you you… sing 'Peace Sign' like you used to?" Oh dear, he couldn't believe that he actually asked his own mother to sing that for him.

"Oh my, you really like that song, huh?" His mother asked with a curious smile. Izuku could only nod while blushing. "Alright then," she held him close to her chest and slowly rocked him in her arms.

She began to hum the early non-vocal part.

"When the plane flew above, so close to us, I don't know why I remember that so dearly~." The original song was very upbeat, but his mother, with her soft voice, sang it like a lullaby to put a kid to sleep.

"In the night I cried so helplessly, I wished for strength to come to me, and I was looking for the courage I needed~" He felt his mother's arms tightening.

"If this cruel fate~ is decided~ and it come to confront me someday~." Izuku didn't know why, but the face of Mr. V came to his mind. It didn't matter though, he closed his eyes.

"In that moment, that moment, as long as I can breathe~. Nothing will matters, as long as I shouted, what my heart says…"

The song halted. At first, Izuku thought his mother forgot the lyrics, it had been a while since she sang after all. However, as time went on with no voice came from her, he opened his eyes to check on her. [3]

The sight he beheld would haunt him for the rest of his life.

Those eyes — her eyes — looked so empty.

It was as if she didn't look at him like her son… No, she didn't see him at all. There seemed to be a shadow looming over her eyes, almost like she was possessed by something. The way she looked at him pierce his heart, then, then pierced it again, and again, and again, and again, and again, until he felt like his heart and soul were only filled with holes. [4]

Izuku could only watch on, paralyzed with fear as he watched the woman he called mother looked at him in such… such…

"M-mommy?" His fear had turned into tears by the time he finally managed to mutter that out.

His voice startled his mother and she seemed to regain her former self; but the memory of what had just transpired was still there. Her lips trembled as she looked at her cowering son. When she saw the tears about to leak from his eyes, she let her own tears flow.

"Oh, my baby! I am so sorry!" She pulled him into a tight hug. "I-I didn't mean it," she said between her sobbing.

Izuku gathered his thoughts and replied, "I-it's okay, mom. You're just tried that i-is all."

In his heart, he knew that wasn't it.
"J-just go home for today, okay? I-I, Mommy needs a little time with herself," Inko tried to force her lips into a smile. It only served to make Izuku worry more about his mother.

"A-alright," Izuku said, and steadily made his way toward his room. He kept gazing back at his mother to see if she was really okay, and each time she just waved and smiled with tearful eyes. Before he shut the door to his room, he looked back one last time to see his mother breaking down into sobs.

Izuku hugged himself. He didn't know what to do. How could he know what was wrong with her if she didn't — wouldn't — tell him? Would she allowed him to help? He simply didn't know.

With no other choices, the only thing the boy could do was heed his mother's words; and so he returned to his dimension.

"Alright, everything seems to be in order."

"Thank you, Doctor Ferdinand," Izuku said and hopped off the chair inside the androgynous doctor's consultation room.

The CIA had chosen for Doctor Ferdinand to be posted at Izuku's usual hospital. Izuku didn't know much about him besides that he had received a Ph.D. in geology, not medicine, and that he really like dinosaur. How this man had qualified as a medical professional, Izuku had no idea, but the good doctor had never failed to analyze Izuku's symptoms — and he always handed out the right pills.

It had been a week now since the incident with his mother in another dimension. He had kept it a secret from his native mother, of course; she was very worried about him as it was, so there was no need to add more burdens to her shoulders.

Today, though, Izuku decided to visit her after his check-up with the doctor. It was time to see if she had cooled down.

He met up with his native mother in the lobby. After paying for his medical bill, they returned home. The journey back was uneventful, but Izuku wouldn't complain about something as trivial as that. He would rather keep a steady mind before meeting his other mother again after what had happened.

Once Izuku was inside their home, he — after doing his chores — went into his room and hopped straight in to another dimension, with the hopes of seeing his other mother recovered.

Izuku had hopped into a familiar room. He rushed out the door with a bright smile on his face, prepared to greet his mother.

"Hey, mom!" He shouted, but no reply came.

He looked around and spotted his mother laying on the couch. Izuku went over to inspect her. She was sleeping with a smile on her face. Izuku's beaming grin expanded even further. He always loved it when his mother smiled.

He moved back into his room to find something to occupy himself with until his mother woke up. Using his phone, modified to have interdimensional access, he looked up online articles from
different universes, checked on his other selves, and any other sites that would kill his time.

Yet after a few hours had passed, Izuku started to feel something. He felt a sense of worry, and there was a rancid tang of fear in his mouth. What was this dread in the air he was feeling? He decided his mother he had taken her nap for too long, and that if she continued she wouldn't get a proper rest tonight.

He walked back into the living and went over to the sleeping body of his mother.

"Mommy, it's time to wake up," he said and began to shake her arm gently to rouse her into waking.

Yet there were no responses of any kind. As he continued to shake her, Izuku finally noticed that something was off about his mother. Her chest didn't rise and fall, her arms and legs were too still, and her skin… it was very, very cold.

Now Izuku understood that his mother was not well. He needed to call an ambulance.

Before he could reach for the phone, however, he saw something on the table. A note with his name on it.

Despite the urgency to call for help, Izuku couldn't control himself. He reached for the note.

'Izuku. If you are reading this then it means I am already dead.'

Izuku's whole world turned into nothingness. For that moment, he could hear nothing, feel nothing — not even his heartbeat — and see nothing. Nothing save for the accursed note in his hand.

'I am sorry. I am so sorry. My baby boy, I am so sorry. I know you are trying to help, I know you are doing your best. But I can't, I couldn't, I can't see you and move on. Every time I see you, it's a reminder that you are not him. You're my son, but you're not my son. It's agonising. I hoped that one day you would stop visiting and let me sink back, back into the dark and rot like I should, but you keep coming back. And the last time you visited, I could barely control myself; you're not him.

I don't know what to do, I don't even know what I will do. I don't want to hurt you, not your kind-heart or your body if I ever snap again. So I… decided to go. I calculated the time you normally come to visit and decided on the day, then the method.

I didn't want you to see me hanging from the ceiling; I want you to forget me not having the image of me burning into your brain. So I overdosed myself with some drugs; it's quick, clean, and you don't have to see anything too disturbing.

Please forget about me and move on sweetie. I will already be dead before you find me. This is just the inevitable conclusion. But you gave me a few more happy moments to remember, and that's more than enough. Please, forget about me and... become the hero you have always hoped, no, meant to be. Do it for me.

I am sorry. I am not strong enough. I couldn't bear the thought that you're not him; please forgive me and then forget me.

I love you, always.

Goodbye, my dear, forever.'

Izuku's hands trembled. He gasped, trying to take in more and more ear with each breath and trying
to calm down. It didn't work. He turned to the lifeless body of his mother.

"Mom! Wake up!" Izuku shook her again, with more force this time. "Please wake up! This is a joke, right?! A prank, right?!” The dead did not answer, for they could not.

Izuku continued to shake her body, unaware that tears had begun rolling down his face in extreme quantities. His signal to stop came when his mother's arm slipped off the couch and hung over the edge of the cushions like it was nothing but a lifeless piece of meat.

Izuku backed away quickly and then collapsed onto his knee. He turned his face to the ceiling, mouth opening wide — and though he tried to command his jaw shut they simply did not.

There was no sound, no sobbing, no sniffing. Izuku didn't know what to do. He wanted to scream, to cry, to do anything, anything that would bring his mother back, but… there was nothing he could do. And when that realization truly hit him, he finally let out the full force of his lament.

"MOTHER!"

When Izuku's ability to think returned, the first thing he realized was that he had curled up next to his deceased mother in some kind of embrace. There was no warmth to be had, only the coldness of a corpse.

He slowly, and very carefully, moved away from the embrace. He felt no more fresh tears up on his face, only dry trails that left him feeling dirty. He also felt his throat burning. He also felt a faint burning in his throat. He had probably continued screaming for a while then. He couldn't care less if the neighbours had heard him at that point.

He looked at his mother's lifeless body. If he had left it here, Mr. V would proceed with the unusual cremation for people who come in contact with the multiverse; they were disintegrated in a plasma generator. Izuku couldn't allow that.

Izuku remembered one dimension. It was an Earth with nothing but open-fields and hills. The sea and air were clean, and there were no hostile animals in sight.

Yes, yes that place would do perfectly.

He went to get the blanket from his room and covered his mother in it. Once the blanket became flat, he knew his mother had already been sent to the intended destination.

If he had bothered to look in the mirror before he left, he would be startled but the sheer emptiness and lack of care that was in his eyes. One could easily mistake it for malicious intent, but it was not. It was simply… emptiness.

Izuku followed his mother into another dimension.

On the other side was a green open-field that went on as far as the eyes could see. The breeze was light and warm, and the setting Sun was a sight to behold. All of it passed over Izuku with no effect.

His hand reached into his blanket and pulled out a shovel. His alternate self who owned it would be furious, but he didn't care.

With that, he set to his grim task with a blank expression and autonomous arms.
His task was done once the Sun was gone from the sky. The grave he had dug should be deep enough to be able to bear his mother. With careful planning and the little strength in his arms, he managed to lower her into the grave.

Izuku went behind the pile of dirt that he had dug up and, using the shovel, replaced the soil back on top of the grave. While considered to be an unconventional method of burying, Izuku simply couldn't bear to look at his mother's face as she was consumed by the earth — he simply couldn't.

Once he was sure that the dirt had covered most of Inko's body, he switched to a more normal way of burying, by scooping up the dirt from the pile and dump them into the grave instead of trying to push the pile into the grave.

After an hour, his task was done. No, there was one more thing.

He reached into his blanket again and pulled out a wooden board, a paintbrush, and a small can of white paint. He dipped the brush into the can and wrote onto the board; 'Inko Midoriya. A loving mother.'

He then planted the makeshift tomb marker on the grave.

With his task done, he observed his handiwork one last time. It was at this moment that Izuku felt like he had recovered a bit of his emotion, because he could feel a small trail of tears as they leaked from his already reddened eyes.

"Goodbye, mother," he rasped, throat too sore to speak properly, before warping away.

Chapter End Notes

We aren’t seeing the end of this yet, stay tuned.

[1] There’s an official art of female Izuku, so I use that as a model.
[2] Imagine something along the line of Grand Admiral Thrawn’s, or The Empire’s Grand Admiral’s in general, outfit from Star Wars. In fact, one of the inspiration for this Izuku is Thrawn and a few other.
[3] I would credit the translator of the song, but I combine several sources to make the song fit context more so can’t really pinpoint anyone.
[4] Imagine it like Todoroki’s mother when she snapped.
'Goddamit, Deku' was a phrase Bakugou had been thinking a lot lately.

It had started about a week ago, when that damn Deku had come to school looking… dead.

He wouldn't respond to anyone. He always looked into the distance as if he was trying to find something. Worst of all, he had been avoiding his own mother. When someone asked Deku what was wrong, he looked right through them as if they — and anything in general — didn't exist. Everyone tried to get the truth out of him, even Inko, but no one had succeeded so far.

A day ago, Inko came to him, asking with teary eyes to find out what was the cause behind what had put Deku being in such a state

So that's why on this day, Katsuki decided to take the damn Deku over to the shallow river near the neighborhood.

Katsuki decided he would talk with Deku first, and if that didn't work, then threats would. If that failed, then Katuski considered using force. There's no excuse in making one's mother cry, especially if that said one had been thinking about becoming a hero.

He threw a stone and watched as it skipped on the water surface before finally sunk. Sitting beside him was Deku, hugging his leg and hiding his face away.

"So, are you gonna fucking tell anyone why you act like a zombie?"

No answer.

Well, there's goes the soft method. Katsuki knew it wouldn't work.

"Look, Deku. It's none of my fucking concern if you're going start acting like you didn't exist, it's not actually that far off from what you are." No response; basic provocation wasn't working either. He needed something with a sharper edge. "But worrying your teachers and your own mother isn't
something a fucking hero would do."

Izuku seemed to stir a bit. Katsuki waited. He was sure he'd broke into Deku's inner shell now.

He was wrong. That green haired bastard just took a deep breath and remained the same.

Katsuki was pissed.

He got up and grabbed Deku by the collar and yanked him up to face him.

He had always hated this about Deku, the fucking useless Deku with a teleportation Quirk that he absolutely refused to use — as if he didn't have a Quirk. Yet, despite hating or neglecting his own Quirk, this fucker kept insisting on becoming a hero.

That really pissed Katsuki off, and now that's this shitty nerd had started acting less like a hero, Katsuki could add another to the list of why he hated Deku.

The face Izuku made when he was forced out his shell was one of hollow surprise. Bakugou wasn't done with insulting Izuku yet; he would result to force as the last resort in this situation. After all, it was Inko's request for Katsuki to come and talk to Deku.

Wait… that was it! Deku always listened to his mother. Katsuki could use that. If this shitty nerd really was really going to be a hero, and not some hypocrite who kept yelling they wanted to save the world then this should do the trick.

"Do you know why I'm wasting my fucking time that I could spend training to be a hero to talk with you, loser? Because your mom asked me to." Izuku stirred again. "She was almost crying when she asked me to help find out what is wrong with you. So fucking tell me, what's suddenly made you go blank?" Katsuki's tone was uncharacteristically cold. He would refrain from being over the top and using his Quirk today.

After a few more minutes of stillness between the two — all the while Deku continued to avoid looking eye-to-eye with Katsuki — the green haired boy started to shake with a sound quiet sobbing.

'Ugh, of course,' Bakugou almost sighed out loud at how much of a crybaby Izuku was.

"M-mom, she-she," that caught Bakugou's attention. Finally Izuku had spoke and what this about Inko? "Sh-she, I-I I couldn't save her."

Katsuki raised one of his eyebrows. "What the hell do you mean by that? The last I saw her she was fine."

Izuku contemplated his next move. Should he tell Kacchan? If he did then the whole Bakugou family would no doubt be dragged along with them into the CIA's watchlist. But… if he didn't tell… what was going to happen next?

The internalisation of Izuku's grief didn't seem to end. Each time he woke up in the morning he expected its effect to disappear or at least lessen, but it didn't. The image of his own mother smiling in her death still haunted him; it was burned into his brain, and if it kept going like this even Izuku wouldn't what would become of him.

Because how could he save others if he couldn't even save himself?

Izuku didn't see any alternatives, none at all. So with a deep breath of finality, he began to explain
to Kacchan about his situation.

His explanation started slowly, from the truth that he was hiding the nature of his Quirk and the problem with the CIA. It was a bit fast but judging from Katsuki's silence he appeared to be absorbing this information well enough.

Now for the hard part.

Izuku began telling his tales of his desire to help his mother in an alternate universe, and how it had ended in tragedy.

By the end, Katsuki was left silence and Izuku was reduced to tears at the recounting of his failure.

For Bakugou's part, it was hard to swallow, but... he actually believed the shitty nerd.

As damn impossible as this story was, Katsuki's gut never failed to guide him true if a person was lying, or if they were telling the truth — and this time his gut instinct said truth.

Plus, it would make a hell of a lot of sense. Quirks that allowed you to move between two places — by being between two objects — weren't usual. However, Quirks that could teleport were, in general, very rare. From Katsuki's own observations, there were many logical flaws with Izuku's 'Quirk'. The delay in the time from where Deku emerged was inconsistent, and he could pull stuff out of the 'gateway' despite being simple teleport. There were many more flaws that Katsuki was too tired to count.

But now it all made sense. This wasn't exactly a teleportation Quirk. It was something else, something on another level, something that he felt like it was... beyond him... and more.

So Katsuki could only sit down beside Izuku and take in all the information he was just given. This was quite an eye-opener for him; the multiverse was a real thing. Katsuki felt an urge to be angry at Deku for lying to him all these years, but the reason for his lie was justified as much as Bakugou hate to admit it. Being watched by CIA was not something anyone wanted, but judging from the nerd's mental state, he really needed to get this off his chest.

"T-the worst was," Izuku said between hiccups. "I-I cou-cou...tndn't do anything. I am useless. I cou-cou...tndn't do... any..."

The sobbing had stopped. Katsuki turned his full attention back to Midoriya. Despite the tears staining cheeks, the blond could see the inner machinations of the green haired boy's mind spinning.

"I-I can make it right." On the once sad face of Izuku was now a small, tried, and hopeful smile. "I can fix this! I figure it out!" Izuku said and grabbed Katsuki by the shoulders.

"What the heck are you talking about?" Bakugou asked, quieter than his usual volume.

"I-I can fix this, I figure out a way."

"H-how? Your mother in that dimension is dead. How could you possibly..." Katsuki stopped when he remembered some details from the nerd's explanation of his Quirk.

'I have thousands of my selves that I make contact with, each has their own unique Quirks...'

'Don't tell me one of them has a Quirk that can fix this,' Katsuki thought.
"I- Yes, I think I got it... but I..." Izuku trailed off before looking straight into Bakugou's eyes. "I need your help." Katsuki was about to open his mouth to say something, but Izuku cut him off. "I know this is a lot to take in and that you probably don't want anything to do with me, but please! Please Kach- no, please Katsuki."

The way Deku said his real name, it sent a chill down his spine. "Please help me help her. I couldn't do this alone."

There was a desperation in Izuku's eyes, plea for help, a cry of hopeless, a scream for a hero.

He was looking at Katsuki for that hero. Nothing needed to be said, Katsuki knew what he had to do.

That night at around one in the morning, Izuku appeared in front of his apartment without a sound. A few minutes later, Katsuki ran up to him. The two talked for a bit before Izuku warped them away with his blanket.

The two were unaware of an observer, floating with the aid of an umbrella high above the spot where they used to be.

A man in a black trench coat and a skull-like mask took out his phone before dialling his boss' number.

"This is Agent Blackmore, we have a problem." The muffled noise his phone produced was a response from the other side. "Case 1. He's bringing another person into another dimension."

Agent Blackmore waited for the other side to reply. "Understood, Mr. V. I will- wait."

Both Katsuki and Izuku suddenly reappeared where they had left. The two nodded solemnly before went back home.

"He's back. Next course of action, Mr. V?" The agent waited for his order. He received them a few seconds later. "Very well, I will record this as Case 5; meddling with multiverse and time stream."

Mr. V's prediction was not wrong, in fact, it was a perfect calculation of what had transpired. The event that happened within a few minutes from Blackmore's perspective actually took a course of over an entire week and three days in the multiverse, or rather two weeks and six days.

"Let me repeat that. We're going to one of your selves who has a Quirk that can control time, will make him sent us back a week and three days before Inko killed herself, and then you're going to send me to get another one of your selves that has lost Inko and bring him over to your mom. All so she would have a real son again and to stop her from killing herself in the first place, am I correct?" Katsuki repeated the convoluted plan as he was floating over the No-Gravity Earth.

"Yes," Izuku said with a half-hearted smile.

"And... why do I have to go get him? And what about you? What are you going to do?"

"I have to check on mom. I am not sure when will she... you know. I need to make sure of that and prepare for you on the other side. You have to be the one to get him. If it was me I... I don't think if he would come."

Katsuki nodded. A frown seemed to stick on his face at this point.
"So, is everything clear now?" Izuku asked.

"Yup, let's get going," the explosive blonde said. Izuku nodded in response before warping them away.

They reappeared in Izuku's bedroom, where another Izuku who was sleeping. The sleeping Izuku stirred at the commotion the two made.

"Wha, huh," the native Izuku got up before rubbing his eyes. Upon seeing who it was, he lifted an eyebrow. "What are you doing here at this time of day? And why are you bring Kacchan here as well? And is that my or your Kacchan?" The native Izuku questioned in his dizzy state.

"No time to explain. Please send us back a week and three days from now," Midoriya requested.

"Sure," the native answered.

Katsuki didn't know what he was expecting, but he found himself a bit disappointed over this whole situation. Maybe he wanted the native to bargain a bit, or at least being reluctant; he didn't know why.

The native extended his hand before turning his palm counter-clockwise. Everything around the two began to blur, like a tape that was being played backwards.

First, the sunrise from the west then fell on the east. Everything that moved, did so in reverse; books fell and then went back to their place on the shelves, the chair at the desk was pulled in before out, and the birds outside flew backwards.

Everything came to a halt. It was night time again and the native Izuku was sleeping like nothing had happened.

The Traveller Midoriya motioned for Katsuki not to speak before warping them away, ignoring the native who, despite curious at the request, decided to continue his slumber. At least he shouldn't have too much problem sleeping since it was still night time.

They had arrived back at the No-Gravity world. Izuku extended his hand to Katsuki.

"Grab my hand, the next step is going to be… dazzling." Bakugou lifted an eyebrow but did as Izuku told him. Midoriya held Katsuki's hand tightly before warping again.

The next thing they remembered was a bright stream of multi-colored light passing over their heads, below them, and all around them. It was so bright they couldn't see a thing, but Izuku was used to this. They felt a force pushing at them. Literally, the force pushed and pulled at the two boys. They felt their whole bodies flattened and stretched into impossibilities as the force kept on coming.

Finally, Izuku warped them away. Katsuki wasn't sure if they'd make it out of the multi-colored light whole.

Katsuki was panting, that experience was too much for the first timer. Eventually, he couldn't take it and vomit against the wall. Izuku stroked his back and tried to ease the pain.

"...what the fuck was that?" The blonde asked.

"That was a dimension where you will be transported to where you want to be in another
"dimension," Izuku explain.

"Wha-wh-how?"

Izuku shrugged, "It's their law. Trying to understand it is like asking if tomorrow is real; it's there, but don't bother thinking too much."

"Whose law?" Katsuki asked.

"The universe." Izuku lifted an eyebrow as if he was expected Katsuki to know that answer.

Bakugou just shook his head, both at the boy's new strange demeanor and to try and regain his own composure. "Where the heck are we anyway?"

"Kisho's Orphanage."

Katsuki froze. Whatever he was going to do or speak next was halted.

"...Isn't that?" He turned around from the wall and received a nod. "And you are in there?" He nodded again. Katsuki's face became paler.

"A good amount of my alternate selves are Quirkless."

Kisho's Orphanage, the orphanage exclusive for Quirkless children. Bakugou suddenly felt sick to his stomach.

Kisho's Orphanage was a place to protect the Quirkless from the Quirked. A place that reminded anyone that discrimination in their society is very much real. A place that reminded people that no one was created equal, and it was the grimmest of reminders to society that the world wasn't becoming a better place just because Quirks had become common. Kisho's Orphanage was a reminder to Bakugou that humans would forever be a shitty species no matter what.

He shook those thoughts off. He would fix these issues the first chance he got when he became the number one hero.

"Alright, what do I do here?" Katsuki asked for instruction.

"Get in there and get the native Izuku out. He's in Room 4. One of his roommates got adopted yesterday, so there will only be two other people in the room beside him." Bakugou was genuinely surprised. Adopted? Who would adopt a Quirkless kid? "One of his roommates is a deep sleeper and the other doesn't have very good ears. You've got three hours. Get him then go to Musutafu Station. I will meet up with you there."

Katsuki acknowledged Izuku's words with a nod as a reply, before turning toward the gate.

"Good luck, and Katsuki?" Katsuki turned to face Izuku. "He may want you to be his childhood friend, but what he really needs is a hero."

Katsuki gave a puzzled look, however Izuku disappeared into his blanket before Bakugou could ask what he meant by that.

The explosive boy dismissed the statement for a moment and turned around to stare at the gate as if it would just open itself for him.

"Alright, let's see how I can get in."
'Well, that was easy,' Bakugou, now inside the orphanage, thought.

There was very little security beyond the wall and a few cameras here and there. Nothing someone like him couldn't handle.

Katsuki walked quietly through the orphanage hallway. It was a fairly normal place, no different from a regular nursery, yet he still couldn't understand why he felt so... wrong.

He stopped in front of the door with a sign 'Room 4.' His hand reached for the doorknob before he carefully twisted it to create as little sound as possible.

Inside was two sets of bunk beds. It wasn't hard to spot a messy pile of green hair at the lower bunk on the left, but to be sure he checked other beds before finally approached Izuku's. The blonde lightly tabbed the native Izuku's head. The Quirkless boy stirred. He rubbed his eyes before turning around to see who it was. Once he saw Katsuki, his expression went blank.

"Hey," Katsuki whispered.

Katsuki immediately noticed as Izuku's lips began to tremble. He didn't need to guess that the nerd was going to cry. He put his hand over Izuku's mouth.

"Shut it, Deku. You'll wake them up!," Bakugou pointed at the upper beds. Izuku nodded. "Now follow me."

They sneaked out of the room. It wasn't much of a 'grand escape' Bakugou had hoped for, but neither of them was stupid enough to get caught, so it was of no surprise.

Once they were outside of the main building, Katsuki turned to Izuku.

"We can speak now but keep it down." He noticed Izuku was examining him up and down. "The hell are you doing?" He asked, half-annoyed, half-curious.

"Y-you're real," the green haired boy was still stunned. "Y-you're a real Kacchan, right? N-not someone's tricks on me, right?" Izuku asked.

There was a smile of desperate hope on the native Izuku's face; it pleaded for Bakugou's answer, so that was what Katsuki did.

"Of course I'm real, Deku. Who else would be calling you fucking 'Deku'?!" That was a legitimate answer, no one here should know that nickname name beyond him and Midoriya.

In a blink of an eye, Midoriya threw himself into Katsuki for an embrace. This seemed to startle the blond; he was almost half-minded to push him away, but felt like he shouldn't when he heard the freckled boy sobbing. In fact, he was half-minded to return the hug, but he couldn't because of some kind of... instinct, for the lack of better word, that was flaring in his brain.

"I-I thought I'd lost you forever, Kacchan," Izuku said in-between his sobbing.

Katsuki knew he shouldn't, but his curiosity got the better of him; he had to know what happened to him in this universe.

"What happened to me?" He asked while gently pried Deku from him.

"T-there was a villain," Izuku wiped away his tear as he retold the story. "He was targeting you. They told me his Quirk allowed him to possess someone, so he wanted a person with a strong
Quirk. Your mom and dad, they-they try to stall him and... and," Izuku swallowed hard, but Katsuki simply put his hand up; signalling Izuku to stop.

For the first time, Katsuki was the one avoiding looking Izuku in the eyes.

His own parents, they were good people. Despite his mom's hot temper and his dad's timid nature, he always loved them and they loved him, regardless of the strange way they all showed it. He didn't need to guess this part of the story, and he might need to rethink how to show affection toward his parents.

"Did I run?" Izuku shook his head. Katsuki closed his eyes and mentally sighed in relief; he wouldn't forgive him, in this universe at least, if he ran away while his parents died protecting him.

"What happens next?"

Izuku face fell, "M-my mom."

'Oh god, no' Katsuki thought as his eyes widen.

"S-she tried to help y-your parents b-but she, she-" Izuku halted when Katsuki put a hand on his shoulder. The firmness of the grip, it was more than any words. "I-I am sorry, even I c-couldn't."

"You?"

Katsuki was shocked. Did this Quirkless Deku jump in to help as well? Then how did he make it out?

"How did you make it out?"

"H-he cut my leg and tossed me aside."

"Y-your leg?" Katsuki had to contain himself from shouting.

"W-well, more of an ankle really," Izuku met Bakugou with teary eyes and lifted his pant to show the prosthetic foot and ankle. Katsuki's mouth hung agape.

It was his fault, his own goddamn fault. His parents, Inko, even the bloody Deku had to either die or get hurt for him. He was supposed to be the hero, goddammit.

"A-after that the villain tried to possess you, but you ran into the street and th-there was a car coming in," there was a pause. "Neither you or the villain survived."

Great, no big showdown, no mutual suicide, no hero coming in to rescue, just a good old car accident that put a stop to the villain and ended his life. If Katsuki had any doubt he was feeling down before, he was now outright depressed. Still, he had a job to do.

"Alright," he said, more quiet than usual. "Let's go, Deku."

"G-go where?"

"I will explain on the way, just follow me."

This was going to be a long night.

Chapter End Notes
A/N: At first, I was thinking of making this in one chapter, but it turns out to be too long so I split it into two. Sorry about that.
Beyond

Izuku sat across from Inko.

He always considered the living room of their apartment to be of moderate size, yet his mother always complained that the room was too small. Now he was inclined to agree, mainly because of her gaze; no matter how many years it had been his mother always had a way of making him felt small.

The older woman sighed out loud.

"So you know."

Their previous conversation was about the obvious topic. Inko remained as cordial and loving as always throughout his explanation. Once he finished though, there was a sense of proudness, regret, and what was best described as resignation on her face.

"You come back in time to stop me?" Izuku nodded. Inko smiled back in return. "With this kind of power, you would make a great hero, Izuku."

"W-what now?" Izuku didn't how to take it from here. Sure, he knew he had to pick up Kacchan and his alternate self, but that part was after his mother agreed to the plan. If she agreed. He hoped she agreed.

"Now? You should just go home and let the event take its course."

Izuku couldn't believe his own ears. His own mother just told him to go away while she killed herself. Well, not in that exact wording, but if you took in the context that was exactly what it meant.

"B-but I-I am here to fix this! I have another Izuku on the way, he can live with you and." Inko cut him off when she held up her right hand.

"...You would really make for a wonderful hero Izuku. You tried to help even when others don't want it or ask for it." There was an impossible smile on Inko's face. The boy didn't think it was
possible, but it was a smile that blended proudness, sadness, and annoyance together all at once. "But I don't think you get the point, honey." She took a sip for her tea before continuing. "The reason I kill myself-"

"Will kill yourself-"

"Honey, please. I taught you better than to interrupt someone while they are speaking." That silenced Izuku, for now.

"I'll kill myself because I realize that you are not my son." The pain from those words was visible on the boy’s face. "I am sorry, honey, but there is no better way of putting it. You are my son, but not my son. I am sorry to have said that, I really am, but I can teach you a thing or two about reality that your world's Inko is probably unwilling to teach. Consider this to be one of them. There's just some things in life you can never replace." Inko's eyes didn't leave her reflection on the tea's surface as she spoke.

Izuku didn't know what to do, he simply didn't. With his mind struggling to comprehend what Inko had told him, he could only repeat what he had already said.

"I have one of myself, he-" Inko cut him off by slamming her teacup down.

"Izuku, don't you get it? The more I see you the more I was reminded that you're not him. Do you how much that breaks my heart?"

"And why can't I or any of the Izuku replaced him?" Izuku questioned quietly, but the mother was used to hearing her quiet son.

"Am I really hearing this from you?" Inko said in disbelief. "Izuku, if your own mother dies, do you think can just go into another dimension and live with another Inko, and things will return to normal?"

"No," Izuku muttered, but he was reminded of something. "But I have already seen you dead, haven't I?" Izuku glanced up. His mother grimaced.

Inko gave a long sigh before rubbing her temples.

"I really fucked you up, didn't I?" Inko was careful not to use bad language, but she was almost at the limit of her own sanity.

"...we are getting off the topic." Izuku's face lit up with a tentative smile. "I want to help you-"

His mother held her hand up again, "Honey… just stop this and go home. Forget about me and live like we never met." Now it was his mother who was acting like a child, pretending this could just end like that. Now Izuku was getting upset.

"And you think… I can live like this?" His mother previous resignation was replaced by renewed concern as she looked at her son. Something new had crept into Izuku's mind; it was something that Inko had seen before in her own mirror. Despair.

"If you can barely live with yourself after I die, then how do you think I can after seeing you die?"

Izuku grabbed his head with both his hands as he faced the table. Inko bit her lower lip. Guilt was writ upon her face, but she had suffered far longer than he had, and she would escape it with
whatever means she could.

"Then think about that and imagine you have to live with it for three years; think about how it-"

"I should just jump off the building then," Izuku cut her off. This completely threw the mother off. "If you can't stand it then how can I? Just please…" A smile had found itself onto the boy's face.

'No,' Inko thought. 'Oh, god no.'

"...take me with you."

What happened next was a blur as far as Inko could remember, but afterward, she found herself hugging the a crying Izuku on the floor. She could feel tears on her cheek as well. Now 'fuck him up' was an understatement. She had, by every definition, broke him.

"I am sorry, Izuku. I am just… so tired," Both of them were silent for a few moments. "This is what I was afraid of. I don't know what I will do to you while I am like this… but it's too late for that now, isn't it?"

"...I am sorry. I don't know what comes over me," the young boy apologized.

"Despair." His mother parted from their hug and looked him in the eyes. "It is something I have to fight every morning I wake up too."

"How do you make it stop?"

Inko opened her mouth, but then closed it. She did not know the answer to that. After all, she couldn't stop it either.

"I don't know," the mother answered honestly.

Another silence fell between the two of them. This time though, there was one thing both of them could hear; their heartbeat. The sound gave both of them comfort, remembering and knowing that both of them were still alive; still there together as a family.

Both of them wished to stay like this forever in an embrace and the warmth of a family, but it was not meant to last. In a heart-wrenching moment, Inko pulled away.

"About this plan of yours," she said before trailing off. With a long inhale, she spoke again, "I am… willing to give it a shot. I will try to make it work and maybe… I can think of him as a real son." Izuku nodded while wiping away the remaining tear in his eyes. A small smile found itself onto Izuku's face, Inko returned one in kind. "You go along now, I need to start packing."

"Packing?"

"Yes. I am not staying here. There are too many memories, not to mention the neighbors will definitely freak out seeing a dead boy alive again," Inko answered.

Izuku nodded. "I will be back," he said before warping away, determined more than ever to see his plan through.

He went back into the Dimension of Light-Speed Travel [1] and let it carry him to his destination. He appeared right outside Musutafu Station in the dimension he had dropped Bakugou in.

Now to pick up Bakugou and his alternat-
All his thoughts stopped when light blinded him from the left. In that very few split seconds his eyes managed to recover, he turned to see a truck coming in at high speed.

Once it collided with him, nothing remained of the boy but his shoes and feet.

Katsuki sat beside alternate Deku on a bench of the train station. They had arrived at the Musutafu Station for a while now, but, much to Katsuki's dismay, his fellow conspirator had not arrived yet.

The explosive boy was getting anxious, an uncommon feeling for him.

What the hell was wrong with him? He was just being a hero. Why did he feel uncomfortable? Why did he feel so wrong? Why was he felt so angry… more than usual?

Katsuki thought and thought, but he couldn't figure out the answer off the top of his head.

"So umm… how was myself in another universe?" The alternate Deku suddenly asked up.

Katsuki slowly turned his head toward Deku. He resisted an urge to shout or yell and answered like any normal person would.

"The usual," he answered before he slumped back in his seat.

"Oh… I see."

The silence fell over the two. Now Katsuki was pondering why he must resist some kind of urge to yell at the green haired boy; for anyone else, he'd just remember not to yell and then he would speak normally, but not Deku. Why?

"Kacchan," Deku spoke up again. "I am… sorry." This caused Katsuki to face the boy. "Back then if only I could do something more you wouldn't be…" His old friend became silent as tears began to roll down his eyes.

Katsuki felt two pyres of conflict fighting it out within his heart. One pyre told him to comfort the crying boy as any decent hero, no, a decent human being would, but the other, it told him to ignore the crying mess in front of him and turned his face away while he pretended Deku didn't exist.

"You must have hate now, right? I couldn't even save you even though I told you I want to be a hero," Izuku said in defeat, but his word triggered something in the blond.

Hate.

Hate.

That's the word. Hate.

It rang inside Katsuki's mind. Hate.

That was the answer he was looking for. Hate.

He hated Deku. That's why he couldn't bring himself to comfort his old friend. This was why he was reluctant to help his Deku with this problem, that's why he couldn't just tell the green haired boy 'he did everything he could' or other such encouragements, that's why he'd severed all friendship with his world's Deku, and that's why… that's why…

Katsuki took a deep breath. If Deku wasn't busy sobbing, he could see how Katsuki aged right
there and then. This revelation of his inner self was not what Katsuki wanted. He knew he didn't like Deku, but *hate* him? That was too far even for him, and he didn't even realize it.

Hate is not a quality of a hero.

True heroes did not discriminate against who they helped. That's what All Might said, and if there's a person on this planet - well his planet - he would listen to unconditionally, it's All Might.

When this revelation came to light, Katsuki knew what he must do. He placed his hand on top the crying boy's head and gently ruffled his… friend's messy green hair. The hand surprised his friend.

"It's… all right now. Because," he paused, biting back the urge to stop all of this and let things go back to the way they were, but he would not let his hate win over him. "Because I am here." For the first time in years, Katsuki gave Dek- Izuku a smile. It was a bit forced, but it was a smile nevertheless.

The alternate Izuku jumped in to embrace his old and renewed friend, and let his tears stain against Katsuki's shirt.

The explosive boy wondered though, when did he foster this hatred? When he truly looked back, he couldn't see a moment when Izuku did something to invoke such strong negative emotion. Or… had it evolved from something else? Other negative emotions? Then when was he-

Oh, he remembered now.

All those years ago, at the stream they were crossing. He fell down, Izuku offered his hand, and something inside Katsuki triggered. That was heroic of Izuku, too heroic. He supposed he was afraid of being beaten, to look like he was the one being helped by the hero and not the hero himself. From that little moment, he let fear creep into his heart and said fear turned into hatred.

That was stupid and unworthy of him; unworthy of the one wanting to be a hero.

Still, his road to get rid of this hatred would take time, for now he would just try to comfort this world's Izuku and wondered if his Izuku would ever arrive at all with how long he took.

Izuku couldn't believe it. Now? Here? Is this how he would die? Road kill? Just like that?

He had heard that things slowed down when a person was about to die; some intellectuals argued for it, some against it, but now he's experiencing it first hand and he must say that thing did slow down, but just enough to give him time to think.

There must be a way out. There must be something to get him out of this situation.

The truck was coming in at about eighty-kilometers per-hour. It was about seventy centimeters away from him.

There was no way he could jump away. The truck's front was too wide; it would still hit and broke his lower body. There was not enough room for him to dodge underneath it neither there was time for him to pull out his blanket either.

This was bad, this was really bad, he was running out of options.

Wait, could he… use the truck as a warping gateway?

Since he got his Quirk, he never tried one-object teleport before. This was due to his fear of what
would happen if things went wrong. However, now when he thought back, it was just a restriction he put upon himself.

Not to mention the way he believed his Quirk worked came from his mother's theory several years ago. Maybe he didn't need two objects, maybe he just needed one or maybe the air was enough to be the second object.

Well, no used wondering now, only hope that his mother was wrong.

Izuku focused and kept his eyes open. He couldn't close his eyes or look away from the incoming vehicle. He must not lose concentration on the gateway object.

He felt his surroundings to become lighter and more… liquid, for the lack of proper word, like whenever he used his Quirk. From there, he felt his body less and less until he believed he didn't possess a body. That was a signal that he was ready.

Like a knife, the vehicle edged closer and closer with each millisecond that passed, yet he did not flinch. By all means he was afraid, but Izuku had seen his own demise before. When one conquered death or the prospect of death, fear would become something very manageable.

The metallic front of the truck was a few millimeters away from his eyes. A Nissan car logo was the last thing he saw.

The scene switched. He was greeted by a very much familiar neighborhood only without a truck, which meant…

Izuku immediately set on examining himself, seeing if there was anything missing or damaged. The only thing he found missing were his feet.

They were gone, yet he still felt that they were there. There was no pain, no blood, nothing. It was as if his feet were still with him, but he couldn't see it. Maybe they were there, but he just… left them in another universe? As weird as that sounded, Izuku believed that was the case.

The green haired boy focused on his missing feet and, sure enough, they slowly returned to him – warping into existence. Once the pair were complete, he inspected them just to be sure he got everything back.

Izuku could not begin to describe how relieved and curious he was; relief that he had survived that truck, and curious at what this discovery could lead to.

If he only needed one object as a gateway to warp and he could warp parts of his body without consequence, then it could mean he was immune to every form of physical attack as long as he focused.

Izuku shook his head. This wasn't the time for evaluating his Quirk. He had a job to do.

This one-object warping needed more testing and now he could not afford to risk his life, not with so many people's lives on the line. With that, he used his blanket to warp away to fix his mistake.

Inko was waiting patiently outside of her apartment building. She had finished packing the necessary item and had left the letter in the landlord office about her departure.

It was about a quarter to five in the morning now. Izuku was taking his time to get his alternate self.
When thinking of her son, she couldn't help, but she couldn't help but smile. Such a brave and selfless boy, insisting on helping regardless of the situation. He would grow up to be such a wonderful hero; just imagining it made Inko want to cry. It's a shame she wouldn't be there on the day he became a full fledge hero.

"Mom!" A call came from the horizon. Inko turned around to see Izuku – dressed differently from his previous visit – was running up to her. Once he reached her, he threw himself at her for an embrace. "I missed you! I missed you, mom!" Izuku cried into her chest.

Inko returned the hug, but remained confused at his change in demeanor. That was until she looked to the horizon he came from. There, she saw another Izuku giving her a smile with a very much alive Katsuki beside him, watching both of them.

Upon seeing this, Inko returned a smile and simply nodded. There was no need for words.

"I missed you too, honey," she replied to the crying Izuku.

Inko picked up her son. No more denial, no more mourning. This was now her Izuku, her son. She carried the boy with her, intending to go off to find a new life somewhere she wasn't haunted by memories.

She looked over to Izuku and Katsuki one last time. They were waving at her, Izuku had tears running down from his eyes while Katsuki just gave her a wry smile.

Inko walked on without turning back, resolute to put this all behind her. No goodbye, no final words, it was time for her to fully move on.

Back with Izuku and Katsuki, they kept waving until Inko was out of sight. Once she was gone, both of them looked at each other.

Something in their eyes had changed. Izuku could see new calmness inside of Bakugou, a self-awareness of his wrathful arrogance and a new will to control them for the sake of heroics. Katsuki saw in Izuku a flame, not renewed or ignited, but a flame that had survived a blizzard yet flickered on; not weakly, but intensified with the drive and the need to do what had to be done

In this one single night, both of them had grown. Their path to becoming heroes was never more bright.

Izuku was startled from his slumber by the doorbell ringing.

He slowly got up into a sitting position before rubbing his eyes. All the thing that happened last night... it almost like a fever dream, but he knew it was not.

The bell rang again, snapping him out of his thoughts. He looked over at the clock to discover that this was eight in the morning, which mean he certainly didn't get much sleep. If he remembered correctly this was Saturday, the day his mother would be out shopping for groceries and left him alone.

The green haired boy guessed he would be the one answering the door.

Izuku made his way out of his room and to the front of his apartment. He looked through the peephole to see who was at the door. The sight of the man on the other side shocked Izuku enough for him to stumble backwards and collapse onto the floor.
This man shouldn't be here, he was supposed to be aboard. There was no way this was a coincidence, especially after last night. Izuku had been warned about doing something disruptive in the multiverse, and bring someone to live in another was certainly disruptive.

There was no dodging this. They already knew where he lived. He should just open this door and face the consequences of his actions. So, with a deep breathe he turned the doorknob and pushed the door open.

"G-good morning, Mr. V," Izuku greeted the blond American.

"Good morning," V said humorlessly. "Mr. Midoriya."

Chapter End Notes

I feel like writing something else as of late. That is why this chapter comes a bit late, I got a lot of distraction. I have been working on original work, you see, nothing too special, but I plan to post it online when I feel like I can set my schedule straight. Don't worry, this story will receive an update once a month unless I said otherwise.

[1] It's the dimension that(s) filled with light that takes you to your intended destination in the last chapter. This is now its name.

[2] Do you know how dangerous it is to open the car's fog lights when there's no fog? That damn thing can blind anyone up close, if you drive regularly you probably know this.
The Daily Life

Chapter Summary

...and today will be another normal day.

Chapter Notes

A/N: I would like to make it clear that it's my full intention to keep a reader in the dark of Izuku's full power as much as in-universe characters. We can see some of his actions, we can see some of the assets he amassed during the time-skip from eight to fourteenth, and we can see parts of his personality that change, but never the full extent of what our dear Izuku has to offer.

By the way, there will be some cameos in this chapter of other MHA's stories, I will list them at the end note.

See the end of the chapter for more notes

An average day for Izuku Midoriya usually started with him, now fourteen years old, appearing from his bedroom ten minutes after it had turned six.

Today was Friday, meaning he would be the one making breakfast.

Inko kept insisting that he didn't have too, but Izuku countered that he wanted to cook, and that was enough to convince his loving mother.

Izuku thought he should cook something simple for this morning; green eggs and ham would do. Absurd as it sounded, he actually had the actual green eggs and ham straight out of Dr. Seuss's book, or rather the dimension where the characters and items of the good doctor existed.

Izuku reached for the upper cupboard. Once the lid was opened, he was greeted by eggs, lots and lots of them. Two eggs the size of the footballs, a few pouches with eggs inside, and two tall stacks of egg containers, each varying in size. He started reading the name tag to find what he wanted. He could never keep tabs on everything he owned -- there were simply too much.

'Let's see, Dodo's eggs, Harpie's eggs, Holy Eggs, and... Ah! Here it is, Green egg.' He took the package out of the cupboard and laid it on the counter.

Izuku went over to the fridge and pulled the machine's door open. He reached for a Tupperware on the third level, sitting next to a jar filled with eyeballs that followed his hand as it reached for the plastic container.

'Hmm, there should be more food, something healthy too,' Izuku thought.

He pulled on the fridge's drawer to look over items he had available. He decided to pick up a teal
colored fruit.

'Mint Mango will do.'

Izuku went back to the counter and began preparing the meal. He cooked the two green hams in the oven. While waiting for the ham, he cracked the green eggs and let its green yoke and mildly green 'white' make contact with the pan surface, creating a delicious sound of egg clashing against the hot pan.

After the eggs were done, he picked up a knife and sliced the Mint Mango into halves – one for him, the other for his mother - and placing each half of the fruit on two plates.

Izuku slid the eggs from the pan onto their own plates with care, especially those he would serve to his mother. After that, he pulled the green hams out of the oven and sprinkled them with a pinch of Zee Salt before laying them on the plate next to the green eggs and the fruit.

As if right on cue, his mother came out of her room.

"Good morning, sweetie," Inko greeted.

"Morning, mom. Sleep well?"

"Oh yes, I had a dream you graduated from a university with First-class honors! Also, a bear drives us to the ceremony and there's a Mexican selling Whiskey while doing Slav Squat..."

"Just First-class, huh?" Izuku smirked.

"Oh come on now, you don't even need to have a degree for me to love you." His mother reassured.

At that remark, Izuku walked up to his mother and gave her a hug, "Thanks, mom." Inko returned the hug. "Well, the breakfast is ready. We better eat before it gets cold."

"You know," Inko spoke up as they seated themselves at the table. "We don't have to take turns making breakfast and dinner. I could just cook them all myself."

"Well, mom, as I said before, there are so many of your alternate selves that are stress eating. It's unhealthy. I won't let my own mother do that to herself." True to Izuku's word, his mother's figure remained largely average, neither overweight nor thin. Izuku always did everything to the best of his ability to ensure the wellbeing of his mother and other Inkos throughout the multiverse.

"Oh come on now, it isn't like I have anything to stress about."

"Dad called." At that, Inko went wild.

"WHAT!? REALLY?! OH. MY. GOODNESS! WHATAMISUPPOSETODEOHEDIDN'TCALL-"

"Nah, I lied." That caused Inko to abruptly stop her frantic mumbling. There was a huge smirk on Izuku's face. "But now you see what I mean."

"That was uncalled for, young man." His mother almost screamed at him while blushing like a tomato.

"I know," Izuku said bluntly.

"...Is this a revenge for that talk we had about condom(s)?"
"...Let's just eat before the food gets cold."

The meal was eaten in silence partially because of the previous conversation, but also because it's rude to talk at the table. After that Izuku took a shower and readied himself for school.

Before he left, he gave his mother a goodbye kiss on the cheek and she did the same.

'Always say your goodbyes,' Izuku thought as he departed.

Izuku stretched his arms up in the air as the lunch bell rang across the school. Katsuki, who was seating in front of him, turn his head around and faced Izuku.

"Main?" The blond asked.

"Main," Izuku replied with a nod.

Katsuki returned the nod before got up and went over to his two friends.

"So are you eating with Izuku today?" One of his two friends/lackeys asked.

"Nah," Katsuki replied bluntly.

"You know," another of the two asked up. "You always acting so weird around him."

"The hell is that supposed to mean?" The explosive teen asked back.

"Well, you always act like you didn't even know him, but you go eat with him from time to time," the one who first asked the question began pointing out.

"Yeah, but even then you didn't say a single word to him. It's like you decide to stick around him for no reason," the other of the two added. "Then there was that rumor about Iki High…"

Katsuki just stared at them, neither angry or annoyed, just blank.

"You know what. I am not dealing with this. You dipshits just come with me to the cafeteria or whatever," Katsuki walked off, causing his lackeys to quickly follow without any more questions.

As for Izuku, who had heard the whole thing despite being several tables away, he just chuckled to himself. Those two had no idea about the true extent of his power.

Still, he should thank Katsuki for both keeping his secret a, well, secret and keeping his alternate selves company. After all, with how busy he was, Izuku simply couldn't attend school by himself all the time. His other selves though, they made for a perfect substitute and Katsuki certainly helped to keep them informed about what to do.

'Well, time for lunch,' Izuku thought. He walked to the back of the class and into the wall where he disappeared.

Izuku reappeared in a parking lot in the middle of the void. Several vehicles were parking in the lot; a Toyota, a Jaguar, a futuristic BMW, an old steam-powered car, a pirate ship, a T-34 tank, a
rocket with 'Apollo 12' written on it, and so on and so forth. Connected to the parking lot was a
designed building with windows for the wall, a bright red roof, and a towering neon sign that
said 'Timeless Diner' on top of the building. All-in-all, a very 50s American drive-in diner.

On his way toward the diner, he spotted an unmistakable figure.

"Ah, Hello, Sir George Washington," Izuku greeted the wig-wearing, axe-wielding, first President
of the United State.

"Ah, greetings Mister Midoriya. Haven't seen you for quite some time," the president greeted the
boy.

"Ah, yeah, I was kind of busy studying. The school I'm aiming for have pretty high standards.

"Yes, that's good. Education is very important. A student will become a citizen one day, and a good
student usually makes a good citizen."

"Usually, sir?" Izuku questioned.

"Look at those Loyalists during the American Revolution and tell me if they are good citizens,
Mister Midoriya," George pointed out.

"I see, umm, by the way, sir, is Queen Mary on kitchen duty today?" Izuku asked. She was the
whole damn reason he came to eat here today instead of free food anywhere else.

"Ah, I see you come here for her 'Bloody Mary Pie' as well. Yes, she is in the kitchen today, but
you better hurry, King Richard the Lionheart with his Templars, and Sultan Saladin with his
Mamluk just come in about ten minutes ago for the same reason as you are."

"A-ah, I see then I will not take any more of your time. Good day Mister President," Izuku quickly
bid his goodbye and hurried into the diner.

True to the President's word, half the diner is occupied by the heavily armored warriors from the
Third Crusade. Normally, there would be some kind of tension if two opposing forces in history
were present in the diner at the same time, but instead, everyone was happily munching on their
dark crimson pies.

Izuku strode over the checker patterned floor and seated himself on the counter stool between Sun
Tzu and Simón Bolívar, who were also eating their pies.

"Zdravstvuj, Izuku," Queen Catherine the Great came to take his order. "Let me guess, Bloody
Mary Pie." Izuku simply nodded. "Got it. Fifteen minutes, dear, Mary's got her hands tied with all
the orders." The sound of a pig squealing in agony suddenly boomed from the kitchen, but no one
seemed to care; meat had to come from somewhere after all. The Queen of Russia walked away
and left Izuku to his own device.

Izuku decided that with nothing better to do, he just took out his phone and began surfing the
Multiversenet. Still, he overheard a table behind him, filled with Knight Templar, ordering.

"What will you take, gentlemen?" Dido, the Queen of Carthage, asked.

The Crusaders looked at each other before one of them spoke.

"We will take Jerusalem!"
Dido wrote it down. "Alright, no pies for you gents then," the queen said and walked away.

The other Templars of the same table looked at their peers who had given the answer. He slowly shrugged, but before he could finish one of his brethren punched him in the face with the sound of metal crashing rang across the diner. No one paid it any mind.

Izuku chuckled at the whole scene before going back to surfing Multivernet. He didn't notice when Simón got up and left, with a new occupant came to take his seat.

"I see that you are not above acting like 23rd-century teenager, Mister Midoriya," the new occupant greeted Izuku. [1]

The green haired boy turned to greet him. The new occupant was a man with sleek black hair wearing a lab coat with a brown vest, white shirt, and black tie underneath.

"Ah, good afternoon, Professor Paradox," Izuku offered the scientist a smile. Professor Paradox simply returned the smile. "Here for the pie?"

"Of course, why else would I be here?" The Professor replied.

"Are you still traveling through time to save the universe, professor?"

"Now that's a good question. Maybe I come from the far future where I have stopped doing that, or maybe I come from before I start saving the universe. Hmm, maybe you could help me figure it out," Paradox offered his riddle.

Izuku held his chin for a few seconds. "Well, ever since I met you, you have always trying to save the universe from all sort of colossal threats. So, for you to know me, it must be after you started saving the universe, right?"

"Technically correct answer, but cosmically wrong," the Professor explained. "I can know anyone long before they came into existence, Izuku. Sometimes the future dictates the past and I can know of something that will happen two million years from now and still think of it as yesterday; that's how complex the timestream is."


The two continued to discuss the topics related to cosmic functionalities and realities. That was until Izuku's pie arrived and the boy excused himself from the conversation. 'Bloody Mary Pie was the bloodiest food in the history of Britain – and maybe the world – though Vlad's 'Impaled' Barbeque was contesting for the title. When he was done with his food, the lunch break back in his world was almost over.

"I'm sorry, Professor, but I have to go. The lunchtime is almost over."

"Never use 'time' and 'over' in the same sentence here, Izuku," Professor Paradox said, an amused smile on his face.

"Well, I will see you around, Professor." Izuku left the money on the counter before running toward the diner's door and disappearing into it.

"Hard to imagine the universe just decided to give a kid that much power," Catherine remarked as she brought Paradox's pie over.

"Yes," the time-travel scientist replied.
And it is hard to imagine he wasn't corrupted by their ideals yet,' the Professor thought. He dreaded as he recalled who was watching over the boy.

The final bell rang across the school. The students got up and started to pack their things away. It was not until about half the students in the room had left though that Izuku would finally decide to leave

He simply got up and walked into the wall.

"I'll never get used to him doing that," one of the few students reminded in the class spoke to her group.

"Yeah, that's one unique Quirk," another girl in the group commented.

"Remember that rumor about Ike High?" The last girl in the group spoke up.

"The one where those thugs went after him after losing to Bakugou in a fight?"

"Yeah, I mean, most people didn't even know Bakugou is close to Midoriya," one girl commented.

"Isn't the highlight of the rumor was that Midoriya made those thugs crippled for life? Three lost both their arms, two lost their legs, one become blind, and the leader lost arms, legs, and eyes?"

"Yeah, I went camping with a senior who told it as a horror story; didn't think it was the same Midoriya. Then she added a part about Midoriya was actually a dimension-jumping demon."

"Ha, she was probably drugged."

"Well, she'd already chucked down twelve cans of beer when she told the story."

The girls continued their conversation, all the while Bakugou, who had also gathered up his things, resisted an urge to give a dry chuckle to the girls' conversation. If only they knew.

Still about the Ike incident…

Well, let's just say Bakugou became extra careful about his surroundings whenever he was with Izuku ever since that incident. As much as he hated those ‘trashes’, Midoriya had almost, by every definition of hero, overstepped his bounds during that incident, and if he hadn't been there to stop him…

Katsuki tried to shake the thoughts from his head, he didn't want to think about it. Still, deep in his mind, he could hope that if the day ever came when Midoriya almost crossed the line, then he could only hope that Izuku remembered that he had -- and Katsuki hoped he still has -- the dream of becoming a hero.

There's a thin line between hero, vigilante, villain, and executioner.

In an office located beyond space, where even Death could not reach, where Time ignored, and where Life could not see, Izuku appeared from the front door.
Mr. V, who was reading a file, lifted his head up to receive the boy.
"You're early today," he said.

"I got a plan for today, so I want to get this done quicker than usual," Izuku informed as he walked up to the blond's table.

"I see. Well, here's your task for today," V simply slammed the file he was reading onto the table. "You have the debt of two million dollars left. Get to work."

The debt. The price of his consequence from helping his mother all those years ago. Frankly, he had expected something else much harsher, but when he thought about it these people were a government of the United State, not villains doing a shakedown (though a lot of people will say otherwise, which is also fair). So he supposed he could provide them with his service.

Besides, it was a blessing in disguise, but he had no time to reminisce on working for the CIA when he actually had to do that said work. Izuku could see the light at the end of the tunnel now. From five billion dollars as his initial debt down to two million dollars. It was almost over now, and then he could finally focus on what important to him...

Izuku took the sizable stack of papers held together with a paperclip. He knew only the first few pages were really relevant. Izuku just read the synopsis on the first page as he headed toward the door.

'Dimension 25-2011. Location: The Sprawl, also known as Titan Station; a civilian space station built on the remains of Saturn's moon, Titan. Objective: Recover the advanced minion technology, while gathering data, technological blueprints, and items that could be of value to the multiverse.'

Izuku stepped into the door and reappeared back inside his room.

'Resistance: Damaged station caused hazardous environment, including vacuum zone and fire. The station is infested with reanimated and mutated corpses called 'Necromorphs.' Note: Please wear psychic protection gear while on the station as there is an ancient artifact that could drive a person insane.'

Izuku read for a few more pages before decided that it was enough. He changed from his school uniform into something akin to hiking gear with a backpack and some extra protection, such as kneecaps and shoulder pauldrons.

'Psychic protection gear, eh?'

The green haired boy went over to the drawer below his closet. He dragged the drawer out and examined a collection of amulets neatly arranged into sections.

"Let's see. Amulet of Talos, Sith Amulet, The Holy Nail, Amulet of Kaela Mensha Khaine, and… Ah! Here it is! The Gloom Prism." Izuku picked out a lime green octagonal crystal that emitted a green glow. It was bound by two small rods that in turn connected to a black chain."

Izuku opened the closet before taking out and donning his all-purpose cloak; he'd thought about a cape first, but he saw more functionalities in the cloak and decided to wear them instead.

The green haired boy checked everything one last time then remember he forgot the most important thing about this trip. He needed a weapon, and he knew just the thing.

He knelt beside his bed and dragged out a black container. He put in a password, placed his thumb
down for a finger scan, and then lifted it to his eye level to let the eye scanner do its job.

The container unlocked with a click. A hissing sound followed as the lid slowly opened itself.

Izuku extended his hand and firmly held the grip of the item. In a few seconds, the automated voice said from the item.

"Identifying, please stand by… Midoriya Izuku. Granting full access. Lawgiver is at your disposal."

Izuku appeared in a corridor. Blood was splattered everywhere; on the floor, on the metallic walls, and on the viewport that showed the entirety of the space station being engulfed in pure chaos and fire with Saturn

There were some bodies, mutilated and shredded, scattered around the area, but they seemed to blend into the background along with the blood, human organs, and the flaring red alarm.

Izuku went to examine each of the bodies. If he, the Main Izuku, appeared here then the native Izuku must be around, but, considering the situation, he assumed the worst.

Izuku approached the final body in the area. Upon closer inspection, however, he discovered it was 'bodies', with a larger body holding and a smaller one against its chest. That made him pause. As he peered his eyes to get a better vision, he saw a streak of green amid the crimson ichor.

Izuku closed his eyes in consolation. He hoped it was a quick death. He took off his cloak and threw them it over the bodies before finally approaching them. He simply couldn't bear to see their terror up close.

Just to be sure he was right, he took out a DNA Identifier; a small device with a slot to put the sample inside it. He used a vial to scoop some of the blood from the ground and locked the vial into the socket. The identifier run for a few seconds before the screen displayed the name of the deceased.

'Midoriya Inko.'

If this was the case then the smaller body was no doubt him. Izuku sighed and took out a note. He flipped through a few pages before stopping at a page filled with tally/hash marks. Atop of the page read 'Death Toll: Inko Midoriya.' Izuku sighed again and added another mark.

Izuku flipped the pages again, then stopped at another similar page, but this one was already full, every space was filled by tally marks. He flipped to the neighboring page where the marks only took up half the page. He added one more, crossing over four other marks.

'That would be the ninety-third mark for mom and two-hundredth for me…' Izuku thought, though his face remained unflinching at the fact of his own or his mother's demise.

He got down on one knee and clapped his hand together before quietly chanting the prayer, at first Buddhist, then Christian, and then other chants that most humans in his world had never heard of. Religion may be in decline in the age of Quirks, but in the multiverse, it was still rife and alive, as gods competed for domain and power. Plus he had met Jesus and Buddha before. It's hard not to worship someone like them.
As Izuku prayed on, switching from one chant to another, a shadow stalked him from the vent above. It crawled its misshapen, misbegotten form along the steel vent, leaving a trail of blood that once belonged to a human who owned this body.

It reached a position behind Izuku, inside a broken vent right behind him. It acted fast and leaped at the green haired boy.

Then phased through him and landed on the other side.

In its confusion, Izuku was allowed an opportunity to gaze at this monster, this creature, this Necromorph.

The thing before him barely resembled a human at this point. Its lower jaw was functional but was dislocated out of the socket with fangs the size of kitchen knives replacing the teeth. The legs were gone, severed or morphed into its scorpion-like bone tail. The spine had grown to the point that it poked out of his skin. The only recognizable aspect of it was the arms that still resembled that of human, however, the way it used them like animals used their legs had destroyed that recognizability.

The grotesque creature made it recovery and turned back to face Izuku, ready for another leap. Izuku made a preparation of his own, reaching for an item sitting in his holster. As the Necromorph leaped, Izuku aimed his weapon at his foe.

In his palm was a handgun; blocky, black, glossy, and about the size of his arm - despite that, it was as light as a football and could be easily drawn. It had standard function sight, grip, and barrel with two magazine slots, one in the grip as standard and one in the lower front, both were already loaded. The only truly unusual feature was a blue digital readout in the left side of the gun.

Izuku took aim with one hand, aiming right into the creature's head. He pulled the trigger just as the Necromorph was a few inches away from the gun.

Upon contact with the bullet, the creature's head exploded into a crimson shower of gore, blood, bone splinter, and brain-matters, none of which stained Izuku as they phased right through him.

Instead of going still, however, it simply staggered and retreated back into the vent.

"AP shot," Izuku said.

"Roger," his weapon replied in an autonomous voice.

He aimed just above the entry the creature made and shot. A shriek followed and Izuku saw a shadow fall past the vent entry and down further into the station.

The sound of screaming, shrieking, moaning, and bellowing started to echo all around him. Some voices were like a wailing of a humans in pain, while some were like an animal seeking its prey.

'Maybe I should have used the silencer.'

Izuku quickly sent the bodies of himself and his mother away before redonning his cloak. He unloaded the current front magazine before loading in another one.

"Energy Cartridge installed. Switching to energy mode." The Lawgiver made some noise before Izuku heard a confirmation that it was ready.

"Rapid mode," Izuku commanded.
"Roger," his weapon obliged.

'I'm not trapped in here with them.' Izuku saw misshapen shadows looming over the corner of the corridor. 'They're trapped in here with me!' With that, he took aim and prepared to mow down the hoard. [2]

'Dammit, I am late,' Izuku thought as he teleported away from the space station, leaving a long trail of slaughtered Necromorph as he departed. He got everything he needed; he would sort them out later.

He reappeared in a green field with a clear blue sky overhead, and miles upon miles of tombstone stretching as far as the eyes could see; the rows only broken by occasional towering monoliths that seemed to be inscribed by letters.

Izuku turned away from the grim, yet serene scenery and came face to face with a huge two-stories mansion. The boy wasted no time and casually strolled toward the mansion.

On his way, he passed a tombstone with the name 'Midoriya Inko' marked onto it. Izuku paused for a moment to pay his respect and moved on.

Once at the door, Izuku pulled out a key and jabbed it into the keyhole before twisting it. He pushed the door opened and was greeted by one of the residences.

"Ah, good evening, Main, sir," a person greeted him.

He had a hunched-back and a misshapen face, somewhat reminiscing to Quasimodo from the tale of 'the Hunchback of Notre Dame.' But his most distinct feature was his green puffy hair and freckled cheeks that marked him as one of the Izukus.

"Evening, Caretaker," Main Izuku replied, using the codename of the Izuku in front of him. This was how they told each other apart. "I take it you receive the bodies I sent a few hours ago?"

"Yes, sir. Cremate is taking care of them."

"I see. If you see him tell him to double check for any disease; they are from a zombie-infested world," Caretaker Izuku nodded. "And is the meeting hall ready?" Caretaker nodded again. "Good, I'll see you around then." Main walked away.

"Good day, sir," Caretaker bided bid his goodbye as well and moved on with his business.

On his way to the meeting hall, Izuku met a few other residents of the mansion. All of them were Izukus. All of them had a reason they couldn't stay in their home dimension. This place was their only way out, their safe haven, their 'Sanctuary', whether they were alive or dead.

Of course, he had asked of them a little favor in tending to the ever-growing graveyard. The graveyard that was reserved for only those he deemed worthy, which was mostly his mother and himself, with occasional heroes, his father, and strangers.

Izuku arrived at the meeting hall and pushed the double door open and was greeted by rows upon rows of empty seats. He jogged to the front of the hall before taking out his phone and texted.

'It's time.'
As soon as the message was sent, an Izuku walked into the room from the wall and took a seat. Then another, and another, and another. Soon about a hundred or more Izukus and Izumis filled the room (not everyone here went by those two names, but it was the best way to classify them).

Main allowed them some time to mingle among themselves. They only saw each other once a month after all.

After about fifteen minutes had passed, Main Izuku decided it was a time to start. With a single clap of hands, he called for their attention. The standing Izukus and Izumis went to their seats while those who were chatting stopped.

"Now then," Main picked up a clipboard. "The first order of business this month is introducing a new Izuku. Doug Dimmadoriya, designated codename 'Doug', please stand up and give a brief introduction to the rest."

An Izuku wearing white Texas businessman garb and a ten gallon hat stood up.

"Hello, my name is Doug Dimmadoriya, owner of the Dimmsdale Dimmadoriya Dome. I am happy to be here," he finished, but another Izuku spoke up.

"Wait, you're Doug Dimmadoriya, owner of the Dimmsdale Dimmadoriya Dome?"

"That's right. Doug Dimmadoriya, owner of the Dimmsdale Dimmadoriya Dome."

"The same Doug Dimmadoriya, owner of the Dimmsdale Dimmadoriya Dome where they are showing 'Yuri!'?"

"On ice?"

"Yeah!"

"That's right."

"Then can you give me a ticket to see 'Yuri!' on Ice?"

"Not right!"

"Not right?"

"That's right!"

"Alright, you two," Main spoke up. "Doug, you can sit down now. Meme, please sort this out afterward, we have a meeting to get to." The two obliged. "Right then-

"That's right!"

"Meme, please," Main sighed before proceeding. "Now there's a few small topics that must be addressed. First, some of the Izukus and Izumis here are in need of some uranium, myself included. So if anyone has uranium to spare or trade please contact me. Second, I would appreciate it if anyone could provide the residents of this mansion with antibiotics as they have run out. Third, the caretaker has been clearing…” Main paused to read the clipboard again. "An… egg yolk? From the ceiling for the last five meetings. Whoever left it there, stop doing that. Caretaker isn't your personal servant. Now, onto the real issue."

Main Izuku lifted his face up to scan the room. There were all types of Izukus here today. Those who dreamt about becoming heroes, those who fell into villainy, those who were uncaring or
oblivious to the business of heroes and villains, and some… belonged in others categories.

"By our standards, it's almost time for us to advance from Middle School to High School, and I believe most of you here have the same target, whether to get in or with other purposes in mind. That target is U.A. So I would rather get this out of the way today."

The reaction within the room was mixed. Some Izukus shifted nervously, some leaned in with anticipation, and others others just sitting still, uninterested.

"Now first off, for those who are Quirkless-" Which comprised the majority of people in the room. "Keep trying." This seemed to stir a lot of them up. "Whether you have a hidden Quirk, receive some other powers, or are truly Quirkless, give the U.A. Entrance Exam a try or join the General Education Course of U.A. and work up from there. I can guarantee you, despite being the first Quirkless Hero Course student in U.A. in your universe," Main offered the assembly a smile. "You aren't the first in the multiverse."

Many Izukus and Izumis returned his smile with their own.

"Now to the more serious ones. Villain types, you may try to kill, steal, and burn U.A. for all that I care, but remember our agreement." A dark aura seemed to surround Main and it seeped into the room, causing many people to shift uneasily or avoid looking him in the eyes. "If you break that said agreement, I will shoot you. One bullet in the head, in your sleep, no notification, no warning; you cross the line, you die, plain and simple."

That seemed to send a chill through the majority of members in the assembly, only a few of them were unflinching, and they weren't the villain-type.

"Now to more specific ones. People with immortal or undead Quirks, do not throw your life away so casually just because you can spend your life indefinitely. Not only will it damage your mental health, but it will not give you a good public image, due to your recklessness and gruesome death." Most people in the assembly with said Quirks mentally nodded, except one among them who mentally scowled.

"People with an area of effect and other dangerous Quirks, I don't think I have to say much, but be careful with your power and try to train yourselves to contain them - even if you don't want to."

Main flipped a page on his clipboard.

"Next are people with mental… weakness," Main coughed once. "Get a therapist. I do not want to make it worse, but I have to come clean. Mom's help is not going to cut it and with you people's mental state you will encounter nothing but backlash within U.A. and your heroic career. So please consider it."

Main paused. He seemed uneasy to continue. "Now for… special cases, but those will be discussed in private. Abyss, Concerned, please stayed after this is over. Beyond that, this meeting is concluded, have a nice day and remember, no egg yolk on the ceiling."

With that several Izukus and Izumis walked into the wall, while a few remained to check with their fellow alternate selves. Main Izuku moved into another room, with two Izukus who followed suit - they looked like regular Izukus.

It was a sizable room, much smaller than the meeting hall, with a large oval table surrounded by chairs in the center of it. Main sat on one side and gestured for his fellow Izukus to sit opposite of him.
"Now then, I will get to the point. Abyss," Main turned to the Izuku to the right with codename 'Abyss.' "Your Quirk has allowed you to… delve, for the lack of better word, into a realm beyond mortal comprehension whenever you die. I will not ask you to not use your power, that is impossible to ask, but I warn you, do not do anything stupid in there and don't accept any creatures' help, ever." [3]

"I understand, Main. I will keep that in mind," Abyss replied to Main Izuku.

"Good, and remember my advice regarding dying. Don't throw your life away so casually." Main Izuku then turned to an Izuku on the left. Main kept staring at the Izuku with the codename 'Concerned.' His eyes seemed to hold a mixture of anger, disgust, and disappointment. "You have made a pact with a dark god, a Great Old One no less, haven't you?" Main's voice was cold, colder than a frostbite. [4]

"H-how did yo-"

"Know?" Main raised his voice. "I have a source, but you don't have to know anymore than that." Main leaned closer toward Concerned. "Now tell me, why?"

Concerned tried to catch his breath. After a while he finally managed to gather himself.

"It-It was a mistake. I was kidnapped by this…" Concerned seemed like he couldn't find the right word.

"A cultist?" Main asked, lifting an eyebrow.

"Y-yeah, he probably is. Then there was this guy. He came to save me but then tried to silence me about the whole thing. I was saved when a hero intervened, but some people from the government told me to forget what happened that day." Concerned took a deep breath. "But I couldn't forget. I… remember what the man who saved me said. It turned out to be a spell and I accidentally cast it. I-I"

Main pulled out a bottle of water and gave it to Concerned. The boy quick gulped down the water and, after a few coughs, got back to his story.

"I end up in… another dimension, it called The Between by…” his voice trailed off.

"You don't have to say it. In fact, never say the name of any eldritch abominations, it will invoke them to come forth if you aren't lucky. Anyways, I think I can guess the rest of the story. You have to give the god your servitude in exchange to get out of its realm, am I correct?" Concerned nodded. "I see. Well, I am a little less… aggravated about this than before, a little."

Main cast his eyes downward. "I wish I could do something to help you, but I can't. Not only that but I…” Main seemed hesitant.

"I have to ask you to stop all contact with other Izukus and Izumis, an exile from our group if you may.” Both Izukus' jaws hung agape. This was unheard of among them, to give up on one of them and cast him aside. It was simply too cruel than most of them were capable of, unfortunately, Main was not part of the 'most.' Concerned bit his lower lip; if he was rejected here, by the very people who truly cared about him…

"Don't mistake my decision for abandonment. I can't risk the eyes of your god being turned on all of us, that's why I have to ask you to leave. I, however, will remain in contact, if you ever needed help with something beyond your ability and if I ever find a way to break your contact.”
Concerned's eyes suddenly glinted with hope at that, but the bitter taste of being disregard still fresh in his mind. Still, he would do many things to break this bond between him and the new world he was thrust into.

Main turned to Abyss.

"Remember, don't do anything Concerned would do. It could put everyone here in danger," Abyss nodded, still unease at the prospect that one of them could be abandoned entirely. "You two may leave."

The two Izukus got up and solemnly made for the door. Someone, however, opened the door before they did.

On the other side was an adult Izuku. Taller, bigger, and generally more mature-looking but still very much the same Izuku, with a circular glass over his eyes.

"Oh, hi, Guilt," Abyss greeted. Concerned nodded, but said nothing.

"Evening," Guilt greeted, his voice deeper than them. "Are you guys finished?" They nodded. The mature Izuku smiled and made way for them to pass.

He then turned to Main, "Are you free, leader?"

"Don't call me that please, but yes I am," Izuku said, along with dismissing the nickname.

Guilt seated himself on the opposite side of Main.

"Sorry for having to hold you here;" the mature Izuku apologized.

"It's alright. You are the one who gave me the idea to build this Sanctuary. As a co-founder, I always have time for you." Main offered a smile.

"Well, as a 'co-founder', I got a few things to say," Guilt cleared his throat. "Was that threat toward our villain-selves necessary? We all know about the agreement, no need to remind us."

Main took a deep breath.

"I am running a very large group of people. People who by any normal circumstance would try to kill each other. If I don’t push them back in line once in a while, then the worst will happen. Not to mention you know how I feel about the agreement.” Main leaned back in his seat and stared at the ceiling. “Still, if it make you feel better, I do not plan to take any human life as of yet. That was a threat…” Main hesitated for a moment before continued. “But it was not an empty one."

Guilt simply adjusted his glasses, the smile he had previously worn disappeared. "Very well, I will not judge you — this is not serious enough of an issue for me to do so. Still, I've got another thing to say, this time more of a request really." The mature Izuku took out a picture and handed it to Main.

On the photo was a little girl. White long choppy hair, red eyes, and with a small horn poking out from her left forehead. She was beside Guilt as both of them smiled into the camera.

"Who is this?" Main asked.

"Her name is Eri. She's my adopted daughter." There seemed to be a kind of pride on Guilt's face as he said that.
"Didn't you run an orphanage? Adopting a kid yourself might send a wrong message to other kids."

"I know what I am doing, Main." Now Guilt was the one crossing his arm.

"Right, sorry. Please go on."

"You see I manage to rescue her from the clutch of a villain aliased 'Overhaul.' She was pretty broke when we found her." Guilt took the picture back and smiled sadly at it. "That villain had been experimenting on her for about a decade, and it took me almost a decade as well to help her reach the light again… She moved to middle school now so I see less of her, but it made me think." Guilt handed the picture back as if it didn't belong to him. "If my Eri suffers then other Eris are as well, maybe as we speak."

Now Main understood his request, and frowned as a response.

"Are you asking me to tell every Izuku and Izumi here to go help their respective Eri? Because we don't do that here," Guilt held his hand up.

"I know. All I ask is that they are aware of her and look out for her in their own world, please," his tone was surprisingly pleading.

"Very well, I will bring this up in the next meeting, but the experimenting part will be left out, else some of them would lose their mind trying to find her in their world. Is that good enough?"

"It is," Guilt said with a faint smile. Main took up his clipboard to note that down, but Guilt interrupted him again. "Well, except in your case."

"Pardon?" Main asked, confused.

"You are capable of helping her. You can storm Overhaul like a walk in a park."

"You're exaggerating."

"The reports on your previous adventures would beg to differ. You survived Xenomorph/ Alien planet. You killed Greek Hydra, Chimera, and Minotaur. You managed to make Stephen King, Edgar Allen Poe, and H.P. Lovecraft scared -- at the same time. Come on, you are beyond capable… even All Might might have trouble fighting you."

Main sighed. When it came to Guilt, he knew better than to resist his request especially when the mature Izuku started throwing in compliments. "Fine, but don't go telling the others I did this for you. I give in to one and the rest will start knocking on my door. Now, tell me, where can I find Eri?"

Guilt smiled and answered while Main jotted down the address.

"One more thing." Main lifted his eyes up from the clipboard to meet with Guilt's. "Do you know of the Quirk 'All for One'?"

"Yes, yes, One for All and All for One. Two Quirks that have been clashing in the shadows and light, passed down in this two hundred years feud, blah blah blah. Why bring this up?"

"You see, All Might's sidekick Sir Nighteye-"

"Ex-sidekick," Main corrected.

"Not from where I come from." Guilt's tone was firmer when he said that. "Anyways, he was on
Eri's case and I came in to help since, as you know, I am from the same generation as All Might, his best friend in fact." Main simply gestured for him to move on. "So, after the whole thing was done, they let me take care of her and I grew attracted to her like she's my real daughter."

"To the point, please," Main urged him, unmoving by the story.

"Right, sorry. What I am saying is, you should go see Sir Nighteye. It might make your job easier," Guilt concluded.

"Could have just said that from the start," Main said with annoyance clear in his voice. "Say, what do you want me to do with these villains once I am done with them?"

"Oh, most of them aren't that bad, only those close to Overhaul. Some are even sympathetic and likable really. However, when it comes to Overhaul…"

Main Izuku didn't realize how dark it had gotten. Everything in the room was barely visible. The only light left was faint glow from the setting sun coming in from the only window in the room.

The only thing visible was the glasses Guilt wore, which reflected the light and beamed through the darkness that had engulfed its owner. Soon, another thing shined in the dark, a smile.

Guilt smiled. His grin stretched upward on and on, while his teeth ominously reflected some of the light. The grin stopped from growing when it was an almost perfect crescent moon shape.

There was another reason Main was willing to accept Guilt's request. After all, it's very hard to resist the sixth strongest of all Izukus and Izumis he had come into contact with.

Finally, after a full minute of bright grins and the light-reflecting lenses that kept staring at him, Guilt finally answered.

"Make him suffer ."

Izuku - Main Izuku - leaned back in his chair and stretched his arms upward. He scanned his room and came to stop at the clock on the wall.

'2:43 AM.'

Izuku didn't worry much about his sleeping time though. He had long transcended sleep; he didn't need it any longer. The only reason he had ever slept was because it made him still feel human and because…

He turned his attention back to his work on the computer – a 25 x 19 holographic screen computer – for a second. After he'd come back from the mansion, he'd spent every minute until now sorting out the assets he recovered from the space station, also known as the Sprawl.

He separated information and salvaged resources he would be giving to the CIA and those he would keep for himself. Even then, he kept the copy of all the info he would be giving.

After doing a quick check one more time, he closed his computer.

Just because he didn't need sleep, doesn't mean his mental health and body didn't need to rest.

Izuku thought back to something. The bodies of himself and his mother. No matter how many
times he saw the dead, he couldn't stop the feeling of lamentation from forming in his heart. With a sigh, he knew how he wanted to spend time till morning.

Izuku got into his bed and went under the blanket before teleporting.

He reappeared again in his mother's room, right in his mother's bed.

Inko was deep asleep and Izuku knew it would be difficult to wake her up. Knowing that he simply wrapped his arms around her in an embrace and closed his eyes.

The bed was meant for people in any event so there was enough space.

Izuku held his sleeping mother tight as he started to drift off into the Dreamland as well. In the waking world, the dream world… or even the realm of the dead, he would hold her tight and never let go.

'I love you, mom.'

And tomorrow a similar cycle would repeat, just for a little more while at least. The machination of fate had a lot more in-store for the boy.

Chapter End Notes

A/N: This chapter might be a bit jam packed and long, but I want to show how much Izuku has changed compared to the canon while at the same time advance the plot even just a bit.

[1] Well, since it took like Quirk emerge in 21th century plus that with two hundred that would mean our casts live in the 23th century.

[2] I am not sure if most people would accept that I made Izuku use the firearm. Considering both Quirks can render many firearms useless and expectation of hero not to use a firearm, though to be fair Snipe-sensei use a gun, so you know. Not to mention personality-wise Izuku might not have been a fan of the firearm, but hey this is alternate universes story - he ought to change in a lot of ways. By the way, the Lawgiver is a gun from a comic 'Judge Dredd.'

Still, as I said in the description, Izuku's Quirk didn't do much on its own, he needs to get the real power from the multiverse. To what end is another question.

'Power tends to corrupt, and absolute power corrupts absolutely. Great men are almost always bad men...' - Lord Acton

While on the topic of Judge Dredd, I must admit I am quite surprised that so far, in this fandom, I see very little work related, reference, inspired, or mention Alan Moore's 'The Watchmen' and John Wagner’s 'Judge Dredd.' I know they were a bit hardcore, but if there are ‘Elfen Lied’ and ‘Ajin’ inspired BNH/MHA fics then what about these two? They tackled even more on the subject of justice, heroism, and vigilantism. But whatever, I am over-ranting again.

[3] Abyss is Izuku designed after Izuku from fic 'The Dark Below' by DarthPeezy (https://archiveofourown.org/works/14572500/chapters/33674223#workskin), on both
Fanfiction net and AO3. I wouldn't link it though, can't do that on Fanfiction net.

[4] Concerned is from a fic 'Concerned Citizen' by ZGW (https://www.fanfiction.net/s/12570095/1/Concerned-Citizen). This fic is a dark one, not on a personal level like 'Daymare' or 'The Dark Below', but one larger level, a cosmic level you would say. It's in crossover section on Fanfiction net, crossing with Cthulhu Mythos; don't worry, the story didn't make the reader confuse about its Lovecraftian elements, you can read without knowing anything about the mythos.

[5] Guilt doesn't come from any full fic. Rather, he was loosely inspired by a short omake in chapter two of D.C Draco's Class A Civil War on Fanfiction net. (https://www.fanfiction.net/s/12601945/1/Class-A-Civil-War)
The First Step

Chapter Summary

...and today he will be meeting the number one Hero.

Chapter Notes

A/N: I forget to mention this last chapter, but the space station Izuku went to visit (the Sprawl) is from 'Dead Space' game series. I brought this up because one element from the series is going to play a role in the story, mainly regarding Izuku's costume; you'll see.

Beta by Yuilhan

See the end of the chapter for more notes

Beyond and more

'This is a good day,' Izuku thought to himself as he strode back home.

While the school was uneventful, besides the teacher asking where the students would apply for high school, what really made this his day was because he had finally paid off all the debt to the CIA. Managing to pay off a five billion dollar debt was no small feat, even with his power to find invaluable artefacts and technologies.

Speaking of tech, Izuku had gotten some good stuff from his recent excursion into that space station. He was always keeping an eye out for more solid gears and gadgets; his hiking suit could only do so much. He couldn't just pick anything from any world as 'costume,' as the Heroes would call it. He needed something that blended in something believable in this time and age.

Yet all this thinking about costumes made Izuku wondered back to the subject of Heroes. When he was a kid, he'd always had a clear plan about how he would become a hero. Study hard, get good grades, and then apply for U.A., the school which was considered to offer the best Heroic Course in Japan. Well, in the east of Japan at least. In the west Shiketsu High School took that title.

Now, however, Izuku had started to wonder if he wanted all of it, being a hero.

He still wanted to help them – the people. Yet, the more he saw of the multiverse, the more he believed that one person could only save so many people. Then there were the worlds where people weren't worth saving, but he wouldn't judge all dimension based on a few.

So, the real question for him was should he continue to be a hero or should he take another path that would let him guide this world as a whole into a better future.

'Such a childish gesture.' A voice spoke to Izuku. Not from the real world or other realities, or even
his own mind, but from his memory – the memory of the multiverse.

'The people are not worth saving.'

'Only through total control can humanity be saved.'

'Quirked or Quirkless, they are getting gassed! Real equality!'

'Without the light of the Omnissiah, human are just savage.'

'You're incredibly naive.' 'You follow the law, or you are the law.'

'Abandon that worldview, it won't last, and it will spare you a headache.' 'Your optimism is incredibly unbefitting of you.' 'Humanity is a disgusting species.'

'Two steps forward, one step back. Save yourself and no one else. Here, guns make God, you have a gun, you're a God. Destruction of humanity is inevitable, we are doomed to fail You can't help them you haven't idea what you are dealing you think he is worthy of redemption you are different the world today is sickening all things burn you are no different the end time is coming-

With one deep breath, all thought ceased; gone with the wind.

He had mastered several meditation techniques to spare him from the headache of letting his mind wander into the realm of existential crisis, and it certainly saved him more than once from the pit of cynicism.

With that, Izuku took another deep breath, put a smile on his face since this was still a good day, and walked on. Slowly, he calmed down and carefully came back to think of his future plan about if he still wanted to be a hero. You know what? He could save it for tomorrow. Maybe he would stop by-

Izuku felt something drop onto his shoulder. He looked at his shoulder to discover a tar-like substance on it.


Izuku looked up to see a slim tar-monster as it extended its liquid 'hands' at him.

"Don't worry it will be over rea-"

It didn't get to finish as Izuku simply phased through it. The green-haired boy pulled out a syringe and stabbed the villain. The needle ejected a blue liquid into the villain. Within five seconds, the liquid villain became solid and incapacitated.

"Yet another piece of trash in this society, but are you recyclable or must be incinerated? That's the question," Izuku wondered to himself as he observed the frozen villain. Izuku put the syringe away before pulling out his phone and readying to call the police.

"Greetings, young man!" A voice filled with confidence and energy called to him from one end of the tunnel. Izuku hadn't really noticed he was in a tunnel.

Izuku looked at the source of the voice to see who it was. Much to his greatest surprise, it was no other than All Might, in the flesh. Izuku was surprised. He was about to go find All Might's ex-partner, yet here the number one hero himself. Perhaps this was the work of fate?

"I see that you have taken care of the villain." All Might walked up to him and the frozen villain.
Izuku felt strange. He used to idolize All Might, but after his time in the multiverse... it had changed him. He still liked All Might, but Izuku doubted he could ever hold him in the in the same high regard as when he was a child anymore.

"You have a freezing Quirk, I assume?" The blond hero greeted him with his iconic smile.

That single question posed so many problems to Izuku than All Might could have ever imagined.

In a rare moment of uncertainty, Izuku did not know how to proceed. He could lie about his Quirk, but with the future mission that needed Sir Nighteye's assistance, his respect for All Might as an incorruptible idol, and his general detest for lying, Izuku decided would not. Which left him with only one choice; telling All Might about his Quirk and asking for All Might's help.

His Quirk was complicated, but talking about it was even more complicated. Most people knew about the Multiverse theory - though seldom believed in it - but with CIA, complex Cosmology, and the general fuckery that was the Multiverse, making All Might think Izuku was just a nut-job would be the least he could do in this situation.

If Izuku wanted this to end up being beneficial to him, he needed to come off strong. He must act with a mysterious and omnipotent air, acting like he served a greater role in the world. He must use the knowledge that was supposedly well-guarded by All Might to his advantage. Yet he must not lose the respect in his tone or else he would be mistaken for trying to blackmail the number one Hero.

Also, he must ask for an autograph.

"Toshinori Yagi." All Might was startled that the green haired boy had called him by his real name. Izuku's face remained stoic, though not enough to come off as cold. "Your Quirk is called 'One for All'; it's a stockpile Quirk that has been passing down through many generations of heroes."

Izuku paused, waiting for All Might to respond.

"Hahaha," the blond hero laughed his signature laugh. Despite being very convincing, Izuku could see that it was fake. "Well, I guess you have been searching on some forums for my real name, huh? Young man, you must be a really hardcore fan to know that. Still, I have no idea about this 'One for All' you are talking about."

"Then do All for One or Nana Shimura ring any bells?" Now he could see a visible shock on All Might's face.

"Just go with your real form, sir. You should save up your muscle form for an emergency. Don't worry, this villain went unconscious as soon as he was frozen." Izuku patted the frozen slime villain a few times before waiting for All Might to react.

It took a full two minutes before a smoke erupted from All Might. When the shroud cleared, a skeleton of a man with long blond hair was standing in the number one hero's place.

"How did you know all of this?" Yagi asked, his tone borderline threatening. Izuku just offered him a smile.

"How about we discussed this over a cup of coffee, sir? It will calm your nerves." Izuku waited for All Might to answer. "It will be my treat," he added.

"And how can I know you are not a villain yourself?"
"If I am, why wouldn't I attack you when you still think I am a student? Or why I didn't bring any bombs with me to threaten civilian life? Why don't I have any hostages? I am not stupid enough to try to fight you in broad daylight in a heavy populated urban area where heroes will come to reinforce you within ten minutes if we decide to fight." Izuku's sarcasm showed how much he was annoyed by All Might's assumption.

Yagi on his part had no words. The green haired boy's few examples were quite logical. Then again, most villains were known for their intelligence and going to a cafe would mean going to a more populated area, where the boy could actually get some hostages.

Still, if he was just a villain then how could he know all of this. All for One was finished and his organization dismantled. So how did he know?

The more Yagi thought about it, the more he wanted to know. So, in a rare act trust-giving to a complete stranger who knew your deepest secret, All Might complied.

"You said you would treat me, correct?" The blond asked with a sigh.

"So, can you tell me now how you know so much about me, Izuku?" Yagi said as two cups of coffee were laid in front of them. His expression was grim, though no one could really blame him for that.

On the way here, they had made a basic introduction to one another so they could get on with the main topic once they arrived.

Since they were in such a hurry, they didn't have time to detour to the police station and hand over the villain. They settled for carefully scattering him and kept the intact core inside a small box, which was now inside All Might's pocket.

"How do I begin? Hmm," Izuku wondered aloud. He supposed his Quirk first would do. "Tell me Mister Yagi, do you believe in the Multiverse?"

"The theory that there are infinite parallel universes which exist simultaneously? I am skeptical, but I have seen some crazy stuff in my life so I will hold my judgment until I see it."

"Then this will be a good piece of evidence then." Izuku reached into the table's surface, much to All Might shock. He pulled out something, but it was hiding in the boy's fist. "This is something for your eyes only. Your hand please."

All Might stared at the fist of the boy; whatever was inside his hand could be a trap for all he knew. Still, he'd come this far and the boy hadn't do anything yet.

Yagi extended his arm, palm bare. Izuku dropped something in his palm - something cold - before using the same hand to fold the blond's hand into a fist as well.

"As I said, your eyes only," Izuku said.

Yagi narrowed his eyes. He retreated his hand back before unfolding his fist to see what was in it.

The moment All Might laid his eyes on the item his jaw dropped. "T-this was Nana's… How did you get this? It was destroyed when she…" All Might trailed off.

"As I said, the Multiverse. Somewhere somewhen in the infinite worlds, Miss Nana was just an ordinary woman who suddenly one day decided to open up a garage sale and decided to sell that
Izuku noticed Yagi didn't react to anything he said. So Izuku simply snapped his fingers to break All Might out of his trance.

"I'm sorry, I just..." He took another longing gaze at the item in his hand. "I just thought I would never see this again. Did you say you bought this from Nana in an alternate universe?"

Izuku nodded. "Yes, she's an ordinary Japanese woman in that dimension, nothing more, nothing less - everyone is in fact. Still, back to the point, would this," Izuku gestured at Yagi's hand. "Has that been enough proof?"

The number one hero took another hard stare at the memento in his hand. "Yes... it will suffice."

"Good. Now I can really get to the point." Izuku took a sip of his coffee; an Americano. Ugh, the CIA was giving him a bad habit of associating himself with anything American. "I will be clear, I do not wish to interfere with your secret war against All for One, but I am in need of your assistance."

"You don't have to mind that. All for One is gone."

"Nah, he lived." Izuku countered him, stoic face. "He is secretly gathering a new generation of villains and trying to find a new successor while rebuilding his criminal empire under the name 'League of Villains'."

Izuku took another sip from his cup while All Might's jaw dropped at the revelation. Izuku would rather keep Tomura Shigaraki out of the equation. Izuku would just keep Tomura Shigaraki out of the equation, for now, as that might overload All Might.

"This news should help you in the future, but back to the present." Izuku snapped his fingers again, breaking All Might out of his shocked state.

"I know this sounds rude, but please hurry with your request. I have to make a few calls regarding this information you've given me- if it's true," All Might added with some doubt in his tone.

"That's fine. Now about that assistance, you see one of my alternate selves asked me to rescue a little girl. In his dimension, this girl was experimented on by an organized crime group, but he rescued her. Now he believes that his daughters in other dimensions are suffering the same fate as the one before he helped her. So, he asked me to rescue this girl in my dimension. You're still following?"

Yagi nodded.

"Right, well, it just so happened that Sir Nighteye, your ex-sidekick, is working on the case involving this very girl. So, I would like you to introduce me to Nighteye." Izuku finished.

Yagi's eyes widened slightly at the request.

"You could find his agency yourself," All Might said, avoiding Izuku's eyes.

"And walk in then start talking like a madman? You know he's ten-times more skeptical and cynical than you are, despite his talent in comedy. No, you need to help me with this. You don't even have to meet him, just give him a call and say that I would like to see him... besides," Izuku took a sip of his drink. "Don't you think it's time to make up with one another? He's one of the few people you could trust wholeheartedly, not to mention he could be of great help in the search for your successor."
"I thought you said you would not interfere in my 'secret war against All for One'." All Might's tone made it clear that he was annoyed. That was not the first time he heard about the successor issue.

Izuku just shifted his eyes left and right a few times. "Hmm, true. Well, just give him a call or something. Get me an appointment with him. If you help me with that, then I am in your debt. If you refuse, then there's nothing I can do, but you will not have my assistance against the League of Villains."

All Might sighed. He saw no reason not to help Izuku. He had been helpful so far and if someone with this much knowledge would help him in the future fight against All for One then it was in his best interest to help the green-haired boy in return. Why he sighed was because he would be forced to talk with Nighteye again, out of the blue no less.

"Very well, I will contact him today and arrange for you two to meet."

With his objective secured, Izuku sighed out loud in relief and slumped into his seat.

"Thank you. Rescuing that girl would have taken much longer without your help." Izuku seemed drained as soon as he said that. "Sorry, for being a bit pushy, but I really want to get this done."

All Might blinked in surprise. It's rare to find someone who got what they wanted and then apologised for getting what they wanted. Yagi would have commented on that, but he still didn't trust Izuku.

"What's your phone number? You will have to contact me later about when Nighteye will meet me."

They exchanged their phone numbers, and Izuku called him once just to make sure he wasn't being tricked.

"Alright, one more thing if you don't mind," the green haired boy reached into his backpack and pulled out a notebook. "Can I get your autograph, please?"

All Might blinked in surprise again, but he complied and signed his autograph. He opened the notebook and flipped through the page until he found enough space for him to write.

He spotted a few other signatures, 'Steve Rogers,' 'Walter Joseph Kovacs,' 'Barry Allen,' and… 'Willy Wonka'? All Might simply shook his head and signed the book before handing it back.

"Thank you," Said Izuku as he put the notebook back into his backpack and got up. "I will go pay for the coffee. Have a nice day, Mister Yagi."

And with that the boy left, leaving All Might alone, and wondering if he had been hit by some kind of dream-type Quirk. He suddenly remembered that there was something in his hand. He took a glance and remembered that he didn't give the boy back the item he'd used as a proof of his Quirk.

Then again, this kid didn't look like a careless type. Maybe he gave it to him as a sign of goodwill? Toshinori didn't know, but since he would be talking to the kid again he would ask this question later.

For now, he needed to call Naomasa immediately about the possible return of his arch-enemy, and after that… it would be the hard part.

Izuku was sitting in front of his holographic computer in his room. The part about securing Nighteye's assistance was optional, though gaining All Might as a potential ally in the future venture was certainly a plus… a 'Plus Ultra' one might say.
Then came the part of going into this Overhaul's stronghold. Izuku tapped the computer screen a few times and the screen brought up about three dozen files with a picture attached. At the start of them all was a man with short raven hair and chillingly beautiful eyes.

Kai Chisaki, alias Overhaul. Izuku's prime target, marked for death. Kai's main henchmen were called the 'Expendable Eight', and there were two other members of the organization whom Izuku presumed to be Kai's left-hand and right-hand man. The boy had reviewed the layout of the stronghold thoroughly and had come up with the best route to get in and out. Now it was time to analyze his enemies.

Out of the whole organization, now known to Izuku as the Eight Precepts of Death (a rather traditionalist name, fitting for a yakuza), only two members posed any real threat to him.

The first one was Hekiji Tengai, a man with a barrier Quirk that he could use within a certain radius. Izuku had learned, the hard way, that he couldn't phase through energy. Electricity, psionic powers, plasma, lasers, or a non-gas base fire - if it was not kinetic then he was not capable of phasing through it. Still, this Quirk functioned more as a defensive Quirk rather than offensive one, and Izuku intended to that to his advantage. [1]

The second threat was Deidoro Sakaki and his Quirk 'Sloshed', which made anyone who approached him to enter a inebriated state. Not that much of a problem on his own since Izuku could teleport away and any attack from this one would likely be kinetic in nature, but what would be problematic was if he were to be partnered any other members. If Izuku lost his concentration mid-fight, he wouldn't be able to let the attack phrase through him.

Izuku scanned through the list of the Eight Precepts of Death's members again and again until he was satisfied, though his unease over the operation did not shift. When one went to war, one always expected to never return, regardless of how well you prepared. At least, that's what most people Izuku knew in the multiverse had taught him.

Now to another issue; if one must go to war, fitting gear and supplies must be ready. He closed all the dossiers on his enemies and pulled up several schematics. Some of armor, some of a weapons, some of a gadgets, and some of other things entirely.

The boy had been hoarding technology and magic whenever he got the chance. He had been thinking about getting an set of armor for a while now, for both protection's sake and utility's sake - and as a costume if he did decide to become a Hero. After he got the armor other gadgets and gimmicks could be added around it.

He scrolled through schematics of the armor, one after another.

"T-60 Power Armor, no, too bulky. Crynet Nanosuit, no, too advanced for this world…. Mobile Infantry Power Suit, again no, too high tech. Mjolnir Powered Assault Armor, so many issues. Stormtrooper Armor: 'Galactic Empire' variant, yeah right, I am not wearing that. Space Marine Power Armour: 'Imperium' variant, ugh, come on." Izuku started to scroll faster. "There has to be something here that isn't too high-tech and isn't too… much."

Izuku kept scrolling and only stopped when he realized he'd hit the bottom of the list. Anything he found so far was lacking what he needed, was too advanced it would catch unwanted attention, or just outright over the top. He leaned back in his chair and sighed out loud. He closed his eyes and tried to think of something.

That was when he remembered he didn't upload the data from his recent expedition into the Sprawl onto his computer yet. So, he pulled out a flash drive and plugged it in. He waited for his computer
to take care of downloading the files and when it was finished he wasted no time in scrolling through everything.

Finally, he found what he wanted.

The schematic showed a very sleek looking helmet with a plate over his mouth and two lines of bright blue built-in visors covering the eyes. The rest of the suit was covered by titanium plates on essential spots such as the shoulders, kneecaps, and neck, but the jumpsuit below the plating was the predominant material covering the body. The suit also had a built-in utility belt, a pair of jet boots, a holographic display and communicator (though he would have to get rid of this one since it was too advanced and could not be used in public), and even more useful functions.

While far from perfect due to the suit still lacking the total protection he wanted, this was probably the best to start with. This was a schematic after all, and Izuku would modify it and add what he needed. To do that, however, he needed to consult some experts - himself (or rather 'selves') of course!

"Computer, contact 'Mechanicus,' 'Netrunner,' 'Dwarf,' 'Blacksmith,' 'Forged,' 'Archmage,' 'Demon Smith,' 'Supporter,' 'Vault Hunter,' 'Gatherer,' 'Engineer,' 'Mentat,' 'X-Com,'…" The list went on and on; Izuku finally stopped after he had called up about fifty codenames.

'This will be a long, productive night,' Izuku thought to himself as he waited for the first among these Izukus to answer his call.

Chapter End Notes

A/N: I was originally planning to include a phone call conversation between Nighteye and All Might, but had to cut it because of the lengths of the chapter. Don't worry, we will see them talk with each other later.

You can probably guess, but Eri is going to come in much earlier into the story. I saw the upcoming showdown between Izuku and Overhaul as a show of force. This Izuku isn't like most other Izukus, he wouldn't struggle against most people in his world even if their Quirk could counter him. That's why his enemies won't be of this world…

*ominous music starts playing*

[1] I will presume here you all know what kinetic force is, if you are curious, well, I am sure someone in the comment/review section will be willing to answer you.

[2] I think you should look up 'Dead Space Elite Advanced Suit' (http://deadspace.wikia.com/wiki/Elite_Advanced_Suit), since seeing the image would give you a better idea of what Izuku's costume would look similar to.
"Well, I am here," Izuku thought - though this time not quoting All Might.

He was standing in front of a five story building that was Sir Nighteye agency. It had been a week since Izuku's meeting with All Might and now he finally got to meet with Nighteye.

'Today's the day. If Nighteye refuses to help... well, all of my equipment should be ready by now.' To be frank, Izuku did not expect himself to succeed in convincing the ex-sidekick of All Might to help him, but that didn't mean he shouldn't try.

Without further ado, he stepped through the office building's door.

Sitting at the reception table was a man with a head of centipede. Izuku approached the table without hesitation.

"Can I help you, young man?"

"Umm, yes, I am here to see Sir Nighteye. We have an appointment at ten o'clock today," Izuku told him.

The receptionist blinked in surprise.

"You're his appointment at ten? I was expecting somebody older," the centipede-man admitted. "I'm Centipeder, one of Sir's sidekicks. Please wait for a moment." His hand pressed a button on the intercom machine on his desk. "Bubble Girl, Sir's next appointment is here."

"Just wait a minute," a feminine voice replied from the other side of the device.
"Please sit over there. Someone will take you to Sir's office," Centipeder said and politely gestured at the nearby couch. The green-haired boy nodded.

Izuku went over to sit down as he was instructed, and simply waited while hoping that his other selves in the multiverse did as he had requested.

Far below the peaks of the Grey Heaven Mountains, deep beneath the Dwarven holds of the kings under the mountain, and deeper still into the heart of the world, two dwarves were walking through the narrow and dank passage; their only light source was an oil lantern.

"How far is it to the cavern?" One dwarf, with long blond spiky beard and blond hair arranged into a towering mohawk, asked. The blond dwarf was shirtless, with only tattoos to cover the stacks of muscles that made up his upper body.

"It's not far now, Kartzulki," another dwarf, this one with a green well-kept bread and more suitable clothing for moving about in a cave.

"There have better be a dragg that you promised, Izorki," the blond dwarf said with aggression clear in his voice.

"Of course, there would be a dragg. The rangers have been reporting about an orange glow coming from the dept for months now. It's either a dragg or…"

"Grobi," Kartzulki uttered with as much spite and venom as he could muster.

"Let's not assume the worst," Izorki reassured him. Kartzulki only made a scornful noise but remained silent afterward.

Suddenly, a sound like a roar erupted from the passage ahead of them; followed by a faint yellow light. It made them halt and wait. Once the light subsided, they looked at each other.

"Aye, that's a dragg alright," Kartzulki admitted.

"Come on, if it's only just awake then it will go back to sleep soon. That will be our chance," Izorki informed.

The two picked up their pace and quickly arrived at their intended destination. Before them was a large cavern. From what the lantern illuminated, it was big enough to be a sizable feasting hall for more than a thousand Dwarf warriors. However, what caught their attention something that reflected in light of the lantern at the end of the cavern.

"There's no doubt, that's a dragg over there, its scales shine in the dark" Izorki whispered to his partner.

"Ay, but I need to see its whole body, so I can hack at it properly. Did you bring the flare?"

"I did, but there's a reason I bring you with me, beside killing the dragg that is." This caused Kartzulki to lift his eyebrows.

Izorki pulled out a sleek, metallic-coal colored, angular, one-handed axe. There was a small pike on top, likely for jabbing, and the grip and midsection of the handle was reinforced with a silvery material. Izorki handed the blond dwarf the weapon before pulled the shield on his back over to the
front. The shield was round and looked very much like it was made for the same material as the axe. It was big enough to cover the entire upper half of a Dwarf, or a Manling even.

"Can you use these?"

"You want me to use a shield!" Kartzulki almost screamed at him, much to Izorki's fear that he would wake the dragg.

"Look, someone I have an oath with requested these weapons – he even brought me the ingots from a far away land. Please, Kartzulki test them out for me," Izorki pleaded with a nervous smile.

The blond dwarf looked between his smith partner and the axe a few times before finally sighed. "Fine, but I won't use the shield. I am a Slayer, not a Greyguard."

"Come on now, this was probably my masterpiece," Izorki insisted.

"You said that last year when you made that hammer. How many masterpieces can you have in your life, eh?"

At this point, the green breaded dwarf was surprised that the dragg wasn't wakened by his partner's volume yet.

"Please?" Izorki offered another smile, but this time Kartzulki was unflinching. "I will make you bread rings, a dozen, all in Mithril."

The blond dwarf glared hard at the shield. Then with a heavy sigh, he opened his palm to take both gears. Izorki handed his partner the gear. Kartzulki's first reaction as he grabbed his new gear was surprise. Both items were surprisingly light. One would not expect something made entirely of metal to be this lightweight.

"Hmm, solid handle. Good shape and momentum," Kartzulki commented as he swung the axe a few times.

"Firm centre-grip, light too. Angular rim, good for punching," the blonde dwarf punched with the shield's rim in his front. He then used the axe to tap the extended half-globe piece at the center of the shield. "Solid boss, would like to try bashing things with this. Alright, I suppose it is good enough, let's get to work." [1]

They both turned their attention back toward the cavern. "Are you ready?" Izorki asked.

"For the Ancestors!" The slayer only shouted and charged forward.

"Ugh, of course," Izorki groaned and shot a flare gun at the cavern ceiling.

The bright light illuminated the entirety of the chamber. Besides the usual stalagmites emerging from below and stalactites hanging from above, there was nothing much about this cavern, except what lay on the opposite side of the entry.

The creature stirred from its slumber. Izorki knew them well.

Striding on four legs with twin wings that beat like a hurricane. Their teeth were swords and their claws were spears. Their scales tougher than the mountain and their eyes were shaped as a musket. Their fiery breath, death incarnated.
Dwarves called them dragg, humans called them dragons.

The one resting in this cavern was not fully grown yet, but if left to its devices it would threaten the Dwarven holds nearby without a doubt. Its scale was yellow, which reflected nicely against the flare.

With all the light and shouting, the dragg was fully awake and lifted its head as high as the cavern would allow. Izorki could see a yellow glow from beneath its belly and throat. He knew what was going to happen next.

The dragon exhaled. Kartzulki halted his charge and bought his shield forward. The dragon breathed out a torrent of sulfur-colored lighting and fire. Even from afar Izorki had to bring his arms up to cover his head because of the heat.

After the breath had subsided, Izorki lowered his arms to see the damage. Indeed, a large chunk of the cavern was melted by that attack, but the area behind where Kartzulki had made his stand was not affected in the slightest – in fact, Kartzulki himself didn't even look like he felt anything.

'The shield neither heated up nor absorbed the shock. Fascinating!' Izorki thought as he analyzed the shield.

Kartzulki continued to charge. The dragon brought down its claws at the Dwarf, but he used the shield to block the attack before countering with his axe and pierced the dragon scales in one swing.

Izorki continued to observe the fight and how his new masterpieces fared against the winged serpent. From what he seemed so far, Main would be pleased with the gears he requested. Not to mention Izorki would get some of the ingots used to make that axe and shield as a payment. [2]

Izorki, one of Izuku's alternate selves codenamed 'Dwarf', almost started his infamous mumbling just at the thought of what he could do with this material. Still, it was a shame he did not get to see what had become of the gauntlets and boots he had made. Main took them away a few days earlier to 'technologically enchant' them.

Still, considering it would still be in his hands – just of a different pair – he could accept it and hoped that his other selves knew what they were doing.

The Magos Artisan Izuku Midoriya didn't know what he was doing.

The optical scanners that had replaced his eyes ran over the screen again and again, yet he still couldn't figure it out. How could he solve this?!

How could a person without a mouth, tongue, taste buds, or even a functional stomach make this 'sandwich'!

"Damn you, Main," The Magos cursed aloud. "Of all the thing in this galaxy you could have asked me to do, it's making this culinary creation called a 'sandwich'! I don't even have a real mouth."

True enough, his vocal chords had been replaced by a vocal device. His voice barely sounded like a human at this point.

In fact, he barely looked like a human, but more of a machine with a human brain. Mechanical arms and legs, an electric generator as a heart, and large wires connecting various devices that)
made up his body.

The Magos continued to contemplate the recipe on the screen before him.

"I understand what 'two slices of bread' meant, but what of the rest? 'A slice of tomato', 'a piece of lettuce', 'strips of bacon'? By the Omnissiah, was he referring to extinct species of plants and animals? I have never heard of any vegetable called 'bacon' and animals called 'tomato'."

As the Magos continued to obsess over the lost culinary ingredients, a machine behind him continued with his real project.

A mechanical pincer placed a metal plate over the upper arm of the jumpsuit. Another arm, this one with welding iron, began to connect the plate to the suit. All over the grey jumpsuit, various arms were busy connecting, adding, or scanning parts of the armor.

Izuku turned to observe the ongoing construction for a few minutes before turning back toward the sandwich recipe.

"To unfold this ancient schematic of culinary wonder... A challenge worthy of my skill!"

Normally he would be more inclined to observe the project more closely, but since his part of the duty was just assembling the suit as Main requested, there was barely anything he could do. After all, they would need more items from their other selves to complete the project.

The Magos hoped the others who were involved in this project managed to snatch bits and pieces they needed.

Izuku put his phone down as he spotted a blue-skinned girl in a rather skin-tight costume walking up to him.

"Hi there, you're Izuku, right?" She asked him. Izuku nodded. "I am Bubble Girl, one of Sir's sidekick. I will take you to Sir's office, please follow me."

Izuku got up. He followed Bubble Girl through the building, up an elevator and past the twists and turns of the agency. They finally stopped in front of a plain door, no name plate, no special color; nothing. Bubble Girl didn't bother to knock and opened the door.

"Sir, your appointment is here!" Bubble said rather cheerfully. She was still at the door frame so Izuku couldn't see inside the room. She moved inside without any reply. She had probably received an approval gesture.

Inside was what you would expect from your average office manager. Large shelves with books, cabinets that were filled with paperwork files, and tons of All Might merchand- wait, what.

Izuku scanned the room. He was amazed by the sheer numbers of the All Might collection within the room – there was even the special All Might 'Ten Years of Heroics' anniversary tapestry. Despite having long abandoned his hobby of hoarding All Might figures and other collectibles, Izuku was still very much an enthusiast when it came to All Might collectibles.

Izuku was broken out of his trance when someone in the room grunted 'ahem.' He focused back onto his task. Sitting at the table on the opposite side of the room from the door was a lean man with a pair of glasses and dark green hair – save for a few blonde strands on his bang.
Beside the table were Bubble Girl and another sidekick. A teen who looked a few years younger than Izuku. He had blond hair, arranged so that it stood on end in a quiff and cartoon-like eyes. His hero costume was standard jumpsuit in red, white, and blue – classic – with a number '1000000' on his chest and a red cape.

Izuku knew him.

"Hi, there," the teen greeted Izuku.

"Hi to you too, Mirio Togata," Izuku replied.

Mirio blinked in surprise. "You know me?"

Instead of replying to Mirio, Izuku just looked straight at Nighteye. "Did you tell him about my Quirk?"

Sir Nighteye regarded Izuku for a few minutes. There was light reflecting on his glasses, which rendered Izuku unable to read his already stoic face.

"Yes, I have informed him, but I doubt there is any merit in your claim."

"Of course, you didn't," Izuku sighed quiet enough that they couldn't here. He then spoke at a normal volume; "I suppose it is hard to believe, but regardless I come here to talk about the case you are currently working on, as All Might has likely already said."

Nighteye simply nodded.

"Bubble Girl, Lemillion, leave us. This is a private matter," Nighteye ordered.

"Okay, Sir," Mirio replied.

"Where is your spirit?" Nighteye asked.

"Sir, yes, Sir!" Bubble Girl and Mirio shouted in unison and left the room. Nighteye gestured at the chair opposite of his table.

Once Izuku took a seat, Nighteye began, "When All Might call me after all these years, I was curious at what motivated him to do so. I did not expect him to come to me talking about All for One's return and rambling some nonsense about a high schooler who had a Quirk that let him travel into the multiverse. Nighteye's tone was surprisingly indifferent for someone expressing his disdain. "Still, at his insistence that you," Nighteye motioned toward Izuku. "Have something I might be interested in regarding the case I was on I agreed to this meeting."

"The Eight Precepts of Death, they are your main target, correct?"

"The fact that you know their name makes this all the more concerning." Nighteye glared. "But yes, they are the one I am after. Now, tell me, what do you have that could be of use to me?"

Izuku simply reached into Nighteye's table and pulled out a brown paper folder, startling the unprepared hero a little, before handing it to Nighteye.

"Everything is in there. All of Overhaul's bases, his underlings and their Quirks, and some other… less savory information."

Instead of taking the folder, Nighteye simply eyed the boy even more. The sign of his distrust was as clear as the sunlight shining through the office window. "And may I ask how do did you get this
"The Multiverse, of course," Izuku answered in a casual manner – maybe too casual than he should.

Nighteye just sighed at that. Izuku supposed that if Nighteye didn't believe him about the Multiverse from the start, having it as an answer in any question would probably be the dead end of any further inquiries he might have had.

"How can I be sure this is not a trap? How can I be sure you don't work for Overhaul and have been sent to lure us into an ambush or lead us astray? Or worse, are you working for him?"

Izuku didn't have to guess that by him, Nighteye meant All for One. Well, Izuku shouldn't make it a secret about why he sought Nighteye out.

"It's simple really. If you don't make a move against Overhaul by this evening, I will."

For the first time, there was a visible reaction from Nighteye: Shock.

The hero couldn't believe what he was hearing. This young boy came to him with information that was no doubt a trap set by someone, possibly a very ambitious villain, but then tell he said that if the hero didn't act then he would?

Nighteye's brain began to run over many possible scenarios. If this boy worked for Overhaul, he shouldn't have been this assertive – it was bad acting. If he worked for All for One then why would he even approach All Might without intention to harm him? Even if he did work for some ambitious villains, there were still too many logical flaws in why the boy would offer his assistance only to say that he would do it himself if his help was refused.

"Could you repeat that?" Nighteye asked, both to confirm that he didn't mishear the boy and to get more time to think over more scenarios.

Izuku leaned in, "I said that if you do not make a move against Overhaul this evening, I will. I have studied everything in this folder for about two weeks now. I have everything planned out. I have their bases marked out. I have the weapons and supplies on a level unimaginable by people of this era. I have the manpower of people with such powerful Quirks that even All Might himself can't take them head-on. The only reason I am here is because I wanted to do this officially, or at least help you do this as flawlessly as possible… for the girl's sake."

"Overhaul's daughter. She is your true target?" Nighteye inquired. Hostility in his voice had ceased, but not the caution. More scenarios began to play out, but there were still too many logical flaws for a conclusive judgment.

"Yes, but I would have just given you the folder and left things to you if I had discovered about this whole thing on my own terms."

"On your own terms?" Nighteye asked, his curiosity perked up.

"One of my alternate selves came to me. In that universe, he was from the same generation as All Might and was his close friend, which extended to you as well. He helps you with the Overhaul case and adopted the girl, Eri, as his adoptive daughter. He suddenly had an idea that Eri's in other universes might suffer the same fate, so he asked me to do something about it. That's the reason why I am here."

"Does that include meeting All Might?" The hero narrowed his eyes as he asked that.
"No, pure accident, but since it had already happened I might as well make the best out of it. Someone of my calibre ought to catch his interest in one way or another. Still, let's get back to the main topic." Izuku laid the folder on Nighteye's table. "I am only here because I want to do this legitimately if possible. Would you accept my help?"

Nighteye was silent; he continued to observe the boy for any potential shifts in his body language – he found none, it was like he was staring at his own stoic face.

"Suppose I accept, then what?" Nighteye asked.

"Everything I have planned will be at your disposal."

"And if I refuse?"

"Then this evening I will make my move. You can still have the folder, but nothing else. All of Overhaul's bases will be sacked or destroyed by my forces; its members will either hand who or what they discover to the police or kill anyone if they resist, and the girl will ultimately be safe."

"Young man, if you kill anyone in any scenario besides self-defence, you will be marked as a criminal." Nighteye adjusted his glass, though there was no sign of worry – he likely didn't believe Izuku would kill anyone. "And what is this about your 'forces'?"

"It's something I don't want to reveal. I have already interfered far enough – the less you know the better."

For the first time, Izuku finally showed his first expressive use of body language. His eyes shifted around as if he was trying to find something. It was very short, but with Nighteye's level of detection, he could spot it. A sign of insecurity. This boy was afraid of something. Despite being the more logical assumption, Nighteye did not believe this boy was being controlled.

Then what was he afraid of?

"You look stressed. Is something bothering you?" Nighteye queried, not much of a genuine expression of his concern as it was only uttered to drag to boy's true intention to the surface.

Izuku's eyes went wide at the question. He stared at Nighteye with the expression of pure shock.

Finally, realized that his visage of dominance had been broken, the boy slumped in his chair.

"I shouldn't have come here." Izuku was tried, as indicated by both his tone and expression. "I am no match for you in a mind games, Sir Nighteye; truly no match." Izuku breathed out a sigh. [3]

Nighteye adjusted his glasses and sighed himself. "Why are you really here, young man?"

"I might act all assertive and callous, but my intentions and story are real. I am here to help the girl, but I really, really, really, want to do this legally, so please." Izuku leaned forward, the previous coldness in his eyes was gone and replaced by something of a pleading gaze. "Accept my help."

Nighteye considered his options. He tried to find some kind of compromise and even considered accepting the boy's request, albeit with conditions. Yet Nighteye decided against it, the green haired boy had too many… unknown factors surrounding him. The unknown was a risk Nighteye could not take.

"I am sorry, but I cannot accept your help." Nighteye's tone was less aggressive than before. Izuku didn't know his voice could be this smooth.
"I see. Well, as I say you can keep the folder. I will not waste any more of our time then." Izuku kicked against the table and let himself fall backwards along with the chair. Nighteye immediately got up and looked over his table only to see an empty chair now lying against his office's floor.

"Dammit!" Nighteye cursed aloud. He picked up his phone and called the lobby. "Centipeder, did you see the boy leave the building?" Despite his steady voice, he was panicking internally.

"No, sir. No one has left the building," his sidekick replied.

Nighteye messaged his temples. He glanced at the file and gave out a long, tired sigh. If Izuku attacked them, they would surely know they had been found out and would move to another location. All his plans that he had been setting up for months were about to go up in smoke, all because one boy wanted to play hero.

While Nighteye still doubted about the boy's power, he seemed confident in his claim. Meaning he must really have something that he believed could give him the victory against Overhaul and the Eight Precepts of Death.

So Nighteye quickly sat back down and opened the folder Izuku left for him and started reading the files at a speed comparable with the infamous 'High-Spec' Principle Nezu of U.A..

"Centipeder request a team up with other heroes immediate and get Bubble Girl to help you out," Sir ordered.

"T-team up, sir? Now?"

"Yes, this is an emergency. Get whoever you can before noon and call the police requesting a task force. We are going to take down our target today, or else we won't get another chance."

Nighteye regretted that he didn't use his 'Foresight' on Izuku, but what was done was done.

Today was going to be a long day, he was sure of that.

Chapter End Notes

A/N: Believe it or not, I planned to make this preparation chapter drag on even more, but have had to cut it due to length; again. You may not like this, but the opening of the next chapter will be the final stage of preparation and then action. Though, I promise, Izuku isn't going to fight only the yakuza and Overhaul.

[1] 'Boss' is a part of a round shield. It's a circular/half-globe piece of metal that extended out from the middle of the shield. If you watch any gladiator or Viking related film/document/game chances are you would probably see a shield with a boss.

[2] You may wonder, 'Why the axe? He already has a gun, why do he need another weapon; a melee weapon no less?'

Well, the axe is not simply a weapon, it can be used as a tool as well (firemen and rescue force still use them to this day), even in combat it has much more practical use than sword or mace. As for the need of melee weapon, it's to make sure have something to use if enemies get close to him - in 'Star Wars', 'Warhammer 40K', 'Alien vs Predator', and even 'Star Trek' melee weapon is still relevant due to the wide variety
of foes. As for the shield, it can combo with both gun and axe; and no, I am not going RWBY route and making a Gun-Axe.

Axe is also infamous for being a signature weapon of… psychopath.

[3] From what I believed, even the more confident Izuku is unlikely to be assertive by nature. He would probably have to act assertive, which can be an emotional drain to anyone.
Beyond and more

Izuku reappeared back at the Sanctuary, where he hurriedly walked into a vast windowless room, with a large monitor to one side and a circular table in the middle in the middle. The rest of the chamber was littered with folders, maps, computers, and other miscellaneous items that gave the room an image fitting for its name: the War Room.

Already there was a gathering of Izukus — about a dozen, minus two Izukus who were manning the computers connected to the large monitor — around the centre table.

"So, you are finally here," an Izuku called as he entered.

This Izuku was an older Izuku, roughly in his thirties. Unlike 'Guilt,' who simply looked like Main if he was older, this Izuku's hair was a sleeker and darker green with piercing eyes and a jaded face. The freckles were less prominent on his face than on Main's. He also styled himself with a pair of circular-lens glasses and a white shirt with a black vest.

"I'm not late though, 'Wire.' No need to make a fuss," Main replied, unamused.

"You've already asked us to spend our precious time on this mission. We have lives outside of here, Main," said an Izuku with balaclava — or ski mask to some — covering his entire head, sans his eyes, and green camouflage-patterned military outfit. "The least you could do is get this over with as quickly as possible."

"If being a terrorist is considered a 'job' to you, then I am pretty sure you don't understand what 'job' means 'Thrax'," one Izuku called to Thrax with a smile on his face. This one looked exactly like Main, the only difference was his crimson eyes — almost reminiscent of Katsuki's only more… malicious.

"Are you really the one who has the right to criticize me, 'Crimson'?" The fully concealed Izuku retorted.

"Alright, enough," Main interrupted them. "I am here now so we can get started. Have you people
looked at the layout of the bases you are assigned to?" All the Izuku presented around the table nodded. "Good, then we should be on schedule!" Izuku paused when he noticed some of the Izukus were missing. "Where's 'Valkyrie' and 'Nazgul'?"

"They went to prepare themselves a while back," a normal Izumi with a few brown strands in her hair answered.

"They said they get everything they need to know," another Izumi who was taller and more muscular — and who also possessed a few brown strands of hair, though all her hair was arranged to point backwards — added.

"Thank for the info, 'Tonkinese', 'Pantera'," Main replied to them, respectively, before turning to face the rest of the room. "Well, since all the crucial members are still in the buildings and the briefing is done, you all can go prepare yourself for the mission." [1]

They all nodded and made their exit from the room.

Main took up his phone and messaged two of the Izukus who he had assigned to work on his equipment. The first one to arrive was 'Dwarf'. The green-bearded Izuku, or Izorki in his world, stepped forth from the wall with an axe and a shield in each of his hands.

"Main, Good morning!" Izorki said heartily with a big grin on his face.

"It's noon," Izuku countered.

"Not from where I come from," Izorki said and chewed the air in his mouth. "Anyways, here's your order!" The dwarf chopped the axe into the table and let it stick there before laying the shield beside it. "I call 'em, Grimnir and Grungni."

"Which is which?" Main asked.

"The axe is Grimnir and the shield is Grungni."

Main pulled the axe from the table and examined it. He noticed a faint crimson stain on the blade.

"You've used this already?"

"Just a test run," Izorki reassured with his hands held up defensively. "I would normally add some Runes on them to give my weapons special powers, but I doubted you would appreciate that." Izuku nodded to that, agreeing. "But…" Main fully turned to face Izorki. "I couldn't control myself and maybe just put… one… Rune on the axe."

Izorki simply rolled his eyes and handed the axe back to Dwarf. "Show me to then."

Izorki nodded and took out a dwarven lighter, which was shaped like a gun to 'human' eyes. He let the fire soak the axe's blade for a few minutes before finally stopping. Izuku wasn't sure what the temperature of the lighter was, but it was hot enough that even him, who, while several steps away, felt the heat. The fact that the axe did not go red from the heat of the flame was also something to be of note.

Izorki chopped the axe onto the table again, but this time a length crack split through it; the table only just about being held together by the areas that were intact.

"If you add heat, the blade will become sharper and if you add cold the blade will become duller. The level of lethality stays the same until the axe is heated or frozen again. I wager you would like
this Rune since you do love non-lethal options," Izorki explained with a grin on his face.

"And the shield?" Izuku gestured at the defensive device.

At this, Izorki frowned. "Without the gauntlet of the set, it was nothing but a regular shield, the view-box you requested is still functional though."

Izuku took up the shield. The shield was extremely light for something so large and almost bulky. Main slid open a small plate covered the view-box. He looked through the rectangular slit and thought to himself that this would work nicely with Lawgiver.

"Good job," Main complimented. He felt his phone vibrate. The boy looked at the screen to see an incoming message. Once he read the text, he immediately frowned. "I guess it will be just the axe and shield."

"Something has happened?" Dwarf asked.

"A complication on 'Mechanicus' end." If you could call a planetary invasion by a demonic force of genetically enhanced humans, with a planet-destroying weapon, and a fleet composed of ships the size of football stadiums as the smallest vessels, a 'complication."

"As promised, the ingots are yours. There's a bag with your name on it in the armory," Izuku said as he walked over to the monitor.

"Seriously?" Izorki asked, a bit baffled that this was so… easy. Not to mention a bag with his name on it? What was he? A beardling?

"Well, I expect you to help me repair my gear if-" Izuku paused upon notice Izorki's face suddenly turned red with rage.

"REPAIR!? ARE YOU SAYING MY MASTERPIECES WILL BREAK!?"

'Oh shit.'

A gathering of Izukus and Izumis was waiting for Main in the Sanctuary's lobby. When he finally arrived, he had already donned his cloak with a shield on his back and axe holstered from his belt.

"What took you so long?" a normal Izuku in the group asked.

"Let's just say you should never ask a dwarf to repair the equipment they built themselves."

One of the Izumis laughed. She looked like a grown-up version of any regular Izumi, but instead of regular clothing, she wore a suit of golden armor.

"I still remember when one of my sisters did the exact same thing. She's never dared to step into Svartalfheim ever since."

"Thank for the input, Valkyrie. Now is everyone here?"

"Let's see," Crimson chirped. "We got 'Thrax', 'Valkyrie', 'Wire', 'Nazgul'—" Crimson pointed at the shadowed, dark-cloaked creature in the room who hissed back in reply. "'Tonkinese', 'Pantera', 'Sonar'," this time Crimson pointed at a normal Izuku with a blindfold over his eyes. "'Juggernaut', 'Wraith',' the crimson-eyed Izuku pointed at the two normal looking Izukus. "And of course, good old me and you. Is that everyone?"
"Yes… thank Crimson." Izuku then turned to the group as a whole. "I don't think I have to repeat the plan so let's get to work. Remember, don't kill anyone if you can help it and don't let anyone see your face, else I am going be dealing with your mistake." Main pulled the hood over his face while the others donned their own masks and helmets — all except Nazgul, whose shadowy hood concealed their features.

With that done, they walked into the door.

It was another normal day at the compound of the Eight Precepts of Death. The Yakuza were going about their business as usual. That was until the compound's doorbell rang.

Rikiya Katsukame, a large muscular man with a Quirk that could steal other people vitality and one of the Eight Expendables, came out of the main building to answer the door.

If it was a member of the gang, they should have a key and therefore wouldn't have to ring the bell. If it was the police or heroes, the security camera should have seen them coming. If it was an idiot who forgot their key, Mimic would give them an earful later.

Rikiya took off his mask so he didn't look too suspicious, before sliding the door open. In front of him was a freckled young man in a bluish grey delivery outfit with a sizable cardboard box in his arms.

"Delivery, sir," the delivery boy exclaimed.

"From who?" If there were any deliveries due to arrive directly to the compound, Rikiya should have been informed.

"I don't know, sir. There's no stamp or names, but apparently the company told me to deliver this package anyways," the delivery boy explained. Rikiya lifted an eyebrow. This was too unusual to be coincidence. Was this a trap? "Oh wait, I almost forgot," the boy reached into his pocket and pulled out a letter. "There is this along with the package; maybe you will get your answer here?"

The large muscular man reached for the letter and quickly tore it open. Once he read the contents, his face paled and his eyes widened.

"I-I will take the package," Rikiya replied.

"Here you go, sir." The boy handed the Yakuza the box. "Have a nice day."

The boy bid him goodbye and made his way towards a delivery motorcycle parked nearby. Rikiya simply closed the door and walked back to the main house without putting his mask back on — that would be his biggest mistake.

"Who was it at the door?" one of the yakuza goons asked, cigarette in his mouth.

"A delivery, it's for the former Head."

Rikiya's answer seemed to startle the Yakuza. "W-wah? From who?"

"His cousin, at least that's what's on the letter," Rikiya showed the goon the letter before unpackaging the box right there.

"What are you doing?!" the goon asked as he quickly looked around to see if anyone else was nearby.
"This is still too strange. It could be a ploy by the cops or the heroes. I have to check it," the large man replied.

"And if it's not, then what would boss say about… messing with the former Head's stuff?"

That was enough to make one of the Expendable Eight pause, only if just for a moment. "I am sure he will understand." Overhaul never punished a subordinate for without a good reason, but just a tiny reason would do.

Rikiya opened the box to discover… a rock?

"The hell is this?" the goon questioned with a puzzled look on his face.

There was a note attached to the rock. Rikiya tore it off and started reading.

"Dear, Cousin, it has been a long time since we last cha-"

Rikiya didn't get to finish as he suddenly collapsed; the goon that was with him followed suit. Their bodies occasionally twitched but made no more movement than that.

About fifteen minutes later, the compound door slid open. Eight Izukus and Izumis walked into gardens in front of the main building.

"I think you should just let the gas stay on instead of letting it wear off," Thrax hedged.

"I am here to get the girl, not kill her in the process," Main answered him.

"Hmm." Thrax sounded bemused. "Well, no matter. I finally get to try my new non-lethal toxins."

"A terrorist at heart I see," Wire remarked.

"How about you do your job as well? 'Walter'?" the toxic Izuku asked with a smirk underneath his mask.

Wire only grunted in response. His palm touched the ground for a moment, before he lifted his hand up. His fingers started wiggling; while looking chaotic in their movement there was a pattern forming in Wire's gestures. Rikiya and a Yakuza goon were suddenly lifted and tied up together by an invisible force. Wire then simply shook his hand.

"Close the door," Main said, gesturing at the door they'd just come through. Pantera did as they were instructed. "Wire, with me. Tonkinese, Sonar, go find a safe position. The rest of you take up positions as we planned." They all nodded and went about their duty.

Wire and Main entered the main building. Several Yakuza had already collapsed in the hallway. Wire simply moved his right arm and its fingers, tidily tying everyone up with nearly invisible strings.

On the way, Main noticed that two of the Eight Expendables — Overhaul's elites force — were among those who were tied up. One was Yu Hojo, a bald man with Crystallization Quirk, and another one was no other than Deidoro Sakaki; one of the two members Izuku was worried about encountering.

"Throw him out." Main pointed at Deidoro. Wire motioned his hand backward and the unconscious Yakuza was thrown out of the main door. They two Izukus reached a dead end, but the dimension-
traveling Izuku effortlessly lifted a flower pot and pressed the hidden switch beneath it.

As the secret passage revealed itself, three Yakuza jumped out of the darkness — their intention to harm him was clear with all their Quirks activated. They were quickly subdued with a single wave of an arm from Wire.

"Wh-what the hec-" the goon didn't even finish screaming. Main and Wire brought down their feet on two of the criminals' face, knocking them out cold. Main grabbed the collar of the third one and pulled him face-to-face.

"Where's Overhaul and the girl?" The yakuza didn't answer, only stared back at him in defiance. Main Izuku sighed and reached into his cloak. He pressed a tube-shaped tool onto the neck of the Yakuza and pressed. A green substance within the tube was injected into the criminal. At first there was no effect, but in a few heartbeats the Yakuza began to sweat, followed by twitchiness and shaking. "Where's Overhaul and the girl?" Main asked again.

"A-at, at, th-they were g-g-going to e-e-e-scape through th-da back exit," the yakuza answered while twitching and spasming at increasing pace. Main uppercut the goon and left him unconscious, though still occasionally twitching under the effects of the green substance.

"What was that?" Wire asked, pointing his unoccupied hand at the tube.

"A medical injector, from a futuristic reality where these little things replace all syringes. No needle, no pain, nothing." Main explained.

"Interesting, but not what I meant. What was that thing you injected into him?"

"Truth serum, and not like one of those made-up versions in conspiracy theories. This is a real one, a working one, and won't cause long-term effects unless applied in high doses or multiple times."

"I see, hmm, that could be of use to someone of my… profession," Wire mused, stroking his chin.

"This is not the time for that, this is a-"

Main Izuku didn't get to finish his sentence when a large fist made its way towards his face. Wire was forced to step back due to the sheer amount of force put into the attack, while Main simply phased through it.

"Huh, that ain't fair," a well-built man with large fists and a plague mask said, as he stepped from the passage. He was Kendo Rappa, another of the Eight Expendables.

Wire attempted to subdue him but found his strings being blocked by a barrier.

"Calm down, Rappa. These foes are not to be underestimated," another Yakuza in amale kimono and a plague mask said behind Rappa. His hands were pressed to his forehead. He was Hekiji Tengai, the Eight Expendables member with a barrier Quirk that Izuku was also worrying about. Thankfully, Deidoro had been subdued.

Rappa pulled back his fists and allowed Izuku to phase into his dimension.

"Ugh, what a spineless Quirk. I doubt the other one could put up much of a fight — being so scrawny. Let's just end this quickly," Rappa growled as he started rotating his shoulder, building up some force before using his Quirk.

"Agreed. We better end this charade before the authorities notice it." Tengai lowered his hands, and
thus his barrier.

Main sent a single gaze at Wire. The older Izuku knew what to do.

Rappa turned toward the glassed Izuku. "Since the runt will just phase again, I will let you take the first hit!" Rappa roared as he extended his fist. Wire simply opened himself wide for the attack.

The attack made contact. It travelled with such power that once it hit, it sent enough force to create a small gust of wind inside the building. A few sickening cracks could be heard, so it could be presumed that some bones were broken by the punch meeting Wire's Quirk head on.

With such vicious attack, or rather, more an unexpected one, Tengai collapsed — unlikely to get back up until he received a proper medical attention.

"W-what the hell!" Rappa shouted. He tried to lower his extended fist but found himself unable to. If one were to peer close enough, they could see strings connecting Wire's fingers with Rappa's entire body.

"If Overhaul started sending his underlings up here then it means he hoped to stall us. I will leave his main force to you. I have to go after him, else he will make off with the girl."

Wire gave a firm nodded. Main ran into a nearby wall and disappeared.

The sound of shouting could be heard from below the passage; no doubt reinforcement was on the way. Wire simply moved his finger, forcing Rappa's body into a battle stance.

"Let's see what you can do," Wire said with a grim smile.

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Main reappeared again deep inside the boringly-grey concrete hallway of the hideout. He could hear the sound of shouting and yelling to his left; that way led up to the compound above. Izuku simply went in the opposite direction.

Main pulled out his gun — the Lawgiver. He loaded in a new magazine into the back slot.

"Tranquilize Shots. Loading… Complete." His weapon said.

Izuku was about to load the frontal magazine as well when his surrounds suddenly shifted and almost made him lose balance. Judging from the dossier, this was likely the work of Joi Irinaka, alias Mimic, and his Quirk that allowed him to possess an object.

The path ahead shifted and blocked him from going any further. Izuku knew if he wanted to progress, he needed to take out this Yakuza. The boy took out his phone and with one click he reached the person he wanted to speak to.

"Sonar, can you locate any heartbeats within my vicinity?" Izuku then turned the phone's microphone toward the shifting hallway. In a few seconds, a reply came from the other side.

"*Ten O'clock, forty five degree angle, twelve meters away… I think.*" [4]

"Got'cha," Main replied and hung up.

Izuku warped Lawgiver away, using his clock. The weapon was sent to the Dimension of Light-Speed Travel, all the while he was holding onto it. While his reach of teleportation was only three meters, the Dimension of Light-Speed Travel was not so restrictive. He simply needed to send something in there, let it traveled to his intended destination then warped it back to his current
dimension, where it would appear where he wanted it to be — as long as part of him remained with
the teleported object.

When he felt like the barrel had hit something soft, he pulled the trigger. Sure enough, the hallway
soon returned to normal, but it would no doubt signal Overhaul to quicken his escape since one of
his more powerful henchmen had been taken out.

Izuku continued where he left off, loading another magazine into the frontal slot.


"Confiscation" Izuku was cut off when someone attacked him from behind. Luckily, he kept his Quirk
active at all times and the bullet phase through.

Izuku turned around to find another of the Eight Expendable, Shin Nemoto; a man with the Quirk
'Confession', which made people who were affected by it speak the truth from their most inner
thought. The Yakuza was pointing a gun at him.

"Who are you?" Shin asked, no doubt using his Quirk to get Izuku to answer him. Luckily, there
was a flaw in Confession. If the target concentrated enough, they could give the answer in the
language of their choosing.

Izuku uttered a phrase that Shin could hear but could not understand — nor even believe the human
tongue was capable of producing. Izuku, on his part, simply smirked. It wasn't easy learning The
Correspondence — a mystical and impossible language, basically.

"What did you say?" Shin asked again, raising his voice.

Izuku answered again in The Correspondence, but this time he lifted his Lawgiver to counter-attack
Shin. In response, the Yakuza opened fire, only to find that his bullets went through Izuku.

Before Shin could find cover, Izuku pulled the trigger of Lawgiver and sent an energy bolt
forwards. He would prefer tranquilizer shots, but Lawgiver always prioritized using the most
recently loaded magazine.

Izuku was expecting the shot to hit Shin in the chest and knock him out. Instead, he blinked in
complete disbelief when the energy bolt exploded upon contact. The boy stared with his mouth
hung agape as the Yakuza fell, and he continued to do so for a few minutes until he finally pulled
himself together. Izuku immediately looked at the Lawgiver.

"Energy mode rundown," he breathed out quickly.

"Current energy mode setting. Semi-auto, photons bolt, maximum energy input."

Izuku immediately grimaced. He forgot to turn the energy input to minimal so the bolt stunned
instead of…

Main wasted no more time. He went over to inspect Shin. The Yakuza didn't move, not that Izuku
expected him to with that… hole in his chest.

Contrary to popular belief, not all energy was like in 'Star Wars' where it would just leave a burn
mark — especially not Lawgiver. Instead, it would send out an energy bolt made of photons that
would combust upon contact with a solid object (like Shin here, for example), leaving a
very very nasty wound.
Izuku continued to stare at the dead body, of his own doing. Slowly, but surely, an anxious and disturbed feeling began to rise in his chest. He was not necessarily disturbed by his own actions or the sight of the newly deceased, oh no, he was used to that.

Rather, he was disturbed that he wasn't disturbed.

He should feel something — guilt boiling in his stomach, pain stabbing in his heart, remorse weighting on his shoulder, sadness swelling in his eyes, anything — yet he didn't.

Why didn't he feel anything?

Was it because he was so used to the grim reality of the multiverse and the darkness that inhabited it? Was it because he knew he would one day take a life of a sapient and sentient being? Or was it because he had eased the effect by starting with killing animals up until this point?

What he knew though, was that he had killed a living human being — and even if they were criminal, the first kill is the first kill.

Izuku suddenly felt an urge to laugh. He remembered something Mr. V told him long ago: "'The first one is the most difficult' my ass," Izuku said to himself with a bitter smile.

Izuku kneeled down beside the dead yakuza and wondered if he should pray for him. After all, Shin wouldn't do the same for Izuku. Main decided to simply lift the plague mask off of Shin's face and closed the criminal's eyes. Praying would take too much time and Izuku didn't truly think this man deserved it.

Main got up and moved further into the compound. He did not bother to look back at Shin again. What's done is done. There was no turning back now, only moving forward.

Izuku took up his phone to check up on the others. "Wire, is everything taken care of up there?"

"Yes, the Yakuza are subdued, though some are in critical condition, if you're concerned about that," the deep voice of the older Izuku answered from the other side.

"If they don't need medical attention within four hours then there is nothing to worry, for now at least. The heroes will be here soon."

"Understood. We will stall them for you," Wire reassured him, and Main hung up.

Main halted when he heard the sound of footsteps; faint scuffles in the distance. This was definitely them, everyone else would be up there getting tied up by Wire. He made another call.

"Sonar, locate." Like the last time, he pointed the phone's microphone ahead.

"Fifteen meters away, to the right," Sonar answered from the other side.

Main leaned his face into the wall and warped it into the Dimension of Light-Speed Travel. He let light pull and push him as it pleased. Once he felt that he came to a halt, he teleported. Izuku's face appeared on the ceiling of the very same hallway. He could see his target, Overhaul, alongside his assistant, Hari Kurono — alias Chronostasis. The boy also spotted Eri in Overhaul's arms.

Considering the situation, Izuku reasoned he should take Hari out first then deal with Overhaul and — as Guilt requested — 'make him suffer.'

Izuku wondered for a moment at how he should deal with Chronostasis. After running several
scenarios in his head, he just gave out a silent sigh at the approach he chose. Well, he had already crossed that line, there was no need to hold back anymore.

Main teleported the upper-half of his body over. Since the other half was still standing on the ground, he had a problem staying on the ceiling. The green-haired boy aimed his Lawgiver at Hari and pulled the trigger.

The yakuza was fast enough to see his attack, but he was not fast enough to dodge a photon bolt. Unlike Shin, this time Izuku aimed for the head. Once the bolt made contact, a large portion of Hari's head was gone — splattered onto the wall, the ground, and Overhaul.

Main took this chance to teleport the rest of his body over. He dropped from the ceiling and landed on his feet.

Overhaul turned around to face Izuku. While the yakuza's face remained calm, Main could see fury raging in his eyes. In contrast, Eri was trembling in his arms — Izuku wasn't sure if it was him or Overhaul who was the cause of her terror, or perhaps the both of them.

"So, you're the rat that attacked us," Kai said to Izuku.

"Interesting choice of word. A normal villain would prefer 'little shit' as a pronoun for me."

"I am not some common scumbag on the street, and watch your mouth, there is a kid here," Kai replied.

"Are you seriously saying that?" Izuku questioned, especially considering the relationship between Kai and Eri.

"Eri will live through this, it would be quite undesirable if she picks up bad language." Overhaul put the girl down to the side — unfortunately giving her a clear view of Chronostasis's body. "You, vigilante, on the other hand..." Kai's right hand touched Hari and in a blink of an eye, he deconstructed the dead Yakuza, himself, and the ground. He absorbed the body and concrete and reconstructed them as part of his own, turning him into a four-armed monster — a slight improvement, now he truly looked like a monster he really was. "Will not come out of this alive."

Izuku was unphased by the sight; he simply unloaded the back magazine of Lawgiver.

"Still, why 'rat' though?" Izuku loaded in another cartridge.

"Because rats were and are the carriers of plagues, especially a plague called 'Quirk.' A plague that had become an epidemic throughout the world. The fact that you tried to stop me proves that you are a rat," Kai explained with malignance in his eyes.

"Hmm, well, whatever the case, this will end today. Come to think of it, what makes you think I am a vigilante?"

"Stop screwing with me!" Overhaul screamed and charged. "What else would you be?! Coming in here with no heroes or police support, killing my subordinates, and trying to take Eri away!"

Izuku resisted an urge to sigh at the reminder that he had finally started killing people. So, he simply shot into the ground three times. Overhaul managed to react to the first bullet from behind him and dodged, but barely avoided the second bullet that appeared right after he dodged the first. The Yakuza Boss prepared to evade the third but didn't see a new bullet appear.

Overhaul turned back to face Izuku, but saw the boy was pointing at Kai's leg. The yakuza thought
it was a trick and was about to charge in, but soon found himself trembling as his new reconstructed flesh crumbled away.

"W-what?!” he screamed.

Izuku, on his part, still pointed Lawgiver at Kai's leg. Overhaul's eyes finally followed in the direction Izuku was pointing at. There, he saw a familiar syringe-bullet stuck to his leg.

"N-no," Kai asked, wide eyes as he was crumbling. He looked at Izuku with a visage of pure horror. "H-how did you get that?!”

Main simply stared at Overhaul. "A man who sent me after you request that I make you suffer. Giving you an ironic, regretful, and unfulfilled death should be enough," Izuku responded as he walked up to Overhaul.

With each step, Overhaul's new body started to fall apart, piece by piece. Without his Quirk, he could not keep his unnatural reconstructed body as a whole — humans, in our natural state, weren't capable of having four limbs made out of rock and other people's body parts.

By the time Izuku reached him, Overhaul had crumbled into a heap; body twisted, bloody flesh mixed with scattered concrete, and the upper half of his body was such a gory mess that Izuku was sure no one would be able to recognize Kai now.

The Yakuza could only breathe desperately to try to keep himself alive, while looking at Izuku in anger and hatred.

"I would have killed you with mercy, but as per request, I will just leave you to bleed to death. Should fit enough for his criteria of 'suffer.'" Izuku walked away from the dying Yakuza toward Eri, who curled up into a ball while looking away from the gruesome sight.

"You damn bastard…” Overhaul breathed out with all the energy he had left. "You are a plague on humanity… You turn the world into your personal fantasy with righteousness and the pretentious belief that there is real justice in this world…” Izuku didn't turn back, though he didn't disagree. "You're all just wretched infested creatures; you, your mother, your father, the heroes, the police, the society, all… of… you… ARE SICK! YOU ARE ALL PLAGUED CREATURES THAT NEED TO BE PUT DOWN BEFORE THERE ARE NO HEALTHY PEOPLE LEFT! ALL! OF! YOU!” Overhaul burst into a final scream, then fell silent for good.

Izuku halted. Not because of the idea behind Kai's words, nor because he suddenly had a flash of sympathy or annoyance. Rather, it was because of a single word, a word so passing in the scream that most people wouldn't even notice it, but not Izuku. He can always hear that word.

Izuku slowly turned around. Something in his eyes had changed and it felt very wrong.

"What did you say about my mother?"

Chapter End Notes

A/N: I thought about making this longer, but I don't want to kill my beta yet so I will stop here. Tune in next time for an action-packed chapter.
[1] These two come from two separate universes, but their parent belongs in the same team — in two different universes — can you guess who?

[2] He is based off Dr. Thrax from the 'Command and Conquer: General: Zero Hour' game. It's a bit too offensive by today's standards, but hey, it's still a memorable and nostalgic game.

[3] He is based on Walter C. Donez from Hellsing and Doflamingo from One Piece. Power-wise, he is more in line with Doflamingo, but personality-wise, he is more alike to Walter; he may or may not have a deep tie with his universe's Momo…

[4] I will admit there is a similarity in terms of Quirk between this Izuku and Izuku in 'A beacon in the dark' by Nohaljiachi, but my inspiration for this one comes from a scene in 'Batman: the Dark Knight' where Batman turned all cell phones in Gotham into microphones in order to find Joker's hostages.
The Request: The Izuku VS Heroes

Chapter Summary

...and today he will be fending off Pro-Heroes

Chapter Notes

A/N: Should I post this story on Wattpad? That place was more romance-oriented, but I am interested enough to try. So I ask you readers for some input.

Beta by Yuilhan

See the end of the chapter for more notes

Beyond and more

"So, let me summarize this. A kid comes to talk with you, the same kid who tells All Might that All for One is still alive, and he told you that if you didn't take down the villain you were tracking today, he would do it himself. You refused his request and let him get away, free to attack your target himself, am I correct?"

Sir Nighteye adjusted his glasses and nodded to Detective Naomasa, a close associate of All Might and one of a few people who knew about 'One for All.'

"As surreal as it is, I do believe the boy is serious about his claim to attack Overhaul's stronghold," Sat in the passenger's seat of Naomasa's car, with Lemillion and Bubble Girl scrunched into the back, Nighteye inquired, "Will the Police be there in time?"

"Yes, but since you requested us on such a short notice, we might be a bit undermanned," Naomasa answered as he pushed the turn signal up waiting to turn right at this next junction. "How many heroes will there be? If you're asking us to help you find available Heroes, then you must be desperate."

"Yes. It's similar to your end. This is a very drastic turn of events, so I could only get a few, but they might be enough."

"And who are they?" Naomasa asked.

Nighteye looked at his assistant expectantly.

"We managed to get about five heroes and two of their interns," Bubble Girl answered.

Naomasa blinked in surprise. "Interns? Wouldn't they be a bit unprepared?"

"Don't worry, Detective. I know them both and I can guarantee you they would be of great help." Lemillion reassured the cop with a wide grin.
"I see," the detective nodded to the young hero. "Still, who did you manage to get?"

"We have Fatgum, Rock Lock, Ryukyu, Mr. Brave, and Eraser Head."

Naomasa blinked several times in surprise, but since he was driving quickly switched his focus to the road. "You managed to get that many powerful Pro-Heroes on such short notice?" While Mr. Brave and Rock Lock weren't necessary fit the 'powerful' bill, Ryukyu and Eraser Head were.

Sir Nighteye adjusted his glasses. "Despite being called on short notice, I had already proposed a collaboration with these heroes beforehand. They are prepared to respond."

"I see. So, what is your plan once we get there?" Nighteye's assistants were curious about this as well.

"A plan usually falls apart upon its application, Detective, and this one dissolved even before that. This time we need to decide our course of action as the operation goes on, rather than having a clear outline. We are truly dealing with the unknown here," Nighteyes explained to the cop. "Speaking of the unknown, do you have anything on Midoriya Izuku? He's our main target."

Nighteye tapped his right foot impatiently.

The Detective only sighed at that question. "Classified by the government, and when I said classified, I mean top secret. The level needed to open the archive holding the boy's data was so high that I am starting to doubt that even someone as high-ranked as a Commissioner General could access it." The revelation caused the heroes' eyes to widen, even Nighteye.

'Just who is this boy?' was the line everyone in the car thought. The rest of the trip went on in silence.

The doorbell to the Midoriya residence rang. Inko flicked the TV off and went to answer. She peeked through the view hole and saw a middle-aged man who was dressed in a lab coat, with sleek black hair and a peculiar smile, waiting outside her door.

"Hello, who is this?" the mother asked through the intercom.

"Hello, ma'am. I am Professor Paradox, an associate of your son. Could you open the door please?"

"The password please," Inko replied.

Paradox rolled his eyes in good humour. "Small Might," the time-traveller answered.

With the right password, Inko unlocked the door and came face-to-face with the man.

"Are you here to meet Izuku? He's not here at the moment," she explained.

"Yes, I know. I am here concerning where he is at the moment actually," the smile Paradox previously wore disappeared.

"Is he in danger?" Inko asked as her heart sank. She knew he lived a dangerous life with his Quirk, but she hoped he wouldn't do anything he shouldn't.

"No, but there are a lot of things you should know about the boy. Mind if I come in?"

Inko hesitated for a moment, but nodded and let the scientist in through the front door.
About fifteen minutes later, they arrived at their destination.

It was a large traditional Japanese estate, fitting for a yakuza hideout. Surrounding the estate was the police force, about fifty men strong. Some were equipped with riot shields and full anti-riot gear, while other wore their standard police uniform.

As soon as he got out of his car, an officer with cat head came to receive Naomasa. "Detective, we were waiting for you," the cat-headed officer said.

"Right, sorry to keep you waiting, Sansa. Let get to the briefing." Detective Naomasa turned to Nighteye. "Sir Nighteye could you accompany me?"

The Pro Hero simply nodded and followed Detective.

"So, are there any more heroes here that the police managed to get?" Nighteye queried. His intern and assistant went off to meet with other heroes.

"Yes, we have received help from Mt. Lady and Kamui Woods. We have also managed to contact the Wild Wild Pussycats, Ms. Joke, and Ectoplasm for help since they are in the area."

Nighteye lifted an eyebrow. "What are the Wild, Wild Pussycats doing around here? Aren't their headquarters located at the mountains in Nagano?"

"Apparently they come here for a group da-" before Officer Sansa could finish, one of the Pussycats, Pixie-Bob in her customary blue outfit, jumped up and put her hands on his mouth.

"GROUP VISITING! We were visiting an old friend! Nothing more!" The blonde hero yelled as she tried to silence the police officer.

'She's too desperate,' the rest of the Wild, Wild Pussycats thought.

Meanwhile, other heroes were mingling among themselves.

"Ne, Ne, Mirio, have you ever, like, had an emergency team-up before?" Nejire Hado, Mirio's close friend and one of the 'Big 3' of U.A., asked with her usual enthusiasm.

"Nope, not even once," Lemilion told her. Though his voice was as energetic as ever, Mirio didn't smile like he usually did.

"Is something wrong?" Tamaki Amajiki, hero alias Suneater, asked his long-time friend upon noticing a distress on Mirio's face.

"It's nothing." The smile returned. "Let's just focus on the mission and do our best!"

In another corner, two of the U.A.'s faculty were having a discussion.

"I didn't expect to be called right after an appointment with the doctor," Ectoplasm sighed.

"I get what you're saying. I just want to sleep," Aizawa Shota, hero alias Eraserhead, replied to his fellow U.A. teacher. "Not to mention…"

"Ne, ne, Eraser." Speak of the devil. "Wanna go on a date after this?"

"No, Joke, I don't."

"Aww, come on Eraser. You know you wa-"
A sound of a gunshot interrupted the entire assembly of heroes and police. Everyone's head turned toward the Yakuza compound.

"Really, Main. Can't you be more subtle?" Wire complained. He threw the cigarette in his mouth onto the ground and crushed it under his shoe. "Get into position. They will move soon," the older Izuku addressed to his small team. "Thrax are you ready for this?"

The Toxic Izuku nodded. He had now changed into a disguise, a gardener outfit with a surgical mask over his mouth and a pair of hedge loppers in his hand.

"Once I was pinned down by the American and Egyptian armies during the Second Tunisian Quirk War, and I managed to get my squad out by pretending to be a Japanese tourist. This is nothing," Thrax bragged.

"Remember to scout potential threats while you're at it," Wire reminded him. Thrax only nodded.

A doorbell finally rang. Wire checked if everyone had got to their positions. Tonkinese and Sonar were hiding in the corner where they would be out of reach. They would be a perfect backline support to the rest of them. Accompanying them was an unconscious body of a normal looking Izuku, styled to look like a corpse. The rest took up positions behind the wall separating the compound to the rest of the world, all the while making sure their masks would stay put when the battle started.

Wire went to wait beside Tonkinese. He nodded to the Izumi.

'Alright, everyone. We are all set,' the young Izumi sent out a telepathic message to her team.

Thrax answered the terrorist Izuku was greeted by Detective Naomasa, with a large assembly of heroes and police behind him.

"Good morning," the officer greeted. Thrax acted surprised in return, and quickly put down his loppers.

"Umm, can I help you, sir?" Thrax asked, his eyes continued to scan the assembly behind the Detective.

"Yes, we would like to search the grounds of your property," Naomasa explained.

"O-oh, I see, um-um, why is ninth-ranked hero Ryukyu here?" Thrax timidly pointed to the Dragon Hero, speaking loud enough for both the heroes and his team to hear.

"You have nothing to fear from her, sir. We only want to conduct a legal investigation," the Detective reassured, holding his hand up placatingly. While Naomasa was talking Thrax spotted a group of four that would prove too problematic than most others.

"W-wait, is that the Wild, Wild Pussycats?! I am their biggest fan!" Thrax yelled that out loud as he pretended to look over the Detective to see the group. "And is that Eraserhead and Ms. Joke over there? Are they together?!!"

At that information, the rest of Thrax's team turned to Tonkinese and Pantera. The two suddenly looked distressed.

Wire put his hand on Tonkinese's shoulder. "Can I trust you will see this through with us? We are not here to kill anyone, only to help." The older Izuku's eyes become softer as he looked into the
young Izumi's own. She took a deep breath and nodded. "Good, ask the same with Pantera and tell Valkyria to target Eraserhead and Ms. Joke."

Tonkinese sent out the message as she was instructed. Pantera turned back to them, her visage hardened, but nodded in understanding. The same went for Valkyria, though they couldn't see her face through her helmet.

"Sir, please, we need to search your building."

"Well, it isn't exactly mine, I will have to ask the master of the house to come and talk with you," Thrax explained, hoping to buy more time. At this point he had scouted out and informed his team of all the high-level threats.

"I am afraid we can't wait any longer. We heard a gunshot just a few minutes ago, and by the law we can now investigate without a permit —though we do have that as well," Naomasa said urgently, and the force behind him looked like it was more than willing to move in if Thrax's stalling continued.

The terrorist Izuku only sighed. "Alright, you can-" Thrax suddenly coughed, faked of course, but still convincing, nevertheless. Thrax's coughing got stronger and stronger until Naomasa asked.

"Are you alright, sir?"

Thrax paused and took a deep breath. "I-i think I am fine, I am just," the terrorist's hand moved up to his mask. "Really," he slowly removed his mask. "Sick!"

Thrax spat out white smoke. It enveloped Naomasa and spread throughout the entire street.

"Now!" Wire shouted.

Juggernaut crashed the wall down and ran head-first into the confused police force. He rampaged effortlessly with protection gear that concealed his face and prevented Thrax's gas from affecting him. [1]

The gas was now starting to have an effect. Naomasa was on the ground, unconscious, and any officers unfortunate enough to be too close also suffered the same fate. Also among the unfortunate was the hero Mr. Brave. Those who were not knocked out immediately, slowly felt numb and began losing consciousness.

Luckily, the heroes were there.

Ryukyu transformed into her dragon form and beat her wing to clear out the gas. Mt. Lady gigantified her body and used her hand to help out as well. That made them the main targets for Juggernaut.

The unstoppable Izuku charged into the dragon hero, causing her to grunt in pain. She tried to stop his charge by clinging to the ground, only to find that her action had no effect on the boy, who despite his size could tackle her with no problem. After he got the dragon, he continued his charge in the direction of Mt. Lady. Fatgum, Nejire, and Rock Lock went over to assist Ryukyu, while Kamui Wood tried to block Juggernaut from reaching his partner. Aizawa was about to get in as well when-

"VALHALLA!" Someone shouted from above him. [2]

Eraserhead looked up to see an armored warrior diving down on him.
"Watch out!" Ms. Joke yelled and tackled him away.

The ground where Aizawa once stood quaked and creaked under the warrior's attack. Valkyria got up from her kneeling position, her wings spread out — uncaring that she helped get rid of the gas. She pointed her sword made of light at the downed Aizawa and Emi.

"Which one among you is worthy?" The light of her sword shrank back, but in a few heartbeats, it extended again, this time forming into a scythe. She took her stance, ready to strike. "And which one among you isn't?"

The chaos continued to escalate. Thrax and Pantera joined the battle. Random police officers outside of the blast zone seemed to be knocked out for no reason, though with how much was going on no one had enough time to notice.

Nighteye adjust his glasses. Judging from the current position of the enemies on the battlefield, they had left a wide opening for people to get into the compound. A potential trap, but they would have to risk it.

"Lemillion, Bubble Girl, Centipeder, we are going in," Nighteye said to his sidekicks. He then turned to the feline hero team. "Wild, Wild Pussycats, can I trust all of you in assisting us?"

"Leave it to us," Ragdoll reassured with a smile and a thumb up.

"Pixie-Bob, please cover our backs. Suneater you cover our left, Tiger our right, and Mirio," his apprentice looked at Sir in the eyes. "If something happens to us, go on ahead," Mirio nodded with a solemn expression.

With their swiftly formed plan finalised, the heroes ran toward the compound.

On their way, Thrax spotted them and let go of the officer he had just knocked out with his gas. He charged them in an attempt to intercept.

"I will take care of him!" Tamaki shouted and made a charge of his own to meet with Thrax's.

Suneater punched the terrorist in the face with his crab-chitin hand. Thrax wasn't so easy to subdue, however. The toxic Izuku spat a white substance at Tamaki's shoulder while he was being thrown back by the punch.

Tamaki's other arm transformed into octopus tentacles. He hoped to both restrain Thrax and swiped the white, toxic goo off his shoulder. He didn't get the chance when his entire body felt numb. Soon his sight blurred, and within a few moments later he started to vomit.

"Do you like my Chlorine-I? Developed it myself after the Syrian government funded my project during one of their wars. Tested it on the American… then on the Syrian government when they refused to comply with the GLA," Thrax said with his eyes averted somewhere else as if trying to recall some details.

"You're… sick," Tamaki managed to mutter before vomiting again. The food he had previously consumed was thrown out, and thus his Quirk had no material to work with. His transformed limbs reverted back.

"We're all sick somewhere inside, boy. Well, better get rid of that before you vomit to death," Thrax said and kicked Suneater in the shoulder, getting rid of the goo before he knocked Tamaki down on his back. "Don't worry, the gas I use before is just a simple sleep gas, but I just couldn't resist testing out Chlorine-I." Thrax said to the downed Tamagi, whose stomach kept clenching.
even as he slipped into unconsciousness. [3]

By the time the terrorist finally realized how much time he had wasted on one hero instead of pursuing the group, Nighteye's group had already run past the gate.

"Alright, we've made it. Now to-"

They were interrupted when one of the Eight Expendable, Rappa, jumped up behind the group and crashed his fist into the ground, causing the group to scatter in order to dodge him.

"Sorry, ladies and gentlemen," Wire said as he stepped out from behind the large Yakuza. "But I am afraid I cannot let you go any further."

Before any of them could think of any further action, Ragdoll and Centipeder hit the ground — knocked out by an unseen force. 'Good work, Wraith,' Wire thought.

"Just run!" Rappa screamed. "Their leader is in the underground base! Get him first!"

At that information, Nighteye looked to Mirio. Lemillion ran like a man possessed into the building. Wire used his invisible strings to stop the young hero, only to discover that they went right through the boy.

The older Izuku simply sighed when it was obvious he wasn't going to stop Mirio. He then looked at Rappa.

"Couldn't keep your mouth shut, do you?"

"I hate heroes, but I hate you more, you coward," Rappa insulted.

"Oh well, no matter." With a single swing of his arm, he restrained Mandalay and Tiger, while also tying up Ragdoll and Centipeder.

Before Nighteye or Bubble Girl could help them out of their binds, the blue-skinned assistant was knocked out as well. This time Nighteye managed to catch a glimpse of a spectral hand passing through her head.

Seeing that they had to save themselves, Tiger shifted their body — making them thinner — causing the strings to drop due to the empty space. Both members of Wild, Wild Pussycats used this chance to jump out of the circle before Wire could restrain them again.

"Go help out the others, Wraith. I can handle three heroes on my own." While no one could see who Wire was talking to, they could presume it was the same person who had knocked out the other three heroes.

"Troublesome cats..." Wire took his stance and tightened his strings — allowing them to reflect the light. "Still, I do love to discipline bad animals."

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Mirio made his way into the underground area of the compound. He ran through one hallway, trying to find the location of Izuku. He didn't have to though as his target would come right to him. He turned around a corner and met face-to-face with Izuku, much to both of their surprise.

Both teens faced each other in silence. Lemillion's eyes wandered over Izuku, while Izuku frowned and pulled the folds of his cloak down. Mirio spotted a sleeping girl in Izuku's arms; her white hair and one horn alerted him that she was the one they all came to rescue.
"Mirio," the green-haired boy greeted the older teen.

"Izuku. What you are doing is against the law, I suggest you surrender and come with me quietly."

"A very orthodox hero phrase, so I'll have to reply to a cliché with a cliché. No."

Mirio sighed. Why would he expect Izuku to say anything else? That was when he spotted it, a few meters behind Izuku. A body laid lifeless on the floor. The hero's eyes widened. Sweat once beaded on his forehead trickled down his cheeks.

"You... killed him?" whispered Mirio, horrified that someone so young would commit such atrocities.

Izuku took a deep breath. His eyes closed. When he opened them, he stared straight at Mirio. "Yes." The green-haired boy answered firmly.

Mirio shook his head sadly. "I am sorry."

"For?"

"Not being here sooner, I could have stopped you," Mirio said, guilt clear on his face.

"No," Izuku said again, a little louder. "Don't pity me, don't believe that everyone is worth saving."

That took Mirio aback. "I made a conscious choice to kill, while I admit the first kill came as a surprise, the other two were not." Mirio gaped at that, the boy in front of him was barely a teen, and he had killed three adults. Mirio had no words.

"I am not a kid initiated into a gang by killing people, I am not a boy who killed his assailant in self-defence, and I am not a vigilante who took other people's lives while believing they served a greater purpose. No. I kill as a necessity. I... kill as part of my life." Such a melancholic expression Izuku's eyes were making. Mirio pitied him anyway.

"I kill..." Izuku looked at Eri. The sadness on his face was washed over and replaced with determination. "I kill... so that others don't have to. I kill... to protect. I am not proud of it, but someone has to do it." Izuku finished with his chest puffed out, not out of proudness but out of resolution.

"That's not the only way," Mirio countered. While guilt still persisted in the blond's eyes, the fact that he crossed his arms told Izuku just what was going to happen next.

"Yes, and that's why the hero institute and the military are separated in any country with a moral enough leadership. There must be those who protect from the light and those who protect from the shadow."

"Getting a little bit philosophical, aren't we?" Mirio asked.

"I suppose I am. Do forgive me, today I have had... a lot to think about." Izuku confessed while averting his eyes from Lemillion.

"I... understand," the hero replied, yet he still couldn't wipe the guilt away from his heart. "I know that the world is not the nicest place and you are right. Those who... have to do what must be done will always exist — they need to exist. As a hero, the fact that I have let you, a boy just a few years younger than I am, fall on such a path proves to me that I have failed you."

Izuku resisted an urge to give Mirio a smile and say 'It's not your fault', but if he did so it would be...
equal to him admitting that he regretted being here, which, despite what he had previously said, he did not. Izuku was just sad that it had to be this way, but he did not regret it.

"Still, even if I have failed you, I can't fail the others. I can't fail, Sir. I can't fail the police and the heroes above us. I can't fail the society that I want to protect." Mirio took a stance, ready to subdue Izuku. "You do not have the authority to be what you claim you are, Izuku. For that reason, I will have to bring you in."

"That's a good answer. Don't regret that which is already been done, we can only move forward from here. As for my authority, we can discuss that later." Main gave Mirio a sad smile before sighing. "Still, how are you supposed to fight me? I am not exactly touchable." The green haired boy laid the sleeping Eri against the wall.

"You put her to sleep I presume?" The blond asked.

"Yes, it's better that way. There are a lot of unsightly things on the way out. In any event," Izuku took out his shield and gun — Grungni and Lawgiver. "I am not the type to waste time. Let us begin. Shall we?"

Without another word, the two clashed… or tried to.

"Just give it up, kid!" Yu Takeyama, hero alias Mt. Lady, yelled as she tried to use her hands to stop Juggernaut's charge with the help of Fatgum, Kamui Woods, Ryukyu, and the police. She hadn't been very successful so far. No one could stop an unstoppable force.

Meanwhile, Thrax was engaging with Rock Lock and Nejire, who was carrying the unconscious Tamaki.

"Get him out of here!" Rock Lock ordered the trainee heroine.

"But what about you?!

"Just go! He needs a doctor!"

At Rock Lock's insistence, Nejire obeyed — or at least attempted to.

The toxic Izuku spat a ball of Chlorine-I in her direction. It exploded and let loose a deadly gas. Nejire soon fell to her knees, suffering the same fate as Tamaki. Rock Lock could only glare darkly at Thrax. The hero knew if he got close to the terrorist he would just be incapacitated as well.

"Hmm, so much for a heroic rescue," Thrax remarked. He wasn't smiling, but his tone suggested he seemed satisfied with the current situation. "This is pitiful. Your attempt to stop us is a waste of time, both our time by the by…" As Thrax continued to monologue, he did not notice a sneak attack being prepared against him. "And when all is said and done, this will be-

He was cut off when a fist made of stone hit him in the face. It was sent over at such force that the stone shattered on contact. Thrax managed to pause his fall with his arms, but the damage had already been done. Rock Lock seized on this opening. He sprinted forward with the intention to subdue the terrorist Izuku.

But Thrax wasn't going to let that happened — he might be down, but he certainly was not out. The biohazard-Quirk user started producing a large quantity of Chlorine-I in his stomach, intending on creating another large blast zone like the one already made with his sleep gas. He was sure that some people here would definitely be allergic to the gas and that they would die as soon as they
inhaled it, but at this point he didn't give a shit about that.

Thrax inhaled, sucking the air in to be converted into his gas. His belly swelled up like a balloon.

The hero noticed this and hesitated, wondering if he should pause his charge. He decided against it. If he stopped now, this villain's next attack would surely incapacitate him. Rock Lock was nearly upon Thrax now and the terrorist was ready to unleash Chlorine-I.

A riot shield hit Thrax in the gut and it was followed by a small, yet powerful wave of energy that hit him in the forehead, causing him to look upward. He let the gas out. Since he was facing upwards, and with all the compressed force lost, the Chlorine-I was not blown out in an orderly fashion like Thrax's first blast. Instead it spilled skywards, more like smoke from a chimney.

Rock Lock didn't bother to find out who was helping him, he needed to subdue the villain now. He kicked Thrax in the throat and chin. Despite the possibility of lethality, with this kind of Quirk the hero would not take any chances.

Thrax fell down on his back and his head hit the concrete street. That knocked him out cold.

Rock Lock took a set of handcuffs from a nearby unconscious officer and restrained Thrax. Just to be sure, he also took several of the police hats and layered them like a thick mask over Thrax's mouth, locking them in place using his Quirk. While not that efficient, it was better than leaving the villain with a bare mouth potentially ready to attack again if he woke up.

Now with his main task done, Rock Lock finally had the time to find he had assisted him. Judging from the wave and the direction the shield came from…

He turned toward the downed Nejire and Tamaki to discover that they were not so downed yet. The barely conscious pair of teens gave Rock Lock a weak thumbs-up — in Tamaki's case his octopus tentacles, which Rock Lock presumed he'd used to flick the riot shield at the villain. With that finished, both teens slipped back into unconsciousness again, their arms over each other's shoulders.

'Not bad, kids,' Rock Lock thought before he noticed Pixie-Bob running past him.

"Oi, Pixie-Bob," he called out. While the blonde heroine didn't stop running she turned her head around to listen to him. "Are you the one who sent that stone fist?"

"I will tell you if you go on a date with me!" She said playfully, before fully turning back to running.

Rock Lock's eyes just twitched. Did she not know he was married? Still, he supposed that was a yes. The hero just shook his head before coughing. He must have inhaled some of the gas while subduing Thrax, so despite the need for help on both Ryukyu's and Eraserhead's end, he was forced to sit down to rest and at least guarded the fallen Izuku.

'Thrax is down!' Both Juggernaut and Valkyrie heard the message Tonkinese sent them.

Juggernaut changed the direction of his charge, an action which caught the heroes and heroines who were trying to subdue him off-guard. The unstoppable Izuku charged in the direction of Thrax. Valkyrie, on the other hand, didn't pay the message much mind. Not only did she never like that honorless, heretical, cowardly cur, but her job to keep this 'Eraserhead' away from the main fight was essential to their mission.

"Can't your Quirk affect her at all?" Mr. Joke asked, standing between the anti-Quirk hero and
"No," Aizawa answered.

"It could be the armor," Ectoplasm theorized.

"Maybe, but my Quirk has never been affected by clothing before."

Currently, Valkyrie was engaging with Ectoplasm's clones, whom she easily dispatched one by one.

"At this rate, I will reach my limit soon," the cloning hero told his peers as he 'vomited' out another clone.

"What about your Quirk, Emi?" Aizawa asked.

"I tried, she just laughs while fighting..." The 'Smile Hero' admitted in a defeated tone. She knew that her Quirk was not that powerful, but for its effect to not only do nothing but to also make the villain enjoy themselves even more? She felt a bit ashamed.

"Don't worry about it," Aizawa said and Emi's face lit up a bit. "But we should try getting rid of her armor, it might allow my Quirk to work." The other two heroes nodded and launch themselves at Valkyrie alongside the clones. Little did they know, Valkyrie didn't have a Quirk for them to disable.

Meanwhile, Juggernaut didn't pause in careering straight for Thrax. Other pro-heroes were chasing him. However, someone was in his way. Pixie-Bob paused as she spotted Juggernaut. No doubt he was going to rescue his comrade and she doubted Rock Lock could stand up to him after his fight with another villain. She would have to stop him here, but she needed a plan.

The blonde caught a glimpse of the chasing heroes, mainly Mt. Lady and Ryukyu. That was when she noticed something. From what she observed from afar when she was covering Nighteye's team, this villain had managed to deal out more damage to the Ninth-Ranked hero, but not as much on Mt. Lady. From that observation, the feline-themed heroine theorized that this wasn't a strength enchantment Quirk, but something else.

Pixie-Bob had noticed another thing; this villain kept moving. Even when he was trying to break through Mt. Lady's defence — which was just her hands really... what a bimbo... — he always kept his legs moving. Coming to that conclusion, the member of Wild Wild Pussycats came up with a plan. She grinned a little at her mischievous scheme.

Unseen to her, another unseen foe prepared to knock Pixie-Bob out.

Back with Eraserhead, their plan to get Valkyrie's armor off hadn't been successful so far. Their biggest problem was her wings and the sharp blades on each feather. It allowed the armored warrior to create a wide sweeping attack that took out clones in large quantities, quickly driving the heroes back out of her range.

Then he felt it, a small quake. He looked in the direction where it came from to discover one of the villains was charging in this direction. In his path was Pixie-Bob. Aizawa assumed she had a plan, which was why she didn't move out of the way, and he was about to get back to his own fight the winged warrior when he spotted something.

A barely visible form was standing next to the feline heroine. Shota had never believed in ghosts, but this spectral thing definitely fit the bill of a traditional ghost. Floating, transparent, and
unnoticeable. Whatever the case, judging from its movement it certainly looked like it was going to attack the blonde heroine.

Eraserhead acted fast. He activated his Quirk in the direction of the spectre. The ghost dissolved immediately. Eraser Head wasn't sure if that was real, but in this situation, he would rather not risk it.

"Wraith down! Valkyrie do something!"

At that, the mystic warrior gritted her teeth. No more half-measure then.

Before Aizawa could turn his attention back, Valkyrie leaped into the air and fell down atop of Eraserhead, grappling him.

"Foolish! Foolish!" The warrior shouted and kept raining her fists onto Aizawa, who could not break free from her grip.

"Eraser!" Emi shouted and moved forward to help her friend, with Ectoplasm and his clones close behind.

While Aizawa was being overpowered, Pixie-Bob carried out her plan, oblivious to the threat that never came. The feline heroine touched the ground and used her Quirk. While nothing happened at first, the street soon shook as waves began to emerge beneath the ground.

"Secret move: Earth Tsunami!" Pixie-Bob cheered.

Juggernaut tried to press forward with his offence, but soon found himself constantly losing balance as each large wave passed underneath his feet. Finally, a wave managed to break his charge and sent him a short distance into the air, but that short distance was more than enough.

Ryukyu saw the opportunity. She boosted her speed and caught up to the unstoppable Izuku. The dragon hero struck the airborne Izuku with her tail, sending him backward and towards Mt. Lady. The giantess hero caught up to Pixie-Bob's plan and used her bare palm to smash Juggernaut; pinning him to the ground.

'Valkyrie! Juggernaut is-'

"SILENCE!" Valkyrie bellowed to the top of her lung and the voice boomed into a small shockwave.

Everyone left conscious — just the heroes and the police — turned to her. There they saw the warrior in golden armor that was stained with blood, heroes' blood.

Beneath Valkyrie's feet was Ectoplasm, lying unconscious with his teeth and prosthetic legs broken. In her left hand was Ms. Joke, grabbed by the hair. The bloodied blackish-purple bruises on her face were a sign that she had been bashed against the ground, repeatedly. But the worst by far was Eraser Head in her right hand, who she grabbed by his scarf. Flesh wounds, cuts, and bruises that were made by an armored-fist raining down on his face were there for them all to see, alongside several bladed feathers puncturing multiple points on his body.

"Incompetence, hubris, and idiocy. I will not stand for this any longer!" Valkyrie spread her wing. She dropped her two opponents and leaped forward.

"Ullrum ǫr!" She chanted her incantation. "Sleipnirna fótr!" [4] As soon as she did, her armor shone as the runes on it shined with a bright blue energy. New power surged
through Valkyrie's body.

Her wings beat for the first time and she was upon Rock Lock, the first in her path. Before he could even realize she was there, she clotheslined him with her arm, sending him crashing onto the concrete floor and knocking him out cold.

Her wings beat for the second time and she was upon Pixie-Bob, the second in her path. The heroine barely registered that her enemy was in front of her. By the time she did, Valkyrie had unleashed two punches, one in the gut and one in the chin. The feline heroine didn't stand a chance.

Her wings beat for the third time and she was upon Ryukyu, the third in her path. The warrior circled around the dragon heroine and delivered a kick onto the back of her neck, sending her down only to collide with the hard ground causing a small quake. The scale on the spot that the kick was delivered cracked like glass, exposing Ryukyu's soft flesh.

Her wings beat for the fourth time and she was upon Kamui Woods and Fatgum, the fourth and fifth in her path. Both heroes managed to react to her arrival, but it was futile. Valkyrie delivered three punches in quick succession onto Kamui's visage, cracking his mask and knocking him out. Fatgum tried to block Valkyrie and activated his Quirk, but the warrior crushed her fists into each side of his skull. There was not enough room for the kinetic force of the punches to be absorbed — nor did his Quirk have enough room left for that much force — before it traveled to his brain. Fatgum collapsed like the rest of his colleagues.

Valkyrie's wings beat for the fifth and she was upon Mount Lady, the sixth and last in her path. The golden warrior appeared right in front Yu's face. Since the giantess was the last, she saw her comrades fall one by one, and all that was left was fear in her heart as she stared into the warrior's cold emerald eyes. Still, in her last act of defining bravery, Mt. Lady tried to strike the Valkyrie down with her palms, only to be knocked aside by a kick even before her attack was delivered. Mt. Lady collided into the east side of the Yakuza compound, knocking her out.

Valkyrie wings continued to beat as she stayed in the air to observe her path to victory. Five wing beats were all it took, and each beat only took a second to perform. Coupled with her attacks that also took about one second. All it had taken was ten seconds for six Pro-heroes to be defeated.

Valkyrie only looked at them with victorious pity though, how could mere mortals match the might of the servant of the gods? More, with no magic? She shook her head as an amused smile appeared under her helm. Despite standing no chance they still fought on — if they were in her dimension she would take them to Valhalla for sure, and might even make the giantess her Shield-Sister.

Finally, she landed on the ground near Juggernaut to check on him — she couldn't care less about Thrax.

"F-freeze!" A voice shouted at her.

She lifted her face from her downed comrade to discover that she was being surrounded by the leftover police, all of whom were pointing their guns at her. Yet she could see it, there was fear in their eyes and some among them were shaking. Valkyrie simply hummed and leant down to carry Juggernaut.

"I-I said free-"

Before the officer could finish, he was restrained by invisible force alongside his fellow cops. They were soon tied up together and left there unable to escape. The golden warrior turned her head toward the compound's entrance. Wire walked up to her, and behind him was Pantera carrying
Tiger (currently unconscious), a struggling Mandalay, and battered Sir Nighteye. Beside the glassed Izuku was Rappa, but it was obvious from his shambling form that he was unconscious, and that the only reason he was still walking was because of Wire's Quirk.

"What took you so long?" Valkyrie directed that at Wire before turning to Pantera. "And where have you been?"

"I followed Nighteye's group when they made it into the compound. I just thought Wire need help," the muscle girl explained.

"I can handle myself against Pro-heroes, Pantera. You should've stuck to the plan," Wire told her, though his tone indicated that he was not angry.

"Still, at least she had good intentions, Thrax on the other hand…" Valkyrie pointed out.

"Hmm, to be frank, I did not care much about your grudges with him, but I will be inclined to agree for once. For someone of his age and skill to be knocked out so soon… it's disgraceful, really," Wire agreed as he lit up another cigarette.

"What is your plan?" The three of them suddenly heard and turned toward the source of the voice. It was Sir Nighteye.

"Our plan is simple, holding you here while Main takes care of his business," Wire explained.

"Main? You mean Midoriya Izuku?"

At that, all of them went silent. None of them spoke again.

Wire started tying up more people, conscious or otherwise, while Pantera went over to get Thrax; taking him, and Juggernaut, back into the compound where she would guard them along with the others. Valkyrie decided she would just watch over anyone still awake.

All of them had one similar thought running through their head as they went about their tasks.

'Why is Main taking so long?'

The fight between two beings who were immune to all physical attacks, but who could also only use physical attacks, went as well as one might expect.

Neither Izuku or Mirio could land a hit on each other, and both doubted they ever would. Izuku even tried to teleport Togata away, but he just phased through the gateway object.

"This is a waste of time. Two people with nearly identical Quirks renders all attacks useless — this could go on forever," Izuku said in annoyance. He had considered just leaving, but there were… a few reasons he didn't, so to speak.

"You could just always give up, you know," Mirio joked.

Main hummed contemplatively. "Nah, I don't think so," Izuku said and shot out two stun bolts at Lemillion, which of course phased through the hero.

As both continued to calculate and plan any way to gain the upper hand, Izuku's phone rang. He took it out to see who had called him and his eyes went wide at the contact name. He ignored the blond hero and took the call.
"Yes, mom?" Izuku answered, much to Lemillion's surprise.

"Izuku I can't believe you did this!"

"M-mom, what are you talking about?" Izuku asked in shock. What was going on?

"Professor Paradox came over! He told me everything! You get out of the heroes' way right now and head home! Am I clear!?"

"B-but I was just-" He didn't get to finish.

"No 'but', mister!"

Izuku just stood there. Slowly, he began to shake with rage. He took a deep breath — in and out — and it ceased. "Yes, mom. I will be home in an hour."

"Oh, don't you give me that," his mother countered. "I know you can teleport, young man. Be here in fifteen minutes, or 'you're grounded' won't be the end of it."

"...got it, mom," Izuku replied in defeat and hung up. "Professor… I swear the next time we meet…" Izuku said darkly before shifting his glare towards Mirio. Izuku immediately pulled out a long glass vial containing blue growing liquid inside. He drank it.

"So, your mother called, huh?" Mirio asked, surprised and astonished that a single woman without a hero license could stop the first person he had ever had the trouble fighting against.

Izuku held up his index finger, signalling Lemillion should wait, which he did, despite his common sense screaming at him to do otherwise. Once the green haired boy finished, he put the vial away and turned back to the hero.

"Sorry about that… and this." Izuku extended his hand forward. A green circle of sigils appeared in front of his fingertips. Several green bindings appeared out of thin air around Mirio and restrained him. He could not phase through it.

"W-what is this?!” Mirio shouted as he struggled within the restraints.

"The only thing that every human being in his dimension has no immunity to, myself included, is magic," Izuku answered, his tone cold.

Togata stared in shock and horror, but Izuku had no time to ease him. He went over to pick up Eri and started heading back to the surface, with the now levitating hero behind him. Throughout the walk, Mirio tried to get away. He kept activating his Quirk, letting light and air go through him. Yet every time he thought he was, he found he was still contained by the green energy chains. The hero then tried to use whatever support items he had on hand, but nothing had any effect. When that didn't work, he resulted to grabbing the nearest object his hand could reach, only for Izuku to put more bindings on him. Finally, Mirio desperately struggled in the chains; it obviously didn't work, yet he kept trying.

By the time Izuku reached the stairs leading back to the surface, Mirio had become an exhausted mess. Izuku turned to the older teen. Despite the obvious defeat, there was still a will to fight in the blond's eyes.

"I'm sorry I won this way. You deserve more than this pitiful struggle," Izuku told him as he started ascending the stairs.
"If you could win with something like this from the start," Mirio paused to pant, "why didn't you use it?" the hero asked. As bitter as it was to admit, Mirio has lost — though he would still struggle, nevertheless. It didn't make any sense why Izuku wouldn't just achieve his victory as soon as he could.

"Two reasons, actually. For someone born in a world without magic using it is quite a hassle and because-" Izuku paused in hesitation. "Because you deserve more."

That answer confused Lemillion. Izuku noticed that and tried to remedy it. "What I mean is if I didn't fight it could be disheartening to you." The hero's confusion only worsened. Izuku sighed. "Do you remember what my Quirk is?"

"It allows you to go into another dimension," the blond answered.

"The multiverse actually, just 'dimension' would imply I can't go to in-between dimensions, pocket dimensions, alternate timelines, the void, the-" Izuku paused when he realized he almost had gone overboard with multiverse terminology. "My point is, with my Quirk I have… seen a lot of things," Izuku's demeanor shifted, depression hung in his voice and his eyes cast downward.

"Many people do really bad things to my alternate selves in the endless realities of the multiverse. It became really hard for this knowledge not to affect my judgment of the same people in this universe," Izuku explained. Mirio could only listen with a grim expression on his face. "But you, Tamaki-senpai, and Nejire-senpai are among the nicest ones, with the least record of ever harming me out of malice."

"Senpai?" Mirio noticed the honor-fic.

Main chuckled quietly. "Yeah, sorry, it slipped. A lot of my alternate selves knew you three through being your junior in U.A.. Since they call you three that a lot, it rolled off my tongue as well… senpai." The small smile that came with the chuckle disappeared. "That's why I want to treat you well, and why I don't want you to hurt your heroic spirit… and look how that turned out." Izuku gestured wildly at Mirio, highlighting the hero's current state.

Izuku stepped back onto the first floor of the compound, though he was slow in his pace walking to the exit. Mirio, on his part, had no idea how to reply. He tried to imagine himself in Izuku's shoes. What if one day he was living his life normally and then woke up to see his loving parents turning into abusive ones. Then the next day, he awakened to a war-torn world where everything he loved was destroyed. Then on and on and on…

"That kind of existence is…" His words made Izuku paused. "I have no words."

The boy turned to the hero. A sad smile had formed on his lips and his eyes were a little teary. "I am used to it. I will survive," Izuku reassured him.

Mirio could only stare at those pitiful emerald eyes and could do nothing but stare at them. For if he were to avert his eyes from Izuku's, it would mean he gave in to his fear, and that he had to admit that he could not save every person on Earth; especially not from themselves.

"I am sorry." That was the only thing Mirio could think of to say. There were no other words that could do better than that in his mind.

"Don't be." With a single blink all the tears that threatening to leak disappeared. "Just do your best in this world. The world always needs more heroes, always."

Eri suddenly stirred in Izuku's arms. The green haired boy gently stroked her face. "It's fine, my
dear, everything is alright." He whispered words of comfort into her ear. Sure enough, she calmed down and went back to sleep.

Izuku sighed again and turned his back at Mirio before walking on. Once they arrived outside, they got treated to a very brutal scene. All around them were the police. Most were unconscious, but a few who were still awake had varied types and degrees of wounds on them —though nothing too serious. The pro-heroes on the other hand...

Tamaki and Nejire looked like they were trying their best to stay awake, their costumes stained with their own vomit. The Wild Wild Pussycats were mostly alright, except the knocked-out Pixie-Bob, who had a very nasty bruise on her head. Actually, the same could be said for Fatgum, Rock Lock, Kamui Woods, and Mt. Lady, who were all passed out as well. Ryukyu looked fine from the front, but the fact that she wasn't conscious told them she had a nasty injury somewhere. Eraserhead, Ectoplasm, and Ms. Joke had the worst of it. The Smile Hero would probably pull through, but the other two could see the end of their heroic careers with those injuries. The most intact of all was probably Mr. Brave and those from Nighteye's agency. The casualties weren't one-sided, however. Thrax, Juggernaut, and Wraith were on the ground as well, though they were better cared for.

Sir Nighteye noticed when Izuku arrived with a restrained Mirio and the little girl with white hair.

"Everyone," Main greeted, but he could hear only a muffled reply from the heroes and heroines as Wire had decided to gag them as well.

"Took your sweet time," Tonkinese said, while gazing at Mandalay; the same went for Pantera and Tiger. "I am glad our 'Pixie-Bob' isn't here."

"We have to go, my mother caught wind of this operation." A look of horror spread throughout the gathering Izuku's and Izumi's. "We're going now," Main ordered and swung his head indicatively at a nearby wall. Wire tossed his fallen comrades in first with Sonar, Panera, Tonkinese following. Valkyrie and Wire stood guard on each side of the gateway, waiting for Main to go in first.

Izuku only set one foot in before he paused. He turned to Nighteye. The boy pulled out a vial rack filled in every slot with vials filled with red liquid. "These will help out with any serious injuries. We will meet again," Izuku said and jumped into the wall, cancelling his spell as the last two then jumped in themselves, with Wire undoing his restraints with a swing of his arm.

"Wait!" Mirio yelled and ran into the wall as well. He ended up back in the front garden of the Yakuza compound.

Today was one of the biggest defeats in the history of Japanese heroes, that no one but those who were involved would ever hear of.

Chapter End Notes

A/N: Let's hope this chapter doesn't kill my beta. (Beta note: it almost did, but I lived!)

[1] Juggernaut inspiration was quite obvious. If you have no clue just search the term then just add 'X-Men.'

[2] Valkyria is obviously inspired by the Norse Mythology, with a touch from the
game God of War.

[3] Read 'Chlorine' 'I', not 'Chlorine-one'.

[4] Rough translation should be 'Ullr's arrow' (Ullr is Norse god of hunt) and 'Sleipnir's hoof' (not sure about plural) (Sleipnir is Odin's steed/horse).

Here the list of Quirk of Izukus and Izumis in this chapter:

1. [Izuku Midoriya; alias 'Sonar'.

Quirk: Echolocation. He constantly generates a sound wave that can even penetrate solid concrete and he can hear and 'see' in response to the waves. Note: He generates ultrasonic sound similar to bats rather than man-made Sonar used in a submarine.]

2. [Izuku 'Walter' Midoriya; alias 'Wire'.

Quirk: Microfilament Wires. He can turn anything he touches into microfilament wires, yet these wire still had its original property; for example, if the wires are made of ice it can be vaporized. His wires are like an extension of his body, but are still very difficult to control.]

3. [Doctor Izuku Midoriya; alias 'Thrax'.

Quirk: Biohazard. He can produce any biological hazardous substance that he consumes or injects into himself. The substance can be liquid, solid, or gas. He is immune to all form of biological hazard.]

4. [Izuku Midoriya; alias 'Juggernaut'.

Quirk: Unstoppable. As long as he kept himself moving, he became an unstoppable object. He could be stopped, however, if his leg can no longer touch the ground.]

5. [Izuku Midoriya; alias 'Wraith'.

Quirk: Astral Walk. He can take an astral/spectral form, leaving his body in a coma-like state while his conscious travel in his new form. Due to the nature of his form, it is extremely disruptive of human brainwave and he could knock people out for a short duration by phasing through their brain.]

6. [Izumi Midoriya; alias 'Tokinese'.

Quirk: Same Quirk as Mandaley...]

7. [Izumi Chatora; alias 'Pantera'.

Quirk: Same Quirk as Tiger/Tora...]

(At this point it would be hard not to see whose kids these two are.)

8. [Izumi Midoriya; Norse name: Svipul; alias 'Valkyria'.

Quirk: Quirkless.]
Izuku was lying on his bed, his legs stretched out and his feet swinging back and forth.

About an hour ago he'd come home like his mother ordered — within fifteen minutes as well. Paradox had already left by the time Izuku came back. Damn that time traveller, always snooping and sticking his nose into anything he thought needed saving.

The scientist had told Inko everything about Izuku's debt to the CIA and all the things he had been doing in the multiverse, like he was a kid who'd been caught stealing candy. Still, at least that man had left out the more gruesome details. His mother wouldn't have been able to handle that.

Now Izuku was awaiting Inko's final judgment. She needed some evidence and input from Mr. V, of all people. The boy presumed that was because CIA was the only ones who knew the true extent of his actions.

To make himself just a little bit less anxious, Izuku looked at the little girl clinging to him on his bed. Eri. The child was resting next to him. When did she start hugging him again? He had no idea.

After his recent venture, Izuku had gone back to Sanctuary. There, he teleported back Crimson and Nazgul, whose number of spirits serving him seemed to grow… Izuku quickly sent every Izuku and Izumi back to their home dimension, except Nazgul who lived at the Sanctuary. The boy still didn't get why he bound the Ringwraith to its ring instead of Sauron, which saved it from the demise of the dark lord.

Well, what was done was done.

He left Eri with Caretaker initially while he went back to get an earful from his mother. After being scolded like never before he went back to get the girl, who was now cleaner and much healthier than before. It was nothing Bacta Tank and magical health potions couldn't fix.
'My life is so weird sometimes,' Izuku thought, rolling onto his back.

Caretaker was good-hearted but seeing anyone else but him — her rescuer — when Eri woke up might not be for the best. So now the girl was sleeping beside him, dressed in an oversized set of white linen pajamas; the pants and shirt just a little too big on Eri's frame.

Izuku wasn't sure how to progress from here. He needed to pull out more dossiers on Eri before making a judgment. For now, she would just stay with him and his mother, who had already agreed to fostering the girl despite her anger. Inko never turned away from those who needed help, a trait that Izuku guessed he'd inherited from her to some extent at least.

Izuku felt Eri's hands caressing his side. He looked over to see her eyes slowly girl looked around drowsily. She stopped when she saw his face.

Izuku gave her a weary smile. "Hi there Eri. You're not there anymore like I promised," he said. Inside Kai's compound, Izuku had swiftly given Eri a sweetened sleeping pill (a shot might be too much for a child traumatised by medical procedures, and medication in the form of candy would unlikely be refused). Then he told her he would get her out of there, and here she was.

Eri nodded timidly. Izuku just stroked her head gently, easing her anxiety about being in a new place.

"Umm, what is your name?" The little girl asked, as she never got to know it before Izuku took her away.

"Izuku Midoriya, though just Izuku will do," the boy answered.

"W-well, thank you for helping me, Izuku," Eri replied, but there was not much in terms of expression on her face. He was fairly sure this was a side-effect of not having a non-hostile interaction with another human for so long.

"Don't mention it," he told her with a smile that was just a fraction wider this time. Eri respond to this with teary eyes and hugged him as if her life depended on it. Izuku sighed, but simply returned her hug.

"It's okay now," the green-haired boy said as he stroked her head while she sobbed into his chest. "Everything will be alright now."

Izuku heard a quiet creek from the door and saw his mother poking her head around the door with a worried expression. "Is this a bad time?"

Izuku sighed again and shook his head. He let Eri cry for a few more minutes. Once her tears had subsided, he sat right up.

"You must be hungry right? I doubt those people fed you very well," Izuku said.

"Um, yes I am a bit hungry," the girl answered earnestly.

"Well, let's go grab something, alright?" Izuku could still see the uneasiness in her eyes. "We can get some sweets for afterwards."

Eri's sparkled. A thin line of saliva dripped comically a little from one corner of her mouth. She nodded firmly a few times. With her permission, Izuku picked her up in his arms and carried her out of his room.
"Where did you learn to do that?" Inko asked with a smug smile on her face.

"From the best," Izuku replied with a smug grin of his own.

At that, Inko's smile turned from a smug to tired. She frowned slightly. "What would I do with you, my troublesome child."

Izu's own smile became much smaller at that. "We can talk about this while we cook," The green haired boy quickly shifted his eyes at Eri as a signal. His mother just nodded.

The boy set Eri down on one of their dining room chairs — though she was reluctant to be separated from Izuku — and went over to the kitchen counter with his mother.

"So, what are we cooking today?"

"Congee," Izuku answered.

"Chinese rice porridge? Shouldn't we make her something more palatable? I think she needs something to cheer her up," Inko questioned.

"No, she needs to get some medicine into her system. With how scared she is, we will have to mix them into her food, drinks, and sweets." Izuku reached into the counter and pulled out a plastic bag containing small bottles filled with liquid.

"When did you learn to be a pharmacist?" His mother interrogated with worry in her voice. She knew her son was likely smart enough to be a doctor, but until he had qualifications she wouldn't trust him with creating medicine.

"I don't, but my alternate self did. We call him 'Doctor.' I asked him to check on Eri and tell me what she needs," Izuku replied and dragged out a plastic sack filled with rice from under the counter. "Can you take care of the rice, mom? I will handle vegetables and meat." His mother nodded and the two get to work.

While his mother started working on the rice, Izuku began by boiling the water. While waiting, he pulled out the ingredients he needed. For vegetables he didn't choose anything fancy; just radish, turnip, and the other five herbs needed to make nanakusa-gayu (seven-herb porridge). It was out of season to make this dish, but hey, for him every day could be Mother's Day. He proceeded to grate, slice, crush, and pluck the vegetables and herbs, every action making a solid, audible sound with how fresh the ingredients were and because of how silent the kitchen was.

Izu then pulled out a cut of liver and a butchered eel, Grox's liver and Reik Eel to be exact, from the fridge. The boy slices the dark crimson liver into cubes, the meat rippling every time the knife touched it, then set the cubes aside. He deboned the eel then cut the gleaming pink meat into smaller slabs. [1]

Since he wasn't exactly making nanakusa-gayu, he would just use two of the herbs to season the eel and the liver before sprinkling them with Zee Zalt. With the preparation done, Izuku checked on the boiling water. He dropped the radish, turnip, and the herbs into the bubbling pot. While letting them boil, he set a pan on the stove and switched on the heat.

"I'm done with the rice," his mother said as she set the pot with rice on another spot on the stove. "Shall I help you with the fish?" Inko pulled out another pan before joining her son. Once the pan was hot enough, both of them set the liver and eel onto the hot metal surface, which hissed as the fat met with the heat of the pan.
The two cooked in silence, but they both knew their unwanted conversation would come eventually.

"Izuku," Inko called.

"Yes, mom?" Izuku replied but didn't turn to face her.

"You need to apologize to the Pro-Heroes," his mother told him.

"I… plan to," Izuku admitted.

"Really?" His mother was surprised. She wondered for a few moments if he'd just said that to get out of this conversation.

"Well, the way I plan to apologize to them might be different from you, but I do plan to," the dimensional traveller explained.

"Well, I want you to apologize my way alright?"

"Which is?"

"...turning yourself in," Inko answered with her eyes downcast. It might be absurd that a mother would ask her son to go to prison, unthinkable even, but if he did as she requested then she was sure he would get some leeway. After all, Izuku had done a good thing even if the execution of his plans hadn't been the best and no one had died... right?

Izuku answered firmly and turned to face his mother."No."

"But-" His mother tried to argue, but Izuku shot her down.

"As soon as I'm put under the government's control the CIA will step in. They will ring a phone directly to the Prime Minister of Japan, who will then make a few calls, then the next day — before any trial, investigation, or interrogation can take place — I will be walking out of jail with not a single stain on my record," Izuku explained. His mother didn't retort, knowing full well what their 'overseer' Mr V. was fully capable of.

"But still, you have been fighting Pro-Heroes, Izuku! When the public find out they would-" She was cut off again.

"Did you speak to Valentine?" her son asked.

"Valentine?"

"Mr. V's real name. I only say it in private because he can be quite… a handful on certain issues. Anyway, I assume you talked to one of his agents?" Inko nodded. "Then they probably didn't tell you that this entire fight will be kept a secret. None of the press will dare write an article on it, all forum posts will be seamlessly deleted, and no one will ever know anything about what happened."

"Izuku, even with their level of influence the CIA wouldn't be able to do that. This will leak, somehow," Inko countered. Izuku sighed.

"I will let you in on a little secret, mom. I have been investigating more into them along with some of my alternate selves, and there might be more to them than meet the eye."

"What do you mean?" Inko asked.
"There have been… rumours." Izuku took out his phone and quickly tapped it a few times. While waiting for it to process Izuku took a few glances around the room, as if he was looking for something. Once the phone vibrated, the green haired boy looked at the screen and nodded, then he turned back to his mother. "There is a rumour that the government of the United States has… elevated itself from global to interdimensional power. It began from just one dimension where America gained global dominance, then galactic, intergalactic, and now," he looked his mother in the eyes, "they are here."

Inko was silent. If their circumstances had been any different she would think her son was crazy, but that was not to be.

"Their multiverse organization have been expanding in universes with Quirks for a few trillion years now." Inko didn't think the word 'trillion' should ever be used with the word 'few'. "Their fledgling empire needed manpower, with superpowers no less, if they wanted to reign on for more than a few octillion years. If this rumour is true then…then I think they wanted me to join them."

Inko's eyes widened at that.

"With my Quirk, I can be an immense help to their cause. That's why they will cover this incident up, for me. The more I owe them, the more they'll willingly help me. The more positive an image I have of them, then there's a higher chance I will join them — and they are not in a hurry." Izuku cast his eyes downward. "When all the people I love are gone, when Eri, dad… when you are gone…" Izuku didn't seem like he could continue, but he forced himself to: "They are counting on that. They can wait. A hundred years is a blink of an eye in the multiverse."

Inko could only stare at her son in despair. Was there no escape for him from these people? "Isn't there anyways to escape them?" she asked, pulling her son into a tight hug.

He hugged her back as though his life depended on it. "No. Not that there's a reason to run." Inko raised her eyebrows. "Despite everything they stand for, these people are not the worst. If anything, they are one of the most decent organizations in the multiverse."

"You're joking." Inko broke off the hug and looked at Izuku's face, only to see a blank expression that chilled Inko to the bone.

"No, I do not… You didn't see it, mom." Izuku's voice quivered. He clung to the counter for support.

"But I have seen it. I have seen the aftermath of a universal wipe by the Mad Titan, Thanos, and his Black Order. I have seen the Council of Ricks kill trillions of people for their own selfish gains. I have seen the Elder Dragon, Nicol Bolas, bring civilizations down for its own amusement. I have seen the madman, Joker, commit so many unspeakable horrors and still get away with it. I have seen the dark city of Commorragh where billions of slaves were tortured to death on a daily basis, and their souls drank by their tormentors. I have seen the infinite army of Nyarlathotep conquer one universe after another and drive everything mad, even the law of nature itself. I have seen… I have seen things," Izuku gripped the side of his head.

"And everything I saw… it made me realized that the multiverse is… it's- it's not a nice place, not at all." Izuku turned to his mother. Tears leaked down from his eyes. "No one is safe there, ever. You have to survive on your own. You can't be weak in there, or you will die."

Izuku's breathing had become more laboured with every passing second. "The meek have no place in the multiverse. I-I have to be strong or else I-I," Izuku started to sob. "Else everything will kill me, and nothing is going to stop them!"
Now Izuku started to yell. "No [H]eroes! No laws! No authority! It's like the wild west where everyone's fending for themselves! If I am not strong, if I am not powerful, if I don't kill — everything will kill me!"

Inko was shook to the very core of her being. Her son wouldn't do that, would he? Her sweet little boy wouldn't do that! By any gods that existed in the multiverse, please tell her he didn't kill.

At this point Izuku had broken down completely, sitting on the floor at the base of the counter with his left hand covering his eyes. "I-" He whispered. "I don't- I don't want to die, mom. At least not in the way they will kill me."

Inko couldn't say anything, she didn't know what to say. What she did know though, was what she had to do. She pulled her son into a hug and started rocking him gently. Izuku hugged back as he rested his face against his mother's chest. He could hear her heartbeat. It was the only thing that could truly calm him down. Both stayed like that for several minutes, until a small form nestled its way into their hug.

Both of them immediately turned to the newcomer, Eri. Noticing this, the child said, "I-I saw Izuku started crying so I… " she tightened her hold. "I wanted to help."

Inko smiled sadly and pulled the little girl into the hug as well. All of them snuggled close together, enjoying each other's warmth and the sound of their heartbeats.

That was until their noses picked up an acrid smell. Something was burning.

Inko and Izuku's eyes immediately widened in alarm. They broke the group hug and turned their attention to the stove. The eel was smoking. Izuku turned the cooker off. The smoke was still rising from the burnt fish. Inko increased the speed of the extraction fan situated above their oven.

While the fan was getting rid of the black smoke, Izuku checked the other ingredients. Luckily, they were not burnt yet.

"I will-" Izuku was cut off.

"No," Inko said firmly. "Go and wash your face, Izuku. Just," she cupped her son's cheeks, "leave it to me, alright?" Izuku nodded and walked to the bathroom.

After a few minutes, he returned to see that Eri was back at the table, eyes downcast. Ignoring her behaviour for now, Izuku went back to his mother. Inko was at the counter, arranging the congee into their bowls. She had arranged the liver and vegetables into a smile — liver cubes as the lips, radish as one eye and turnip as another, and sprinkled herbs on top as blushing, freckled cheeks.

"I see you remembered that part of Disney's Mulan," Izuku commented with a small smile, as if to mirror the optimistic-looking congee.

"It will cheer you up, sweetie," she said hopefully, and lightly pinched his cheek.

"Which one is Eri's? I need to put in the medicine," said Izuku, reaching for the bag of medicine. Inko pointed to the middle one. The green haired boy crushed several pills and dropped them into an empty cup, pouring in several spoon measurements of medicine from several different bottles. He then mixed them all together, creating a glowing red liquid. Izuku didn't hesitate to pour the mixture into Eri's bowl. The mixed medicine seemed to disappear entirely once it made contact with the rice porridge.

With that done, Izuku picked up two bowls while his mother carried another one. Upon seeing him
coming in with food, Eri straightened up in her seat. The dimension jumper served Eri her bowl before stroking her head. "Sorry, to make you worry." He offered her a faint smile. The little girl just nodded. The Midoriyas took their seats before clapping their hand together in thanks for the food, which Eri cutely tried to imitate, though she fumbled in her attempt. Finally, they began to dig in.

Eri hesitated for a moment. She was no stranger to rice porridge. Being an economical food, Overhaul chose it to be part of her main diet alongside a few other things. Still, this congee was different. The smell and the smile… The little girl finally mustered her courage and took a spoonful — with rice, liver, and vegetable all in one — into her mouth.

The flavors exploded in her mouth. Eri was taken aback. She began to chew her food, which made it only tastier as different textures and flavours swirled and crumbled over her tongue. Finally, she swallowed the congee, and the sensation of tastes warmly trailed down to her stomach.

Eri cupped both of her cheeks and swung her legs widely in her seat, trying to contain her squealing; all the while having a big, bright smile on her face. Once the sensation had subsided, she took another spoonful into her mouth and repeated the whole process.

Izuku and Inko swapped relieved smiles at such a sight. Unknown to Main, the mass majority of his alternate selves would have a problem pulling off the same feat. So, in that moment everyone forgot their problems and happily ate their food.

Izuku opened his eyes. He was in bed again, this time his mother's. He was resting with his mother, and they were hugging each other again with Eri in the middle of their embrace. He believed this was called 'sleeping like a river.'

A little nap had helped Izuku clear his mind, but he wouldn't dream — he could not dream. He had given away his ability to sleep and dream for a long time, something he considered transcendental, but that was debatable.

'Mi… Do… Ri… Ya…' Izuku shot up from the bed. There was a voice in his head. His hand readied to reach beyond dimensions to get whatever he needed to fight this off. 'Ki… ng… Ku… ra… nes… ca… ll… for… you…'

Izuku tensed at that. He waited for a few more tense heartbeats for the message to continue, but after a couple of minutes had passed he believed no more words would come. Izuku relaxed. He knew who King Kuranes was, though he could only wonder why the Dreamer King would want to speak with him now of all the time. Still, Izuku had no choices. He thought it was ironic that the entity who he had given away his ability (or 'need' as some would say) to sleep to, would call him right after he just woke up.

The green haired boy reached into the bed and pulled out an inhaler-shaped container. He sighed. What he was about to take was considered an illegal or hard drug in approximately 3209 dimensions, planes, and universes. Yet he had no choice, and this was the safest method he could use to reach the plane of existence where King Kuranes resided.

After all, how else could you reach the Dreamland if you couldn't dream?

Izuku glanced at his mother. He felt awful. First, he'd disappointed her, then shocked her by revealing that he had killed a person, and now he was doing hard drugs. The boy couldn't think of a single reason she wouldn't be disappointed in him. Izuku shook his head. Now was not the time for
that. The king that he owned a debt to had finally called, and Izuku had to answer.

He put the tube into his mouth and pumped a little button, releasing the gas. Just a puff was more than enough, and Izuku's world began to numb. He dropped the inhaler and let it travel back to the Sanctuary. He lowered his head towards his pillow and closed his eyes. Before his consciousness slipped away, he put his arm over Eri and his mother — returning to their previous position curled up around one another.

When he opened his eyes again, he was somewhere else. On a cliffside overlooking the sea.

The breeze of the ocean washed over him, and he trekked through a small trail leading down to the edge of the cliff. The tall grasses on each side of the trail danced as the wind whipped through them, one moment to the left and the next to the right. The boy came upon a stone lighthouse at the very edge.

Izuku simply placed his foot onto the front step of the building and suddenly he found himself on top of the lighthouse. The top floor had been cleared of any signalling equipment, or rather, it didn't have any to begin with. Instead, there was a wooden table and two chairs. On said table were china cups, saucers, and teapot, alongside a plate of cookies and a cup of cube sugar.

One of the two chairs was already occupied. It was a man with short hair, kept in order with pomade, and a thin moustache. Upon seeing Izuku, he quickly brushed his hands down the front of his blueish black suit, checking for stray lint, and he straightened his bowtie before getting up to receive the boy.

"Mister Midoriya," the English gentleman said in his Cornish accent, extended his hand toward Izuku.

"King Kuranes," Izuku returned the kind gesture and shook the gent's hand.

One might expect to bow in greeting to a monarch, and that would be the case in ancient times or any worlds in the multiverse that existed prior to the Industrial Era. But not here. Anyone who bowed would only serve to embarrass themselves. Kurene was a modern monarch; think Queen Elizabeth the Second, Emperor Akihito of Japan, King Wilhelm the second — wait, scratch the last one.

"To what do I owe the pleasure, my king?" Main asked with a respectful, but not flattering tone.

Kuranes motioned his hand to the chair opposite his. Izuku took his seat. Then the monarch gestured at the teapot and snacks.

"Help yourself," the Englishman said. So Izuku grabbed the teapot and a cup and began pouring himself drink. Judging from the smell, it's earl grey tea. "Now, I understand you are in a bit of a pickle, so I will waste as little of your time as possible." Main nodded as he put the pot down.

"Paradox payed me a visit." The green haired boy was glad he didn't sip his tea yet because he would have definitely spat it out over Kuranes lovely suit.

"Let's me guess, he told you of my little skirmish?" Izuku guessed and pointedly sipped at his tea.

The Dreamer King nodded. "That wasn't much of an issue. Even with the fact that you brought your alternate selves to help out, this would all be considered a minor disruption; like a small ripple — created by a pebble — in the middle of the sea on an ocean planet. But what is really troublesome is your behaviour," the king took a sip from his own teacup. "The multiverse doesn't
need more killers, Mister Midoriya. We have enough of those already." Izuku averted the king’s gaze.

"You were but a child when you came to my court, just a very strange sight even in a place like the Dreamland." Kuranes gestured at a flying whale made of steel-coloured, chocolate-flavoured, cotton candy, which rained down boiled molasses in the background. Random creations like this were always present in Dreamland, as it was a place where dreams and limitless possibilities could be enacted. "Many beings looked after you; myself, Professor Paradox, Ciri, Nathaniel Richards, Taylor Hebert, Randolph Carter, Elizabeth DeWitt, God-Emperor Leto, some of the Planeswalkers, and even Valentine and a few of the Ricks."

"V doesn't-" Izuku was cut off before he could argue.

"Yes, I am aware of that Yank's true intention, but considering options humanity has wouldn't you say his group is one of the better options? Or would you rather they bowed to the Council of Rick, rely on an interdimensional 'ruler', or accept deals of the gods?" Kuranes looked Izuku in the eyes, as if provoking the boy to rise to his challenge, which Izuku did.

"The Stormcast Eternity can. So does Culture, the Time Lord, and a few other groups," Izuku answered, exercising his knowledge of the multiverse.

Kuranes looked mildly disappointed with Izuku's answer. "Those groups have their own flaws as well, but we are going a little off topic, aren't we?" Izuku nodded in affirmation. "My point for bringing Valentine and the others up is really simple." The king sighed. "We hoped you would turn out better than us."

That seemed to catch Izuku off guard. "Mister Midoriya, most of us have done something that only our mother could forgive, barely. In the process of ascending humanity into a higher plane of existence, we have ironically lost our humanity in the process."

The king paused and turned his face away to observe the far stretching sea.

"Before I became the greatest of Dreamer, I was a drug addict that wasted his family fortune on narcotic substances in order to visit Dreamland. I was already in the gutter when I died, barely a man at that point. When I finally perished and reached the Dreamland, my humanity was all but lost with my death." Izuku swallowed harshly. "The only thing that reminds me that I was a human once is my form," the king opened his arms wide and let the boy observe him, "and my nostalgia for Cornwall," Kuranes gestured at the surrounding landscape.

"Mister Midoriya, there are things that when lost cannot be regained, many of us in the multiverse have come to learn this. We could only hope that with everything you have absorbed from us when the day comes," the King put his hand on Izuku shoulder, "you will make a conscious choice. It doesn't matter which one you choose, only that you know what you are doing when you make that choice."

"What choice, my king?"

"The choice of whether you will transcend beyond your own humanity or die a human; both have their own ups and downs. That is the choice you have to make. I and the others can only hope you will not regret whatever choice you make, especially considering what is going on in here." The king gently poked Izuku forehead a few times.

"Through your dreams and nightmares that you have let me have as keepsakes, I can see madness beginning to fester in your mind. By taking your ability to sleep and dream away, we have taken
care of the symptoms but not the cause. You will have to take care of that yourself," the king concluded.

Izuku looked down at his tea as if he expected it to do something to help him. It was said that any sane person who was on the brink of insanity almost always realized their demise. The silence that reigned now was the boy's realization of that. Izuku closed his eyes and thought. He knew what the cause was... but he could not get rid of it. He would not let her have any part in his mess. But perhaps, he could deter this? A plan formed in his head, and soon he decided to commit to it.

"Thank you for your warning, my king. I am sorry for disappointing you," Izuku said and took the last sip from his tea.

"Don't be sorry, Mister Midoriya," Kuranes replied before adding: "Be better."

The green-haired boy nodded. "Now I know what I have to do." The boy gave the king a respectful smile.

Kurennes bowed his head, and returned with a thin smile of his own. "I hope you succeed in your future endeavours, Mister Midoriya. Good dreams to you."

With those parting words, Izuku returned to the waking world. Eri was still in his arms, but his mother was already gone. The green haired boy looked over to the clock. Seven in the morning on a Saturday. She would be out doing grocery shopping.

The boy sighed. The plan he came up with regarding the future might have some flaws, but even if he would come up with another one later the first course of action remained the same.

He lightly tapped Eri on her cheek. "Eri, Eri, wake up." The girl stirred and slowly opened her eyes.

"Morning, Izuku," she said drowsily while rubbing her eyes.

"Morning, Eri. Don't rub your eyes, it's bad for them." The girl stayed her hands and lowered them. "Do you want to sleep more? If not, I think we should get up."

"Why?" the little girl asked.

"We have to go meet some people."

It was now nine o'clock. At a hospital, a group of heroes, heroines, and some interns, who were all in the hospital gowns, were having an unofficial meeting.

"How is this even possible?" Ectoplasm asked from his bed. His teeth that had been broken were now restored. The same could be said for the rest of the people in the room. Eraserhead and Ms. Joke had fully recovered without a single trace of their previous injuries, while the others had healed in a single day.

"They administered you those strange potions that boy, Izuku, gave us," Nighteye answered him. "Well, the paramedics did. Since you were at the risk of bleeding they decide to accept the boy's help rather than trying their luck with getting you to the hospital in time," he explained.


"Come on, Rock, don't be like that," Fatgum countered.
"Regardless," Aizawa spoke up, shutting the two down before they could argue further. "When will we go after this boy?"

"I don't think we should be concerning ourselves with that right now, Eraser," Emi, without her usual smile, told him.

"Well, maybe not now," Ryukyu joined in. "But we should probably have some leads by the time we recover, right, detective?" The ninth-ranked heroin asked the detective who stood by the door.

At the question, Naomasa's face fell. "That's…"

"That won't be necessary," a new voice joined them as the door opened.

A Caucasian man with a long blond mane that seemed to curl at the ends into a number of thick, and well-defined rings, and who was dressed in a suit with a pink necktie, walked into the room.

"May I ask who you are, sir?" Kamui Wood spoke up.

"Just your average civil service worker," the man answered, but it wasn't hard to decipher that he was lying. "I came here to deliver the message from the Prime Minister of Japan."

That seemed to shock everyone in the room. Just to show them that was true, the man pulled out a letter with the Governmental Seal of Japan on it. While many in the room thought this could be some kind of ploy, they couldn't answer either who would commit to conning a bunch of injured heroes. So, for now, none argued with the stranger.

"The details are in this letter, but I will brief you on what you need to know now. Check the small print by yourself later," the man said and handed the letter to Naomasa. "Basically, the news and the results of this operation will be covered up. No souls who weren't there will hear of this. I am here to ask for you to comply with that."

Mt. Lady and Mirio looked like they wanted to protest, but they were denied a chance to do so. "You don't have a choice. Either remain silent or we will take away your Hero licenses — and that's just the start of the repercussions should you choose not to comply."

The blond man waited for anyone else to challenge him. No one did, for the moment at least. That could be remedied later though. He then looked at Naomasa. "You are relieved of this case. The investigation of this boy will be shifted to the appropriate…" The man paused then sighed exasperatedly. "Speak of the devil."

The blond shifted his position and looked back at the door while giving the people in the room the clear view of what he was referring to. There at the door stood Izuku Midoriya, carrying Eri in his arms. Sure enough, people in the room were shocked.

"Mister V," Izuku greeted.

"Mister Midoriya," the American returned the greeting grudgingly.

"I appreciate that you covered this up for me," Izuku started while looked V in the eyes. "and I will make it up to you somehow, but… I would like to take this one if you don't mind."

The CIA representative observed Izuku, trying to find any useful body language hinting to Izuku's next move. Whether he found any didn't matter though. He just walked up to Izuku.

"This is a gesture of good will from us. I suppose you have heard the rumours about us already?"
Izuku tensed for a few moments but then dipped his chin in affirmation. "Good, a lot of things will be easier from now on then," Valentine said with a grin.

"You can take this over; be a man and clean up after your own mess." V pointed his thumb at the gathering heroes and heroines. The blond walked past Izuku and was about to leave, but the boy called him one more time.

"Thank you for the shooting lessons, Mister Valentine. I appreciate it." That was a genuine comment from Izuku, although the eyes V shot at him told Main that the man wasn't appreciative of being called by his real surname. Eventually, the blond just disappeared out of thin air as usual.

The boy turned his attention back to the gathering people in the room. "I suppose you want to talk," Izuku said as he scratched his head.

"How about we arrest you instead?" Rock Lock spoke up.

"Do that and the man who just walked out will use every favour he has to get me out, then make sure none of you here is ever heard of again. Killing you would be one of the more merciful methods his organisation will employ." The blank expression on Izuku's told them that he wasn't joking.

"Then why are you here?" Mt. Lady asked. "And where is that… armoured villain," she asked, a little bit shaken. The rest of the room felt a shiver down their spine at the thought of Valkyrie.

"Not here, I think that's good enough of an answer." It wasn't in the slightest. "I am here to talk, and there's a lot to talk about. Tell me, Sir Nighteyes…" The Pro-Hero adjusted his glasses as he listened. "Do you still have the privilege to recommend students to U.A.?"

Chapter End Notes

A/N: Alright, this chapter is done. Now I will see about whether to continue the next chapter now, or turn back to 'Only One', or maybe start on that 'Izuku ends up in Class 1-B instead of 1-A' fic.

[1] I almost forget that liver isn't eaten as extensively in the West as in Asia.
The Friends (I)

Chapter Summary

...and today we will see various parts of Izuku's new life.

Chapter Notes

A/N: This chapter is going to be a little different. It's composed of several snippets/short stories that detail what Izuku had been doing before he entered U.A., including the recommendation exam.

Beta by Yuilhan

See the end of the chapter for more notes

Recommendation Exam

Izuku at tugged his tracksuit at the starting line. In front of him was a battleground made to look like an industrial area.

He looked around. While some other students didn't look all that much, a few stood out to him.

A boy who had teeth that replaced his lips, a girl with a black ponytail, another girl who had green wavy hair, a boy with a buzz cut, and lastly Endeavour's kid. Izuku continued to observe the others for a few moments, though he could see they did the same with him and the others.

All of them were broken out of their thoughts when a teacher arrived and stood in front of the gathering.

"Alright, now that you have all done the basic physical test and written exam, it's time for the real exam," Sekijiro Kan, alised Vlad King, explained. "Your last test is getting across our training site: Ground Gamma. The exit is hidden, and you have thirty minutes to escape while also dealing with each others."

"Dealing with each other?" the ponytailed girl asked.

Kan nodded. "The Principle decided to focus a little more on the… competitive side of the test this year." Though he said that, Kan's futile attempt to hide his sour expression said it all. "You are all permitted to use whatever mean you have to sabotage your competitors, but I don't think I have to tell you what you aren't allowed just because you are permitted to attack your opponents. Now then, anymore questions?" No one raised a hand or their voices. "In that case, we begin NOW!"

That came out of nowhere and most of the people couldn't process that command fast enough. The ones who did take that advantage.
Izuku immediately sunk into the ground. The wavy-haired split herself into pieces which dispersed into different directions. The boy with buzz cut sent himself flying with a blast of wind he'd generated, and Endeavour's kid froze the rest of the examinees before taking off himself; the rest were forced to pry themselves free from the ice.

Izuku reappeared on the highest point of Ground Gamma, a tower made of pipes. He scouted the area. He could not see any exits on the edge of the battlefield, so he supposed the exit wasn't visible from here. That's when he noticed something right on the pipelines that made up the point.

A drawing of the famous Principal Nezu, well his head anyways, with a speech bubble saying 'You know where the journey began, but the ending might have a 180-degree turn.' Izuku lifted an eyebrow at the riddle.

Main began to think of what it could mean, but a blast of wind caught him off guard and sent him off the point. Instead of having a free fall, however, Izuku could feel the wind carrying him away instead.

"Sorry about that!" Izuku heard a shout and saw the buzz cut boy flew toward the point he once occupied. "My name is Inasa Yoarashi! It's nice to meet you!"

Surprisingly, this was not the first time someone had tossed Izuku down from a tower while cheerfully introducing themselves. 'This gives me deja vu about that time with Alucard.' While Izuku shivered at the mere thought of that vampire, but he focused more on the task at hand.

The wind was likely to send him away instead of letting him fall to his death. The fact that Inasa could control the wind to this extent was quite impressive, but he had made a mistake. He should have knocked Izuku out cold.

There wasn't enough force in the wind that Izuku could use to teleport so he waited until he touched the ground again and sunk in.

Inasa was still scanning the battlefield for the exit when Izuku's surprise attack came. Arms appeared out of the wind user's back and put him into a headlock. The green-haired boy's upper body soon followed.

"A man once said 'Overconfidence is a slow and insidious killer,'" said Izuku as he began to fight with Inasa mid-air.

While this was happening, a group of people was observing inside a room filled with monitors.

"Hmmm, he's got excellent knowledge and control over his own Quirk," the Principal of U.A. remarked. "Still, the entire story about your encounter with him is pretty hard to believe. There is very little evidence," Nezu said to Nighteye.

The pro-hero simply adjusted his glasses while sighing. "Believe what you wish, just know that it would be best if we keep him where we can see him and learn more about his full capacity."

"You don't sound like you want to recommend him," the principal stated.

"I do not," Nighteye answered. He didn't need to say anything further, knowing that someone else would support his decision.

"Neither do I," Aizawa joined them, along with Ectoplasm. Eraserhead voiced his opinion; "That boy may have power behind him, but this is a hero school and the last thing he looks like he wants to be is a hero."
"Agreed. The way his forces decimated the police force and the hero team worries me about what he could do in future if he joined U.A.," Ectoplasm added.

"So, we have two instructors who are against accepting Midoriya Izuku in, and even the hero who recommended him does so reluctantly. Do I even want to know the circumstance behind his recommendation?" Nezu questioned. Though his voice was as cheerful as ever, a sarcastic undertone oozed out from his words. Before anyone could elaborate, another hero did that for them.

"You don't." A new voice joined them. "The first time I met him, he used my secret against me. While you will probably fare better, you'll probably end up just the same."

A skeleton of a man walked up to them. It was All Might in his true form.

"Nighteye," the number one hero greeted his ex-sidekick.

"All Might," the sidekick replied.

Neither spoke any further.

"Hmm, so even the number one hero is against administrating Midoriya Izuku into our school. Perhaps I should look more into his history," Nezu wondered out loud.

"I don't think you should bother," All Might shot the idea down. "It was locked tight; not even Naomasa is allowed access even with all his connections." Silence reigned for a few moments in the room, but then Nighteye starting talking again.

"It would still be wise to still let him enroll into the school. Besides keeping an eye on him, perhaps we could turn Izuku Midoriya to our side."

"What do you mean by that?" Ectoplasm asked.

"There's a conspiracy going on." Nighteye was referring to the fact that their failed operation didn't make it to the front pages of the papers, websites, or any media platforms for that matters — not even the dark net. That level of information control was impossible in this day and age. Something big was behind all of this, and that blonde who threatened them, as well as Izuku, must have been involved or at least knew about it in some way.

Nighteye adjusted his glasses before continuing. "As a hero, I would not stand still while there are things going on, things that can harm the innocent and disrupt their daily lives. While I cannot say for certain who was behind this, we have more than enough eyewitnesses," Nighteye looked straight at Aizawa and Ectoplasm who both nodded. "I believe Midoriya Izuku will be a key to this and a potential ally, and, just maybe, a hero." That last statement rose a few eyebrows in the room.

"I thought you disliked the boy," Nezu questioned.

"That word is a little bit too strong. Distrust would be a more fitting term," the ex-sidekick corrected. "But the fact that his attempt to carry out his raid with legitimacy, the strange medicines he gave to us, and his willingness to cooperate afterwards and face the consequences of his actions may prove that beneath it all there might be some heroic qualities within him."

After Nighteye's speech had finished, All Might began to chuckle. "If anyone ever told me I would see Sir Nighteye speaking hopefully instead of with fatal realism, I would have told them to be realistic. Guess I'm eating my own words now."
His old friend's remark actually brought a flash of a small smile onto Nighteye's face. It was rare for him to feel pleased or happy, but because they were such rare emotions for him to experience he always took great joy whenever he felt them. There was nowhere he could feel them so strong as when the man he respected most in this word was with him.

Yet his smile quickly disappeared when he recalled another detail from the aftermath of the raid.

"Still, there are many elements within Izuku Midoriya that need to be remedied… I do not have to tell you all what, do I?" The ex-sidekick asked again, this time addressing all the teachers, and a future teacher, of U.A..

"The leader of the yakuza disappeared, correct? Along with one or two of his subordinates," Nezu asked for confirmation, which he received with a nod.

"Not only that, but Overhaul's minor hideouts are wiped clean — not a single soul to be found." Ectoplasm didn't know how literal his words were.

"Considering how thorough the boy was in executing his plan, I don't think there's any doubt what he did to them, especially with Mirio's statement to back it up," Nighteye finished.

Silence fell again, this time even more chilling than the last.

"This is something we at U.A. will fix," Nezu broke the quietness. "For now, let's just focus back on other potential recommendation students, shall we? Midoriya Izuku can't be the only one now, can he?"

At that, all of them turned back to the screens.

Back at the training ground, Izuku was trying to steer Inasa head-first into a nearby pipeline as they both wrestled with each other through the sky above Ground Gamma, but the wind user's expertise with his own Quirk allowed him to rear backwards and avoid the crash.

"Ain't that easy!" Inasa shouted at Izuku with a large grin on his face. Izuku, though, just looked back at the tower where they started and smirked.

"Maybe, but that's not the point." Izuku suddenly let go and teleported away.

Inasa immediately stopped and stabilized his tornado. He questioned why his opponent suddenly stopped the attack, but soon realized one thing. He didn't get the chance to scout for the exit yet, while the green haired boy had already seen everything and had the power to get there in almost in an instant.

The wind user blasted himself back towards the tower of pipes. Izuku looked up from below.

'Now onto the puzzle,' Izuku thought, trying to come up with an answer. Yet he couldn't catch a break. Midoriya found himself sunk into the ground; not in the same manner he employed to teleport, but in more of a 'the ground become quicksand' manner.

The boy with teeth replacing his lips sped past Izuku with speed that rivaled that of a professional swimmer.

"Sorry about that pal, but can't risk anyone get to the exit first," the boy shouted back at Izuku.

Main lifted an eyebrow. Did Tooth Boy figure out the answer to the puzzle already? Well, that was no matter. Izuku merely teleported away. Even liquid was enough of a 'solid' surface for him to
warp away with.

Juzo Honenuki thought he was in the clear after incapacitated the green-haired boy and continued to swim on. It took him a few minutes to figure the puzzle out, but it was rather simple. The exit was-

A fist rose out of the ground to meet with Juzo's jawline, sending him flying backward into the wall. Before he could recover, a hand grabbed the back of his head; pushing Juzo's face into the softened ground. The boy struggled to break away from the hand that held him down, the hand that was drowning him, but for whatever reason when he reached for where the supposed hand was Juzo didn't touch anything.

As Izuku's opponent continued to drown in his own creation, the green-haired boy tried to recall the direction his opponent was heading. He looked at the highest pipetower where he had found the riddle to judge the direction he should head in. From the side he was currently looking at, he was in the direction toward the starting line…

'Ah 'where the journey began' is the starting line and 'the ending might have a 180-degree turn' mean we have to turn around 180-degrees from where we start to find the exit, which is the starting line,' Izuku realized. It wasn't that complicated to work out, just that the puzzle was dependent on finding the clues and a good sense of direction.

Once he deemed Juzo weakened enough, Izuku let go and teleported back to the starting line.

Izuku arrived back at the starting platform where Vlad King was waiting for him. All Izuku had to do was walk past the same line he started from, which he did.

The Hero teacher picked up his mic and announced, "Taking first place in the recommendation field test is Izuku Midoriya."

Izuku couldn't help but smile a bit.

He suddenly felt something fall out of his tracksuit pocket. Stange, he didn't have anything on him. The boy looked to see what had dropped only to see a dark green orb floating up to his eye level. Izuku grabbed it and gave it a few firm squeezes, it felt like human flesh.

Vlad coughed, "And in second place is Setsuna Tokage."

The announcement puzzled Izuku, but another voice suddenly called to him: "Hey! Give that back!"

Izuku turned to see the girl with green wavy hair who had herself at the start; this was Setsuna, he presumed, since no one else was at the exit. He also noticed she was blushing hard. That was also when Izuku noticed one of the parts that were missing from her body was… her left breast… wait a minute.

Izuku immediately realized what he was holding in his hand and flushed red himself. "S-sorry!" He quickly apologized and tossed her body part back. The 'orb' fell a bit in mid-air before it was caught in some unseen current; it reattached itself to Setsuna, along with other parts of her body still being recalled.

An awkward silence resumed between the pair while Vlad turned his attention back to Field Gamma, pretending to be looking out for more examinees but really not wanting any part in the conversation that would follow.
"Umm, I am Setsuna Tokage. Nice to meet you," the girl started, but without a bow or even offering a hand.

"I-Izuku Midoriya, nice to meet you as well," Izuku replied. There was another pregnant pause, but this time Izuku had a topic to break it. "When did you manage to sneak your body part into my tracksuit anyways?"

"When you were looking up at that boy with the buzz cut. It was a bit of a gamble, but since you didn't notice I'm safely in second place. Looks like my gamble paid off though, even though I thought it might have all been over when that boy who could soften the ground came along and distracted you," Setsuna explained.

Izuku had to admit that was quite brilliant. Even with her Quirk gaining a place in the top four spots was a difficult thing to do. If Setsuna could hijack other competitors with her body parts then she was pretty much guaranteed a place amongst the top four, regardless of her own skill, so long as those who figured out the riddle didn't notice the part Setsuna left on their person.

Both of them heard the sound of water splashing and turned toward its direction. The boy Izuku had tried to drown was swimming through the ground straight towards the starting/finishing line.

"The third place is Juzo Honenuki!" Vlad announced.

Once he heard that he had passed, Juzo crawl out of the ground and let it solidify under his feet, panting heavily. He spotted Setsuna and Izuku looking on, and though still trying to catch his breath Juzo felt as though he had to say something to the green-haired boy.

"You tried to drown me," he breathed, looking at Izuku with dismay. "Is that what hero are supposed to do?"

"Subduing a real villain might need an even harsher method," Izuku countered. Juzo just groaned and lay down on his back, trying to catch his breath.

"I guess we will see each other again in U.A.," Izuku said to both Setsuna and Juzo.

"I guess," the girl answered. "Though they will have to factor in the written exam as well."

As the two continued with small talk while Juzo rested, another examinee came careering past the start/finish line on a scooter.

"In fourth place is Momo Yaoyorozu!" Kan announced.

The ponytailed girl — Momo — signed in relief. She had made it into fourth place, the last guaranteed spot for being administered into U.A as a recommended student. Though, as Setsuna said, written exam scores had to be taken into account as well.

Just a few seconds after Yaoyorozu had arrived, two more students were coursing to the finishing line. Inasa and Endeavour's kid — Shoto, if Izuku had his name right [— were riding their Quirks; a tornado and ice stacking on each other, respectively. Their Quirks propelled them along, and Inasa came in just a few inches before Shoto. There were, however, no more announcements from Vlad.

"Woo! I win!" The wind user shouted out loud. Inasa continued to say something to Shoto, but absurdly stopped. While Izuku couldn't hear the ice user, the horrified look on Inasa's face a few moments later said it all. Todoroki walked away, leaving a thunderstruck Inasa behind.

Izuku approached the buzz cut boy. "You alright?"
Upon hearing Izuku's question, the wind user snapped back to reality and quickly turned to him with a somewhat forced smile.

"Yeah, nothing to worry about," Inasa said, but quickly looked back at Todoroki. "Say, do you think a person that is filled with hatred deserves to be a hero?" It was obvious who Inasa's query was about, but in normal circumstances a question like that would appear to come out of nowhere. This was not a normal circumstance, and Izuku knew too well about what had caused Shoto Todoroki's inner turmoil.

After all, Izuku had quite a few alternate selves who shared the surname 'Todoroki'.

But to answer Inasa's question; "No, I do not." Izuku began. "Anyone who fosters hate will succumb to it, be blinded by it, and by the end there will be nothing inside but the fire to burn everything precious to ashes. Considering who we are talking about, this is kind of an ironic metaphor." At that Inasa nodded. His eyes still didn't leave Shoto.

"But with that said, anyone can change." That made the wind user turn to Izuku. "Anyone is capable of changing. Maybe they will get better, or maybe they will get worse, only time will."

"You speak like you've had firsthand experience," the wind user remarked.

"I know someone who managed to break free from it. It took no small amount of self-reflection in the direst of times to make him realize it though. You should be careful too." Izuku turned to Inasa and looked him in the eye. "Like I said, hate is like a fire; it can and will spread. Take care that you won't end up adding more fuel to the flames," Izuku warned.

Inasa had a thoughtful expression on his face. It suddenly disappeared and was replaced by a huge grin. "Man, that was a pretty heated talk! And out fight back the was pretty heated too!"

Despite all of that, Izuku got the feeling he would not be seeing Inasa at U.A. His alternate selves would confirm that Inasa's absence was consistent too.

Thus concluded Izuku U.A. entrance exam.

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**A Birthday Party**

Around the 8th January, well, as close to that date as possible at the Timeless Diner, four people entered the establishment. Three of them walked, and the fourth wheeled in on a wheelchair. It was dark inside.

The lights flickered back on, and a gathered crowd of historical figures shouted, "Happy birthday!"

These four individuals just happened to be Elvis Presley, David Bowie, Stephen Hawking... and Kim-Jong Un, though Izuku supposed the last one was a surprise.

Because of who the surprise party was being held for, the gathering of part-goers was mostly composed of fellow musicians like John Lennon, Beethoven, and Beyonce, alongside some notable scientists and dictators. Currently, Izuku was standing uncomfortably between Stalin and Hitler, though he clapped and cheered with the rest of the diner as the special guest were led to the main table with a large birthday cake.

The celebration continued and the four blew out the candles. Izuku remained on the outer edge of the circle.
"Not in a mood for a little cake?" a feminine voice asked from his left.

Izuku turned around and was met with the sight of a girl with shoulder-length ahsen blonde, nearly white, hair, deep green eyes, and a scar spanning from below her left eye across her left cheek. She wore white shirt and leather pants, with a sword on her back — a Witcher sword to be exact.

"Hey, Ciri. I am not exactly..." Izuku looked over to a table with Saddam Hussein and Benito Mussolini both devouring cakes. "...hungry."

"I get what you mean," Ciri replied as she looked over as well. "Still, you could be more... cheery. This is a birthday party and you didn't have to pay attention to those dictators, there's plenty of musicians is here as well." She said pointing at Elvis, Michael Jackson, David Bowie, Queen, Fall Out Boy, the Beatle, Ed Sheeran, the Spice Girls, and a few others people who were taking the group picture.

"Yeah..." Izuku responded while facing down a bit.

"Something on your mind?" Ciri asked as she walked up to his face.

"Don't be pushy Ciri," another feminine voice said. They turned to greet a newcomer. A girl short dark brown hair and blue eyes. She wore a blue blazer with white corset underneath it, and a long blue skirt.

"Hey there Elizabeth, haven't seen you for a while," Ciri greeted her fellow dimension traveler. "Are you going by DeWitt or Comstock now?"

"As of now? DeWitt, but that might change in a few months," she answered before looking over to Izuku. "And how are you, troublesome child?" Ciri snickered at the nickname.

"I'm fine, just got into highschool," Izuku replied, his cheeks flushing lightly at being called 'troublesome'.

"And how is this school's standard?" Yet another voice cut in. "I hope you chose your school well, mine wasn't very good."

They all turned to see a girl with a thin frame, yet with a hint of developed muscle, long curly black hair, and glasses. She wore a grey sweatshirt and jeans. "Taylor," the three greeted the newcomer, Taylor Hebert, who nodded in acknowledgment.

"Well, it's a hero school," Izuku began to answer Taylor's previous question. "They run a background check on all students, even the one who aren't in hero course; anyone with a track record of bullying or a criminal past are not allowed in, unless their time at the school is for rehabilitation purposes."

Taylor nodded with a little bit less concern on her face.

"So, learning to be a knight in shining armor, are you?" Ciri inquired cheekily.

"Perhaps you will ride to the rescue of some damsels in distress someday, like in storybook," Elizabeth added.

"Being a 'hero' isn't all sunshine and rainbows," Taylor cut in. "You will have to be ready to make hard moral choices in the future. I hope they will prepare you for that," the girl warned, but then again she had first-hand experience about being 'hero.'
Ciri and Elizabeth just rolled their eyes. "Way to kill the mood," they said in unison.

"What do you want from me," Taylor replied.

"Don't worry," Izuku joined in. "I won't get hurt, and you guys don't have to worry. I wouldn't..." the girls lifted an eyebrow. "...want to worry any of you."

The Multiverse might have jaded Main's outlook on life, but there was a reason why he and most of his alternate selves were titled 'cinnamon roll'.

"Heh/Aww/Hmm, you do care," the girls said — Ciri with a grin, Elizabeth with a genuine smile, and Taylor a faint smile — and poked his cheeks, Taylor poked the left cheek while Elizabeth and Ciri took the right.

Izuku blushed harder. It was rare to find other teens in the Multiverse, and most people had the tendency to stick together in tightly knit groups. Unfortunately for Izuku, he was the youngest in this particular group and was treated as the 'little brother'. [1]

Someone cleared their throat behind them. The four teens looked to the source of the voice; a man in a lab coat. Professor Paradox.

"Can I have a few minutes with Mister Midoriya here?" the scientist asked with a cheerful smile; a plate filled with cake rested in his hand.

The girls looked at Izuku, who nodded. The girls split off into different directions; Ciri went over to her surrogate father, the famous Geralt of Rivia, while Elizabeth and Taylor went to find a table together. Izuku fully turned his attention to Paradox.

The boy took a deep breath before he started."First thing first, why did you tell my mother?"

Paradox was not the type to be easily offended, thought Izuku questions had been a little sharp. "Well, besides trying to guide you to a more... righteous path?"

"So that's why you told Kuranes as well," Izuku mumbled. Izuku stared coldly into the time-traveler's green eyes. He didn't flinch in the slightest.

Despite his jovial behavior and witty remarks, Paradox was an unknown entity in the multiverse. He was not someone to mess with. It's showed in his eyes. Something hid behind them, something maddening, something powerful, something... beyond him... and more. Yet there was benevolence behind his eyes as well.

Izuku knew that the Professor could be meddlesome, but almost always he had good intentions. Even if Izuku was angry, he couldn't hold a grudge.

"I... appreciate that you were trying to help, but my path is my own. I want to be the one to choose it."Izuku said with his chest puffed out and his arms crossed. Paradox just closed his eyes with a smile.

"I understand," the man began. "And I hope you can say the same to Valentine and his group." Izuku seemed hesitant, but quickly took in a deep breath and nodded firmly. That brought a large smile onto the scientist's face. "I am glad to hear that!"

"Hey! Everyone!" Someone suddenly shouted. Every eye in the diner fell on a white-furred yeti in blue jean, Izuku believed the Yeti's name was Skips. "Hitler and Stalin just ate all the candy meant for the after party!" Skips cried, pointing to two cartoonishly bloated dictators.
A smile suddenly appeared on Skips' face. "We all know what that means right, folks!?"

"Dictator piñata!" everyone shouted, pulling baseball bats out of nowhere. The sight of Gandhi holding a black metal bat with nuke-symbol stickers on it really disturbed Izuku.

"As custom demands," Skips continued, "our guests of honor get the first five minutes to hit the offenders." While the yeti was saying that, Elvis Presley, David Bowie, Stephen Hawking, and Kim-Jong Un were being blindfolded. "After that everybody can join in."

With that said, the piñata game began and the four began whacking Hitler and Stalin. Within the next five minutes, a lot more historical figures and legends quickly ran into the diner when they heard there were dictator piñata going on. King David (the slayer of Goliath), Anne Frank, and Albert Einstein were eyeing Hitler, while Karl Marx and Leon Trotsky were conflicted as to whether they wanted to hit the living shit out of Stalin or Hitler more.

Izuku watched on, not sure if he wanted to join in. That was until someone handed him the metal bat.

"Ready to whack some tyrants?" Ciri asked with a grin. They were soon joined by Elizabeth and Taylor.

The corners of Izuku's lips pointed upwards, and he took the bat. The sound of whistle trilling filled the diner; everyone descended upon the dictators.

"Shall we?" Paradox asked, pointing his own bat at the crowd. They nodded and entered the frenzy with everyone else.

It was quite a party.

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Am I My Sister's Keeper? Yes.

It was a normal Saturday at the Midoriya's household. Inko was usually out for the day, normally to buy groceries, but this time it was to go to the spa with Mitsuki Bakugou, Katsuki's mother.

Right now, Izuku was watching TV with Eri. Multiverse cable could provide literally infinite entertainment value. Izuku took a glance at Eri and he noticed something. He lightly pinched her belly, startling her a little. Main felt a soft gathering of paunch over Eri's stomach. The girl was gaining weight after only living with them for just about a month. Inko Midoriya's power to feed a kid up — her own or otherwise — was not to be underestimated.

While his mother would probably have no problem spoiling Eri, he wouldn't stand for that.

"Hmm, Eri, I think we should spend time together doing something fun rather than watching TV all day," the boy paused. "How about sport?" Izuku suggested with a smile. The white-haired girl turns to Izuku. [2]

"Like... tennis?" Eri asked, a little anxious. Izuku held his chin, maybe it was still too early for her to have the confidence to go outside without him around.

With that, he believed an indoor exercise would be for the best. He thought more for a while at what it should be.

Indoor swimming and skating came to mind, but he wanted something more useful to the girl, something to build up her confidence as well... perhaps...
A few hours later, they stood in front of a plain white, one-floor building with a sign made from cloth above the entrance. It was a modern Japanese-style dojo.

Without further ado, Izuku slid the door open. The boy and his surrogate sister were greeted by in-sync shouting as the students of the dojo practiced their punches. The people inside spared him a glance before they went back to their training, but, as expected, someone came up to receive him: a girl.

She had teal eyes and long ginger hair that tied into a high ponytail on the left side of her head. She currently wore a karate uniform with a black belt tied over her hips.

"Hi there, can I help you?" the girl, who was probably Izuku's age, asked.

"Yes, I looked it up online and saw that this dojo offered a course for young children, right?" Izuku said and gestured at Eri who was clinging to his leg, looking around uneasily.

He received another uneasy glance from the rest of the dojo, while the ginger-haired girl nodded slowly. "That's right. The course for kids runs on Monday, Wednesday, and Friday evenings." She then nervously scratched her left cheek. "...But we didn't... have any kids sign up yet."

Izuku lifted an eyebrow. From the dojo's website, they had quite a good record of winning regional karate tournaments and even a national tournament once. Why didn't more people come here?

"Why is that?" Izuku asked.

"Well..." the girl trailed off. Before she could answer, a voice boomed.

"Itsuka Kendo! Why aren't you training, you must prepare for the U.A. Entrance Exam!" A very burly man came into their view. Like Kendo he wore karate uniform and had teal eyes, but that was where the similarity ended, unless Kendo could suddenly grow a brown beard, became bald, and enlarge herself to gigantic proportions.

The man walked up to them. "You shouldn't waste your time taking care of the customers, not when you have something higher on your priority list," he firmly told her. "Go back to training, I will take care of things here." Kendo nodded and bowed before she went away.

"So," the man turned his attention towards Izuku. "What can I do for you?"

"I am looking to reroll my... little sister into a children's course here."

At being called 'little sister' by Izuku for the first time, Eri looked up at him with light sparking in her eyes.

"I see. Well then," he knelt down to Eri's eye level. "What makes you think you will be a worthy student of my dojo?" the man said. The rest of the dojo suddenly looked at him with wide eyes, even Kendo.

His words irked Izuku. 'Worthy' was not a word normal people used to encourage children. For that, Izuku believed he could find a better place with a better course, even if they had fewer achievements to their name.

"Sorry, but I am not here to turn my sister into a martial artist," Izuku said firmly before turning around. He was about to walk out of the dojo when the master called after him.

"W-wait, hold on! Perhaps we could test her first before she joins us!" the master yelled distinct
sound of several palms being smacked onto foreheads sounded behind Izuku. It hardened Izuku's resolve to be rid of this place.

"J-just, please don't leave." This time the voice of the master was more hushed, which caught the boy off-guard and caused him to finally turned around.

The master was still on his knees, looking down in shame. The green haired boy noticed several students went back to their training as soon as he turned around; no doubt they had paused their exercises until now to observe the scene. The only one who did not get back to training was Kendo, who looked on in concern.

Izuku sighed. "What is it?"

"I am… sorry if come off in a bad way. I have been dealing with people who want to be part of the dojo just because of our fame for so long that I have become… paranoid," the master apologized.

"Then why offer a course for children? You don't even look like you want to teach kids," Izuku retorted.

"There are many reasons. Among them is to give a friendlier image to the dojo."

Izuku's right eye twitched. "She isn't some kind of tool for your dojo. If that's how you treat children here, then there is nothing else to say." Izuku turned around to leave again.

"H-hold on," the master called again, this time Izuku didn't bother to stop.

"Wait!" This time it was Kendo who asked him. At first, Izuku didn't plan to stop, but Eri did and so he was forced to halt as well. He turned around again, and he swore this would be the final time if Kendo and the Master didn't plead their case to him.

"I am really sorry about him," the ginger-haired girl said with a small bow."He... really isn't used to interacting with anyone outside of the dojo," Kendo apologized while the master still looking down in shame and embarrassment. "He usually scares the kids away or makes the parents… uncomfortable. We just… our master just wants to be better around children."

"It's still the same as before, if anything this time it's even worse since he does this for himself and not the dojo," Izuku replied. This time the entire dojo stopped to look at him in shock. Their master's head sunk even further in shame.

All the pleading and hospitality on Kendo's visage disappeared. She narrowed her eyes and crossed her arms. "And may I ask you how you know what our teacher thinks? So far he's earned the respect of everybody here and no one has ever accused him of being selfish." There was a dangerous edge in Kendo's voice.

Izuku shrugged. "I don't, but that's the point. I don't know what he is thinking. I am not a student here. I am a stranger who looked to entrust my little sister in the care of a trustworthy establishment, and I will not take any risks when it comes to her well-being." He broke off his stare down with Kendo to look at Eri.

While the little girl's eyes shone with the light of respect, Izuku also feared that that feeling would turn into dependency. His point of choosing martial arts was to instill into Eri some confidence and discipline. So with a sigh, he turned back to Kendo.

"With that being said, it is ultimately her decision." He gestured at the white-haired girl, which seemed to surprise Kendo and the master.
“You're going to let your little sister decide if she wants to enroll? I mean, she just a little girl,” Kendo asked with raised eyebrows.

Now Izuku finally looked insulted. "Don't underestimate her. This is exactly why I am being so critical about your dojo. I want a place that treats her with respect, not commanding her around like kindergartner."

Kendo's stern expression fell.

Izuku knelt down to Eri's level. "This is your decision, Eri. Do you want to train here, or should we go looking for another dojo?"

Eri looked around. She looked at Kendo, at the master, at the other students of the dojo, and at Izuku. Her head tried to process what was going on, but it was very difficult for a five years old girl to truly comprehend the complexity of decision making; especially for decisions that didn't involve 'right and wrong'. Yet she tried. Eri was like her brother whenever he felt conflicted inside, so she took a deep breath. Her mind slowly pieced together parts of information that were laid out before her on this issue.

"I-I don't want to be rude," she first made it clear to her brother and everyone else.

"Yes, we understand that, don't we?" Izuku looked at Kendo, who sharply nodded.

"Okay…” Eri thought a little bit more. "Umm, I think Izuku is right, even if I don't know what some of the things he says mean," Eri said. The little girl then asked, "Can I trust you?"

Kendo was taken aback. She would not have expected that kind of question from someone as young as Eri. The future student of U.A. tried to come up with an answer, but listing any achievements of the dojo would be futile, using herself as an example would disservice the other students of the dojo, and, for someone as pragmatic as Kendo, she was skeptical of promising, especially when she didn't know if the entire dojo could keep that promise.

For once she couldn't figure out a solution to the problem, and frustration had made itself known on her face. Yet someone would offer the answer.

"You can't." The master walked forward to take over from his pupil. "And so far I haven't been doing a very good job to convince you otherwise, but all I ask for is a chance."

Eri stared into the eyes of the master. His stern and cold appearance reminded her of Overhaul's, which was why she had edged back behind Izuku. Ultimately she could see a difference in the master that was unlike the villain; there was something melancholic behind the master's eyes, something pleading. However, she still couldn't shake off those horrid memories. A small part of Eri wanted to give him, give these people, a chance.

The white-haired girl looked around again to try to find some kind of guiding arrow to her answer. All she could see were people whom she felt nothing but indifferent for, except one. When her eyes fell upon Kendo, Eri felt… a sense of comfort. She felt warm, she felt… protected.

With that, she came to a decision.

"Umm, I am sorry, but… I don't think I want to study with you," she gave her answer.

The master could only sigh. "I see. Then there is nothing I can do…"

"Um, but-" The master's spirits stirred. "But if she's the one who teaches me," Eri pointed right at
Kendo, "I think I wouldn't mind."

"Eri, please don't point at people. That's very rude," Izuku scolded Eri, who pouted. The green-haired guardian turned to Kendo. "So, are you willing to teach her?"

Itsuka opened her mouth to answer-

"Absolutely not," the master said firmly, all sadness in his eyes gone. "Kendo has an upcoming test. She's training for entry to the prestigious U.A. Academy and must be prepared for whatever obstacles they will throw at her. Itsuka can't just waster her future away!"

"No, it's fine. I can still teach her while training," the ginger-haired girl offered.

"Catching fish with each hand will only let both fish slip away, Itsuka," the bearded master countered. "Focus on your future; not only for your own sake but for everyone."

While Izuku couldn't be sure what 'everyone' supposed to mean, they might be able to reach for a compromise, after all, he got something to offer.

"Maybe I can help you with getting into U.A.," Izuku spoke up. The arguing master and apprentice looked at him.

"What do you mean?" Kendo asked.

"I got into U.A. through recommendations. Perhaps I could offer you guidance? In-return," he gestured at Eri," you will agree to teach my little sister."

"You got into U.A. through recommendations?" the master asked with wide eyes. Izuku nodded. "In the same year as Endeavour's kid?" Izuku nodded again. "How?! He's the son of Endeavour! You don't even look like you could hold your own against some of the students here!"

Izu decided to ignore the insult and demonstrate the reason why he was accepted. He let his left leg sink into the ground and appear again on the ceiling.

"I have a teleportation Quirk. Everyone at the exam was fast, but I am instantaneous," he explained. "Endeavour's kid is disappointing; he wasn't even in the top five. So yes, I think I am more than qualified to help Miss Kendo get into U.A."

The master held his chin in his hand as he thought on this. Kendo had another thing on her mind. "I thought you don't want to entrust your sister to us. Why are you trying to let her in now?" the girl asked with narrowed eyes.

"I still don't, but like I said, if she decides to commit to something I will not stop Eri unless it was something utterly stupid. So yes, I will help her get what she wants." That cleared up a bit of Itsuka's suspicion.

"Very well." The master finally gave in. "I will allow it until Kendo gets into U.A.. Then we will see what has to be changed." The three children nodded to the adult. The master then looked at Kendo. "Sorry, I'll have to let you handle this."

"It's fine, master. I am already more than prepared for U.A.. This will only make it easier," the girl said with confidence.

Her master only nodded solemnly and went over to put his dojo back into order. Itsuka then turned to face Izuku, who just looked at Eri.
"So, do you want to start today or should we talk to Kendo about the details first," Izuku asked his surrogate little sister.

"Umm, I am fine either way," Eri answered.

"Alright," Kendo interjected. "Then let's sort out the time table and let see what we have to do during the course."

Eri and Izuku nodded and let Kendo escort them away to sort out the details.

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**Bargain sales**

Izuku just looked on, unsure what to say. Though he had to admit, Eri looked cute with twintails.

"So what do you usually do, Izuku?" Mirio asked.

The Big Three of U.A. were currently in his family apartment, sitting on the couch alongside Eri. Nejire was on the left-most side, next to her was Eri, then Mirio, and Tamaki on the right-most side. This had forced Izuku to sit on another chair. Apparently, one of the conditions Nighteye had set in recommending Izuku to U.A. was to let the Big Three watch over Eri as well.

"It's Saturday, so I don't really do anything," Izuku said. He didn't bother to lift his eyes from the book he was currently reading, titled 'My Immortal: a Harry Potter fanfic that's so bad it's good. Complete Limited Edition. With Ultra Instinct Shaggy & Knuckles. Featuring Dante from the Devil May Cry series.'

"Come on, there has to be something we could do." Nejire pouted as she complained.

Tamaki was the only one who hadn't said anything so far.

As if to respond to the blue haired girl's request, Izuku's phone rang. He answered the call."Hello? What? Where?!" Izuku raised his voice in shock, causing the Big Three to tense. "Alright thanks," Izuku said hurriedly and hung up. He quickly observed the three older teens. "Casual clothes, but I suppose you'll do." The boy rushed into his room and slammed the door shut on his way in.

"Umm…” Tamaki finally spoke. "What was that?"

The door slammed open again, Izuku returned with a large sack over his shoulder.

"You want to do something? Then come with me. A business in another dimensional plane is shutting down. They're offering wholesale sock really cheap, and I'm not missing out on those artifacts!" Izuku let them absorb what he said a bit. "So are you guys coming?"

At that question, they looked at one another then turned to Eri. The little girl just shrugged.

"Alright, so we're just going on a little shopping trip, right?" Mirio asked as he got up.

"Yes, but not the usual shopping for people of this world," Izuku informed.

"Ooo, dimensional travel," Nejire remarked, her mouth forming into a smile. She turned to Eri, "Sounds fun, right?"

The little girl gave a small smile in return and nodded, all the while Tamaki just remained silent but stood up nevertheless.
"Good, then come on before the good ones are snatched by the guilds." Izuku walked into the wall and disappeared.

The three friends hesitated a little, but Mirio stepped forward and went through the dimension barrier. The blond ended up in front of a building built in a style that reminded him of the architecture of modern Rome, with light brown bricks and classical pillars that supported the whole structure. His friends soon joined him alongside Eri.

"Whoa!" Nejire exclaimed as she saw her new surrounding. "Where are we?! Are we in Rome?! It looks like Rome?! Can we go to the Spanish Steps?! Can we eat pizza?!"

"Was that… a floating island?" Tamaki asked in awe, pointing at an island that was, indeed, floating. Large circular buildings occupied the top of the island, and that was just the closest one. Many more floating islands were present on the skyline.

"Please keep it down." The group turned to the newcomer's voice.

They saw a worn down wooden table standing beside the door of the building, littered with tools used in businesses in ancient times, such as abacus and balance scales. There were also stacks of gold coins, so many that they formed into several small piles, and a few parchments. What really caught their attention, however, was an anthropomorphic elephant man in a green robe tending to the table.

This wasn't quite a strange enough sight for people coming from the world with Quirks, however.

"U-um, we are sorry," Mirio apologized on everyone's behalf. The elephant man nodded and went back to counting the coins, writing on the parchments occasionally.

"Welcome to Ravnica" Izuku said from the left of the group. "Now if you are done gawping, come along. A large chunk of artifact has just been taken by the Izzet League." The green-haired boy pointed at the wagon behind them, where they emerged from, which was being loading with various objects that looked like they'd come out of fantasy books or video games. [3]

"Come on, we don't have all day." Izuku waved his arm at the building and walked forward. The four hurriedly followed him in.

Inside the brown brick building, the hardwood counters that were once resting places for priceless objects had been picked clean, leaving nothing but bare dark wood. The strong steel display cases were emptied of their once proud exhibits — some were even broken in — and the imposing shelves were nearly hollowed out of all the books and scrolls, with only a few left to remind anyone who saw them of their glorious past.

The ground was littered with torn cloth, paper, and broken bits of iron and clay. Light leaked through the roof and even some sections of the wall, allowing the group to see the dust motes that flew in the air. Then there was a painting on the opposite end of the entry; a painting of a family with a human father sporting an untrimmed beard, an elven mother with curly black hair, and young half-elf twin siblings with their bright hopeful eyes.

By themselves, none of these sights would do anything, but when combined this image could punch a hole through people's hearts. The Big Three certainly felt a sense of discomfort tingling in their stomach at the desecration of a family home.

But not everyone felt that way, apparently.

Throughout the building were people of various races, like minotaurs and merfolk, examining
anything they could get their hands on, and, if they felt satisfied, would just nod to themselves and walk outside to pay for their chosen items. A centaur with vases lined up on his back was walking right towards them.

"Excuse me," the centaur said, signaling the group should part to let him through.

"Alright," Izuku started and the others turned to him. "Mirio-senpai and Tamaki-senpai, come with me to the second floor, there should be something left worth taking." The two older teens exchanged a look but nodded. Izuku then turned to Nejire. "This might take a while, and the second floor has the more dangerous artifacts, so can you please look after Eri?"

"Leave it to me," the trainee heroine reassured with a smile, not as bright as when she arrived, however.

Izuku beckoned for Mirio and Tamaki to follow. The three went over to the stairs to the left, leaving Eri in Nejire's care. The little girl turned to look at the blue-haired girl, who smiled back.

"Let's find somewhere to sit, okay?" said Hado.

Eri nodded.

"What are we looking for exactly?" Mirio asked as he grabbed an ornate silver dagger from a shelf.

"You will know it when you see it." Izuku's reply was ambiguous as ever.

"Like this?" Tamaki asked. The two turned around to see him holding a shield with a sleeping human face carved into a large portion of it. Izuku cautiously got up with a tense expression, like he'd just seen someone holding a bomb.

"Careful there, that's a Screaming Shield. Handle it wrong and it can make you deaf," the dimension traveler explained as he walked over. The boy gently pried the shield from Tamaki's hands. Izuku covered the shield in thick cloth and tied it with leather straps, only after that that did he put the shield inside his sack. "Nice find, senpai," complimented Izuku, going back to his treasure hunt.

"You know, I am not used to someone calling me 'senpai' when I barely know them," Tamaki remarked.

"I have respect for you, you don't have to return it." Izuku's tone was neither cold nor welcoming, so Tamaki just let the issue drop for now, but he still remembered what one of Izuku's selves did to him, the police, and, most importantly, Nejire.

"Hey, is this a good one?" Mirio spoke up, showing Izuku a golden chrome ring that emitted a colorless aura.

Izuku actually looked impressed. "That's a Sol Ring. It is banned on so many planes that I could never get hold of it."

It was not banned for any destructive reason, but rather its tremendous empowering ability was deemed too dangerous on dimensional planes with a heavy concentration of mages. Mirio handed the ring to Izuku who pocketed it before going back to searching for more artifacts.

Mirio started a new conversation."So, you could use magic, right?"
"Not in the way you would think. Do you remember the video game logic behind mana and stuff?" Izuku asked.

"I am a Dragon Quest fan, so definitely," Mirio replied.

"Well, it's like that, but a bit more complicated. In a dimension with magic there is energy everywhere, kind of like mana, and the natives of that dimension, human or otherwise, usually have some divine or genetic means to harness it," Izuku explained as he examined a ball of thorns.

"Really?" Mirio put his ear against a small bronze box and shook the container. "Then how come you could use magic back then?"

"Remember the stuff I drank when we fought?" Mirio nodded in reply. "That's liquid mana, like the mana potion in RPG games. As a non-native, I am not capable of harness mana. I can consume it through different means and only then can I use any form of magic, for limited powers no less, but this," Izuku grinned and pulled out his recently acquired Sol Ring. "This little artifact trapped the very light from a distant star into it, and it allows the user to draw the very power of the cosmos into casting a spell at any given time."

"So you just got yourself a ticket to use magic whenever you want in our world, huh?" Tamaki asked with something akin to disdain in his voice.

"No, there is a lot of risk in using magic, and I'm not talking about being possessed by a demon or getting lynched," Izuku put down a crystal eyeball he'd been examining back on the shelf before looking at a close by crystal fist. "Since I am not native to a dimension filled with magic, I have a higher risk of mana related diseases like mana poisoning or mana addiction. That's why I use it only as a last resort since it's not only my weakness, but a weakness of everyone in our dimension."

"That would explain how you beat Mirio." Tamaki put a well-crafted vial with a blue substance inside, which shined so bright it was like the glass container was holding a star, into the sack then turned back to Izuku. "May I ask though, why you allied with your alternate self who is a terrorist? It isn't exactly the first choice of ally for any hero."

Izuku was about to answer when a scream was heard; Eri's scream. It was followed by the loud roar of a lion, and then the sound of shouting and spells going off came next. The three teens immediately rushed downstairs.

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A few minutes earlier, Eri was sitting in the open aired garden in the middle of the shop.

Nejire was preoccupied with going around pestering many shoppers nearby, and left Eri to sit alone. Though to the heroine's credit she was never far off and she kept checking on Eri every so often. Still, it was quite boring for a little child to sit all alone.

"Think we can tame it?" Eri heard a voice ask.

"We could try, or we could just kill it and harvest whatever is left," another voice replied.

"And risk damaging anything? It's already old, everything is going to break just by getting hit with a lightning bolt," the first voice retorted.

Eri tried to find the source of the two voices. She found a door that had been left a little open. Despite her rising fears and against her better judgment, she found herself curious as to what the discussion was all about. Eri looked over at Nejire. The blue-haired teen was currently pestering
an angel. Said angel's eye had begun to twitch, and her/his hands were desperately itching to grab for the handle of their sword. Eri looked at the door one last time.

Against all her fears, she got up and walked to the open door. Izuku always told Eri that she needed to be more confident, so this might be her chance... but he also said foolhardiness was as equally bad as cowardice.

Eri slowly walked towards the door. Once she felt like she was close enough, she did the most sensible thing.

"Hello?" She yelled, loud enough to be heard but not too loud. The door immediately swung open.

What came out to greet her was a human woman with dyed blue haired and goggles over her eyes. She was dressed in so-called 'steampunk' fashion. The woman spotted Eri immediately.

"Oh hey," the woman said, indifferent. "Is there something you need, little girl?"

"Umm, I heard people arguing so I come to see what was happening," the horned girl answered.

"Huh, are we really that loud... Hey, Nog!" The woman shouted back into the room she came from.

"What?" A male minotaur in full steel armor came up to the door. His presence intimidated Eri.

"My little buddy here overheard us. You're too loud," the woman told her friend.

"Me?!" The bull-man gasped at the accusation. "You're the one who never shuts up!"

"What the f-" The woman suddenly paused and looked at Eri, then turned back to her partner. "Your shithead son of a whore, bitch-ass, piece of trash, shit-stain eyes, cow-bitch, red-white cunt-mouth was the one who is too loud! Fuck you!" The woman also flipped him quadruple birds, using a spell to create extra middle fingers.

The minotaur bit his lower lip. The two then continued to insult each other with foul words no child is supposed to ever hear. Unfortunately, the loud volume of their 'bitching' woke something up inside the room.

Eri watched on, unsure what to do and confused as to what some of the words these two even said were. Yet, because she wasn't fixated on the two, she managed to spot a pair of glowing yellow eyes that crept up behind the minotaur. The eyes of predator roused fear inside of Eri, and she did what Izuku instructed her to do whenever something threatening happened.

She screamed then pointed at the eyes.

The minotaur and woman were broken out of their insult match and turned to see what had made the little girl screamed. At the sight of the glowing eyes, they knew they had fucked up. The creature leaped at the minotaur, who managed to just barely put up his shield in time to block the fatal strike.

The bull-man fell to the ground, but instead of following through on its attack the creature instead leaped at the woman. She gathered mana in her hands, creating a red auric mist in each of her palms. She pushed her hands forward and created a shield made of lighting.

The creature tried to bite and claw its way through the protection spell, uncaring about the electricity that kept shocking it. Eventually, it tried to crush the spell with its weight and climb up
on top of the barrier. That was the opportunity the mage had been waiting for. The mage exploded her shield, sending a shockwave that knocked Eri down and sending the creature flying to the middle of the courtyard.

It was at this moment that Izuku and his company arrived.

There they saw the creature. It had the body of a lion with a mane as majestic as it was terrifying. The face was a savage mixture of man and beast, with teeth as perlaceous as they were sharp. On its back was a pair of leathery bat wings that once spread could easily dwarf the creature itself. The final notable feature the creature possessed was a scorpion tail dripping with green deadly venom. There was no mistake what this creature was.

"MANTICORE!" An elderly goblin among the many shoppers shouted, pointing at the creature.

As if his voice was a warhorn, the shoppers charged the creature, whether with spells or close-quarter armaments. Even such a majestic creature could not withstand this an overwhelming force. The shoppers swarmed the manticore, and it was swallowed in the sea of the mob.

"Tamaki finds Nejire. Mirio help me find Eri." Both of the older teens heeded Izuku's orders and took off. Izuku followed behind Mirio.

"Eri!" The green-haired boy shouted. "Eri!"

"Izuku!" He heard her shout back and quickly went to where he had heard her voice. There he found his surrogate little sister.

"Are you alright?"

Izuku helped Eri get up. "I'm fine," she replied.

Izuku sighed in relief before examining if she had any injuries.

"I got Nejire!" Tamaki said carrying the blue-haired girl, who was wrapped by Luminous Bonds that rendered her unable to move or speak, in his arms — bridal style.

"You found Eri?" Mirio soon joined in as well. Izuku nodded.

The commotion had died down, but that was not the only thing that had died. Climbing on top of the body of the manticore was the minotaur Eri had seen earlier; the head of the creature speared onto his weapon. Izuku turned Eri's head away from the sight, grimacing along with the Big Three.

"By the law of the Guilds, the auction and butchering will now be held to in order to distribute the kill," the minotaur said.

The same female mage climbed up beside her partner then snatched the head away from the bull-man. "First, the head! Begin at five hundred golds!"

So the auction began with the mage becoming a spokesperson. The minotaur started butchering the dead manticore.

"Come on, let's get out of here," Izuku said to the group — not keen on seeing an animal being chopped into pieces. Izuku drank a mana potion and waved his hand at Nejire, dispelling her bonds. "Go get the sack, I will go pay for the items so we can be done with this."

The Big Three nodded and went back into the building. Izuku noticed that Tamaki didn't let Nejire
down from his arms yet as they went away. Izuku checked over Eri one last time to make sure she was unharmed, but just when he had finished they heard a sound.

The sound was something akin to a hiss, but very faint and dry and very… feline. They turned back to the chamber where the manticore came from to see the source of the hissing. At the door frame, they saw a cub, a manticore cub to be exact.

Unlike the adult that just had been slain, the cub fur possessed midnight grey fur, except for the fur on its neck and shoulders — where its mane would grow — which shone an even brighter shade of golden fur than the adult's. In its tiny bat wings was a galactic pattern, with stars and cosmos' shining from the membrane as if looking through a telescope. On its forehead was a tiny pair of crimson horns, but one of them was already cut to the stump. Unlike the other manticore, the cub had the face of a real lion cub.

It continued to stare at the two with its glowing golden eyes then hissed again, this time more fearfully.

"Chromanticore," Izuku whispered in amazement, his eyes wide.

The same went for Eri, who stared at the majestic cub and wondered how terrifying it would be when it grew up. Yet with its cut horn, Eri couldn't help but felt sympathy for the manticore cub. And those eyes. Those scared, shaking eyes filled with fear and a cry out to be saved…

The little girl broke Izuku out of his amazement by tugging on his shirt. He looked at Eri.

"W-we have to take him with us." The little girl begged and pointed at where the auction was. At the request, Izuku blinked. He quickly looked back at the mob of shoppers to see if anyone had spotted the cub. When he decided that the coast was clear he looked back at Eri with hesitation.

"Eri, raising a manticore is no laughing matter," he began as he knelt to her level. "This creature is considered an apex predator in multiple dimensions. It does not obey, " Izuku gestured at the cub. "Manticores only command. You can raise it, you can train it, but it will need to be treated as your equal and not as your lesser — and if you let it be your greater… well, let’s just say their bite can be very nasty." Izuku paused, letting Eri absorb his warning. "Do you still want to save a creature that could grow up to harm you?"

Eri kept turning between her big brother and the cub, unsure what choice to make. The sound of a cleaver chopping through meat and bone interrupted her thoughts. She was about to turn to see where the sound came from but her brother cupped her cheek and steered her away.

"Make your choice, Eri," Izuku said with finality.

Eri tightened her on Izuku's shirt as if she could squeak out her answer if she pressed hard enough. She didn't know what to do. She didn't understand. Yet when he looked at the cub's eyes one more time, something inside Eri awakened.

The manticore's eyes said it all. It was begging to be saved, the same as she always had. Eri knew what it felt like. She knew what it was like for her plea for a savior to go unanswered. She knew that she would not let anyone or anything else go through the same thing if she could help it.

So, she made her choice.

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The four soon came back to the Midoriya residence. Nejire and Tamaki collapsed onto the couch.
"That was pretty hectic," Mirio said, helping Izuku carry the sack.

"Just my average day, actually," Izuku replied as he guided them into his room.

Eri made her way towards the living room chair with a new companion in her arms. The horned girl wrapped her arms around the cub as she carried it in front of her. Once she had sat down, she relaxed her arms. The little manticore yawned and curled up right on Eri's lap. The white hair girl allowed herself to smile a little as she stroked the cub's head.

"Are you sure it's a good idea to let her have a manticore as a pet?" Mirio asked as both he and Izuku stood by the door frame of Izuku's room. "I mean, we could get her a cat, a dog, or even a unicorn instead; I am sure you could manage that."

Izuku sighed. "She needs to learn, senpai," Izuku said. "She needs to think for herself, and she definitely needs to learn about decision making. Both you and my mom would probably agree that this was too early, but I do not."

"You're that type of parent, huh?" Mirio asked with an unamused look. Izuku just shrugged.

"I will be there to help her… if she ever needs it."

Silence reigned between the two as they continued to observe Eri and the chromanticore cub.

"So…" Izuku restarted the conversation. "Are you hungry?"

Chapter End Notes

A/N: What name should we give to our manticore cub? Any thoughts? 'Cause my creativity ran dry trying to find a proper 'pet' for Eri.

[1] That's a lot of characters and I won't explain where they come from. Think of every time a character that looks important comes up like a treasure hunt: you don't have to participate in it, but if you do you might be introduced to something new.

[2] My beta warned me that this part could be a bit too fat shaming, so I modify a bit to be more... parental (that should be the word). Yet I am not stepping down on encouraging children to exercise.

[3] The plane of Ravnica will always have a special place in my heart. It was the card set that was/is in the card sets rotation when I start playing Magic the Gathering. We will definitely see more of it.
The First Day

Chapter Summary

...and today he will go to high school!

Chapter Notes

A/N: Ahh, we are finally here, the first day at U.A and more. Also, the names suggestion for our little chromanticore please.

Beta by Yuilhan

See the end of the chapter for more notes

“Are you sure you’ve got everything? You’ve got your handkerchief and your train card, right?” Inko asked her son, who only nodded. She cupped her son’s cheeks. “Try your best to fit in, alright? This is your chance to make it up to them.”

Izuku held his mother’s soft hands tightly. “I won’t let you down, mom. I promise.” The boy then turned to Eri who was still in her pajamas; her ‘pet’ faithfully sat beside her. The green-haired boy knelt down to her level. “Don’t worry, I will be back by the evening,” he said and patted her head. Eri nodded sadly. “See you,” Izuku said and departed for good. He walked into the door and swiftly teleported.

Inko turned to her surrogate daughter, “Alright, let’s have our breakfast then we will take your pet to the vet, okay?”

“Okay,” Eri replied and petted her Chromanticore, who purred in response. She knew this strange sadness inside her chest would not disappear until her brother returned. Still, Izuku wanted her to be more confident and independent, so she would endure this longing, for him.

Miles away at U.A. High School, Eraserhead was waiting for a student. Izuku came out of a nearby wall. Once the boy spotted the Pro-Hero, he walked up to greet his new teacher.

“Good Morning, sensei,” Izuku said respectfully with a bow.

“Morning,” Aizawa unwillingly returned somewhat dryly. “The reason we asked to meet you earlier than the school’s opening time is because we would like you to take a psychology test.”

The teacher gestured for Izuku to follow him. The boy lifted an eyebrow but followed nonetheless.

On their walk through the corridor to their destination, Eraserhead spoke up. “While I am willing to give you another chance, know that what you did is a criminal offense and your treatment in U.A. will be more in-line with rehabilitation rather than regular academics. You will have to work harder, not only on your academic performance but also in proving that you have changed for good. Do I make myself clear?”
“Yes, sir,” Izuku replied firmly.

“Good, your first assignment is to write me a report on all of your… what do you call them again, alternate selves?” Izuku nodded in affirmation. “I want a report on all of them regarding their Quirk, their weaknesses, their strengths, and their backgrounds. Is that acceptable, or would you rather have other forms of corporal punishment instead?”

“I can do that,” Izuku assured with a nod.

“...your obedience is a good sign that you are willing to change, but be careful. Too much and it could do more harm than good.” At that remark, Izuku narrowed his eyes, but nodded.

The rest of the way was quiet. They eventually arrived at the door with a sign ‘Counselor Chamber’ above the door.

“Go in,” Aizawa pointed his thumb at the door. “Hound Dog will take over from here. After you’re done, get to class.” The Pro-Hero departed and left Izuku alone. The boy knocked and slid open the door when he was called inside.

Once inside he was greeted by a medium-sized but barren room; three sides of the walls were painted white, and there was a wall made entirely of windows opposite of the entrance. In the middle of the room sat a therapy couch and a regular chair placed on top of a circular rug. Awaiting Izuku, and sat in a regular chair, was yet another teacher. Hound Dog.

“Are you Izuku Midoriya?” the bestial hero asked. Izuku nodded. “Then take a seat.”

Izuku had the urge to lift an eyebrow but decided against it. His point of curiosity? Hound Dog’s demeanor. The Pro-Hero was notorious for being ill-tempered and aggressive. Then again, maybe he was supposed to act differently in these circumstances? Izuku laid on the couch.

“Now, time for a proper introduction. I am Ryo Inui, though I also go by Hound Dog, and I am the Guidance Counselor of U.A. — so expect to see more from me.” The teacher then went silent signalling that Izuku should introduce himself next. [1]

“I am Izuku Midoriya,” the boy answered.

“I need more than that,” the counselor growled in low-tone. Guess he was still Hound Dog after all.

“I am fifteen years old. I am an only child. I have participated in the act of vigilantism. I-” the teacher suddenly interrupted him.

“That,” the bestial hero said, pointing at Izuku. “That is what I am looking for, a confession of your own crimes.”

The green-haired boy wanted to argue back (and he had several reasons for doing so) but he decided against it and just took a deep breath, silencing himself.

“Hmm? No back talk or arguing from you either? Maybe there’s hope for you yet.” The hero noted something down on the paper clamped to the clipboard he was holding. “Now, before we begin, do you have any questions?”

Izuku wondered if he should ask anything for the sake of courtesy, or if he should just get on with it. He decided to ask something. “Do students usually need therapy?”

“Yes, but the Heroics Department students usually need it more than others.” That answer piqued
Izuku’s interest.

“Really? I thought heroes and heroines were supposed to be strong-willed by nature, withstanding the horror that villains and what the world throws at them and all that.” [1]

Hound Dog looked thoroughly unamused after hearing that. “Tell me, have you heard of an old comic back before there were Quirks called ‘The Watchmen’?” Izuku nodded. He had read a lot of comics, American or otherwise. ‘Do you remember the character name ‘Rorschach’?” The boy nodded again. “What is his most notable trait?”

Izuku paused to think about this for a moment before answering. “His hardcore vigilantism and his mentally-unstable mind?”

“Exactly. Now piece everything so far together and find how it’s relevant to why you’re here.” It took the boy a few moments to get the puzzle pieces matching together in his head, and when he did, he frowned. “A good reaction,” the hero remarked before continuing.

“My job is to ensure that all students in U.A., not just the Heroic ones, graduate with a healthy mind and a strong will so that won’t give in to despair like Rorschach. Not only that, I have to ensure that the students can find a way to release their stress and anxieties in productive ways, not kept it deep inside them until they snap — again, like Rorschach. Mental fortitude isn’t something you’re born with, it is **built**.”

Hound Dog’s insightful comment actually amazed Izuku, and he found himself kindling a newfound respect for the bestial hero.

“Now if there’s nothing else, we can begin.”

And so Izuku’s first therapy session began.

“Today’s session is over,” Hound Dog barked.

“Session? I thought this was a psychology test?” Izuku asked.

“Yes, the first session is usually me testing the student’s mental state, but after this our lessons will be focused on your real road to change,” the Pro-Hero explained. “Now get to class. You have fifteen minutes left; that should be enough.”

Izuku nodded, and without a word he picked up his backpack before walking toward the wall.

“Wait, don’t use your Qui-” before Hound Dog could finish, Izuku warped away using the wall. The teacher groaned and added another problem to the list of Izuku Midoriya’s traits that needed to be remedied.

Izuku reappeared outside of his classroom; Class 1-A, the same one as Katsuki. He slid the door open and he was greeted by a commotion.

“Remove your feet off the table immediately!” someone shouted. “This is an insult to U.A. and the craftsman who made this table!” A boy with blue and square glasses continued to shout as other students in the room looked on.

“Like I care. Which school are you from, extra?” The one who asked this was none other than
Izuku’s childhood friend, Katsuki Bakugou. Currently the blond was sat at his desk with a wide grin on his face.

The student who had been shouting introduced himself. “I—I’m from Somei Private Academy. My name is Iida Tenya.”

“Somei? Fucking elitist, huh? I’ll blow you to bits,” Bakugou ‘threatened’ with an even wider grin on his face.

Iida was taken aback. “W-wah! Blow me to bits?! Such savagery?! Do you even want to be a hero?!”

It was at this moment that Izuku decided to cut in. “I see you’re already making new friends, Katsuki,” Izuku remarked, finally crossing the classroom’s threshold.

Katsuki’s eyes softened a little and his grin disappeared. He gave his friend a respectful nod along with a greeting. “Izuku.”

Iida also came up to introduce himself, “I am from Somei Private Academy—”

Midoriya halted him by putting up his hands; “I heard you before. I’m Izuku Midoriya. Now if you would excuse me, I want to find a seat now.”

“O-of course.” Iida was a little surprised, but he stepped aside to let Izuku past. The other students in the classroom looked at him — perhaps judging him, perhaps not. Izuku couldn’t care less.

Izuku took the seat behind Katsuki’s and remained there without interacting with anyone else. Eventually, the last student, a girl with a brown bob cut and a round face with very visible pink cheeks, came into the class, and not a moment too soon. Aizawa walked into his classroom right after she had come in.

“I am your homeroom teacher, Shota Aizawa. Pleased to meet you,” the teacher announced to the class. “Now, quickly change into your gym clothes and head outside to the field,” Aizawa said and left the dumbfounded class behind.

Not one to blink at strange requests, Izuku simply took out his own clothes. “Want to take a shortcut to the locker room?” he asked his blond-haired friend.

“Nah, I’m good,” Katsuki replied bluntly as he took out his own clothes.

“Okay.” The green-haired boy got up and disappeared into the wall, startling the whole class. They were left dumbfounded.

“Did he just…” The pink-skinned girl spoke up, but she could not form a full sentence.

“Yes, he just disappeared into the wall,” Katsuki answered the obvious question as he got up from his desk. “Stop being so dumb and just go change.” Everyone took Bakugou’s advice.

About fifteen minutes later, Class 1-A found themselves on a training field with Izuku making it there before anyone else. Aizawa briefed them about a Quirk assessment test they were going to conduct, using Katsuki as an example by letting the boy demonstrate his softball throwing skills both without and with his Quirk. Suffice to say the class was excited, but the mood was dampened by Aizawa’s overhanging threat of excluding the poorest performing student.

The first test was a fifty meter dash, and when it was time, Izuku received speculative glances from
his ‘opponent’.

“Go easy on me, would ya?” the invisible girl had joked. At least Izuku assumed it was a joke — he couldn’t see her face.

“Just do your best,” Izuku answered plainly.

“Go,” Aizawa ordered the pair.

While Izuku did sink into the ground, as usual, he experienced something very peculiar. The ground was quite ‘muddy’ for the lack of better word. Normally, it would feel like he had dipped into a body of water but this felt more like he was trying to dive through mud, or even sand. That’s when he got an idea of why this was happening. He turned to quickly glance at Eraserhead, who looked at him in equal surprise.

’Soo he did use his Quirk on me… but it didn't disable entirely,’ Izuku thought.

He had never tested this out before either, but this piqued his curiosity. Why couldn’t his Quirk be erased? Was it some kind of mutation Quirk? Eraserhead was known to have a problem disabling those. Or was there something more to Izuku’s Quirk? No matter, now was not the time to dwell on these thoughts.

Izuku, with more effort than usual, sunk into the ground and warped to the finishing line before crossing it.

“Three point zero one seconds,” was what the machine that was placed by the track to record their times informed. The invisible girl came in at just under six seconds.

The following tests were mediocre; nothing interesting happened, although Eraserhead certainly used his Quirk on Izuku a few more times. The result was the same, it interfered with Izuku’s power, but could not disable it entirely. Izuku had a feeling the teacher would never let him live this down.

When the tests eventually concluded the students gathered round to see the final scores. Izuku was in fourth place. He could have tried aiming for first, but he had no reason to. Aizawa then proceeded to announce that this was just a ‘logical ruse’; wearing a smug grin that aggravated Main enough that he wondered if he should ask Valkyria to replace him in class for a few days.

“Alright, we’re done. A paper copy of the syllabus should be on your desks, so give it a look through once you've changed,” the teacher said before walking away. “Ah, I almost forgot.” He looked at Izuku. “Midoriya, your hero costume isn’t finished yet? U.A. didn’t receive any costume design submissions.”

“Yes, unfortunately,” the green-haired boy answered.

“Didn't submit the form?” Katsuki asked, turning to his friend.

“Yup.” Izuku’s answer seemed to shock, or at least surprise, the other students.

“Wah, Midoriya!” Iida suddenly cried out. “It’s very irresponsible for hero-in-training to forget to submit their costume design. What’s more, a costume is part of a hero’s identity, without it-”
before Iida could continue with his long lecture, Izuku held his hand up for the glassed boy to stop for the second time that day.

“I did not forget to submit a costume design. I simply don’t have to since I’m building my own.” That came as a surprise to all of the students, even Katsuki. Midoriya was immediately bombarded by questions from his classmates.

“You can do that?!”

“Isn’t that, like, super expensive?”

“Can you make one for me too?”

“What does it look like?”

“Shouldn’t we be heading back to class?”

“Yes, no, no, just wait, and definitely yes,” Izuku answered.

The class then non-vocally agreed to the last one and headed back to the class.

As for Izuku, he would need to make a visit to London, but not just any London: Fallen London. How was it ‘fallen’? Bats took it underground, of course. What else could it have been?

The Labyrinth of Tigers was never a sight for sore eyes.

This dark zoo, emporium, prison, gallery, bedlam, house-of-things-that-can-be-named-but-cannot-be-pronounced, meeting hall, storage, and Starbucks always made Izuku more paranoid than usual. Probably because the curators let some of the Labyrinth’s displays walk around freely — despite the danger, it was still a popular tourist attraction for some reason.

On a side note, the coffee here was overpriced as hell, and Hell served even better and cheaper coffee! If Izuku had been a citizen of the British Empire, he would have started a petition and gathered protesters to lobby for the right to enjoy cheaper coffee. Visitors like those who had just walked past him, and who appeared to have some difficulty downing the coffee safely if their chatter was anything to go by, would join Izuku in a violent riot for affordable beverages.

Izuku shook off everything he had just thought about, taking the well-known phrase ‘When in Fallen London, don’t do as we Londoners do: we have enough problems already’ to heart.

At least the air was better in the Labyrinth. The Fallen London’s air smelled like bats, factory-smoke; it was damp with fog, but the scent of honey and irrigo also lingered.

Much to his relief, especially after almost bumping into a lion, Izuku found his destination. The boy quickly opened the door of the shop and stepped inside. Closing the door behind him, he felt glad to be out of the stinking hallway and away from the agitated tigers and snobby Brits prowling around — though these two species were a match made in heaven. He still felt a bit sorry for the tigers though, damn those British and their rifles, and their hunting permits… wait, didn’t Parliament just pass a law that let the tigers carry rifles and hold hunting permits?

Izuku pinched himself. These snobby Brits were getting to him.

He walked past the displayed hanging fabric, cloth, leather straps, and skins that decorated the shop
to the counter, pressing a call bell to summon a member of staff.

“Just wait there!” A voice shouted from the shop’s backroom.

So Izuku waited. After about five minutes, the owner came out to receive him.

A cloaked figure stood on the opposite side of the counter. It was even taller than All Might during his golden age, though whether the figure was actually broader than All Might or if it was the effect of the cloak was still up for debate. Every feature of the owner was hidden by the fabric the figure wore, well expect its glowing yellow eyes at least.

“Well, well, well,” it said, holding what Izuku presumed to be its chin in what could have been its hand. “The famous Izuku Midoriya decided to come into my shop. It has been a while since a… customer… with any real spending power came in. So, what do you want?”

“Good evening, Mr. Veils,” Izuku greeted the shop owner. “I want a cape. A shoulder cape, one that runs down my right side, about ankle length to be precise, with the ability to expand up to about half a kilometer at most. Oh, and if possible I want it to be immune to the elements, like fire and electricity. Color doesn’t matter.” Izuku finished ordering. Anyone would consider him insane for requesting such specific item, a support items company would probably charge him a fortune for it.

Mr. Veils, however, was an entirely different story.

“Yes, I think I’ve got something like that,” the owner said and went back into the back. A couple of minutes later, he reemerged. Held in Mr. Veil’s claws was a wave of fabric with a silk-like quality at first glance. But upon focusing more on the fabric, one could see the lack of glossiness associated with expensive silk in this fabric.

As for the color, well, Izuku couldn’t make up his mind what shade this was. Was the fabric grey? Dark grey? Blackish, whitish grey? He just couldn’t- Wait! He remembered now! It was the colour of peligin! What else would it be? Izuku almost felt embarrassed to forget the importance of that colour.

“Your hand please.” Mr. Veils extended his own ‘hand’, ready to receive Izuku’s. The green-haired boy hesitated for a moment, but complied. As soon as his arm was close enough, Veils yanked him closer to the cloth.

The owner sunk one of his sharp claws into Izuku’s thumb to draw blood, before using it to write sigils. These were Correspondence Sigils. Once the multiple symbols overlapped into one comprehensible sigil, the peligin cloth expanded in response and continued to do so until the freshly inscribed sigils, which glowed with the intensity of flames, faded away.

“This should be what you’re looking for, right?” Mr. Veils asked as he handed Midoriya the fabric. While the cloak did well to hide his expression, Izuku swore Veils was grinning.

“Yes, though it will take a bit of work to turn it into a proper cape,” Izuku said upon closely examining the cloth. “Is it impervious to the elements? And is there a way to decrease the size as well? And what is this made of? And-”

“Yes to the first question. The material can withstand nearly anything thrown at it. As for the second question, hmm…” Veils held his chin. “Are you familiar with Correspondence Sigils?” Main nodded at the question. “Good, then you already know what to do. This cape will respond to the sigils that were written onto it, after all, it’s made out of Judgement skin.”
Izuku almost dropped the fabric in horror when he heard that. The boy turned to Veils with shock and dread on his visage. The creature grinned back at him beneath the cloak, this time Izuku was sure of it.

“How…” Izuku breathed, finally managed to say something. “How did you skin a star? A god star, no less.”

“Wouldn’t you like to know?” Veils returned playfully, but Izuku knew better than to be tempted by that kind of knowledge.

“No thank you,” Izuku replied.

“That’s a shame.” Veils’s grin didn’t disappear, and it didn’t lessen in the slightest. “You should learn how to skin a god, boy. It’s really simple, you just need a knife, a rope, a bucket of that god’s children’s blood, a building-sized eye gouger, an-”

“Alright, alright,” Izuku interrupted. He didn’t want to hear any more of this. “Just name your price.”

Somehow, the creature’s smile grew even wider.

Izuku knew he shouldn’t have dealt with one of the Masters of the Bazaar — the most vicious one no less. But the alternatives would be just as bad. At least Veils had courtesy… to some extent.

“You have been traveling a lot, yes? Seeing the Multiverse in all of its monstrous beauty? Well, perhaps you could help me out of a situation,” Veils said as it dramatically pretended it was going to faint. Izuku lifted an eyebrow. What could an eldritch abomination possibly have a problem with? “I am… bored.”

Of course, what else could it be...

“My hobbies feel rather dull. My hunting grounds no longer… interest me.” For once, Veils showed genuine emotion; frustration. Yet it was quickly replaced by his renewed enthusiasm. “But you can help me with that. I want new prey; something fresh, something unlike anything here.” Veils started to creep over the counter, towering over Izuku. “Five new preys, delivered once per month. Pick the toughest, the fastest, the strongest ones out there; I want a challenge. Just drop them into the Labyrinth, I will know when it arrived.”

Izuku finally saw something else inside the cloak beside Mr. Veil’s eyes. A set of sharp fangs that glinted in the candlelight.

Izuku dreaded speaking any further, but he had to ask. “-and what if I couldn’t make the payment?” The boy could feel his heart beating even faster in his chest after finally managing to utter that question.

Mr. Veils used one of his ‘hands’, the same one he’d used to draw Izuku’s blood, to gently cup the boy’s cheeks. It’s cold leathery skin sent a chill down Izuku’s spin. His shadow loomed over Izuku like a black hole, threatening to drag everything into oblivion. Now, Mr. Veil’s grin had grown impossibly wide.

"Then you will be the substitute.”
A/N: If you feel like Izuku start to acting like a hypocrite, don’t worry, he is. A shorter chapter; can’t write them all long, all the time.

[1] A controversial topic, due to the differences in Asian and Western (board term, but you all know what I mean here) reactions to mental illness. So just saying, nothing more.
The Combat Training

Chapter Summary

...and today he will have combat training.

Chapter Notes

A/N: Sorry for the late update, but I want to get my other stories (The White Serpent, on Fanfic Net only; I doubt AO3 people like either Warhammer or Black Clover) going a bit more before I came back to this; plus my regular beta is busy so I had to delay this update.

At first, I wanted the story to start with Izuku preparing his hero suit, but I can immediately tell that’s going to be a bad idea. We have seen his preparation a lot already; any more and it will get too tedious.

Beta by Yuilhan

See the end of the chapter for more notes

“I AM COMING THROUGH THE DOOR LIKE A NORMAL PERSON!” All Might’s voice boomed as he entered the classroom.

“Whoa! It really is All Might!”

“He’s really gonna teach us?!”

“That’s his Silver Age costume!”

Izuku’s classmates were roused by the sight of the Number One Hero. Even Katsuki’s eyes shone with respect and awe.

“NOW THEN YOUNG BOYS AND GIRLS, IT’S TIME FOR BASIC HERO TRAINING! TODAY’S ACTIVITY IS...” All Might pulled out a card with the word ‘Battle’ written on it. “BATTLE TRAINING!” The class whooped in excitement. “BUT BEFORE WE BEGAN,” All Might said, which caused the students in the room to pause. “YOUNG MIDORIYA, DO YOU HAVE YOUR COSTUME?”

“Right here,” Izuku answered, patting a chrome metal case beside his desk.

“GOOD, OH, AND ONE MORE THING FOR YOU, YOUNG MIDORIYA. THE STAFF HAVE RECEIVED REPORTS THAT YOU HAVE BEEN USING YOUR QUIRK IN SCHOOL, CORRECT?” That seemed to surprise the class, except Katsuki, as they looked at Izuku.

“Yes, sir,” Izuku answered politely.

“WELL, I WILL HAVE TO ASK YOU TO STOP. I KNOW THAT YOUR TELEPORTATION
SKILLS ARE CONVENIENT, BUT SOCIETY HAS A LAW AGAINST USING QUIRKS IN PUBLIC PLACES. ALL STUDENTS IN THIS SCHOOL MUST ABIDE BY THAT LAW AS WELL, UNDERSTAND?” [1]

“Yes, sir."

“GOOD!” All Might said and gave Izuku a thumbs up. “AFTER YOU ALL CHANGE, GATHER AT GROUND BETA. I WILL BE WAITING!”

With that done, All Might rushed out of the classroom. The class then headed toward the changing room.

As each of his classmates began changing, Izuku put in the password of his case. The container made a hissing sound as it revealed the contents inside. The other boys in the locker room looked over in anticipation. Since yesterday they had been hearing about this costume, and most of them were at least a little bit curious at what it would look like. They were met with disappointment when all they saw were pieces of metal and a boring-looking jumpsuit.

Izuku ignored them and began changing as well, starting with putting on the jumpsuit. This was followed by strategic padding and a hardened layer of protective gear on all of his body’s weak points — the neck, armpits, shoulders, ankles, and so forth.

By the time Izuku was strapping himself into his padding, the others had already finished and walked out of the locker room leaving Izuku alone; much to his joy since this would help him speed up the process.

The Class 1-A students gathered at the entrance of Ground Beta. As All Might observed them, he felt a little sense of pride swelling up in his chest as he saw the next generation of heroes and heroines bumble around. He had to keep in mind as well that he had come to U.A. to find a successor. While that boy, Mirio, who Nighteye recommended, was very suitable for inheriting All Might’s Quirk, the hero would still like to see all the options he had before making his final judgment.

All Might then noticed one student was missing: Izuku Midoriya. Before his mind could start spinning some wide speculations about where the troublesome teenager could be, he saw two lines of light shining from the dark hallway of the entrance to the training ground.

The sound of metal clanking against the concrete floor echoed loud enough for the other students to hear, and they turned around to see the same sight as All Might, just in time to see the newcomer stepping into the light.

As soon as they saw the costume, three words instantly formed in their minds to describe it — metallic, high-tech, and sleek.

Even though the suit was not as heavy looking as Iida’s or Aoyama’s, Izuku’s suit offered more protection; with the vital spots being more heavily armored, though there were still some openings in other areas for them to see the jumpsuit beneath. The only exceptions were his boots and gauntlets, which were fully covered. All-in-all, it gave off the vibe that this was a mobile yet highly protective costume.

There were also two other prominent features of the suit. The mouthless helmet with an aerodynamic design and two lines of bright green built-in visors covering the eyes were matched with an ankle-length grey cape over hanging over Izuku’s right shoulder… or was it dark grey?
Whiteish-blackish grey? They couldn’t tell. [2]

“Whoa,” the invisible girl, Toru Hagakure muttered in awe.

“That must have cost a fortune,” another of Izuku’s classmate muttered; a girl with the brown bob cut.

The helmet unfolded itself, plate by plate, with a faint hissing of the air to reveal the face of Izuku Midoriya.

“Sorry about that, forgot to turn the light off,” the green-haired boy apologized.

All Might fake coughed to get the students’ attention back. “NOW THAT EVERYONE IS HERE, WE CAN BEGIN.” The Number One Hero then explained that they would be split into ten teams of two, which would be determined through drawing lots. During the battle exercise, one team would act as the villains and another team would act as the heros. There would be five battle scenarios in all.

After several questions from the students, they all drew their lots. Izuku was in Team A: composed of himself and Rikidou Satou. Soon other students were assigned to their team, like Team J, composed of Katsuki Bakugo and… Koji Koda

‘By Sigmar, this is not going to end well for him,’ Izuku fretted while watching Katsuki stomped over to his partner.

“Oi, rock head,” Katsuki called out, startling Koda. “What’s your Quirk?”

The larger boy quickly took out a pen and a small notepad. He wrote something down and showed it to Katsuki. It read ‘My Quirk is Anivoice. I can command and understand animals.’

Katsuki nodded, but there was also something else on his mind. “Can’t you fucking talk?” The question and the aggressive manner it was delivered caused Koda to flail his arms around trying to muster up an answer. “Listen, if you can’t fucking talk then we will have to use sign language, got that, rock head?” The larger boy nodded frantically. What followed was a calmer exchange between Katsuki and Koda.

‘That went better than I expected,’ Izuku thought as he stared at his friend. Katsuki had showed a lot more self-restrain today, for which Izuku was grateful and more than a little proud. The green-haired boy then turned his attention back his approaching teammate.

“Hey, Izuku right?” Sato asked.

“Yes, glad to be working with you,” Izuku said.

“U-um, likewise,” Sato stuttered as he replied, not expecting such a formal greeting.

“I think you already know about my Quirk, so what’s yours?”

“My Quirk is Sugar Rush, I can increase my strength after eating sugar,” the big-mouthed boy explained.

“Any limitations?”

“I need to consume at least ten grams of sugar for my Quirk to go into full effect, and that only lasts three minutes unless I eat more sugar, which will extend my Quirk for another three minutes. After
the sugar is burned out I will be, umm, vulnerable,” Sato finished. “What about you? Any things I should know about your Quirk?”

Izuku nodded. “My teleportation need a gateway object. So, something for me to physically go into, like a wall. Since we will be fighting in a building that shouldn’t be a problem, but if things get hectic I might have to use you to teleport.”

Sato, while a little bit unsettled about being a ‘gateway object’, merely nodded. “Well, with your Quirk, we will definitely win this.”

“Don’t do that,” Izuku spoke up.

“Umm, do what?”

“Rely on one person. This is a team exercise. The point is for both of us to work together. I could easily knock out whoever would be our opponents, but where would that leave you?” Sato was taken aback by Izuku’s speech. “We will both fight, we will both pull our weight, and we will give our opponents a chance or two to fight back. If I just solve every problem by myself, then none of you will grow. This is a problem I know is bound to happen; people will over-rely on me because of my powerful Quirk, and I will not have that,” Izuku finished.

Sato was speechless, to say the least, but finally gathered himself back up. “U-um, sorry.”

The steely glint in Izuku’s eyes softened. “It’s nothing to apologize for, but just please keep that in mind.” Sato nodded again.

All Might finally started randomizing the team matchups. The only relevant match that Izuku thought to pay attention to was his own. Team A vs Team E; Yaoyorozu Momo and Kirishima Eijirou team.

After moving the students to the monitoring room and All Might briefed both of the teams, Izuku and Sato prepared their strategy in the room with a fake bomb. They got to play the villains.

“Got a plan?” the Sugar-Rusher asked.

“First, save your candies. We will use them when needed, else you will become vulnerable too early.” Sato nodded to that. “As for how we are going to do it, well, let me… weaken them a little first.” Izuku then began explaining his plan. Sato felt excited and fearful at the same time — fearful for their opponents, that is.

Once All Might announced ‘START’, the match began. Kirishima and Yaoyorozu snuck into the building through one of the opening windows.

“Being sneaky isn’t very manly,” the spiky-haired boy muttered as he helped his partner inside.

“We’re in the middle of training, Kirishima,” Momo addressed. “We must put feelings aside to complete the objective,” the ponytailed girl said.

They checked their surroundings to see if the coast was clear. Without any sight or sound of the opponents, they decided to advance further into the building; at least that was the plan. A ‘thud’ was heard, so they turned back to the window they used as an entrance. It was now shut, by a hand and an arm that appeared out of the wall. The limb immediately retreated once it was spotted.

“I-is that Midoriya?” Kirishima asked as he hardened himself in case of an attack.
“I-I believe so,” Momo said, also on her guard. “How did he locate us already?”

Her question went unanswered as they spotted a shadow moving at the end of the hallway.

“Oi, come back here!” Kirishima yelled and ran after the shadow, much to Yaoyorozu’s protest.

The red-haired boy turned around a corner, only to meet, face-first, with a fist. He collapsed onto his back.

“Kirishima!” Momo called out and ran up to him.

Momo suddenly collapsed; she felt a pull on her leg. She looked down to see a hand firmly gripped above her ankle. The hand then moved and dragged her along the hallway, away from her teammate. The girl screamed as she was taken away.

“Yaoyorozu!” Kirishima shouted as he, ironically, now ran after her.

All the while this was happening, the rest of Class 1-A observed.

“Ugh, it’s like a scene from a horror movie,” shivered a girl with short dark purple hair and long earlobes, Kyoka Jiro, as she hugged herself tightly. She was never one for anything scary.

“How did he even know where are there?” a spiky blond-haired boy with a black lightning-shaped streak in his bangs, Denki Kaminari, asked.

“He used his Quirk,” Katsuki answered him. “He just teleported parts of his face with an eye to see where they entered; after that he just had to deal with them physically.”

“Are you two friends? It seems he’s the only one you aren’t particularly… hostile with,” Iida spoke up.

For once, Katsuki looked thoughtful. Perhaps he was thinking of a proper reply. “Yeah, but don’t go saying that to him, or I will tear your head off.”

“Wah!?! Such savagery!” Iida raised his volume.

“It looks scary from Yaoyorozu’s point of view, but when you look at Midoriya’s…” the boy with short black hair, Hanta Sero, trailed off as he watched the monitor; currently is showed Izuku riding on Sato’s shoulders with his hand warped into the ceiling while the Sugar-Rusher ran around the hallway.

“What a mad display of childish cruelty,” the boy with a bird head, Fumikage Tokoyami, declared.

“Is toying with your opponent like that not against the rules?” a boy with short blond hair and a tail, Mashirao Ojiro, asked their teacher.

“I mean, they’re playing the ‘villain’ so that’s fine?” the girl with pink skin, Mina Ashido, added her two cents.

All Might was about to answer, but someone cut him to it.

“Ah?! Playing? Do you have poor eyesight or something, raccoon eyes?” Katsuki spoke up.

“Raccoon eyes?!” Mina yelled, obviously offended by the nickname, but Katsuki ignored that and continued.
“He didn’t ‘play’ with them, he’s attacking them here,” Katsuki used two of his fingers to stab at his skull. “Izuku is using psychological warfare against them. Constantly showing his presence, pretending to attack, making loud ambient noises, and other tactics that will make his opponents paranoid. If they break under the pressure then they’ve already lost against Izuku.” Katsuki finished his long explanation. The rest of the class looked at him, astonished.

“THAT IS… VERY INSIGHTFUL, YOUNG KATSUKI,” All Might offered a compliment. The explosive boy nodded and went back to observing the fight, so the others followed suit.

Back in the building, Izuku had let go of Momo and left her by the stairs leading up to the second floor.

“Yaoyorozu! Are you alright?!” Kirishima asked in-between panting as he caught up to her.

“I-I’m fine,” she paused to examine herself. “Just a bit… shaky, that’s all.”

Silence hung in the air. The two took note of their surroundings. Momo stared up the steps. She could see the second floor that laid beyond, but, considering Izuku left them here and the possibility of an ambush, they should consider other alternatives. The dark metallic hallway they ran through — or in Momo’s case, were dragged along — seemed to stretch endlessly; so trying to backtrack would not be any better than taking the bait and walking up the stairs. The last path they could take was climbing up the building from the outside, but, again, with Izuku’s Quirk that was not a good alternative either.

“What do you think we should do?” Kirishima asked as he helped her get up.

“Well, I think—”

A crushing sound rumbled at the end of the hall. The pair turned their attention to it and saw the two lines of green neon were heading right for them. They prepared themselves. The red-haired boy hardened himself while Momo made a steel staff; pulling the length of metal from the stomach gap of her costume. The lights continued to advance. Absurdly, it stopped then disappeared.

The pair didn’t let their guard down yet, as they expected another attack. And they were right to expect it, just not where it would come from.

Izuku appeared out of Kirishima’s belly.

The act was so unexpected that both combatants froze up instead of retaliating. Izuku took advantage of that. The green-haired boy grabbed Yaoyorozu by her shoulders and pulled her in with him into Kirishima’s gut. He stopped once half of her body was in.

“Y-Yaoyorozu!” Kirishima screamed in panic, which was made worse by the fact that the lower half of Momo was frantically swinging her legs.

Back in the monitor room, the students were both stunned and disturbed by what they were seeing.

“Holy shit…” Kaminari muttered.

“No shit…” Jirou replied, but her eyes didn’t leave the screen that was showing Team E.

“Well shit…” a small boy with purple balls on his head, Mineta Minoru, added. He felt conflicted as to whether what he was seeing was a good thing or a bad thing.
“YOUNG LADY AND GENTLEMEN,” All Might’s voice suddenly boomed, startling the three.
“PLEASE WATCH YOUR LANGUAGE ON THE SCHOOL GROUNDS OR WHILE WEARING A U.A. UNIFORM.”

The three rapidly apologized.

“Now that is from a horror movie,” Toru said from the other side of the room.

“More like comedy to me,” said Sero; snickering and pointing at the scene of Kirishima frantically running around in panic while Momo’s lower half still hung out of his belly, the legs thrashing.

“I think I found her upper-half.” Tsuyu Asui, a girl with long dark green hair and facial features similar to those of a frog, pointed at the monitor that displayed footage of Momo’s upper-half appearing out of a wall. She was as panicked as Kirishima.

“Kirishima! I am over here!” Momo shouted.

The hardened hero heard her scream from up the floor above and ran up the stairs. Once he’d arrived he immediately spotted the upper body of his partner. “Momo!”

“Kirishima! Get me out of here,” Yaoyorozu yelled as she turned to her partner.

“Just stop kicking!” He yelled back and Momo’s frantic leg movements stopped. Kirishima approached and carefully pulled her out of the wall, which also meant pulling her through his body too. “Are you alright?” the redhead asked, setting Momo back down on her feet.

“It’s- I-”

Before she could answer, Izuku appeared from the ceiling aiming a pistol at them.

“Get down!” Kirishima cried and threw himself over Momo.

Izuku pulled the trigger and unleashed a hail of rubber bullets from the shotgun barrel of his pistol. All of them made contact with the solid back of the red-haired boy. The rubber ammunition bounced off of the hero and into the wall only to ricochet around and return to strike the boy. Kirishima continued to be assaulted by the bouncing bullets for a full two minutes until finally the last bullet lost its kinetic force and dropped lifelessly onto the ground.

“Ki-Kirishima, are you alright?” Momo’s voice sounded a bit shaken.

The hardened boy groaned and slowly got up from Momo. “Y-yeah,” he reassured her. He then looked around, trying to spot if there were any more attacks coming. “Momo, we have to move.”

“What?” she asked, unsure at what he meant by that.

“If we stay still and keep thinking of a plan, Izuku will keep harassing us. We need to move towards the objective now or he will stall us until the time runs out.”

“But we don’t even know where…” Momo was about to say that they didn’t even know where the fake bomb was, but she reminded herself that there was an easy way to locate it. She took the book strapped on her back and scanned through its pages for what she needed, much to Kirishima’s confusion. Once she found the section that she wanted, a light shine on her skin appeared before an item emerged.

“Is that?” Kirishima asked.
“Yes, a portable bomb detector. You said we have to move, correct?” Yaoyorozu

Kirishima nodded. “We’ll have to blitz through. Even if we have to fight Izuku and Sato at the same time, at least Izuku would be forced to fight in one area, it would make him easier to predict.” Momo agreed

“We should run side by side, if something happens to one of us the other can step in to help immediately.” The ponytailed girl added to their plan.

“Sounds good to me!” Kirishima grinned, his adrenaline beginning to surge.

And so the two steadily, yet quickly strode down the hall to check the area with Momo’s bomb detector, no longer caring about any minor noises or lights that came into their view, the enemy took notice of this disregard for their tactics.

Izuku immediately teleported back to Sato.

“Apparently, they’ve got a hold of themselves and are ignoring my distractions. Not to mention, Yaoyorozu now has a bomb detector,” Izuku explained to his partner, and gestured for the yellow-costumed student to walk out of the room with him.

“Wait, a bomb detector can detect this fake bomb?” The large-lip boy pointed his thumb at the object they were supposed to guard just as they stepped out of the room.

“Yes, I checked the inside. It will definitely trigger any kind of devices or Quirks that can detect it, but it’s still not a real bomb.” Sato nodded. “Now get those sugar into your blood. They are going to be here soon.”

The Sugar-Rusher heeded Izuku’s order and started pouring candies into his mouth. Izuku grinned. “Once you’re done, prepare to charge forwards when I give you the order.”

Once he was done with his commands, Izuku warped away his face so that he could monitor the corridor. They had chosen the room at the end of the hallway to hide the bomb; chosen so that there would only be one way in.

Just then, Izuku spotted Kirishima and Momo quickly running up the stairs, and after taking a few moments to calculate the time needed for them to reach their hiding spot, Izuku pulled his face back.

“Now!” Izuku ordered and Sato rushed forward. The green-haired boy also ran into the wall, swiftly disappearing.

“Do you hear that?” Kirishima queried as he and Momo stepped onto the next floor of the building, and right into Izuku and Sato’s ambush. Both of them paused as they saw Sato charging right at them. They prepared to counter the Sugar-Rusher’s charge, but Midoriya had already prepared for that.

With his back left unprotected, Kirishima didn’t expect Izuku to run out of the concrete wall and tackle him before carrying him forwards in a firm hold. Sato, while surprised at first, quickly caught on to Izuku’s plan and increased his speed, clenching his fist.

“Oh, that’s unmanly!” the redhead complained while lashing out at Izuku in order to set himself free. Unfortunately, his rock-like elbows barely scratched Izuku’s suit, though it certainly slowed down the green-haired boy.
Finally, Team A reached their collision point. Sato punched Kirishima in the face, hard enough that the boy’s hardened skin cracked.

“Up!” Izuku suddenly shouted, much to Sato’s confusion.

Izuku threw Kirishima down into the ground and the hardened student quickly sunk. Sato immediately looked up as he was instructed earlier and found Kirishima dropping out of the ceiling. Taking this opportunity, the Sugar-Rusher struck again; this time aiming for Kirishima’s gut. Kirishima fell to the ground, defeated and sore. His skin had not saved him from Sato’s sugar-enhanced punches. He tried to get up, but Sato quickly restrained him with some capture tape.

The dimensional traveler didn’t stand about idly when he knew there was another target still on the loose. He quickly ran into the wall and elbowed Momo in the back.

The heroin-in-training fell to her knees, but she used this chance to make a baton from her belly and launch a sneak attack against Izuku. However, she found a shield blocking her strike. Izuku thrust forwards with his shield and its rim rammed directly into Yaoyorozu’s gut.

Momo let out a hard grunt before she collapsed, down for good. Midoriya took this chance to restrain Momo and within a few seconds All Might’s voice announced: “VILLAIN TEAM WIN!”

With a click, Izuku’s shield folded itself back into his sleek gauntlet; this was one of the functions ‘Dwarf,’ Izorki, had been talking about when Izuku had collected his new armour and weaponry.

Now that they were no longer enemies, Izuku leant down to check on the girl. “Are you alright? Do you need any medical attention?”

Momo took a few deep breath, clutching her belly. “I-I am fine just-” Unfortunately, she was not and she vomited right in front of Izuku. The boy managed to avoid her breakfast spattering against his shoes and shifted Momo to her side instead of her front before gently stroking her back.

“It’s okay let it out,” he said to the girl before turning away for a moment. “Sato! Does Kirishima need medical attention?”

“None of them,” Katsuki answered in an earnest, much to everyone’s shock at that kind of answer.

“OH? AND MAY I ASK WHY YOU THINK SO, YOUNG BAKUGOU?”

“First, Team E, while understandingly fighting an opponent who was very unpredictable, should have tried to figure out the position of the bomb from outside of the building first before going in, especially since they knew their opponent was not allowed outside the building.” Katsuki paused to let them absorb the information. “And while their shift in tactics mid-battle changed to rushing towards Team A was somewhat sound on paper, it only worked due to their unexpected closeness to the bomb; basically Team E got as far as they did on luck. So no, they were certainly not the MVPs.”
Kirishima and Momo looked down in shame at their loss, but Katsuki wasn’t finished yet, not with the other team at least.

“Now, Team A. While they certainly won and did so efficiently, in terms of the purpose of this exercise they had failed utterly. Izuku practically did everything, from planning to initiating a fight, despite knowing full well that this was a teamwork task, while Sato didn’t bother to argue back.” Sato looked down a little while Izuku remained unflinching. “Wait, I take it back. Team A didn’t finish this exercise efficiently. If that was the case, Izuku would just have performed a sneak takedown on Team E, so they were also not MVPs either since one member was just following orders while the other gave people a handicap.”

Katsuki concluded his report, leaving most of his classmates with mouths hung agape and three heads looking down in regret.

“HMM,” All Might mused. “YOUR ANALYSIS OF TEAM A IS A BIT CONTRADICTED, YOUNG BAKUGOU. YOU SAID YOUNG MIDORIYA GIVE THEM A HANDICAP WHILE CRITICIZING YOUNG SATO FOR BEING TOO WILLING TO COOPERATE. IF IZUKU USED HIS FULL POWER, WOULD YOUNG SATO EVEN HAVE HAD ANY ROLE TO PLAY?” All Might pointed out.

“If that was the case, then why didn’t Izuku just teleport himself and Sato to ambush Team E and be done with it? Sato would get to participate while Team E would get a higher odd in winning if the ambush failed.” Katsuki argued back.

All Might gave that a thought before sighing. “I SUPPOSE YOU ARE CORRECT.” All Might then turned to the two teams. “REMEMBER YOUR LESSON HERE AND IMPROVE YOURSELF SO THAT TOMORROW YOU MAY BE BETTER THAN YESTERDAY. NOW ONTO THE NEXT MATCH, TEAM J VS TEAM B!” the Number One Hero announced.

Katsuki inclined his head at Koda, who nodded back. The two walked to the training ground alongside Team B. As the blond walked past Izuku, he said, “Next time, try holding back without holding back.” Then he was gone from the green-haired boy’s sight.

“Midoriya,” Momo said to Izuku.

“Yes?”

“That exercise back then… we were no match for you,” Yaoyorozu said to the boy.

“Yeah,” Kirishima added. “And are you really holding back?

“I have to, else neither of you wouldn’t be able to make it past the first floor,” Izuku informed. Kirishima frowned. “Truth be told, I would rather you just finish us quickly, but at your full strength. That’s the way a real man would pay proper respect to others.”

“While I don’t know about this ‘real man’ approach, I must also agree that you should have fought us at your full strength. It would allow us to learn more from the fight. A Quirk like your is rare; it would give us an invaluable experience,” Momo added.

Finally, an unexpected person then added, “I mean, I get that you wanted both of us to participate, but if holding you back would hinder us then you don’t have to worry about me.”

Izuku opened his mouth, but realized that, indeed, in his attempt to give his opponents a chance and trying to let Sato help, he just ended up not actually serving the purpose of the exercise.
I’m… sorry. I just thought I should give you guys more of a chance to fight,” Izuku apologized, rubbing the back of his head. “I just thought it would be fair.”

“It’s cool, man,” Kirishima replied with a smile “I get why you would do it, but I would rather lose to a good opponent than someone winning with a half-assed victory.” Sato and Momo nodded in agreement. Izuku smiled back and nodded as well.

A fake cough interrupted them. “I HAVE WARNED YOUR OTHER CLASSMATES BEFORE, BUT SINCE YOU WERE ALL FIGHTING I WILL TELL YOU AS WELL NOW, YOUNG KIRISHIMA. PLEASE WATCH YOUR LANGUAGE WHILE ON THE SCHOOL GROUNDS AND WHILE WEARING THE SCHOOL UNIFORM.” All Might warned. Kirishima apologized frantically. There were a few chuckles at the scene.

Izuku smiled wider at the display. Maybe he would be happy here after all… Maybe.

Chapter End Notes

A/N: I have been playing a lot of Mortal Kombat 11 lately. I noticed that some of Noob Saibot’s moves could be used by Izuku as well.

[1] Kohei (the creator of MHA) once said that there was this law, but it was treated like riding a bicycle on the pavement. Against the law, but probably just going get you scolded by the local police.

[2] I am pretty sure Izuku would prefer his cape to be closer to his hand, so a shoulder cape would make more sense than a traditional ‘back’ cape. I choose the right side because his shield is on the left, so he needs protection for his right as well.

[3] There’s always that one person who laughs at horrors movie instead of being scared. I imagine Sero as one of those.
“...Today, you’ll pick a class president.” [1]

It was a normal day at U.A., just the day after the Battle Training. Sure the news outlets had been swarming in front of the school that morning, but Izuku could easily avoid them.

“Such a normal, school-like thing!” most of the class exclaimed.

“I wanna be president!”

“Lemme do it!”

“I want to try it.”

“I want to be the leader!”

Izuku’s other classmates began yelling and jostling for position; leadership at its finest. He would pass though, he had enough responsibility already — being the class president required real leadership skills and a lot of time, which he really didn’t want to give.

“Everyone! Please be quiet!” Iida bellowed to get everyone attention. “The task of being the class president is a heavy responsibility, requiring the ability to lead and manage many aspects of the class without trouble. This position requires the trust of its constituents... For this reason, I propose that our leader is chosen by an election!” Iida declared.

“This is just a classroom, not a Congress!” Sero said jokingly.

“You said that, but you raised your hand the highest,” Mina pointed out, unknowingly adding to the joke.

“But Iida, we don’t know each other enough yet,” Tsuyu countered the Iida’s argument.
Kirishima agreed. “Yeah, everyone will just vote for themselves.”

“That’s exactly why anyone who has managed to get multiple votes will be suited for the job,” Iida countered. Most of the class fell silent at that. With his method universally accepted, Iida turned to Aizawa. “Will you allow this, sensei?”

“Whatever, just make it quick,” Aizawa countered before getting himself into the sleeping bag and took a nap.

So the class got to voting; writing their nomination on a small pieces of paper which were handed to Iida, who came to collect them. Once the whole process was done, he began counting the votes and drew a tally mark next to the person’s name on the chalkboard at the front of the room.

By the end, the vote resulted as followed: Izuku-4 votes, Katsuki-2 votes, Yaoyorozu-2 votes, Todoroki-2 votes, while the others got only one vote.

“Why me…” Izuku muttered. Within a few seconds, he began calculating who voted for him.

‘First, who didn’t have their name on the board? They must have been the one who didn’t vote for themself.’ Izuku couldn’t find Kirishima, Sato, Koda, Shoji, Uraraka, and Ojiro’s names. ‘Okay, Kirishima definitely voted for Momo since they were a team. Sato likely voted me, but who are the other two? Shoji and Ojiro were pragmatic types so they were the possibility, but why hadn’t Uraraka voted for herself? And one of them definitely voted for Todoroki, but who? Why hadn’t Katsuki got three votes? Koda voted for Katsuki for sure, but… so did I, so does that mean Katsuki voted for… me?’

That was when Izuku realized that Katsuki was looking at him. In fact, the entire class was staring at him.

“Mumbling?” Izuku asked the blond in front of him.

“Mumbling,” Katsuki said with a nod.

“Umm, so Midoriya will be the leader, but who will be the vice president?” Tooru asked aloud. “I mean three people tied for second place.”

“I’ll pass,” Katsuki said plainly. Everyone, except Izuku, seemed to accept that. While the blond proved to be smart, his temper really wasn’t suitable for a leadership role in their eyes.

“Ugh, fine, I will be the president,” said Izuku, resigned to his fate as he got up from his desk.

‘V will be proud, he was a president of the United States in his original world.’ There was also the nationwide horse race and collecting Jesus’s corpse parts to make American forever great, but that was V’s business, not his.

Izu cleared his throat. “Alright, Todoroki, Yaoyorozu, will you turn down this position as well?”

“No, I will do it if you want,” Momo told him.

“I am fine either way,” Todoroki said.

“Then come up here,” Izuku ordered. The two did as he said. “Since you two tied for the second place, it falls to me to choose who will be the vice-president. We will determine the position using this.” Izuku pulled out a three-sided die.
“What are you going to do with that?” Todoroki lifted an eyebrow.

“The final factor a leader needs is a bit of luck.” That seemed to surprise the class. Even Aizawa felt interested after hearing that, though he remained in his napping position.

“Wah! Midoriya! That’s completely undemocratic! A leader, even a vice leader, should be chosen based on their merit and not like this!” Iida argued with Izuku.

“Todoroki is a son of the Number Two Hero, Endeavor. Momo is the heiress to a prestige family with strong links to heroics. They are both qualified,” Izuku countered. “And since you all have already elected me into this position, let me do my work using my method. Besides, are you going to deny that luck is a factor in our everyday lives?” That was enough to make Iida back down. Izuku turned back to his two potential vice-presidents. “Choose a side then I will roll the die.”

Shoto choose first. “I will have two.”

“Then I will take one,” Momo decided. “But what if it falls to three?” she asked.

“Then Iida will get the position.” Izuku had managed to shock the class yet again. “To me, all three of you are very interchangeable.”

“You said it like you don’t want either of us.” Todoroki narrowed his eyes at the green-haired boy.

“No, I mean it when I said that. I made up my mind at Combat Training yesterday. All three of you have equal skills when it comes to leadership, so that’s why all of you are interchangeable.” The three looked less aggravated after Izuku clarified what he meant.

“Alright, let’s cast the die,” Izuku said and anti-climatically threw the die on the table.

It rolled one.

“So the heiress then,” Izuku announced with the nickname.

Momo frowned. “Please don’t call me that.”

“Alright, now that the positions have been sorted,” Aizawa said, bringing himself back into class affairs. “This homeroom period can now conclude. Your duties as class president will begin tomorrow, Midoriya.”

With that, Izuku could add one more thing to his ever-growing list of things that gave him a headache.

It was lunchtime, and not even the gods in the multiverse were going to keep Izuku away from eating what he wanted. The green-haired boy went to sit down at the same table as Uraraka, Todoroki, Iida, and Momo.

“Umm, Midoriya,” Iida spoke up as soon as Izuku set his food down. “What is that?” He pointed at Izuku’s food.

Indeed Izuku’s meal was quite… extraordinary.

“Oh, this? It’s everything I really want to eat for the last twenty-four hours. Mac & Cheese, chili, pizza, all on top of a bowl of katsudon.” Izuku munched down onto his sloppy lunch, creating a very satisfying — yet disgusting — wet chewing sound.
His four classmates looked on, wondering what kind of deal had they trapped themselves into when he became their leader.

“Say,” Uraraka suddenly spoke up. “Midoriya, are you rich?”

Izuku swallowed his food and wiped his face with a napkin, which he took the first one, before answering, “In terms of wealth, no, but I have a lot of connections so I get lots of things for free.” That wasn’t so far from the truth.

“W-well, I just thought you were ‘cause you made your own suit and all...” Uraraka clarified.

“I understand, though I’m fairly certain these three are richer than I could ever be.” Izuku pointed his greasy index finger at the other people present at the table. “Iida and Yaoyorozu come from a long line of heroes and Todoroki is the son of Endeavor.”

The other three occupants of the table frowned.

“What?! Really?!” Ochako asked the others in shock.

“...yes, though I don’t like people to know,” Iida replied.

“I understand why,” Momo spoke up. “Though if it comes down to it, I wouldn’t mind if people know.”

“Really? Most of the time, I find that people treat me differently as soon as they know of my lineage,” Iida said. “It can be quite irritating.”

“Well, that’s also true…”

“Ahem.” Izuku cleared his throat. “This might be a bit of a heavy-handed topic for lunchtime,” he said to them and they nodded in agreement, except Todoroki who seemed to have lost all interest in human interaction for the day.

Their meals were then eaten in silence, except for Izuku munching on the sloppy mess of his lunch. The atmosphere at their table was growing cold and Izuku disliked it.

“So… who’s your favorite hero?” The greenette asked. [2]

“Ingenium, of course!” Iida announced proudly.

“Isn’t he your brother?” Momo asked.

“Yes, he’s a hero truly worthy of being praised!”

The group continued with their new conversation regarding a number of heroes and why they were their favorite, but their peace was soon interrupted. An alarm suddenly blared up.

“What is going on?!” Uraraka asked in a panic.

“Attention students,” an automated voiced spoke through the loudspeakers. “Security Level Three has been broken. All students, please evacuate in an orderly fashion.”

As soon as the voice announcement ended, the cafeteria erupted into chaos. Students scrambled to make for the exit and soon clogged up the small passage. In a stroke of luck, Izuku managed to hold his four classmates at their table.
“Midoriya, what are you doing?! We have to evacuate!” Iida shouted at being held back.

“No,” the greenette said firmly, unflinched by the situation. “Even if we’re only students now, we are going to be heroes one day. It is our duty to help out with the evacuation and therefore being the last to leave the building.”

“E-even then,” Iida tried to argue, but Izuku wouldn’t have any of it.

“No, duty first.” He turned to the others without paying any more attention to Iida. “I’m going to check out what caused the alarm to trigger. The four of you assist with the evacuation, make sure no one dies while I’m gone.” Izuku issued his orders and warped away.

The dimension traveler reappeared again on top of U.A.’s main building, which overlooked nearly the entire campus. He reached into the floor and pulled out a pair of binoculars.

After scouting the campus grounds for one or two minutes, he finally came upon a sight that was likely the cause for this whole charade: the media… ugh.

Near the main building, quite close to the cafeteria in fact, were a large crowd of news reporters, interviewers, and other underlings of various media platforms surrounding Aizawa and Present Mic. Well, at least the heroes seemed to have them under control. Now it was time for Izuku to deal with the evacuation.

Izuku teleported back to the cafeteria and was pleased to discover that his classmates had got to work just as he had ordered. Momo and Todoroki were tending to a few students who had suffered some injuries from the stampede, while Iida and Uraraka were scouting for other unfortunate souls.

“You’re back,” Todoroki spoke up upon noticing him.

“Yes, I am. Apparently, the media managed to get past security, which triggered the alarm,” the greenette answered and turned to Yaoyorozu. “Can you make me a megaphone? I have to control… this,” Izuku gestured at the still panicked crowd. “Before it gets any worse.”

Yaoyorozu nodded and quickly make a megaphone, which appeared from her thigh, and handed it to Izuku. The dimension traveler switched the device on and quickly disappeared. He emerged from above the exit sign of the cafeteria.

“Attention!” Izuku shouted through the megaphone. The panicked and struggling students paused. “U.A. has identified the cause of the alarm, apparently the media managed to get past security, but the situation is now under control. Please cease your… panicking and start walking out of the building in an orderly fashion.”

Izuku finished his announcement and let the crowd absorb the information. Soon they started moving again, this time without trying to stomp on each other to get to the exit. “Students of Hero Course, regardless of which year you are in, please assist with the evacuation process.”

Sure enough, he saw a few people stir among the crowd, most immediately paused where they were and start directing the assembly, but a few continued to walk on after the pause. Izuku would deal with the ones within his authority later.

Only when everyone was gone did Izuku signal the remaining people, composed of no one but Hero Course students or those who were injured, to leave. Even when everyone was gone, he remained just for a moment to make sure no one was left behind.

“That was really impressive,” a voice gave him a compliment. The boy turned around to see Lunch-
Rush, the head Chef (yes, chef, not cook; he had received a certification) of U.A.’s cafeteria.

“Thank you, sensei,” Izuku replied with a light bow.

“. . .you know, Eraser and Ectoplasm said in the staff meeting that you are a ‘troublesome’ child, but I don’t think you are,” the hero admitted.

“No really. I made some questionable choices not long ago. That’s why I’m here; to try and change,” Izuku replied with downcast eyes.

“Here.” Lunch-Rush handed him a chocolate bar. “It always cheers people up.”

“Thank you,” the boy said and carefully took the sweet from the U.A. chef’s hand.

“Now let’s go shall we? They will do head count soon.” Izuku nodded and walked together with the Pro-Hero to the supposed gathering point.

“First things first,” Aizawa said from the front of the class.

After the whole security breach charade, afternoon classes had been canceled, though due to more security reasons students couldn’t leave the school ground until the teachers had checked if everything was okay. So now the students were stuck at the school, but that didn’t mean Eraser Head would give them a break just because the classes were canceled.

“Your assistance in the cafeteria wasn’t necessary,” Aizawa said and saw a few expressions fall. “Though I must say it was an adequate performance.” It genuinely surprised the class to hear a compliment from their stoic teacher. “It could have been better, not to mention you should not be assisting with the evacuation in the first place; Lunch-Rush was supposed to do that. At the end though… good job, especially you, troublesome child,” the scruffy teacher turned toward Midoriya. “Maybe the class was right to pick you as a leader,” the teacher gave a thoughtful pause. “Then again, maybe not.”

Izuku just shrugged in reply. Eraser Head signed.

“I am discussing with the principle whether we can use your participation in this evacuation as an attendance mark for the missing afternoon period so that we don’t have to do the makeup classes.” That class cheered up significantly. U.A. was not known to cancel a class without a makeup class afterward. “However, if we go with that, some of you won’t be marked since you were either not at the cafeteria or did not contribute to the evacuation effort, but that is also understandable since you are only heroes in training. We are expecting to foster your potentially at steady pace; knowing your limits is important.” ‘So you will know how to break that limit,’ Aizawa added in his mind.

“There is another issue, however.” The Pro-Hero eyes shifted to a certain ball-haired student. “Minoru Mineta during the chaos in the cafeteria you took the opportunity to grope some of the female students, didn’t you?” Despite his calm voice, there was fury and disappointment hidden in Aizawa’s tone.

The class turned their eyes toward the pervert in their ranks; the female students especially glared hard at him.

“This is not acceptable,” Aizawa continued. “While U.A. has had some perverted students in the past, none so far had ever taken their behaviour this far. It was made worse by the fact that you
both ignored an order from your leader,” Aizawa pointed at Izuku. “And that you did this during an emergency no less. No previous perverts in this school ever ignored their duty as a hero.”

The teacher let the silence hang in the air for a few moments. “The school will re-do a background check on you. After which they will determine an appropriate course of action. It is also a hero’s duty to remedy troublesome people, but…” Aizawa shifted his eyes at Izuku for a few seconds, too short for most to notice. “You will certainly no longer be allowed in the Hero Course.”

‘Mainly because we’ve already got our hands full.’ Again, Eraser Head added in his mind.

Normally, they would have let someone like Mineta stay, but under more restrictions, and let the hero environment wash over them until they turned over a new leaf, or at least changed enough to be a proper hero — Mineta had passed the exam and the initial background check by U.A..

However, this year the staff could no longer afford to split their attention due to Izuku. His was the most extreme rehabilitation case U.A. had ever undertaken — after all, not a single problem child before him had had an army of powerful individuals at their beck and call.

So the faculty had to ‘demote’ Mineta to the General Education and resolve his issues from there. Or at least that should be the plan…

“I agree with the remedial part, sensei, but how would you do that if you fire him?” It was Midoriya who asked.

“He won’t be fired, just moved to the General Education course,” Aizawa clarified.

“And change him from there?” Eraser Head nodded warily, having a feeling he wasn’t like where this was going. “But wouldn’t it be more efficient to let him stay in hero course under much heavier supervision?”

“That’s true, but this year U.A. has its hands full more than usual due to several reasons. We cannot afford to do that this year,” the teacher replied coldly.

“I can help.” Aizawa continued to stare at Izuku without faltering “As the class president, it’s also my responsibility to look after everyone here.” Izuku glanced around the room and met the eyes of everyone present. “Mineta is no exception.”

The temperature in the room seemed to drop slightly as the two authority figures of the class clashed in a silent stare off, while the student who was the cause of this argument couldn’t do anything but look down at his own feet.

“And what makes you think you are capable of helping with this case?” Eraser Head asked, his tone irritated.

“I’ve always know a thing or two about everything ; a bit of this and that, I mean.”

Aizawa remembered All Might’s warning about Izuku having knowledge that should have been very well guarded secrets — All Might’s true form for example. Was this boy saying he could ‘fix’ Mineta because he knew how to? The teacher was a bit unsure of how to proceed, so he shifted his eyes around the class to see other students’ reaction.

Most tried to keep a stoic face, but the obvious turmoil inside certainly made itself known through sweat drops rolling down the side of their faces and their shifting eyes. Only Todoroki, Tsuyu, and Bakugou seemed to keep their wits about them. Erasers’ eyes fell on Katsuki, who noticed the stare and nodded, much to the teacher’s surprise.
From the blond’s record, he attended the same middle school as Izuku. Was he in the know about all of this?

No, now was not the time. The first thing to tackle was the problem at hand, and Aizawa believed he had found a proper answer.

“In the end, the final decision will be decided by the school board, but I will bring your input forward in the next meeting. Class dismissed,” the Pro-Hero concluded.

“Wah- but it isn’t-” Iida was about to argue when he saw the time. It was indeed at the end of the school day.

Without delay, the scruffy teacher walked out of the room and left the students in silence after the events that had unfolded. Izuku and Katsuki, without much delay themselves, began packing up their backpacks to leave as well. The way these two carried themselves in most situations with their calmness was truly something.

“Umm,” the ball-headed student finally spoke up. “Thank for helping me, Izu-”

“I don’t want to hear it,” Izuku cut him off. “What I want to hear is a confirmation that you do exactly what I am about to tell you to do.” The greenette looked Mineta in the eyes. Despite the boy coming to the defense of classmates, his eyes were positively chilling towards the small student. “Do you remember who the girls you harassed are?”

“I didn’t harass them, I just touc-”

“I don’t want to hear your excuses. Answer the question.” Mineta slowly nodded. “Are they aware that you harassed them? You know what, that doesn’t matter. Now listen well, because this is what I want you to do.” Izuku paused to let Mineta concentrate. “I want you to go and apologize to them, every, single, one.”

“Wah! But I don’t even know-”

“That’s why you will go and apologize to Aizawa-sensei first, for causing him all this trouble. After which you will ask him who those students were, and I am sure he can tell you just fine. Then you will go to them one-by-one and apologize, regardless if they were aware of what you did. And as an additional punishment, you will do all of this alone.” Izuku looked up to the class. “None of you will go with him or offer him any advice, he must take this punishment alone.”

A silence hung in the air again, less oppressive but only by a margin.

“But…” Jirou spoke up. “How will you know that he did exactly as you said?”

Izuku pushed his head into a nearby the wall and appeared out of the short-haired girl’s desk, scaring her. “I will know,” the greenette answered, plain and simple, before retreating. He then turned back to Mineta. “This will be your first step. We will discuss this more tomorrow, now get to it.”

The rest of the class, Mineta included, looked at Katsuki.

The blond just stared back, then turned to the ball-haired student. “If you are smart you will do this today instead of tomorrow.” With that, he headed for the door and was the first to leave. Izuku was about to follow him when he paused and turned to Kaminari.

“And don’t you think I didn’t see you running away from helping with the evacuation.”
The blond was taken aback. “But I was just-” Like Mineta, his excuse was not accepted.

“I will deal with you tomorrow as well, I have something else to do today,” said Izuku as he walked out of the room. He left behind the remaining eighteen students to worry about what kind of person they had just elected as their leader.

“We are way in over our heads,” Todoroki frowned. Everybody agreed.

Over at Class 1-B, the teacher, Vlad King, had just left the classroom and his students were allowed to go home. None had left yet, however, taking their time to socialize.

In contrast to Class 1-A, which was always being crushed under the oppressive pressure from both their class president and their homeroom teacher, Class 1-B were much easier going and, generally, more serene — well except for a few individuals.

“Are you sure you want to be the president, Kendo? You can always hand over the position to me, you know,” a blond haired boy with purplish-blue eyes said to his leader.

“Not a chance, Monoma. Our supreme leader had been chosen,” Setsuna, the girl Izuku had met during recommendation exam, countered him with a grin.

“I am no one’s ‘Supreme Leader’, Tokage. Just a class president,” Itsuka Kendo, the president of Class 1-B replied as she crossed her arms.

“Same difference, really,” the recommended student shrugged.

Before their conversation could continue, someone called out from the class front door.

“Hello? Is this Class 1-B?” Someone asked as they walked into the class.

The class president turned to receive their guest, but she stopped herself when she spotted who had entered the room. Both of them stared at each other in utter silence, much to the rest of Class 1-B’s confusion.

“Kendo,” Izuku started.


“I am here to talk about any changes to Eri’s class at the dojo now that you’re in U.A.,” the greenette answered, holding his hands behind his back.

“Can’t you do that at the dojo?” Kendo questioned his motive.

“I could, but Eri will notice our… lack of hospitality… as usual,” Midoriya answered.

“So, umm…” Setsuna spoke up. “You know Izuku, Kendo?”

The leader of class 1-B blinked in surprise. “You know him?” The teal-eyed girl asked.

“Yeah,” Juzo Honenuki joined in. “He placed first in the recommendation exam’s practical test.”

“Wait.” A student with steel-grey hair and strange eyelashes around his eyes, Tetsutetsu Tetsutetsu, interrupted the conversation. “He’s the one from the cafetera! The one who organized the Hero Course students to evacuate people!”
“Yes, that’s me,” Izuku replied indifferently.

“Which means you are the President of Class 1-A,” Monoma said as he eyed Izuku.

“Yes, that’s also me, Izuku Midoriya. May I ask how you came to know this?”

“Neito Monoma,” the blond returned the greeting. “Some of the people in our class chat with yours so we came to know about this through them… Say, you are pretty arrogant, aren’t you?”

Before Izuku could question why Monoma had said that out of the blue, Kendo interrupted him. “Let me handle him Monoma, he’s here to talk with me,” Itsuka said with a frown.

Izuku just rolled his eyes. It wasn’t a surprise that Kendo didn’t like him very much after insulting the dojo master. It had been like this since Eri started training at the dojo. Frankly, Izuku didn’t care.

“Alright, so is Eri’s class is still on a Monday, Wednesday, and Friday?” They sat down and began their discussion on a new schedule for Eri’s martial art courses, all the while the rest of Class 1-B looked at the pair with mild curiosity.

“So our president knows their president?” an average looking guy, Sen Kaibara, asked his fellow classmates.

“That appears to be the case, yes,” the large, furry student, Jurota Shishida, answered. [3]

Class 1-B continued to observe. Slowly, they soon realized, from the lack of expression on both conversationalists’ face, that this talk was not a cordial one. The tense atmosphere from the two soon enveloped the class. The way each president looked at each other was remarkably cold.

“Would that work?” Kendo asked dryly.

“I don’t really want Eri to go out that late at night.”

“You’re always with her whenever she goes,” Kendo countered and crossed her arms.

“Yes, but there’s no guarantee to anything.”

“It’s eight PM, not midnight.” The orange-haired girl sighed and let her arms slide to her side. “You’re so paranoid.”

“And you are not cautious enough,” Izuku retorted.

The two then looked at each other in chilling silence. While both of them were already used to this cyclical routine of argument and stare down, Class 1-B was not. The other students shifted their eyes between the two leaders.

“Ugh, you know what,” Izuku got up and walked into the wall, surprising people who didn’t know what his Quirk was. He returned a few moments later with a little white-haired girl in his arm. The greenette sat down with the kid on his lap.

“Hi, Kendo-nii,” Eri greeted.

“Eri! How are you today?!” Kendo greeted cheerfully with a smile; a stark contrast to her previous display towards Izuku. The little girl returned the smile.

“It’s fun! I taught Aslan not to bite strangers’ hand!” Eri replied, much to the confusion of the rest
of Class 1-B. Izuku noticed this and turned to them.

“Our house pet,” he answered.

“So that’s what you decided to name it?” Kendo asked, more aware of the Midoriya’s recently acquired pet.

“Yeah, I mean, he’s umm…” Eri trailed off a little. “A big cat.”

“That thing is fierce,” Izuku added. “Like a lion, that’s why we named it ‘Aslan,’ it’s Turkish for ‘lion.’

“And we watched Narnia!” Eri elaborated.

“Yes, that too,” Izuku said, this time with a smile. The only time Kendo and Izuku ever let go of their grudges was around Eri (most of the time).

“Anyways, Eri. Kendo and I were talking about the new schedule for your lessons and it’s going to be much later, at eight PM.”

“Aha,” Eri said with a nod to indicate that he followed what he was saying.

“Well, I think it is too late into the night, but I’ll leave it up to you to decide.”

Eri frowned. “Are you two fighting again?”

“No,” the two lied with a straight faces, but Eri was suspicious.

The little girl got off Izuku’s lap and walked to the closest person around, Monoma.

‘Oh, no,’ Kendo thought.

“Were they fighting before I got here?” she asked the blond.

At first, Monoma simply chuckled, but then it became full-blown laughter; scaring Eri a little.

“Oh look at how the table has turned!” the blond bellowed and pointed accusingly at Kendo. “The secret of our supreme leader is in my hands! Now, what shall I do with it?!”

“Supreme leader?” Eri repeated. “Like Destro?”

Monoma’s entire theatrical display was gone, replaced by an expression of pure shock. The same went for the class.

“N-no, of course not!” Monoma trying to correct himself, knowing full well that anything related to that radical man should not be discussed with children.

“But that’s what Izuku told me about him. He said the title ‘Supreme leader’ was given to Destro.”

The entirety of Class 1-B immediately turned to Izuku, even Pony Tsunotori; who despite being an American had heard of the infamous leader of the Meta Liberation Army.

“May I ask, why in the name of all that’s good, did you teach her anything related to Destro?”

Kendo asked, her previous hostility not only returned but also intensified.

Izuku leaned forward and narrowed his eyes. “Eri,” he said to his sister. “Who’s Destro?”
“He’s a bad man,” the white-haired girl answered earnestly. “He went around killing people because they didn’t believe in the same thing that he did.”

Izuku nodded. “And what did he believe in?” Izuku asked once more.

“That no one should stop you for using your Quirk,” Eri answered. Her expression indicated nothing, making the class feel uneasy.

“And is what he believed good or bad?” Izuku questioned. Class 1-B was stunned. This was not something you asked a little girl about.

Eri looked thoughtful for a moment. “Well, I mean, no one wants to be forced to do anything, even I don’t want to eat bell peppers.”

“But it’s good for you,” Izuku suddenly countered, looking offended — after all, he was the one who cooked for her.

“I know, but I still don’t want to eat them,” she pouted, earning a few quiet chuckles from 1-B. “I don’t want to be forced to do what I don’t want to do, but… I know that I can’t just do anything I want to do all the time. Like how I have to keep kicking even when my legs are sore so I can get stronger.” Eri looked at Kendo with a smile. Class 1-B’s president’s lips couldn’t help but curl up in a proud smile. “So I would say… that idea can be good and bad.”

Thus, Eri had outsmarted the majority of the human race.

“Well said,” Izuku announced with a huge, genuine grin that displayed his pride for his little sister. “Seriously though, she is being homeschooled, so I have to teach her some basic subjects; including history.”

“We aren’t supposed to learn about Destro until grade five” Jurota pointed out from across the room.

“I taught her in advance just in case she skips a few more grades,” the Class 1-A student countered.

“Then you could have just said that from the start,” Setsuna interjected.

“I could, but you people had already misunderstand my intentions, so I just decided to let you all see that I didn’t teach Eri to believe everything came out of Destro’s mouth, only the bits worth learning.” Class 1-B still eyed the greenette nervously. “…we were talking about Eri’s karate class schedule, right?”

Kendo, on her part, felt absurd that Izuku would shift the topic of their conversation so drastically. But knowing that arguing further wouldn’t do anyone any good, she just groaned and nodded.

“Right, so, is eight PM good for you, Eri?” Izuku asked.

“Yup, I mean. You can just teleport me back and forth,” Eri answered.

The greenette rolled his eyes. Yet again, his little sister was showing that she relied too much on him, but… she wasn’t wrong.

“Alright, fine. It is settled then.” Izuku went over and held Eri up in his arms. “We’ll see you tomorrow at eight.”

Kendo nodded. “Don’t forget to keep stretching, Eri.”
“Yes, master,” Eri replied to her teacher with a clumsy bow, as she could only awkwardly bend in Izuku arms.

A small sense of pride swelled in Kendo’s chest. Eri was her first apprentice, even if she was just a five year old.

The brother and sister went through the wall they had come through.

“I don’t like him,” Monoma said immediately as soon as Izuku had left.

“You are not the only one,” a few of the other students in the class coincidentally said at the same time.

“I know,” Kendo said to her classmates. Then she sighed. “But for Eri’s sake, I am willing to put up with him… ironically, Izuku probably thinks the same.”

The whole class nodded in agreement and sympathy for their leader. They now had a lot more respect for their recently-elected class president.

Chapter End Notes

A/N: I will give you the truth, most good KendoXIzuku fics usually need to have some kind of set up to create the chemistry between the two, because, frankly, even I admit that without the build-up it can be hard to make the romance between these two have a good flow, and to make it stay realistic; so this is my built-up.

I have also seen the trailer for Death Stranding… still ambiguous, but I think I can piece together some plot now…. some.

[1] Alternative name is ‘class representative’, but that depends on your preference. I choose ‘class president’ for comedic effect regarding a certain… reference ;)


[3] I am not sure at first that I want to use the word ‘furry’, because you know it has other… meaning besides being an adjective.
Another morning, another day. Izuku stretched in his bed then looked at the person sleeping beside him. He poked his little sister’s cheek.

“Eri. Eri, it’s morning.”

The little girl stirred and opened her eyes before quickly closed them. “Five… more… minutes…” she moaned.

Izuku unceremoniously lifted her up and carried her over his neck. The white-haired girl just clung unsteadily to him by wrapping her arms around his head.

As he walked out of the room, Izuku allowed himself to smile at his little sister’s antics. “You are like a koala bear. Always hugging and hanging onto me whenever you can,” the boy remarked. The little girl only grumbled and rubbed her head against Izuku’s bushy hair.

“You’re… warm…” she said, which brought a bigger smile to Izuku’s face. “Like… Mom…” He was also glad that Eri had taken to calling his mother her mom as well. “Like… Mirio…” Huh, so she did feel comfortable around senpai. “Like… Kendo…” Izuku’s smile faltered a little. That he did not want.

Itsuka’s paragon principles rubbed him the wrong way. In the Multiverse, hard-coded ideologies didn’t last very long. Flexibility and ‘open-mindedness’ (as in expecting everything, no matter how impossible) was the most efficient and less painful way to survive. No one wanted to see the ideal they so thoroughly believed in became a twisted reflection of itself in the infinite possibilites of infinite worlds and universes.

He had seen a world where Quirkless people reigned supreme as a ‘master race’, a world where All Might was the symbol of tyranny and fear, and a world where Quirks didn’t exist — that one wasn’t that different actually, people were just more idiotic on the internet. But one way or another, Kendo’s way of life didn’t sit well with him, and Izuku certainly didn’t want Eri absorbing that kind of nonsense too much.

Izuku walked toward the refrigerator, where a sticky note was stuck onto the machine. The boy tore the paper off and began reading it.
‘Dear Izuku, I have to go out on business today. There’s so much I need to do. So, I had to leave early, and I probably won’t be back until night-time. Could you call a nanny for Eri? I’ve sent you a list of good babysitter agencies through Line. Have a great day. Love, mom.’

Izuku checked his phone and he indeed saw several links sent to him, alongside a message repeating what was on the note. [1] The greenette crumpled up the note and threw it into the garbage bin.

As Izuku pulled out ingredients from the fridge to make breakfast, he skimmed through the list of agencies Inko sent to him. Despite most having a clear website and, after more searching, good records, he still didn’t trust anyone to take care of Eri. He could leave her at the Sanctuary, he supposed.

Izuku heard a purr. He turned around to see Aslan, the Chromanticore, striding into the room. Seeing an opportunity, he lowered Eri onto the manticore’s back and let her sleep on it. The creature narrowed its eyes at Izuku, but the boy just shrugged. Aslan gave off a low growl before walking away with Eri sleeping on their back.

With that Izuku was free to make the breakfast. On today’s menu: Porg-donburi, composed of cooked rice and roasted Porg from planet Ahch-To. Oh, he shouldn’t forget the blue milk as well.

She could feel it.

The chains that locked her in place.

They were loosened.

With some effort, she tossed them aside.

The sky above shone eldritch green while the ground below was dusty orange.

As she gazed upon the landscape, the wind blasted her away.

This wasn't a simple gust, but the breath of God.

It carried her into the air; tossing and turning her indifferently.

Vertigo soon stormed her mind, and she could no longer make sense of things.

Eventually, the wind changed hands with water.

Now she was drowning. The current underneath the surface was no more gentle than the sky.

She tried to cry for help.

She reached for the sky but there was no answer.

She reached for the land but there was no answer.

Nothing answered her call, nothing could hear her.

Nothing…came to save her.

“AAAAHHH!” Eri screamed as she woke up violently.
Aslan was startled from their nap, and Izuku nearly dropped the tray of roasted poultry he was carrying.

“Eri!” Izuku set down the food on the counter and rushed toward his little sister. Aslan jumped off the couch and went to lay down on the opposite armchair.

The greenette sat down beside his sister and pulled her in for a hug.

“Hush, it’s okay, it’s okay,” Izuku hushed as he stroked her head. Unfortunately, that didn’t seem to help as Eri started to cry. Izuku embraced the little girl as she sobbed into his chest, doing his best to comfort her.

The Chromanticore stared at them with disinterest from the opposite side of the room. The creature recognized that it owed these two its live, but by instinct, it did not appreciate any sign of weakness. So, it did its best to ignore the whole situation and went back to sleep.

It took about a full ten minutes before Eri finally calmed down. Izuku lifted her face up and wiped away stray tears.

He offered her a smile. “Are you feeling better now?” Eri slowly nodded, still looked like she was on the verge of crying again. “Okay, that’s good. Let’s go wash up a little, okay?” Eri nodded again.

Izuku carried her in his arms and went into the bathroom. They soon re-emerged, with the tear tracks gone from Eri’s face. He set his sister down on a chair at the dinner table. Aslan soon followed and awaited its food at the table leg.

As Izuku brought over breakfast, he rolled his eyes and tossed the Chromanticore a piece of meat, which it carried away to devour somewhere else.

He set the food down and ruffled Eri’s hair. “Just eat up alright?” Then he gave her a kiss on her forehead.

Their meal was eaten in silence. Neither spoke, but Izuku made sure to subtly observe Eri as often as he could without looking worried himself. Eventually, the mealtime ended. The greenette took a glance at the clock. It was about an hour and a half before school started. Going there wasn’t the problem, but he had to follow up on Mineta and Kaminari’s issue.

Eri was still staring at her empty bowl.

“Eri,” Izuku spoke up and she lifted her face up. “I will have to go to school soon. Will you be alright if I leave you at the Sanctuary?” The white-haired girl had already been there a few times for follow-up check-ups with ‘Doctor.”

“C-can’t I come with you instead?” She begged.

Izuku sighed. He knew this would happen. “Can I ask about your nightmare? What was it about?” Eri began to tremble at the inquiry. Izuku felt like he had just made a terrible mistake. “I-I... I dreamt that I was locked up by chains,” she explained. “I broke free, but then the wind blew me away. It sent me flying into the sea and drowned me. I-I called for help, b-but,” Eri began to sob again. “...no one answered.”

Izuku’s little sister started to cry again. The boy came over to help, pushing her forehead against his; causing her to pause. “Don’t worry, I will be there for you,” Izuku said with a gentle smile.
The greenette looked into Eri’s eyes, and her into his. They both closed their eyes and stayed like that for a few minutes.

With a sigh, Izuku parted with her and scratched his head nervously. “Alright, come on. Let’s get you ready for today,” the greenette said, and led Eri toward their room to prepare for their day.

Izuku reappeared in the hallway of U.A., while holding Eri’s hand. He guided his little sister through the school and finally came to the door of his class — which he hastily slid open — and was greeted by about seven of his classmates. Jirou, Tsuyu, Momo, Koda, Sero, Aoyama, and Tokoyami.

“Midoriya-san, you are finally… here…” Momo greeted. Her eyes, along with the others, shifted toward the little girl beside Izuku. “Umm, who is this girl?”

“This is Eri, my little sister.” The Class President gestured at the horned girl.

“It’s nice to meet you,” Eri said, bowing politely.

“It’s nice to meet you as well,” Yaoyorozu replied with a proper smile, but it disappeared as she turned to her leader. “Midoriya, may I ask why you have brought your little sister to school?”

“She had a nightmare,” Izuku answered bluntly. There was a short silence between the two. That was not a legitimate reason to bring a child to school. Momo opened her mouth to say something, but Izuku just put his hand up. “Just, ignore this, please. I know about the consequences of doing this.”

Momo nodded warily. “I… understand. In any event, I came here earlier today due to Mineta’s issue.”

“Which parts of the issue? If he did anything further, I would know,” the greenette reminded her.

“Well, I simply feel that I should also assist you in this problem, as I am the vice-president,” Momo said.

“Hmm, yes, I understand that, but your side of the process will be handled after today, speaking of which…” Izuku turned away from Momo and toward the few students currently in the classroom. “Does anyone know how to take care of young children?”

The silence was his answer until one hand slowly rose up.

“I have siblings,” Tsuyu said. “So I do, I guess.”

The greenette walked up to her with Eri in tow. “Then please looks after her.” Izuku gently pushed Eri toward the frog girl. “I need to have a talk with Mineta and Kaminari, and having her sitting on my lap while doing so might not help create the effect I would want the talk to have,” Izuku explained.

“To be honest, I think you are taking this too seriously. I think both of them just need time to re-adjust themselves to the hero course,” Asui voiced her opinion.

“I agree,” Tokoyami joined in. “While standing up for your classmate is admirable and giving them a second chance even more so, I also believe your reaction and action afterward was a little bit too extreme.”
“Again, you made me the leader, so let me do things my way,” Izuku dismissed the bird-headed boy’s concern.

“That’s quite tyrannical, don’t you think?” Tokoyami asked with a frown.

Izuku cooked his eyebrows. “I am a class president, not a congressman. If the teacher tells me to stop or if everyone doesn’t want me to be the leader, then just say so.”

The bird boy just sighed. “Fine, have it your way,” the shadow-Quirk user said in defeat.

It was at this moment that one of Izuku’s two targets walked in, Kaminari. The blond was startled upon seeing that the greenette was already in the class.

“Oh, Kaminari, we were just talking about you,” Izuku said, and walked up to the electric Quirk user in question.

“I-I am just-” the blond tried to reply, but he was cut off.

“Just take a seat, this won’t take long,” Izuku gestured at Kaminari’s desk. To ease the blond’s anxiety, Izuku smiled a bit, letting him know this wasn’t too serious. Well… this was still a bit serious.

Kaminari nodded while trying to smile weakly back. The two walked toward the seat. Izuku sat on the chair on the seat in front of Kaminari and rotated it around to face the blond. He allowed his classmate to set himself down first before he began.

“Now, tell me, why didn’t you stay and help with the evacuation at the cafeteria yesterday?”

“Well, I was just… seeing that others had already started helping… so I… thought I could… sit this one out,” Kaminari explained while scratching his head and giving Izuku a bemused smile.

“That’s not exactly a sound reason, you know? With that large crowd, we needed everyone who was willing to help… hmm,” Izuku mused to himself upon remembering something. “I swear I actually saw some students from Gen Ed helping out as well.” He definitely remembered seeing a certain purple-haired student from General Education helping out, that’s for sure.

“R-really?” stammered Kaminari.

“Yes, but let’s come back to you. Look, Kaminari, I know that we haven’t known each other for long and all, but I really expected a bit more from you.” The blond slumped in his chair a little, though he still kept his eyes on the greenette. “This wasn’t fighting a villain, it was a basic evacuation which could have been more serious than it was. You just had to stand still, wave your arm in a certain direction for the evacuees to follow, and help anyone who was injured get medical attention.”

“Helping out with the evacuations is more intensive than that.” someone interjected Izuku. Both of them turned to see Jirou.

“I quite agree.” It was at this moment Izuku wondered if choosing Momo as vice was a good choice; Todoroki probably wouldn’t bother stopping him. “Helping out in an emergency is quite a deal more taxing than it appears: controlling the crowd, keep yourself calm, as well as other aspects, all accumulate,” Yaoyorozu pointed out.

“Perhaps,” Izuku said while narrowing his eyes. He turned back to Kaminari. “Well, I suppose I can’t really blame you for this one, but I hope you will become… more daring in the future,” Izuku
concluded and got up before walking away to his seat.

Kaminari’s face fell. After all, he felt like he’d disappointed someone as a hero. Then, he felt a
hand on his shoulder.

“Hey, don’t be too hard on yourself, man,” Jirou told him with a reassuring smile. “I was pretty
panicked as well when he told me to help with the evacuation. Heck, I thought I would just blend
with the crowd as well,” she reassured him.

“Well… but you stayed anyways.” Kaminari averted his gaze away from the short-haired girl.

“Kaminari-san, no one looked at you badly for this. Like Aizawa-sensei said yesterday, knowing
your limits is important and you simply didn’t overtax on your own abilities,” Yaoyorozu joined in.

Before the blond could reply, however, Izuku returned. “Ah, I almost forgot. Judging from the way
you interact with most girls I have seen so far, I believe you are trying to find a girlfriend, right?”

The green haired boy’s questioned made the blond fluster. “D-dude you can't just-” He took a
quick glance at Momo and Jirou. “Y-you can’t just say stuff like that out loud, i-it’s not cool,”
Kiminari told him.

The greenette shrugged. “I just wanted to warn you not to get down to Mineta’s level. If you want
to find a girlfriend,” the fact that Izuku gestured at Momo and Jirou didn’t help calm the electric
Quirk user; if anything it also made the two girls flush a little. “...be my guest. Just don’t be an
idiot.”

With that done, Izuku walked away, leaving behind a mess he didn’t even know he had created.
The three bright-red faced students looked at each other in silence, until Yaoyorozu finally spoke.
“So… umm… you’re interested… in me ?” (Bless Momo and her heart.)

Meanwhile, the other students were gathering around Tsuyu and Eri. During the whole scene with
Izuku and Kaminari, Mina, Kirishima, Uraraka, and Ojiro had come into the class.

“So, you’re Izuku’s little sister?” Mina asked the little girl.

“Yes, ma’am,” Eri answered with a nod.

“Ahhh, no need to be so formal.” The pink-skinned girl cooed and ruffled Eri’s head, much to the
little girl delight; Eri liked being pat. [2]

“Still… I don’t see a resemblance,” Kirishima wondered out loud.

“Oi! That’s rude, man,” Sero said, elbowing the red-haired boy.

“It’s fine, I am adopted,” the horned girl answered in earnest. She didn’t like being reminded of
that fact, but Izuku told her that if she must then she had to tell others the truth.

“Oh,” the students exclaimed.

“U-um, sorry,” Kirishima apologized, feeling like he’d touched upon a sensitive topic.

“So… Eri-chan,” Tsuyu resumed the talk, didn’t want the momentum of the conversation to stop
because of an awkward topic. “Why has Izuku brought you with him to school today?”

Eri’s face fell a bit. “I had a nightmare and since Mom is not home today, I didn’t want to stay with
a babysitter. So I asked if I could come with him.”
“Whoa, big brother Izuku, huh?” Tooru remarked.

“Considering how good he was at controlling the crowd,” Tokoyomi spoke up, obviously referring to yesterday’s incident and his recent interaction with Izuku, “maybe ‘Big Brother Izuku’ might not be so far from the truth.” They stole a quick glance at Izuku, who was reading some notes on something no one else could see.

“Anyways…” Uraraka spoke up again, steering the conversation to the realm that was safe for a child. “Do you have any hobbies, Eri-chan?”

The white-haired girl brightened up at the question. “I do karate! Ha!” Eri said and karate chopped the air.

“Ahhh, that’s so cute!” Mina remarked. Everyone agreed.

“And manly!” Kirishima added. Everyone agreed.

“And productive,” Todoroki said, having come into the circle without anyone noticing.

“Gah! When did you get here?!” Ojiro shouted, startled at the appearance of the fire-ice user alongside Koda.

Todoroki shrugged. “Just got here, so I came to see why is everyone was gathered at the same spot. So, who is she?”

“Yes!” Another voice boomed. “Who is she?!” It was Iida who had just came into the room with Shoji and Sato, though the latter came in from the other door. Upon seeing and hearing someone new shouting, Eri clung to Tsuyu’s grey blazer.

“Oi, quiet down! You’re scaring her,” Kirishima told him.

“P-pardon,” Iida apologized. “Still, who is she?”

It was at this moment that Yaoyorozu’s group joined the main group, and a vice-president and Tsuyu explained to Iida why Eri was here. While the glasses-wearing boy was understanding, that didn’t make him any less aggravated at Izuku breaking the rules. Though… to be frank, he had already grown tired of scolding Midoriya at this point.

“Ugh, he really doesn’t like following any rules.” Iida rubbed his temples after the reason was revealed to him.

“So, what else did you learn beside karate, Eri-chan?” Mina asked.

“There is this funny guy at the dojo who taught me how to do this!” Eri excitedly extending one of her arms upward before dropping her head into the bent crook of a slanted, upwardly angled limb, while raising the opposite arm out straight in a parallel direction.

Or to make it shorter and easier to understand, Eri dabbed… [3]
The act momentarily stunned the class. Across the country, a certain villain named Dabi felt his heart ache, and felt compelled to change his name.

“Ahahaaha!” Sero laughed out loud. “That guy taught her how to dab! This is gold!”

“Hehe, definitely,” Kaminari chuckled.

“What is this ‘dab’?” Momo asked.

“Wait, you don’t know what dabbing is?” Mina questioned the pony-tailed girl.

“I’m afraid I don’t,” Yaoyorozu clarified.

“It’s just like what Eri just did,” Sero explained. “But it’s only fun when no one expects it.”

“Like!” Aoyama spoke up and twirled. “This!” Then the supposed French student hit the dab.

“Ha! Not bad, but your form is still poor,” Mina criticized. “Watch the pro!” And then, Mina hit that dab.

“Dab!” Eri cheered and dabbed again. Upon seeing this Asui followed suit just for fun. Soon the others dabbed as well. First the more fun-loving individuals like Sero and Tooru, then followed the more curious ones like Momo and Iida, and then the others joined in. Only Todoroki moved away from the group and back to his seat.

“Dab!” Eri cheered again upon realization that everyone sans Izuku and the half-and-half boy were dabbing.

“Dab!” They responded to her cheer with their own.

It was at this moment that Katsuki silently walked in, and saw what his class was doing. He immediately retracted his steps back out the door.

‘Nope,’ he thought, deciding that coming in late for the class was more preferable than whatever that was going on in the room.

Meanwhile, Izuku was wondering if he had contracted some kind of diseases from the ‘My Hero Memecademia’ universe; where one of his alternate selves, ‘Meme’, came from. [4]

Izuku took a deep breath and went back to reading a file on none other then Mineta. He knew of many paths that the short student could take in his life thanks to the Multiverse; from a hero, to a civilian, to a TV show host, to a villain. So, what else for Izuku to do but to guide him to where he should ideally be? And not just Mineta, but everyone here as well.

Mineta quietly walked into the room. He was quiet enough to avoid attention from the others, who were enjoying Eri’s company, but Izuku wouldn’t be so easy to sneak past.

“Mineta,” Izuku spoke up, quiet enough that it didn’t disturb the rest of the class.

The ball-haired boy slowly turned toward his leader. He became more nervous upon seeing that Izuku didn’t turn around to meet his gaze.


“Mmm,” Midoriya hummed and nodded. “Take a seat,” the greenette gestured at the empty chair tucked under Katsuki’s table. Mineta switched his eyes between his own seat and the absent
blond’s seat.

“I-I could—”

“Just sit down,” Izuku interrupted, raising his voice a little. The short student quickly ran up to take his seat. “Now,” Midoriya began. “Did you apologized to the girls?”

“I-I did,” Mineta answered. “They didn’t notice during the panic so they just accepted it and told me not to do it again.”

“Which you should,” Izuku agreed. He let the silence hang there a little before continuing. “Tell me, what compels you to touch them?”

“I… it feels nice, I guess,” Mineta answered.

“Feels good?” Izuku questioned while narrowing his eyes.

“I-I mean… women are so soft to touch, it kinda… nice,” Mineta explained.

“Then why not just, hug your own mother or something?” Izuku asked, resting his chin on his palm.

“It’s not the same. I want to get a girlfriend, you know. My mom can’t be my girlfriend.”

“Then why touch other girls without consent? That’s very contradictory to your goal of getting a girlfriend,” the greenette pointed out. Mineta opened his mouth, trying to form an answer, but he wisely his lips together. Then open them again before closing them once more. He did not have an answer.

Izuku sighed. “You know what, I don’t need to get into your head or understand your logic; that’s your mind, not mine. But what I want you to do is to tone it down.” The class president leaned forward a little, casting his shadow over his classmate. “No more ogling and no more creepy remarks. You want to take a quick glance, properly flirt, or collect hentai figurines? Fine by me. Asking you to stop everything is too much, but if you try to grab a girl without a good reason, or if you’re generally being an idiot? There will be… consequences.”

The leader bore his teeth.

“Y-yes, sir!” Mineta rapidly nodded.

“Good… say, why do you want to be a hero?” Izuku’s question seemed to catch the other boy off guard.

“Well… because the hero gets all the girls, I guess. I always wanted a girlfriend… and all…”

Midoriya observed the short boy criticality as if he was looking for… something. Then he sighed.

“I suppose, I can’t fix everything in one day. Or alone.” Izuku slumped in his chair, feeling disappointed in himself; a fact that Mineta seemed to see as well.

“A-ah, don’t feel so bad. I couldn’t get a girlfriend in one day either.” Mineta tried to cheer Izuku up a little, or was it sucking up? “Or in a week… in a month… in a year… ever!” The purple-haired student contemplated something. “Do you have any tips on getting a girl?”

“No,” Izuku answered bluntly. “But if you really want my advice, find someone compatible. People always have a type in mind, and that includes a girl who is into perverts, but remember that
basic human decency and treating them with respect and dignity is necessary, got that?” The dimensional traveler narrowed his eyes, making sure his classmate didn’t misunderstand his advice.

Mineta held his chin in his hands. “But what if they are masochistic?”

“Then learn to separate manner on and off the bed!” Izuku nearly shouted that. “Stopping trying to find a loop-hole.”

“J-just curious,” Mineta held up his hands defensively.

“You are smart and already in high-school. Is this really the type of conversation two almost-adults are supposed to be having? It doesn’t take much to get into a relationship with another human being, just be mindful of your actions; it is not difficult.”

As Izuku continued to reprimand Mineta on minor points, the large group observed from the other side of the room.

“Is he always like this?” Tokoyami asked Eri.

“Yes, but this is tamer than usual,” Eri answered much to everyone's shock.

“Wait, he’s normally worse than this?!” Mina questioned in disbelief.

“Is he doing this at your home?” Tsuyu asked, immediately concern for the little girl well-being.

“No, but he did it with Kendo and at work,” the white-haired girl clarified.

“Midoriya works? And who’s Kendo,” Sero asked out aloud.

“Yes, he has… a part-time job,” Eri was forced to half-lie, as being an explorer isn’t exactly ‘part-time.’

A thought suddenly rushed into Momo’s head. “Kendo? Does this Kendo have side-tailed orange hair?”

Eri nodded. “She’s a student here as well.”

That took Yaoyorozu by surprise. “And you said, she and Midoriya don’t like each other?” Eri nodded again. “Oh, dear.” The pony-tailed girl placed her palm on her forehead, feeling a minor headache rushing in.

“What is it, Yaoyorozu?” Iida asked.

“This ‘Kendo’ Eri mentioned is the Class-President of Class 1-B.” The revelation caused another wave of shock to ripple through the 1-A students.

“A-are you sure?” Iida stuttered. “This doesn’t sound too much like a coincidence? Maybe there’s another girl with the name Kendo in General Education?”

“With Eri’s description of her appearance, I highly doubt that. I had a chat with some of her classmates and then Kendo herself after we evacuated from the cafeteria yesterday,” Yaoyoruzo countered.

The whole class then began discussing what this hostility could mean for the two classes, and all of them agreed that nothing good could come from it.
It was around this time that Izuku was finally finished with Mineta. “Do I make myself clear on what I want you to do?” the greenette asked.

“C-crystal. D-don’t be a creep,” the ball-headed student nodded nervously after the long barrage of… actually, the short student wasn’t sure if it was advice, insults, or both — though he did feel like the last one was the correct answer.

“Good,” Izuku finalized, before getting up and walking over to check on Eri. He shrugged off the gaze of others as he strode past them toward her.

“How are you doing, Eri?” Izuku said as he crouched down in front of his sister, who was still sat on Tsuyu’s lap.

“I’m good, but…” the little girl trailed off.

“But?” Izuku lifted an eyebrow.

Eri looked around her with a smile; there was something ominous about the way the others were smiling as well. “We prepared something for you.”

The boy dreaded to ask further, but for his little sister’s sake he would play along.

“What is it?” He tried to fake the best smile he could.

“Dab!” Eri shouted and dabbed.

“Dab!” The others dabbed as well.

Izuku remained stoic. He took a quick glance around. He saw that Mineta was looking at the display in confusion and awe while Todoroki was in his seat, trying to ignore the whole display. He was quite unsure at what to do for a moment. Izuku was of a half-mind to just warp away and never return, but his savior came when the door slid open.

Aizawa walked in and was stunned as soon as he saw what the majority of his class was doing. He stared at them with wide eyes while his students stared back. Aizawa stepped backwards and slowly disappeared.

“W-wait, sensei!” Iida yelled and ran after him and out the door. “Please wait, we didn- Why are you running away, sensei!?”

Eraser didn’t know how it was possible, but on that day, he had lost more faith in humanity more than during his entire career as a hero.

Chapter End Notes

A/N: Wish it could be longer, but I split some of it over to the next chapter.

[1] At first I thought about phonebook then I was like ‘wait, we are in 2019 and Izuku is in 23rd century, why is a phonebook still part of everyday life?’ So, this is how this scene came to be. Also, yes, I feel like Line will survive for centuries.

[2] As they say in the weeb community, a loli is for patting not lewding.
[3] …so…we have a dabbing Eri now… No, my beta did not hold me at gunpoint and tell me to write this scene…

[4] No joke, I write a lot of comedic skits on Space Battle Forum where Sero is Phil Swift and has the power of Flex Tape/Sero Tape on his side. This is the name of that universe.
The U.S.J. Massacre: Never Get Up...

Chapter Summary

...and today is not a good day.

Chapter Notes

A/N: Ohh boy, here it comes. I don't usually put warnings in my story, but I will have to with this arc.

Beta by Yuilhan

Warning: This arc contains extremely graphic depictions of violence, gore, and execution. If you are really sensitive about this then just wait for the aftermath chapter. But if you can stand, say, Mortal Kombat, you can make it through here with no problems. You have been warned.

See the end of the chapter for more notes

“Today’s hashbrowns taste like shit,” a man with blond hair complained.

“They always do whenever Peter the Great is on the kitchen duty, ‘experimental food’ he calls it, but at least his Russian ‘Pudding’ is good,” a boy with green hair explained.

Right now Izuku and Mr. V were having lunch at the Timeless Diner. They were here to taste Peter the Great’s cooking.

“True, and he does make decent sausages,” the CIA agent said as he stabbed at a sausage on his plate with his fork. The blond bit the juicy sausage before turning his attention back to the greenette, who had finished chewing a mouthful of his fried egg. “Say, may I ask how did you come to know about my true organization?” Mr. V asked.

Izuku swallowed his food before answering. “Frankly, I’ve always had my doubts, but one of my alternate-selves discovered one of your bases when he was jumping through time. So, my hunch was confirmed then.”

“I see.” Valentine paused. “And what are you going to do with this information?”

“Nothing, I will just do what I am doing and-” his explanation was interrupted when V started to chuckle.

“What? Oh, that’s rich.” The blond took a deep breath to calm himself before continuing, “I rarely believe in impossibilities, but for this one I will make an exception.” Valentine grasped the first napkin and wiped away the grease around his mouth with it. “You can’t just do nothing, Mister Midoriya. The universe decided to stop leaving you alone since the day you got your Quirk.”
V leaned back in his seat and pointed his fork at Izuku. “You can try all you want, but the universe won’t leave you alone. It never will, especially with that power of your.”

“You are wrong, I can disappear from the affairs of the multiverse whenever I want,” the greenette retorted and crossed his arms stubbornly.

“Can you?” Valentine raised an eyebrow. “Did you forget that we Pax Americana have known about your power since day one?”

Izuku averted his eyes away from the American agent, but then he realized something. “So that’s your organization’s name? Pax Americana?”

“Yes, a multiversal nation of men and women who fought for freedom and sentient-rights on all fronts of the multiverse in order to bring the light of democracy and capitalism to all corners of this brutal existence,” V answered with a huge smile on his face, but he seemed to direct them at the ceiling rather than at Izuku. “But, frankly, you didn’t need to worry about us until you are, oh, about a hundred years old or so — at that age, you should prove to be worth the effort. Unless, of course, you want to be a normal soldier, in which you are welcome to enlist now.”

“Just save it.” Izuku put his hand up to stop the older man. “I have no interest in joining Pax Americana…” The greenette then hesitated, he didn’t want to agitate V too much — the agent did help him on occasions. “For now.”

“Good enough,” the blond shrugged before taking a bite at his sausage. “Oh and one more thing, may I ask why do you decided to become a Hero? You didn’t seem to show any interest before your little assault on the Yakuza.”

“I… felt that I could be better. I finally killed someone, Mr. V.” The revelation didn’t seem to make the American flinch. “But I didn’t have to, I-”

“Stop right there,” the Pax Americana agent cut Izuku off. “Are you saying you felt guilty? For those scum?”

Izuku pondered on that. “Not all of them, but I could have carried out the operation better, without fighting the Heroes and without killing one of the yakuza underlings.”

“Don’t be ridiculous,” V scowled him. “Your heart and actions were utterly unclouded. Your operation was for the sake of justice. How many nights had your little ‘sister’ cried herself to sleep because of them?” Izuku didn’t dare to argue back at that. “Vigilantism is an act where people who’ve had enough of injustice in this world decide to take actions into their own hands. Your society might condemn it, but mine doesn’t…” V suddenly blinked, realizing something.

“Was this why you didn’t do anything when you knew of my organization’s existence?” Valentine frowned and leaned forward. “Do you actually think you could leave it all behind? Use your power to become a Hero and redeem yourself? Taking no more lives no matter how undeserving those lives are? Pretending the multiverse doesn’t exist, or that isn’t a dark place?”

Izuku was sweating, and found his throat to be drier than it had been just a moment ago.

“You can’t leave it all behind. You didn’t choose this life. It chose you, and it will stick with you until you go into the grave. You may become a Hero, but you can never escape life in the multiverse. It will call you, gnawing at the back of your mind, until you finally come back to it. You will see the horrors, you will gain more powers, and you will kill whether to save yourself or others.”
Izuku got up, collecting his possessions, and walked away — intending on exiting the diner. V was half-minded to shout after him but he was too well-mannered for that. The blond shook his head. The boy was too naive. He knew Paradox would make Izuku a bit soft, but this was too much. Paradox was lenient, but this behaviour was worse than even that which the scientist would allow. He supposed he really must wait until Izuku was a hundred years of age before considering recruiting him again.

But as of now, he got the free fries left on Midoriya’s plate.

It was time for another meeting at the Sanctuary. Due to the changing nature of most Izukus and Izumis as they advanced to high school, Main had to frequently call all of them to re-examine them to add more intel to their files.

“And, you’re done,” ‘Doctor’, an older Izuku who had become a medical practitioner, said and waved one of the Izuku away. “Remember to pack burn treatment medicine, Flame.”

The regular-looking Izuku, code-named ‘Flame’, nodded and made his exit. He walked back into the locker room to re-dress himself. It was at this moment he noticed another Izuku; this one looked sleep-deprived.

“‘Sixth Sense’?” Flame asked. His fellow Izuku turned around to meet him. It took Sixth Sense a few moments to remember this Izuku, but he did. After all, the air became a little warmer.

“‘Flame’?” Upon recognizing each other, they smiled and walked up to each other.

“It’s been such a long time!” Sixth Sense gave Flame a hug without a moment of hesitation, despite their topless state.

They continued to change as they talked to each other.

“How have you been? I heard you managed to control your power now,” Sixth Sense said solemnly.

“Yeah, All Might convinced me to embrace my Quirk. If it can save people, then it doesn’t matter if it’s the same Quirk as my- as a Villain…” There was a short silence between the two. They knew about Flame’s heritage — the Sanctuary was a place where all Izukus and Izumis could let their secrets out without fear.

“So, what about you? You’re still helping out ghosts?” the fire-Quirk Izuku asked his alternate-self.

“Whenever I can, but since I got into U.A. I’ve had less time for that. Having to train with One for All and all,” Flame nodded to that, having inherited One for All as well. “Say…” Sixth Sense suddenly looked hesitant. “Are you still friends with Kacchan?”

Flame looked away uneasily. Katsuki was… not the best topic to discuss within the Sanctuary’s grounds. Yet, the question was asked and thus he must answer.

“Yes, we are.”

The pair immediately heard grunting, shouting, and other sounds that voiced its displeasure upon hearing his answer. The locker room wasn’t crowded, but there were just enough Izukus that no conversation would go unlistened, intentionally or not.

“I cannot believe you are still willing to be friends with him,” one of the Izukus in the room spoke
They turned around to see an Izuku with a more jaded facial expression.

“He’s a bully, a bastard who had been tormenting us for years, and a prick who can’t see past his own pride,” this Izuku said. “And you decided to still be around him?”

Flame was about to retort, after all, he and his Katsuki were friends. However, Sixth Sense cut him to it.

“Beneath his rugged exterior is a genius and a person who truly wanted to become a hero,” Sixth Sense stood up as he said that. “Look, Survivor, I know you have it rough, but you can’t think that all the Katsukis are the same.” [3]

“Not the same? Then pray tell, how did you feel when he rejected your very power — your very existence? How many more people you have helped compared to him, even if they are dead people?”

“I didn’t help them because of my power, but because I can,” Sixth Sense’s tone was growing more agitated by the seconds.

“Don’t fight, kon~” one of the Izukus, this one with orange fox tails and ears and adorable face, whined and interrupted their argument. The two turned to meet the fox boy. “You two can be friends, kon~”

“No, we can’t, ‘Kitsune’” Survivor replied. “You couldn’t see past the fact that Katsuki was our childhood friend, to see that in truth he is even worse than some of the Villains.” [4]

“You take that back!” Flame had had enough. “He’s my friend and he has been there for me. I won’t just let anyone insult him like that, even if it is my fellow self!”

“Then take a look at him then!” Survivor screamed and pointed at a certain Izuku, the one with a scar over the right side of his face; a burn scar resulting from an explosion. “Look what he did to poor ‘Daymare’!” [5]

Daymare cowered back a little at being pointed out, but another Izuku with ram horns which sprung from his head stepped in between the scarred Izuku and Survivor.

“How about you leave Daymare out of this?”

“You yourself didn’t have good relations with Katsuki, ‘Sheep’,” Survivor pointed out. “Why do you protect him as well?” [6]

Sheep took a deep breath. “I did not, but I don’t like the fact that you’re dragging us into your argument, especially someone like Daymare.” It was no secret about Daymare’s mental condition. If anything, he served as a living proof of what Katsuki could do to them — a scar reminding some of them about their hate for their childhood companion.

“Should I use our fellow dead Izukus and Izumis as an example then?! Don’t you all remember it?! ‘Just take a dive off the roof and pray you will be reborn with a useful Quirk’!”

The entire locker room was silent after that. While the wording was different between each Izuku or Izumi, they all remembered those words. Even the one who didn’t receive that insult had heard of their blond ‘friend’s’ actions… and the result afterwards.
Many Izukus and Izumis ended up listened to that ‘advice’ and were now buried in the graveyard outside. While Main reassured that Katsukis of the respective universes would receive punishment for driving someone to suicide, he could barely contain many of his alternate selves from going on a multiversal campaign of mass lynching on everyone that had wronged them.

Survivor was about to continue, but someone placed a hand on his shoulder.

The jaded Izuku turned around, met with another Izuku, this time fully-dressed with some support gears. While most of his alternate self could barely tell each other apart without the code names or physical features, Survivor knew there was only one person in the entire room that was willing to make physical contact with him.

“What do you want, ‘Quirkless’,” Survivor asked.

‘Quirkless’ was the only Izuku that was brave enough to bare that code name, with some pride, no less. For that, he earned nearly every Izuku and Izumis respect.

He was the only one Survivor seemed to trust. Strange, considering that both of them were an antithesis to one another — a Quirkless Izuku who had fallen to despair and become a Villain, and a Quirkless Izuku who was trying his best to become a Hero no matter what. [7]

But despite all of that, they were friends.

“Look, Survivor. I know Kacc- Katsuki can be a dick, there’s no denying that,” Quirkless started.

“Finally, some honesty from someone,” Survivor interjected.

“But you can't just… be like this. You can’t just think all of us have the same experience.” Survivor was about to retort, but Quirkless cut him off. “I know you wanted to be angry for some of us and, yes, what he did to some of them is an injustice, but… please don’t let your hatred cloud you like this,” Quirkless begged.

Survivor was silent, averting his gaze from his fellow Izuku and looking at the ground. It was at this moment that Daymare came up to them.

“...yes?” Survivor asked the meek Izuku stood before him.

“I-I am sorry. I-I know that your life w-wasn’t easy, b-but even then…” Daymare stuttered, as he usually did. Then, in an uncharacteristic boldness, the meek Izuku lunged forward and embraced Survivor.

Everyone in the room was quite taken aback. The one who was the most shocked was Survivor himself, however.

“D-don’t lose hope. T-things can get b-better, I-I know it can. I-I will be here, f-for you,” Daymare choked out as he tightened his hug. Daymare was overemotional but in a good way.

“And so am I,” Quirkless added, tightening his grip on his fellow Izuku’s shoulder.

“... and so am I,” Sixth Sense added, the previous hostility in his voice gone; in its place was his heroic spirit — his desire to help.

“I will as well,” Flame joined in, scratching the back of his head. “I know you’ve had a different life than I have, but I will do whatever I can to help you.”
Survivor was surprised. He had not received this kind of hospitality until he had joined the League of Villains.

This kindness, this warmth, this kinship...

The jaded Izuku reverted back to his old self a little, and returned the hug Daymare was giving him before smiling just the subtlest of smiles. He really wanted to stay like this forever, in the company of people who accepted him, trusted him, loved him, and cared for him. But the League had also given him all those things as well, and he would go back to them. They were his new family. But for now, he remained with his other family. His other selves.

“Aww, this is so sweet, kon~” Kitsune purred at the sight.

“It is…” Sheep replied.

‘And I am glad they already put their shirts on else this is going to be really awkward afterwards,’ the ram-horned Izuku added in his mind.

As the whole thing was going on, however, someone was observing the whole thing from outside. Main wanted to go in there. He wanted to walk in and tell Survivor he had his back too, but he couldn’t. The tinge of self-loathing still lingered after that conversation with Valentine. If anything, the longer he looked on at the display of affection and companionship inside the room, the more he… he didn’t even know how to describe what he was feeling.

So he decided he would watch no more.

Main walked away, leaving with turmoil in his heart that had not been so painful before. With another flash of thought, his fate was sealed.

‘Why can’t I be like them…’ [8]

Izuku was in a bad mood. No, no, ‘bad’ was too light of a word. Izuku was in a foul mood. The lesson Present Mic was giving passed through his skull without him so much as to acknowledging it.

For the past two days, he had been like this. That talk with V, the Izukus coming together, and then his own inner turmoil, had started to eat at him.

“Midoriya? What is the difference with ‘another’, ‘other’, and ‘others’?” the blond teacher asked, noticing his student’s absent-minded stare.

“‘Another’ is used in front of a singular noun, ‘other’ is similar but for a plural noun, ‘others’ is a pronoun,” Izuku answered. The blond teacher observed his student a little before giving a nod. [9]

“Correcto!” the teacher yelled and went back to the board.

With that done, Izuku went back to brooding. He took a glance at a person in front of him, Katsuki.

After the incident in the changing room, about how Bakugou had driven many amongst their ranks to suicide, the entire assembly of Izukus and Izumis nearly exploded — quite literally. The ones who didn’t come from a world with Quirks and the ones that had always hated Katsuki called for his death. The good ones, as expected, tried to calm them down.

That scene in the locker room was but a fallout of the initial rage and contempt that was released
that day. If the stronger Izukus and Izumis weren’t already neutral in this affair, things would have become really ugly.

Main tried to distract himself, wondering at the fact that some of his more powerful alternates self didn’t seem to have powers that originated from Quirks. ‘Valkyria’, ‘Sins’, ‘Death’, ‘Time’, they all received power from different sources.

Even as his thoughts wandered on, it eventually circled back to the friend in front of him. For so many years he had seen the alternate selves of his friend tormenting him many lifetimes over and, to an extent, his mother. The image of his sleep-deprived, overweight, and depressed alternate mothers started to surface in his mind and he could help but bite his lower lip.

If Izuku would have looked to his left, he would see how nervous Sero was at how Izuku seemed to stare daggers at Katsuki.

Day by day, it became more and more difficult to think of his friend without any prejudice. All Might had wronged him, Katsuki had wronged him, heck, everyone in this class had wronged him at least once.

Izuku took a deep breath, trying to calm himself down as usual, but this time the bad thoughts didn’t go away nor lose its effects. He tried again, yet it still did not work. He gritted his teeth, now he was getting frustrated.

The most damning thing of all was the fact that he did not know the solution to this problem. Izuku had talked with Katsuki about this before. This was the reason why they kept their distance. The blond knew the dimension traveler had seen too much to get too friendly with him at this point. This was why they had stopped calling each other ‘Deku’ and ‘Kacchan’. The term had turned from endearing or insulting into something more loathsome by the greenette.

Though to the explosive blond’s credit, he managed to keep his composure better than Izuku about these facts, especially when the blond read the report on his alternates selves that the greenette had compiled for him. At first, Izuku gave him these reports so the blond could improve his Quirk by studying his counterparts, but the details on the blond’s life in some universes weren’t particularly what any of them had wanted to learn.

As the years went by, the things Katsuki’s alternate selves did to Izuku seemed to get worse and worse until Izuku just gave the blond full access to the archive so he could pick and choose what he wanted and did not want to see.

However, Izuku’s case was different. He was forced to see it all, and his anger and hate never really disappeared. The best he could do to assuage this was telling himself every day that they were not his Katsuki, that his Katsuki was different, that-

Izuku thoughts were interrupted when the blond handed him something. The greenette took it and discovered it to be a candy covered in colorful wrapping. The boy looked up at his friend and met his eyes, eyes filled with pity and guilt.

Izuku broke eye contact and was left in an even more terrible state.

How could he let hatred grip his heart, more so, directing that at his friend? A true friend that had been there for him in his darkest moment. He popped the candy into his mouth and looked down at his notebook in shame and bitterness.

If only Katsuki knew what his simple act of kindness would lead Izuku to, he would regret it.
“Hey, doesn’t Midoriya seem a little off today?” Jiro quietly whispered to Katsuki, who was sitting next to her on the bus towards their training ground for the afternoon class, the Unforeseen Simulation Joint — or U.S.J. for short.

The blond spared the earphone jack Quirked girl a glance. “He’s probably thinking about Eri,” Bakugou guessed. In truth, he did not know either — more specifically, which issues were the main cause this time.

“He’s that protective of her? I’m sure our teachers can take care of her just fine. I mean, they are teachers, they know how to deal with kids,” Jiro pointed out, referring to the fact that Izuku had brought his little sister over again, though this time at the school’s request.

“I don’t know,” Katsuki sighed. “And why is this your problem exactly?”

“Have you seen how he’s been staring at you in class? It’s really unnerving,” she explained.

Ah, so it was that issue that made Izuku brood this time. Bakugou stole a quick look at Izuku at the back of the bus and upon seeing that Izuku was closing his eyes, likely meditating, he turned back to Jiro.

“He’s a thoughtful type, just give him time and he will be back to normal. Providing that no one gave him anything else to think about,” the blond explained.

The purple-haired student nodded slowly. “If you say so. I mean, you’ve know him the longest.”

“...don’t remind me,” Katsuki grumbled and leaned back in his seat, closing his eyes to rest as well. He really didn’t like dealing with this. It reminded him of… things his alternate selves did to Izukus and Izumis of the multiverse.

The rest of the trip was uneventful. Others talked among themselves, but Izuku and Katsuki isolated themselves from the rest.

Eventually, they arrived at their intended destination; a gigantic dome-topped building that had zones inside meant to recreate disasters in order to train students to handle these emergencies. U.S.J.

Waiting for them at the entrance before the steps descending onto the central plaza was a Hero in a spacesuit and a teacher at U.A., Thirteen.

“Oh my gosh, that’s Thirteen! I am a huge fan of them!” Ochako cried as other students, sans Izuku and Katsuki, were still stunned by the sheer scale of the U.S.J.

Thirteen then began explaining the history and purpose of this facility, likely to hype them up for the exercise. The spacesuited Hero then gave an inspirational speech as a finisher and received a round of applause from the students.

It was at this moment that Izuku noticed something. A black vortex swirling near the fountain in the main plaza which rapidly expanded.

‘That’s Kurogiri’s Quirk!’ Izuku thought in surprise. ‘Which means...’

The greenette received his confirmation of what was about to happen when a person emerged from the portal; a person with a hand obscuring his face, Tomura Shigaraki. In an instant, the portal expanded and more individuals emerged, this time Villains.
“Huddle up and don’t move! We are being attacked!” Aizawa shouted, having noticed the invasion as well.

Panic began to spread among the class. Izuku, meanwhile, thought that he was going to have a chat with some of his Villain alternative selves for not warning him about the U.S.J. Incident happening today. He pushed those thoughts aside, however, and focused on doing his duty.

“Everyone run for the exit!” he shouted. It took a few seconds for them to absorb the order, but they followed it while Eraser Head leapt into the fray to fight with the Villains’ main force.

Their attempt to escape was interrupted by the same black mass that had transported the Villains. What happened next was a bit of a blur to Izuku. Katsuki and Kirishima attacked the villain, but their assault was futile. The black mist spread and enveloped most of Class 1-A’s students, including Izuku.

The greenette found himself being dropped into a burning city, this was likely one of the disaster zones.

“Midoriya!” Someone called him.

Izuku twisted his head to look at the source. The dimension traveler was greeted by Ojiro, but also something else. They were surrounded by villains.

“Ojiro, back-to-back!” Izuku yelled and the two quickly ran up to each other. Their backs met and their faces turned toward the encircling criminals.

“Huh, guess these aren’t stupid kids,” one of the enemies said.

“Who cares!?” One of the other villains with spiky outfit yelled. “Let’s kill them!” He ran towards the two students and swung his spiky fist forward.

“Dodge,” Izuku said, loud enough for Ojiro to hear. The tailed boy immediately stepped aside.

The greenette blocked the blow with his shield before delivering a kick into the bad guy’s crotch; everyone there swore they heard a sound of something akin to eggs breaking when the counterattack made its contact.

The spiky villain was incapacitated and fell to his knees. Izuku gave another kick and sent the criminal flying backwards, giving them more space to make their stand.

“That’s dirty, kid,” one of the Villains said, still grimacing at Izuku’s previous move. Izuku didn’t bother replying.

More villains came forward, trying to kill them, but their assault did work against the two students’ defense. The level of synergy between the two was quite impressive. If the foes that were too heavily armored or could easily damage the blond’s tail came ran up to them, Ojiro would let Izuku deal with them. When lightly protected enemies came forward, the greenette would switch with the martial art Hero-in-training.

As more and more Villains fell, it became very clear that the two classmates were winning.

“How is this happening!? They’re just two kids!” one of the criminals asked in a panic.

“It’s because they’re all melee and we don’t have any range! Why did all of the range people get made into a squad!?” Another Villain yelled.
“Hey! Look what I found!” a topless villain with grey skin and four horns shouted, catching not only his comrades attention but of the U.A. students as well. When Izuku gazed at the criminal, however, he was shocked at two facts. First was that the villain had taken Mineta hostage, holding the little student by his cape as the boy continued to struggle with tearful eyes. Had the short student been hiding all this time? But Izuku couldn’t care less about that; what made his blood boil was who was holding his friend hostage.

Izuku had seen this Villain before in an alternate universe.

He robbed a supermarket when he and his mother were out shopping. They survived, but his mother… she was left crippled for life. That universe’s Izuku was forced to give up his dream to take care of her, and even that universe’s Katsuki gave him a break due to how difficult his alternate-self’s life had become. More important than the hardship this thing had made his alternate self go through, was the fact that this animal dared to hurt his mother.

“Alright, kids! Here’s the deal!” the grey-skinned Villain shouted to them, but it fell deaf-ears to Izuku as the anger and hate in his heart began to build. “You give up now or your friend here gets it!”

A dark urge was growing in Izuku’s heart, shouting, yelling, begging, cheering, and chanting for blood.

“Oh! Please do as he says?!” Mineta begged in terror.

Not only had this creature harmed Izuku’s mother in another life, but now he was trying to destroy the lives of those he cherished? Mineta, Ojiro, Yaoyorozu, Aizawa, Katsuki, and everyone in Class 1-A? He would pay.

“You know what?” the Villain spoke again. “Just to prove my point, I’m gonna cut this little shit’s leg off!” Leg, that was the same limb this bastard took from his mother.

At that reminder, Izuku lost himself in his hate and rage.

It was an unfortunate day. If it was any other week or even other days this week, Izuku would have had more control over himself and the tragedy could have been avoided. But as fate had dictated it, the U.S.J. Incident would happen on this day and, as it dictated, it wouldn’t be called that in this universe.

The grey-skinned Villain extended a blade of bone out of his palm and struck at Mineta’s leg. The ball-headed student closed his eyes in fear and prepared for the pain.

It never came.

Mineta gathered up what little courage he had and opened his eyes. He saw that the blade was a few inches away from his leg, his eyes traced upward and saw an armored hand came out of the Villain’s own arm and grip the hand of the grey-skinned criminal, forcing it to stop its motion.

“What th-” Before the Villain could make sense of what was going on, he felt a tremendous pressure on his fist and within a heartbeat, his hand was crushed into a mess of bone splinters and blood. The Villain screamed in pain, his cry echoed throughout the dome.

Before the grey-skinned man could finish his wail of pain another hand came out of the side of his head. It went for the upper teeth. Without much effort, the hand twisted and yanked, in that order. First, the teeth were broken-in-half by his assailant before whatever flesh that held them together was pulled away with the fragments of teeth and blood. All the criminal could do was scream in
“Holy shit!” One of the villains exclaimed. At this point, everyone was left dumbstruck by the sheer brutality of what was going on.

Ojiro looked on, like the scene he was witnessing was a freak accident that was so terrible one was captivated by the incomprehensible horror and awe. That was when he noticed that this was no mere accident, it was of one young man’s doing, now a fallen man. He saw two of Izuku’s hands, the same hands that were mutilating that Villain, extend into his back.

Before the tailed student could question what his leader was doing, Izuku leaped into Ojiro back and emerged from the subject of his hatered’s back. As the armored student soared out, he twisted around and kicked the Villain in the head, making him fall and letting go of Mineta. The small student crawled away toward Ojiro in fear, of both the Villain and of his classmate.

The greenette stood over the fallen criminal. His shadow loomed over the creature beneath his feet.

“Yah!” the grey-skinned Villain twisted around with a bone blade coming out of his other usable hand. He jabbed the blade at Izuku gut, but it broke upon a contact against the plackart plate of Izuku’s armour.

Midoriya went for the fiend’s arm. He crouched down and grabbed for the Villain’s wrist, positioning the elbow over his knee.

With the limb in position, Izuku pushed.

The air was filled with the sound of skin snapping as it was stretched beyond its limit, of bone breaking as they were crushed under the weight of a great force, of blood gushing as the veins were pulled apart, of flesh tearing as it bent to an impossible angle, and of a wrenched animalistic cry as said animal was slaughtered.

Even as the Villain laid broken before him, the dark thoughts and desires didn’t disappear. They wanted more. More, to be repaid for all the pain this thing inflicted on every one of its victims, of all the students and teachers here at U.S.J., of all Izuku’s alternate universe selves it had wronged, of the pain it had made his mother fell.

Main grabbed the head of the Villain, he pulled it up closer to his face. He observed the features, just the rough features found in your average criminal, only now they were stained by tears of pain. He hated this. Only people who deserved were allowed to shed tears of pain and sadness.

Izu moved his thumb and jabbed them into his victim’s eye sockets. The haunting scream that followed sent shivers down the spine of anyone that had heard it. As the blood trickled down his hands and the agonizing bellow filled his ears, something in Izuku’s head triggered.

His brain released a chemical called Dopamine into his brain, a chemical with a very simple purpose — to make the receptor happy. He took joy in this, in exacting pain on those who brought pain onto others, especially his mother.

He could feel it. He felt good, and he also felt disgusted at himself for it… but… why should he be bothered?

He could never be like them, he couldn’t be a Hero like ‘Sixth Sense’ or ‘Flame’. The universe had chosen another life for him, a life of wandering through the multiverse — who would fight on and on as one threat after another came his way, and it would never stop. The CIA found him even
before his Quirk manifested. So what greater murderers and creatures were out there, coming after him?

Besides, he had already fallen. Why get back up when there were so many things that would drag you back down?

He would kill to protect others anyways, so what’s wrong with just… taking some enjoyment out of your work aside from knowing that your loved ones would be safe and sound?

Who or what is going to stop him? He had the knowledge. He had the allies. He had the power. Very few people in this world could stand against him… So why was there any reason or logic in obeying the rules and laws you know you are above and would only tie you down?

The multiverse had fucked Izuku up good and now it had shown its full effects.

Izuku’s inner turmoil was halted when he heard something that could only be described as a wet click. The greenette gazed down upon his victim to see that he had gone limp. His thumbs continued to dig deep into the Villain’s skull even when he didn’t realize he was doing so. Another kill to add to his list, but this wouldn’t be the last, especially not today.

Izuku threw the body away in front of the shocked assembly. Ojiro had his mouth hung open, Mineta had already looked away, and the other villains could not believe the brutality that a boy, merely fifteen, could commit.

Inside Izuku’s head, another chemical was being released. Serotonin was its name and its function was to counter extreme sadness and happiness. Because of this, Izuku felt the sense of guilt creeping up in the back of his mind, but it wouldn’t stop him.

The boy had broken the promise to his mother to not kill again. What a shitty son he was.

So with nothing left to hold him back, he might as well take this to the logical extreme.

The boy pulled out his axe and his gun.

The U.S.J. Massacre had begun.

**Chapter End Notes**

A/N: Hoo, boy, this is a dark chapter. Ironic, since I am in quite a good mood for managing to put two chapters out in a month… then again, I have graduated from being a student to becoming unemployed...

[1] ‘Flame’ is from the fanfic ‘Viridescent’ on FF.net and AO3 by darkfire1220. It currently has the most follows and favorites for a MHA fic on FF.net. Yes, we will see more of him. The plot is a bit too complicated to describe in the footnote so you will have to read it yourself.

[2] ‘Sixth Sense’ is from ‘Yesterday Upon The Stair’ on AO3 by PitViperOfDoom. It currently has the most kudos and bookmarks MHA fic on AO3. Yes, we will also see more of him. Basically, Izuku can see dead-people/ghosts and help them; not as simply
as I describe.

[3] ‘Survivor’ is from ‘Good and Evil’ on FF net by Roxas Itsuka. Basically, Izuku decides to commit suicide after being rejected, but was saved by the LoV; kinda basic premise for VillainDeku, but the execution is really good and Izuku has never really felt too OCC, or even if he did then there are events prior that led to that change which makes the OCCness more acceptable since it is developed not just throw in.

[4] ‘Kitsune’ is from ‘Kyuubi no Izuku’ by Alrain on FF net. No, it is not a crossover with Naruto, the concept of the nine-tailed fox has been part of Japanese mythology for centuries. Basically, Izuku is a kitsune and cute af.

[5] ‘Daymare’ is from the fanfic of the same name by IntrospectiveInquisitor on AO3. A really angst fic, though it becomes lighter later in the story. Basically, Izuku can turn into a monster.

[6] ‘Sheep’ is from ‘Sheep Go to Heaven’ by dramatic_spoon on BattleSpace Forum and AO3. Basically, Izuku has a Quirk that allows him to turn into a sheep. A simple concept, but, again, the execution is really good. It also has Izuku x Pony Tsunotori if you are interested in shipping.

[7] ‘Quirkless’ is from ‘The Quirkless Hero: Deku!’ by PolarKarma-No.777 on FF net. The premise is as the title said, but it’s just so wholesome and just making you want to root for Izuku more than even in canon because now he really doesn’t have anything but his wits and his tools to rely on.

It has been my dream to write this scene. All of the writers who invented these Izukus are among some of the MHA works I have come to respect (unfortunately, there are more authors I respect that I wanted to put their Izuku in this scene, but I will only make the scene lose its effect if I did that). I didn’t put them all together to make this fic great by drawing in the readers from their fics, but because I want to see all of them in one place and interact with each other, which this premise allows for.

[8] I hope you all heard of negative bias. When you only select the bad part of your whole experience to be the focal point and thus making you believe that the overall experience is bad. Well, considering he has to see someone like Survivor, a villain and Quirkless Izuku who never killed, and Daymare, a broken Izuku with monstrous Quick who became a hero anyway, he would certainly build up negative bias in his mind when he compared his experience to theirs.

[9] Basic stuff for western school, not so much for Asian schools.
Izuku took a deep breath.

‘So it has come to this,’ he thought as he continued to gaze down at the dead body on the ground.

Even now, Izuku still wasn’t sure what to make of his current mood, but it was certainly… new, for lack of a better word. He did not receive chance to ponder, however, when one of the Villains rushed at him.

“Die!” the criminal screamed.

Izuku merely dodged the clumsy attack and swung his axe at the Villain's neck. Grimnir had been warmed up, meaning its blade was sharp enough to cut through anything with ease. The greenette cleaved his attacker's head clear off in one slash.

The decapitated body tumbled to the ground, but not before splashing blood all over the boy’s armor. More assailants moved against him. They each met a similar end. One was decapitated, another had his head split in half, and yet more increasingly gruesome deaths followed.

Eventually, Izuku broke their morale, and the remaining Villains began to flee. He wouldn’t let them.

“Lawgiver, scope,” the greenette said to his ranged weapon.

“Roger,” the gun replied, and extended out the scope.

Izuku took aim. He lined the marks over his target’s head and pulled the trigger. His victim collapsed as soon as the bullet hit them. Main repeated the same progress on another criminal, then another, and another, until there was no one left.

With the parameter secured, he walked up to his classmates. Mineta and Ojiro were, understandably, staring at him in disbelief.

“Are you two, alright?” Izuku asked, his voice contorted a little by his helmet.
Ojiro slowly nodded, still not fully recovered from the atrocity before him, while Mineta was still shaking from fear.

"Wait, you are injured," Izuku pointed at his classmate’s tail. There was indeed a shard stuck into the flesh of the blond’s tail. "Hold still," Izuku knelt down and pulled out a set of pliers from Sanctuary. He used the two arms to carefully remove the sharp object from his classmate’s tail. Ojiro shook a little from the pain.

Izuku tossed the shard aside and pulled out a spray bottle, and coasted the wound with whatever that was in the container. The wound seemed to stop its bleeding immediately, and any potential infection was halted. Advanced medicines from the high-tech world could do anything.

"T-thanks," the blond said as Main got up.

"Don’t mention it. What about you Mineta, any injuries?” The purple-haired student steeled himself and shook his head, tear of fear was still threatening to leak out. “That’s good, I-”

He was interrupted when a groan escaped from one of the Villains’ mouths on the ground. Izuku aimed the Lawgiver at him and simply pulled the trigger.

“Oi!” Ojiro shouted and pulled Izuku’s arm away. “What do you think you are doing?!”

“Killing them?” Midoriya answered plainly, somewhat confused at the question due to how obvious it was.

“Maybe, but it’s a little late for that, don’t you think?” Izuku questioned.

Ojiro looked hesitant. “Then just stop now. They would still consider this an… an act of self-defense…” he trailed off, unsure if that would be the case with how Izuku slaughtered that Villain.

“No.” Izuku’s answer shocked the blond. “They have come here to kill us, seeking to destroy our lives, hopes, and dreams.” The greenette walked casually toward his classmate. “For what? Just for a stack of banknotes and a place on the front page of the news? Is this the kind of people you want to live?”

“T-this isn’t about that,” Ojiro replied, feeling pressured by his leader. “It’s our duty to capture the Villains, not kill them. If they get death sentences later then that’s another story, but you can’t just kill them like this.”

“Are you finished?” Izuku’s voice was extremely cold. Cold enough to make the tailed-student feel a chill down his spine. “At this point arguing is just a waste of time, I have to check on the others. Take Mineta and go back to the entrance,” Main ordered.

“But-”

“I will not have you argue over this, go,” Izuku finished and walked into the wall.

Ojiro could only stare at where his leader had disappeared; he was stunned at… everything. Villains attacking was one thing, but this… he didn’t want to look at all the bodies littering the ground anymore. He turned to Mineta.

“Come on, let’s-” He was interrupted when Mineta threw up. The blond couldn’t blame him. He
felt sick to his stomach as well, but Ojiro pushed those thoughts aside.

Ojiro kneeled down to check on his short classmate and tried to get him to move away from the area with him. After all, there were still Villains around. Right?

Izuku reappeared on the peak of the highest mountain in the Mountain Zone. He took out his binoculars and began surveying the landscape; pinpointing where each of his classmates was.

He spotted Todoroki and Mina in the Landslide Zone. Even from here he could see the half-half boy making short work of the criminals. Tooru and Tsuyu were dropped into the Flood Zone and were now stranded on the boat, surrounded by Villains.

He could see the sparks from the Ruin Zone so, presumably, that was Katsuki. Knowing his friend, Katsuki probably didn’t need any assistance. He found Eraser Head fighting the Villains at the central plaza. Lastly, he spotted Momo, Jirou, and Kaminari fighting Villains right at the foot of the mountain he was on. It didn’t look good.

Izuku formed a list of priorities in his mind. First, he must help Momo’s team, then Tsuyu’s. After that, he would quickly check on Katsuki’s, Todoroki’s, and the main group, before going in to assist his teacher.

But before all of that…

Izuku took out his phone and called the Sanctuary, specifically the war room.

“Y’ello, this is ‘Operator’ speaking.” The cheery voice of his alternate self answered the call.

“Operator, I need your help in identifying my targets. Link yourself to my suit’s visual feed and open up the face scanner.” Izuku waited for a few heartbeats.

“Done and done, Main, sir,” Operator replied.

“Good, and make sure the data contains their criminal records as well,” Izuku instructed further.

“...are you sure about this, sir? I mean, I can kind of guess the context of what you are doing from what Nazgul has been saying.” Wait, how did Operator understand that shrieking wraith?

Main took a deep breath, “Yes, I am sure.”

“Okie dokie then, sir” Operator replied. Main swore this cheerful Izuku was more apathetic than he appeared.

Soon, beneath his helmet, he could see his visor began to display data here and there, which meant he was ready for this.

Izuku sunk into the ground and teleported. The armored student jumped out from the ground right in the middle of the combat zone. Without delay, he kicked the closest Villain he could find in the face before any of them could prepare for his arrival.

“Midoriya?!” Jirou shouted in surprise upon spotting her leader coming out of nowhere.

“Shit! Reinforcements!” One of the Villains shouted.

Upon seeing their odds turned against them, some of the criminals looked like they wanted to run, while the three students looked hopeful. Unfortunately, one of the Villains used this opportunity to
grab one of Izuku’s classmates while his guard was down: Kaminari.

“Alright, hands up and no Quirks,” a Villain with a skull-helmet announced, pointing his hand — sparking with lightning — toward the blond. Kaminari tried to resist but he was lightly zapped by the criminal.

“Kaminari!” The two girls shouted in unison.

Izuku, meanwhile, let Operator do his job. The greenette received the info on the Villain who held his friend hostage. A veteran mobster before being arrested and was forced into being a regular Villain. This Villain possessed lots of violent crime records, with some murders, though no women or children were listed as his victims. Well, Izuku supposed he could let this one live, but he needed to get Kaminari out of this prickle.

“May I make a suggestion, sir?” Operator’s voice said through his helmet.

“You may,” Izuku whispered.

“Choose one of them and kill them as brutally as possible, it will make the rest give up due to the fear of death.” That suggestion proved Main’s point that Operator was indeed apathetic.

Izuku was hesitant. While he had no doubts that it would work, his classmates certainly didn’t need to see it. Yet when he saw the Kaminari’s face, full of fear, he believed it would be for the best — any other form of intercepting the Villain might not be quick enough. He could try to risk it, but between the life of his classmates and that of the Villains’... the choice was very clear.

He looked around and let his face scanner search for any suitable target to receive his execution. He found his target whose long list of convictions ranged from murder to sexual assault.

Izuku sunk into the ground again, much to the electric Villain’s chagrin. The criminals looked around, expecting an attack to come from somewhere. If only they knew.

“Ahhhhhh!!!!!!” One of the villains screamed, catching everybody’s attention. The criminal dropped to his knees and continued to scream. His scream was suddenly muffled when something emerged from his mouth; hands, each gripped both of the Villain’s lips.

Something tore the criminal from inside out. Within the next second and Izuku emerged from inside of the Villain’s body. Blood gushed like a small fountain as each side of the split man fell to the ground; intestines and organs littered every spot near the body. [1]

There were yells and shouts from both his classmates and other criminals. Momo looked pale, with her hand firmly over her mouth. Kaminari had emptied his stomach on the ground, while the Villain who held him hostage was stunned into standing still, and Jirou, well, she looked like her brain had shut down.

There was a short moment of silence after the initial panic, but it was soon broken when Jirou finally realized what she had witnessed and let loose an ear-piercing scream of horror.

Izuku turned to the Skull-helm Villain.

“I have a new condition for you. I won’t kill you if you let my classmate go, but if you don’t then I will make sure your death is much more painful than his.” Izuku motioned his head at the mangled corpse on the ground. He noticed what he presumed to be the Villain’s liver resting on his shoulder, so he casually flicked it away.
The electric Villain glared hard at the armored student, but ultimately he let Kaminari go and put his hands up in surrender. His comrades followed suit. “Good to see someone with common sense.”

Izuku aimed his Lawgiver and pulled the trigger. A Villain a few meters away from the skull-helm Villain fell immediately.

“You promised!?” another Villain shouted.

“I promised to let him go.” Izuku pointed at the skull-helm criminal. “Not all of you.” With that, the greenette put a bullet through the skull of the Villain who had dared to accuse him of oath breaking.

The assembly of thugs scattered, running for their lives. Lawgiver, however, had turned a person who only knew the basics of shooting into a master marksman and, as an extra repercussion, Izuku had loaded Lawgiver with the guided bullets. All he needed was to aim and shoot.

One by one his enemies went down, a hole prominently shot through their head. Two of them were shot in the legs; their crimes were not severe enough to warrant Izuku’s ultimate judgment. Izuku pulled out a dart and threw it at the skull-helmed Villain.

“What th-” The Villain collapsed onto the ground, unconscious.

Izuku incapacitated him so he wouldn’t escape while they were waiting for the authorities. With his work here done, he quickly walked to check on Kaminari.

“Hey, Kaminari,” Izuku called, but there was no response. The blond had dropped onto all fours and looked down at the ground; a bead of sweat trickled down his nose. “Kaminari,” Izuku called again, but still no reply.

“Denki!” the greenette shouted. This broke the blond out of whatever trance he was in and looked up at his leader.

Upon spotting the blood-stained armor, however, the blond vomited again. Izuku sighed, he really needed to go check on the others. The boy knelt down and placed a bag of smelling salts beside the blond and moved on.

Izuku walked over to Jirou and Momo. The Earphone Jack girl was sobbing into the ponytailed girl’s bosom, unwilling to turn around to look at the aftermath.

“Are you two, alright?” Izuku asked.

“Y-yes, we are… fine,” Momo answered with shaken voice and pale face. “B-but… you do realize what you had done, right?”

“Of course,” Izuku answered casually, almost disturbingly so. “Well, I have to go now. I will have to check on the others. Head to the entrance when you can.”

Izuku ordered and disappeared again. Leaving his three classmates to their PTSD.

Tsuyu and Tooru were holding up on a boat in the middle of the Flood Zone. The Villains had damaged the ship and the vessel was slowly sinking.

“What should we do, Tsuyu-chan?” the invisible girl asked her friend in a panic.

“Hmm, I’m still thinking, kero,” The frog girl admitted.
“Then it is fortunate that I am here,” a new voice said. Both of the girls turned their heads, expecting a Villain. Instead, they were greeted by Izuku walking out of the wall.

“Midoriya!” both students cheered.

“We have to get out of here, can you teleport us away?” Tooru asked.

“Wait… why are you covered in blood,” Tsuyu asked with uneasiness in her voice.

“That’s not important. Yes, I can teleport both of you away, but let me do a few things first,” Izuku replied and walked to the edge of the boat. He observed the Villains below, letting his scanner run its course. Once it was done, he came to a decision.

‘No survivors,’ he thought and jumped down into the water, shocking both of his classmates.

“Oi, one of them jumped down!” a Villain notified his peers.

“Get him!” Another ordered.

The aquatic criminals swam towards Izuku at high speed, but one by one they disappeared out of thin air until none of them were left. Izuku teleported back to the ship.

“Alright, let’s go,” Izuku said and pointed his thumb at the wall.

“What did you do to them?” Tooru questioned.

“I teleported them away,” the greenette answered bluntly, his voice was disturbingly relaxed.

The unseen student didn’t dare to ask further, but Tsuyu wasn’t so easily intimidated.

“And where exactly did you sent them to?” The frog girl continued, her eyebrows form into a frown.

“We do not have the time to discuss this. I still have to assist others,” Main pointed out.

There seemed to be a bit of a staredown between the two, but eventually, Tsuyu just walked into the wall and Tooru followed suit. She was expecting Izuku to come along with them and planned to question him further, but instead, the boy teleported to another location. Leaving his classmates in confusion as they stood at the edge of the lake.

Izuku reappeared again in the Ruin Zone. All around him were unconscious Villains. It appeared that Katsuki had made short work of them, as expected of the explosive genius, but there was no sight of him so Izuku presumed he had already moved on to the main plaza.

So as not to waste any more time, he began executing the criminals by shooting them in the head; skipping over the ones who had only committed light enough crimes.

When he had done carrying out his branch of ‘justice’, Izuku used his cape to warp away. The greenette reemerged at his next destination, Landslide Zone. Likewise, the Villains there were already incapacitated, frozen solid by Todoroki, and there was no sign of his classmates.

Using a similar method to the Ruin Zone, Izuku simply walked up to the frozen criminal, ready to exact his judgment.

“W-w-who the fuck are you?” Izuku’s victim breathed out. The boy didn’t waste any words and
aimed his weapon before pulling the trigger.

“Wh-what was that?!” another Villain shouted as he heard the gun shot, unable to turn his head.

Izuku continued to cleanse the area until all but one Villain remained. The greenette had been counting, and he couldn't deny his disappointment at the low number of Villains he was allowed to spare. But, what could he expect from a bunch of people willing to kill teenagers?

His last target was a woman wearing what look like a stereotypical Japanese ghost costume. Judging from her facial features she was probably a few years older than him, but it mattered not.

“P-please, don’t kill me!” she stammered with tears of fear threatened to leak out from her panicked eyes.

Since Izuku had calmed down a little, he decided to humor this creature in front of him. “Hmm, and how many times have you heard that from your victims? Your record shows that you have taken roughly twelve human lives, including slaughtering an entire household. You didn’t spare their child.”

“I was running from the cops and they were going to turn me in! I didn’t have a choice!” she screamed. Anger surged back to the forefront of Izuku’s mind, and he used the end of Lawgiver’s handle to smack her in the face.

“Please refrain from engaging in melee,” the gun’s autonomous voice warned.

“Do you expect me to spare you when you think like this?” There was a short silence. “Why are you here? Why did you take this job?”

“I-I need money,” she whimpered. Another quiet moment followed. “I-I need it so I can keep hiding and pay for my siblings’ schooling.”

“...and you decided making that money by ending the future of other lives was alright? Innocent lives?” Izuku questioned.

“I-it wa-” Izuku cut off her explanation.

“I am done with you now.”

Main took aim.

The Villainess closed her eyes; her tears finally flowed freely.

There was a spark as the gun ignited, a loud bang as the bullet was sent out of the barrel, and a gasp as Izuku realized someone had yanked his arm away and made him miss.

“What do you think you are doing?!” Mina yelled. She was the one who prevented him from taking another life.

“Killing this… trash,” Izuku motioned his head at the frozen Villainess.

“You can’t just do that!” the pink-skinned girl bellowed. “She is a human being like us!”

“No, she is not. She is a criminal, preying on the innocent and causing chaos wherever she goes. Maybe she can be reformed, but she certainly doesn’t deserve it.” Izuku pointed accusingly at the frozen Villainess who had just realized she was still alive.
“And how would you know that?” Mina crossed her arms, her eyes still burning with fury and her teeth bared in feral anger.

“My suit can link to Japanese criminal records database along with a face scanner to identify the offenders. It shows their list of crimes. This one,” Izuku gestured at the Villainess, “had killed about twelve people, one of whom was a young boy, less than ten years old.”

Mina was taken back a little, but she didn’t falter. “Even so, you can’t kill her like this. Leave it to the authorities.”

“We are the authority, Ashido. By the definition of the law, we are allowed to engage in self-defensive action, and as a Hero we are allowed to carry out said law as well,” Izuku explained, but served only to agitate Mina further.

“No! The duty of a Hero is to save the people and help anyone whenever we can! And how could killing her bring back those twelve lives?! Why stop adding to it?!”

“Because by adding just one more live, it will prevent those numbers from going up any further!” Izuku screamed back. Now Mina was really getting on his nerves.

“You didn’t even give her a chance to change!”

“She had twelve chances to change! She will just squander this one as well!”

“Enough!” another voice boomed. The two twisted their head to see Todoroki walking up to them. He wore his usual calm expression, but he still seemed annoyed, likely by his peers arguing. “This is not the time to debate, we are still under attack by these Villains.”

“I have already taken care of the rest, only the ones in the main plaza remain,” Izuku informed them. A dark shadow fell over Mina’s face.

“So you have been killing them?” Mina asked. Izuku just nodded. The pink-skinned girl grit her teeth. “You are no Hero… this isn’t how Hero is,” Ashido told him.

“I already killed a lot, so why shouldn’t I add just one more?” The greenette pointed at his supposed victim.

The frozen Villainess cowered, but Mina stepped in between her leader and his target.

“You will not kill anyone else!” She shouted, standing her ground. “Todoroki, back me up here!” she asked for support from her peer.

The half-half boy sighed but turned to face Izuku nevertheless. “Look, you will just make things worse for yourself by killing more people. Just stop now,” Todoroki said to his classmate.

“I don’t think it will matter at this point,” Izuku replied.

“Of course, it will,” Todoroki argued back.

Izuku glanced at his helmet’s digital clock. He was wasting too much time arguing with these two. Aizawa-sensei couldn’t possibly hold out for much longer against the Nomu. He supposed sparing one piece of scum to save his teacher was worth the price.

“Fine, I have to check in with the others anyway. Go to the plaza and rendezvous with others,” Izuku ordered and sunk into the ground.
Mina and Todoroki were left in silence. The pink-skinned girl turned to the Villainess she had just saved.

“Are you alright?” the horned Heroine asked.

“Y-yes,” the woman said between sobbing. “T-thank-k y-you.”

As Ashido was making sure the Villainess was alright, Todoroki observed his surroundings. He almost grimaced at the fact that the Villains he had previously frozen were now dead, shot by Izuku. So many people had been killed defenselessly at the hands of a single person.

Todoroki had believed his father to be the most despicable person he could have ever met in his life. Now, he was not too sure.

Izuku emerged at his final destination: the entrance. Izuku arrived just in time to see the black mist had disengaged from the area.

“Midoriya!?” Sero shouted upon seeing the greenette.

“What is the situation?” Izuku asked before looking around and noticed something. “And where is Iida?”

“He escaped to alert the school, the teachers should be here any minute now,” Uraraka explained. She looked a bit worn out.

Then they all noticed something.

“Midoriya… why is there so much blood on your armor?” Tokoyomi asked, narrowing his eyes. Izuku, instead of answering, turned to Thirteen, whose suit had been damaged.

“Will they be alright?” Izuku asked his classmate while gesturing at his teacher.

“With the teachers on the way, Thirteen should receive necessary medical attention soon. Now can you explain why you are covered in blood?” Tokoyomi asked again.

Izuku ignored his classmate and observed Eraser Head’s fight in the Main Plaza. His scruffy teacher was now engaging the Nomu and the Pro-Hero was slowly losing ground with every second. Around the two opponents were the Villains backing away from the sheer ferocity of the fight.

Seeing the crowded but open environment, Izuku knew just the thing for the job.

As the face scanner ran its course, Izuku reached into his cape and pulled out a large and blocky twin-barrel attachment for Lawgiver.

“Wha-what is that?” Sato asked upon seeing the item Izuku taken out.

“A gun mod,” the greenette answered bluntly. He locked the modification onto his pistol. The weapon began to shift its component and linked itself onto the new barrels.

“Attachment installation finished. Storm Bolter mode online. Purge the Unclean,” the voice of confirmation rang out from his weapon. Izuku needed to tell ‘Mechanicus’ to remove the last line later.

Before any of his classmates could question Izuku’s motive for using this ‘Storm Bolter’, Izuku
teleported away.

On Eraser Head’s side, the hero was fighting with every scrap of his remaining strength. He was getting really frustrated with the foes he had been fighting as of late. They all seemed to have some kind of immunity to his Quirk. This Nomu was one of those.

Its speed and strength were on par with All Might with no sign of exhaustion, but Aizawa was already drained by fighting cannon fodder. Aizawa thought that he had reached his limit when he collapsed backwards, but as he kept falling he knew something was amiss. It didn’t take long before he realized he had sunk into the ground.

The Pro-Hero tried to hold onto something, but besides the Nomu there was nothing else for him to hang on to. So Aizawa steadied himself. He submerged into the concrete pavement. The teacher was bombarded by light rushing at him and it was as if he had been put on a roller coaster. That experience only lasted a few seconds, however, and he re-emerged.

“Sensei?” He heard the voice of one of his students, Uraraka. *Did that mean…*

Eraser Head got up and saw that he was back at the entrance. His students surrounded him.

“Is anyone injured?” he asked his students.

“No one else besides Thirteen-sensei,” Tokoyami answered.

Good. That meant he could focus on what had just happened. He established that he had definitely teleported away from his fight, which meant there were only two possible candidates for the act; the black mist Villain and Izuku. Considering Aizawa’s current location, he believed he knew which one had moved him.

Eraser raced towards the steps leading down to the plaza. Whatever his troublesome students had planned, he had a gut feeling he wouldn’t like it. Aizawa arrived on the edge of the stairs just in time to see the massacre first hand.

A few seconds earlier, Izuku had got his teacher out of the way. While he felt sorry that Aizawa’s efforts trying to reform him were wasted, Izuku wouldn’t let a little guilt get in his way. The greenette soared out from one side of the plaza and braced himself. He aimed his Lawgiver, and let loose a barrage of .50 bullets at everything in sight. His weapon unleashed a hail of bullets — up to twenty bolts per second.

While the .50 caliber bullets of his weapon were nothing compared to the .75 caliber of the real Storm Bolter from the 41st Millenium, the result was the same.

Everything in his path was shredded to bits and pieces. Blood, flesh, bones, gore, and more were sprayed everywhere as the Lawgiver raged on. The sound of dying grunts and screams were drowned by the deafening boom of the machine; it was as if one was listening to the sound of factory press which pumped out products of death every second, accompanied by the constant chimes of the empty shells of the munition hitting the ground.

“*Reaching overheating point,*” the weapon notified.

Izuku pulled his finger away from the trigger, it would be foolish to overheat this kind of weapon. He relaxed his arms — firing a gun with this much recoil and feedback was not easy.
Before Izuku was slaughtered. The ground was blood soaked; in every nook and cranny lay red. Shredded human flesh and other organs littered the ground, yet one thing managed to withstand him — the Nomu.

“Oi, oi, Kurogiri, isn’t this kid supposed to be a Hero or something?” a white-haired Villain, Shigaraki Tomura, emerged from behind his Nomu bodyguard. “Man, that kid dresses like he comes from Dead Space or Doom — kinda cool, actually.”

‘Of course, the petulant man-child likes my costume.’ Izuku rolled his eyes at the irony of it all.

“Be careful Tomura, we were not informed that there was someone that could pose a threat to us like this one did,” the Black Mist Villain, Kurogiri, informed his leader.

“Or maybe… this could be like Fire Emblem?” the Decay-user said quietly.

“Hey, kid!” Tomura shouted to Izuku. “You wanna join us? You already killed a lot of people, if you-” He was cut off when the Nomu lifted its arm to block a bullet from hitting its leader, a bullet from Izuku. “Rude,” Tomura huffed.

“Please take this a bit more seriously,” Kurogiri urged.

“Alright, alright, Nomu kill that little shit and everyone else here. Oh, you know what, all the cannon fodder are dead anyways so just kill everything,” the white-haired Villain commanded.

The Nomu, heeding its master’s order, rushed in towards Izuku. But the greenette was prepared.

While he could take care of this experimented human just fine, Izuku had a better alternative; he would outsource his problem. This month’s payment to a certain Master of the Bazaar was coming up and the Nomu would provide an appropriate challenge to Mr. Veil. Veil and this thing would be a match made in Fallen London.

With that in mind, Izuku quickly bit his thumb to draw blood. He wrote a sigil onto his cloak and let it expand. It had reached the perfect size right when the Nomu was upon him. Izuku threw the cape up as the creature threw its punch and just like that it disappeared into the fabric.

Izuku retrieved his shoulder cape and wrote another sigil to shrink it back to the original size.

“What the fuck! What did he do!?” Tomura howled in rage.

Kurogiri peered at Izuku.

“He’s the one with teleportation Quirk. I know he would be difficult to deal with, but this… doesn’t make any sense. The team I assigned to fight him all have abilities that should counter him in some way — and how did he change that cape size?” Kurogiri wondered aloud.

“This isn’t time for this! We hav-” The Decay-user didn’t get the chance to finish when Izuku emerged out of Kurogiri’s large collar and punched him in the face.

“Tomura!” the Black Mist Villain came to his leader’s defense.

Main spun around as he fully emerged from the collar, and tossed a disk at Kurogiri. The disk stuck onto the Villain and shocked him into unconsciousness. Now it was only Tomura and Izuku left.

Izuku stood over cowering white-haired Villain. He cracked his knuckles before taking a step
forward.

“Die!” Tomura cried and lunged at the armored-Hero.

He touched Izuku on his chest, but… nothing happened.

“What th-” Tomura was cut off when a fist made contact with his cheek. The punch made the Villain collapse down again.

“I didn’t go out of my way to melt metals like Necrodermis, Adamantium, and Mithril together just to have them all crumble apart by your power,” Izuku explained.

Izuku stalked over to the protege of All for One himself and began raining fists down onto the white-haired Villain; each strike more powerful than the last. The greenette wouldn’t kill him. He didn’t want to agitate his Villain alternate selves any more than he already had. That didn’t mean he wouldn’t teach the future leader of League of Villain a painful lesson — don’t mess with Izuku Midoriya.

After feeling like he had punched Shigaraki enough, Izuku dragged Tomura up by his t-shirt collar and began kneeing him in the gut. Izuku eventually let go of the shirt and let the Villain collapse back to the ground. The greenette gave him a few more kicks before felt something restrain him — Eraser Head’s steel wire woven scarf.

“That is enough,” Aizawa ordered, silent rage hinted in his voice.

Izuku looked around, it appeared that most of his classmates had made it to the main plaza to witness his actions. The ones that had seen his brutality beforehand looked even more sickened at the sight before them. Tsuyu’s group and the group of students from the entrance were horrified at the sight. Izuku caught a glimpse of Ochako and Tooru holding their hands over their mouths likely holding back vomit. Mina and Kirishima looked absolutely repulsed and furious at the same time. Todoroki was visibly shaken.

And Katsuki… Izuku didn’t dare to look, but he could guess the shock on his friend’s face. If Izuku was brave enough to look, however, he would only see the bitter disappointment on his childhood friend’s visage.

The Black Mist suddenly expanded towards Tomura and teleported the beaten Villain away. Kurogiri soon followed his master. Just like that, both of them were gone.

Thus concluded the U.S.J. Massacre. The most infamous Villain-related incident within this decade of Japanese history, but… it was very questionable at who was truly the Villain there.

Chapter End Notes

A/N: While I somewhat agree with Vigilantism on principle, I am more skeptical about the practice. It is a system that can be easily abused by opportunists and corruption, and a good way to Lynch the innocent due to baseless accusations. Remember American Southern states during the 20th Century?

There was this reviewer awhile back saying that they didn't get why the Heroes reacted the way they did with Izuku's actions during the Yakuza Raid arc (the Request
arc in this story). Well, let me ask you this: Do you want to have a neighbor who is mentally unstable and who owns an automatic machine gun while you can't own firearms? Do you want the military to come into your neighborhood and start tearing everything apart, and executing people based on the motto of 'making you safe'? Do you want lynch mobs who kill an innocent based on their skin color or religion?

I acknowledge that self-defense is indeed important, but this isn't the case. Izuku goes out of his way to do as he wishes. The Heroes knew back then that he was willing to kill criminals; you would be crazy to not keep him on the leash so he doesn't take it too far. Which, as you can see in these last two chapters, he did. Izuku is still a human. He has his flaws and prejudice. A boy can only hold so much power before being corrupted by it; this awareness comes with the Age of Quirks where just about anyone can do a lot of damage.

I am fairly sure there would probably still be people who argue with me on this, but, errrr, I might be too lazy to reply. Your risk, I guess?

[1] Well, I did say Izuku would have a move similar to Noob Saibot from Mortal Kombat.
The atmosphere in the room was chilling, and it was definitely not Todoroki’s doing. The expressions of the people in the room were generally grim. They had seen slaughter that they wouldn’t expect to witness in person and only as passing lines in their Heroics textbook.

Someone sneezed and the rest of the class jumped. They all twisted their heads to discover that it was Iida. Their stern colleague was the only one lucky enough to be away from the USJ when Izuku carried out his actions. The glasses-wearing boy had still been unlucky enough to see the aftermath though, and he was no less agitated by what he saw. After the startling sneeze had passed, the room descended back into the uncomfortable silence.

“Is anyone going to say anything?” Aoyama spoke up. Another silence followed.

“What is there to say?” Mina replied. She was sat beside Kirishima, who focused his sight on the ground. “We all saw what he did. We know what he’s like. There is nothing more to say.”

“Is that so?” a new voice asked.

The class all turned towards the door, only to see the object of their discussion and anxiety as he walked in: Izuku Midoriya.

“You!” Mina shouted. The pink-skinned girl wasted no time in marching across the room to Izuku. Once she reached him, she grabbed him by the shirt collar of his school uniform, ignoring the fact that he had changed out of his armor. “You murderer!”

Izuku, however, remained unflinching. “Maybe, but so were the people I killed.”

“We are supposed to be Heroes! We are not supposed to kill!” Mina retorted.

“Mina, calm down,” Kirishima said as he grabbed the girl’s shoulders. “Just let the school handle him.”

Ashido took a deep breath and let go of Izuku’s collar. “You’re right, he isn’t worth it. We don’t need two students expelled in a single day.” Mina shrugged away Kirishima’s hand from her
shoulders. “Don’t you feel any guilt for killing other human beings?” the pink-skinned girl asked Izuku as she crossed her arms.

“I’ve explained it to you once already, but I will do it again. They are criminals, killers, thugs, rapists, and several other things I wouldn’t like to share in your company. If any of them were worth sparing, I had made sure they lived,” Izuku explained.


Izuku looked around the room. Momo was busy comforting Jirou; the Earphone Jack girl couldn’t stand gore or any horrifying sights. The other girls were huddling close to those two, likely helping in comforting Jirou. Ojiro, Mineta, and Kaminari were still looked ill. Katsuki was meditating, a habit he picked up alongside Izuku after having to face the dark reality of the Multiverse every day. The rest of the students in the room only looked at Izuku in anticipation of his answer.

“I don’t.” Mina looked like she was going to lunge at him had Izuku not continued; “I don’t, because it was justified.” That took Mina aback, while the others couldn’t deny their curiosity.

“They were here to kill us, to kill all of you. I would not allow that. I killed to protect, so I believe my actions were justified.”

Someone in the room suddenly chuckled. It was Yaoyorozu. The pony-tailed girl pried herself away from Jirou — who was hugging her — away toward Ochako, who took over as the person Jirou clung to for physical contact.

“‘Justified’ you say? Then how about the way you killed that man, hmm? You tore him open from the inside!” The room was shocked at an outburst from an otherwise composed student, and at the detail on how far Izuku was willing to go to ‘protect’.

“It was to create a tactical advantage. By doing that, I scared them and it allowed me to convince that Villain to release his hostage,” the greenette explained.

“Then why could you not simply rescue him in a more traditional sense? I have fought you before, I know how fast you can be,” Momo countered.

“I do not take risks when I can, especially when there is life on the line,” Izuku said and motioned his head toward Kaminari. “Between Kaminari’s life and that Villain’s, I will choose to save Kaminari any day.”

“Then what about him?” Ojiro said as he got up, fury on his face. “What about how you killed that man in front of me and Mineta?”

Izuku took a deep breath. “I have come across him before.” The students clamoured, wondering how Izuku could have possibly gathered a grudge against an unknown Villain before the incident. Katsuki, though, simply opened his eyes. The time for mediation was over. “He tried to rob my mother; a Hero intervened, though the Villain managed to get away.”

That was most definitely a lie, but with some truth based on it. It would do for now to explain Izuku’s drive for vengeance.

“So it was personal?” Mina asked. “You decided to start killing Villains just because of someone who tried to rob your mother?”

Now Mina had finally flipped a switch she shouldn’t have, but before Izuku could retort someone interrupted them.
“Enough,” Katsuki walked up to the group. He rubbed his temples before looking at Mina. “You can’t deny that there are those who deserve to die. People who take joy in being despicable for no reason... they need to be put down. I believe that in your heart you know this as well, Ashido,” the blond said coldly.

The pink-skinned girl looked away and gritted her teeth. She did know that, but it was easy to believe in an idea when you had never seen it in practice before. And when she had witnessed it she now hated the ideology — even though she still knew it was necessary.

“But with that said…” Katsuki then turned to Izuku. “You did not have any authority to do what you just did. Not only that but from what some of them described, you took it too far. There is a difference between vigilantism and sadism.” Now it was Izuku’s turn to look away. “The authorities have the right to grant the death penalty, and most of the Villains would have met that requirement after a trial. You didn’t have to kill them, and shouldn’t have done what you did. And I don’t have to tell you how this will affect you as Hero, do I? It is the job of a Hero to save the day and stop Villains. It is the job of the cops, soldiers, and executioners to kill the Villains. We are supposed to be the Hero. We fight the non-lethal fights.”

Izuku could feel the burning gaze from his childhood friend boring into his body. He knew he would no longer find support from Katsuki if the class doubted him again.

Katsuki shook his head. “If you truly believe that you are a tool of justice only to punish the wicked then why do you pick and choose who to kill and spare others based on your personal bias and prejudice?”

Before any retort could be made, however, Katsuki and the others took a step back from Izuku.

“Izuku,” Katsuki called and the greenette looked up. That was a look of shock on the blond’s face, much to the dimensional traveler’s confusion. Bakugou tapped beneath his own left eye, signaling Midoriya to mimic him. The greenette touched beneath his left eye and looked at his index finger.

**Blood**. There was blood on the tip of his finger.

Izuku then felt something stream down his face. He gently touched the falling trickles. More blood. He felt something in his ears as well, something wet. He didn’t need to guess what it was.

‘KING KURANES CALLING!’ a voice boomed inside Izuku’s head. No longer was it a gentle call from the Dreamland like those that Izuku was used to, but a demanding summons for him to present himself before the Dreamer King.

“I-I need to go see the medic,” Izuku said as he made for the door and walked out.

“Was that his Quirk’s limit?” Momo asked the blond.

“No… it was not,” Katsuki said with a frown. He swore Izuku would be the death of him.

A few minutes earlier, an incident happened in the Dreamland.

Inside the infinite hallway of Kuranes’s palace in the grand city of Celephaïs, a door rattled and banged, each time more violent than the last. Stood in front of the bulging door and its frame was none other than the King of Dreamland himself.

“My King, would you like us to ‘kill’ this madness-infested conscious?” one of the servants surrounding Kuranes, a jellyfish with eyes, asked.
“There’s no need for that,” the King of Dream told his retainer. “But do go and tell Qua’r’Oki to call the… owner of the thing in this room to come to us.” The jellyfish boy floated away. Kuranes then turned to another of his attendants. “My hammer, please.” A servant who was carrying his lord’s weapons bowed low and presented an ornate hammer; it was about the size of a sledgehammer, to Kuranes. The King took up his tool and walked toward the door. Kuranes gave a final order before opening the door and made his way in:

“Make sure nothing escapes.”

What followed was an inhuman screech and the sound of a hammer being brought down against something made of flesh and bone.

Above the door frame was a template written in the language of the Dreamland, which translated to ‘The Dreams and Nightmares of Izuku Midoriya.’

Aizawa looked more like a dead corpse sitting upright in a chair than a teacher at a prestigious academy, though one couldn’t fault him for it.

“So, you couldn’t change him, huh?” Naomasa asked from the opposite side of the table, though it sounded more like he’d just wondered out loud.

The scruffy teacher didn’t respond straight away. “I don’t know what happened. At the start, he looked like he wanted to change, but then today he just came to class looking distressed. I was under the assumption that he was just being overly paranoid.”

“Does he have a history of paranoia or other personality disorders?” the detective asked.

“I wouldn’t go that far, and like I said, that was just my assumption. It clearly was not the case, but whatever the reason he decided to start killing the Villains en masse.” Aizawa really just wanted to sleep today. His urge to sleep now was stronger today than it had been on any other day in his life — and if he didn’t wake up again after shutting his eyes, then that would have been a bonus.

“One way or another… the news will get out,” Naomasa reminded him of that grim fact. Aizawa wanted to groan himself to death after hearing that. “People will find out one way or another. Even if we used an ambulance to transport the bodies out to fool the media outside, or even if Nezu to make a false statement, the truth will leak one way or another. I also… didn’t receive any call from that American so I think we are well and truly on our own with this.”

Groaning himself to death sound even more tempting to Eraser Head right now.

Then a little thought popped up in his head. A possibility. Perhaps it’s stemmed from denial, but there was some logic in it. “Do you think… those people forced him into doing this?” Aizawa questioned.

Naomasa cupped his chin in his palm. “I don’t know. From the students’ statements and the bodies, it’s quite clear that he went above and beyond just killing them.”

“A mental manipulation, perhaps?” a new voice joined in with their debate.

Both men turned to see the principle of U.A.

“Nezu,” Aizawa greeted. “You want to give your two cents?”

“Yes. I would say your theory that there is someone, or a group, manipulating Midoriya holds
some merit, but at the same time we know so little about him that we can’t even make assumptions. Additionally, I am here to inform you that Midoriya had to leave,” Nezu informed.

“You are going to expel him?” Aizawa said with a frown. He felt like even if they couldn’t reform the boy they should at least let him continue to attend school, if only so they could at least kept their eyes on him.

“No, I literally mean he has left the school grounds.” The mouse-cat-dog Headmaster just lifted his paw up and gestured for them to wait before the two men panicked. “I already gave him permission. He came to me while bleeding from his nose, mouth, ears, and eyes while telling me there was an issue with his ‘patron’ in the Multiverse. One way or another, I knew I couldn’t stop him, so I let him go. But this situation presents a very interesting backup for your claim. What is wrong with Izuku Midoriya? So many possibilities…”

‘So many possibilities, more like infinite possibilities.’ Aizawa had educated himself with actual academic research on the concept of the Multiverse and the infinite number of problems it presented to Midoriya…

“Maybe there is a good reason that he breaks under that infinite pressure,” Aizawa muttered, allowing his colleagues to hear his thoughts.

One way or another, the three could do nothing but submit themselves to the grim task ahead of them.

“There is… one more minor problem.”

“Hey, Miss President, are you ready to leave?” Setsuna asked her leader.

“Just a moment.” Kendo quickly put her class assignments into her backpack and hauled it over her back. “Coming!”

She caught up with the rest of the female students of Class 1-B. Having fewer girls in the class made them a more tight-knit group.

“We should hurry, the faculty urged us to get home as soon as possible,” Yui reminded them.

Before the group could set off, however, they saw their homeroom teacher come around the corner in a hurry. Upon spotting his students though, he looked relieved.

“Kids,” he greeted as he approached the girls.

“Sensei,” they said and lightly bowed.

“Kendo, there is a little situation that I need your help with,” Vlad King informed them.

“Did the Villains get into the main building!” Setsuna asked out loud.

They were all told what had happened to Class 1-A at U.S.J.. All classes had been suspended and all students encouraged to go home. So was the situation spiralling into something worse?

“No, nothing like that.” Kan quickly brought his hands up and reassured his students. “It’s just something more… personal.”

That made the female students raise their collective eyebrows.
“What do you mean by that, sensei?” Kendo asked, unsure where this was going.

“Do you know a young girl by the name Eri?”

Eri had been crying for a good half an hour by now, and Midnight was getting a little worried.

“Now, now, Eri, just drink this nice glass of water we all prepared for you, alright?” The R-Rated Hero, who was in more modest clothing for once, tried to offer the drink to the girl. The water was mixed with mild sedative medicine to calm the girl.

But Eri just shook her head, which was resting on the heroine’s bosom. In any other situation, Midnight would probably be a little… aroused, but this circumstance was not suited for those emotions — and also Eri was far too underaged for her.

While she didn’t know much about the conditions behind the Midoriya’s adopting Eri, or what had transpired at U.S.J. for Eri beloved brother to leave her at school, Nemuri was one of the few staff members that was able to approach the little girl. Others included Aizawa and the Big Three, but they were all busy; Aizawa was at the site of the attack, and the top three students were all assigned to keep order on the school grounds along with other highly capable third year students.

At least, Eri had given them the name of one more person she was willing to trust.

“Midnight,” the voice of Vlad King boomed as the door slid open. “She’s here.”

Standing beside the muscular teacher was an orange-haired girl with a side ponytail. The R-Rated Hero stroked Eri’s head to get her attention. “Eri, Kendo is here.”

The little girl immediately turned her head around to the door. Upon spotting her martial art teacher, she jumped off Midnight’s lap and ran towards Kendo.

“Kendo!” Eri cried out. Unfortunately, in her rush to the only face she trusted, she stumbled. The white-haired girl expected her face to meet with the hard flooring in the room, but instead she fell onto something soft. She discovered the cushion to be no other thing than Kendo’s enlarged hand.

“Eri, please try to calm-” the class president didn’t get the chance to finish as Eri jumped in to hug her.

“Kendo!” Eri slammed herself into Itsuka’s middle and hugged her. She began sobbing into the orange-haired student’s chest. The president of Class 1-B hugged back of course, but confusion still reigned on her face.

Kendo turned to her Homeroom teacher. “Sensei, what is going on?”

“After the incident at U.S.J., Midoriya had to leave the school grounds for a disclosed reason, unfortunately…”

“We invited his little sister to take a few tests today at the school, but since the accident happened, he won’t get the chance to pick her up just yet,” Midnight elaborated. “And when she knew he couldn’t come to pick her up, well.”

The current state Eri was in said it all. Kendo stroked the little girl’s head to try and calm her down.

“She mentioned you as someone she knows, so we hope that you can take her home since we would prefer for her to be comfortable and to not cry all the way. Plus, we have a lot on our hands.
right now,” Vlad finished and rubbed his temples.

“I… don’t exactly know where she lives,” Kendo admitted. “But I could let her stay with me for the night?”

“That won’t be necessary,” Midnight said and walked over to a nearby desk. She handed a slip of paper to Itsuka. “This is Midoriya’s address.”

“Right,” Kendo nodded.

“I will lead you to the back exit. We wouldn’t want the media to swarm you and the girl, would we?” Kan said. He beckoned for her and Eri to follow him.

Kendo readied herself. She took a glance at Eri. The little girl was still sobbing, though not as much as she had been inside the staff room. Those many tears were still worrying, however.

"It's fine, my dear, everything is alright,” she whispered to Eri.

Kendo gave a long and loud sigh as she looked out the window of the train carriage. Eri had finally calmed down and was sleeping soundly on her lap.

Who would have thought U.A. had several hidden entry points and escape routes? That was not to mention the other security measures in place. Kendo’s focus then shifted back to Eri. She felt a sense of calmness washing over her upon observing the peaceful expression Eri wore. Kendo’s little apprentice was so cute. Then anger crept into her heart. How could Izuku just up and leave his little sister behind like that? Eri trusted him so much, and loved him even more. If Kendo didn’t care so much about Eri’s feelings, she would just go ahead and beat Izuku up to knock some sense into the boy.

“Announcement,” the train speaker suddenly blared. “A warning has been issued about an upcoming tropical storm. Please get to your place of residence as soon as possible. Thank you.”

Kendo groaned as the massage ended. As if today wasn’t gloomy enough with the U.S.J.? Well, there was just one more station before she arrived at her destination. She should get to Eri’s home in time for the forecast to pass, and even then it could be wrong, right?

Fifteen minutes later, Kendo discovered that she was wrong to doubt the weather. Very wrong. It was raining cats and dogs and she had to march through the storm with a child in tow.

‘Dammit, dammit, dammit,’ Kendo thought as she ran through the empty street. The sound of thunder echoed through the darkened sky. The whole area looked more like late evening rather than early afternoon thanks to the gathering storm clouds.

Kendo shot a glance at Eri. She had used her coat to cover the little girl so that she had some protection from the rain. Some. There was no way a normal jacket could stop this much rain. Still, Kendo kept running. According to the address, she should be there…

‘Here!’

Kendo stopped right in front of a dull and average-looking apartment complex with a number ‘2’ plastered onto it. She quickly ran into the building’s stairwell for cover.

“Ah, finally,” she sighed.
“Are we home?” Eri asked.

“Wah- you’re awake, Eri?” Kendo asked in shock. She thought the little girl had been sleeping this whole time.

“Yeah, the thunder wok-” before she could finish, another clap of thunder boomed up above in the sky. “Ah!” Eri flinched and hugged Kendo. “I’m scared!”

“Just hold on, we are at your home now. Do you remember which floor?” the orange-haired girl asked.

“F-fourth. R-room 245,” Eri muttered, still clinging to her master with her eyes closed.

The president of Class 1-B quickly walked up to the steps and toward her destination. Kendo eventually arrived at the supposed door. Without hesitation, she pushed the bell. A few seconds passed, then a voice called out from the intercom.

“Hello?” a feminine voice greeted them.

“Mom!” Eri yelled back.

“Eri?!”

They could hear the sound of locks being hastily undone from the other side of the door, then the wooden door swung open.

Standing in front of Kendo was a woman in her late thirties or early forties, with green hair tied into a ponytail. Her resemblance with Izuku was quite apparent.

“Mom!” Eri yelled again, and leaned away from Kendo towards Inko.

“Oh, my little girl!” Inko yelled back. She rushed in to hug Eri, and, in the process, Kendo as well. They stood like that for about a minute or two, much to Kendo’s discomfort.

The mother let go and took Eri from Kendo’s arms. “Thank you so much, dear.” Inko offered her gratitude to Itsuka.

“Thank you, Kendo,” Eri also offered, trying to bow within Inko’s arms.

“Kendo? Your martial arts teacher?” Inko asked Eri. The little girl nodded. “So young, and a student at U.A. as well! Are you in the same class as Izuku?”

“No, ma’am, I am-” the orange-haired girl was interrupted by another round of booming of thunder.

“Let’s talk inside,” Inko said, and retreated into the apartment’s hall.

“Oh, umm, no thanks, ma’am. I am already wet, so I might as well get home now rather than-”

“Oh no you don’t, young lady,” Inko cut her off. “You will come in and dry up. And if this storm didn’t stop, you will stay for the night or at least let me call you a taxi.” Inko set Eri down onto her feet, and the latter quickly ran into the apartment. “I won’t let you walk around in weather like this.”

The doting mother came up behind Kendo and gently pushed her inside her home. While trying to resist at first, Kendo was ultimately overcome by the power of motherhood, and walked forwards
on her own in defeat.

Inko closed the door behind them as Kendo took off her shoes and socks before wiping her feet clean as to not soak the floor.

“Here, let me,” Inko took Kendo’s jacket from her hands. “The bathroom is through the second door to the left, dear. It’s all yours.”

Kendo nodded and made her way to the bathroom. She observed her new surroundings. The apartment had quite a homely atmosphere to it; a family phone hanging from the wall, small flower pots, and Kendo swore she smelled cooking in the air. She didn’t expect this to be the home of someone as cynical and paranoid as Midoriya, but she supposed anything could be possible.

As she walked past the room with a name template — ‘Izuku’ — on the door, her curiosity perked up. What lay behind that door? The door of someone who’s personality made such a stark contrast between caring for Eri dearly and judging Kendo’s master/Kendo so harshly. Kendo shook her head. The Midoriya matriarch had offered her shelter, so she shouldn’t invade their privacy.

Kendo twisted the doorknob leading to the bathroom and push the door open. Inside, she met with Eri who was already stripped down to her undergarments.

“Ah! Sorry, Eri! I will just let you finish,” Kendo apologized and was about to close the door.

“Eh? It’s fine. We could take a bath together?”

‘Ah, right, children usually don’t understand privacy,’ the oranged-haired girl remembered.

“Besides,” Eri continued. “I take a bath with Izuku, or mom, all the time.”

Kendo sighed. So Eri couldn’t take a bath alone yet, huh? Well, since Ms. Midoriya would be cleaning Kendo’s clothes she might as well do her bit by helping Eri bathe.

About fifteen minutes later, Kendo and Eri let out long, wistful breaths as they submerged most of their bodies under the warm water inside a bathtub.

“Ah, this feels so good,” the orange-haired girl said blissfully. Eri nodded in agreement. Kendo couldn’t tell why, but bathing in warm water while listening to the sound of rain and distant thunder really made her feel relaxed. Perhaps it was the fact that she was indoors while it was raining like Hell on Earth outdoors.

“This isn’t too hot for you, right?” Kendo asked her apprentice.

“No,” Eri answered. A silence hung in the air for a few heartbeats. “Kendo…”

“Yes?”

Eri fidgeted her fingers. “I am sorry for crying so much,” the little girl apologized.

“Oh, it’s not something to be sorry about,” Kendo replied with a nervous smile. While she felt that Eri did need to become more confident, if she approached this wrong then Kendo would leave the white-haired girl with even less self-assurance.

“But,” Eri choked. “I s-should be more brave, l-like you or Izuku, but I-I-” Eri began to sob again.
Instead of trying to comfort her with words, Kendo pulled Eri into a hug. “Shh, it's okay now,” Kendo hushed. “Everything will be alright. No one blames you.”

Eri placed her ear over Kendo’s heart, listening intently to her heartbeat. They stayed like that for the rest of their bath time together.

The master and apprentice emerged from the bathroom about twenty minutes later. Eri was in her pajamas while Kendo was in baggy blue shorts and a white t-shirt.

“Is this really okay?” Kendo wondered out loud while examining herself. She blushed a little at the fact that she was in Midoriya’s nightclothes.

“You look good in it,” Eri complimented.

“And you look pretty cute as well,” Kendo returned the kind words and patted Eri on the head. Eri liked being pat.

“The storm is predicted to get worse,” a voice came from what Kendo presumed to be a television in the Midoriya’s living room. She shuffled closer to hear what the grim-faced newscaster had to say next. “The government has now issued that all residents should stay indoors until the storm subsided. Only make journeys if it is an emergency. It is estimated that-” The sound of the channel being switched was heard and Kendo knew that she would definitely have to stay here for the night.

“Come on, let's eat dinner,” Eri said, beaming at Kendo. For the little girl, this was the first sleepover she’d ever had, so naturally Eri was excited. Eri grabbed Kendo’s hand and dragged her towards the living room.

They walked in while Inko was just finishing up cooking. The TV remote was set on the worktop nearby.

“Oh, just take a seat, dears. The food will be ready soon,” the housewife told them.

“Right,” Kendo replied. She let Eri drag her along, but something caught Kendo’s eye.

There was a creature sitting on the sofa, fast asleep. It looked like a very large cat with a spiky tail, a red sharp horn on its forehead, and wings that shone like stars in the sky. Kendo was amazed with the majestic appearance of the feline creature, and a little intimidated by the cub’s claws and teeth.

“Is that...?” Kendo pointed at the sleeping Aslan.

“Yeah, that’s Aslan, he’s... umm, unique,” Eri tried to explain, but unlike Izuku she wasn’t so willing to bend the truth, especially toward someone she respected like Kendo.

“I... see,” the orange-haired girl muttered, still in awe of the Chromanticore.

Both of them eventually seated themselves at the dining table while waiting for the food to be plated up.

“During the afternoon today, the prestigious Hero academy, U.A., came under attack by a large group of Villains under the name the League of Villain.” Kendo’s attention immediately shifted towards the television. The channel had been swapped from one news report to another. The male on duty reporter continued where his female partner left off; “In an unexpected turn of events, it was the Villains that suffered the most casualties...”
“...of the seventy two Villains who participated in the attack, less than a dozen survived, with some of the survivors still in critical condition...”

“If I blast my face really hard, do you think I will die?” Katsuki asked his parents.

Both of them turn to their son; Mitsuki with a frown, while Masaru looked concerned.

“If you sprout any more of that suicidal bullshit, I will send you to a therapist,” Katsuki’s mother told her son.

“Or maybe we should send you to one anyways, considering what you have been through,” the father added.

Upon not hearing a reply, Mitsuki made a note to herself to contact her friend, a trusted therapist, to book a session for her son at a discount price.

“...many bodies were found mutilated or in an unrecognizable state. An official describes the scene as ‘a massacre’...”

“Dear, please change the channel,” Mika Jirou requested.

“Right.” Kyotoku Jirou, her husband, did as she requested and switched the channel to music.

Both parents turned their heads in concern toward their daughter and her friend, Uraraka. Jirou understood that she would see some fucked up stuff when she decided to become a Hero, but what Izuku did… what he’d done… how he killed that man. The hand that came out of the mouth, the scream, oh god—

Jirou’s breathing was growing noticeably laboured.

“Kyoka-chan,” Uraraka called her friend's name, snapping her classmate out of her trance. Ochako had volunteered to come home with the purple-haired girl to keep her company. If it hadn't been her then someone else would have had to, Jirou could barely talk. She had mentioned several times that she wasn’t good with any ‘horror’ stuff and Izuku had certainly turned the U.S.J into a horror house beyond comprehension.

One way or another, due to the timely arrival of the tropical storm Uraraka would have to stay for the night. Which was probably for the best considering what her classmate was going through. Uraraka’s parents wouldn’t be able to visit her anyway because of the storm.

“I-I am fine,” Kyoka breathed out. In contrast to her words, her grip on Uraraka’s palm tightened. Ochako could feel the girl’s body’s trembling.

All three people there could do nothing but worry about Jirou’s future as a Hero.

“...while the suspect of this atrocious act is still unknown, it is speculated to be one of the students...”

He nearly laughed at that. Finally, someone who was willing to do what had to be done, and at such a young age as well! Perhaps there was hope for this generation after all?

Stain killed off the last small fly in the room, before pushing a corpse off the sofa to sit down to watch the news.
"...one way or another the official has named this incident the 'U.S.J Massacre'..."

"Ugh," Shigaraki groaned. "That... son of a... bitch."

Apparently, the simple beating the white-haired man had suffered gave him more internal injuries than external ones. Even Kurogiri was still recovering from being electrocuted.

All For One watched his apprentice receiving medical treatment. He was the man dubbed as the Symbol of Evil, but frankly, All For One always considered himself just extremely egalitarian. He might not care for the lives of others, but that’s only because they were strangers. He did not hold prejudices — grudges maybe — but not prejudices — and he felt that mass killing was one of the things that society did well, for once, in abolishing.

But now... All For One felt that in his gut that dark times of chaos more gruesome than he could ever create were coming. It would be a darkness to rival that of the ages before Quirks, when millions were slaughtered in camps and terrorism were rampant. And when it arrived, the world would know what the highest form of evil truly was.

For now, he took heart in grooming Tomura into a proper heir for his Quirk. The world was always one minute away from an apocalypse. So, All For One thought he might as well accomplish what he set out to do before all was reduced to dust.

"...We will report more on emerging details as the investigation progress-"

Inko turned off the television. Eri and Kendo turned to her.

"Dinner is ready," Inko said with a smile and began laying down the plates.

Kendo could clearly see that Inko was doing her best to maintain a welcoming appearance. With Izuku absent and Inko’s more-than-distressed state, and now the news, the orange-haired girl began to piece things together. Was Izuku the one who...?

Kendo nearly shook her head at the thought. Nearly. She shouldn’t think ill of someone before there was any evidence, even if that someone was Izuku. But something about this situation wasn’t adding up.

"Umm, mom, where is your dinner?" Eri asked. She was too innocent for this world.

"Oh, I’m not hungry yet, dear," Inko moved away from the table and toward the bathroom. "Enjoy."

Kendo looked down at her food; Katsudon. It looked delicious.

"Itadakimasu," Eri said, digging in.

Kendo lips curled up at the little girl’s cheerfulness and she too began eating her meal. Just one spoonful in, and she had already passed judgment on the meal. Delicious.

As it might have turned out, both of the girls were tired out after the whole ordeal and quickly fell asleep on Inko’s bed — at the mother’s insistence. Both of them slept soundly; Kendo was embracing Eri. Their peace was interrupted when Eri stirred in her sleep. Kendo slowly opened her eyelids. The little girl’s face was filled with fear as she struggled in the older girl’s arms.
“Eri.” Kendo lightly caressed the horned-girl cheek. “Eri,” Kendo called again, a little louder.

Eri’s eyes snapped open. Upon realizing that Kendo was looking at her, she knew that she had caused more trouble.

“You have nightmares?” the orange-haired girl asked.

“Yes,” Eri admitted, little droplets formed at the corner of her eyes; more tears threatening to fall. “I-I’m sorry.”

“It’s not your fault.” Kendo pulled the little girl into a closer embrace. “With a day this hectic, it’s natural to dream unpleasant things.”

“But it isn’t just that… he promised,” Eri choked. She used her hands to roughly rub her tears away. “Stupid tears.”

“Eri, don’t do that,” Kendo told her. “What promise? And who?” Kendo felt like this might be the root of what made Eri so tearful today.

“Izuku promised,” Eri began to sob. “He promised that he will be there for me, but today he’s—”

Eri fell silent as Kendo brought her index finger onto her lips. The orange-haired girl knew that if she didn’t do something, Eri would begin to cry again. But what came next? She had to say something to make the little girl feel better. Before, back at the dojo, Kendo had refused to promise Eri anything to ease her anxiety when she had to choose whether to attend. After getting to know her, however, Kendo thought she should have at least given Eri some words of encouragement like her master did back then. Now was the time to fix that.

“Then… I will be there for you as well.” Kendo pushed their foreheads together. Eri was taken aback by the action. “If there are two of us, well, then at least one of us can be there for you.”

It was at this point that Eri was considered Kendo to be more than her master; she was like a sister. Both of them closed their eyes and stayed like that until they both slipped back into sleep.

Right before both of their minds wandered off to the Dreamland, they heard the sound of the front door open and Inko asking, “Izuku? Why are you covered in slime?”.

Chapter End Notes

I guess Eri got the short end of the stick through the whole thing?
"I thought this would be a usual session with you, Hound Dog-sensei," Izuku mused.

"Heck if it would," Hound Dog retorted.

Izuku was laying on the same old couch in the same old therapy room. However, sitting in with the usual bestial teacher were Aizawa, Nezu, and All Might in his real form.

"Several of your classmates are dealing with borderline PTSD, except that girl, Jirou, because she already has PTSD!" the beastial teacher growled. "Tell me, did you really expect to get away with what you did without any punishment?"

"Yes," Izuku replied casually with a shrug. The teachers were quite baffled by his answer.

"How could you-" Hound Dog didn't get to finish.

"I can just go live in the Multiverse. Frankly, I have planned my life ahead enough to secure some form of retreat should the need arise. Then I can wait, oh, I don't know, for about a century in a cryo pod and come back when everyone who could have remembered me is dead."

The room fell silent. An angry, bitter part of Izuku was tempted to ask 'Who died?'

"Then why don't you?" Nezu questioned.

"Because my mother is still alive and Eri still wants to live here. If it wasn't for those reasons, I
would have already," Izuku answered.

Aizawa sighed loudly. "Why did you suddenly decide to kill them? You came to us wanting to change but then you threw everything away and killing again. Why?" Each individual narrowed their eyes at Izuku in anticipation for his answer.

Izuku sighed. "Tell me, do you really think a life like mine can avoid killing? That I can put my weapons down and expect to live in peace?" The dimension traveler turned his attention solely on Aizawa. His emerald eyes pierced the teacher's heart. "No. The Multiverse will never leave me alone. On the very first day that my Quirk manifested, those people that interfered with Overhaul's hideout raid discovered me and come to me on that very day."

"Speaking of which," Nezu interrupted. "Who are these people?"

Izuku shrugged. "I only know the basics. They are basically the United States, but they've grown in their own dimension until they reached interdimensional levels of power. Pax Americana, I think that's what they are called," Izuku explained to the best of his ability. That was all he really knew (or cared to know), about Mr. V's organization.

"Hmm, judging from your tone, you don't believe they can be stopped?" All Might pointed out. He only received furrowed brows from the greenette.

"They are a nation, on a multiversal level no less, not organized crime syndicate. There is no reason to stop them, not that anyone in our dimension can anyways," Izuku clarified.

"Can you at least tell us of their plan?" All Might requested with a hardened look.

"They're probably-"

Izuku was cut off when a bullet pierced through the window and lodged onto the floor, creating a small crater and a trail of smoke. All the Heroes in the room were about to spring into action, but Izuku stopped them.

"Don't bother," Izuku sneered. "That sniper can shift in and out of our dimension, he had probably got away or found a new spot already. Besides, that was just a warning shot. If we stop talking about the Pax Americana, he won't do anything else."

The rest of the staff looked to their leader. The cat-mouse-dog principal nodded solemnly. They all went back to their seats and tried their best to pretend there wasn't a bullet hole on the floor.

"What were you saying about how the Multiverse will never leave you alone?" Hound Dog picked up where they had left off before the conversation veered off track and the group got shot at.

"Like I said, on the first day that my Quirk manifested, Pax had already contacted me. After that I just... used my Quirk and made myself known even more. Now there will be people who will come after me, either for my power or for other reasons."

"That is quite a paranoid way of thinking," Nezu pointed out.

"Your point? What do you think I am dealing with in there? And don't tell me to stop going into the Multiverse, that wouldn't work anymore," Izuku told them.

"Care to elaborate on that?" Aizawa asked.

"I have already made a bit of a name for myself and while it is a drop in the ocean, the way I go
into the Multiverse warrants more attention than most. You see it is because of my Quirk."

"How does your Quirk have anything to do with this?" Hound Dog asked.

"There are three major methods to traverse the Multiverse: by machine, by cosmic means, and by innate ability. The latter is the rarest, and Quirks just happen to fall under the innate category. Trust me, there are probably one or two groups looking to clone me already, or maybe brainwash me and keep me as a slave. One way or another, it is always better to be safe than sorry."

The room fell into another silence as Izuku's explanation ended.

Several thoughts were going through everybody's heads, but none were processing their thoughts as fast as Nezu. The principal of U.A. was trying to figure out what the real problem was. He tried to put things in order.

'Izuku killed people and U.A. wanted to stop that. Izuku can't stop killing because the Multiverse will force him to. The Multiverse will not leave him alone.'

This same line of thought repeated itself inside Nezu's mind several times, but every time he hit a dead end.

'The Multiverse will not leave him alone. The Multiverse will not leave him alone… but what if… he was the one that didn't leave the Multiverse alone.'

"What if you become a Hero in the Multiverse instead?"

The teachers in the room twisted their heads to look at Nezu. Izuku narrowed his eyes as he focused on the principal of U.A.

"There is no such things as 'hero'. Dimensional travelers like myself will eventually settle down in some dimension — preferably our own or a quiet one. The closest thing would be cosmic entities that can be considered benevolent. Besides, I keep my interaction with it at the minimum, but just enough to build something of protection between me and the infinite dimensions out there," Izuku explained.

"And that might be your problem," Nezu said.

Izuku blinked in confusion. "I don't follow."

"You just want to survive in the Multiverse, you don't look to thrive. That's why you are so paranoid, because you have just the bare minimum to survive. Let me explain further." Nezu paused to let the group concentrate. "When someone starts a company, their first step is to make sure that they can survive on a day-to-day basis. What comes after that is expansion; expanding their business, increasing profit, those kinds of things. What I am trying to say, Mr. Midoriya, is that you need to do more than what you are currently doing."

"Sir," Aizawa interrupted. "I don't think that's a good idea."

"Not at all. When a company has expanded to a certain point, all that is left for its founder is decision making. For you, Mr. Midoriya, that means taking a load off from your shoulders," Nezu finished. Izuku, however, didn't look amused.

"What you are suggesting is a ridiculously dangerous gambit. On a scale that-" Izuku paused. He suddenly looked hesitant. Nezu wasn't completely wrong. Was he going to just really survive day-by-day in the Multiverse for the rest of his natural, and perhaps unnatural, lifespan? "I will need to
think about this."

"Think all you want, this is a very big choice after all," Nezu reassured him.

"You know that really didn't fix any of the immediate problems, about the killing," Hound Dog pointed out.

"We can't," Nezu said, much to everybody's surprise. "Some ways of life just cannot avoid certain things. Young Midoriya here is an extreme example. When we started this session, I have to admit that I myself didn't quite know what to fix about him. Now I know that we have two real objectives." Nezu held up his paw and held out two claws/ fingers. "First, we have to make sure that you don't kill people so brutally or sadistically, like a psychopath. Second, we have to make you mentally stronger, considering that you decided to throw everything away just because you realized that you cannot avoid killing instead of... hmm," the principal of U.A. mused. "How many people know about the true nature of your Quirk, that you can consult with?"

"Two. My mother and Katsuki. I don't want to trouble my alternate selves, they have their own problems or contrast me too greatly to offer me any real advice... well, maybe except two or three, but they are too busy to help out," Izuku answered. "Anyone else are... just people who know about my ability, but can't offer much, no offense," Izuku apologized to the teachers.

"I see. I am getting a better picture of the problem now." Izuku lifted an eyebrow at the principal in curiosity. "You feel too much of a mental burden from a lack of proper channels in which you can relieve stress, you aren't able to seek out a helpful consultant. Which lead to you breaking under all that pressure. So, the first course of action is very clear." Everyone leaned in anticipation. "You need to let more people know about your Quirk so they may help you share the weight you are carrying."

While the teachers looked thoughtful at the suggestion, Izuku was shocked.

"No! Absolutely not!" The outburst from the greenette took everyone by surprise. "Pax will spy on anyone who is in the know of my power."

"And have they ever made a move on anyone?" All Might asked.

"I don't know, and I don't want to find out. I will not put anyone at risk because of my Quirk," Izuku concluded.

"Then how does young Katsuki know your Quirk's true nature?" All Might questioned further.

An expression of pure horror was stuck on Izuku's face. The adventure all those years ago was their most guarded secret, no one but him, Katsuki, and certain alternate selves of him and his mother knew of this.

"Coincidence," Izuku tried to lie, but this time he wasn't particularly convincing.

"Your secret is your own, Midoriya," Aizawa reassured. "But you have a lot of them already. Secrets, I mean. So, how many are you going to burden yourself with?"

They were right. When he came here today, he thought it would be a waste of time, but instead, they figured out some ways out for him. His mental health was... not the best as far as he could remember. That was why he left his dreams and nightmares with Kuranes. He couldn't shut his eyes without his fear or certain memories coming to haunt him, but now the Dreamer King was becoming less willing to safeguard his intensified insanity — no doubt as a result from his joy in killing some of the Villains. If that was the case, then madness would claim him when the King's
patience ran out.

All those years ago, he told Katsuki about his secret in order to save himself. Now, he had to do that again.

No. He had to be smarter this time. If he told his class and a few other individuals, they would be spied on by Pax, thus taxing them as well. But what if he could tell everyone en-masse, what if he…

"When is the Sports Festival again?"

Katsuki was strolling through the hall of U.A. His destination? Bathroom.

"Katsuki!" a voice called to him in the empty hallway. The blond turned around to see no other than Izuku.

"Izuku? What are you doing here? Didn't they suspend you?" Katsuki asked with a raised brow.

"They do, but they also told me to come to a therapy session with them," Izuku explained. "Why I am here though is much more important." The greenette took a deep breath while his friend folded his arms. "It is time for me to reveal my secret — my true power."

Katsuki's eyes widened at his friend's words. "You do realize that anyone who knows will-" He was cut off when Izuku lifted his hand.

"That's why I and the teachers came up with a plan. Do you remember the U.A. Sports Festival?"

Katsuki held his chin as he recalled the details of the event. "It's a yearly event at U.A. where they pit students of each year from every department against each other. It's broadcasted all… over the country…" Katsuki finally understood what Izuku was trying to do. Now there was a weak grin on the greenette's face.

"This is it. This is my chance to let it all go. All the secrets, all my power, all of it," Izuku explained as he looked out a nearby window. Strange, last week's storm nearly caused an emergency, but now the sky was so clear.

"Are you sure they won't just cut the broadcast? You know what they are capable of," Katsuki pointed out, still skeptical about this idea.

"They won't. I have some… bargaining power. As long as I didn't spell it out to people at large, they would be willing to let me do this. Afterward, I will explain to others about my Quirk," Izuku assured.

"Then why not just do that?" Katsuki questioned.

"Don't you get it? Do you know how many people didn't believe me the first time I told them about my power? I have to prove it and what is a better way to do that than in the most spectacular way possible in the stadium?!" Izuku cheered. If Katsuki didn't know better he would think Izuku had already lost it. "Besides, don't you want to fight me at my fullest potential?" Katsuki genuinely blinked in surprise at that.

"You know as much as I do that my true potential doesn't lie with me alone, but with everything I have amassed. My alternate selves, the technology, and so much more. I want to embrace my true potential and I know… that the best way to apologize to you… was to not hold back."
Katsuki stared thoughtfully at his friend. For a while, they locked eyes; slowly coming to understand each other without a word.

A feral grin crept onto Katsuki's face. "Fine. I am gonna come at you with everything I got, Izuku." The blond was always eager for a fight, even with Izuku. No. Especially with Izuku, as he was the only one Katsuki wasn't actively aggressive toward. "Come at me with all your fancy toys and your shitty backups. I am gonna beat them all!"

Izuku just grinned back. "You bet I will." Izuku took a deep breath and his grin disappeared. He breathed out sharply before continuing. "I won't be around until the Sports Festival. I need to make the necessary preparations."

"Sure, go ahead. I am sure those idiots will understand…" Katsuki’s savage smile faltered a little. "No, you have to make them understand. Their… trust in you isn't… in the best of places right now." Izuku nodded then turned toward the corner at the end of the hallway.

"You do realize the girls from 1-A and 1-B are listening in, right?" Both of them heard a collective 'eep' from around the corner.

"Yeah, not like you said too much though."

"Of course, I wouldn't. I learnt to keep my secrets safe at every moment. As for the issue about Pax, I-" Izuku was interrupted when Katsuki grabbed his shoulder.

"Just, stop worrying. You need to get this off your chest, and, well, we are supposed to be a Heroes. It is our job to help."

Izuku's eyes widened before he closed them with a solemn smile. "You are a better person than I could ever be, Katsuki Bakugou," Izuku muttered quietly. He then composed himself. "Right. Oh, and one more thing, the usual one-on-one match had been changed to a free-for-all fight for this year, so be prepared for that. I won’t hold back." Izuku said. He walked toward the nearby wall.

"Wouldn't expect anything less!" Katsuki yelled, then laughed. Once Izuku was gone he turned to the corner where the others were hiding. "Come out!"

The girls from both classes huddled out together with Kendo leading the group.

"Care to explain what was that about?" Kendo questioned as she crossed her arms.

"And what is he doing here? Isn't he supposed to be on his suspension period?" Ashido questioned as well, not happy with seeing Izuku in the slightest.

"Spare me you rambling about him, racoon-eyes," the blond groaned and rolled his eyes. "If you want to vent out your fucking frustration, I got a goddamn perfect solution for you." Katsuki turned to the girls of Class 1-B. "Who's your leader?"

"That would be me," Kendo answered.

"So you are Kendo. I heard about you from Izuku and Inko. I have also heard that you slept in his apartment."

The rest of the girls' eyes widened and turned toward the orange-haired girl. While blushing slightly, Kendo remained composed.

"I do, but it's because I had to take Eri home last week and the storm moved in before I could get
home in time. So I had to stay overnight at the Midoriya's apartment," the President of 1-B explained.

Katsuki brows furrowed. "You didn't go into his room or… saw anything weird did you?" the blond asked.

The blush on Kendo's face intensified while the other girls looked at her scandalously. Setsuna was grinning like a madwoman.

"I am not sure what yo-" She was cut off.

"I ask only because if you did then Izuku's whole shitty plan might go up in smoke," Katsuki cut off; his tone was sharp like a knife. "So tell me; Did. You. See. Anything."

"All I saw was the inside of their apartment and Aslan," Itsuka answered. Her blush disappeared as the question took a more serious turn.

Katsuki sighed. "Well, if it was just that little bastard then I suppose nothing bad will come of this yet. Anyways, I want to ask you something."

"And that something is?" Kendo asked.

"Can your class have a meeting with mine after school?"

"Umm… what is this about?" Iida asked the question that had been on everybody's mind.

The entirety of Class 1-A and 1-B had gathered in the almost empty cafeteria after school had ended.

"Is this about Midoriya?" Kirishima gave an educated guess, which wasn't far from the truth.

Mina just pointed at Katsuki "Ask him."

"Is everybody fucking here?" Katsuki asked Kendo. He received a nod as an answer. "Good, then we can finally start." The blond first turned to Kirishima. "Yeah, this is about Izuku."

"Hmm, then why does this concern us, 1-B?" Monoma pointed out. The others in Monama’s class agreed, even the girls who had heard the previous conversation between Katsuki and Izuku.

"Because I need your… help," Bakugou admitted with a blank stare. His classmates were caught off guard at the lack of pride and hostility that Katsuki usually showed.

"Oh ho!" Monoma exclaimed. "So the mighty Class 1-A come to us with a request for aid! How unexpected!"

"Enough," Kendo ordered. The forcefulness in her tone caught her classmates off-guard. "Monoma, for just once, let's hear this out." No one objected her further. She turned to Katsuki. "Let me guess, you want to fight Izuku at the Sports Festival?"

"Yeah, and since you and the girls decided to be goddamn spies, let me remind and recap it all for the others. Izuku is going to use his full potential at the Sports Festival, I am going to fight him with everything I've fucking got. Unfortunately, his true power is…" Katsuki took a deep breath then exhaled. "Far above me." At this point, some students of the 1-A were wondering if Katsuki had received any head injuries during the U.S.J..
"Umm, what do you mean?" 1-B student, Hiryu Rin, asked — since he was unfamiliar with Izuku's Quirk.

"Beyond that damn teleportation power and his fancy gears, Izuku has a lot of tricks up his sleeve, and he is going to unleash them at the Sports Festival," Katsuki gave a pregnant pause. "I can't fucking do this alone, we" the blond motioned his finger around his surrounding classmates. "Can't fucking do this alone."

"Bold of you to assume we will do badly against Midoriya," Todoroki spoke up. "I don't plan to lose to him, and what do you mean 'we'? It's not like we can gang up on Izuku."

"Oh, but we can," Katsuki argued. "This year won't be a one-on-one match as usual, but a royal rumble. So it is possible for all of us to fuck Izuku up." The revelation caused the students to immediately start talking among themselves. It had been a tradition to have 1v1 battles as the final event for the Sports Festival. So why this suddenly changed in their year?

"Are you trying to trick us?" Todoroki accused.

Before Bakogou could deflect the accusation, someone decided to interrupt them.

"No, he isn't." All the students looked at the source of the voice and discovered it to be no other than Nezu.

"Principal, sir!" most of the students formally greeted the head of the school.

"Please don't be so loud. My face might not show it, but I have a headache; borderline migraine, really." The students fell silent. "I can confirm to you all that there is a major change to final event this year; a free-for-all battle. The reason? Mister Midoriya, of course."

"Wah- why change the entire event for just one person, sir?" Iida asked. For someone as tradition-bound as him, this made no sense.

"Because if I don't, he will be the winner without a doubt."

Tetsutetsu was mortified at those words. "Sir, are you saying that-" He was interrupted when Kendo motioned for him to quiet down. "Sorry. Sir, do you have so little faith in your students? Do you think if it's a one on one fight, Midoriya will always come out on top?"

While quieter, Tetsutetsu was still very much agitated by Nezu's words. The fact that a teacher, a principal at that, had told his students that someone was doing better than them was extremely discouraging, and, as the smarter students noted, extremely unconventional and uncharacteristic of Nezu.

"Of course," the certainty in their teacher's voice was like a hot knife stabbing them in the heart to many students. "Though frankly, I highly doubt the third-years or even the teachers would fare any better." The edge of his words was dullened but still painful. "Do you know why I have go so far for Midoriya? Let me reveal a little secret about him. Before attending U.A., Midoriya was a Vigilante." The reaction to the revelation ranged from complete-shock to expected-surprise.

"In his last act, he accidentally killed three criminals, after which he realized his mistake and turned himself in. The Hero responsible for the case saw enough potential and Heroic spirit in him to recommend him to U.A. Even as he attends this school he is still under probation," Nezu paused, letting the information sink in before continuing. "But it appeared his other secrets were crushing him, so at U.S.J. he broke... and the rest is history."
A cold silence hung in the air, even Todoroki could feel the chill.

"So it was true that he's…" Reiko Yanagi broke the silence. "...the Slaughterer of U.A.?

"Slaughterer of U.A.?" many students questioned the title.

"Ah, yes, the title people on many forums and social media platforms decided to dub the one responsible with," Nezu clarified. "Yes, that's unfortunately the case, and this was exactly why I went so far as to break U.A.'s tradition."

"I am afraid I don't get it, sir," Yaoyorozu admitted. "How will this benefit Midoriya's… reformation?

"This Sports Festival is the best way for him to let the secrets that have been burdening him out, since they are all related to his Quirk. Plus the audiences at large won't get an explanation afterward like us, so it was the perfect opportunity. So please, children, do your best to save this poor soul from falling down into the depths."

A thoughtful silence followed. Many of the students had a variety of opinions on Midoriya, but as young Heroes, it was their duty to save people — including from themselves, violently if necessary.

"Well, good day, students! And remember, there will be twenty participants, including Midoriya, in the final round!" The change in the demeanor of the principal before parting ways caught them off-guard, but they quickly composed themselves when Katsuki cleared his throat.

"So, are you all in?" The blond drew his gaze across the gathering students.

"If it means knocking some sense into Midoriya from being a bad brother," Kendo cracked her knuckles, still remembering what he put Eri through for not being there for her. "I am in."

"Knocking some sense into him, huh? Sure, I am in," Mina agreed solemnly.

"Beating the supposed greatest student in the school? I'm all ears," Monoma chirped.

"Right! Let fight him!" Tetsutetsu shouted.

"You bet we will!" Kirishima responded.

Soon, the others agreed, one by one, well, except for one student.

"I still plan to win the Sports Festival," Todoroki objected.

"Then I will cut you some fucking slack then. After we take out Izuku, I will give up. You know I am one of the few people who can kick your ass, so this should be a fan-fucking-tastic deal."

Todoroki grumbled. "Fine, but you better keep your word."

"I will," Katsuki reassured before releasing a heavy sigh. Swallowing this much of his pride wasn't part of his nature, and every minute he felt an urge to scream, but he wouldn't. After all, his other nature was far stronger; his drive to win, for example. And he knew he couldn't win alone.

"Alright, first things first, we need to choose who is going to be in the main fight. I know the Quirks of people in 1-A, but not one 1-B, so start telling me what you can do."

The students from 1-B started telling the blond of their Quirks. From enlarging hands, to shooting horns, to growing mushrooms, and even welding things together.
After hearing everything, Katsuki took a moment to reflect and plan on who would join them and what roles they will play.

"Okay, I think I got it now," the blond said. The others held their breath. "I think some are obvious. Monoma, Kendo, Yaoyorozu, Iida, Honenuki, Setsuna, and, of fucking course, Todoroki, you will all fight." Katsuki let them mumbled among themselves before continuing. "Any-fucking-ways, the others will be Uraraka, Aoyama, Tsuyu, Fukidashi, Shoda, Yanagi, Kodai, and Tetsutetsu."

"Hold on, what about me?" Kirishima interrupted. "I want to fight him too."

"Do you have any fucking fire resistance?"

"Fire resistance?" Kendo asked while they all lifted their collective eyebrows. "Why would we need that?"

"I don't really know for sure what Izuku will bring to the fight, but I can guess one certain… asset. That bitch…” Katsuki's mumbling only served to confuse the others further. "One way or another, we need people who are resistant to the elements in general, not just fire. No offense Kirishima, but when it comes to that Tetsutetsu definitely outclass you."

Kirishima face fell a little.

"Hey, don't worry about it," Tetsutetsu comforted the red-haired boy. "I will kick his ass for you."

"Huh, thanks, man."

"Mineta, Sero, Bondo," Katsuki called to get their attention back, especially the three students. "Can your Quirks get melt?"

"If my glue is heated up, it will melt, but it will harden if it is frozen — like normal glue," Bondo answered.

"My tape isn't exactly good against fire," Sero admitted while scratching the back of his head.

"Umm, my balls will, umm, probably melt," Mineta said, but Katsuki could feel something off.

Katsuki opened his palm and extend it toward the short student. "Your ball, just stick it on my hand."

Mineta was hesitant and the others were looking at him. Feeling a lot of pressure, the ball-headed student obliged and put a ball from his head onto the blond's palm. Katsuki brought the ball closer before blasting it in his palm. Once the small smoke subsided, he tried to throw the ball away but it was still very much sticking to him. The blond repeated the process a few times, only the seventh time did the ball finally fall from katsuki's hand, at which point it was thoroughly charred.

"You're in," Katsuki said bluntly, uncaring of a panicking Mineta. "Now to the last two positions." The blond held his chin.

At this point, most of the people that would make a significant impact were already listed, well, not all of them. Kaminari could certainly damage Izuku with his electricity, but if it left him in an unintelligent state (as usual) then that wouldn't do. Shiozaki's Quirk possessed many utilities, but if that bitch did come then it would be useless, still…

"Shiozaki and… Ashido," The two nodded, with Mina giving a small smirk. Frankly, Katsuki would prefer others besides Mina, but he knew there might be a lot of yelling if he didn't let her
fight since she seemed to hold a personal grudge against Izuku. "Alright, I will give you all a proper battle plan and formation tomorrow. Be prepared." With that Katsuki walked away. The others took this as a sign that they were dismissed.

Some students decided to mingle with each other while others decided it was time to go home.

"You look happy, Mina-chan." Tsuyu noticed.

"Yeah, I get to punch some sense into Midoriya. What's not to be happy about? I will make sure to punch him hard enough so he understands what it's like being on the receiving end of a beating. Then he will definitely, umm, probably, turn around for the better," Mina said with confidence. "What about you, Uraraka? You have been staring at Todoroki a lot lately. Could it be…" Mina lips curled into a sly smile.

"Wah-wah, no! Of course not!" The blush on Uraraka's bright red cheeks seemed to disagree with her own statement, however.

"Relax, girl, I'm just teasing you. Anyways, let head home before it gets dark." Mina skipped away to retrieve her backpack. "You need us to come with you, Jirou-chan?"

"N-no, I think I am good," Jirou declined. Her friends were a bit concerned for her ever since she had been proven to suffer from PTSD from U.S.J. Their hearts were in the right place, but Kyoka believed she would forget those horrific sights... eventually.

As the students moved on with their life, they were blissfully unaware of the perils that await them at the Sports Festival.

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"May I ask what this emergency meeting is about?" a stern voice asked.

"No idea, but hey, all five of us will be here! It will be quite a nostalgic reunion," a cheerful, feminine voice cheered.

Right now, twelve Izukus and Izumis were gathered in the empty meeting Hall of the Sanctuary. They awaited the arrival of their leader. Main walked out from the nearby wall.

"Hey, Main, how's it going!"

"Not particularly good," Main replied.

"Well, shit, didn't expect to hear that reply."

"Is this why you called for an emergency meeting?"

"Yes, now tell me, are you people available…" Main checked his phone's calendar. "A week from now?"

Izuku's preparation would certainly take a lot of time, not to mention a considerable amount of resources to pay off several individuals and groups, but it would all be worth it. He could finally lift this damn secret that had been weighing him down off of him, and he would make sure to give it his all, for once.

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The residents of the Labyrinth of Tigers were running for their lives, not from the usual hazards within the mysterious structure, oh no.
They were running from an uninvited foreigner from another dimension that was crashing with one of the Masters of the Bazaar. Surely, this would certainly win Mrs. Plenty and her rather conservative policies more votes in the upcoming election. Yet, amid the chaos, carnage, and tea, however, one creature was having a good time.

Mr. Veil opened his wings to balance himself as he was pushed back by the punch from the muscular bird-like creature in front of him. He had expected Mr. Midoriya to deliver on his part of the bargain, but Veil didn't expect the green-haired teen to do so... spectacularly.

Even as he regained more of his strength, his newest pray was regenerating its lost legs. The fight had damaged most of his refined cloak, almost revealing his true abominable form, but that was fine. This hunt would be worth any of the damage, well, as long as it didn't damage the properties of the other Masters.

Mr. Veil looked down at his own claws. The blood of this creature soaked his sharp talons. A hunger came over him.

When was the last time he ate? It must have been days at least. Giving in to his primal need, Veil licked the blood from his nails.

'Delicious'

A thought passed through his head.

He wondered… what Midoriya's blood would taste like.

Chapter End Notes

I am always more a write-as-story-go writer, it's more a 'drop the character in and see how they handle themselves in a situation' thing rather than having a detailed plotline.
Today classes proceeded as normal, well, almost as normal. Class 1-A couldn’t help but keep glancing at Izuku every so often. Though to be fair, with the upcoming fight with Izuku, and how Aizawa and Katsuki seemed to be glaring at Izuku a lot today, added to the uneasiness in the air.

The last bell finally rang, and Aizawa wordlessly put down his stick of chalk and made his way out of the room.

“So, want to do something else, *Kacchan*?” Izuku said to Katsuki. The blond shook at the use of his old nickname before looking at the greenette with something akin to annoyance.

“Just head home already,” Bakugou barked.

Izuku harrumphed, quickly packing away his things and heading toward the door. However, upon sliding the entry open, he was greeted by a large crowd.

“What the heck?!” Uraraka exclaimed, shocked at such a large gathering.

“What the heck?!” Uraraka exclaimed, shocked at such a large gathering.

“Do you people have some sort of business with our class?” Iida asked.

“Come on, you’re blocking our way,” Mineta mumbled.

Izuku, meanwhile, just smiled. It almost looked like he was amused. The greenette stepped closer to the crowd, with his left hand held over his chest.

“The name is Izuku Midoriya, a pleasure to meet you all,” the greenette introduced. “Say, what did our little class do to warrant all this attention, may I ask?”

The majority of the Class 1-A students thought Izuku had lost it, both for acting like this didn’t involve U.S.J. and for acting so… out of character. Katsuki knew better, however, and cursed quietly.

“Come on now, please don’t leave us in the dark.” The way Izuku was smiling was beginning to make the gathering students a little uncomfortable. “How about you? Hmm?” The greenette leaned in toward the right-most student to him, a girl with cat ears and short pink hair. [1]
“W-well, I-” the girl stuttered; she didn’t expect to be called out seeing as she was in such a large crowd.

“Oh, how rude of me,” Izuku gasped dramatically. “What a sorry kind of gentlemen you must think I am? I didn’t let this young lady introduce herself. So, may I know your name?” The girl was hesitant, but that smile kept creeping over her. “Please?”

“My name is Miyu.” She felt as if she was being strangled into talking. It didn’t make any sense, but the more she choked on her unease, the more she felt inclined to answer.

“Well then, Miyu, may I know why you are here?” Izuku asked. His voice was becoming increasingly… venomous, and this didn’t go unnoticed by the rest of 1-A.

Miyu felt the urge to run away more intensely as he crept closer, and the other students were beginning to back away from the smiling student.

“W-we j-just wanted to see i-if the rumor was true,” Miya muttered out the answer. “T-that a student killed all those Villains,” the cat-eared student breathed out quickly.

Izuku blinked. There was a momentary silence followed by a strange chill in the air. The greenette blinked again, but this time when he opened his eyes the emerald pupils had turned crimson and his grin disappeared.

“Really now? Are you here to find this killer and watch them like a zoo animal?” Izuku still didn’t turn away from Miyu. Now the cat-eared student wished Izuku would smile again, it was much more preferable than his cold stare. “Come on now, why would you want to see this killer?” Izuku leaned in extremely close. Miyu could feel his breath on her skin. The girl’s lips quivered in fear. How could someone be so… malicious just by the way they acted?

“How about you stop being a creep,” a voice said from the crowd. Izuku immediately withdrew his face, much to Miyu’s relief, and turned to see who had interrupted him. A boy with messy indigo hair that extended out around his head walked through the gathered students and met face-to-face with Izuku.

“Are all the students in the Hero class creeps like you?” the purple-haired boy asked. Some of the 1-A students shook their heads vigorously at the accusation.

“Of course not, but tell me, why would being in the Heroic course make us any different?” Izuku asked and folded his arms.

“Well, for one, we normal students expect you all to be a bit stuck up, blissfully unaware that so many of us who didn’t make it into the Heroic course end up taking other tracks; be it General, Business, or Support.”

“And is that not how things are? In our society, it is unbecoming and unexpected for the losing party to demand anything from the winner, or for the winning party to give up their hard-earned victory for no reason. There will always be winners and losers. That is how things will always be, no matter how unpunished losing becomes or how much less a reward the winner receives.”

“I suppose it is, and that’s why I am here,” the purple-haired boy replied. “Depending on the results of the Sports Festival, there is a chance for a student from another track to be transferred to the Heroic Course. Seeing the Slaughterer of U.A.? I am not here to do that. I am here to make my declaration of war and promise to knock you down from your pedestals,” the boy announced, much to the shock of most people in the crowd and 1-A.
Izuku didn’t react, however, and continued to wear his indifferent expression.

“What makes you think that you will succeed so soon after losing the first time at the Entrance Exam? Improvement doesn’t come in such a short span of time, except with a hefty price — and you don’t look like you have paid any yet,” Izuku stated.

“Simple, I didn’t fail the first time,” the boy answered.

Izuku blinked in surprise. “Pardon?”

“I said I didn’t fail the first time, I didn’t take the Entrance Exam. It didn’t suit someone with Quirk like mine.”

Now Izuku didn’t react, only staring at the General Education student with wide eyes.

Hitoshi Shinso believed he had finally managed to make his point and knocked this creep down a peg, instead he was greeted by the same smile the greenette had flashed at Miyu. Shinso had to admit, seeing it up close and from afar really had a different effect — it was no wonder why Miyu was so scared.

“That’s interesting, isn’t it? First, I have to say I am sorry.” Shinso certainly didn’t expect that. “I was just thinking you were some hypocrite, believing that the world is unfair for having ‘winners’ and ‘losers’ despite aiming to be the winner yourself. Instead, you are just biding your time longer than others, waiting for a chance to strike for the grand prize. What an interesting take on getting the first place.”

Izuku closed his eyes and took a deep breath as if he had let something washed over him. Those who were close enough to him swore they saw red sparks surging through his hair. “Can I know your name?” Midoriya asked, his smile still on his face.

“Hitoshi Shinso,” Shinso introduced blankly.

“I will remember that name, don’t you worry.” While he didn’t show it, Shinso certainly felt worried at being remembered by the greenette. “I will see you at the Festival then, Shinso,” Izuku said and strolled past Shinso. The crowd parted for him to walk down the hallway unhindered. After this recent display, they wouldn’t want to mess with this mysterious student.

After Izuku was out of sight, Shinso walked up to Miyu. “You alright?” the purple-haired student asked.

“I-I am fine, just a little shaken that’s all.” There was a short silence between the two. “Thank you,” she offered.

“That was really cool how you stood up to him,” a boy from the crowd praised.

“Yeah, you showed him not to mess with us!” another student cheered.

“You are like a hero!” a female student shouted. Several more cheers that agreed with the statement followed.

“What is all this ruckus!?” a voice boomed. All heads turned as they saw Hound Dog storming down the hallway. Some students panicked and started running away, causing many to follow them and turn the whole gathering into a student stampede similar to a frightened herd of animals.

Shinso didn’t flinch though. Maybe because of his foolish bravery Hound Dog immediately walked
up to him, uncaring about other students who were running away. Miyu was still beside him, looking hesitant as to whether she should run as well, or not. Someone grabbed the cat-eared girl’s hand. She turned to see her friend, a girl with an auburn ponytail tied by yellow ribbon: Shizuru.

“I-I think we should leave, Miyu,” her friend said to her.

The pink-haired girl looked between her friend and Shinso. The purple-haired student just shrugged.

“Just go if you want, we didn’t do anything wrong,” Shinso told the two girls.

“Didn’t you now?” a new voice asked. Hound Dog was finally upon them. His stare was as bad as Midoriya’s smile. The two girls looked around; they were the only remaining students from the previous assembly. “What’s all this about?” the teacher asked.

Shinso opened his mouth to answer, but someone cut him off.

“Midoriya,” Katsuki said plainly to the teacher.

Hound Dog gave a low growl. “I see. In that case, there’s nothing to be done. Head home, kids,” the bestial teacher said and walked away.

Katsuki turned to the three General Education students. “Sorry about Izuku, he isn’t normally like that. It’s part of his Quirk,” Katsuki apologized. While he usually covered up for Izuku, this time he promised he would ask for something in return, because dealing with this specific Izuku was a nightmare. Still, he had something else for Shinso to think about. “Say, you said you are going to beat us in the Sports Festival, right?”

“Yeah.”

“Well, both Heroic classes have other plans. We agreed to gang up on Midoriya,” Bakugou explained.

“Gee, not gonna word it a little better, huh?” Sero quipped as he and some of the others walked past them.

“What do you mean?” Shizuru questioned. “You plan to kick him out before reaching the final round?”

“Nothing like that, but…” the blond trailed off as he looked at Shinso. “You know what, come to the gymnasium in about forty minutes, change into exercise clothes too if you want. You will see.” Katsuki turned around and left.

Shinso wondered what was going on. A lot of things seemed to have happened so fast this afternoon.

“H-hey,” Miyu’s voice called him back to reality. “Thank again for helping me.”

“Yeah… I… wasn’t daring enough to do that,” Shizuru admitted guiltily. Her grip on Miyu's hand tightened.

“Ah, come on, there were tons of people here and they were just as scared as you,” Miyu tried to comfort her friend.

“Yeah, but… you’re my friend.” A short silence fell between the two.
Shinso cleared his throat. “This sounds a little personal. I will be going now if you don’t mind.”

“Wait, are you going to the gym like that 1-A student told you?” Miyu asked. The purple-haired student nodded.

“What if they, I don’t know, try to beat you up or something?” Shizuru warned.

“You watch too many Korean dramas,” Miyu scolded her friend.

“You’re the one who introduced them to me!”

As the two friends began to argue, Shinso walked away; he intended to see what the Heroic course wanted to show him, because so far he wasn’t impressed.

A long way from U.A., at a dojo located on the outskirt of Kamino city, the atmosphere was quite lively.

“Yah!” Eri yelled as she kicked out her leg up high.

“Good! Now low kick!” the Master of the dojo ordered.

“Yah!” Eri did as she was told.

The bearded man barely resisted the urge to smile. It took a long time, but Eri was finally open enough to let him train her. He had always wanted to teach younger kids, but they had always been scared of him. Eri was the first child to give him a chance, and he intended to repay her kindness.

“Todo,” one of the pupils greeted as he approached.

“It’s ‘Master’ while you are in that garb!” Master Todo yelled back.

“S-sorry, Tod- Umh, um, I mean Master,” the apprentice quickly apologized. “There is a letter for you.” The disciple presented an envelope to the older man.

Todo lifted an eyebrow. He took the envelope and opened it before starting to read. As he was going through the letter’s contents, his eyes slowly widened.

“Can you or someone else take over Eri’s training? I have urgent business,” the Master walked over to Eri. “Eri.”

“Yes, sensei!” the white-haired girl stood at attention. This time Todo finally smiled.

He kneeled down to her level. “You’re doing well, but I have a really sudden issue to deal with” He brought his hands together in an apologetic gesture. “I am really sorry, but I will have to let someone take over. Is that fine with you?”

“Oh, that’s fine,” Eri reassured with a smile.

“Thank you so much,” Todo said with a pat to the little girl’s head. Eri liked being patted. “Alright, take a break until the substitute teacher arrives, okay?” Eri nodded.

With that the Master of the dojo took his leave, but as he walked toward the back of the building he received many smiles and snickers as his pupils noticed a book strapped to the back of his belt: ‘How to Look Approachable to Children’ the title read.
'He’s really making an effort,’ they all thought.

Todo ignored the cheerful air, however. This was a dirty business he about to attend.

The Master went into his office and locked the door behind him. Todo walked up to a cabinet and pushed the furniture away revealing a steel chest placed inside a hole in the wall. He went over to his table to get the key. Todo was growing more anxious by the second as he walked closer to the chest. He had thought he’d buried this part of his life away, but as long as a fraction of it remained he would be forced to step back into the past.

Todo unlocked the container. He lifted the lid, revealing a set of black clothes. He pulled out a black, full-coverage face mask; held it in his hands. The mask had two golden Chinese letters — 包拯 — painted vertically onto it.

The master gave a heavy sigh. It never got any easier doing this, but at least this was it. The one that he had been looking for. If he managed to pull this off, he would in the clear for a long time. He felt a little sick thinking that he was once one of them, and even more sick once he realized he was going to attack those he had once called friends.

But he had no choice… they had taken things too far.

So with a resolution, he donned his mask. Today, the Vigilante ‘Bao Zheng’ would pass down his judgment once again.

“So… what do you think we have to do?” Mina asked the others as they headed out of the changing room and toward the gymnasium. Even if they couldn’t participate in the final round, Toru and Jirou still planned to make it to the second round. After all, the point of the Sports Festival was exposure to Hero Agencies and the media.

“Frankly, I have no idea. Midoriya-san is powerful, but I don’t think he can take on all nineteen combatants at once unless he…” Momo trailed off before looking sickened. At the reminder of U.S.J., Jirou immediately stopped in her tracks.

Knowing what abrupt pause means, Toru, who was the closest to Jirou, took the short-haired girl hand. “Jirou-chan, are you okay?” Toru asked gently. While her Quirk wouldn’t outwardly show it, her face was full of concern.

Jirou herself shook back to reality. “I’m fine,” Kyoka replied, pulling her hand away. She marched ahead of the group. The other girls just looked at each other in worry. Hound Dog had warned them that one of the ways PTSD destroyed its victims was making them avoid acknowledging that they possessed a mental problem.

They all sighed loudly. The girls hated to overlook Jirou’s problem, but they had something else to focus on for now. So they followed their troubled friend and hoped for the best for her. As they entered the gymnasium’s entrance hall, they were greeted by the sight of their classmates and Class 1-B students mingled between each other while Katsuki was on his phone.

“Aha, so she will be there, huh?” There was a pause for the person on the other side to reply. “Him as well? You’re trying to tell Todoroki something?” The phrase caught the attention of the ice-fire user. “Aha, I see. Alright,” Katsuki hung up.

He opened his palm and set off an explosion, catching everybody’s attention.

“Alright, is everyone here?” Katsuki asked.
“Yeah, all of Class 1-B is here,” Kendo confirmed.

“The same goes for our class,” Momo added.

“Good. So, before we begin, I have some news for you guys. Which do you want to hear first? The great news, the good news, the bad news, the shitty news, or the ‘fuck this shit’ news?”

The gathering students looked at each other, uncertain.

“Umm, how about great news first,” Kirishima answered.

“Alright, the great news is that I now know some of the things Izuku will bring to the fight. The bad news is I just realized we still have students from other courses to worry about.”

“You mean that Gen. Ed. kid, who declared ‘war’ on us?” Mineta asked.

“Yup,” Katsuki said casually. “But I highly doubt there will be many of them to pose a threat to us. Now the shitty news,” Katsuki paused. Everyone leaned forward in anticipation. The blond sighed, “I know Izuku wants to reveal it himself, but I need to give you guys some context. One of his abilities allows him to bring in other… individuals as a reinforcement.”

“Wait? You mean teleporting people in?” Setsuna questioned.

“Isn’t that against the rules?” Monoma pointed out.

“Not in his case, it’s more akin to a cloning type Quirk,” Bakugou explained, much to everyone’s confusion.

“But… his Quirk is teleportation. How could he clone himself?” Momo questioned the entire logic of this.

“Like I said that’s the best I can offer, anything else you will have to see and then hear from Izuku himself, but that brings us to the other news. The shitty news is that despite knowing what he will take with him to the fight that doesn’t mean dealing with it is easy, fuck, one of them is going to be one hell of a problem.” Katsuki rubbed his temples in frustration. That bitch would be there. That was more than enough to make him stressed.

At this point, the students had just accepted Katsuki’s ambiguous answers as they understood that they wouldn’t get any real explanation until after the Sports Festival.

“And the worst news?” Tetsutetsu spoke up.

“There are eight more ‘clones’ that he could bring which I don’t know about,” Katsuki answered.

“And the last bit of good news?” Kirishima prompted for him to continue.

“There will only be up to twelve of them at most, since U.A. have made a rule that people with cloning Quirks can only make up to twelve clones in the tournament rounds, which I fucking hope still applies here. Now that’s out of the way, time to get to the reason why you are all here.” Katsuki shifted his eyes around the gym, like a drill sergeant observing new recruits.

“Like I said there are possibilities that some of the planned people from each class will not make it in even if we tried. Izuku is more than capable of throwing a wrench in our plans. So I want all of you to prepare for the Festival like you will be in the final, but there are some people I really want in.” What came next was unexpected to every person there. “Aoyama and Fukidashi, you have to
“Ooo, so you need someone of my charm, grace, and talent, now?” the presumably French student twirled about in happiness.

“Why?” The manga-headed boy asked more bluntly.

“You two are the only ones capable of hurting Izuku,” Katsuki explained. “He can’t phase through energy, only solid objects, or when there is enough force to ‘push’ him to the other side.”

“I am sorry, Bakugou.” Momo raised her hand. “If that’s the case, shouldn’t you pick Kaminari as well? His Quirk also generates electricity, an energy similar to Aoyama-san’s laser.”

“He can’t control its range, he can’t control who the lighting hits, and his brain will stop functioning properly after discharging too much. We have Izuku, who can easily get out of range, and other eleven clones to deal with. So sorry, he isn’t as ideal as Frenchy and Doodles.”

“F-Frenchy?” Aoyama stumbled a little at the nickname.

“Doodles? Really?” Manga’s reaction wasn’t that different from the French blond.

Kaminari, meanwhile, looked down in shame.

“By the way, there are some of you that I will have to ask not to get into the final round as well. Yes, I know what I just said and you should still train to get good results in all the other rounds, we all still need good internships, but just for the love of god drop out before going in for the final round.” With a heavy sigh, Katsuki announced the unlucky student’s names: “Jirou and Komori, sorry, but I don’t think you will fit in with the final fight.”

Jirou looked like she wanted to argue, but the way Katsuki was staring at her made her halt. It probably didn’t need to be said why he told Jirou that she wouldn’t fit in the final fight. Komori’s class, on the other hand, had something to say about their friend’s case.

“Now hold on,” Setsuna spoke up, a little upset. “Why wouldn’t you want our mushroom girl here in the final round? Her Quirk is amazing!”

“I quite agree,” Jurota, the bestial student of 1-B, voiced his opinion. “Komori’s ‘Mushroom’ could certainly do seve-”

“The temperature on the battle platform will rise and fall too drastically,” Katsuki cut him off and motioned his head toward Todoroki. “The spores wouldn’t survive to do much and even if they did, on an open concrete floor it would only hinder our movement,” Katsuki concluded.

Class 1-B looked like they wanted to argue more, but Komori spoke up on her own volition. “G-guys, it’s okay,” the mushroom-haired girl told them. “I-I don’t think I will get in that far on my own anyways even if this year is a regular fight.” [2]

Setsuna looked mortified, she wouldn’t abandon her friend like this. “What?! No! You can’t jus-”

“People.” Katsuki didn’t let her finish. “We only have one week, I want the main briefing done today.”

Setsuna bit her lower lips and went silent. The rest of her class didn’t look happy either, but similarly, they didn’t speak a word.
“Thanks. Now to some actual fucking battle plans. The main method to fight Izuku is improvisation. He is already unpredictability incarnate, and now there will be eleven more ‘clones’ like him. However, if we take down the ‘main’ Izuku the rest should be in disarray. That's why instead of having a fixed battle plan, I would like to assign each of you a task to do in the fight.” Katsuki paused to gage their reactions. “For now, go do some training. I want to see your Quirks in action before thinking about what your task should be and considering the synergy each of you will have.” He signaled them to leave with a wave of his hand.

The assembly broke off. Some trained in pairs, some alone, while others told Katsuki they had to use other facilities and he had to visit them separately, which he didn’t have a problem with. For now, Bakugou observed as each person trained, and slowly formed further steps in his plan.

‘Izuku’ stalked through an alleyway. He made sure to find the right corners and the correct shadows to hunker down in, blending himself into the background. Navigating the web of alleys in the capital city of Tokyo was never easy, especially in the infamous red-light district of Kabukicho, but for someone of his talent this was nothing.

But where was the greenette was heading, one had to wonder? Well, he had something he wanted to do that he couldn’t do in his own universe, and he intended to make the most out of this opportunity.

‘Izuku’ followed a strange yet familiar narrow lane. With a turn, he found what he was looking for. An ugly yellow door with an old air conditioning outdoor unit above it.

“Tch, tch, tch, Miss Warden is still so careless.” ‘Izuku’ casually strolled toward the door and knocked his knuckles against it once. He waited. Nothing.

‘Izuku’ knocked a few more times. Upon hearing nothing again, the boy sighed before picking up a nearby trash can, throwing it at the air conditioner unit. The already rusted machine came crashing down with the trash can.

Still nothing.

‘Izuku’ whistled while looking pleasantly surprised. The alternate ‘Izuku’ impatiently kicked down the door. He stepped into the messy first floor of the building to discover three people, beaten up and tied together. The greenette grinned, showing his white teeth. He usually reserved himself to a normal smile, but this time he couldn’t contain himself. The boy walked up to them. Two of them were unconscious, but one was still awake.

“W-who th…” the man panted, trying his best to stay conscious. “Who a-are you?”

Izuku didn’t answer. He simply extended his hand toward the man; red lightning danced across his palm and finger. The man expected to be electrocuted, but instead a tickling sensation spreading throughout his body until it disappeared without any lasting effect.

“It is nice seeing you, Mister Vice-Warden, bye now!” Izuku bid farewell with a wave of the hand.

The greenette continued on to the upper floors. Along the way, he found a few more people tied up and proceeded to give them the same treatment as the ones on the first floor. Upon reaching the door to the rooftop, he could hear the sound of fists raining down on something, something made of flesh.

‘What a sweet melody,’ ‘Izuku’ thought.
With great joy and excitement, he turned the doorknob and pushed the door open. He was greeted by the scene of a man in black martial arts garb and a black full-face mask with Chinese letters on it. The man was beating up a woman in metallic armor.

“That! Is! For! All! The! People! You! Hurt!” the man shouted at the top of his lungs as he kept on punching. That was until he noticed a figure standing at the door leading up to the rooftop. He turned and was shocked to see who it was. “Midoriya!?”

‘Ah, shit, so this guy knows Main,’ ‘Izuku’ cursed, his level of glee decreased slightly as he knew he had made a mess for Main to clear up. Main wouldn’t appreciate him killing anyone who knew Main by his surname either. Then again, Main was about to reveal everything anyway so he, an alternate Izuku, might as well not act like he was Main so things didn’t get any more complicated.

“No, I am not exactly Midoriya you know,” ‘Izuku’ stated. The Vigilante tilted his head curiously, but tensed up nonetheless. “Before anything else, may I ask you why you are beating her up? You’re both fellow Vigilantes.”

“I punish people, but unlike Heroes, you use your own moral compass instead of what is written on the paper.”

“The Vigilante didn’t respond to Izuku’s words.

“No matter if she locked up children.” Izuku gestured at the beaten-up woman. “Or if you arrest fellow Vigilantes.” He gestured at the masked man. “Or even if some Vigilantes decide to become idols.” Somewhere in Japan, a Vigilante (alias Pop☆Step) sneezed. “You cannot deny that in the end, you’re all the same.”

“I would jump if I were you!” Izuku laughed as he brought his palms together.

The Vigilante saw sparks in the air before the sound of small explosions, like firecrackers being set off, started to boom all around him. They were getting louder. Todo’s eyes widened as he understood what was going to happen next. He jumped off the building, uncaring whether he would make the landing or not. Unfortunately, his leap of faith was futile. Soon he was rocked into
unconsciousness as his vision was filled with nothing but crimson. [3]

“So did you get the invitation to U.A.’s Sports Festival, senpai?” Mt. Lady asked her senior, Kamui Woods.

“Yeah, I got both the e-ticket and the paper version,” the wooden hero replied.

The two Pro-Hero were strolling through the closest shopping district, making sure people were safe — the usual.

“I am really not looking forward to seeing what that brat again to be honest,” Mt. Lady confessed. “I mean, you saw the news about U.A., we both know it’s him.”

“It still isn’t confir-” Kamui Woods was interrupted when the ground shook.

At first, the pair thought it was an earthquake — those being a common occurrence in Japan. But soon they knew they were wrong as they spotted a large trail of black clouds soaring through the sky on the horizon.

“Come on!” Kamui Woods shouted and ran toward the site of the disaster; Mt. Lady followed close behind.

‘As if Japan wasn’t on edge enough with the U.S.J Massacre,’ Yu thought as she ran behind her senior.

“So what do you want to show me?” Shinso asked.

Now he was in the gymnasium in his sports uniform. All around him were students from the Heroic course training, which the purple-hair boy presumed was for the Sports Festival.

“Just follow me, I think this conversation could use a little privacy,” Katsuki told the boy. Both of them walked to the very end of the building where no students had occupied the space and began their conversation.

Others, meanwhile, continued on with their practice.

Todoroki froze the ground in a flash. After the act was done, he exhaled. The boy looked at his right hand. ‘I can win with only my right side,’ the ice-fire user reaffirmed to himself. ‘I will show that bastard I don’t need his power.’ Shouto gritted his teeth at some of the bitter memories that resurfaced.

“Umm, Todoroki,” A soft voice called him. Todoroki was snapped back to the present. He turned his head around to see Uraraka. “Umm, here.” The bob-haired offered him a bottle of water. “After freezing things like that you must be exhausted, right?”

“Not really,” Shouto answered. He didn’t take the bottle.

The two of them stared at each other in silence. Ochako looked more nervous as the seconds went by.

“What is this about?” Todoroki asked, startling Uraraka.

“W-well, I just want to say thank you,” Ochako confessed.
“Thank me?” Shouto lifted an eyebrow. “For what?”

“At the Entrance Exam, you froze the zero-pointer robot, remember?” Ochako flushed a little, but due to her naturally pink cheeks, Todoroki didn’t notice the difference.

“Yes, I did. How is that related?”

“Well, I was right in the Zero-pointer’s path. I was trapped there because I overused my Quirk. And I thought I would die there.” Shouto wondered how she came to believe that people die in U.A. Entrance Exam. “But then you came along and just froze that robot. You saved my life. But… I don’t really think you remember it at all.” [4]

“I… I don’t think so.” Now Todoroki felt a little nervous as well. He usually… didn’t have people thanking him.

“No, no, that’s fine,” Ochako said defensively. “But even if you don’t remember. I still want you to know that I am grateful for what you did for me back there.” Uraraka’s blush intensified; she felt like she was confessing to her crush or something!

“That’s… fine.” Shouto averted his eyes from looking at Uraraka.

“Right! Well, let's do our best for the Festival, alright?” Ochako cheered.

Her words seemed to bring something to the forefront of the ice-fire user’s mind. “You do realize that after dealing with Midoriya, we are going to fight, right?” Todoroki asked coldly. Now he began to feel a little suspicious. Was she trying to curry favor with him?

“O-oh, right.” Another silence fell between the two. “I-I mean that’s fine if we are to fight, but I will give my all anyways!” Uraraka gave him a thumbs up and an uncertain smile.

Todoroki nodded solemnly and stared at her for a few seconds as if he was trying to find something else to say. Upon realizing that there was nothing to be found, he walked away from the brunette. Uraraka sighed once he was far enough away. That hadn’t gone as well as she had hoped.

A little distance away, the girls of Class 1-A just looked at their friend in pity.

“Maybe we shouldn’t tell her to make the first move?” Tooru wondered out loud.

“Nah, with someone like Todoroki, she really has to be the one making the first move,” Mina argued. “I mean, can you even see him as someone who initiates a conversation?” The girls mentally agreed.

They didn’t necessarily believe those two could be in a relationship with each other, but there was nothing wrong with trying. After all, they were in their ‘springtime of youth’. Unfortunately, they had all chosen their paths to Heroics, and that was equal to having their youth cut short.

“Guys!” somebody shouted. Everyone in the gymnasium turned their heads to see Sero had just come back. “Look at the news, right now!” He yelled, holding his phone in his hand.

They all did as he said and they saw the headline as soon as their chosen search engines and apps were loaded up.

‘Breaking news! An explosion in the middle of Tokyo! Another Villains attack?’ The articles caught every student’s attention. They all tapped on similar news links and soon began reading through the details. One specific part caught Katsuki’s attention, however. ‘Some witnesses
spotted red light, which shone from the area a few minutes before the destruction.

“Shit. Shit! SHIT! SHIT!! SHIT!!!” Katsuki screamed and rushed towards the exit. “Keep practicing! I need to make a call!” The blond left the others very confused, especially Shinso, who wasn’t done having a talk with him.

“Is somebody he knows there?” the purple-haired student asked the closet student to him, Iida.

“I am afraid I don’t know that either,” the glassed student admitted.

As the assembly was wondering if they should head home due to the incident or continue with their training, a phone rang and interrupted their thoughts. They all looked toward the source. The sound came from Kendo’s phone.

“Hello?” Itsuka answered the call.

“Kendo!”

The President of Class 1-B recognized that voice. This was her senior at the dojo. “Senpai? What’s the matter?”

“Did you see the news?! About the explosion!?”

“Y-Yes, I did.”

“Master,” her senior took time to catch his breath. “He was caught in the explosion.”

Kendo’s blood went cold. Her lips quivered, but she took a deep breath and steadied herself for the bad news.

“How?” she began. “He was supposed to be training Eri today, why would he be all the way in Tokyo?”

“I-The police said he is actually… a Vigilante,” Kendo almost dropped the phone. “They found him in a costume identical to a Vigilante who called himself ‘Bao Zheng’.”

“No, no, i-it has to be some kind of mistake. S-someone must have framed him or something,” Kendo began to frantically pace back and forth.

“We... we will have to see, but right now Master Todo is in critical condition. They said they didn’t know if he would make it.” Itsuka could hear the sound of crying from the other side, no doubt the other disciples of the dojo. “Just... wanted you to know. I... have to go, take care.” Her senior hung up.

The orange-haired girl dropped her arms, and she was half-minded to drop her phone as well.

Images began to surface in her mind. Memories of the happy times she had spent with her master. He had been training her since she was four, from basic stance to advance technique. He was there with her parents when she won her first tournament. He was always there with her and her family, like a second dad or a close uncle. Heck, he had been her father’s closet friend since they had been in high school together!

All the sweat she had poured into training, all the laughter they had shared, all the tears… he was there. [5]

She started to feel moisture gathering at the corner of her eyes.
“Is everything alright?” Yui asked her friend. Even while expressionless, Kendo could still see concern in the eyes of the black-haired girl.

“No, I…” Kendo was quite speechless. She didn’t know if she should just head to the dojo to check on the others or stay here and train a little… no, she doubted she would be in the correct mood to do any meaningful exercise today.

Why were there so many things happened at once? First U.S.J., now this. It was like their society suddenly decided to crumble right when she was in U.A.. Kendo took a deep breath. She needed to keep calm.

“I have to go. Someone I know was caught in the explosion,” Kendo explained. The reaction from her friends was varied Ibara gasped, Yui blinked, and so on. “I should tell Katsuki I have to go.”

“You think he knows someone there as well? He looked pretty worked up a-” Setsuna was forced to stop when Yanagi elbowed her.

Something in Kendo’s mind suddenly ‘clicked’.

Katsuki was usually very aloof and calm. From what she heard from 1-A, he was one of the most composed students at the U.S.J. Massacre. So, even if someone he knew was caught up in the explosion he wouldn’t be this emotional. Not to mention the explosion happened in Kabukicho, the shadiest part of Tokyo. Why would anyone the blond knew be there, or how would he even know anyone from there? For all of his short temper and bad attitude, Katsuki Bakugou was an upstanding person.

Then there was the final piece left to fit in this puzzle — Izuku. He was Vigilante as well, and a very extreme one at that. He certainly had reason enough to be there. Couple this with the fact that any topics involving Midoriya were the only thing that could rouse Katsuki up, she came to a conclusion.

“Umm, hello, earth to Kendo?” Setsuna asked. She waved her hand in front of her leader.

Itsuka snapped herself back to reality, but instead of replying to her friend she marched towards the exit. Her previous blank visage was gone, replaced by gritted teeth and fire in her eyes. She slammed the door of the gymnasium open and spotted Katsuki yelling into the phone.

The blond paused when he saw Itsuka stomping toward him. With just one look at her, the blond knew what was going to happen.

“You fucking owe me for this,” Katsuki said to whoever was on the other side of the phone and hung up. The blond prepared himself for the angry girl.

“Does he have anything to do with this?” Kendo muttered. She was trying her best to contain her temper.

“Does he have anything to do with this?!” Kendo screamed. She grabbed Bakugou by his collar and dragged him closer to her face. “Was he the one who caused the explosion!? Answer me!”

Katsuki remained stoic. His eyes shifted past the orange-haired girl. It appeared the scene she had caused drew the attention of nearly everyone in both classes, and they had gathered at the exit of the gymnasium.
Seeing that lying was not an option, which was always the case for him, Katsuki decided to give his answer.

“You will have to get the answer out of Izuku himself.” He made sure to answer loud enough for all to hear. Kendo bit her lower lip. She let go of the blond’s collar and marched away.

Some of her friends were about to follow her, but they hesitated. The fire in Kendo’s eyes looked like it could burn a hole through anyone, friends or foes.

‘I will beat him. I will beat him in a fight and get an answer out of him,’ Kendo thought darkly.

Even the kindest of people could be driven to the edge.

Chapter End Notes

A/N: I got smart half-way through the chapter and found a way to combine what was originally going to be two chapters into one.

[1] She was a background character in this scene, but her design really sticks with me for some reason. So I gave her the elevated treatment along with a few others, and no one can stop me.

[2] I believed Komori was originally planned to be a shy girl, but was later changed to be a more cheerful girl, which can also be attributed to off-scene character development since we don’t know much about her back at this point in canon.

[3] Yes, this is the same ‘Crimson’ we saw as a minor Izuku during the Raid arc. His character is inspired by Solf J. Kimblee from Fullmetal Alchemist Brotherhood. Not good.

[4] I thought about making a flashback scene, but I feel like that might waste a lot more time than just having it referred through dialogue. I mean, I am fairly sure most of you people know that Todoroki replaces Izuku at the Entrance Exam, including saving Uraraka.

[5] I really regret not being able to flesh out Kendo’s Master in this chapter, but my original plan of two chapters is even less ideal when I looked back at it. Let’s just say it involves another alternate Izuku and another tantrum from our greenette, which isn’t ideal since he was in the more calm mode. So I went with this instead. Sorry if you don’t feel invested in his character. Also, look up his Vigilante name if you’re interested in Chinese culture.
Kendo’s eyes snapped open. She took a glance at her alarm clock—6:16 AM. A little earlier than she had set for the alarm to go off, but that wasn’t a problem. The orange-haired girl got off her bed and started preparing for her day.

This was a special day; the promised day.

Today was the U.A. Sports Festival.

Itsuka quickly took a shower and changed into her school uniform. The ponytailed girl wanted to detour to the hospital before going to U.A. She just wanted to see her Master one more time.

At the mere thought of her Master in the critical condition, with tubes inserted into his body and bandages and casts wrapped around him like a corpse prepared for cremation, Kendo clenched her hands into fists.

Midoriya. That name had been in her head for the entire week.

Kendo had tried to confront Izuku prior to the Festival, but she was unable to find him. According to his classmates, he still came to school, but as soon as the last class ended he disappeared; it was as if he was avoiding her. He probably was. There was no doubt about it at this point; he had had something to do with the incident, the one that injured her Master.

The orange-haired girl took a deep breath. She didn’t have enough time to ponder. The leader of Class 1-B had to leave her house now if you wanted to visit Master Todo and make it to U.A. on time.

After tidying up and putting the necessary items into her backpack, Itsuka walked down the stairs of her home to the living room. There she met her parents sitting on the sofa, looking somewhat cheery. Kendo lifted an eyebrow. Her family had been on edge since the news of her Master’s (who was like close kin to them) hospitalization. So, why had all the worrying and anxiety
suddenly disappeared?

“Morning, Mom, Dad,” the ponytailed girl greeted her parents.

“Morning dear. We have a surprise for you,” Kendo’s mother said with a gentle smile.

“Come on in,” Kendo’s father called to someone in the next room.

A figure in a leather jacket walked into the living room. A familiar large, bald-yet-bearded man weakly beamed at Kendo.

“Hey, there ki-” Todo didn’t get to finish, his apprentice rushed to embrace him with as much force as she could muster. [1]

For the first time in an entire week. Kendo’s heart felt light.

“You’re okay!” Kendo cheered as the tears of joy streaming down her face.

“Hey, now. I am a little disappointed that my best apprentice thinks a little explosion would kill me,” her Master joked and returned the hug. The two stayed like that for a few minutes before finally parting.

Kendo took a good look at her Master. “How? You were in really bad shape the last time we saw you,” the pony-tailed girl asked.

Todo’s smile wavered at the question. “That is a… more complicated question than you think, kid. It would take some time to explain; it may be better to do that on our way to U.A.”

“You’re going to the Festival, as well?” Itsuka beamed. Todo used his hand to wipe away his apprentice’s tears.

“Of course,” the Master confirmed. “I wouldn’t miss out on my favorite apprentice winning the first place.”

“Now that we don’t have to detour, do you want any breakfast?” Kendo’s mother interrupted. “I can quickly cook us something light.”

Itsuka was about to reply when her cellphone rang. She took it out and saw the contact name on the scene: Katsuki.

Kendo answered her phone, “Hello?”

“Kendo. Can you come in a little earlier? I’ve got more information on the ‘clones’ Izuku will bring with him, so I need to rearrange a few details. Since you are assigned as one of the leaders, you should know about this,” Katsuki quickly explained.

Kendo took a glance at her folks. Even if her Master was no longer in a critical condition, she still needed to get a straight answer out of Izuku, she needed to know about what happened. So, with a sigh, she replied, “Alright, I will be there.”

“Right, see ya.” Katsuki hung up.

Kendo put away her phone. “Sorry Mom, but my friends kinda need me—being a Class President and all that.”

“Ah, right,” the mother said, a little sad.
“In that case, we better get going then,” Kendo’s father headed toward the door.

About fifteen minutes later, they were already on their way to U.A..

“So,” Kendo’s father spoke up. “You said something about explaining why you’re healed?”

“Right, about that.” Todo held his chin as he seemed to ponder about how to answer such a simple question. “Frankly, neither I nor the doctors could explain it. All they got was that someone broke into my ward at night and injected something into my I.V. bag. Whatever that was, it apparently healed me completely.”

“Seriously?” Kendo’s father asked in disbelief.

“Why would I lie to you, Kenichi?” Todo replied.

“I didn’t say that, it’s just… this is a little strange,” Kenichi clarified.

“Dear, the road,” Kendo’s mother reminded her husband.

“Sorry, dear.”

“Come on now, Miu. Don’t be so hard on him,” Todo interjected. [2]

“The first time he drove a car, he crashed through two houses, a dog house, and a temple. A Buddhist and Shinto combined temple, might I add. Do you know how many people were upset about that?!” Miu reprimanded her husband. “And you, Todo, you were supposed to be the one teaching him how to drive!”

Both adult males winced, but soon all three of them burst into a fit of laughter. However, upon noticing that Kendo didn’t join them in their mirth, the cheerful air seemed to die down.

“Is something on your mind, dear?” Miu asked her daughter.

“Yes, I…” Kendo was hesitant, but she let her curiosity win out. She asked; “Was it Izuku who caused that explosion?”

“Come on now, Kendo.” Her father furrowed his brows. “I know you’ve mentioned this boy a lot, and you’ve made it pretty clear that you don’t like him, but I think this is taking it a little bit too far.”

Before the ponytailed girl could reply, her Master beat her to it. “No, the one who attacked me… no, no, it shouldn’t be Midoriya,” Todo grumbled as he gave a little more thought on how he would answer his apprentice’s question.

‘Wait, could it be…’ Kendo suddenly realized that Izuku somehow had the ability to clone himself.

“Was it… someone who looked like him?” Itsuka guessed.

Her Master turned to her from his front seat with widened eyes. “How did you know that?” Todo questioned.

“It’s… well, a close friend of his actually told me about it.” Her Master narrowed his eyes. He always knew when she withheld something, he always did.

“And may I ask why this person, who it sounds like you barely know, decided to tell you?” Kendo’s father asked, noticing that something was amiss as well.
“W-well,” the orange-haired girl was considering how she should respond. Well, they would know in a few hours anyway, so she might as well get this out of the way. “We’re … planning to… gang up on Midoriya,” Kendo admitted with her eyes cast down. There was just no way she could pitch this idea to her parents as something ‘honorable’, and they took honor very seriously, being martial artists themselves.

“What!?” Kendo’s parents screamed in unison. Kenichi was half-minded to pull over right there and then.

“Are you kids out of your mind?! What will the media, no, the entire country think when the entire student body of U.A. intentionally oust one of their own, during a live broadcast might I add?!?” Kendo’s father was outraged at the prospect of the plan.

“It’s… well… the one who came up with the idea is his best friend,” Kendo tried to explain her actions. “He said that for us to stand a chance against Izuku we would have to band together.”

“Itsuka, dear, I think he’s just tricking you,” Kendo’s mother voiced her opinion. Before she could continue, however, Todo interrupted her.

“No… it all makes sense now,” Todo realized with bulging eyes. Then he realized another thing; “Itsuka.” Kendo held her breath. “You cannot fight Midoriya.”

“What? You don’t think my daughter can beat one student?” Kenichi asked, feeling insulted.

“His clone was the one who caused the incident at Kabukicho.” The other occupants of the car gasped, besides Itsuka who was only mildly surprised; she had already guessed as much. Todo sighed before continuing. “As you might know, I am… was a Vigilante.”

“I thought you left that behind you,” Miu said with much disappointment in her tone.

“I know, and now I will be forced to, but let’s get back to my story. I was hunting down… people, and that’s when he showed up: one of Midoriya clones.”

“How do you know he was a clone and not a real one?” Itsuka asked her master.

“Because Midoriya doesn’t have a Quirk which can level an entire apartment block, and he doesn’t have the bloodthirsty aura his clone did,” Todo concluded. A silence fell upon the family for a moment. “You can’t fight him. I was lucky enough to survive… I don’t know if you will have the same luck.”

Kendo’s heart sunk to her feet. She drew a sharp breath and replied firmly, “I can’t do that.”

“…I know you won’t,” Todo said with a sigh. “But if you end up fighting him, please be careful.”

Itsuka nodded. The rest of the trip followed in silence. Kendo’s parents seemed like they wanted to talk with Todo more, but there seemed to be a barrier between them. Had they knew he was a Vigilante? Kendo shook that thought off. She needed to focus on the task at hand: defeating Izuku.

Kendo arrived at approximately five past seven. She met with the other ‘leaders’ of the operation: Iida, Yaoyorozu, Monoma, and, of course, Katsuki.

“Finally,” Katsuki remarked as he saw Kendo entering the room. “Right, I want to make some changes to the plan. We will still focus on taking down the ‘Main’ Izuku first, but we will have to get through a specific Izuku clone.”
“I have a question,” Kendo interrupted.

“Save it,” the blond denied her query. “Iida, I want your team to be the one on that. I will point to you which one needs to go. I might need some help from your team dealing with that issue as well, Kendo.” The orange-haired girl nodded. “We also have to double our effort to protect Monoma’s team, so again, I will have to ask you two to help with that,” Bakugou pointed two fingers at Iida and Kendo. “But this will leave us with a problem; Momo’s team will be left unprotected.”

“I believe we can look after ourselves,” Yaoyorozu argued with furrowed brows.

“No, you fucking can’t.” Katsuki stared Yaoyorozu right into her eyes. “Besides you and Setsuna, no one in your team is capable of fighting in close combat. But I can confirm now that everyone on the Midoriya side is more than capable of fighting up close.” Momo averted her eyes from Katsuki. “I think I might have to cut someone from your team to hers, Kendo.”

“That’s fine. Our task is to take out the clones rather than going for Main Izuku, so I think we can spare someone if it improves our odds as a whole,” she answered.

“Good, then I will shift Shoda to there. He stuck in-between ‘utility’ and ‘brawler’ categories anyways,” Katsuki finalized. “Now, about that question.” The blond looked straight at Kendo.

“Right, well, my Master recovered and-” Katsuki cut her off.

“Let me guess, you want to know if one of the ‘clones’ was responsible for Kabukicho.” The revelation seemed to shock the others, but not Kendo. Itsuka nodded warily. Katsuki seemed to just know everything before a person even spoke it as of late. “Then let me fucking assure you that Izuku isn’t stupid enough to bring that specific ‘clone’ here, not after the stunt he pulled. So don’t worry.” Kendo nodded again, looking less agitated. “Now, go prepare yourselves, take a nap or something. I have to finalize a few things.”

“Ah, we are late! We are late! We’re late!” Inko Midoriya cried.

She ran through the parking lots near the U.A. Stadium and toward the gigantic building in front of her, all the while trying to balance Eri, who was riding on her shoulder, so that the young girl didn’t slip.

“Oh, I can’t believe we’re late for such an important day!” Inko shouted again. “Just hold tight dear!” At the order, Eri strengthened her hold.

By the time the green-haired woman had made it to the entry, Inko discovered that the first event had already started. With that fact fresh in her mind, she hurried to the elevator. While inside she kept jogging to prepare her legs for use. As soon as the elevator door opened, the mother continued her bizarre marathon until she finally arrived at her destination; the viewing booth for parents of Heroic Course students.

“We’re here!” Inko cheered in triumph. Her loud entrance drew the attention of the other parents and guardians. Realizing that every eye was on her Inko began to sweat, but soon composed herself and quietly marched toward the only person she knew; Mitsuki Bakugou. She was sitting right in the frontmost row.

“Oh, Inko,” Mitsuki greeted as her friend approached. “I saved you two seats.” The blonde patted the two empty seats beside her. Inko smiled at her friend. Then she noticed someone she knew sitting a row above her friend.
“Todo?” Inko asked, a little shocked to see him here.

“Oh, hello Mrs. Midoriya, and Eri too. How are you two today?” Todo greeted with a smile.

“Morning, Master,” Eri returned the greeting.

“Are you healed now, sir? I heard you were caught up in the Kabukicho explosion,” Inko asked with wide eyes as she sat herself and Eri down.

“Yes… I am.” Todo was a little hesitant to fully commit to saying he was healed since he had no idea who or what sped up his recovery.

“Mrs. Midoriya? You’re that boy, Izuku’s, mother, right?” a guy with orange hair spoke from beside Todo. Inko just nodded. “My daughter mentions him a lot.”

“Oh, are you Kendo’s parents?” Inko guessed. Though it wasn’t hard to come to that conclusion, considering the father had the same orange hair while the mother had the same hairstyle as her daughter.

“Yup,” Kenichi confirmed.

“Thank you again for letting Kendo stay at your place during the storm,” Miu thanked.

“Oh, don’t mention it. She helped Eri get home when Izuku wasn’t, umm, available,” Inko replied.

“Oh, I heard about that from Katsuki, but I thought the punk was just exaggerating,” Mitsuki chirped in. “Is your daughter really interested in Izuku?” the blonde asked with a smug grin.

“Mitsuki!” Inko cried in panic.

“Oh?” There was suddenly a freezing aura coming from Kendo’s father. “Is she now?”

As Inko tried her best to diffuse the situation, Eri stared at the large scene showing students of U.A. scrambling through an obstacle course. She saw a wide variety of Quirks being used as everyone tried to get ahead. However, she lost interest when she couldn’t find Izuku.

The white-haired girl looked to her left and saw a short-haired woman with glasses and long earlobes. The similarity was quite on-point.

“Jirou?” Eri tilted her head. Her voice caught the attention of the woman.

The woman turned to Eri with a smile. “I am, but I think you mean my daughter.” It’s true, Jirou was their family name, but the mother seemed to understand that Eri would only know her daughter by her surname. “I am Mika Jirou, Kyoka Jirou’s mother. It’s nice to meet you.”

“It’s nice to meet you, ma’am. I am Eri Midoriya,” Eri returned the greeting with a little bow. Her chest puffed a little at finally being able to use that surname.

“Midoriya? Oh, you’re that boy, Izuku’s, sister?” Mika asked.

“Yes, ma’am,” the white-haired girl answered with a nod.

“I see.” Mika took a quick glance at Inko, who was trying to remain calm as Kendo’s father leaned in closer to her with killing intent in his eyes, then back at Eri.

The little girl quickly caught on and clarified, “I’m adopted.”
“O-oh, I see… sorry, dear.”

“It’s fine. Izuku said I shouldn’t be ashamed of it; he and mom would love me no matter what.”

Mike blinked, surprised. She wasn’t quite… expecting such brutal honesty from a child of such a young age. Then again, maybe she pampered Jirou too much to the point that her daughter… The Jirou matriarch shook those thoughts away. It wasn’t her or her daughter’s fault for Kyoka’s current mental problem. If anything she blamed…

“Say, Eri. What is your brother usually like?” Mika finally asked. The question caught not only her husband’s attention, but every parent within the hearing range.

It wasn’t just their family that had heard of the infamous Izuku from their children. Even if their children didn’t explicitly say anything, they knew their kids had something to hide about Izuku Midoriya.

“Well…” Eri pondered, the dreadful tension in the air that had formed was lost on her. “He can be strict, like not letting me eat candy or telling me to brush my teeth even though I was really sleepy. But he really loves me. He read to me almost every night and he is always there for… me,” Eri trailed off. She recalled the recent event where Kendo came to replace Izuku. Then she remembered that she was talking to an adult and going silent would be rude, so she composed herself and continued.

“Though… he cries a lot.” Eri fidgeted her fingers. Izuku really didn’t want Eri to tell anyone that, but today was the day they let all the secret out. So it was fine, right?

“He does?” It wasn’t just Mika who asked that, but also Inko as well.

Inko tore her face away from a staring contest with Kendo’s father (which she was losing) and turned to her daughter. “Why didn’t you tell me this? Why didn’t he tell me this?”

“He told me not to tell you, or else you would be worried and sad again,” Eri confessed.

Inko looked incredulous. She sighed and sank deeper into her seat. “Ugh, what am I going to do with that boy?”

“I don’t think grounding will work, Mom,” Eri voiced her opinion.

“I know dear. Your brother is just…” Inko pulled Eri into a hug, searching for the right adjective. “Difficult.” Eri hugged her mother back.

The other parents looked at her with sympathy, especially the Bakugous and the Kendos. While they didn’t know everything (except the Bakugous), it wasn’t hard for them to guess (especially with their kids’ reaction to him) that Izuku was something of a troubled soul. Mika herself looked quite guilty for bringing up the topic.

An announcement was suddenly made.

“THE WINNER OF THE FIRST ROUND IS…”

"...IZUKU MIDORIYA!" Present Mic declared to the audience, and the crowd roared.

“Of course he would win. This round was rigged for him,” Mt. Lady complained as she munched on her popcorn.
The Pro-Heroes and Pro-Heroines who had taken part in the failed raid against Izuku were sitting in the same VIP booth—isolated, air-conditioned, and with free snacks provided. As expected, they were in more casual clothing.

“We are not going to change the whole event just because of one person,” Ectoplasm explained.

“Even then, this is quite unfair to the other students,” Bubble Girl countered, frowning.

“Be that as it may,” Eraser Head spoke up. “We didn’t think it would be necessary to do so. Even without his Quirk, Midoriya is already quite resourceful. He would find a way to win one way or another.”

A silence fell into the room as they observed the boy further. Indeed, the greenette came equipped with his shield and cape. As per the rules, to be a little more fair to students of other departments, Hero Course students were allowed up to two support items, while students of other courses could bring as many as they liked (as long as it didn’t break any competition rules). No doubt, he would be advantageous with that much gear regardless of his Quirk.

“Again, this is rigged,” Mt. Lady insisted.

Various voices in the room rang in agreement:

“I agree.”

“Yup.”

“Yeah, looks like it.”

The only one who didn’t say anything was Sir Nighteye. He continued to observe Midoriya. He still wasn’t sure what to make of that boy, even after so long. His first reaction about the Massacre at U.A. was that the boy was now a lost cause. Yet after hearing from All Might and Nezu about Izuku’s mental condition and the possibility that the so-called ‘Pax Americana’ might be involved, he settled for being extremely skeptical about Izuku’s reformation.

Nighteyes sighed. There was nothing he could do for now. He could only watch as Izuku’s true nature came to light and see what would be in-store next.

“Quiet, the next event is starting,” Kamui Woods said, hoping that the others would pipe down.

Apparently, the next event would be a Cavalry Battle.

Mr. V, real name Funny Valentine, leaned back on his couch and opened a can of beer—Boston Beer. He was relaxing in front of his wall-mounted HD TV. The scene displayed the U.A. Sports Festival. The blond snickered as the second event started.

A bunch of teenagers fighting against each other for a headband? He couldn’t think of a more Japanese thing to watch.

“So that is the broccoli kid that had been giving you trouble?” a voice asked to his left.

“Ha!” Valentine laughed genuinely for once. “Broccoli kid! Fuck, that’s a good one!”

Mr. V decided to do the most American thing when he was watching a sporting event by inviting a friend over to his interdimensional mansion for a beer, snacks, and general spirit of being a good American friend.
Who might his guest be? Senator Steven Armstrong, or rather the soon-to-be President Steven Armstrong.

“Well, who wouldn’t like to see the troublesome child getting beat up?” V said with a smirk.

“True, competition is what drives us all.” Armstrong paused to drink his own beer. “Still, what was this I heard about letting him show his true power or something?”

“Yeah, apparently the kid has this strange guilty conscience about killing criminals,” Funny explained.

“Huh? He’s a sissy?” Armstrong asked.

“Nah, just conflicted. I blame puberty. One way or another, he will have to make up his mind if he wants to survive in the Multiverse.” V gulped down his own beer. “Just really wish he’d stop believing in that Hero garbage his world has been sprouting.”

“Ah, right, you are responsible for that part of the Multiverse, right? All the hero worlds and that stuff. Didn’t you also try to kill that girl? Ahh, what’s her name again? Oh, right, Taylor Hebert. I heard from some interns that your fight with her collapsed an entire city.”

Indeed a fight between Funny Valentine, the user of Stand D4C, and Taylor Hebert, also known as the Weaver, would be quite something to behold. Still, V decided he didn’t want to humor his friend today. Instead, the blond just picked up a bag of pretzels and handed it to Armstrong; it was the best way to shut his friend up.

V really didn’t want to talk about Midoriya right now because he still couldn’t figure out how to utilize the boy properly, and he really didn’t want to think about work while resting. The boy had certainly been a handful, especially with the preparation for today’s event. But hey, he offered Pax something better than currency and technology could currently off.

Valentine couldn’t help but chuckle, which turned into full-blown laughter along with Armstrong after they had witnessed a ball-headed kid being thrown face-first onto the ground only bounced back up all the way to his ‘horse’.

“Dumbass!” Both of them howled laughter.

“TIME’S UP!” With that announcement from Present Mic, all activities on the stadium’s field halted. “THE WINNER OF THE SECOND ROUND IS IZUKU MIDORIYA! WILL HE GO ALL THE WAY TO BECOME THE ULTIMATE CHAMPION?! WHAT DO YOU THINK, KAN-SENSEI!”

“Umm, maybe?” the voice of Class 1-B replied uncertainty. Mic would prefer Eraser Head to be announcing with him, but hey, this was better than going solo.

Katsuki sighed as he got down from his ‘horse’ composed of Tetsutetsu, Mina, and Yanagi. The battle hadn’t gone as he had planned, specifically with the inclusion of a student from the Support Course. Not to mention Shinso hadn’t cooperated as much as Katsuki had wanted.

Now, Shoda and Honenuki wouldn’t be in the Royal Rumble. That was still fine though. Katsuki could work with this. They’d got Kamakiri. who was at least prepared to face Izuku and he had read about ‘Hatsume Mei’ from many of Izuku’s reports. Katsuki knew what she was capable of.

Bakugou glared at Izuku. The greenette had decided to deliberately taunt him with his choice in
teammates.

Midoriya decided to pick Aoyama, Manga, and Uraraka. Izuku knew they were important to the plan against him and decided to help them get in by making all of them his teammates; it was not like they could refuse him with how much tension there was.

To make matters worse, the others knew how important students in Izuku’s team were and couldn’t even touch him for fear of the plan collapsing. Granted, a team composed of students who wouldn’t get into the final round tried to at least attack. After all, Izuku’s team had no synergy or compatibility whatsoever.

They failed utterly when they phased through their targets.

Most didn’t know this, but Izuku could make other human beings, himself included, into a ‘gateway object’ to teleport through, just like the floor or the wall. Suffice to say, the greenette and his team just stood still for the rest of the match, leaving others to look on in frustration.

Katsuki, for his part, tried to pick a fight with any teams that wouldn’t make it in, to give the others some attention from the Pro Heroes so they would get some offers. He didn’t know if it would work, but there was nothing wrong in trying, right?

In any event, the blond just walked away a little miffed. He wanted to get his lunch then begin making some final preparations for the upcoming fight, along with having a little talk with a certain pink-haired support student.

However, on the other side of the field, Todoroki approached Izuku.

“Midoriya,” the half-and-half boy called his classmate.

“Yes?”

“Do you have a minute?”

“No, I do not,” Izuku answered coldly. “Now, if you will excuse me, I have to go.”

“What could be more important?” Shouto asked darkly.

“Preparing for the Royal Rumble for instance. Go and take your issues with Endeavor and your refusal to use your left side and leave it somewhere else, with Uraraka maybe,” the greenette said mirthlessly and gestured at the Ochako, who was just a few inches away seeing as she had been part of Izuku’s team. With that, the greenette sunk into the ground and disappeared.

Shouto was outraged. How could Midoriya know what he wanted to discuss? A private matter no less. Was that some kind of lucky guess? His father had a bad reputation regarding his temper, but even then… No, even if it was a guess it shouldn't be this close to the truth, nor general knowledge. How could Izuku know Shouto refused to use his left side?

“Umm, so… what was that about?” Uraraka asked as she approached Todoroki, as Izuku had told her. Instead of answering the pink-cheeked girl, Shouto marched away. “Wah-wait!” Ochako called out while trying to catch up with the half-and-half Quirked boy.

“Todoroki wait! What was that about?” she continued to ask, but Shouto just ignored her.

In was only after they were in the hallway and out of sight that Ochako finally did something she considered drastic. She grabbed Todoroki by his wrist and forced him to stop.
“Todoroki, just tell me what’s wrong!” Ochako begged.

“Why do you care?” Todoroki questioned, far louder than his usual volume. The half-and-half boy yanked his hand away from the girl’s grip.

“I-I just…” There was a short silence. “I just want to help.”

Todoroki just glared at her. “And how could you help me exactly?”

Ochako flinched at how much venom he put into his voice. She mustered up her courage and answered. “I-I could be a shoulder for you to cry on. If you ever want to let something out, please know that I am here for you.” That was the only thing she could think of. What else could she, a plain girl from a poor family, give to a son of the Number Two Hero?

Todoroki sneered, but remained silent for a few seconds. For Todoroki, being a ‘shoulder to cry on’ wasn’t exactly what he heard. To him, it sounded like Uraraka was trying to extort secrets from him.

“Fine, you want to know what I was going to say to Midoriya? I will tell you.” Before Ochako wanted to clarify that she didn’t need to know, Todoroki continued. “Have you ever heard of Quirk Marriages?”

In her confusion and panic, Ochako could only nod, though she did know what it was. Todoroki continued, “My father is an evil bastard. With his wealth and fame, my father, the Number Two Hero, made my mother’s family agree to that kind of marriage, just so he could get his hands on my mother’s Quirk”

Ochako was horrified at the revelation.

“He raised me for no other reason than for me to surpass All Might. Fulfilling his dream of being the Number One because he never could. This Festival will be my chance to spit in the bastard’s face. I will be using only my right-side, my mother’s side, and win the Festival. I don’t need his power.” Todoroki turned around and began walking away. “There, now you know. If you want to help me, then step out of the ring after we finish Katsuki’s silly plan.”

Uraraka reached out to Todoroki but she froze. He was right. What could she do? Her being a shoulder to cry on? How would that be enough for Todoroki? Was there nothing else she could do? Yes… yes, there was nothing else she could do.

With her head hung in defeat, Ochako turned around and parted ways with Todoroki.

Katsuki unceremoniously slid the door to the Support Class Workshop open. As expected, he found his target.

A pink-haired girl was working on… something. The blond didn’t want to bother identifying it. Since the Workshop was empty, he stomped all the way to the girl’s table.

“You’re Hatsume Mei?” Bakugou shouted to get his voice heard through the clamour of heavy machinery.

“Not now, too bus-” Mei silenced herself by shoving a sandwich into her mouth. Her voice slowly came back when she finished chewing. “-ack on Monday. Thank you.”

Instead of trying to make some sense out of that incomprehensible sentence, Katsuki walked over
to the power sockets and pulled the plugs out for the tool she was using. As soon as the tool stopped, Hatsume twisted her head toward where the blond was standing. While she still wore her usual smile, it looked less… friendly.

“Are you trying to sabotage me?” Mei asked. “Which company sent you? I will pay you double what they’re giving you for you to back off.”

“Just shut the fuck up and listen,” Katsuki cut her off before continuing on, regardless of whether she was prepared to hear him out. “Every student is going to gang up on that green-haired kid, the one that got first place in both rounds. So you have two choices. Either become something like collateral damage or pack these support items up for the rest of the students who are going to be in the fight to use.” Katsuki handed her a note. The Support student quickly scanned its contents before cocking an eyebrow at the blond.

“Just know that if you want to show those companies your items, then this is a better way then having to show all of them off by yourself. I can guarantee you that. Give it a thought.”

With that, his work was done. Katsuki walked away, hoping that his request would get through.

Hatsume just stared at the paper for a moment, then shrugged. “Oh well, more models for me I guess.”

Mei stabbed the plugs back into the socket and got back to work.

———

“Are you all prepared?”

“Of course, I am ready.”

No one else in the room said anything.

“...this is…”

“Cheating?”

“I agree. Main, I know you want to win, but him? This is just plain cheating.”

“I am not only out to win. I am also wanted to show them what I really am. I want to show them my true strength, and just a glimpse of what I have to deal with on a daily basis. He will be a good example.”

With that, all arguments died down and Izuku was finally prepared. He would let the world see what he could do.

———

Finally, the moment had arrived.

All the combatants had gathered on the stage. Though they tried to spread out a little, it was quite clear to most of the audience that the students had divided themselves into two sides; Izuku and everyone else.

The crowd whispered among themselves, likely due to how the main event (a long tradition of U.A.) had been changed. Some of the more traditionalist alumni voiced their dismay, while others believed this was a fresh take on the final rounds which would keep the students on their toes instead of preparing for something predictable. After all, this event was broadcast to the whole
country. All the other schools, all the Hero agencies, and even Villains would be watching.

In any event, the students were conversing close to Katsuki. With only a few seconds left before the round began, Katsuki asked; “You all remember your roles?” Bakugou received nods and other voices of affirmation. “Good.”

That was when Katsuki noticed a rather dark expression on Todoroki’s face as the half-and-half teen kept glaring somewhere in the stadium, no doubt at his father, and the blank expression on Ochako’s face. The girl’s eyes were looking a little moist. He sighed. The blond really hoped Todoroki’s daddy issues hadn’t come up, but Katsuki supposed he’d had too high of an expectation. At least, Mei had brought the items he’d requested for them, so at least everyone on the stage would be on his side—Shinso included.

Now, he could only hope that they had prepared enough.

“ALRIGHT EVERYONE!” Present Mic started. “IT’S TIME FOR THE MOMENT YOU HAVE ALL BEEN WAITING FOR! THE NEW FINAL EVENT BY OUR GREAT MOUSE PRINCIPLE! THE U.A. ROYAL RUMBLE! ARE YOU ALL READY?!?” The teacher received the roar of the crowd as his reply. “THEN LET’S US…”

The students down in the stadium finally dropped their facade of being separated from each other (they had been scattered across the stadium) and gathered up on one side of the stage; a small army against one lone competitor. Izuku bit his own thumb harshly and smeared droplets of blood on his cape; it immediately expanded.

“BEGIN!”

Without so much as a word, Izuku cast his cape forward. It slowly fell to the ground. Everyone waited in anticipation as to what was going to happen next. Then as quickly as he had thrown it, Midoriya pulled the cover off and revealed what was underneath.

Twelve. There were now twelve Izukus and Izumis on the stage, Main included.

Izuku sighed as if he had been holding the breath for a long time. “Finally… I can let people know.”

With this, the main event of the U.A. Sports Festival finally began.

Chapter End Notes

A/N: A bit out of place but I forgot how much I love Code Geass until I rewatched the whole thing. Sleep tight, Black King… oh wait there’s R3.

[1] Forget to mention this, but the Master’s name is read as ‘Tohdoh.’

[2] Yes, that’s exactly the references I am making. No, they are not the same people.
Chapter Summary

...and today the fight continues.

Chapter Notes

A/N: I’m actually surprised by how many people thought ‘Apothesis’ is the OP Izuku I mentioned. I don’t think he can win against Super Saiyan Izuku though, or someone like that. It’s not even a real Infinity Gauntlet. Though yes, Apothesis will appear at some point, just not now; I already have permission from the author.

Though to be fair, going by Apothesis’s timeline, he didn’t have the stones yet.

Also WOOHOO! Season 4 is here!

Beta by Yuilhan

See the end of the chapter for more notes

Katsuki couldn’t help but grin.

Fucking finally.

He finally got to fight Izuku. Not the usual charade they put on when they ‘sparred’, but a real, legit fight where Izuku would actually put his back into it.

“What is this!? Midoriya suddenly teleported in eleven copies of himself?! How did he do that?! Was he hiding something about his Quirk?!”

Present Mic commented, but Main doubted he actually knew about the real nature of Izuku’s Quirk. Heck, he even made all of his alternate selves wear the U.A. Sports uniform just to make sure they were mistaken for clones.

Before Katuki could fully assess his enemies, one of Izuku’s alternate selves—or rather an Izumi—shot a fireball out of her palm at Katsuki. The blond instinctively dodged the attack then glared at his assailant, an Izumi with orange eyes, a fuller body compared to other Izumis present, and red-tips at the end of her green, puffy hair.

“How are you, Kacchan?” the fire-using Izumi asked with a savage grin.

“Phoenix, don’t agitate him,” one of the standard-looking Izukus warned.

“Right, right,” the Izumi, now known as Phoenix, replied.

“Get into formation,” Main ordered. At this point, the only thing that differentiated him from the other Izukus was his shield and cape.
On the other side of the field, the U.A. students were in a minor state of confusion. Truth be told, some of them weren’t expecting Bakugou’s claim that Izuku could clone himself to be true, while others were expecting normal clones not and clones with different Quirks and looks.

“Are you people done gawking? Get your shit together!” Katsuki commanded.

The U.A. students quickly made preparations of their own. They split into smaller groups.

There was Momo’s group, composed of Mei, Shinso, Yanagi, and Setsuna; they were the utility team who would provide general support for their side as a whole. Kendo’s group, comprised of Uraraka, Tetsutetsu, Kamakiri, and Ashido. This team was a bulwark against the coming attack of the Midoriyas. Monoma’s group consisted of Aoyama, Manga, and Ibara. Their main task was to hunt the real Izuku down, with the vines girl provided them with support and defense.

The rest of the students operated independently. Since Juzo Honenuki couldn’t make it in, the Speed team was dismantled, and Tsuyu and Iida—the other members of this team—now operated on their own with the main purpose of helping out with both defensive and offensive tasks. Mineta was assigned to them since he was small enough to be carried around by either of them.

Katsuki and Todoroki would also act on their own as well. Though for their sakes, Katsuki hoped Shouto’s attack wouldn't hit them along with Izuku.

“Does everyone have their earpiece?” Katsuki asked. He received a nod from everybody, though their eyes didn’t leave their enemies. Mei had brought her entire arsenal for them, and the communication devices were one of the multiple pieces of gear Katsuki had requested. “Alright, then-”

Before Katsuki could give his first order they all heard a boom, much like an explosion.

“We have an incoming attack!” Setsuna yelled into her device, though they could all see that. Phoenix was blasting her way toward them, leaving a trail of flames and smoke behind as she rocketed forward.

“Todoroki,” Katsuki ordered with an even voice. He had to remain composed if he wanted to win this.

The fire-ice user sent out a blast of ice crystals at the incoming Izumi. Phoenix, instead of dodging, increased her speed and was on a collision course with the counter-attack. Todoroki expected this to be the end of this clone; ‘How annoyingly easy’, he thought. His annoyance, however, quickly turned into confusion when his attack instead melted into water before it could even make contact with his target.

“Dammit, Todoroki take this seriously!” Katsuki’s voice snapped Shouto back to reality. Heeding his order, Todoroki sent out more blasts, but no matter how much colder he had made the ice to be it all seemed to melt before it could make contact with his target.

“Dammit, Todoroki take this seriously!” Katsuki’s voice snapped Shouto back to reality. Heeding his order, Todoroki sent out more blasts, but no matter how much colder he had made the ice to be it all seemed to melt before it could make contact.

Getting frustrated, Todoroki was about to unleash an entire glacier, but Katsuki had another plan.

“Ugh, fuck it. Tetsutetsu, get in the front. Absorb the first blow and keep her in place. Momo, Mei, prepare the extinguisher foam. Todoroki, get your shit together; don’t start taking us out with your attacks,” Katsuki warned.

Todoroki grit his teeth but held back for now.

The group formation quickly shifted. Tetsutetsu got in the front, right in the collision path. The
utility team was ready, with Momo making several foam-grenades and Yanagi ready to send them flying, while Mei took out her wrist fire extinguisher. The others just stood at a safe distance.

Tetsutetsu put his guard up, preparing for impact. Instead, it never came.

Right before she got into the range, Phoenix flew upward— upward at a ninety-degree angle. “Suckers!” she yelled, while flipping them the bird.

This act surprised the students at first, but Katsuki quickly caught on. She was just a distraction.

“Spread out!” the blond ordered, but it was too late.

An Izumi and an Izuku came out of the smoke screen left behind by Phoenix. They unleashed a gigantic wave of ice and dirt that cast a shadow large enough to cover all the students.

Now understanding why Katsuki gave that order, they quickly scrambled to avoid the massive attack.

“Whoa,” Nejire exclaimed as she watched an entire side of the stage become engulfed in a wave of dirt and ice.

The Big Three had purposefully lost their matches in the Third Year competition so that they had the time to come watch the First Year matches.

Not only that, but All Might had decided to shift from the normal seat to an air-conditioned one in this booth. His health had really been a little fragile lately, so he would rather sit somewhere more comfortable. Of course, he couldn’t let them see him in his real form, so he disguised himself as Toshinori Yagi, an associate of Sir Nighteye.

After Nejire commented, the room fell silent again as the Pro-Heroes observed to see what the students would do next.

It was at this moment a new guest entered the room. She quickly sat down beside Mt. Lady and put her feet over the seat in front of her. Yu noticed the golden boot coming into her view and quickly turned to address whoever put it up.

“Hey! That’s… rude…” She trailed off before she could finish and stared in shock at who it was.

Her initial outburst and then silence made the others in the room turn toward her, but then they saw who she was looking at.

Sitting there was a warrior in golden armor with wings. The same warrior who had defeated all of them in the raid against the Yakuza hideout.

The Izumi turned to face them. “Greetings, Heroes and Heroines.” She paused to take off her helmet, revealing a somewhat standard-looking Izumi’s face, but her eyes were sharper along, and a scar stretched down her left cheek. The silence was her only reply.

“What are you doing here?” Sir Nighteye asked, being the first to regain his composure.

Valkyria gestured at the fight going on below. “He asked me to come. A way of apologizing, he said, but he and I both know that won’t be happening.”

The Pro-Heroes and Pro-Heroines were very much still fearful of this specific Izumi. After all, she had placed nearly all of them into a critical condition in just a few blinks of an eye. They were not
looking forward to fighting her again, even if they must.

“If you are not here for that, then the least you could do is offer us some information,” Nighteye proposed, trying to ease the tense silence. “Just answering a few questions would do.”

“Hmm, I suppose I could do that, but only after this fight is over. Main is going to get serious soon and I will not miss seeing it,” Valkyria agreed.

“Main?” some people in the room asked.

“That’s what we call him, the Izuku of this dimension. We all have a codename, or else we couldn’t tell each other apart,” the armored warrior explained. “Mine is ‘Valkyria’, but you can also call me Izumi if you wish.”

As Izumi seemed to relax in her seat, they all slowly turned their attention back to the match; knowing they wouldn’t get anything out of her as of now.

Valkyria yawned and extended her arms into the air. When she let them down, however, her left arm found itself hung over Mt. Lady’s neck.

‘I-is she… hitting on me?’ Yu wondered uncomfortably. She shook the thought off, thinking this might be just a cultural difference or something like that.

Unfortunately for her, this very specific Izumi did very much prefer the company of a woman, or rather women. Main never really got why so many of his alternate selves engaged in polygamy, or as the ‘weebs’ would call it, a ‘harem’. [1]

“Is everybody, alright,” Katsuki asked into his earpiece. He received several initial confirmations, waiting until he heard nineteen voices telling him that they were okay.

Currently, he was stuck six-feet-under the pile of dirt and ice, but he should be able to blast through it all. What mattered though was the moment at hand.

“Is anyone above ground?” the blond asked.

“Todoroki shielded most of us before we were swallowed, so yes,” Momo replied.

“I am hovering above the stage,” Setsuna answered. “I-”

“No!” Katsuki yelled. “Get down! Get down, right now!”

“What? Why-”

The green-haired girl didn’t get to finish when a fist connected to her face. Phoenix flew past her after the attack. Setsuna, fortunately, recovered from the blow just in time to dodge shards of ice sent toward her, only to be hit in the back by a fist made of stone.

“Land! Land! Fucking land!” Katsuki kept issuing his orders. He only received grunts and screams as his reply. “Shit!” Without a second to waste, Katsuki placed his palm on the dirt above him and blasted.

Above the group, a pillar of fire and smoke erupted from under the landslide.

“There he is,” an ordinary Izuku said as he observed the rising smoke. “Concentrate on that spot. If
Katsuki is taken out, the rest will be easier to deal with. But tell ‘Eraser’ to stick to the edge of the fight, he still has the element of surprise,” an Izuku gave this command to an Izumi with a mixture of brown and green hair.

“Roger that, Reverse,” she replied.

“We’ll have to reposition soon, Tonkinese. Tell Phoenix to make another smoke screen as well.”

Tonkinese acknowledged the second order with a nod before relaying both out with her telepathic Quirk. To be frank, she didn’t really feel like helping after the unlawful action that was the Raid of the Yakuza base. Since that mission’s purpose was to save a little girl, she could overlook it. This one was not the case here. This was just a favor for Main.

As Katsuki emerged from the ground, the Izukus and Izumis started their assault on him.

The blond leaped out of the way as an Izumi with bright greenish-blonde hair sent a small wave of dirt toward him. “You missed, bitch!” he shouted. The Izumi just sneered and pointed at the blond’s feet. Katsuki shifted his eyes down, but made sure to still have her in his sight. His leg was encased in ice up to his knee. “Distraction, huh?! ‘Pixie-Bob’?!” Katsuki shouted with the intention of making the entire stadium hearing him.

“Don’t call me that!” the Izumi, now known as Pixie-Bob, shrieked back, just as equally loud. Her rage was strong enough for veins to visibly appear on her forehead.

“You idiot!” An Izuku with white hair and blue eyes yelled as he ran up to her. “Behind you!”

Pixie-Bob turned around just in time to see a kick delivered to her back by Iida. Katsuki used this chance to blast himself out of the ice and made his retreat upward, but he was careful not to get too high as he knew what awaited him above.

For now, he needed to gather a little distance to make them chase him, and to give the others breathing room.

“Why did he say my Hero name?” the real Pixie-Bob asked the Izumi in the room.

Valkyrie hesitated. She pulled her arm away from Mt. Lady’s neck (much to the heroine’s relief).

“She’s your daughter.”

There was a momentary silence in the booth as everyone turned their heads at Valkyrie.

“I am sorry, but could you repeat that?” Pixie-Bob requested with a baffled expression.

“She’s is your child from another dimension, who just so happens to be the same person as I am,” Valkyrie answered as clearly as she could, but that didn’t help any.

“B-But how?” Ryukyu questioned. “How can she be you if she didn’t come from the same parents?”

The armored warrior just shrugged. “Not even Main knows how something comes to be or become possible in the Multiverse. All he knows is that ‘Pixie-Bob’, that’s your daughter’s codename by the way, is one of us. I simply accepted that without needing to understand it… and because the last time Main tried to explain something half of the people in the meeting hall vomited, myself
included, so never again,” Valkyrie concluded. “Also, she isn’t the only one with a parent in this room,” Izumi said with a sly smile, before focusing back on the match.

Her hint quickly made everyone turn back to the match, while Valkyrie was about put her arm back over Mt. Lady’s neck.

“Do you mind?” Yu hissed.

“Fine,” Valkyria retreated her advance. “I will buy you dinner first.”

The reply shocked the Heroine; she just swallowed nervously and tried to focus back on the match.

The real Pixie-Bob remained unresponsive.

“Pixie-Bob.” Ragdoll poked her friend in the cheek. “Pixie-Bob.” The other members of the Wild, Wild Pussycats looked equally concerned.

“I have a daughter…” the blonde Heroine whispered. A realization slowly hit her. “Which means…”

“Did you hear that?” an Izumi with hair in a brighter shade of green and large, round eyes asked her alternate selves.

“Hear what, Ragamuffin?” Tonkinese asked with an eyebrow raise.

“I think I hear a faint voice saying ‘I have a husband’, or something,” Ragamuffin answered, holding her fingers on her chin.

“Can you locate the voice?” Tonkinese enquired.

“No, I don’t think so. It might be out of my range or-”

“Or something is blocking you,” Reverse cut her off. “Tonkinese, tell the others to be careful of Shinso. I am not sure if he managed to learn how to imitate voices yet, but we better be safe than sorry.”

“Roger that,” the daughter of Mandalay affirmed.

Reverse gazed at another Izuku standing beside him. This Izuku looked like a standard Izuku, but there was a dangerous glint in his eyes. He seemed to emit an aura of intimidation — from the way he moved, his posture, to the way his eyes shifted restlessly; he seemed like a predator looking out for prey or a rival.

“Are you going to do anything, Admiral?” the commanding Izuku asked.

“Not yet,” ‘Admiral’ replied. “Main intends that I only join in if we are losing.”

“Hmm, doubtful,” Reverse snorted.

“Be that as it may, we shouldn’t underestimate them. Which is why I want to suggest something,” Admiral proposed.

“I am listening.”
Back with the U.A. students. Katsuki finally managed to hide from the pursuing Izukus and Izumis that he had drawn away from where Todoroki had made his ice wall, which was now their rendezvous point.

“Setsuna? Have you landed yet?” the blond asked through his earpiece.

“She’s fine, she’s with us,” the voice of Momo replied. “We managed to drive that fire using Izu… umm, what’s her name?”

“Izumi.”

“Right. We drove Izumi off, now Setsuna’s recovering.”

Katsuki pondered. He knew Phoenix well enough. She would never be ‘driven off’ unless it was for tactical advantage, or a decision ordered by whoever Main chose to be the commander of this operation. The blond looked around, trying to assess the situation.

This year’s stage was much larger than all the previous years, almost reaching the ramparts surrounding the field. This allowed a larger scale battle, which turned the arena into a more sophisticated battlefield.

Judging by the initial wave of ice and dirt, he would say two-thirds of the stage had been transformed into an uneven hill with a mixture of rough tundra-like ground. The terrain had also been elevated with each new layer of ice and dirt being thrown at them. Maybe he could manipulate the Izukus and Izumis to create a high ground for Katsuki’s team?

“One For All: Full Cowl…” someone breathed out, and Katsuki’s heart sunk. He knew who that was.

“Shit!” Katsuki cursed and turned towards the voice.

A flash of green rushed past him, much to his confusion.

At first, Katsuki thought his attacker was just another distraction, but after no attack came he quickly realized that he wasn’t the target. The blond turned around and saw an Izuku with green lightning dancing across his body dashing at the ice wall. Not only that, but he also saw the Izukus and Izumis were converging on his teammates.

“They are rushing towards you! Get ready!” Katsuki shouted into the intercom.

Behind Todoroki’s ice wall, everyone readied themselves after receiving the warning. Todoroki got in the front, with Kendo’s team right behind him and Momo’s team further back.

Yaoyorozu had to admit that the situation didn’t look good. She knew that fighting Izuku and his clones would be somewhat difficult, but this was beyond her wildest expectations. Now she could only trust in Katsuki’s judgment and their preparations. The ponytailed girl cursed that some of them were still missing. Mei, Tetsutetsu, and Monoma’s entire team were likely still buried under the landslide. Iida, Tsuyu, and Mineta—who rode on Iida—were still out trying to find the others.

“Detroit!” a voice roared from beyond the ice wall and snapped her back to reality. “Smash!”

In a blink of an eye, the wall was smashed into bits. It was the doing of a single Izuku. He had destroyed the wall with a simple punch. Todoroki was ready to unleash a glacier upon the incoming Izuku.
A spear of flame soared past the Izuku, vaporizing the ice into the water as it made contact with the iceberg and hindering Shouto’s attack.

Suddenly, Phoenix was face-to-face with Todoroki. His shocked expression only caused the fire-using Izumi’s grin to widen. Her hand reached for his sport jacket’s collar. Shouto tried to sweep her arm away, but as soon as his hand touched her skin his fingers recoiled in an instant. He felt as if he had touched a scalding-hot iron.

“You’re coming with me,” Phoenix hissed with a savage grin. The Izumi flew away, taking Shouto with her.

“Todoroki!” Uraraka screamed and ran after them. She only went so far before another of Izuku’s clones, a muscular Izumi, blocked her path. They collided in a short melee brawl, which ended with Ochako losing after the Izumi swept her legs out from under her and knocking the gravity-user down.

Luckily before anything else could happen, the rest of her teammates came to her rescue. The muscular Izumi retreated back to where a few of her alternate selves were waiting, all the while avoiding ranged attacks from Ashido, Momo, and Reiko by bending and stretching her body to an inhuman length.

“You alright, Pantera?” the Izuku who had smashed the wall asked.

“I am fine, Weekender,” the muscular Izumi reassured.

“Right.” Weekender nodded. “Now what do we do next, Cyro?” he asked the white-haired Izuku.

Cyro didn’t speak, he knew he didn’t have to. Within the next second, they received their orders.

‘Keep them in a tight group. Pantera, Weekender, keep putting pressure on them and drive them towards the edge of the stage. Cyro, keep supporting them but be prepared for the final attack. I will send Pixie-bob over to help in a minute or two.’

Tonkinse ne nodded to Reverse, signaling that she had sent the message.

He nodded back. “Ragamuffin, are all the enemies accounted for?”

“Most are, but some of the U.A. students are still missing,” the Izumi informed.

“Troublesome, but Main is on that. Is Eraser in position?”

Ragamuffin only nodded, feeling like she shouldn’t mention Katsuki by name.

Reverse flashed a grin. The commanding Izuku really wanted to see Katsuki beaten to a pulp in person, he really did, but his own responsibility came first.

“Tell him to engage.”

Bakugou rushed over to the others as fast as he could. He had already seen Phoenix leave, which meant she had accomplished whatever she was there for, and that was not good.

The blond aligned his arms with his current body position. He needed to rocket his way toward them even if it meant being intercepted by Phoenix. When he tried to set off his explosion, however, nothing happened.
Katsuki halted in his tracks. ‘Quirk disabler, I should have guessed, but which one?’ the blond quickly deducted.

Before he could finish his speculation, he dodged incoming binding cloths from his left side. He didn’t get the time to look at who had assaulted him when a kick quickly followed up the first attack. The blow grazed his face and forced him to roll away.

His opponent still didn’t let up, however, and pushed offensively to land more blows or try to incapacitate Katsuki with his cloth-like weapon.

After dodging and blocking a few more punches and a kick, Bakugou regained his footing and countered the next incoming attack with a left jab aimed at his enemy’s chest while his right arm blocked a kick. The blow didn’t manage to connect when the Izuku backflipped to avoid the attack.

It was now that Katsuki finally got a good look at his assailant. An Izuku with scruffy, less-puffy black hair and a tired expression. What really caught the blond’s attention though was the eyes. They were illuminating a red-light.

“Hmm, so he chose you, eh? Eraser?” Katsuki called out. “Is he trying to impress Aizawa or something?”

Eraser just shrugged. This Izuku was a being of few words; he was Eraser Head’s kid after all.

Katsuki began controlling his breathing. He wouldn’t be able to use his Quirk against Eraser, so this fight would be purely physical. He was at a disadvantage, the Quirk-disabling Izuku had his Capture Gear with him (courtesy of that universe’s Aizawa).

Bakugou knew that he could win. The blond knew this Izuku’s weaknesses, but that would take too much time and only the gods knew how long the others could hold out. Yet he didn’t have an alternative. If he went back to his teammates for help they would have their Quirks shut down in addition to fighting one more Izuku. He had to win this and fast.

The explosive teen charged in, he had wasted enough time analyzing the situation. Now was the time to fight.

“He wasn’t fooled, eh?” the commanding Izuku lamented. “I guess I expected too much from Eraser.”

“You want me to send out any messages?” Tonkinese asked.

“No, at the moment everything is still going according to plan. Healer, is Pixie-Bob recovered?” the commanding Izuku asked a standard-looking Izumi with glowing lime-green eyes. Currently, she was embracing Pixie-Bob, but the hug looked less than cordial.

“Of course she isn’t! She needs proper care from the infirmary! You think my Quirk can just patch everything up one-hundred percent!?” Healer retorted, looking annoyed and upset.

The Izuku just sighed. “Is she good enough to get back to the battle?” he asked, equally irritated.

Healer narrowed her eyes at the greenish blonde Izumi. Pixie-Bob shrunk under the annoyed Izumi’s glance; every last one of them knew Healer was one of the ‘never piss them off’ tiers among their ranks.

“Fine, I think she is healed enough for that.” Healer gave in and pulled herself away. The blonde
Izumi suppressed her sigh of relief.

“Go and reinforce the others against U.A.’s main group, but if you find the missing students on the way, take care of them,” Reverse commanded. Pixie-Bob nodded and ran back to join the fight.

“I wish Main would take this a little more seriously,” Admiral suddenly spoke up.

Reverse frowned. “You do realize that just you and I are already overkilling.”

“Like the great Grand Admiral Sengoku ‘the Buddha’ once said ‘There is never such a thing as overkill. It’s called being cautious’,” Admiral countered. “If he would have allowed, say, Aether or Time to join us, this match would have been over by now.”

“You misjudge the purpose of this exercise then,” Reserve said dryly. “Main wishes to show them not only what he was capable of, but also the problem of being in the position he is currently in.”

It took a few seconds for Admiral to fully comprehend Reserve’s words and came to realize what the commanding Izuku was trying to say.

“Are you saying he is expecting us to start in-fighting?”

Reserve did not answer; instead, he focused back on the battlefield in front of him and just in time to brace for a strong gust of wind. It appeared that Todoroki was fighting back against Phoenix.

“I’m gonna pummel you until you get scars large enough to match your burn mark,” she said as her lips curled into a savage grin. “Or until you decide to do as daddy dearest wants and use your fire.”

In an area on the stage, far away from ongoing fights, the ground burst outward. Crawling out of a fresh dirt hole were Monoma, Mei, Aoyama, and Manga.
“See! I told you I could dig us a tunnel!” Hatsume cheered, holding a drilling device in her left hand.

“Right…” Monoma replied, still catching his breath.

“Oh, mon cher! I am covered in dirt! In front of the cameras!” Aoyama cried in horror.

Monoma ignored the French teen and tried to call the others. “Kendo, do you hear me?” Nothing. “Yaoyorozu?” Silence. “Katsuki?” This time he cursed upon receiving nothing; “Shit.”

He had purposefully dug away from the location where they were buried as a means to avoid the major fight, and to focus on hunting down the real Izuku. But now, with the entire U.A. team in a tight position, as evident by all the quakes going on, he’d begun to regret this plan. Maybe he and his team should’ve stuck with the others instead; they even dragged the support students away from the other teams as well.

“Dodge!” Manga shouted, and tackled all of them down.

A circular object flew above where they used to stand, no doubt sent with the intent to knock them out. It boomeranged back to its owner. The four turned around to see an Izuku grabbing for the returning shield. His cape made it pretty clear which Izuku this was: Main.

“Well, aren’t you people fresh out of luck,” Main remarked, then charged toward Monoma’s team.

With everyone else engaged in fights that they were losing, the situation for the U.A. Team did not look good. Yet one question remained: where were Tetsutetsu and Ibara?

Chapter End Notes

A/N: I have been on the weird side of YouTube for too long. Look up ‘Yoda Cock and Ball Torture ASMR - (Hardstyle Remix (2019)’. SFW, don’t worry.

[1] It’s quite hard to pinpoint who exactly came up with the concept of PhoenixIzuku since so many authors seemed to write about it. I just wrote my own take as well, so there’s no real credit to give, but there are a few stories dedicated to Izuku and Izumi with Phoenix-like Quirks. Check those out, I guess… What? I didn’t say I would link them for you.

Special: List of Izukus and Izumis

Chapter Summary

A list and details of Izukus and Izumis to help people keep track.

Chapter Notes

A/N: There are a lot of things going on in my life right now, I can't really finish a proper chapter within this month, especially with me writing on other works and doing other things as well. So to make sure that there is at least something out in November, I made a highly requested list of Izukus and Izumis that had appeared so far, along with their appearance and Quirk, and list of Izukus that are planned to appear. I think I should put this out now anyways rather than at the end of this arc, as it should help you remember all the Izukus and Izumis currently appearing.

Beta by Yuilhan

See the end of the chapter for more notes

Beyond and More: Special

Major and Minor Izukus and Izumis in the current arc (Sport Festival), including those that haven't yet appear:

Name: Izuku Midoriya

Alias: Main

Appearance: Standard (canonical) Izuku appearance.

Quirk: Multiverse Traversing. His Quirk allow for him to travel into the multiverse. The locations he can emerge from can be determined by the elements Main wants that dimension to have, or if he could simply remember something extremely specific about that dimension; his alternate-selves for example.

In order to phase into another world there must be some force that pushes Main into another dimension. For example, running into the wall or colliding with a truck. He also has a three meter range, so not only can he warp himself, but other objects and people too.

Two strange secrets of his Quirk are that Isuku seems to be able to emerge within a three meter radius of his alternate selves as well, and his Quirk seems to have minor resistance to Quirk disablers (whether the disabler is another Quirk or technology, i.e. Aizawa's Quirk). Main can not figure the answer to either of these mysteries, which is why he keeps them a secret.

World: Standard (Canonical) My Hero Academia world, but this world has already experienced an incursion from Pax Americana, an America Organisation that has elevated itself to the multiversal,
and thus possesses several connections to the multiverse. Though this is not exclusive to this world…

**Others:** His hero costume is a suit out of the Dead Space series and he might have a mental problem, with a trigger word being 'mother.' He is considered part of the 'OG 5' by others, along with four more Izukus and Izumis.

**Author note:** Our Protagonist, that's all that has to be said. I kind of have an overload of ideas for MHA fics at the time, so I decided to 'fuck it, let's do them all' and thus this fic is born.

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**Name:** Izuku Midoriya

**Alias:** Admiral. Stems from his rank within his world government.

**Appearance:** Standard Izuku appearance, but he seems to possess an aura of intimidation along with a sense of dreadful pride.

**Quirk:** [REDACTED]

**World:** In Admiral’s world, Quirks had been with humanity since humans had come into existence. Because of that, society had become much more chaotic since the ancient times. For that reason, people were more susceptible to the current authoritarian model of governing — believing that a strong government was required to keep order.

The government — the monarchy and chiefdom made up of people with extremely strong Quirks — also want more control with less possibility of betrayal and challenge. For that purpose, they employed the Quirkless, thinking they were the weakest and easiest to control; often assigning the Quirkless to positions of power and other important posts.

As the centuries waned on, it became apparent that the Quirkless had begun to take over as the head of state, not by fighting harder, but smarter. They would stick together regardless of race and nationality, and helped to push a Quirkless person in another state to become a leader before consolidating their assets and repeating the same process again and again. By the 13th century (surprisingly, this world still used the same calendar as Main's world, only with Jesus, interestingly, being Quirkless), the Quirkless took over and united the world.

None who were Quirked dared to challenge them, mostly due to the fear of what would happen if all authorities on Earth would collapse.

Thus a new world where the Quirkless reigned with an iron hand, not a fist, came into existence, but the recent advancement in technology might not leave them 'Quirkless' for long, and neither will the 'Quirked' be Quirked forever…

**Others:** He is considered one of the 'OG 5', as others have put it, meaning he is one of the first four Izukus and Izumis that Main came into contact with and thus crucial to the formation of the Sanctuary. Beyond the fact that he had served in the Quirkless government (mandatory service, though he enjoyed it nonetheless), most of the information regarding him is kept a secret.

**Author note:** When I designed Admiral, Star Wars Rebel(s) season 3 was airing. It was when Grand Admiral Thrawn made his glorious return, so I first created this Izuku based on Thrawn. Then I decided to catch up on One Piece and witness the epic fight between Katakuri and Luffy, and was captivated by Karakuri. I will leave it at that, you might have guessed a clue now of what his Quirk and personality will be like.
Name: Izumi Midoriya

Alias: Healer

Appearance: Standard Izumi appearance, but she appeared to have larger and darker circles under her eyes despite never appearing tired. (Please look up the official gender-bend art on your own, dear readers. Yes there is one.)

Quirk: Quirkless. Source of power is [REDACTED]. Though at Main's behest, she disguises and lies about her power as Quirk.

World: A fusion of My Hero Academia world and [REDACTED] world. Currently free of Pax Americana and other multiverse entities and organizations due to being claimed by an ancient, small, and highly advanced race called [REDACTED].

Others: Part of the 'OG 5', thus allowing her to get the alias 'Healer' before any other healing-related Izuku and Izumi. She is a much more reserved and shy Izumi, similar to any standard Izumi, but due to the influence of her mentor, 'Recovery Girl', and a secret duty, she was now ill-tempered, cynical, and rough; though underneath all of that she cares for others nonetheless. Strangely, she was not listed on the official rank(What is the official rank?) by Main, and her source of power isn't a Quirk, but something more 'magical' (though at Main's request, she disguises and lies about her power as Quirk).

Author note: I will leave you with this… 'Do you want to make a contact?' /

Name: Izumi Midoriya

Alias: Phoenix

Appearance: Somewhat standard Izumi appearance, but with orange eyes, a fuller body compared to other Izumis, and red-tips at the end of her green, puffy hair. Some have noticed she has fanged teeth as well, but Main did not list this as an extra physical feature.

Quirk: Phoenix. A Mythical-type Quirk, exclusive to certain universes. This Quirk is considered by Main to be 'Absolute Pyrokinesis' as it has total control over flame and heat, along with allowing Izuku to generate them without any side effects. Naturally, this Quirk also give Izumi immunity to fire and heat.

There are many more abilities Phoenix possesses, but Izumi was unwilling to share with Main on what they are.

World: Standard Hero Academia world, but this world possesses a new type of Quirk called 'Mythical Quirk'; an extremely powerful type Quirk that was theorized in that world to be a proto-Quirk, an ancient type of Quirk that existed before Quirks full-emergence in the 21st Century, and might have been responsible to Quirks spreading to everyone.

Her world shares this property with 'Kitsune's world.

[Please go to the 'Kitsune' section for more info on this specific individual.]

Others: Another member of the 'OG 5'. Due to the influence from her Mythical Quirk, her personality and manner are drastically different compared to her alternate selves, similar to
Kitsune's shift in personality. She seems to have a knack for getting a rise out of people, though she seems to know when not to cross the line.

In her universe, Katsuki was also a girl, now named Katsuko. The two were in a love-hate/sadomasochistic relationship.

**Author note:** Again, there are many authors who write about PhoenixIzuku/Izumi. My take is to go all the way to the mythological phoenix and Chinese vermilion bird, with a borrowed element from the author Alrain who created Mythical Quirks for his story that allow me to somewhat justify some of the asspulling I am about to do with Phoenix's abilities.

Also, Sisgoleon energy.

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**Name:** Izuku Midoriya

**Alias:** Weekender

**Appearance:** Standard Izuku appearance.

**Quirk:** One for All. (No explanation needed.)

**World:** Standard Hero Academia world, but weekdays are considered weekends and weekends are considered weekdays, so people take a break for five days and work for two days. Despite this, everything still functions like any regular universe.

**Others:** The last, and somewhat the most overlooked of the 'OG 5' (likely due to the fact that he acts and has an ability similar to standard Izuku). Despite this, due to his close friendship with Main and being the first Izuku that Main had ever met, he was allowed access into the archive to study about aspects of One for All that wouldn't normally be discovered on his own unless he was being pushed; such as using his legs, the 'shooting style', and other secrets of One for All.

**Author note:** Seriously, if you can't remember it at this point just read the beginning of chapter 3; those are the OG 5. He might not be as ordinary as you might have thought. Just know that, like how he was the first alternate self Main met, he is based off the first ever MHA fic I have read. Your hint: awkward.

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**Name:** Izuku Midoriya

**Alias:** Cryo

**Appearance:** Standard Izuku appearance, but with white hair.

**Quirk:** Cryo-Generator. Cryokinesis, however, he must generate ice from within his own body and form the ice on his skin before spreading it and allowing him to control the ice at a similar level to Todoroki. If his body temperature goes up too high, he won't be able to use his Quirk.

**World:** Standard Hero Academia world, but Izuku is actually Todoroki's cousin on his mother's side.

**Others:** Cryo is part of the anti-Endeavours faction among the Izukus and Izumis. This faction seemed to gain more and more momentum within the Sanctuary, Main noted. Though he highly doubts it will outgrow the anti-Katsuki movement.
**Author note:** Nothing much on him really. He's just a minor Izuku.

**Name:** Izuku Aizawa

**Alias:** Eraser

**Appearance:** Somewhat standard Izuku appearance with scruffy, less-puffy black hair and a tired expression that seems to be permanently stuck on his face. His eyes will shine red while his Quirk is activated.

**Quirk:** Erasure. This Quirk gives him the ability to nullify anyone's Quirk by looking at them.

**World:** Standard Hero Academia world, but Shouta Aizawa replaced Hisashi as Izuku's real father.

**Others:** Nothing peculiar about this Izuku.

**Author note:** He's kinda inspired by Izuku in this one fanfic where Aizawa ended up married to a divorced Inko. I can't remember which ones, I am not even sure if it's on AO3, or , or both.

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**Name:** Izumi Midoriya

**Alias:** Tonkinese

**Appearance:** Standard Izumi appearance with brown strands mixed into her hair.

**Quirk:** Telepath. She can send mental transmissions and send telepathic messages directly into people's minds, similar to her mother. Though, as the theory of 'Quirk Singularity' goes, her Quirk has evolved to possess other qualities beyond her mother's version of the Quirk.

**World:** Standard Hero Academia world, but Inko Midoriya and Shino Sosaki are the same person, thus making Izumi's mother both Mandalay and Inko. How? Main didn't bother thinking about it as there are far more bizarre Izukus for him to think about.

**Others:** She and three other Izumis, who were a kid of each member of the 'Wild, Wild Pussy Cats' in their respective universes, struck up a friendship between each other. The others give them nickname 'Wild, Wild Izumi.'

**Author note:** I had to look up cat species to find proper code names for each of the Wild, Wild Pussy Cat kids.

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**Name:** Izumi Tsuchikawa

**Alias:** Pixie-Bob Picking up the mantle from her mother.

**Appearance:** Standard Izumi appearance with greenish-blonde hair and less freckles.

**Quirk:** Earth Flow. Her Quirk allows her to freely manipulate the earth for a variety of effects, like her mother's. With the knowledge given to her from other Izukus and Izumis, she can create far more advanced constructs and wider varieties of attacks than her mother.

**World:** Standard Hero Academia world, but Inko Midoriya and Ryuko Tsuchikawa is the same
person, thus making Izumi's mother both Pixie-Bob and Inko. Again, Main didn't bother making sense of it.

Others: While she is also part of the 'Wild, Wild Izumis', she is by far the least enthusiastic and most jaded of its members. She only shared the reasons that contribute to her personality with Main and other member of 'Wild, Wild Izumis'.

Author note: She gave me the biggest problem when coming up with a cat-related code names. So I settled for a more tragic backstory to make her jaded and was able to pick up the same Hero name as her mother. Countering her alternate mother's (Ryuko) hyper personality is also a plus.

Name: Izumi Chatora

Alias: Pantera

Appearance: This Izumi was taller and more toned, almost muscular, than standard Izumi. Her hair possesses a mixture of brown strands similar to Tonkinese. Though her hair was curly, she arranges them to point backwards rather than leave them in a bush-like shape like most Izumis. She possesses fewer freckles than others.

Quirk: Pliabody. Her Quirk allows her to stretch, flatten, and bend her body in ways that would normally be impossible. Like Tonkinese, her Quirk evolves to allow her to bend internal and external organs and limbs separately (i.e. turn her legbones into a spring).

World: Standard Hero Academia world, but Inko Midoriya married Yawara Chatora instead of Hisashi. Main doesn't want to think about his mother's taste in men in this universe.

Others: She is part of the 'Wild, Wild Izumis'.

Author note: I come up with her concept while rewatching the Ichigo and Grimmjow battle (Bleach), hence the codename 'Pantera'. Of course, I can't just make her an Arrancar, so I settled for Grimmjaw-like movement.

Name: Izumi Midoriya

Alias: Ragamuffin

Appearance: Standard Izumi appearance with greenish-blonde hair and fewer freckles.

Quirk: Search. Her Quirk allows her to observe and monitor up to 100 people at a time, including their location and weak points.

World: Standard Hero Academia world, but Inko Midoriya and Tomoko Shiretoko are the same person, thus making Izumi’s mother both Ragdoll and Inko. Again, Main didn't bother making sense of it.

Others: She is part of the 'Wild, Wild Izumis'; some even consider her to be the one who came up with the idea and dragged the other three into it.

Author note: Nothing on this one, she's just a carbon-copy of her mother.
Name: Izuku Midoriya

Alias: Reverse

Appearance: Standard Izuku appearance.

Quirk: [REDACTED]

World: [REDACTED]

Others: One of the more classified Izuku, no one is quite sure what his power is or what the world he comes from is like. Though some claim that objects seem to move on their own when he is around.

Author note: You will not expect what this Izuku's power is.

Name: Japanese, Izumi Midoriya; Norse, Svipul.

Alias: Valkyria

Appearance: Somewhat standard Izumi appearance, but older with sharper eyes and a scar stretching down her left cheek. She is usually found donning golden armor.

Quirk: Quirkless. Powers come from her race (Valkyria) and divine blessing (specifically Norse pantheon).

World: A world where world mythologies are real, from Norse, to Shinto, to Aztec. No one likes the Greek gods.

Others: Like Valkyrie in mythology, her duty is to guide the souls of dead warriors to Valhalla. It is mysterious to all as to how a Japanese girl came to serve the Norse pantheon; even Izumi herself didn't know.

Author note: Her idea came up after I managed to beat that god-forsakenly-hard Sigrún in God of War 2018.

Name: Izuku Midoriya

Alias: Wire

Appearance: An older-looking Izuku with sleeker and darker green hair, and piercing eyes. The freckles are less prominent on his face.

Quirk: Microfilament Wires. He can turn anything he touches into microfilament wires, yet these wires still have their original property; for example, if the wires are made of ice, it can be vaporized. His wires are like an extension of his body, but are still very difficult to control.

World: Standard Hero Academia world, though Inko Midoriya seemed to disappear off the surface of the Earth. Wire is still searching.

Others: He works as a butler, though for whom he was unwilling to say. Some speculated it to be the Yaoyorozu Family, however.
**Name:** Izuku of Angren

**Alias:** Witcher

**Appearance:** Standard Izuku appearance with white hair and scars over his right side of his lips, cat-like green eyes.

**Quirk:** Quirkless. Power comes from genetic mutation and magic.

**World:** A world where magic and mystical creatures from European culture, mostly northern, eastern, and western mythology plus their own. The famous Witcher Order exists within this universe, discouraging other multiversal entities and organizations to claim this world; considering it 'plagued' or 'difficult' as they would likely encounter a very big obstacle, Ciri.

**Others:** Due to the harsh nature of his world, this Izuku was more grim and cynical, though he was still moved by the plight of others. Katsuki was also a Witcher.

**Author note:** He is set to appear in the next chapter along with Wire and Barrier. I don't think I have to explain much about this Izuku, or at least I am unable to with how much there is to explain. Just look up Witcher.

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**Name:** Izuku Midoriya

**Alias:** Barrier

**Appearance:** Standard Izuku appearance.

**Quirk:** Barrier. He can create a wall of energy using his mind. However, it is extremely draining and usually makes him feel sleepy.

**World:** Standard Hero Academia world.

**Others:** One of the more classified Izuku, no one is quite sure what his power is or what the world he comes from is like. Though some claim that objects seem to move on their own when he is around.

**Author note:** Nothing on this one.

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**Other Major Izukus and Izumis that already appeared:**

**Name:** Izuku Midoriya

**Alias:** Time

**Appearance:** Standard Izuku appearance.

**Quirk:** Time. He can manipulate time. Other time-related abilities include [REDACTED].
World: Standard MHA world.

Others: While Main treats most Izukus and Izumis as followers, Time was among the first he seemed to think of as his equal in terms of knowledge and ability.

Author note: This is the same Izuku who had to turn back time to let Main save his mother. More details later.

Name: Izuku Midoriya

Alias: Sin (current name)/Guilt (previous name) (Some Izuku and Izumis' codenames are changed if someone whose ability is more suited to the name comes up.)

Appearance: Standard older Izuku appearance.

Quirk: [REDACTED]

World: [REDACTED]

Others: One of the founding Izukus and Izumis, he is respected by others, especially since he was among the top 10 strongest Izukis and Izumis (ranked by Main, so legitimacy is questionable, but Main is rarely wrong).

Author note: Nothing on him for now, except that he was the one who kickstarted Main's Eri rescue operation and set the course for him to enter U.A.. Also, I will be frank, I changed my mind about his codename and feel that people might have already memorized his character so I will go with in-story name change.

Name: Izuku Midoriya

Alias: Crimson

Appearance: Standard Izuku appearance, but his eyes can turn red when using his Quirk.

Quirk: Crimson Explosion. He can generate a special electric wave from the disk on his palm. The lightning produced by Crimson can set off an explosion using oxygen, nitrogen, or any gas in the air. He can set them off individually or all at once, but the condition to set them off is for him to clap his palms together. Certain gases have no reaction to his crimson lightning, and thus he can't set them off.

World: Standard Hero Academia world, but Izuku neither attended U.A. or joined the League of Villains.

Others: While considered part of the 'Villain Izukus and Izumis', his psychopathic tendencies and his radicalism drives him away from them (he considers standard Villain Izuku too unwilling or too uncommitted to being a Villain). Despite what others view of him, he prefers to be neutral in the affair of things and doesn't become Hero or Villain.

Author note: Again, I based him on Solf J. Kimblee from Fullmetal Alchemist (Brotherhood, if you are an anime-only watcher).
Name: Izuku Midoriya

Alias: Sixth Sense

Appearance: Standard Izuku appearance, but with a scar over his left eye and a red hue in his green eyes.

Quirk: Duel Quirks; 'One for All' and 'Sixth Sense'. No explanation needed for One for All. 'Sixth Sense' allow Izuku to see and communicate with the soul of dead people/ghosts. He can also allow them to influence the world of the living.

World: Standard Hero Academia world.

Others: He is considered one of the major Heroic Izuku and is a good friend with 'Flame', another major Heroic Izuku.

Author note: He is an Izuku from the story 'Yesterday Upon the Stair' by PitViperOfDoom on AO3. One of, if not the, best My Hero Academia fanfic, unless you really really hate TodoDeku.

Name: Izuku Midoriya

Alias: Flame

Appearance: Standard Izuku appearance.

Quirk: Duel Quirks; 'One for All' and 'Green Fire'. No explanation needed for One for All. 'Green Fire' allows Izuku to generate and control fire. There is the potential for his Quirk to grow, it is even possible for him to surpass Endeavour. All fire he generates is green in color.

World: Standard Hero Academia world, but All for One is Izuku's grandfather on his father's side.

Others: Another major Heroic Izuku, though the drama regarding his family is considered convoluted to most Izukus and Izumis, even the ones that have a similar family tree (i.e. All for One is their close relative). He is fiercely at odds with the anti-Katsuki faction in the Sanctuary.

Author note: He is an Izuku from the story 'Viridescent' by darkfire1220 on Fanficnet. Another major MHA fanfic, but I feel like things got a little too complicated and dramatic than my own liking later on.

Name: Izuku Midoriya

Alias: Survive

Appearance: Standard Izuku appearance.

Quirk: Quirkless

World: Somewhat standard Hero Academia world, but Villains and discrimination against the Quirkless is more prominent.

Others: One of the prime example of Villain Izukus and is considered their most respected member in their ranks due to his lack of Quirk. Survive generally distances himself from most
Izukus and Izumis, but he seems to strike up a friendship with 'Quirkless', 'Healer', and a few others, which strangely includes 'Crimson'.

**Author note:** He is an Izuku from the story 'Good and Evil' by Roxas Itsuka on Fanficnet. Another major MHA fanfic, especially in the Villain category, and my favorite Villain Izuku fic, despite the edge. (And seeing Izuku beat Endavour is satisfying as fuck.)

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**Name:** Izuku Midoriya

**Alias:** Quirkless

**Appearance:** Standard Izuku appearance.

**Quirk:** Quirkless

**World:** Standard Hero Academia world.

**Others:** One of the most respected Izukus as he managed to claim his way into U.A.'s Heroic Course with nothing but his wits and merit, and has the support from the U.A. Support Course and Mei. He struck up a strong friendship with 'Survive' despite being opposite in ideals, though others said it is because they see something in each other.

**Author note:** He is an Izuku from the story 'The Quirkless Hero: Deku!' by PolarKarma-No.777 on Fanficnet. Really grounded climb for Izuku from Support student to Heroic one, also a rather optimistic in tone story. A bonus point for Izujirou.

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**Name:** Izuku Midoriya

**Alias:** Sonar

**Appearance:** Standard Izuku appearance.

**Quirk:** Echolocation. He constantly generates a sound wave that can even penetrate solid concrete; he can hear and 'see' in response to the waves. Note: He generates ultrasonic sound similar to bats rather than man-made Sonar used in a submarines.

**World:** Standard Hero Academia world.

**Others:** He is blind, as a side effect of his Quirk, though he seems to be doing fine in spite of his disability.

**Author note:** While he is similar to Izuku in 'A beacon in the dark' by Nohaljiachi, my real inspiration for this one comes from a scene in 'Batman: the Dark Knight' where Batman turned all cell phones in Gotham into microphones in order to find the Joker's hostages.

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**Name:** Izuku Midoriya

**Alias:** Daymare

**Appearance:** Standard Izuku appearance, but with burn-scar on the right side of his face.
**Quirk:** Daymare. A Quirk that allows Izuku to transform into a powerful monster.

**World:** Standard Hero Academia world, though Katsuki of this world is on the upper-half of the 'to-kill' list of the anti-Katsuki faction.

**Others:** A troubled-soul even by most Izukus and Izumi's standards, though he got better. Usually got pull into an argument against, or for, Katsuki that he doesn't want to be part of in the slightest.

**Author note:** He is an Izuku from the story 'Daymare' by IntrospectiveInquisitor on AO3. A little bit angsty, but, eh, pretty good.

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**Name:** Izuku Midoriya

**Alias:** Prime

**Appearance:** Standard and "true" Izuku appearance.

**Quirk:** One for All.

**World:** Standard and the canonical My Hero Academia world.

**Others:** Not technically part of their ranks due to Mains inability to access Prime's dimension (as no matter what he will only end up in a world where he has already interfered while the true Prime's dimension will remain untouched, though that also applies to all of them), Main knows of his existence and considers him part of them nonetheless. He is part of the main branch of timeline all Izukus and Izumis originate from.

**Author note:** Our canon Izuku by Kohei, basically.

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**Minor and Supporting Izukus and Izumis**

**Name:** Izorki Emerald-Anvil

**Alias:** Dwarf

**Appearance:** Standard dwarf appearance with freckles, a green, well-kept bread, and green braided hair. Other dwarves say he has asoft complexion (for a dwarf).

**Quirk:** Quirkless, but possesses Dwarf rune smithing and master-level (by Dwarf standard) smithing skill.

**World:** High fantasy world.

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**Name:** Izuku Midoriya

**Alias:** Mechanicus

**Appearance:** Standard Tech Priest (Magos) appearance with green eyes.

**Quirk:** Quirkless, because a Quirk is mutation and mutations are HERESY! He possesses an extremely advanced understanding and obsession with technology, to the point of being a
Name: Izuku Midoriya

Alias: Caretaker

Appearance: He has hunched-back and a misshapen face, somewhat reminiscent of Quasimodo from the tale of 'the Hunchback of Notre Dame,' but still possesses the signature green puffy hair and freckled cheeks.

Quirk: Quirkless.

World: Sanctuary. He has become a resident and helps with taking care of the mansion. Since he was the first to live there, Main put him in charge.

Name: Izuku Midoriya

Alias: Kitsune

Appearance: Standard Izuku appearance, but possesses fox ears (along with normal ears), nine fox tails, and ineffable cuteness.

Quirk: Kitsune. A mystical type Quirk, similar to Phoenix. He possesses an ability to control chakra, ki, and other spiritual energy alongside the magical abilities of Kitsune from folklore.

World: Standard Hero Academia world, but this world possesses a new type of Quirk called 'Mythical Quirk', an extremely powerful type Quirk that was theorized in that world to be a proto-Quirk, an ancient type of Quirk that existed before Quirks full-emergence in the 21st Century and might have been responsible for Quirks spreading to everyone.

Her world shares this property with 'Phoenix' world.

Important: Again, credited to Alrain and their fanfic 'Kyuubi no Izuku'.

Name: Izuku Midoriya

Alias: Sheep

Appearance: Standard Izuku appearance, but with ram horns on his head.

Quirk: Sheep. He can transform into a sheep, much like how Ryukyu transforms into a dragon (in fact, she was this Izuku's idol, comparable to All Might).

World: Standard Hero Academia world.

Important: He is from 'Sheep Go to Heaven' by dramatic_spoon.

Name: Izuku Midoriya
**Alias:** Thrax

**Appearance:** Standard older Izuku appearance, but unusually conceals his head under a balaclava — or ski mask, to some.

**Quirk:** Biohazard. He can replicate any biological hazardous substances that he consumes or injects into himself first. The substance can be liquid, solid, or gas. He is immune to all forms of biological hazards.

**World:** Somewhat Standard Hero Academia world, but the Meta Liberation Army movement went global and the movement was given a new name: Global Liberation Army

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**Name:** Izuku Midoriya

**Alias:** Operator

**Appearance:** Standard older Izuku appearance.

**Quirk:** Plug in. Behind his ear is a universal plug that allows him to jack into any operating system and become part of the network. Main was unsure if Operator's Quirk contributes to his apathetic personality.

**World:** Sanctuary. He became a permanent resident after appealing to Main. He is now the handler of the Sanctuary computers.

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**Name:** Izuku Midoriya

**Alias:** Juggernaut

**Appearance:** Standard Izuku appearance.

**Quirk:** Unstoppable. As long as he keeps himself moving, he becomes an unstoppable object. He could be stopped, however, if his legs can no longer touch the ground.

**World:** Standard Hero Academia world.

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**Name:** Izuku Midoriya

**Alias:** Wraith

**Appearance:** Standard older Izuku appearance.

**Quirk:** Astral Walk. He can take an astral/spectral form, leaving his body in a coma-like state while his conscious travel in his new form. Due to the nature of his form, it is extremely disruptive to human brainwaves and he can knock people out for a short duration by phasing through their brain.

**World:** Standard Hero Academia world.

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**Name:** Izuku Midoriya
Alias: Abyss

Appearance: Standard Izuku appearance.

Quirk: Unsure. Source of power come from cosmic entities, but the methodology in accessing them can't be determined.

World: Hero Academia world that has been influenced and corrupted by eldritch beings. Pax Americana and other organization issue maximum warning regarding this dimension.

Name: Izuku Midoriya

Alias: Concerned

Appearance: Standard Izuku appearance.

Quirk: Quirkless. Source of power comes from dealing with cosmic entities.

World: Hero Academia world that intertwines into the Azthoth's territory. Avoid this world at all costs.

Name: Izuku Midoriya

Alias: Doctor

Appearance: Standard older Izuku appearance.

Quirk: Quirkless

World: Standard Hero Academia world, but Izuku directs his intelligence and efforts to become a doctor in order to help people.

Background Izukus and Izumis. Not going to bother giving full details on them since they are not too relevant, even if they are mentioned multiple times or even make an appearance, so here are their codenames:

'Nazgul', 'Netrunner,' 'Blacksmith,' 'Forged,' 'Archmage,' 'Demon Smith,' 'Supporter,' 'Vault Hunter,' 'Gatherer,' 'Engineer,' 'Mentat,' 'X-Com,' 'Magical', 'Cremate', 'Doug', 'Meme'.

Chapter End Notes

You can see that I'm starting to rush half-way through after the major sections ended. Also I must apologize to Alrain and dramatic_spoon, I know I got your Izukus' Quirk names wrong but I am in a little hurry while I am writing this so there's not that much time to check.
The Sports Festival: First Impact

Chapter Summary

...and today comes the first ring out.

Chapter Notes

A/N: Ugh, I am finally back from England after being stuck there due to an incident. Jesus Christ, it’s so cold there. I’ve learnt to appreciate Bangkok’s hot weather after this; it worse here when it rains though.

Also sorry for the extreme delay. Like I said in December, new stories and personal issues.

Beta by Yuilhan

See the end of the chapter for more notes

“Ah, it’s a mess down there,” Fuyumi Todoroki remarked out loud. The other parents and guardians mentally agreed.

They were expecting something more like a traditional free-for-all fight. Instead, it turned into their kids banding together to fight just one student, but after seeing the boy produce eleven clones of himself, they couldn’t blame them.

Another strong gust of wind rushed through the arena; many people ducked to shield their face or hang on to their valuables. Fuyumi looked around. Other parents and guardians had quickly recovered and were focused on the match again — some seemed to fixate on their own child as if it were them fighting — Fuyumi quickly focused back on her brother as well.

Todoroki was currently fighting one of the female Izuku clones. Things didn’t look good for her brother. From what she managed to see when the camera zoomed in, Shouto was sweating bullets — he was likely reaching his overheating point; she had seen something similar happen to their father, the Number Two Hero: Endeavour.

But she really didn’t understand why he was the one losing this fight. The ice part of his Quirk should have helped to counter the fire and the heat. Unless the temperature both combatants were using had reached such a point where ice became irrelevant? The heat of that level must have been at a life-threatening degree, and the teachers would have stepped in already if that was the case… right?

Shouto sent out another massive glacier, but, as had happened before, it began to melt into stream and water droplets. Judging from the deterioration rate of the ice, the attack wouldn’t even reach his opponent. Nonetheless, his enemy sent out her own wave of flame to meet with the ice.

Fuyumi braced herself, there would likely be another strong blast. The ice and fire met and, as
she’d predicted, sent out a shockwave. She gripped her seat armrests. Instead of having to endure another wave, a dome of energy extended from the ground and covered the stage under the dome-like shield, blocking the blast.

The eldest of the Todoroki siblings blinked. Was this U.A.’s new measure to stop the fight from escalating?

The white-haired woman suddenly heard snoring from her left. She turned to her left and saw something she really wasn’t expecting. Izuku Midoriya was sitting beside her, sleeping peacefully. Fuyumi’s face twisted in confusion. She looked over to the person on the other side of the boy, a deep blue short-haired woman with square glasses (she was Iida Tenya’s mother if Fuyumi remembered correctly). The woman looked just as confused as Fuyumi was about Izuku’s presence.

“Apologies about him,” a new voice said from Fuyumi’s right. She twisted her head around and saw another Izuku (this one looked more mature and was wearing a sharp suit and a pair of glasses) standing on the stairs beside her. “‘Barrier’ is known to nap whenever he uses his Quirk.” Fuyumi was at a loss for words, as were the other parents and guardians. “Now, if you will excuse me.” Izuku walked away, and a small catering cart followed behind him—seemingly pushed by no one.

“Let me sleep, Wire,” Barrier snorted.

Wire just rolled his eyes and made his way down to the foremost seating row; his appearance had caused a stir among people in the booth. He simply held his head high and ignored the stares as he made his way toward his target, his mother.

Inko, hearing the commotion, turned around to discover one of her alternate children. She beamed at him.

Izuku stopped before swinging his hand upward, and the cart behind him rushed to his side. The stern Izuku took out a teapot and four cups before pouring the tea into china cups; Vietnamese Lotus tea, a superior tea, and those Brits would have to fight him to change his mind. With another swing of his hand, all four cups flew toward their targets.

The cups levitated in front of Eri, Inko, Mitsuki, and Masaru. The matriarch of the Bakugous was the first to take the cup and sipped the tea. She turned around and waved at Izuku.

“Thanks, kid!” Mitsuki said. Wire nodded before turning his attention toward a specific person he came here to find, Todo (pronounced Toh-doh, Wire believed).

The Dojo Master also noticed the stare from the alternate Izuku as well, and tensed. His experiences with the previous Izuku(s) were less than cordial. He would expect much of the same with this one.

Wire waved his finger and the cart began to operate on its own, pouring tea into cups before they flew toward other people in the booth and serving them. The mature Izuku slowly walked toward Todo, his hand reaching for something under his suit jacket.

Todo tensed. He wasn’t going to let his guard down like the last time. Before the master could do anything, however, Wire simply pulled out a folded piece of paper and held his hands up to show that he meant no harm. Seeing this, the bearded man lowered his defensive posture.

Wire navigated his way toward Todo while trying not to disturb the parents, siblings, or other guardians of the U.A. students. Once he reached the dojo master, he unfolded the paper.
“Right, so let’s get this over quickly.” Wire cleared his throat. Todo and Kendo’s parents lifted their eyebrows, people around them also turned to see what Izuku had to say. “On the behavior of the assembly of Izukus and Izumis, I am here to issue a formal apology to you regarding what one of us had done…” There was a momentary silence. “…we’re sorry. That’s all.”

The Dojo Master blinked in surprise, he wasn’t expecting that.

With that done, Wire crushed the note in his hand and crumpled it into a ball before turning around and throwing it all the way to Barrier. The sleeping Izuku woke up as it hit his head and narrowed his eyes at his associate, then he went back to sleep.

“Lazy bastard,” Wire mumbled.

“Izuku,” Inko suddenly called out, startling him. He’d forgotten she was sitting just a row below where he was. “Be nice,” his alternate mother told him.

“Right, sorry, mother,” Wire apologized before walking back to the cart.

“Wait,” Todo called out, rising from his seat. Izuku paused and turned around. “Is he-”

“No, he’s not here,” Wire cut the master off. “Just enjoy the match. You can talk to the ‘Main’ Izuku some other time,” he finished and walked away.

While people were wondering what that was about, Todo just sat down with a heavy sigh.

“I am really sorry about him… or them in general,” Inko apologized.

“It’s fine… but I would like to talk to your son, um, the real one after this, if you don’t mind,” Todo requested.

Inko just nodded.

The sound of an explosion suddenly interrupted their conversation. They all turned their attention back to the field and saw about half of the arena covered in ice.

A few minutes earlier, things had gotten a lot more intense.

Todoroki was still stuck fighting Phoenix, to whom he was losing. Monoma’s group, plus Mei, had to fight the real Izuku. Even though they outnumbered and had prepared to fight him specifically, they were still losing. Katsuki was kept from joining others by the efforts of ‘Eraser’, the Izuku from the universe where he was Aizawa’s son and thus possessed the same Quirk.

As for Momo and her group, well...

“What the fuck are these things?!?” Kamakiri screamed as he blocked a fist made of stone, before quickly riposting his blade back at his opponent; a beastly creature made of dirt, concrete, and ice shards. Right now, they were being surrounded by these automatons, outnumbered even, yet they fought on despite the tidal wave of dirt-beasts and the constant harassment from their opponents.

Ochako sent another of these constructs up into the air with her Quirk. She wiped the sweat from her forehead and prepared for more imminent attacks from other golems or one of the clones, but she couldn’t have guessed the direction her enemy would come from.

The creature she had just sent up fell down right in front of her, creating a small cloud of dust. Uraraka was confused, she hadn’t released her Quirk yet. Uraraka saw a silhouette amidst the dust.
Before she could react, the figure rushed forward and parted the clouds as they came in — it was Pantera.

Before Uraraka could defend herself or retaliate, the agile Izumi’s palms swiped away Ochako’s own, then grabbed her wrists and twisted them around, forcing her to turn her back toward Pantera. Pantera painfully interlocked Orchako’s arms together and made sure that the palms didn’t face each other.

The muscular Izumi hauled Uraraka forward, from their position it was just a few meters away from the arena edge. This throw would be enough to send the bob-haired girl out of the ring.

“Ochako!” Ashido cried out as she saw her friend about to be disqualified.

Uraraka closed her eyes and prepared for the inevitable. At the velocity she was going, there was no way she could untangle her arms. She felt like she had stopped mid-air. The brunette opened her eyes and looked around. She discovered a pair of disembodied hands stopped her from going off the ring.

“You alright there, Uraraka?” Setsuna, with only her upper body, asked as she flew closer to Ochako.

“Mm,” the brunette nodded. “Thanks.”

Pantera made an irritated noise as she saw her assault fail, but she didn’t have time to ponder on it long since she was forced to quickly leap back to safety as other students came to apprehend her.

“Just stay fucking still!” Kamakiri, the mantis-like boy of 1-B, screamed in rage as Pantera escaped their grasp. He tried to pursue, but someone grabbed him by his sport jacket’s collar and pulled him back.

“Calm down, Kamikiri,” Kendo ordered, her tone even. She released her grip on the cloth. “And shorten your blades, you need to be quick on your feet and those things will slow you down.” Her classmate grunted, but did as he was told. Kendo turned her attention back to Momo. “We can’t keep this up.”

“I know, but I think Bakugou-”

“Bakugou isn’t coming,” Kendo cut her off. “If he can’t come now, it means he is occupied somewhere; likely getting stalled by Izuku’s team. We are on our own.” The orange-haired girl concluded.

Yaoyorozu looked down, uncertain. Since USJ, her confidence had taken a hit. While no one blamed her for anything, she still felt a sense of guilt at what had become of Kaminari and Jirou, not to mention her inability to turn Izuku into a better person before the incident.

Now, with so much chaos, doubt, and the lingering fear of Izuku since the USJ Massacre, Yaoyorozu didn’t feel like she was the proper person to lead this team. She felt that she couldn’t… function in this kind of situation, and even if she tried she would just fail again, like during combat training; the idea that got them that far wasn’t even her own.

“Then… what do you suggest we do?” the ponytailed girl asked in a low voice.

As the U.A. students conversed, so too did the Izukus and Izumis.

“This isn’t working, we don’t have enough power to break through,” Weekender pointed out.
“Oh, we do,” Cryo countered. “It's just going to be risky for both their and our own lives.”

“I mean… everything here is life-threatening?” Weekender rebutted.

“I am referring to abilities that are one-hundred percent lethal, but I get what you mean. So, maybe a little harsher attack would be fine? They can take it, correct?” Cryo asked no one in particular.

Rather than hearing a chorus of agreement or argument, the white-haired Izuku only received silence at his reply, but he didn’t have a problem with that.

“I will take that as a yes,” Cryo assured. “Pixie-Bob, pin them in place. I will take care of this.” The blond Izumi nodded and went back commanding her constructs. Cryo held his palm up. He pulled out a steel globe from his pant pocket. With a click, a syringe pop-out of it.

“What are you doing?” Weekender asked. He wasn’t familiar with Cyro’s Quirk.

“Every cell in my body possesses cryokinesis property,” he paused and jabbed the syringe into his arm. “My blood, especially, is very potent. It can flash-freeze air within a few seconds.”

“So what you are holding is basically a grenade?” Weekender asked further. Cryo nodded.

The white-haired Izuku cautiously pulled out the medical needle, but even with his careful process a droplet of his own lazuli-colored blood fell onto the ground, and the entire floor the Izuku and Izumis stood on was instantly encased in ice. Their feet were even rooted in place.

“See what I mean?” Cyro said nonchalantly.

They easily broke free since just a droplet didn’t create that thick of an ice sheet, but the grenade filled with his ichor would do more than this, much more.

“Pixie-Bob, make a catapult and prepare to shield us when this thing goes off. Reserve and the others should be far enough away for this not to affect them,” Cryo ordered.

“What? I just ask you to do as I said so we can win this. Is that not how we should work as a group?” Cryo questioned.

“Yeah, but you said it all like you own th-”

“Enough,” Pantera cut them off. The Izumi knew that Pixie-Bob had poor teamwork skills, while Cryo lacked general common sense and Weekender was unlikely to step in until things escalated too far. “We have no time to lose.”

Cryo affirmed the order with a nod while Pixie-Bob did so with a grunt.

The blond Izumi quickly created a dirt catapult. Weekender and Pantera bent down the arm and let Cryo loaded his grenade onto the bucket.

“Alright?” Cryo asked and looked at his teammates. They all nodded. “Then fire.” They released the catapult arm. “Cover us, Pixie-Bob.”

The blond Izumi placed her hand on the ground and created a dome of stone to cover them, a few seconds later they heard the sound of an explosion.
Aoyama collapsed down onto his back while clenching his stomach.

“I didn’t even hit you there yet…” Main said dryly.

Izuku didn’t get to question if the blond’s stomach condition was flaring up again when he blocked a punch from his left. The greenette quickly retaliated by sweeping his leg in the direction of his assailant and sending Manga off his feet.

Main was given no respite; he had to bring up his shield to block a splash of foam shot out of one of Mei’s inventions.

“Hmm,” the pink-haired inventor bemused. “This won’t look good on my resume.”

“We are fighting a guy with an ability to teleport literally out of anything,” Monoma said from beside Mei, holding his injured arm, “a guy who is able to phase through any physical attack thrown at him. Not only that but he had a private army of his own clones and an extremely durable shield that he could also recall at will, and you decide that out of all of that, your resume is what you should worry about?”

“Yes,” Mei replied without hesitation.

“...I swear U.A. is such a...” Monoma groaned but didn’t bother to finish his sentence.

“No time! Here he comes!” Mei shouted at the charging Izuku.

Mei adjusted her gun-like device while Monoma inhaled, readying to use Manga’s Quirk, which he had copied.

They all stopped what they were doing when a strong gust of cold wind and fragments of ice blasted from the left side of the stadium. Main planted his shield down and took cover while Mei and Monoma hid behind Mei’s portable riot shield.

Once the blast subsided, Main was ready to resume his charge when he suddenly looked surprised, then distressed, before teleporting away.

“Holy…” Jirou couldn’t finish her sentence as half of the stage was turned into an icy wasteland.

The students from both Heroic Courses who couldn’t participate only watched in amazement, excitement, and horror as their friends crashed against Izuku’s taskforce. So far things weren’t looking so good for their classmates.

What followed after they had witnessed the explosion was absolute silence, which made it much easier to hear footsteps coming from the booth entry.

They paid it no mind at first, believing it was one of their own returning from the toilet or something, that was until the mysterious person sat down next to Kirishima.

The redhead immediately noticed that the newcomer’s get-up wasn’t U.A. uniform, but a suit. He looked at the person’s face and saw the same face he saw many times: Izuku’s.

“What the-” Kirishima screamed.

“Hmm, there is no need to panic you know,” Izuku said with a rough voice.

Everyone turned their attention to the new Izuku. This one looked very much like Izuku if he was
older. He had long white hair and a scar over the right side of his lips. Those who were close enough to him saw that he possessed cat-like, green eyes.

“W-What are you doing here?!” Jirou questioned, then looked Izuku up and down. “Are you one of the clones?”

“Not exactly a clone, but not the real Izuku either. Just call me ‘Witcher’,” Witcher introduced. “As for why I am here, well, I am not sure myself.”

“How can you not be sure about deliberately coming into this specific booth and then sitting here?” Juzo questioned the logic behind the white-haired Izuku’s explanation.

“Because he asked me to come.” Witcher pointed down at the arena. “You know, one of my selves who lives here?”

“You mean… Izuku isn’t always… Izuku?” Kaminari asked, becoming increasingly confused.

“Okay, let’s do this again. We call our leader, the Izuku that lead us all, Main, who was also fighting down there. He is the one who raises Eri, comes to this school, and, you know, lives here,” Witcher elaborated.

“So… what would that make you?” Sero asked. “Aren’t you a clone?”

“Is that what Katsuki told you?” Witcher mused. “Well, I am not a clone, I can assure you.”

The students looked at each other, genuinely confused.

“…then what are you?” Tooru whispered, but the Witcher’s enhanced sense could easily pick that up.

“Sorry, but that is Main’s secret. He will have to be the one to tell you,” Witcher told Tooru.

“You… still didn’t really get to the answer to my question though,” Jirou said dryly. “Why are you here?”

“He just told me to come to sit here.” Witcher nodded toward the arena, signaling them that he was referring to Main. “I think he wants me to answer whatever questions you have, that I can answer, that is.”

“I think he can do it himself,” Kaminari remarked with a sad look. “Doesn’t look like it will take long before he wins.” The blond looked back at the arena where the mist of ice was slowly dispensing.

The others didn’t argue with him. They weren’t sure if they should agree with him or not, except one.

“Don’t say such nonsense!” Pony Tsunotori argued. “The others will come out on top! I am sure of it!”

While the others were uncertain at first, Witcher just chuckled and broke their collective silence.

“I am with her on this one. If you know your friends well, you would know they are not to be underestimated,” Witcher assured with a warm smile. These people might be different, but they were very much the same people he knew as friends back in his universe, and if he knew anything about his friends it was that they were all very capable.
So the students took Witcher’s words to heart and returned their focus back to the fight, which was about to have a new development.

As the mist began to clear, the dirt dome that protected the Midoriyas dissolved. Cryo was the first to emerge, observing his work with a tint of pride in his chest.

That was until he saw something. A… ball-shape shadow in the midst of the blast zone. As the air began to clear up so too was their vision of the ball.

“Is that… a vine ball?” Pixie-Bob asked.

That was when it hit them; Ibara.

“Pixel-Bob!” Cryo screamed and touched his hand on the ground.

The blonde Izumi quickly caught on and mimicked her teammates.

They sent in another large wave of dirt and ice (this time more ice than dirt) that quickly buried the ball beneath it. The Izukus and Izumis waited. Were the U.A. student done for? Or were there anymore trick up their sleeves?

‘CRYO YOU IDIOT!’ the voice of Tonkinese screamed through their head.

Before anyone could figure out what that was supposed to mean, the ground in front of the group burst forth. Coming face to face with Cryo was a fist made of steel. It connected and sent the Izuku back until he crashed into Weekender.

“CHARGE!” Tetsutetsu shouted, revealing himself fully after emerging from underground.

The dirt around Izukus and Izumis exploded; the U.A. students emerged from underneath them.

Instead of trying to figure out how they’d managed to traverse under the arena, Pantera quickly shouted, “retreat!” She grabbed ahold of Pixie-Bob and pulled her along as she jumped away using her Quirk, just in time before several green vines managed to subdue them.

Weekender wasn’t so lucky. He took a few steps back, but suddenly found himself unable to move anymore. He looked down to discover that one of his feet was glued to a purple ball.

“Hahaha!” a familiar laugh of a certain short student echoed. “How hilarious! You have activated our trap!”

Weekender swore Mineta was making a Yu-Gi-Oh reference, but he had no time to dwell on that as he narrowly avoided Tsuyu’s tongue. The greenette looked over to Cryo. The white-haired Izuku had already created a pillar of ice for his getaway.

Seeing that he had to save himself, Weekender activated his Full-Cowl and punched forward, creating a shockwave that repelled him off the ground and into the air—he could worry about the landing later. As he soared backward, he suddenly heard a booming sound, followed by several more explosions.

‘Oh no,’ he feared.

Just as he tensed his muscles for any kind of explosion that would hit him, he saw a flash of orange flare about him momentarily.
No doubt Katsuki had just passed over his head, but if he didn’t go after Weekender, who was the closest to the ground and thus easiest to get to, then what, who, exactly was his target? Weekender quickly turned to where Cryo was. He was fast enough to witness Katsuki manage to catch the ice-using Izuku off-guard by blasting him with an explosion that rivaled the one he used during… actually, Weekender had never seen Katsuki blast anything that hard before.

As the deafening sound of the explosion rang, a figure was shot through the smoke and out of the ring; Cryo.

Weekender crash-landed on his back. While the pain was prominent in his body, his mind was only occupied with a sense of happiness at what his childhood friend in this dimension managed to achieve, and a string of worry about going up against this tempered and unflinching Katsuki and his allies.

Chapter End Notes

A/N: I just got into Fate/Grand Order. I would have said the meme that goes ‘God save my soul’, but I got Altera during the first week of playing, Vlad (‘Zerker from GSSR), and Hokusai from the New Year banner so who knows. Maybe I’ve just got A- Luck.

[1] Was about to say ‘blue blood’, but then remembered the phase’s meaning.

End Notes

You could argue that I could leave Izuku in the dark about the true nature of his Quirk, but I believe that it would be more interesting to make the limit of his Quirk come from something external instead of his own limit.

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